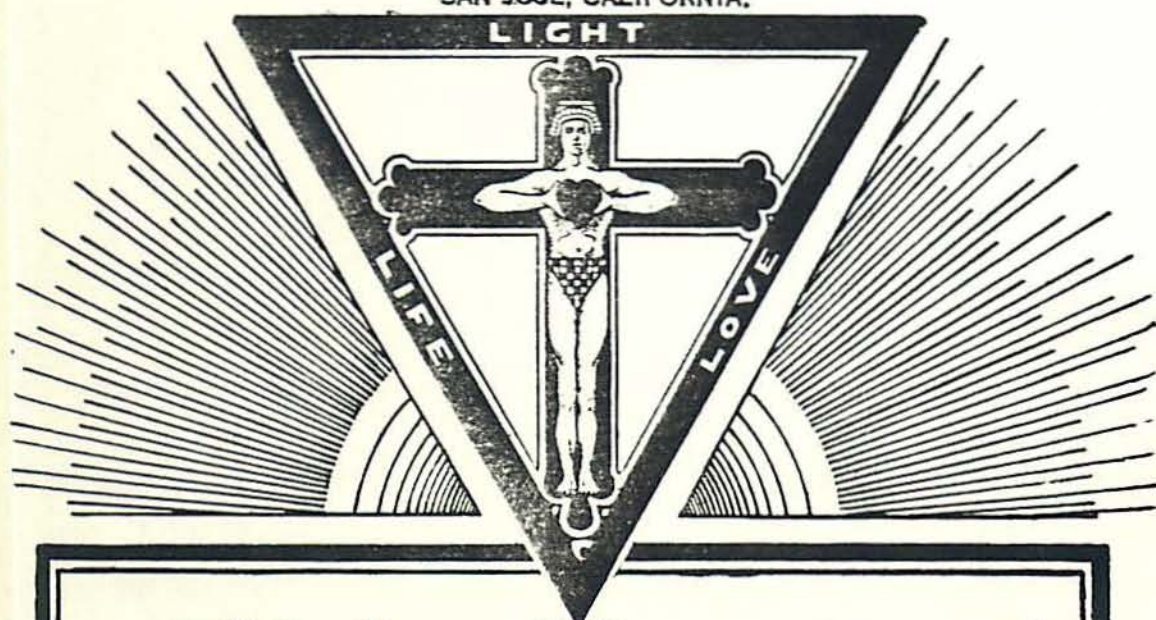


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The **MYSTIC TRIANGLE**

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A Modern Magazine of **ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY**

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A Jewel From the Casket.
Monthly Astrological Predictions.
Zada, or Looking Forward.
Mystic Consciousness
Mystical Meaning of Christmas.
The Preservation of Ideas.
Our Trip to Europe.
A Brother of the Rosy Cross.
The Rosicrucian Point of View.

The Mystic Triangle

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A Jewel From the Casket

Each month we will publish on this page an extract—a jewel—from the ancient Casket of Mystical writings. This month we have an extract from the *Opus Magnus* by Friar Roger Bacon, famous Rosicrucian, expelled from the Franciscan monkish order because of the mystical nature of his writings and credited with having revealed in his writings the secret of many scientific principles now used. His transition occurred in 1294.



EXPERIENCE is of two kinds. One is through the external senses; such are the experiments that are made upon the heaven instruments in regard to facts there, and the facts on earth that we prove in various ways to be certain in our own sight. And facts that are not true in places where we are, we know through other wise men that have experienced them. Thus Aristotle, with the authority of Alexander, sent 2,000 men throughout various parts of the earth in order to learn at first hand everything on the surface of the world, as Pliny says in his *Natural History*.

But such experience is not enough for man, because it does not give full certainty as regards corporeal things because of their complexity and touches the spiritual not at all. Hence man's intellect must be aided in another way, and thus the patriarchs and prophets who first gave science to the world secured inner light and did not rest entirely on the senses. So also many of the faithful since Christ. For grace makes many things clear to the faithful, and there is divine inspiration not alone concerning spiritual but even about corporeal things.

"Of this inner experience there are seven degrees, one through spiritual illumination in regard to scientific things. The second

grade consists of virtue, for evil is ignorance as Aristotle says in the second book of the *Ethics*. And Algazel says in the logic that the mind is disturbed by faults, just as a rusty mirror in which the images of things cannot be clearly seen, but the mind is prepared by virtue like a well polished mirror in which the images of things show clearly. And this is our experience, because a known truth draws men into its light for love of it, but the proof of this love is the sight of the result.

"The third degree of spiritual experience is the gift of the Holy Spirit, which Isaiah described. The fourth lies in the beatitudes which our Lord enumerates in the Gospels. The fifth is the spiritual sensibility. The sixth is in such fruits as the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. The seventh lies in states of rapture and in the methods of those also, various ones of whom receive it in various ways, that they may see many things which it is not permitted to speak of to man. And whoever is thoroughly practised in these experiences or in many of them, is able to assure himself and others, not only concerning spiritual things, but all human knowledge. And indeed, since all speculative thought proceeds through arguments which either proceed through a proposition by authority or through other propositions of argument, in accordance with this which I am now investigating, there is a science that is necessary to us, which is called experimental. I wish to explain this, not only as useful to philosophy, but to the knowledge of God and the understanding of the whole world; and the understanding of the whole world; as in a former book I followed language and science to their end, which is the Divine wisdom by which all things are ordered."



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The Mystic Consciousness

By S....S....XII

Intensely Interesting Extracts
From the Memoirs of an Advanced
Member of the Order.



THE student of mysticism and the followers of its illuminating ray soon develops a consciousness of things which mages for a truer and more comprehensive understanding of life and all its elements.

I believe that such understanding and comprehension in the student constitutes a mystic consciousness distinct from the consciousness found in the average person. And I further believe that the understanding thus developed and developing reveals many laws and principles which strengthen the student in his desires and endeavors to live better, work better and serve better in the cause for man's universal progression.

If I am right in these beliefs—and many hundreds of the Brothers and Sisters of the Rosey Cross have assured me that they have the same beliefs—then I am justified in another belief, that an expression of the viewpoints revealed by this mystic consciousness will aid others who have not yet found them.

Therefore I have compiled a summary of the important elements of my mystic understanding solely as a guide to those who are on the Path. I am sure that the personal element and the use of the personal pronoun in these writings will be understood by all Rosicrucians who read this.

LIFE

First let me speak about life itself. I know so little on this subject, now that I have learned so much of other great principles. There was a time when I thought that I knew as much about life, its nature, source, forms of manifestation and eccentricities as any scientist living or passed beyond. That was when I occupied a chair of instruction in a great school, a school devoted more to the material side of life than the spiritual. I was even considered an excellent authority as well as an interesting lecturer. How I regret that I did not know then what little I know now.

But life is no mystery in its elements. Fundamentally I know that God conceived of a plan to spread his consciousness throughout the universe He was creating, and do it in a way that would make each segment of His consciousness a worker to carry out His great plans. I know this.

And God sent forth the Word, and the Word with its vibrations of creative power, operating according to the Law or Logos, carried on the creative idea of fulfillment, and is still doing so.

To me the chemical, biological and physiological processes of life are secondary. They operate according to Divine Laws and reveal in their action the secondary laws of God. It is important that man investigate and study, analyze and comprehend these secondary laws, but ever mindful of the fact that what may appear as miraculous, unusual, or even impossible seems so only because man does not know the first great primary law of God—the great Logos with its creative power.

We come into this world by Law. Before the birth of the body the Soul which is to occupy that body is selected by the same Divine Mind as originally divided its consciousness into segments. That Soul has a mission on earth—not specific in ways and means, but general in ultimate accomplishment—and it has been given the privilege of expressing itself as an authority and guide. Man has also been given the privilege to think, reason and decide upon his individual course in life, with the right or privilege of free choice. But he is accountable to both the Soul within and eventually to the Divine Mind. As he chooses so will he reap, now and in the future. By his own actions will he delay the fulfillment of his mission in life or succeed early and enjoy the realization of its fruits.

My life, my consciousness, vitality and Divine Essence, were not created by any power of my own, and I enjoy them as Divine Blessings; they are God's by a right that I dimly understand—at least sufficiently to know that He alone has the right to withdraw them. To question that right or to assume the privilege of dictating as to when and how they should be withdrawn would be equivalent to assuming the right to decide whether I would have life in the beginning and in what form it should manifest.

DUTY

I know that I owe a great debt to my fellowman. It is because I owe a debt to God and the Divine Consciousness that resides in all men and in me. These debts I can discharge only by performing my duties. My family requires certain duties of me because of my voluntary assumption of the responsibilities of family head; my business demands certain duties of me because

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of obligations I willfully and knowingly contracted. But, my duties to God and His Kingdom come first, for if I fail in these, all else fails; if I meet them faithfully all else is easier for me. This is not a religious or even an ethical code of mine. It is simply the sane understanding of a situation that only a fool would attempt to discard or ignore. It cannot be successfully defeated or evaded. I have seen great men—great in worldly power, great in every material thing—try to evade and ignore their obligations to God and fail miserably not only in that attempt, but, as a result, in everything else in life. I have seen the evil-minded who seem to succeed in life while ignoring their duties to God, but since I learned to know life, know men and contact the secret of men's minds, I know that they were neither happy, successful or satisfied with their own progress. They were "bluffing" their way through life, fearful of revealing their own discontent and hesitating to give in to their failure. I have been with many of these men in my official capacity at the time of their transition and have heard their last words in confidence or when they would speak because they had no friend to whom they could unbosom their sorrows. Always did they regret that they had continued in a futile fight against invincible odds. They were sure they could never win, but vain hope kept them going against an inner conviction that they could never be victorious.

Duty is a privilege at all times. To be conscious of doing one's duty is to be conscious of Cosmic approval and Cosmic consideration when the time comes for asking for Cosmic gifts. Performing deeds or meeting obligations, however, in the spirit of conforming to regulations made by man, or in the spirit of fear of God or man, is not the sort of performance to which I refer. Neither God, the Cosmic nor man give credit for duties performed in this way. The mystic—and especially in the Rosicrucian—finds real joy in meeting and fulfilling duties.

SERVICE

In fact the Rosicrucians—and other mystics—seek duties which others seek not or try to avoid. The mystic knows that he must render a certain amount of service to God and man as a duty and a privilege. The young mystic, or the one still young in the principles of mysticism, may not be conscious of what his mission in life really is. I mean that mission which is his allotment in life in the great Cosmic scheme of things. Hence he may not know just what his duties are along certain pre-arranged lines. But he will seek to serve, feeling sure that whatever his mission in life may be, it must include unselfish and proficient service in behalf of God to all mankind. And there is no mistake in such reasoning.

The material blessings we enjoy today are from God or of God, but through man. It may be true, as it is, that God causes the wheat to grow, and through certain other

laws causes the flour to be affected by water and heat until we have bread. But God requires human agencies in the processes involved. God's self in the form of some human being must till the ground, plant the seed, harvest the grain, mill the flour and knead the dough, as well as supply the ovens and regulate the heat. But if either God or man working for God withdrew their services there would be no bread.

The same is true of the typewriting machine upon which I am writing this matter while basking in the sunshine close to nature. Perhaps in the very ground upon which I sit there are the elements which make steel. God has seen to the coming together of the forces and principals which entered into the composition of this ore of iron. But the services of man were required to bring this ore into the foundry and transmute it, refine it and change its nature into a workable and controllable matter. After that the services and skill of many were required to produce this machine. The man who invented, and the many who perfected the machine, have contributed their services as a blessing which I enjoy.

I may argue, as have others—and some do even now—that since I paid money for this machine and paid an amount which permitted of a profit to all who gave their services, the machine I am using is not a blessing from God or man, but something which I have bought, purchased, and now own. How wrong such thinking is! Granted that each has paid the other in a consecutive stream of exchange of money for services, who ultimately paid God for the iron in the earth? Since no title of ownership greater than one possesses can be given to another, not one who passed the material in this machine on to the next to be further utilized, had a complete title of ownership or right to the material. Hence even the manufacturer or sales agent who sold me the machine could give me no bill of sale. He could sell me nothing, for he owned neither the material nor the services given by the laborers.

I am enjoying, therefore, in a thousand ways, the services of those who have labored in the past and who are laboring today to make the world better, my life easier and my tasks more proficient. No matter how man may have been rewarded with money or other material things for the labor he puts into service, he has not been truly and adequately rewarded unless he has found the approval of God and the Cosmic in his actions.

Those who labor and serve in any capacity and find in such labor the approval of the Cosmic, have a rich reward indeed and the service they render is always more efficient, more happily performed and more universally beneficent than the services rendered by the man who seeks material, earthly, reward solely and who is never quite satisfied with the compensation.



MAN AND SELF

For there are two of us in each being. This outer man whom I find named by my parents and saluted by my unknowing friends, is a peculiar character of unstable nature and passing varieties. The other SELF within is wholly dependable and a really companionable, wise and loving Soul. For years the two of us were at conflict and I remember believing, even in maturity, that the SELF was often the provoker of a controversy with which my outer self could find no justification.

He within would challenge me, and this was unpleasant to my pride and personal egotism. Did I not know from experience, while he knew only on faith? Ah, how easy it is to be inoculated with the false idea in childhood, and how difficult to free one's self from its alluring sychophancy! Had I not been taught that my brain and its processes of comprehending and reasoning represented the supreme achievement in ontological evolution, and that even God was proud of His work in that regard? And had I not labored with studies, diligently persevered with educational systems and thereby developed and perfected the brain functionings? Was I not the equal of any man in determining what was good and right for my own interests? How easy it was to affirm all these things with perfect assurance from my own reasoning. But, how false it was, too! I know it now; it is the one bitter lesson that the student must learn before he goes far on the Path.

Before Mastership of the outer self can begin and before the first signs of Mastership from within are vouchsafed there must come to the sincere student an understanding of the real status of the Man and the Master.

As I look back over the years that have passed, I see where at the critical periods of my life I had close at hand the most dependable advice on the face of the earth, but I did not even seek it. I see where in stressed times I had a power easily accessible, invincible and unlimited in function, but I neither knew it nor tried to make its acquaintance. When I was victorious in any controversy or circumstance of contest with my fellowman—or even with what I thought was fate or luck—I credited my own outer will and mind with another palm and added another jewel to my kingly crown. I realize now how patient, how considerate and tolerant the Self within was in the face of such insult. Nothing short of a Divine Mind could be so patient and kind. And each such seeming victory was a real loss, a loss to my true heritage, a loss to my advancement, a loss to my ultimate success in life.

But now we cooperate—this self and I; we compromise in any argument by giving Self the place of dictatorship. We are of one mind, the mind of Self. It has made me value and appreciate my human form even more than when I tried to deify it wrongly.

I know how "wonderfully and fearfully" the outer self is made and what remarkable powers it may use as an agent. My abilities, propensities and prowesses as a man are greater today than when they were constituted an independent kingdom by isolation from communion with the Self, the Master, within.

POWER

And I have a power that I had not before. There was a time when I would have been proud to be able to stand before a vast audience and exhibit my physical strength as do these physical beings who act like mighty automatic figures. Had I been able to develop my undersized and weakly body into a mass of criss-cross muscles which would tremble and rise at my slightest wish, I would have believed that I was truly typifying the "image of God." And, had I been able to go before an audience and with the fingers of one hand pinch and crack into pieces the side of a huge glass punchbowl—as I saw one majestic physical body do—I would have acclaimed myself the fulfillment of God's decrees in human form. But today I am able to use a power that puts this other muscular power into insignificance. I can draw a bow across a string of my violin and cause the great glass bowl to shatter into many pieces with little physical effort on my part, or if need be I can direct a wave of power from my eye to that same bowl, and in silence and without any apparent draw upon my physical power shatter the glass in a few minutes.

I used to pride myself on the fact that in addition to my ability to lecture well and convincingly, I could write a series of several letters to an opponent in any argument and finally convince him of my viewpoint through my logic. I remember the days when I labored often late at night and with tired eyes and throbbing head, to prepare such arguments and write them in such subtle ways that I consciously carried unconscious ideas into his mind. But now, I can sit comfortably in my chair, and in a few moments of relaxation direct a visualization of my argument toward the consciousness of another and have that person receive it and adopt it.

There were many years when my daily grind at the university left me physically and mentally exhausted at the close of day and I had to lock myself in my room against the rightful visits of my students in the study hours. And often at such times I was a slave to a practice I now abhor. I resorted to the only means recommended as being natural and proper to secure freedom from pain and headaches, from nervousness and a restlessness that made sleep impossible. Physicians encouraged the practice with what they called "moderation," but the habit increased, the demand for more and more was slowly enslaving me and my future was being wrecked. I looked upon it as an inevitable result of the great work I was doing—teaching, editing, lecturing and

studying. I believed that I was serving mankind to the best of my ability and even more, and that the price I was paying was what nature demanded. I was not embittered that such should be the reward of my efforts, but I was slowly making myself a false martyr.

But now I know differently. I know that if I violate any law of nature, she does not strike back out of revenge or to punish me, but in the spirit of helpfulness, instruction and guidance, she causes me to sense the error of my ways and cease my violations, whether they consist of overtaking any function, over-working or underworking. And, I found that when I was ready to let nature bring back normality, restore harmonium and undo the wrongs I had done to my mental or physical system, she was ready with a power that does not reside solely in drugs or material processes. I find now that I can relax for a few minutes and direct to any part of my body, or to the whole body and mind, a soothing, invigorating, re-creating power that in a few minutes brings fresh vitality, a keen perception, a broader

vision, a renewed vigor and enthusiasm that remains and increases for many hours.

What powers I now have I always possessed, but I did not know it until I saw the real side of life, the mystical side. Through the portals of metaphysical study I found the Kingdom of Heaven. The passage was my resurrection, my rebirth. I had crucified myself needlessly on the cross of superstition and ignorance, I had crowned myself with a thorn of pride and vanity, I had pierced my side with a spear of intolerance and bigotry. Now I am trying to save others from this unnecessary suffering. Hundreds who now walk with me on the Rosy Path toward the Golden Cross of Mastership have been saved from the crucifixion that was mine; and you, too, unknown Brother or Sister who reads this, may find in my words the encouragement to unfetter the Self within, release the real Master and in humility and sincere devotion bow down before the Altar of the Great Temple—not made by hands—within your divine physical image.

(To be continued next month).

The Mystical Meaning of Christmas

By the Imperator

An Interesting Account of the Origin and Symbolism of the Real Christmas Spirit

Just at this time of the year we are all reminded of the fact that in addition to the pleasures and excitement of the several holidays that close the old year and usher in the new, there is a period in each year when the mystical side of life and the metaphysical element of all life is impressed upon us by the spirit of Christmas and the significance of Christmas Day.

December 25th is not only the recognized birthday of the great Master Jesus, but it is a great day of mystical rebirth and inspiration. The Christians throughout the world are not the only religious sect that honor and respect this day and spend some of its hours in meditation, prayer and esthetic rejoicing.

But Christians today, representing the largest sectarian body in the world, may claim December 25th as a holy day peculiar to their religion, and they may rightfully feel that it is the one day set apart in the whole year for the practice and emulation of the Christian spirit of love, charity, justice and goodness; but December 25th has always been a holy day with many races of people and many religious sects, and the day comes down to us of the present era with a long history and much tradition to

make it truly an international and universal holy day for nearly all of the world.

Some doubt has been cast upon the Christian contentions that the Master Jesus was born upon December 25th and those who from a purely critical standpoint of view contend that the date is inconsistent with the Biblical story are probably unaware of many facts not generally known. One of the critical contentions is that December 25th was a period of the year when the shepherds would not be out in the fields caring for their flocks because of the winter season and the storms, and that if on the night of the birth there were shepherds in the fields, who saw the great star and followed it, then this must have occurred at some other period of the year. Much has been written on this subject very learnedly, and with some degree of authenticity and reasonableness on both sides, but the mystic knows that there is another and far more important piece of evidence than all the evidence pertaining to climatic conditions.

The mystic knows that for many centuries before the Christian era December 25th was not only a holy day but the day upon which great Avatars, Messiahs and Sons of God were born upon earth to lead the peoples. Therefore, in accordance with a great Cosmic law, decreed in ages gone by and for purposes unknown, December 25th was the day for the birth on earth of a new



Messenger, a Divine representative of God, and a true Avatar. In the face of this fact no mystic would question the correctness of the date in regard to the birth of the Master Jesus.

That the 25th of December is a symbolical period of the year, and has been such for many centuries, is indicated in the facts revealed through the ancient sacred writings of many sects and many religious movements.

We find that nearly all nations of the earth in the past, as if by common consent, have selected the first minute after midnight of December 24th for the period to celebrate the accouchement of the "Queen of Heaven," the "Celestial Virgin" of the sphere, and the birth of the God Sol.

In India this is a period of unusual rejoicing, as will be learned from the **Book of Hinduism** by Monier Williams. With these people it is a religious festival, when they decorate their houses with garlands and especially emphasize the obligation to make presents to friends and relatives. This latter feature of the celebration is of very great antiquity and is referred to in many ancient writings.

In China for many centuries religious solemnities have been celebrated at the time of the winter solstice that occurs in the last week of December, when all shops are shut and courts closed. Here, again, we have a custom dating back into antiquity, and its origin lies in ancient tradition.

Buddha, the son of the Virgin Maya, on whom the Chinese tradition claimed the Holy Ghost had descended, was born, according to their traditions, on December 25th, and this day was celebrated by them as a holy day for many ages before the Christian period. This is indicated in such excellent records and historic as Bunson's **The Angel-Messiah** and Lillie's **Buddha and Buddhism**.

Going back still further we find that among the ancient Persians splendid ceremonies were in honor of their "Lord" and "Savior" Mithras. They celebrated his birthday with great rejoicings, music, sacred songs, festivals and the giving of gifts on the 25th of December.

When we trace the story of the ancient Druids, we find from accurate records and authentic papers that it was the custom of the so-called heathens, long before the birth of Christ, to celebrate the birthday of their Gods, and that the 25th of December was their great festival day, as with the Persians, who in very early times celebrated the birth on this very day. Other ancient records indicate that Krishna was born on December 25th. However, in a revision of their rites and ceremonials at some time during the Middle Ages Krishna's birthday was decreed to be a holy day during July and August. We find among the very ancient sects the same principle used by the Persians. It was that the first day succeeding

the winter solstice was the official day on which to commemorate the birth of the Lord and Savior, which in their case was the Mithras.

Among the ancient Egyptians, for many centuries before the time of Christ, the 25th of December was set part for the birthday of their Gods. We find this stated by a very eminent authority, M. LeClerk DeSep-tehenes, who writes as follows: "The ancient Egyptians fixed the pregnancy of Isis (the Queen of Heaven and the Virgin Mother of the Saviour Horus) on the last day of March, and towards the end of December they placed the commemoration of her delivery." This was made plain in this man's book entitled **Religion of the Ancient Greeks**, and also in Higgins' **Anacalypsis**.

We see from these several preceding references that all of the ancient Sons of God, Saviours, and Divine Messengers were born of Virgin mothers and usually the mother was known as the "Queen of Heaven." In Bonwick's book **Egyptian Belief**, we read about Horus as follows: "He is the great God-loved of Heaven. His birth was one of the greatest mysteries of the Egyptian religion. Pictures representing it appeared on the walls of the temples. He was presumably the child of Deity. At Christmas-time, or that time answering to our festival, his image was brought out of the sanctuaries with peculiar ceremonies, as the image of the infant "Bambino" is still brought out and exhibited in Rome." The title Bambino is a term used for representations of the Infant Saviour Jesus Christ in swaddling clothes and this is one of the celebration incidents today.

In the Higgins' book referred to above we also find Rigord quoted as observing that the Egyptians not only worshipped a Virgin Mother prior to the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ, but the Egyptians exhibited the effigy of this Virgin Mother's son lying in a manger in the same manner as the Infant Jesus is pictured as lying in the cave or manger at Bethlehem.

Osiris, another son of a holy Virgin, as they called Ceres, or Neith, his mother, was also credited with being born on the 25th of December, and that day was and is still celebrated by those who adhere to the ancient religious ideas. We find also that the ancient Greeks celebrated the birthday of Hercules on the 25th of December, and in an official record it is stated that the night of the winter solstice, which the Greeks named the Triple Night, was that which gave birth to Hercules. In this statement the Triple Night refers to the night of the Trinity, or Three Holy Lights, and found in ancient pre-Christian rituals, signified by either a single triangle or three interlaced triangles and representing that the God or Saviour born on that night contained three persons in one, or three phases of the Divinity. Our readers should keep in mind that the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity was not added to the Christian

teachings of the church rituals or doctrines until many years after the establishment of the Christian church.

Bacchus was also born at early dawn on the 25th of December, according to ancient pre-Christian records. In the official writings we read that "The birthplace of Bacchus, who was called Sabatch, was claimed by several places in Greece but his worship was usually celebrated chiefly on Mt. Zehmissus in Thrace." He was born of a Virgin on the 25th of December and was always a kind Saviour, and in his mysteries he was shown to the people as an infant on Christmas Day morning, much as the Bambino referred to above is exhibited at this time as the Christian Saviour in swaddling clothes on Christmas morning in Rome.

Adonis was claimed also to have been born on the 25th of December and in the ancient writings of Tertullian, Jerome and other fathers of the Christian Church we are informed that the celebration of the birth of Adonis was celebrated with representations of the ceremony that took place in the cave, and that such cave was in Bethlehem and was the same cave in which Jesus Christ was born. This day also became a great holy day in ancient Rome in connection with this wonderful birth long before the time of Christ. The celebration then on the 25th of December was under the name of Natalis Solis Invicti (the birthday of Sol the Invincible) and it was a day of universal rejoicings illustrated by illuminations and public games. All public business was suspended, declarations of war and criminal executions were postponed, the people were obligated to make gifts to their friends or to one another, and the slaves were indulged with great liberties. Another interesting feature in connection with this celebration in ancient Rome was the fact that for a few weeks before this winter Solstice on December 25th the Calabrian shepherds came into Rome to play on the pipes, and Ovid alludes to this in his writings. This practice is maintained to this very day.

The ancient Germans for centuries before the last Son of Justice was born celebrated annually at the time of the Winter Solstice, so they called it their Yule Feast. At this Feast agreements were renewed, the Gods were consulted as to the future, sacrifices were made to them, and the time was spent in devotional hospitality.

The ancient Scandinavians had an annual festival which they celebrated at the winter solstice. They called the night upon which it was observed The Mother Night. This feast was called Jul, from which is derived the word Yule and which in French is Noel, from the Hebrew or Chalde word Nule. With these Scandinavians there was a God born at this time called Freyr and general rejoicing and the bestowal of gifts were two of the important features of the ceremony.

We find from their records that the Druids in Great Britain and Ireland celebrated the 25th of December with great fires lighted on top of the hills. This celebration was probably adopted after the ceremonies conducted to celebrate the birth of Mithras, which celebration was at one time universally held throughout Gaul and Britain. An interesting point here is that the Druids called the day following the night of birth of Nolagh or Noel, which to them meant the day of regeneration, but which in the French now means our Christmas Day.

We find that in ancient Mexico their ceremonies were adopted from the practice of the ancient Atlanteans. They had a celebration in their first month which they called Rayme and which answered to our December. Here they had a festival and holy day and feast called Capacrayme, meaning the winter solstice, wherein they made many sacrifices and made many gifts.

Thus we see that December 25th is, by common consent on the part of the religious and sacred consciousness of ancient peoples, an acknowledged holy day and, therefore, it is a mystical day. Whenever we find the universal mind of man in its sacred thinking agreeing upon any feature, principle, law or doctrine, we find it a mystical one. If it was not born or created as such it becomes such through the concentrated adoration and reverence for it. Many things in our lives today, including places, persons, doctrines, practices and beliefs, are sacred, not because God made them so or they were created as such, but because man in his highest thinking, in his most reverential attitude and with the most idealistic motives, has made them so by continuous thought and widespread adoption.

Granting, then, that the 25th of December, a day associated with the winter solstice, has through ages past become a great international and universal holy day, and therefore a day of mystical import and significance, we must note several other features connected with this day. First, it was the day upon which was born, at least in the minds of the people, the great Saviours of mankind, the great Redeemers, the great Teachers, the great Lords and Messengers of God. The great Saviour in each instance was born of a Virgin mother, conceived of God in pure thought and who came to the world as His divine representative, matured in the womb of purest motives and perfect environments, delivered by a mother representing the "Queen of Heaven" and the Kingdom of Divinity, born in humble circumstances as a representative of the masses, and to whom His message was to be given—unassociated with lavish wealth, political power and kingly title of worldly royalty, the more to emphasize His Divine Kingship and Heavenly Royalty.

The next point to note is that with all peoples in all times the annual celebration



of this birth and coming of a great Master was set aside as a day for devotion, rejoicing, symbolical feasting and the spread and practice of the fundamental principles of the Lord's message from God; namely, to be kind by setting free the prisoners, relieving the sufferers of pain and torture, giving liberty to the slaves, and showing mercy to those under rule; to be generous by bestowing gifts and presents to friends and relatives and thereby emulating the idea of unselfishness and the sharing of one's blessing with one another.

Truly these things are all mystical and, as Christmas and the holidays are at hand now, as mystics, as men and women who understand, as children under the Father-

hood of God and members of the Brotherhood of Man, regardless of our sectarian creeds and dogmas, we can enter into the ancient as well as the modern mystical spirit of Christmas time and rejoice in the fact that God has from time to time sent to earth a Messenger, a Lord and Saviour, to bring Life, Light and Love to all peoples, and to teach us the greatness of humility, the richness of bountiful giving and the royalty of Divine Power.

Let us keep all this in mind at least one day during the holiday season, that we may be in attunement with the universal Cosmic conception and understanding on December 25th.

The Preservation of Ideas

By Ralph M. Lewis, Supreme Secretary.

How the Process of Conveying and Preserving Ideas Came to be a Great Art and Science.

Civilization of today, of this time and era, owes its respects and compliments to the compiled literature that has descended from the past to the present, namely books.

The human element of civilization must acknowledge that books are milestones toward the individual development, whether that development be confined in a channel of merely intellectual or spiritual attainment. Books are the articles which man realizes today embody the assistance that he needs to qualify in the material side of life and to prepare himself to have a better comprehension of the things in the spiritual side of life. But before we proceed further from this viewpoint, let us for a moment analyze the source of books in a material sense; that is, their composition and their formation. Also, let us analyze the reason for writing itself, and its purpose.

Writing is a form of creating; that is, creating ideas and ideals in one's consciousness, and conveying it intelligently to another consciousness. This statement parallels that of the use of language, since that is the purpose of language, to communicate ideas from one mind to another mind, and to make the opposite mind conscious of the ideas. Writing has this purpose, and even another, since writing has a dual purpose. Not only must writing convey thoughts from one consciousness to another, but it must convey them in such a form, a material form, that they are lasting. Writing must convey these thoughts and ideas in conjunction with man's ability to place them in such form that they will

remain permanent, as far as permanency is concerned in his own cycle of life.

But the original form of writing was subdivided in two particular ways. One, we must briefly call picture writing; and the other one letter or phonetic writing. Picture writing was the original form of symbolism. An idea arose in the mind or consciousness of an individual that he wished to make permanent; and, fearing to trust to his own memory as an archive for the idea, he conceived of a way to place his thought in a material form, to represent his idea. Consequently he made a picture of it.

For instance, the study of archaeology is interesting, in proving how primitive man created ideas in symbolic form or picture form. We have all noticed, in museums and in text books on these works, the picture in true formation of what appeared to be a hunter, in the attire of his time, pursuing some game. Now each one of these two pictures—the game and the hunter—did not represent individual things to the scribe, but the two represented a symbol of one thing; namely, hunting. Therefore, when the scribe conceived the idea of hunting, and wanted to place that idea in a material, permanent form, he prepared a picture that symbolized his idea. This was the first form of conveying thought in a material way, such as picture writing.

Later, when the necessity for conveying thought by means of language became more pronounced, language and picture writing were greatly dependent upon each other. For example, when primitive man, in writing some of his primitive forms of language wished to write of the personal pronoun 'I' he made it in the form of a human eye. Thus we can see the connection

between picture writing and the first elementary languages produced by this symbolical formation.

Now let us go back to the books and their early origin. After man had developed a form of writing sufficient to make himself intelligently known to the rest of his fellow-men, so that they could intellectually comprehend his ideas through writing, it was obvious that certain materials should be selected that would permanently retain these writings that were of such importance to them. The earliest records corresponding to books that were known to science and research are those of the Chaldeans. Many of these records were prepared, setting down the political formation of a community and of organized governments, the history of individuals, and many comments on their existence. Their early books were not as we know books today, but were really prepared by taking slabs of soft clay, approximately 9 inches by 6½ inches, and by using a sharp pointed mineral of some nature and indenting the soft clay quite deeply in the form of figures and designs, symbolic of their ideas. Then, to preserve this clay against the centuries of exposure to the elements, they baked this clay until it became of a stone-like nature, hard and resisting.

These slabs were rather awkward and cumbersome, compared to the means of conveying writing today, or in comparison with books as we know them. But keep in mind that the individuals of those days had little to prepare in the way of writing, and only those things which seemed to be of the utmost importance were prepared in the books of their time. In fact, there was only a certain class of people that could write, even in that primitive form. This class was called scribes.

All these early books were composed of some hard substance such as stone, brick or metal. Never were they constructed of a flexible material, due to the fact that flexible material was not so durable, even though it might have been more convenient to handle. But the development of books themselves, like writing, advanced greatly as time progressed. In the time of Homer, or during the period early Greek history, and later during the time of the Hebrews, parchment books came into existence.

Parchment consisted of the flesh or skin of goats, finished with a smooth surface, as a rule only on one side. Upon this side were inscribed the writings of the time. This was a very noticeable improvement, since not only did it seem to be time-resisting and age-resisting, and fulfilled the requirements of a permanent means of recording, but it was convenient in many ways. It was light, easily handled, and many pages or books could be put together without becoming cumbersome, as this parchment or goatskin could be rolled up and placed away in the archives of the officials of the time.

Now we have said that the original writers were called scribes. They were those who were really slaves of the power of the time, and who were trained to write according to the dictates of the authorities. They were forced to write only certain things, and were compelled to work ardently, even to the point of physical exhaustion. They were compelled to write on subjects and things that they lacked interest in, and perhaps many times did not even comprehend. But later, in the monasteries of the churches of the era only a few centuries past, there were those called Monks, who, through the labor of love for the God of their understanding and heart, set about to prepare the words of God as they understood them. They were not slaves, and they were not compelled to prepare these writings. Thus their whole consciousness expressed itself in love and beauty in the preparation of these writings. The beautiful designs and words, and the ancient literature that we know of, were brought about more through their efforts than through the writings of the original scribes. It is just an example of the manifestation of love.

The word "book" itself comes from the Saxon word "beech," meaning beechen board, as it was upon this that they prepared their writings. It is from this word that we have our word "book." "Book" as it is defined in the dictionaries of today, can be said in a few words to mean a written or printed narrative, or a representation. Both of these things are true, but, as we said at the opening of this article, books are milestones toward intellectual, spiritual and mental development.

But what kind of books, what type of books? I do not mean by that the subject of the books, but what type of books. When we pick up a book prepared by an author on a subject that we are desirous of improving ourselves upon, why do we read the work of that author? Ask yourself this question. Is it merely to have him entertain us by his conception of the subject? Is it merely to read and attempt to comprehend his literary presentation of the subject? Is it merely that we are desirous of having his personal opinion, his personal ideas, or do we pick up the text-book by him because we know he is an authority on the subject, to the extent that he has given much time and research to the subject and can substantiate his statements by facts? Do we read this book to receive benefit from the years of research and gathering of facts that he has prepared for us, so that we may acquaint ourselves with facts and compare facts with personal opinion?

The majority of us will agree that the last is the real intention of why we read certain books. That is, to read facts, not personal opinions. Is there not something antagonistic about a book we pick up to read, where the author does not present any facts or examples that we can substan-



tiate and prove to our own consciousness, but instead presents a series of his own personal opinions and his own personal ideas, which he maintains are authoritative and correct? And he attempts, through his volume, to revolutionize our ideas and lend to us the impression that we are in error, that his opinion is of correct value. This manner of presenting any subject is antagonistic, as we retain sufficient inherent pride to believe that our personal opinion is equal in value to the personal opinion presented by any other individual. Is it not so? The personal opinion that arises in the consciousness of an individual that he cannot substantiate when presenting to another is of little value.

Therefore, in purchasing a book on any subject for our personal development, be sure to determine first whether or not the book is by an authority. By an authority I do not mean one who persistently prepares books for sale in a series of personal opinions and ideas, but one who has compiled facts, which he presents in his book. If the book presents facts, you can take these facts and compare them with your personal opinions, and prove some of your own ideas, discarding those opinions which are not in accord with actual facts. Those books which are mere personal opinions are entertaining and intellectual, but when you have completed the reading of them you are where you started. You have the opinion of another, and you have your own opinion; but the question still arises, "Who is right, and what is right?"

Apply this article to books on occultism and mysticism. The Rosicrucian order

throughout the world does not publish books with the teachings of the organization in them, under the glaring title of Rosicrucianism, for two distinct reasons. First, there are more qualifications for the reception of Rosicrucian principles and ideals than the mere cash purchase of a book over the counter. Secondly, putting the teachings in book form, if it were ethical from the Rosicrucian standpoint, would be impractical, due to the fact that constant revision, added matter, with new facts that have been compiled through research in laboratories and by members of the organization, could not be put in book form or it would mean a new book every week.

We know of some books on the market purporting to be Rosicrucian, that have the same words, chapter for chapter, as they had in 1908 and 1909. They have not been altered one word since, and perhaps will not be for the next twenty years. Some of the scientific facts presented in them are obsolete, and of little value today. That is one reason why the true Rosicrucian Order does not publish books containing its teachings.

The Order does distribute free books and pamphlets stating how one may affiliate with the organization, what the ideals of the organization are, and a sketch of its history and origin. **BUT NOT ITS TEACHINGS.**

So when purchasing books on occultism or mysticism, be sure to determine whether the author is merely expressing his personal opinions, or if he is an authority, extending facts to you through extensive research.

Monthly Astrological Helps

Many of our members are deeply interested in Astrology and others are concerned only with watching how Astrological predictions are fulfilled. Therefore we will publish each month the predicted good days and bad days, as well as national and international events. This matter is taken from Raphael's Prophetic Messenger, published in London. It is the recognized authority in all such matters.

GOOD AND BAD DAYS

January, 1927

The
Mystic
Triangle
Jan.
1927

1. A good day, push business, seek society in the P. M.
2. Sunday—Write letters. Visit friends in P. M.
3. Push business before 2 P. M. Sell, but do not buy.
4. A good day to deal with friends and superiors.
5. A bad day for most matters.
6. Unfavorable.

7. Abide quiet in A. M. Deal with officials and business from noon to 4 P. M.
8. The early morning is favorable.
9. Sunday—Visit elders, but avoid argument.
10. An unfortunate day.
11. Deal not in affairs of women and children.
12. Visit and deal with church or governmental affairs in the P. M.
13. A very unfortunate day.
14. Seek friendship and pleasure in the A. M.
15. Avoid lawyers. Do not journey.
16. Sunday—Journey and visit, but do not lend.
17. An uncertain day.
18. Deal with elders and real estate in the P. M.
19. Push and sell land, farms, etc. Do not buy.

20. Visit hospitals and places of sorrow in the P. M.
21. Deal with doctors and officials in A.M.
22. Unfortunate, but write letters at noon.
23. Sunday—Visit elderly people and obscure places before 5:30 P. M.
24. Seek friendship of elders around 6 P.M.
25. Borrow, raise capital, deal with bankers up to 7 P. M.
26. Deal with elders and lend up to 1 P.M.
27. Avoid friends and deception in courtship.
28. A day of impediments. Postpone important matters.
29. Avoid superiors.
30. Sunday—Abide quiet. Rest and avoid quarrels.
31. A poor day, unimportant.

THE VOICE OF THE HEAVENS

January, 1927

The new moon of this month is an eclipse of the sun with Mars near the meridian. Ireland will feel the effect of this star of contention. Warlike demonstrations will be in force and our Government (Great Britain) will be involved in great problems concerning the Northern and Midland steel, iron, armaments, rail and coal workers. The conditions of the workers will be perturbed and unsettled, great hardships leading to revolutionary propaganda. Capital will flow out of the country to foreign parts for safe investment. A rigorous winter adds to the sufferings of the people, while trade will be depressed. Mars brings public tumults and riots and menaces our big towns with an outbreak of robbery, violence and fires. Steel and armament works will be busy, and the great blast furnaces will redden the sky. Under Mars we shall obtain large contracts from the countries of Europe, Russia, Persia and India. Activity of the extreme Reds in our Labor Party, dangers and privation, rise up in our midst, while the country will be sharply divided upon our European policy. Religious fanaticism has been the excuse for many a ghastly page of history, and is by no means dead. Financial backing is taking place, and a well organized political-religious body is insidiously working in the countries of France, Germany and the middle European states. Brutal and political murders will take place, while the plan of restoration of the European monarchies licks with religious fanaticism, the ever perennial weapon of blood, to the hand of the merciless seeker of empire.

GENERAL PREDICTIONS INTERNATIONAL

THE WINTER QUARTER

The Sun in Capricorn, December 22nd, 1926,
at 2h. 34m. P. M.

The outlook is one of dark clouds. The Conservative Party, returned with such a record majority in 1924, will have passed through a time of great ordeal and have

been shorn of their power by the time of the dawn of this year. The Government will pass through such changes and such extremes, as will lead them to be ruled by a combination of Nationalist and Socialistic factions, for Saturn is now changing his sign and is the symbol to the Government of "Two Stools." They will turn to the country, and in so doing, commit Political Suicide. These things will be followed by the sway of the sword; Mars seizes the reins of authority and an era of dictatorship will follow, for Britannia is a daughter of Mars.

The solar entry into Capricorn brings Saturn in the Angle of Enemies, both foreign and internal, and heralds a terrible period to the world of trials, privation, inundations, disasters, strife, war, and bloodshed. Fearful deeds and grim death shall stalk across a continent, while murder and rapine follows the trail of the Red Star.

The slow trail of Saturn leaves a Red scar across the fair lands of Europe and great and awful deeds mark the countries under his power, which are: Ireland, France, the Central States of Europe and Spain, Morocco, and Italy, while farther east over Turkey and the Eastern European States, including Greece, and also Italy a great and mighty clash is coming between the forces of Saturn versus Uranus. The destruction of the Conservative is imminent, for Mars lends powers to the extreme Reds. Nations will be at variance owing to the lack of a united British policy, which will lead to distrust and confusions.

Affairs will now move very quickly. The exigencies of the times will strike the hour for a "Man of the People," who will rise up in our midst—a giant amongst men. He becomes a Dictator, and from out of these matters our Foreign policy will be entirely reconstructed, and new treaties will be signed between Britain, Italy and Greece, for the whole Balance of Power of the European hegemony will be entirely disrupted.

France and Germany are now in the throes of an entire change of constitution. Tumults will arise over the occupation of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Libya. Germany, Austria, and Russia for an alliance of mutual support, while Neptune in Leo threatens France with some awe-inspiring upheaval for that fair land is living upon a lumbering volcano and the rumble of the thunder of destruction may be heard; seismic shocks and dreadful storms will sweep that country.

The conformity of Saturn and Neptune will mean a cold and stormy winter over the whole of Western Europe and the British Isles, and fearful shipping accidents befall by storms, icebergs, explosions, and the unseen snares of the sea. Panic will seize our industries, and great works will close down; ruin will stalk abroad grasping many a thriving industry in its icy clutch while some trades (under Mars) will spring up as a mushroom in the night. Great labor



troubles arise, privation and a fatal sickness sweep the land and the spirit of Revolution is in the air.

Wales and Scotland are heavily afflicted the whole year through, and the coal, shipping and smelting industries will experience an appalling list of fatalities, a particularly dangerous period being marked for the last week of February. Uranus afflicts Turkey with war, brought on by Greek and Italian aggression, which will set the Balkans in a blaze and transform the Mediterranean nations into an armed camp.

A period of great activity will affect our machinery, iron, steel, coal and war material factories, steel implements, weapons, railway rolling-stock, airplanes, etc., will prosper. Abroad, considerable demand will arise for British goods, especially from the Mediterranean and also from our own colonies of S. Africa, Canada and Australia, many very excellent arrangements regarding long credits and preference tariffs with our colonies and foreign mandates being arranged.

Some very keen and acute competition arises between our country and the States during this year and a bitter and acrimonious controversy marks the relations of the two powers.

Neptune now marks strange developments of Governments upon the Continent, great upheavals taking place, and affiliations of socialism and militarism go hand in hand.

Our Indian Empire now enters a great cloud of sedition and revolution. In the central and northern states there will be an abnormally wet season and floods and adversities combine in producing sickness and

plague. Both in India and also in the British Isles cattle disease will be prevalent.

In this country and in France the theatrical and film trades will make much advance and some considerable development of this trade bids well to seriously compete with the great American Film Syndicate.

FOR AMERICA

At Washington (also New York.) The ingress shows Saturn elevated near the 10th house and a great wave of reaction is overdue. The country will abandon prohibition in many of its states, while others will tenaciously retain it, leading to a system of barriers and restrictions all over the land, and at last confusion reaches the stage of absurdity. Meantime trade will develop astonishingly, more particularly with the Mediterranean markets, South Africa, N. W. of South America, and China. Saturn shows the Government engaged in hidden designs and intrigues regarding foreign trade which will conflict with British interests. Both U. S. A. and Britain are engaged in diplomatic treaties and intrigues to capture the trade of Far Eastern waters. Political unrest will sweep the land and stormy times, agitations, and public demonstrations will take place, more particularly in the regions of Los Angeles, Nevada and Washington.

There will be a fundamental change in the American system of Government.

The American continent is liable to great storms and seismic shocks, more particularly in the regions of San Diego, Portland and the States of Oregon and Washington.

Our Visit to Europe

By the Imperator

This is the Fourth Installment of the Story of the Imperator's Official Visit to Europe.



AFTER several days of preliminary interviews with officials and local French delegates, I was ready for the day of the opening session of the International Congress of Rosicrucians in Toulouse.

I was told by one of the officers that the revised form of the international language known as "Ido" would not be used at any of these sessions, as in the past, for various reasons, not one of which was a reflection upon the efficiency of the language. I therefore arranged to have as my close companion at all the sessions a Brother who was thoroughly familiar with French, English and Latin. This

brother I had known by correspondence and through others for several years, but I had never met him in Europe before. He was an official delegate to the Congress and I was pleased to learn that he had lived in Chicago during the years 1904 to 1907. He was familiar, therefore, with American conditions, although he was not at the time of his American residence a member of the Order. So he offered to act as an interpreter.

On the morning of the first session I left my rooms at the Grand Hotel, and hailing a taxicab on the Rue Metz, I proceeded past the Museum, over the bridge and on to a little house in the outskirts of the city where this brother was stopping with an old friend. He joined me in my car, and with our papers, records and books we started on our way to the other side of town, where on the outer edge of the big park, nearly opposite

to the entrance of the small zoo, we discharged our taxi man and proceeded on foot to the building where the Congress was to be held.

The old chateau in which the old Grand Lodge held its meetings for many years, and where I first crossed the threshold of our Order, is no longer adequate for the large assemblies nor for the usual work of the Order in Southern France throughout the year. Therefore several years ago another building was remodelled and adapted and while it is now the active headquarters for the South and the rendezvous of all Rosicrucians who travel through Europe, the old Lodge rooms in the ancient chateau remain a shrine. Thousands have passed across the threshold in that old chateau in the years that have passed, and to them the old stone building, partly in ruins and partly held intact by the very vibrations of the place, will remain a tender and loving shrine for many years to come. Of course all of us who were in Toulouse more than several days visited the old place and found sublime joy in just sitting in that old stone room of the former Lodge—still partly furnished—and absorbing the vibrations while our minds visualized the many hundreds of events that had occurred there.

It is so easy at such times to recall the emotions, the thoughts and the high hopes that passed through our minds and souls when we first entered that place and waited patiently in the outer rooms. To walk up again those old stone stairs, with their hollowed treads and wide cracks, and to tip-toe reverently across the stone flaggings of the floor and open the old, creaking wooden doors, with their rusty and partly broken hinges of enormous size, is like going back to some previous incarnation and living again the experiences that one never forgets.

In the newer place, however, we found the same stone floors and the same big doors, but some paint, a little polishing and oiling, had brought back to life many features of the place that, like many of the old parts of the buildings in Toulouse, have become antique through non-use and lack of care rather than through age.

Before entering the building, which had every appearance of being a partially closed private chateau, or large home, with well-kept grounds facing a road right off the main highway, we waited at the junction of the road and the highway to see whether any others were about to enter the grounds. We noted that three men, one old and requiring the help of the other two, were about to turn into the private road of the grounds, so we waited. It had been agreed upon that we would do this; as each group of two, three or four persons approached the vicinity, each would wait about five minutes after the others had entered before approaching the building. This was so that persons passing by in automobiles—and there were a great many each day—would not be at-

tracted by seeing so many entering the old building. When we had waited about five minutes and saw no others going toward the building, we walked casually toward it and passed around to the side where there was a small arched doorway with a small iron triangle, partly weather-stained, screwed fast on the upper part of an old oak door. Our secret raps on the metal triangle caused the door to open and we were greeted by the one Brother I was most delighted to see, for personal reasons; it was he who had been my sponsor in a purely ritualistic and official sense, when I first passed through the ordeals of investigation and test many years ago.

Having had a yearly photograph of me passing through his official hands ever since he last saw me, he recognized me immediately as well as the Brother who was with me. The door was quickly closed behind us and we were directed toward the big room on the first floor.

This room had evidently been the dining salon of the old chateau, for there was the usual beamed ceiling, the large open fireplace and the arrangement of windows, features which distinguish the dining room of a Toulouse home from the other rooms. Perhaps I have failed to mention somewhere that the architecture within and without of the old chateaus and castles, as well as the public buildings of Toulouse, followed a style that was unique and that is referred to today as a Toulousian style. The inside of the very old chateaus are very much alike in certain fundamentals.

The large room, however, had nothing in it that is usually associated with a dining salon. It had several large and antique tables placed in the centre of the room, with several smaller ones close to the windows, and the spaces between the windows were occupied with book-shelves of modern carpentry. Magazines and newspapers were placed on several of the tables, while one of them was arranged for writing, with large pads, pen and ink, various kinds of stationery and plain envelopes. I walked over to this table first—for there were only two other persons in the room, whom I did not know—and casually examined the writing paper to see if any of it bore emblems. I saw that all the sheets were plain and were of the size and style common in all stationery stores of France. I realized the purpose of this and then examined the magazines and newspapers. Not one of them was different from those found in the hotel lobbies, and utterly unrelated to Rosicrucianism, philosophy or kindred subjects. And the books were typical of those of a home in France where several members of the family were good readers and where the forebears of the family had left a fair sized library for future generations. There were several fine sets of French history, one of English history (in French), the novels of Dumas and other French writers, reference books and encyclopaedias, guide books for nearly every part



of Europe, dictionaries, school text-books, some books of lighter reading, and possibly two hundred other books on subjects pertaining to health, outdoor life, recreations, the popular sciences and a few on religious topics. There was nothing that resembled our work or principles in particular.

I looked upon the walls. There was the usual old wooden frames so often seen in Europe, with poor glass and old faded etchings of steel engravings. Some of them rare and valuable, no doubt; some of them also were important portraits; but not one was symbolical of the Order or of mysticism except a framed photograph hanging near one of the windows. I thought I recognized it from the opposite side of the room, and because of this I did not hasten over to it, but waited until I had examined the others and came to this frame in its proper turn. Certainly I was surprised as well as pleased, to see that it actually was a ten by twelve inch sepia photograph of a painting that I made in 1917 in New York of a Rosicrucian Neophyte before the altar in one of the great Temples of Egypt. The original large painting hung for several years in the reception room of the Amorc Temple on West Twenty-third street in New York, and I knew that it had been photographed and that these photographs had been published in several art journals in America and London and that some of the photographs had been sent by request to the branch lodges in America. But to find a copy there in Toulouse was a surprise indeed, aside from the compliment.

Therefore, aside from this one large photograph, which after all would not mean much to an absolute stranger, there was nothing in the large room to make it appear like a reception room of a Temple of mysticism. I thought at once of how we had kept all symbolical subjects out of our reception rooms in America, except at Headquarters, and how much this large room looked like the average reception room of some private club of business men.

Every four or five minutes others arrived and some passed upstairs while others came into the reception room and a few went into another large room in the rear of the first floor. It was not later than ten o'clock and the first feature of the opening session was scheduled for high twelve or noon. So we had plenty of time to become acquainted and renew old friendships.

Just before twelve o'clock a great set of gongs began to peal off their harmonious notes somewhere upstairs and when the seventh one had sounded the Congressional Herald came down the wide stone steps to a position just above the heads of the twenty-five or thirty of us who were still on the ground floor, and unrolling a paper to which was attached a long purple ribbon, he proceeded to read the official Warrant and Call for the twenty-ninth International Congress of the Brethren of the Rosey Cross. As in ancient times, this official document was in

Latin and bore the signatures of the high officers who officiated at the last International Congress, at which time this one was decreed after the delegates had voted and sponsored it.

As the Herald read the paper, with its many quaint phrases and salutations, I looked upward through the wide open space that permitted of a great stairway, and saw leaning over the railing a large number of delegates listening intently to what was being read and also portraying the utmost reverence and sacredness for the simple rites that opened this great event. Among these delegates I saw several in Oriental costume, the costumes of their country, and I saw one face that I resolved to know better before the sessions closed, for it seemed to be the living image of one of the Great Masters of Thibet. I could not stop to reason about it then, for I was intent upon grasping every significant inflection in the precise reading of the Latin paper; but I remember that I had thoughts somewhat like this: It seems to be the Master K. H.; that would be a marvelous demonstration of the greatest of all laws; but it may not be he, so I will wait until I am sure and meantime give my attention to the document.

But my eyes travelled often to that wonderful face up there, in the soft shadows; I noted that the wonderful character and being which fascinated me stood behind the others at the railing and they did not seem to know that he was there. I was sure that had they known they would have stepped aside to let him have first place with them. Standing in the shadows his face was luminous and the aura about his head and shoulders was whiter and broader than the aura of all the others. His eyes seemed to be points of a brilliant light casting beams toward all of us on the lower floor. You see, I was thinking a little of what I saw, even though I did keep my hearing faculty on the words of the Herald.

As the closing salutation was read I looked up again to the second floor and noticed that, as several of those at the railing began to straighten up from the position they had occupied, the wonderful figure in the background moved slightly backward into the deeper shadows and only the bright aura of his head and shoulders was visible. As I watched the aura it moved a little to the left and then seemed to fade out, and I could not determine whether the man had stepped into a recess or behind some other figures. But I did notice again that none seemed to pay any attention to the presence of the Master, if it really was he.

After the reading of the paper a single sounding of the gong again started all of us upstairs and when we reached the second floor I found myself at the side of my companion (he who was to be my interpreter) in the midst of all the delegates and officers assembled in what proved to be the outer chamber of the large Lodge room.

Some instructions were given as to how to present our credentials, in quite formal manner, to the two officers who stood in a small alcove at the head of the stairway, and then receive from another officer a ribbon to wear diagonally across our bodies upon which was attached a symbol made of orange colored ribbon which designated the Jurisdiction or section of the Order represented by each of us.

When these matters had been attended to we were directed toward the great doorway, which I noticed had been made smaller by closing it with a large symbolical door of wood into which was cut a small door easily concealed when closed.

As I approached the door and looked within I saw at once that the great character I had been watching was not within the Lodge and there came a sudden impulse to wait and not enter at once. I withdrew from the doorway, although my companion presented his credential card and entered. I had noticed a water cooler in the outer room where we had been assembled for a few minutes, and I went to that for a drink and thereby give myself time and opportunity to watch those who entered the Lodge and scan those still waiting. I wanted to cross the threshold with that man if it were possible to do so. But I could not locate him. I was certain that he was not in the room, for in addition to being able to see all or part of each face I could see no such bright aura anywhere in the softly lighted room. Candle light is always helpful in seeing auras, as all our members know, and this room was lighted by two groups of triple candle stands.

After nearly half of those in the room had passed across the threshold and had entered, I turned my attention away from the room, fully convinced that the man was not present, and started for the threshold. Behold, there in the very opening of the door, as though posed within the frame, stood the wonderful figure. The curved top of the doorway made a fitting frame for the bright light of the aura that curved over his head, and the space between his body and the sides of the door was so filled with white light that it was as though a figure in black silhouette was posed against a silver sheet of reflected sunlight.

As I quickly moved forward the figure moved forward too and, turning to the right in the lodge room, was out of my sight before I could reach the threshold.

Showing my card as a delegate—which was a piece of red bristol in triangular form, bearing a serial number, my name and the words "Amerique Nord" and a signature—I stepped across the threshold, almost forgetting the proper salutations, for I was intent upon seeing the face of the man in the brighter light of the Lodge, illuminated by electricity. Recalling the formalities, however, I walked two steps forward, paused and took the third step, and then made the proper salutation to the East, where were grouped the several officiating brothers.

Then I stepped to the right and looked at the row of persons seated along the wall. My interesting character was nowhere in sight, and I began to speculate upon which of the figures I now saw could have so wonderful an aura as I had seen in the doorway. While all had excellent auras none were so brilliant, and I wondered whether I had been mistaken after all.

Taking a seat along side of my companion, which he had reserved, I watched the last of the delegates enter and make their salutations noting that those from the Oriental countries who wore the Eastern garbs folded their arms across their chests as they completed the salutations and walked toward their seats. My companion explained that all Orientals do this as a part of their sign of respect in any place of sincere devotion.

Finally the gong sounded again, and this time I noted that the sound came from the doorway through which we had all passed. Once more it sounded and he who had been acting as Guardian made a sign to the East which was answered by a similar sign from one of the Brothers standing in the center of the small platform.

Then the Guardian stepped back into the outer chamber and we could hear him make a long call of three words in musical tone, which were interpreted to me as meaning: "Clear from below!" The call was answered by four different voices from downstairs, then the Guardian entered the Lodge room, handed some device to another figure that stood outside the door, closed the door and bolted it with ceremony and formality.

Once again he made a sign to the East and the Master there raised both his hands. Immediately all delegates arose and in unison we repeated the chanted salutation usual in all high convocations and followed this with another sign made by placing our left hands upon our chests (over the heart) and extending our right arms and hands before us in fellowship to one another and then to the Rosey Cross in the East.

Then, upon signal, we entered into prayer, led by one who proved to be the venerable and very old Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of our Order in Vienna and a prominent clergyman of one of the oldest Swedenborgian Churches of Austria, who still possesses papers bearing the signature of Swedenborg relating to the religious changes that he predicted would follow after his transition. I was delighted to see these papers.

After the prayer had ended there were a few minutes devoted to roll call and the reading of three messages from those who could not attend the Congress. During this time I could not help casting my critical eyes over the audience in that old room.

I do not believe I ever saw a group of more intelligent, refined, cultured and kindly faces in my life. The hall was well lighted and the gray and blue coloring of the walls, with appropriate touches of gold and purple in the decorations, added a strange feeling



to the atmospheric effect as one took in with a sweep the many Oriental costumes, official robes and general uniforms. Some were in purest white and, in fact, there were present three Delegates who were officers also of the very old order called *The Brethren in White*. Two from India wore the golden yellow costumes of the *Bhuddist* priests, while three others from India wore typically *Hindu* costumes of the ancient times, but bearing the tell-tale Rosicrucian symbol in a partly hidden form of decoration. One wore bright lavender in robe and turban, while a number wore peculiar headdress, without robe or uniform. Two representatives from *Japan and China* wore no costume distinctive of their country, but did have sashes that were symbolical. One of the Brothers from *Egypt*, with whom we have had correspondence for several years and who publishes an interesting magazine at odd times, was robed in typical Egyptian style plus a head-covering that bore the emblem of our Order.

Many of the delegates in the room intended going to other cities after the Rosicrucian congress, to attend other national and international meetings, such as the *League of Nations* sessions at Geneva, and I will speak of meeting some of them in such cities in later installments of my account.

Finally the official examinations and roll-call were completed and we were signalled to arise. With a short prayer and a few words of instruction we were informed that the Congress was duly opened and in session, and that all committees and delegates could now transact their affairs with official approval any hour of the day or night until the Congress closed. Then we asked for an intermission, for it was past the usual lunch time and we knew that a fine banquet was prepared somewhere downstairs. We were reminded again, however, that every word that was spoken by any Delegate or Officer and every act performed by every member of the Congress during the following hours of the days and nights until the Congress closed would be considered official, whether such words were spoken in the Lodge, in the dining room, in homes, hotels, on streets or in Parks.

Agreeing to return to the Lodge room for further instructions at three o'clock, we made our salutations and quietly left the room and went downstairs.

Again I sought for my great character. I could not see him. I was disappointed and surprised. I remembered that I had seen him in soft lights many times in the past nine or ten years, but I knew that in such cases it was a *projection of his psychic body*;

I could not believe that I had seen a projection again this day, for his whole being was too vivid and material.

When we were arranged at the long tables for our repast, the Master announced that a prayer of thankfulness would be offered after each of us had washed our hands in the brass bowls now being passed by two of the assistant officers. I waited in patience with the others for the prayer to begin, when suddenly we heard the most marvelous voice that had ever offered a prayer in our presence. I say this on behalf of all present, for all agreed to this in our later discussions. I turned to where the voice came from and there at the opposite end of the room, farthest from the entrance, stood my wonderful man, in pure white but with a scintillating aura of violet which tinted his robe a very pale lavender.

His brown beard, his slightly gray hair partly covered with the usual wreath of green leaves, his deepset, piercing dark eyes, the healthy color of the cheeks, the kindly smile that seemed to be in every part of his countenance, and the whole poise of his stately figure, held each of us spellbound. All seemed to pay the very highest respect to him now, with an expression as though they were as surprised to see him as I had been earlier in the proceedings. Yet, why had they not seen him? I could not help asking that question. With wonderful tones and the sweetest sincerity man could express he continued his prayer:

"And may this hour of breaking food be symbolical of the coming together of the nations of the world in the partaking of the Body of God and The Blood of the Holy Lamb, in perfect unison of thought and with our minds charged with but one desire, to see the Kingdom of God, the work of the Masters and the Life of Mankind made more glorious and more victorious."

"So mote it be," rang out in all parts of the room in many languages and many tones. It was thrilling. It was what I shall ever look upon as the most sublime moment of my life.

I will close this installment right at this point, for I would have my Brothers and Sisters dwell upon this incident, as I did, for some time. To be in the presence of the Great Master and have his personal benediction in such a place at such a time is one of the events that stand out in our lives as rich rewards. And I pass unto all of our Brothers and Sisters the blessings I received then and later, in a personal interview, from the great Masters of the order.

(To be Continued in our Next Issue)

Zada, or Looking Forward

By J. H. Thamer, K. R. C.

A very unusual story of a mystical nature, which began in the January, 1926, issue.

PHILIP'S ADDRESS

"Gentlemen:

"An explanation is due you, which I will make very short, as time is precious should you wish to save the lives of yourselves and families. You no doubt are aware of the fact that I am an American, and in explanation I must inform you that I have just brought back a number of Russians whom we captured during your first offensive, who are now in sympathy with the progressive movement of your more sane revolutionists and who are collectively endeavoring to restrain the mobs from committing rash and murderous acts; for by your selfishness and tyranny have you created a Frankenstein monster that will devour you unless you immediately issue a proclamation giving your millions justice and a voice in their government."

Philip was here interrupted by one of the executives rising and calling upon the guards at the doors to arrest him.

As they approached to seize him he directed the rays upon them and, as they sank helplessly to the floor, he bade one of the guards watching the President to securely bind them.

The executive chamber was now in an uproar, some shouting to the President to call out the militia while others advanced threateningly towards Philip, the President meanwhile sitting as if in a trance.

When Philip commanded them to be seated and said that his mission was to try and save them from the wrath of the populace, they grew more threatening and were about to resort to violence when the low rumble of the angry populace reached their ears; and looking out of the windows they beheld a vast mob, armed with all sorts of weapons, some carrying blazing torches, rapidly approaching.

Like all tyrants and bullies their faces blanched with fear and they implored Philip to go out and attempt to pacify them.

Realizing that they outnumbered anything he could singly control, Philip beheld himself of his aero-car aloft in the sky and quickly radioed his lieutenant to settle directly over the Executive buildings and direct his destructive ray upon the mob.

Philip then went to the front entrance and endeavored to plead with the angry mob to disperse, but was met with jeers

and curses, accompanied by numerous missiles hurled through the windows.

By this time the crowd descried the huge aero-car hovering about five hundred feet overhead and, at a signal from Philip the destructive rays were released and the people sank slowly to the earth with looks of bewilderment depicted upon their faces, while the Executives, together with the President, gazed with awe upon the spectacle.

Philip in a few words then admonished the mob to refrain from all violence, informing them that the New America, having proved her superiority both in methods of just government and warfare, now felt obligated to assist them to get justice from their government, and, as Trotzic was again at liberty, they should obey his every command as he was working for the restoration of their government on an equitable basis for all.

He then signalled his lieutenant, who, closed off the ray's power. The mob rose to their feet and quickly dispersed in all directions, not waiting to look around, while the lieutenant ascended to his former position overhead, awaiting further instructions.

Philip then returned to the Executive Chamber, where the President was now engaged in serious conference with his Executive members, who looked up in alarm when he entered, showing that their usual dictatorial manner and egotism had been considerably shaken by the preceding events. Upon recognizing Philip, the President so far unbent himself as to ask him whether he thought it was only an incipient outbreak or general throughout the country, to which he replied that it was of such import that their very lives were in danger.

This caused one of the members to voice a resolution that all of the soldiery be called out to quell any disturbance with force; when this was unanimously adopted Philip quietly withdrew, realizing that any further effort to influence them would be abortive.

As he hastened to reach Trotzic's headquarters he had to detour several times to avoid the mobs, who were already setting fire to and looting the shops in the fashionable parts of the city.

When Philip noted the increasing danger he became alarmed for Zova's safety, if



drastic measures were not resorted to at once.

Partially concealing himself behind a building, he radioed to his lieutenant to descend directly above the President's mansion and use the destructive ray upon any persons or mob collecting in that vicinity.

Feeling more at ease when this was attended to, Philip soon arrived at Trotzke's headquarters and found him in conference with the prisoners just brought over from the New America. Upon being asked by Trotzke for his opinion as to the best way to meet the situation, which if not immediately nipped in the bud would very quickly get beyond their control, Philip told him of the resolution just passed by the Chief Executives and suggested that those present be detailed to go to all outstanding military posts, and, as former soldiers of the country, try to win the military over to the revolutionary party with instructions to suppress any violence, while he would accompany Trotzke to the main barracks in Moscow, with the hope of doing likewise.

This was unanimously conceded to be the best plan and was immediately acted upon.

When Philip and Trotzke arrived at the barracks they discovered that the soldiers were all drawn up on the parade ground, which was lit up as bright as day, and were being addressed by the President, while his Chief Executives, together with the highest army officers, surrounded him.

Philip noted that the soldiers appeared to be very sullen and gloomy as the President urged them to do their duty to their country by shooting all disturbers of the peace.

As he ceased speaking, the soldiers caught sight of Trotzke and Philip and a spontaneous cheer burst forth from them, with calls for Trotzke, showing that his agents had done their work only too well.

Immediately all was commotion, the officers giving orders for the soldiers to seize Trotzke, which orders were ignored, they instead seizing the officers and surrounding the President and his Executives, making them, to all intents and purposes, prisoners.

A non-commissioned officer then stepped forward from the ranks and Philip was agreeably surprised and relieved to note that it was Borgie Steffskie, the leader and spokesman of the first lot of former spies whom he had brought over.

After speaking a few words to Trotzke he escorted him to the center of the circle of soldiers surrounding the President and his party, and, mounting the seat of the President's auto, Trotzke addressed the soldiers as follows:

"Fellow citizens and brothers:—

"The time has arrived when we have no other alternative but to take matters into our own hands, to save homeland from utter demoralization.

"Our rulers have betrayed their sacred trust, through their tyranny, ambition and egotism, and it is now our special duty to put forth every effort of which we are capable, to again establish peace, justice and harmony. Our chief difficulty lies in the prevention of bloodshed and mob violence.

"Our agents are even now exhorting your brethren in every military post throughout the land to do likewise and I fully rely upon their assistance.

"We must act at once, or conditions will get beyond our control, in which event the limit to which the exasperated populace will go, to avenge their wrongs, will be too horrible to contemplate.

"I will suggest that a small detachment of soldiers be assigned to each one of the Executive members, including the President, who are now in your power, escorting them to their respective homes and there guard them as prisoners, also to prevent any mob violence against them.

"I would also suggest the same procedure for your former officers, for should the people get the opportunity their fate is sealed.

"Your comrade Borgie Steffskie I will appoint supreme in command, with authority to choose his military assistants from among you, and to take full charge of the people's safety, not from outside enemies, but the enemies to law and order within."

Trotzke's suggestions and commands were executed with alacrity and despatch, much to the consternation of those involved.

Philip, whose thoughts were evenly divided between Zova and duty, accompanied the detachment guarding the President, first radioing to his lieutenant, who was hovering over the President's mansion, cautioning him against using the destructive ray as they approached.

Upon their arrival at the deposed President's home Philip immediately sent one of the servants to notify Zova that he wished to see her, the servant soon returning with the information that she could not be found.

Philip, becoming alarmed at this news took matter in his own hands and soon discovered that her chauffeur and two other servants were also missing. Upon questioning her maid, she said that an orderly had delivered a message purporting to be from her father, and at the suggestion of her chauffeur, two of the under-servants had accompanied them, supposedly for protection.

When the deposed President, forgetting his own predicament in the excitement, commenced to give orders to the soldiers, Philip reminded him that he was now a prisoner, and that he personally would use every means to discover her whereabouts and give her protection.

He, however, was at a complete loss as to what was the best course to pursue so, returning to the barracks, he asked Borgie

Steffskie to instruct all of his soldiers to keep a sharp lookout for any trace of her whereabouts, while on their policing duties.

Philip then sought out Zada's Russian agent and through him got in touch with her by radio; after relating in detail all that had transpired since he had left the New America on his mission, he concluded by telling her of his deep interest in Zova, and her disappearance, whereupon Zada suggested, that, as all was tranquil and peaceable at home, she and Orville would come at once and lend their assistance, if he wished them to do so.

To this proposal Philip quickly voiced his approval, instructing them, upon their arrival, to first communicate with his lieutenant, who would be hovering over Moscow at an altitude of ten thousand feet, and with whom he was in constant radio communication.

Returning to Trotzie's headquarters Philip informed him of the manner of Zova's disappearance, receiving in reply information that filled him with consternation.

Trotzie informed him that there had developed an Extremist party, composed principally of law breakers, who thought they had been too severely punished, for the extent of their crimes, by the deposed President and his followers, and whose whole object was now revenge; while small in numbers at the present time, great danger lay in the fact, that, should they not be able to immediately form a strong Dictatorship to cope with the situation, the rabble and ignorant masses would undoubtedly be induced to join them, the result of which would be appalling.

When he asked Philip to attend a meeting of the principle leaders of the revolutionary party, who were now gathering in Moscow for the purpose of forming a new Government, Philip thanked him for the privilege accorded him but said that until Zova was safe he would not be at liberty to devote any time to anything else.

Philip then again got in touch with Zada by radio through her Russian agent and was informed that she and Orville had all arrangements completed to start within the hour, and would undoubtedly arrive on the scene within the next ten hours, making their first stop at his aero-car, above the city.

Philip determined to snatch a few hours rest to be better able to continue his search, and signaled to his lieutenant to descend to the parade ground adjoining the barracks, where he would meet him.

This was safely accomplished without molestation, for the potency of the aero-car's power had speedily become known.

Rising to a safe altitude again, Philip composed himself upon a couch, but all attempts to woo the goddess of sleep proved abortive, his mind continually visualizing

Zova imprisoned in a filthy room and suffering intense agony.

He also realized that she was his soul's affinity, and, remembering his conversation with Orville relative to mental telepathy and the projection of the astral body, he concluded that now was the time to give it a test, for he was sure that Zova's mind in her present predicament would be attuned to his.

As he thus resolved this possibility in his mind, he gradually felt himself, as he at first thought, entering the borderland of sleep, but to his surprise he soon realized that his astral body was leaving the aero-car and floating over the city.

This condition now seemed natural to him, and his sub-conscious mind pictured to him a large building on the outskirts of Moscow, in a large under-ground chamber in which he beheld a motley group of ruffians, a few of the more intelligent commanding the attention of the others, while seated upon a rude bench, guarded by two brutal looking rogues, he beheld Zova.

As he noted her hopeless, dejected expression, his first inclination was to go to her assistance, but when he attempted to act he suddenly awoke with a start.

He then realized that sudden awakening, as it seemed, was his astral body again entering his material body, and that the vision imprinted upon his memory was real and not a dream.

Knowing that no time was to be lost, he instructed his lieutenant to descend to the house-tops and circle around the outskirts of the city, he meanwhile keeping a sharp lookout.

He suddenly gave orders to descend to the earth as he noted the building of his vision on the edge of a forest near the city limits.

Instructing his lieutenant to await his return, Philip stealthily approached the building. Noting two ruffians on guard outside he speedily subdued them with the rays from his ring, and entering the building, soon found the underground chamber.

Entering, in a loud voice, he commanded the occupants to throw up their hands, for he had discovered the reality of his vision, as he saw Zova guarded by two of the rogues.

Seeing that Philip was unaccompanied, they disregarded his command, instead making a concerted rush towards him, which he speedily met with the paralyzing influence of his ring, including Zova's guards, whereupon with a sob of relief she flew into his arms.

Believing that he had surprised the leaders of the Extremist party, Philip hurriedly got into communication with Zada's Russian agent with his portable radio broadcasting device, which he always carried with him, instructing him to inform Trotzie to immediately accompany a detachment of soldiers to make them prisoners,



giving minute instructions where they were to be found.

Trotzie, accompanied by a sufficiently strong guard, soon arrived upon the scene, and, upon searching the prisoners, discovered that Philip's conjectures were correct, whereupon he feelingly complimented him on this strategic move.

Although Zova showed surprise upon Trotzie being introduced as the leader of the revolutionists, she refrained from asking any questions.

Philip then escorted her to the aero-car instructing his lieutenant to again take his first position above the city to await Zada's and Orville's arrival.

While thus occupied Philip as briefly as possible explained to Zova what was transpiring in her home land and the causes leading thereto, realizing that, having led a very secluded existence, she was not cognizant of the conditions which led up to the revolution, or the part her father and his councilors played in it, relieving her fears somewhat by assuring her that her father was being protected from the wrath of the people by a strong guard of soldiers.

When Philip then told her that he would now protect her for life as she was his soul affinity, she clung closer to him and thanked him for twice saving her life, as she believed; also assuring him that while she had not as yet adjusted herself sufficiently to analyze her emotions, she felt a soothing protective impression when first they met, although, while her father was under this cloud, it would not be fair to him for her to make any definite promise, to which he replied that his own father was as guilty as any one, relating to her the conditions under which he had been disowned.

His lieutenant then informed him that he had just received a radio message from Zada and Orville that they would arrive within half an hour, being then over the Baltic Sea.

Their searchlights were soon playing over the city and the upper air and when they picked up Philip's aero-car they soon arrived alongside.

Philip introduced Zova as they transferred to Orville's aero-car, she and Zada becoming fast friends at once, while Philip related their latest developments.

Descending to the barracks' parade ground, under Philip's guidance, they sought Trotzie's headquarters, and while Zada and Orville had conference with him, Philip, with a guard of soldiers, escorted Zova to her home.

The deposed President's expression of fear changed to one of relief and joy as Zova and Philip entered, for he was greatly attached to his only daughter.

Zova explained how Philip had twice saved her from worse than death, but when she also informed him that she now thoroughly understood the cause of his present predicament, and was in whole-hearted sympathy with the people, he, who was without mercy when in power, now hung his head with shame.

When Philip then told him of his love for Zova, and his intention of marrying her, he gazed longingly at her and, noting the love-light shining in her eyes, he placed his hand upon Philip's shoulder saying that her future would be in better hands than in those of her father.

(Continued in next issue.)

A Good Suggestion to Our Members

The Editor has received a communication from the Grand Master of one of our Jurisdictions in which he says that he made the following statement to the members in his district and believes that the same points will be appreciated by other members. We agree with his belief and publish here the very fine advice.

"During the past few months there has been a financial situation in various parts of America that causes some to fear a financial panic of some sort. Aside from the fact that no such panic will come, there is another point that should be given serious consideration by all members.

"As soon as the tide of your affairs seems to be drifting toward adversity and you sense impending trouble in your business, financial or social matters, the first thought that should come to your mind is this: Whatever may come, I must make my relation with the AMORC stronger and stronger, for it will prove to be the guide and power to eventual success for me! To think that, as financial or other conditions become hard, membership in the AMORC should be sacrificed in order to save the small monthly dues, is to think of cutting off the greatest benefaction with a minimum of saving.

"In times of prosperity, happiness and power no member needs the help, advice and influence of AMORC half so greatly as when poverty, illness and sorrow loom upon the horizon. Separating from AMORC, or allowing one of the many ties to be broken is to immediately weaken the whole chain that holds you back from disaster. By all means hold fast to AMORC to the very end of life. It can do more for you in any trouble than any other organization in the world today. Thousands will testify to this fact; you should give it every opportunity to prove its power. Hold fast!"

A Brother of the Rosy Cross

By Agrippa, 32°, Frater Khurum

This is the Seventh Installment of an interesting story which began in the July Issue.

As the door of the apartment was swung open he who had called himself the Priest of Osiris stood beside me. "Come with me," said he, "I have a message for you. Then you must leave us.

"You will remember your illness in Yucatan and the Padre who cared for you. He and I and your new friend, Saturnius, are Children of the Rose, better known by the name which some honor, some despise, and others scoff at: a Rosicrucian, as Saturnius said, a higher than I caused our meeting tonight as he likewise caused your meeting with Saturnius, and it is because we watched over you that you, with your dealings with Nephestes, the evil Queen, did not lose your life as did your chief Hammerly. You have seen our worship and one of us who is known widely to the world. You have begun to tread a path which I hope will end in honor and a life of usefulness to your kind.

"You have this night seen one who for many years has been thought dead; none other than the Great Theologian of the Middle Ages who was known to philosophers by a name which I cannot give you now. He it was who is said to have organized our fraternity and whose body is supposed to have been found buried beneath the altar. But you have tonight seen him with your eyes as he worked upon the hidden mystery of the Elixir of Life.

"You have seen in the Astral Light those elementals of which the Sage of Hohenheim was the first Initiate to write. I cannot at this time tell you more than you have learned yourself of the Dweller on the Threshold. He will not visit you again, but She, to whom you bowed as Isis, still rules and is worshipped though not by the name to which She revealed herself to you. Who I am or by what name I am called matters not, for I am only one of the least among many.

"The adepts in the early ages of the world ruled by knowledge and it is because of our knowledge that the Pyramids were built and because of us Egypt became great. Now we work in the quiet places of the world for men today sneer at Alchemy, at Astrology, the mother of Astronomy; they have become self-satisfied and proud, but the time comes when once more

men will live for others and rejoice when they may be of service, will read and study the Holy Bible, the Book of the Dead, and sacred science. 'Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.'

He took me by the hand and led me by the way I had come. I felt the cool breeze from the river blowing upon me, and as I stepped without the temple the priest pressed into my hand a signet, saying:

"Present this before the messenger who now awaits you at the camp and follow his directions in all things."

With these words the priest left me and I, returning to the camp, found, as the Priest of Osiris had said, a messenger awaiting me.

"Gore Effendi," said he, "there is one, a Queen, who rules in this land who has sent me with the direction that if you possess a certain ring I am to bring you to her without delay as she has a message for you which concerns you closely."

I really wished to simply return to Cairo but something told me I should obey the messenger.

"What time do you wish to take me to your Queen?" I asked.

"In the morning, Effendi," said the messenger, "but that I may be sure that you have the right to go to her, I was commanded to see a certain ring which I must see or return without you."

I showed him the ring, which had the cartouche of a certain Pharaoh upon it with a cross engraved below the name. When the servant saw the ring, he knelt upon the ground and kissed the ring reverently. I then directed him to refresh himself and to rest until morning, when we would take this journey. Before retiring I gave orders for my boat to await my return and, going to my tent, slept soundly.

As soon as the sun was up, I told Pearson that I would not leave that morning and, as it was extremely hot, I suggested that he take this journey with me. He consented and so once more we were mounted upon camels and following the messenger and his white camel as it sped out into the Nubian desert toward Abyssinia. As we sped on the country became more fertile and the inhabitants blacker and more of the Negro type. On we went all day, only pausing to feed the camels and let them rest at a small village where the people



crowded about us and gazed in wonder at our white faces. We stopped that night at another village and the sun found us in the saddle, still following the rider on the white camel.

Soon the hills about us grew steeper till we found ourselves traversing a deep ravine, in the center of which ran a limpid stream of water. This we followed mile after mile, till we came to a walled town into which we entered through a gate which was built like the pylons before the Egyptian Temples. Before the gate stood tall flag poles, from which, as in the days of old, waved long streamers in the wind. About the gate stood soldiers armed with long bows and carrying round shields, from the center of which protruded long spikes as sharp as daggers.

They stopped our guide and bowed low before the signet which he showed them. We followed closely after him into the city. It was, indeed, as if we had stepped back thousands of years to the time when Egypt ruled the world. Through narrow streets we followed our guide, having left the camels with the guards at the gate. On we went, gradually approaching a great palace which stood behind a long avenue of Sphinxes. Back of the palace there stood a temple as if it had been moved bodily from the Nile by the powers of some Geni. As we drew closer, we saw that into and from the palace there came and went men and women dressed as those I had seen in the worship of Osiris. As we stopped before the great doorway a priest bowed before us and asked our business. The messenger gave him a sign and showed his signet and said that we had come to have audience with the Lady Hatshepsut, High Priestess of Isis. We were led through an aisle of papyrus columns. Seated on a throne at the other end of the room was a woman. She was of a type I had never seen, small and dainty, and yet there was that about her which made one feel that she was not as other women. She was dressed in the clinging garments of Egypt, in her hand she held a sistrum, upon the back of her throne I saw embossed a passion cross with a rose upon it, and below the cross in profile was carved the well-known figure of Isis.

Pearson and I followed the messenger, bowed low before her and rising, waited to hear what she would say. What was our surprise to hear her address me in well-spoken English.

"Gore Effendi," said she, "You have come many miles to answer to my messenger and we feel honored that you so quickly obeyed our behest. You were given a ring by one calling himself a Priest of Osiris. Have you that ring with you?"

I replied that I had.

"And who is this gentleman with you?" she asked. "We sent not for another but you alone."

At this straight-forward speech Pearson colored and bowed low.

"We mean you no insult," said she, "but our messenger was sent only for Gore Effendi and our message is for his ear alone."

Pearson bowed again and an officer standing by led him out of earshot. The Queen, rising, descended from her throne, and beckoning me, led me to the right and through a door into a smaller chamber. She seated herself and ordering her attendants to leave her, she waited until we were alone and then said:

"Gore Effendi, or why should I not call you by your name, which is James."

Then again, with hesitancy she began again: "James, you wonder how I, Hatshepsut, Queen of this city and High Priestess of Isis, know your name. I have received it from one you call Saturnius and whom you have left in the city of New York, which is in your own country, and he, you will remember, told you that you might meet another who was of the same order as your Padre who cared for you in Yucatan. We are of that order and we have followed and watched you ever since you landed from your steamer. Never night or day have you been entirely alone or unguarded by us. You are marked and chosen to be one of us but there is much for you to do and there will be much for you to do after you return to America and Saturnius and to Rosamond."

I started at the mention of her name and wondered what secret of my life this woman did not know.

"Rosamond is in our keeping also, and if you advance, you will receive comfort in the future." She sighed and said, "To me the comfort of companionship and the physical presence of a loved one has long been denied and he whom I hold most dear is bound even as I to the service of the Goddess and our fellowman."

"I have here these parchments written in the Egyptian code because I know you can read this ancient writing of the priests and because I do not wish it to fall into the hands of the profane. Keep the roll by you and read it carefully after you have left our land and are upon the sea. It concerns me nearly and it is given you under the seal of the signet which you received from the Priest of Osiris. Guard them both as you would your life and prove true to that which is given you. In the future Saturnius will instruct you much in this Sacred Science and be not faithless but believing."

She stopped and handed me a roll of papyrus which I immediately placed safely in my belt.

"Our time is short together but we will receive your friend before we let you return to your boat which is waiting for you even now upon the Nile, where we lived and worked many years ago."

She clapped her hands, a servant entered and she commanded him to bring Pearson

to her. He came and with him entered many of her courtiers come to honor her and us. They gazed upon us with respect, not unmingled with awe, for never before had they seen one from the new western countries.

That night we spent in the palace of Hatshepsut and in the morning we were given permission to look about the city as much as we wished. That we did and found many matters of interest to busy us till our camels were ready for our return to the Nile.

Once more we went before the Queen and, bidding her farewell, we retraced our trail and after two days of swift riding were back at our camp.

There Pearson found a wire for him and me, with orders that he should return to New York with me. After a few days spent in getting his matters settled, for mine had been settled before our trip to the unnamed city, we boarded our launch, which had been awaiting us and returned to Cairo. There we were not long in arranging our last cares and in a few days we were upon the high seas.

There one day, after trying to answer many of Pearson's questions as to where I found that ring and how in the name of wonder did Queen Hatshepsut know anything of me, I thought of the papers she had given me.

Waiting till Pearson was taking his afternoon nap I read, with many a wonder, the following story:

I, Aahmes, Priest of Isis of the Temple of Isis in Memphis, take my pen in hand to tell the tale of the last true worshipers of our Holy Mother.

My father was Zer, High Priest and Hierophant of Isis and Osiris. My mother was Mutnesmet who had flowing in her veins the blood of the Pharaohs. From the days of the reign of Aton we have always had one who was Priest of Isis and devoted to her service.

As a child I was educated by the priests of Amon, at Thebes, there staying till I was grown to man's estate when, because they could teach me no more, I went to the Temple of Isis where I have delved deep into the secret lore of today and the past and have learned those things which are unlawful to utter among the profane.

At Philae there ruled, as High Priestess of Isis, Hatshepsut, who divided with me the sway of power over all those who worship our Holy mother. We two were often long in conference in these days of Egypt's loss of glory, for it had been predicted by Isis herself, when Egypt was yet young, that never from the earth should our Holy Faith be lost. But it seemed now, with the power of Persia growing in the East, that Egypt's days of greatness were numbered. The priests of Amon, who for many years had furnished a Pharaoh, had lost their power because they cared not for spiritual things but only plotted

politics so that they might become the richer.

The cloud was gathering out of the East and who would protect our Faith and nation?

These matters were being considered one morning at Philae. Hatshepsut, Kenkenes and I were seated in conference in the secret room beneath the sanctuary of the temple. Above us we could hear the chanting of the priests to Ra, as he appeared over the east bank of the Nile.

"But Aahmes," said Hatshepsut, "dare we try to overrule Pharaoh, strong as we are? Will not the priests of Amon work against us, for they are jealous, you know, of our power and our numbers?"

"I know that," said I, "but it has been predicted that when the rose fell from the cross Isis would then unveil herself and show us what to do."

"Truly," said Hatshepsut, "and Isis' omens never fail."

"Ah, and never will," said Kenkenes.

"Well spoken, warrior," said I, "How soon think you, we can send the rosy cross throughout the land and have our people in arms? Give me till the day of Isis next: the moon will then be full and Isis, as she sits upon her throne, will guard her children."

"Go," said I, "to your appointed task, and the blessing of Isis, Osiris and Horus go with you." He saluted and was gone.

"Oh, Aahmes," said Hatshepsut, from beneath her veil, "how sad it is that the children of our mother must ever shed blood. She, the great goddess, is the only one in all this realm who has a worship of love and not of blood and yet she must draw the sword."

"Truly," said I, "but only that peace should come, for Pharaoh must know that the High Priestess of Isis must be hearkened to, especially when it is for his own good."

"He will hearken. Never fear," she answered, so I left her.

Many months had passed. Egypt was free, as yet, but at such a price! Thousands upon thousands had died in the sea, in the desert, and in battle to save her from the Persian yoke. The Rose was once more upon the Cross and there was peace.

It was my turn to enter the sanctuary and there, before the statue of the Goddess, to invoke the spirit which came from her and to receive her mandates. I had made a long preparation, for, though I was High Priest, when I approached her sacred presence I must be clean every whit.

The moon was at its full as I entered the sacred enclosure by way of the Pylon that faces the Nile. I passed quickly and silently through the avenue of grand and stately columns to the entrance of the sanctuary.

At its door I removed from my feet my sandals and covered my shaven head with a bit of my leopard's skin which I always wore. I took my crozier from a neophyte who accompanied me thus far, and signing



him to remain where he was, I entered. Within the holy place the light of the moon was palely reflected from the alabaster walls and shone dimly upon the white and golden altar which stood before the Ark of Isis with its two figures guarding the sacred boat.

I made obeisance before and passed on to the Sanctum Sanctorum back of the golden veil which hung behind the ark.

As I entered the holy place it seemed to me that I had stepped into another world, for here I heard the music of the spheres and smelt the sweet odor of the lotus and the Rose.

All was dark and silent and, bowing with my head to the floor, I began the secret mantrums.

As I prayed the sweet odor grew stronger. A light began to come gradually, bringing into outline the form of the Holy One, Isis, as she sat upon her throne.

What was the meaning of this light, for never before had this sign been shown to me? The lines of the figure became plainer and I bowed, if possible closer to the earth. The light increased till it was like the sun at midday in the desert and my spirit quaked within me. Was the Goddess Herself coming for me to take me to Osiris? The light began to fade. I heard most exquisite music and a voice spoke within my soul saying:

"Aahmes, look up. It is Isis, your mother's command."

I looked up and there before me was not Isis, carved in whitest marble. No but Isis, clothed in the flesh, standing before her throne, veiled with Isis' Holy Veil. In one hand she held the sistrum of power and in the other the Cross of Life.

I heard a voice sweeter than the sounds of tabret and harp, a voice that tinkled with the sound of many waters.

"Aahmes," said Isis, "what does that mortal receive who beholds Isis unveiled?" "Death, Holy Mother," I answered.

"Yes," said she, "and what does mortal receive if he prats of that which he has beheld?"

"Death again, Dear Mother, but this everlasting death in the realm of Typhon or Set."

"Well hast thou spoken, High Priest of Isis. Remember well these words till I come to you again and bid you speak."

I made the secret sign and she continued, "You are now looking upon Isis veiled. I command that you shall look upon her unveiled. Look and fear not."

I raised my head and what a vision met my gaze. Was this indeed Goddess or Woman in all her Loveliness? There she stood, the Queen of the world and of the Universe. Her body was clothed nobly in the sacred garments of Isis. Upon her head she wore the ureous with horns and golden moon. From her eyes there was shown such a light as I have never beheld

in woman. Her figure was far beyond that of the Roman Venus. I must leave all to your imagination, but if you can think of a woman in her prime, clothed in purity and holiness, and yet with all the charms of womankind, then you can picture Isis, She Who Ever Is.

"Aahmes, draw nearer to me, for I have a gift to give you."

I drew closer and Isis descended from her throne to meet me, a mortal man.

"You have studied long and learned many of my secrets. You have searched for that which causes man to be. I will give you that which will give you Life forever for I have much for you to do for me. Come nearer," she commanded.

I stood so close I could see her bosom rise and fall with the breath of life.

"Nearer still," she commanded.

I approached yet closer. She placed within my hands the cross of life and entwining her Holy arms about me, kissed me fully upon the lips.

"Aahmes, my son, my brother. I give you with the kiss of Isis life eternal upon the earth. Look upon the cross in your hand. Upon it blooms the lotus which later will be the Rose. You are set apart forever as mine, to proclaim to those who are worthy of my faith. Thou, with one other, shall be filled with my spirit. Thou art mine forever, virgin as long as thou shalt live, signed by the Holy Kiss of Isis."

Once more she kissed me and in the sweet ecstasy of that Divine Kiss my spirit swooned within me and I remembered no more.

When I came to, I found myself on my couch in my private apartments in the temple. In my hand I still held the cross of life, which had upon it a living lotus which gave forth a sweet fragrance.

I awoke as from the sweetest slumber, peace in my soul and courage in my heart.

THE ROSICRUCIAN POINT OF VIEW

By Dr. Jay Marlow

A Regular Department of Comments on Topics of the Day and Interesting Incidents of Life as the Mystic Sees Them

Reports from London indicate that when Sir Conan Doyle asked a big audience of Spiritualists how many of them had been in touch with their dead to arise and testify, more than three thousand men and women of all types quietly arose. Undoubtedly all of these persons sincerely believed the statement to which they were thus testifying. But such a sincere belief does not preclude the possibility of deception or fraud. Mystics know that in the average

case of so-called Spiritualistic evidence, or evidence of immortality through Spiritualistic seances or demonstrations, many laws are in operation that are not known to the Spiritualists and other laws and principles are also in operation that have nothing to do with a demonstration of immortality. Only the profound student of Mysticism and of the Arcane laws and principles can be sure of his ground and properly interpret or comprehend the manifestations which are possible under certain circumstances. Again we warn Rosicrucians to wait until they know all the higher principles of Mysticism before they attribute anything to the contentions of the Spiritualistic doctrines.

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We read in the news that there is agitation again in the churches and among religious sects regarding the marriage and divorce laws. The mystic has some very definite ideas in regard to marriage which, if generally appreciated, would certainly tend to solve the problems that perplex those who look at the matter from another point of view. The mystic contends that so long as men and women mutually agree between themselves that they will be married and live together as man and wife with the physical relationships given the predominating consideration from both a religious and political point of view, and without any decision on the part of higher authorities to warrant the marriage, then the same two persons should be granted the right mutually to break their contract. All other contracts thusly entered into can be broken by the same sort of mutual agreement. The only proper form of marriage to be entered into is for the couple to make sure or become convinced of the fact that there is a spiritual marriage or marriage of souls before the physical marriage is even considered. This would be the true alchemical marriage. The mystics know that when such a spiritual marriage has preceded the physical marriage it dominates the entire situation and neither one of the couple can set it aside or even have a thought of doing so. We know of many such marriages all through history. They are more common than is ordinarily believed. Such marriages have been responsible for the salvation of the marriage situation and the maintenance of the integrity of the home. The mystic looks forward to the time when no one will assume the responsibility of uniting a couple in the physical bonds of matrimony until there has been sufficient evidence shown that the couple are properly mated in the Cosmic and spiritual way and that a real alchemical marriage of affinities has gradually taken place in the days, weeks and months preceding the desire for physical marriage.

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Many papers are carrying a story today of Emma Goldman's newer views in regard to socialistic conditions. Working from a purely theoretical point of view, Emma

Goldman believed many things in regard to socialistic conditions and the way they were working out in Russia, which were quickly set aside when she contacted the practical manifestation of her theories. The mystic knows that permanent changes cannot be brought about through revolution but only through evolution. Such permanent changes as have seemingly come through revolutions were those which were under way in evolutionary processes at the time they were brought into revolutionary action. The only way in which socialistic conditions on this earth can be changed is by having all men and women understand and comprehend alike through proper education and training. Once they all comprehend alike they will think alike on fundamental lines, and such unity of thinking will result in unified action. At once the differences which are responsible for the conditions now existing will be eliminated. It will take time, as every phase of evolution takes time, and the whole history of civilization shows that such evolutionary changes have taken place and are still under way. Emma Goldman learned only such lessons by her visit to Russia as any mystic, knowing the laws of nature, would have explained to her without the experiences she had to pass through.

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We are informed through the various news bureaus that doctors have announced the discovery of another cancer germ and antitoxin. Such announcements have been made officially and unofficially through the medical profession for many years and each announcement in turn is followed by a later statement that the announcement of the discovery was premature, that only elementary experiments were being made and that nothing definite is known. The critical situation, however, in this regard is that each announced discovery is also followed by a flood of cancer cures on the market seemingly based upon the great discovery announced, with the result that thousands of sufferers spend their last dollar hoping that they have found salvation at last. When any new cure is announced and its claims based upon tests made in ten, fifteen or twenty-five cases and no more, one may well hesitate and wait for further experiments. It is only when the definite process or specific cure is tested on a thousand cases, in as many localities, and with as many types of human beings, that one can feel that it is really a universal medicine.

This has not yet been done in regard to cancer.

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Perhaps one of the most interesting and important of the scientific announcements made during the last thirty days is one which comes from Philadelphia in connection with the sessions there of the National Academy of Science. Professor Albert A. Michelson of the University of Chicago made an official announcement at these ses-



sions after many years of careful study and investigation, and after making sure that he had such evidence as would warrant a preliminary statement, that light waves do not travel at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, as is stated in every text-book and even in the latest scientific treatises on the fundamental laws of nature. He states that his investigation shows that light travels at the rate of 299,796 kilometers per second. If he could submit such evidence as would make his statement appear to be true it would upset all of the fundamental principles upon which many of the present day industrial sciences are based. But we doubt that Professor Michelson will come forward with such proof. Rosicrucians know something about these light waves and their rates. While the figures of 186,000 miles per second may not be correct in its exact figure there is no such divergence from fact as would be indicated by Professor Michelson's statement. Even Einstein and his theories would be in great difficulty if Professor Michelson is right, our radio laws would be upset, and hundreds of other laws. We respect the forty years of research which Professor Michelson and his associates have given to this phenomenon but we are all too well aware of the fact that a lifetime can be spent making researches and attempting to prove a pre-conceived theory, or a pre-conceived correction of a theory of principle, and that after such researches are completed a mass of evidence can be submitted tending to support the pre-conceived principle. We know that an idea in the mind so logical to us that it seems like a conviction tends to prevent an unbiased investigation, and that under such circumstances it is all too easy to find evidence supporting our idea and to unconsciously discard any evidence that would tend to contradict the ideas we have in mind. So with all respect to the Professor's sincerity and honesty and undoubted scientific achievements we advise the scientific world to wait before it changes its present ideas about light waves, because undoubtedly the next few months will bring forth evidence from others showing wherein all the evidence available does not support Professor Michelson's new contentions.

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The United States is greatly interested at the present time in the crime wave among youths—not that it is something new but something that has greatly concerned the Government and many organizations for many years. Statistics indicate that there is an increasing number of children being sent to Juvenile Courts or through Juvenile Courts to correctional institutions, and that the average age at which juveniles appear before such courts is in the teens. Several causes are responsible for this situation. Truly they are secondary causes from the mystical point of view.

There are over 218,000 dependent children in various institutions being cared for by private and public agencies, there are 200,000 crippled or blind children under public care, and over 135,000 mentally defectives being cared for in private and public schools. All of these are potential criminals from the Government point of view. From the mystics's point of view this is not true, for he knows that criminals may be found among those who are not defective mentally, deficient in any physical function, or dependent for their living upon public institutions. The primary cause is to be found in the educational system used in the public schools and principally in the system of education carried on in homes by those who are not qualified to be either parents or guardians during the tender years of a child's life. All evil cannot be completely eliminated from man's nature or from nature generally at this time. It is the opposite to goodness and the two will always tend to exist in contention. The problem is one of correction instead of punishment, and correction can come about only through the guidance on the part of a sympathetic and understanding mind, using certain natural laws and principles not commonly known, but available to all who would know them.

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The Associated Press announces that a man who was exploring for gold and diamonds in Peru discovered a race of men of such primitive nature as to be quite puzzling to science. The natives of the country called this primitive race Animal Folk. They had a language of their own which consisted mostly of grunts without meaning, and many customs and habits which indicated a very low degree of culture and education. It is believed that this race is an aboriginal one, antedating the Asiatic Invasion which peopled the American Continent. This idea of course does not take into consideration the actual fact that the early and aboriginal Americans on the North American continent were refugees from the sinking Continent of Atlantis. In several parts of the world today there are races which from our modern point of view are very animal-like in their customs and habits, although they retain a few ancient practices that indicate that they are descendants from a very old and educated race. The history of the races of mankind is a very deep study and is only comprehensible to those who realize the evolution in mind as well as body in the progress and growth of civilization.

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We need not speak of the heathen worship of some ancient peoples or of races of today whom we consider primitive in their beliefs, when we realize that in modern countries, with all the modern advancements and opportunities for education and understanding, there are thousands upon

thousands who still bow down to worship before statues and preserved bodies of religious saints. Hundreds enter many of the large cathedrals of Europe almost daily and pray to statues of the various saints for relief and benefits of various kinds and complete their worship by kissing the hands, feet and garments of these stone or marble figures. And in many of the crypts of these great cathedrals in which modern religious worship is expounded and presented as the highest form of civilized devotion, there are boxes and caskets claiming to contain the hearts of various saints or some of their bones, or other parts of their bodies. In these crypts hundreds kneel and pray and kiss the caskets and containers. A recent fire in Canada partly destroyed one such church in which was contained the wrist bone of a saint. When the ruins could be explored the relic was found to be intact and it is stated that the devoted have attributed miraculous powers to this relic of a bone and that an entire shrine has been built around it. Truly we have not advanced very far from the ancient religious practices which are so severely criticized by modernists and fundamentalists alike.

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We thought it was about time that something was said about Mars again and just about right for a new "discovery" in connection with the life and conditions on that great planet. It is funny how even we, who know that there is no life on Mars and never was, like to read these little stories and become excited over the building of the canals and the process of education and the other things claimed to be going on there. It reminds us of the stories that we used to read of Jules Verne, only that his stories were more scientific and had greater probability in them. However, now we read that they are taking the temperature of Mars and establishing its climatic conditions, and we suppose that very shortly we shall have highly colored reports from Mars over the radio just as we have them regarding conditions on our own planet. They say that the temperature in Mars is often like that at Palm Beach and at Tampa, and by this statement we know there is something wrong because there is no place in the universe that has the wonderful temperature of Tampa. This we say on the very reliable authority of the Tampa Chamber of Commerce and although it disagrees with what the Chambers of Commerce in Los Angeles and San Francisco and other places say, we cannot believe that the men in our own city are making a mistake. The reports also announce that one-piece bathing suits are becoming popular on Mars, and that since there is very little rain the automobile manufacturers have not adopted the closed type of bodies, and the general populace prefers the Ford touring car to any other. The scientists who made these amazing discoveries also announce that life

in Mars in the region of the Equator is a continuous process of thawing out and limbering up in the forenoon and the reversal in the afternoon, while at the Polar regions the variations are not so extreme during the long summer days. We know of some persons on this earth who have the strange custom of freezing up and thawing out periodically and we wondered where they could have adopted such a strange system. When we meet the next one, which will probably be within a few hours, we shall salute him as a Martian and surprise him with our intuitive faculties.

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We note that the **Buddhists** will carry on the first great missionary adventure of this very old ethical philosophy, and this venture is being planned by the Supreme **Prelate of the Buddhist church**. We notice that Americans, as well as foreigners, will participate in this movement. Perhaps many of our members and readers do not realize that it is a mistake to call the Buddhist teachings a religion. Buddha never intended them to be nor did his followers for many years after his passing. The Buddhist teachings are purely ethical and non-religious and it was only through the misunderstanding of his teachings by later generations that there evolved two forms of religious practice in connection with Buddhism. One form took the so-called heathen principle of building a statue of Buddha to which the devotees would bow and burn incense, and in a few minutes complete their daily, weekly or monthly religious worship. The other form adopted the Buddhist teachings, translated them into various languages and established churches which are really schools of ethics in which the God of all Gods, the ever-living God as known to the Jews, Christians and others, is worshipped while respect and adoration is paid to Buddha solely as a great teacher. There are probably fifty such Buddhistic churches in America, many of them in California, and the work of these churches is manifesting itself in the enlightenment of men and women in regard to many sound ethical principles. Many of the philosophical organizations throughout the world include the Buddhist ethics in their teachings and the best of such teachings are also found in the Christian Bible.

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We read in the magazine that Michael Jacobs, renowned painter and sculptor, has gradually abandoned some of the fundamental principles of color as taught in the past and has evolved a theory based upon the accidental discovery of some laws which are in keeping with the mystical principles of light and color. In making some recent paintings and using his principles he achieved such marvelous effects that his work has been commented upon internationally. Briefly, he says that after studying the spectrum colors and the law of colors in sunlight and artificial lights he has



found that red is not a complementary color to green except when pigments are being used, but in rays of light red is complementary to blue; that green is only complementary to yellow red in pigments, but in rays of light green is complementary to purple red; and that in rays of light violet is complementary to yellow and not to orange, as in pigments. Mr. Jacobs is the founder and director of the Metropolitan School in New York and has recently written a book on *The Art of Colors; a study in Colors*. If any of our members are interested in this subject they should secure the book. We do not know who publishes it but suppose it can be ordered through any book store.

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I do not know whether this is the proper place to speak of this matter or not, but I must pause here in my review of other news of the day to speak kindly and understandingly of the passing of our great friend **Harry Houdini**, the magician, the mystic, and the man who, in ways that may have seemed wrong or unnecessary at times, tried to expose various forms of fraud that were being perpetrated in the name of science or religion. His passing has left on this plane an empty place that may not be quickly filled and he now knows more of the facts than any of those left behind, in spite of the actual mass of knowledge he had accumulated while still with us. Now we can expect the spiritualists throughout the country to announce that they have contacted Harry Houdini's spirit, that he has come into their midst, and in the light of his Great Initiation into the real mysteries of life in the spirit world now denounces all of his earthly work, retracts all of his statements, and assures earthly beings that Spiritualism is a true and wonderful science, exact and precise in all its contentions and unquestionably the highest revelation to man. We recall our own personal experience with Spiritualists who announced such statements soon after the passing of **Thompson J. Hudson**, the man who wrote the book called "*The Law of Psychic Phenomena*" and who in various writings made it plain that many of the manifestations and much of the phenomena that occur in the seance room could be explained by psychological and mental laws independent of the Spiritualistic teachings. During his lifetime he became greatly disliked by the Spiritualists because his writings were so original, so convincing, and he was really the first eminent authority to cast doubt upon Spiritualistic claims. What the professional mediums said after his passing, and what they claimed he retracted and denied while in their midst in spirit form, will be duplicated in regard to Harry Houdini. This is not a prediction on our part. It is merely a statement of actuality already existing in the minds of mediums everywhere but not yet reaching public print.

The
Mystic
Triangle
Jan.
1927

Recent excavations in Egypt by some scientists bring to light again the fact that the ancient Egyptians were highly skilled not only in medicine but in surgery. We have seen some mummies in whose mouths there are still visible the evidences of excellent dental work in the form of bridges, artificial teeth, fillings and gold caps. We have seen the arm of one mummy in which a silver plate had been placed to hold a broken bone in proper form. Now these scientists say that their examinations and researches reveal a few cases of un-united fractures in the bones of persons of the period, and there were evidences of the use of anesthetics. They discovered that the surgeons who cared for the Macedonian Pike men of Alexander the Great were the very best and that some of the results achieved in repairing fractured bones were as good as modern surgeons can expect. This is not news to most of our members but it is intensely interesting evidence to add to that which they already possess.

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Another scientific announcement tells us that Dr. Robert Milliken, head of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena and a very interesting and eminent writer on scientific subjects, found more facts relating to the "Cosmic Ray." We have heard much about the Cosmic Ray during the past few years without learning anything specific, but now Dr. Milliken and his associates state that they have found that the Ray, or the energy in the Ray, comes from every direction and in a constant bombardment of the earth. They say that night and day, from north and south, east and west, the Rays come down regularly through the world's defensive armor of atmosphere. When asked what was the most significant fact regarding the energy thus bombarding our earth he replied that it was undoubtedly its apparent universality of direction and that it indicated that something is going on throughout all space. Our Rosicrucian members could tell Professor Millikan what our own scientists and researchers discovered several ages ago. The energy which Dr. Millikan has been testing and examining is that energy which all Rosicrucians know exists throughout all space and is constantly radiating with terrific force towards the earth. When you stop to realize that the surface of the earth is contacted by great space and that this space is filled with this energy being pulled to and radiating at the earth's surface continually, you will see that measuring this energy on the earth's surface at different places would indicate that it was coming from all directions. The very interesting thing about the scientist's work is that he calls it a Cosmic Ray, which it truly is.