


The Mystic Triangle



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Imperator's Monthly Message



WE wonder how our Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers could have found anything comforting in the austere religion under which they bowed and how they could give thanks at Thanksgiving time when we consider the conditions under which they labored. Their humility we do not understand; their resignation we could not copy. They were men, however, as William Brewster wrote, "whom small things could not discourage."

How is it with us? Strong men relish stern thoughts. Their faith was piety and an humble purpose; a great hope and inward zeal of laying some good foundation as stepping-stones for those who should come after them. James Russell Lowell wrote of them: "Faith in God, faith in man, faith in work was the short formula in which we may sum up the teachings of the founders of New England"—and of our whole country.

My Thanksgiving message to you all is to believe in that eternal justice through which that which is real abides and that which is in the nature of pretence vanishes. Always through the earnest desire has come such achievement as the world has known. Every

loyal obedience to the inner call of duty, every attempt at speaking bravely the thing that is within one's own heart, every attempt to utter kindness and goodwill brings us into connection with the whole history of the upward movement of the world. One who thus faces life has no fear of putting forth to the full all the power that is within him.

The great mistakes of the world have never come through too much effort, through too great ideals. The world cannot be moved by mere wilfulness; and that which belongs to our wilfulness, to our mistakes, we may leave to that kindly oblivion which covers all things in the end, but what remains is the love of truth, the sincere desire and the generous ardor. We must acquit ourselves like men, be the odds against us or with us, and work out for those who shall come after us a better world than we enjoy. It seems to be true that men have found less comfort in spiritual things as their lives have been more softly couched in comforts. Contact with the sorrows of the world, the *human touch* with evolving mankind, and the struggles, strifes and challenges met on the Path only fire and strengthen the one who is truly actuated by noble ideals. Truth, justice and love conquer always.

"How grateful are we, O, glorious God, for Thy bounties and Thy eternal life which abideth everywhere for all beings and to the glory of all peoples. We adore Thee! We worship Thee! Thy being riseth with us as Thy great symbol of light riseth daily on the horizon and bringeth all men to their knees at sunset. We give thanks to Thee eternally and forever and ever!"—Amenhotp IV, founder of our Brotherhood.

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

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

Imperator of the Order in the United States.

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(Continued from the October Number)

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IN presenting this instalment of the History, I realize that I am casting light upon as perplexing a problem as that of the history of the Order in Germany. In fact, the points to be satisfactorily cleared up are greater in number than were those connected with the Rosicrucian movement in Germany. In the latter country there was only ONE organization, one body, to deal with; in America, the investigator is confounded by an array of organizations, all purporting to be truly Rosicrucian.

Since writing the previous instalments of this History the writer has heard the same question asked innumerable times: "Granting that the History of the Order as published is true—and establishes the Order in Europe beyond question—WHICH is the true Order in the United States?"

Without any attempt to mitigate the good work that is being done by many honorable, sincere bodies, and without meaning to misrepresent any facts, the writer will simply offer such explanations as have come to him through his superior officers abroad and through such sources of information as are open to all unbiased investigators.

At the outset, then, let the writer frankly state that his knowledge of many of the Rosicrucian bodies in the U. S. A. has not been gained through intimate or personal contact with them. The writer is not a member of any of them, and therefore does not attempt to speak of their origin, legitimacy, history or work, as do some historians who know no more of the facts than does the writer of this History. It is unfair to do so. And if any statement is made herein which is not based upon actual fact, those who KNOW differently will confer a real favor upon the writer by communicating the truth; for truth must always prevail.

As has been stated in a previous instalment, Vaughan came to America at one time and "lost" here the precious Rosicrucian "stone," that it might sink into the soil and fertilize the land with the thought and Spirit.

Since his time there have been a great number of attempts to establish some form of the R. C. Order. A few of these failed, and were of small, local influence, so time and space will not be taken to speak of them.

But at the very time of this History's publication there are a number of more or less active Rosicrucian bodies in the U. S. A., and of these I will speak.

Foremost among the sincere attempts of one

individual to interpret and offer an individual understanding of what Rosicrucian Philosophy might be, is the work of Max Heindel, a truly devoted student of mystic lore. Mr. Heindel bases his philosophy upon the common, but mistaken, idea that Rosicrucianism is "an interpretation of Christianity." With this as a premise—and who shall say it is not a beautiful and noble premise—Mr. Heindel has built an enticing and inspiring mystic philosophy. He has performed his work—answered his "call"—by writing and publishing several books, one of which I heartily recommend to all admirers of the Christian religion. He has also formed an organization known as the "Rosicrucian Fellowship," in California, and he has groups of students in many cities who devotedly buy and study his books. He has done a good work and, to the best of my knowledge, has never attempted to call his movement an "Order" or "Lodge." All this I say to those who would ask: "What is 'Rosicrucian Fellowship?'" And Mr. Heindel made no claim to having ever been initiated into the A. M. O. R. C. or of representing the Rosicrucian Order. He frankly and honestly stated that he was a writer, publisher and teacher, with good books to sell.

The next most popular movement was the "Temple of the Rose Cross," under the sponsorship of our good friend, Marie Russak, who edited the "Channel" Magazine, in California. Here, too, there was an honest and frank admission that the sole object of the movement was to enable sincere students to find those higher teachings which seem to lead to the mysteries of true Rosicrucianism. Mrs. Russak was so greatly interested in the true Order, and in having the truth of the Order's origin and present status established, that she republished this complete History in her magazine. She was ready to verify, she stated, the truth of many of the statements made in this History of the origin, authenticity and present position of the A. M. O. R. C. in Europe and America. No one was ever misled by Marie Russak into thinking that her movement—with its Rosicrucian Centers in many cities—was the real R. C. Order or Lodge. Marie Russak was fair, honest and true.

Theosophy added "Rosicrucian" teachings and symbolism to its higher work only to assist its advanced students to study around the true R. C. science and philosophies. It does not claim to have any of the true R. C. secret work, or to be a branch of the A. M. O. R. C. in any way.

Then there are several organizations having

such names as Societas Rosicruciana, which name could not be incorporated or legally used because it is the name of a foreign body—a Masonic Rosicrucian Society of England.

These organizations do not claim to have any connection whatever with the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis, as founded in Egypt and established throughout the world. They are principally designed to give to advanced Masons such wonderful teachings as they may secure from interpreting the principles of Rosicrucianism, and they do not have Initiations, Degrees or "work" similar to the A. M. O. R. C.

So, after all, we find that the Rosicrucian bodies of many cities in the U. S. A. are easily grouped into the above three classes. Certainly a great number of books have been written by various authors on subjects claiming to be "Rosicrucian." But all of these, without exception, are personal philosophies, personal teachings, based on what the authors believe must be the true teachings of our noble Order. But the thinking seeker for light will appreciate the fact that books that sell publicly for \$2, \$3, or \$5, or \$50 do not contain the true Rosicrucian teachings. Rosicrucianism is not learned through books.

"But are there no true Rosicrucian books in the U. S. A.?" Such is the question often asked. Now, for the first time, let me state in public print a very startling answer: "Yes!"

I can take the Initiated adept of our Order—as I have done—to the great New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue—and there in a small, quiet room astound him with what has been sent here from abroad in the way of real Rosicrucian literature. I can go to a few isolated shelves—by special privilege—and bring to light ten to twenty very rare, hand-bound volumes. They are bound crudely in sheepskin, parchment or leather, bearing indiffent, misleading or hidden titles. Their pages are very old and yellow—brittle and ready to crumble under the touch. Their dates of printing show them to be real, priceless antiques. They abound with diagrams, charts, illustrations, formulae, explanations and secret laws. They bear many handwritten notations. The back fly-leaves bear signatures, marks and seals of many of the Rose Cross Grand Masters and Masters of Europe living in several centuries. Every proof is given that these books—the only existing copies in the world—were handled, thumbed, studied and used by many of the great Masters of our Order in various lands.

These books, I say, can be seen, read, and studied—when the time comes for the Brothers and Sisters of our Order to have them. Some of them have been the priceless possessions of Europe's great Grand Lodges for many centuries, and their coming to America is a great gift—greater than any that has ever been made. The writer was in France when the Supreme Council held a special session in Toulouse, to pass upon the giving of several of these books to this library; and on good authority it is stated that the same Supreme Council was in a dead-lock session for twenty-eight days trying to decide on the sending of one other similar volume to America.

Yet—there lie these volumes, dusty and musty, their actual presence known to the librarians, but their true contents, their value and their great temptation unknown and unappreciated.

What a fortune would be made by some of the firms and individuals who peddle lessons and "degrees" by mail, if they could reprint these books!

But such books, such information, cannot be purchased at ANY price. Rosicrucianism is NOT sold at so much per quarto-volume.

And—because this is so, because Councils in Europe have felt warranted in having their busy members, many of them Government officials, some of them living at great distances, come to special sessions of many days to consider the passing of one book from one place to another—because of this, I say, it seems strange that there are in America today some thousand or more men and women who have been cleverly made to believe that for a few dollars they can pass through forty-nine degrees of Rosicrucian teachings in one book sold for ten dollars!

This leads me to speak of the society known by many names but principally as the "Rosicrucian Fraternity," whose head teacher is Dr. Clymer.

Dr. Clymer operates the Philosophical Publishing Company in Pennsylvania. In fact, he operates a long list of mystical organizations, many of which change their name often. His Rose Cross body is now called Order of the Osirians. As fast as he can procure paper and ink for his small printing plant he discovers some new or old *secret* manuscript that simply must be printed in book form and called *Rosicrucian* or something else.

Many have purchased his "secret" book, giving the "first 49 degrees of the Illuminati" of the Rosicrucian Order, for \$10, believing that it was "secret," as the title-page stated, but finding that it was a "copyrighted" book—as are nearly all of the "secret" books sold by this publishing firm. One of these even claims to give the Initiation work in the Temple, etc.!

But his "Rosicrucian Fraternity" is not a regular ORDER of any kind. It is only a SCHOOL, conducted principally by mail through the sale of books. Dr. Clymer himself frankly says so. In a recent letter to the writer he says: "I hold that the Rose Cross, or call it any other name meaning the same", is not a Lodge or secret society, as we usually understand it I hold that the Rose Cross, or the Rosicrucian Society (his organization) is a SCHOOL of Spirituality, that its degrees are degrees of growth, of development. . . . The Rosicrucian Order or Fraternity instituted in America by Randolph does not organize to confer degrees, never did, but is in truth a School of Spirituality, in other words, a School teaching a higher and better system of living."

Such a frank statement from Dr. Clymer, over his signature, is a valuable asset to a History of this kind, for it adds information

*Dr. Clymer has many names for his organization—he is not in the least particular.



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from an authority and removes all doubt. There were some who believed that perhaps Dr. Clymer's work was more than the starting of simple school classes in certain localities where his books were sold. Some even thought that Dr. Clymer was an Initiate of the real Order Rosae Crucis. But the above extracts from his letter dispel all misapprehension and leave Dr. Clymer with the clean record he deserves as a successful publisher of so-called "secret" Rosicrucian books, degrees, lectures, etc.—interesting, no doubt, but having no connection with the TRUE Order, which IS A LODGE, is a secret society and does organize to confer degrees upon its advanced adepts throughout the world under the only name of Rosae Crucis.

In closing this section of the History let me again call the attention of the sincere seeker for light to the few sane and safe guides which are true guide-posts along the dark paths which lead to the Eastern Portal where some—many—may "Cross the Threshold." First—

the true Order—the original and perfect Rosicrucian Order is known by only one name—"The Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis." Second—its world-wide, established symbol is the triangle with the point DOWNWARD and with the cross within the triangle. Third—it sells no books or degrees, by mail or otherwise, purporting to contain secrets or initiations. Fourth—it has naught to do with any religion—Christian or otherwise—or with any Yogi philosophy. Fifth—it has regular Lodges or Temples in various cities, each with its Master and Officers; its Grand Lodges, its various Supreme Lodges; and its work, as decreed by the Supreme Council of the World, is done in secret under a regular Constitution.

Any question in your mind as to the genuineness of the Order will be easily set aside, if you inquire at the proper place—and that place is NOT within the covers of a book.

The next instalment will contain the story of the establishment of the true Order in the United States.

Amorc Moves Its Headquarters



Will Start West Again
Within Forty Days and
Increase Its Official Activities



HAVING completed the special work which was possible by moving the Headquarters into the extreme South and centering its official activities in the Southeastern part of this country, the National Headquarters of AMORC will return to the West again and this time locate in another city.

Ever since the Order was established in America it has moved its centre of activities from point to point. In each place where the centre has existed the work has been built up to great strength and a large and flourishing Lodge remained to carry on the work in the future. The Headquarters have been established in many Eastern localities since the dawn of Rosicrucianism in America in 1692, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were national Headquarters located at various times in Philadelphia, Germantown and Ephrata, Pennsylvania, in New York, Baltimore, Boston and other cities.

Headquarters moved to Tampa in the fall of 1925 from San Francisco, where it had been located about eight years. The move to San Francisco was made from New York in order to assist the growth in the West. Great work was accomplished in the West and a foundation laid that has continued to support many new branches and a heavy increase of membership.

When we moved Headquarters from San Francisco in November of 1925 it was freely predicted throughout the country that we would return to the West in two years; it was believed that in two years we could accom-

plish in the Southland all that could be accomplished with the smaller population of this new section of American development. Despite the rapid and phenomenal development of our work in the South we believed that one more year might be necessary to complete our task; but we find now that we are hampering our growth with many of our facilities by being located so far from the beaten paths and below the highways of the nation.

For instance, our radio tests show that we have to expend more power and money to reach the great centres of American population from this Southern point than is warrantable. And as our work increases and our equipment and operations call for more and greater amounts of unique supplies, we find the markets of the Southland inadequate, with much time lost in securing materials from the nearest general supply centres—Atlanta and New Orleans.

Since the Pacific Coast has maintained a complete organization and has never given up the thought that we would return to some point on that Coast within two years—and since they have constantly reminded us of the great farewell festival they held in the city of San Francisco when they bade us just *Adieu*, we are planning to return again to the Pacific Coast and to occupy our property in the city of San Jose.

In selecting San Jose as our next centre of National activities we were guided by the following important point: First, it is not one of the biggest cities of the West and therefore possible to have Headquarters in a park section away from all the hustle and bustle, noise and distraction of a large city. San Jose is but 43 miles from both San Francisco and Oakland—two very large centres of national supplies—and connected with them by excel-

lent auto highways, bus lines, trolley lines and main line railways from San Francisco to all points of the Pacific Coast. Second, the Order owns a fine piece of land there known as *Rosicrucian Park*, and on this property the national executive offices will be located, with the radio towers, power plant and studio. The Park is located so that it is easily accessible to all who travel anywhere in California, is on the main highways and railroad lines and in the heart of the Santa Clara Valley, known all through the West as the *Paradise of America*. From this point very long distance radio transmission is possible, as has been proved by the many radio stations in the West. Radio broadcasting first became popular in California solely through the contributing conditions of the climate and atmospheric conditions, for heavy lightning is unknown there and the static is at a minimum during the entire year. More tourists visit California and pass through the Santa Clara Valley than through any other highway channel of the West. This means considerable to the Order, for we have learned in the past ten years that hundreds of our members each month go on tours and would like to visit Headquarters. In the eight years that we were located in San Francisco we had more visitors from the various States of the Union than we had while in New York or Tampa. Long distance tourists always include California in their trips, and they cannot go from the north to the south or the south to the north of the Pacific Coast without passing the Santa Clara Valley. Many other western tourists in our Order would visit us if we were in California. We know this from comments in our daily correspondence.

We have been happy in the work we have been doing in Florida for the Southern States. We have said, and will continue to say, that Florida and much of the South has a very great future. It is a new country—not just a new development. Florida is, perhaps, the last of the States to come into recognition as a great area of undeveloped America. While it is old, historically, and has within its boundary lines some of the oldest centres of American habitation, still it has but recently attracted the attention of those who should have found in her a year-round pleasure and industrial centre. We are proud of the fact that our branch in Tampa for ten years or more and our own national activities here for two years have greatly added to the development of many modern features in Florida, and the work we started here will continue. We have hundreds of members and friends in every part of the State, and our radio, public lectures, distribution of literature, continuous newspaper articles, freely given by the press of Florida, have made the principles of the Order well entrenched in the hearts and minds of the builders of the future Florida.

We regret, of course, to leave so many friends behind us, and we deeply appreciate the many kind words expressed in the past weeks by the hundreds in Tampa and adjoining cities since we announced our intention of returning to the West. In the business world of Tampa we created a sound business standing through our financial transactions and our liberal

patronage of local concerns. In the social and educational world we made many friends by our co-operation with every movement, every plan, for civic improvement and the advancement of the highest ideals. Our Imperator was often called upon to address conventions, speak at public affairs, address business organizations and promote progressive plans. Our radio served every organization and individual in fostering the spirit of progressiveness and co-operation. Every service rendered by the Order or its officers or facilities was without price or fee of any kind. Naturally this resulted in a host of friends, a spirit of admiration for the Order and a high regard for its principles. None of this is to be lost, if we are to judge by the voluntary statements of friends and members who will remain to carry on in Florida.

We regret, however, that our removal will affect to some small degree the routine work of the Order. At a very large expense we have provided against any very serious interferences, however. All members who are receiving correspondence instruction will receive their weekly lectures with little or no delay. The magazine will go forth with very little delay. Personal correspondence, however, will be delayed a little. To prevent a great deal of such delay we are taking with us some of the employees who have been trained in the handling of all personal mail, so that after the four-day delay in the opening of the mail, we can proceed to get into our routine work again.

We ask our members to bear with us in the delay. It may be that personal letters will be delayed ten days in being answered in some cases and only one week in other cases.

So we may soon be on our way; we may not be actually starting when this reaches our members, but we will be preparing. It will require a number of very large freight cars to move our equipment, supplies and the furnishings of several homes; many large cases of matter will be sent by special, sealed, fast express. The packing and shipping is in the hands of a group of specialists who will be working while the very last act of our routine work will be carried on just prior to stepping upon the overland train. The Imperator and his family will go from Tampa to New York and then to Chicago and enter California through the Feather River Canyon. The Supreme Secretary and his wife and staff will go from Tampa to Chicago via the Dixie Flyer and then directly through the Canyons to San Jose.

We shall be happily located in San Jose for one other reason. It is today one of the big educational centres of the West, with many colleges and universities within its limits or adjoining it. It is fitting that AMORC should be located in such a place, which thousands visit annually to see the newest and best systems of progressive education.

All members will be notified by special letter in regard to the actual date of our departure from Tampa. Do not change your method of writing to us or send your mail to any other address than you have been using until you receive a letter from us stating definitely what to do.



Rosicrucianism Arouses Politicians

By THE EMPEROR



**The State of Oklahoma Is
Now the Battleground for
A New Attack on Better
Administration and Justice**

*The
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Triangle*
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WITHOUT seeking—or desiring—to have it so, Rosicrucianism is now mixed up in politics. It is not new; it is an old trick of our friendly enemies and in America the game is almost as old as the country itself. Thomas Jefferson, once an officer of the Rosicrucian movement in America, was bitterly attacked for his *unorthodox beliefs* and is even criticised to this day. Just because he refused to unite with certain religious denominations in Washington—as had his predecessors—he was called an agnostic. The fact that he compiled a Holy Bible, and had the authority of Congress to publish it, was overlooked and is seldom mentioned today by any who still criticize Jefferson. And even those who say now that Jefferson believed in no God fail to examine his official proclamations and papers and see therein that Jefferson referred to the *Divine Providence* with various terms. But none are so blind as those who will not see, and none so prejudiced as political enemies.

And now come the politicians of Oklahoma attacking Governor Johnston because he is a Rosicrucian. You will recall that after the politicians had caused a great uproar a few years ago in Oklahoma and had their Governor impeached, the people elected, by a very large and popular majority, Henry S. Johnston as their future Governor. He was beloved by nearly all, highly respected, well connected, dignified, learned and just. Never did any Governor have so many friends before election as had Henry Johnston. His political enemies—especially those who encouraged the impeachment of the previous Governor and hoped to find some power through the one to follow—were stunned by the people's choice. They said among themselves: "If this fellow Johnston is half as good and true as his people say, we are lost. We shall have to wait awhile and use some of his goodness to wreck him." And they waited while slowly preparing. Finally they issued their decrees; Johnston is a Rosicrucian; his Secretary is a Rosicrucian; his political advisors are Rosicrucians; they know too much of what is going on in secret; no secrets are possible with them; Johnston must go!

We were notified of the attack. We notified thousands of members and we canvassed the whole state of Oklahoma and allied our forces and prepared them. We depended upon Cosmic instruction and guidance—and so did Governor Johnston, and he rightfully stood by his principles and continued to give Oklahoma the fairest and most intellectual administration it ever had. One by one the political

enemies who had nothing to gain by his removal admitted that he was a fair man and true, and they came forward with exposes of the political schemes against him.

The fight settled down to the machinations of a ring—the usual political ring—composed of a few leaders and a handful of blind and hopeful followers. Several newspapers printed the attacks and immediately one big, strong, honest paper came to the Governor's defense—the *Okmulgee Times-Democrat*, which published whole pages about Rosicrucianism and, in letters over an inch high, announced that AMORC and the Rosicrucians were not the terrible things that the politicians were trying to insinuate. *The Times-Democrat* published articles on the history of the Order and on its teachings and principles. One may quickly see how unfair the politicians and the two newspapers were when we state that their principal charge was that Rosicrucianism taught how to communicate with the spirits and used the ancient Yogi system of India for its texts. Our members know, of course, that spiritualistic practices are taboo in our Order, that we do not permit professional spirit mediums to unite and that we have nothing on that subject or of the Yogi work in our system at all.

The fact of the matter is that the Governor and his private Secretary and other members of the official family—as well as hundreds in all parts of the State—have been adhering to the Rosicrucian principles for the betterment of the State and its people.

Now comes the magazine called the *Nation* with an article in it claiming that Oklahoma has gone Rosicrucian mad. We will quote from it:

"Oklahoma did not go klan, as many of them predicted, or anti-klan, or conservative or progressive or radical, or wet or dry. It did not even get excited about evolution and fundamentalism and modernism, as might have been expected in this tumultuous young commonwealth. Without blare, and hardly conscious of the mighty new forces that were forming, it simply went Rosicrucian. And there it promises to remain, at least until fall."

We thank the writer of this statement for making the insinuation that Rosicrucianism is neither radical nor progressive, fundamental nor modern, *pro* nor *anti* klan, wet nor dry, nor anything else of the extreme classification. In that he is right. Rosicrucianism is simply *rationalism*. The state has been through enough of the other forms of propaganda and is now upon a rational and sane basis—it is truly Rosicrucian.

What seriousness do they charge against the Governor? That he practices his Rosicrucian beliefs. For instance, this writer in the *Nation* says that:

"When one day the Governor delicately suggested that he would like to sign the Crippled Children's Hospital Bill between 11:26 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. because the zodiacal signs were said to be favorable, the newspapers promptly notified the public and books on astrology were soon selling at a premium."

That is one of the serious charges. Another is that when his official Secretary is called upon to decide on certain applications for minor political jobs or public service jobs she consults certain psychic standards and determines the fitness of persons by some occult means she will not reveal. This, they claim, has enabled her to make many selections—and refuse many applications—on a basis they cannot understand, and this is an unreasonable method for any Governor's staff to use.

Naturally, one would like to know who it is that writes in this way in the *Nation*. We find the articles signed by Aldrich Blake. At once we recall that he is closely associated with political conditions in Oklahoma and has been mentioned heretofore as one of the hopefuls, one of the aspiring ones. To quote one newspaper, the *Daily Oklahoman*, of Sept. 15th:

"Of all the mistakes they have charged to Governor Johnston, they cannot say he made the mistake of appointing Aldrich Blake his secretary."

This statement the paper quotes as coming from one official. It appears that Blake was secretary to the preceding Governor, who was impeached at a time when his scheming associates hoped to slip quietly into the chair made infamously vacant. Knowing, therefore, that Aldrich Blake is in politics, and playing politics, we can properly weigh his opinion of Governor Johnston's abilities and character.

Among the many other *serious* things charged against the Governor and his hundreds of followers who are Rosicrucians are that they are too idealistic, too sympathetic, too holy. They claim that before Johnston became Governor he said little about prohibition or the liquor question, but now they discover that he is a "teetotaler, joined the church and swallowed the Bible." Such a man is truly dangerous to the evil of any community. His enemies say that the people believed they had elected, "Johnston, Christ and the Millennium, and they in fact got Rosicrucianism." That is a compliment to us, of course, though it is not meant that way; for they say that a Rosicrucian is more difficult to handle than the combination they thought they had. It is ridiculous, of course, but highly interesting.

A special session of the State Legislature is to be called, if the few politicians can have their way, and Governor Johnston's beliefs are to be tested, tried and judged. Rosicrucianism will be put on trial again, as it has been a hundred times in centuries past—with victory always to the Order. It is really too late in this century to try this sort of thing again, but they do not know it. The whole state of Oklahoma is prepared; the whole forces of Rosicrucianism are ready for the fray; it will be short and glorious, and Oklahoma is not

the only State in this country which will have to contend with Rosicrucianism and its principles from this year onward. The high ideals of our Order directed the national and local principles of government of these States in the years 1694 to 1801 and they will do so again in a greater and more universal form.

And now let us introduce Brother Johnston, the Governor, to our readers. We think there is no better way to do this than to publish a letter received from him very recently, wherein he beautifully expresses his determination to adhere to the Rosicrucian principles. Our members who have the new *Rosicrucian Manual* will note that Governor Johnston is expressing, in the last paragraph of his letter, the principles of the *Rosicrucian Code of Life* as given in the Manual.

Please note that in that last paragraph he distinctly says that he is willing to bear all the suffering and criticism if thereby one soul will be brought within the fold. That is typically Rosicrucian. And Governor Johnston and his Rosicrucian friends have brought hundreds into the Order; even the attacks and criticism of it have brought hundreds to the fold who frankly state that if Rosicrucianism will do for them what it has done for others in Oklahoma, then it is what they want.

Here is Governor Johnston's letter to our Imperator:

August 18, 1927.

Mr. H. Spencer Lewis,
Imperator AMORC.

Dear Imperator:

I am very grateful to you for your July letter, assuring me of your confidence and trust and your readiness to aid in the hours of tribulations and trials which come to the head of the Chief Executive of this turbulent state.

I have never esteemed myself worthy to be called a Rosicrucian. I am a student and have indicated a *decided preference for its teachings*, although I take very kindly to the teachings of the Theosophists and have also extensively read and studied spiritualism, the teachings of the Brotherhood of Light, the New Thought, The Advanced Thought, Unity and Christian Science.

Yes, I have numerous political enemies. I have other enemies too, but I have no real fear as to the great ultimates of life. It perturbs me at times and yet I can see now that one of the things being brought out by the higher power is that it is *necessary to focus attention to higher lines of study*. They do not intend to let me get shot down, nor really harmed on account of my advanced line of thought, but I can afford to be pilloried and lampooned if the publicity thereby obtained will encourage even one waiting prodigal to turn toward home, one inquiring soul to discover the light; one lost sheep to be brought back to the fold.

With personal regards, I am,

Truly yours,

(Signed) HENRY S. JOHNSTON,
Governor, State of Oklahoma.



A Thousand Years of Yesterdays

A STRANGE STORY OF REINCARNATION

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CHAPTER IV (Continued)



THE day came when I discovered that not long could I keep from some the knowledge that something more than wifehood was to be my lot. I had never thought of this—sublime innocence and ignorance was a girl's charm in those days, and likewise her ruin in many cases.

Old Mrs. Rollins, heartbroken, but brave and sympathetic, answered my many questions and revealed the law to me. Never did girl need—and have—so wonderful a friend as that dear, sweet mother. My own parents were never told; and only this kind mother and myself knew, at first. Then Harold knew! I was startled when I discovered that he knew. I realized at once that his many kind attentions, his extreme consideration, had been for the purpose of letting me know, intuitively, that he knew. And, as the days and weeks passed, and the warm months of July and August passed, he and I spent many hours together walking and talking and reading the most sublime and inspiring literature from the pen of man and the mind of God. I knew he loved me—intuition had told me that when it would not tell me what else he knew. And, knowing, he loved me; knowing my sin, my error, my failing, he loved and respected me. I remember that one Sunday, when modesty kept me from going to church with him as I had been doing, he read to me from the Bible, and he read so slowly, so impressively, the verses: 'Learn to do well, seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

"As Fall came, and then Winter, Harold pleaded with me to marry him. He knew I loved the one who was gone, still idolized him and forgave him for the error of his life; for I wanted to believe that he would have come back to me had not something terrible happened to prevent. But my child must have a name! Oh, how those words rang in my ears! How often, as a child, I had heard the stinging rebuke of men and women, commenting on the life of some unfortunate child—"it has no name; it was born in shame and sin!" I wanted my child to be great and good and wonderful, like

his father. And so it came about that I married Harold.

"We were married just before Christmas and only the pastor of the little church knew our secret and he prayed with us and spoke of the noble love Harold had. As the honor of his act, the sacrifice he was making, dawned on me after that day, I came to love him for the soul that shone through his body. It was like a light that shines in the valley of shadows.

"At last came the day—really unexpected—when the greatest lesson of life was to be learned. January 1st, 1875! Early in the morning I called to dear old Mrs. Rollins for advice. She called Harold and he drove through the cold of the bitter morning to get the doctor and a nurse. They returned at nearly six. It was still dark and I was—well, I have forgotten the suffering now. I only know that as the hours came—and I counted the minutes in suspense—I thought of but one thing: *will my baby live?* I wanted it to be a little man and look like his father. I prayed for this, I cried and sobbed, in fear that it might not be so. Some are born dead. I had been warned not to worry about the absent one, lest it affect the soul of the unborn child; but the fear came now, in the hours, the last hours, of waiting.

"As the sun rose in the sky and penetrated through the fogs and the winter clouds, I felt that the last hours of my life had come. I became exhausted and depressed. I remember lying upon the bed in the corner of the room and looking at the empty cradle near by and wondering if it would ever be otherwise. I closed my eyes and prayed, prayed as Harold had taught me to pray. And as I prayed there seemed to be the voice of an angel whispering comfort and encouragement to me. I keenly felt the very *Soul of God* in my presence and knew then that God was standing guardian over the birth of my little baby. At each cry to heaven for—I knew not what—I felt the magnetic, soothing, inspiring presence of something around me that appeared several times to be bathed in radiant white light. It was as though the Light of Heaven opened at times and shone upon me to strengthen me, to tell me that all would be well, that my baby would be born alive—that *life was there*, waiting, waiting, waiting with me."

Rollins felt his mother sobbing. Her hands trembled now on his head, her whole body vi-

brating with the emotion that was overwhelming her. The last words she spoke were said slowly and softly, tears and sobs breaking the even rhythm of her voice. Yet he would not look up into her eyes—the time had not yet come for that. There was a minute coming, he felt sure, when she would need his help—need what, even now, he was ready to give.

"And then Harold came to me. He had attended to some things at the barn and in the kitchen. He was as anxious over my safety and my desires as though it was—the—coming—of—his child. With a tenderness that only a woman can appreciate at such times, and with a love that was holy and good, abundant and so self-sacrificing, he did all he could. He kissed me, smoothed my disarranged hair, held my hand and told me in every way possible that he was with me in spirit and soul as well as body.

"I do not remember much more. Nervously I awaited the words of the nurse. 'It is a boy—a fine boy.' Mrs. Rollins, too, was relieved at these words, for she stood by and was so sympathetic. Then I heard Harold talking to the baby in the cradle. They say he kissed the little hands, and then said—oh! I recall easily the words—'Baby man, we will bless you as God has done, and your name will be, William Howard Rollins.' That was your father's name, my boy; and Harold meant that we, he and I, would always bless you and reverence you, even though the world might some day learn your mother's shame and dishonor you. And, in giving you your father's name, Harold meant to make me happy—to give back to me again my William—my lost William. And—I have had you, boy-man, ever since, for God was good to me and gave me the soul of my love. Can you forgive me, my boy? Can you ever, ever look at me again and say that you understand, you know, you forgive, and that you love your dear old mother?"

Slowly Rollins rose to his feet. His mother was slipping toward the floor in exhaustion. Quickly he took her into his arms and kissed the tear-stained cheeks, then the sobbing lips.

"Mother—I—why I—I am not the one to forgive or refuse to forgive. God made mothers like you. God gave you the Soul you have, and God gave me the Soul I have, and God united us that day in a way that not even you understand. Your love was good, your faith, your trust—all that was as pure as snow. There are no crimson spots to wipe away—nothing to forgive. God bless you, and let us forget that any man ever thought your love a sin or your act a shame. You have proven both to have been God's own decree. But, tell me, mother, where did Harold go?"

The mother sat down again, reassured, comforted, but still unable to look at her boy, her man, in the eyes. "That day he was hurt and then died, through a runaway of the horses that had earlier taken him to get the physician. As I said, I never knew until the next day what had happened on the *yesterday*. Sometimes the delaying of sad news of a *yesterday* until tomorrow is a blessing. It was so in my case; I hope it will be so in this case."

"And, mother, just one more point to com-

plete the picture of that memorable day. Was I covered in that cradle with a hand-crocheted blanket that *you* had made?"

Startled, the little trembling woman arose. Glancing at him inquiringly, she said:

"William, have you found *even* the one little secret that I wanted to keep? Oh, I suppose it was futile, but I have tried all these years to keep that away—and preserve it. Yet, somehow, you must have found it and have discovered it. Yes, during those days of waiting I had made a little blanket, knowing that winter was coming and the little baby would need every bit of warmth possible in the old house. And with each stitch I worked into that blanket thoughts of love for my missing William. Harold knew this too, and never said anything but tender references to how my little baby would be wrapped in thoughts of purest love. I have kept that blanket all these years, have often kissed it and hugged it while the tears came to my eyes. It is all—all that I have saved from those days—those days—of saddest love. And now you know all, William. Take me to my room and let me sleep—the sleep of peace at last; for I need no longer hide my secret in my heart—or hide the blanket of love from your eyes."

CHAPTER V

TRANSITION

Again Rollins returned to his study. It was near noon. In another hour lunch would be served, yet he was sure that he would not eat, could not eat, in the mental attitude he was in just now. Seating himself in the easy chair again, he was ready to speculate once more on the things that were rapidly filling his life with new interest.

"So William Rollins was my father," he mused half aloud, "and Harold Rollins was his cousin, my *stepfather*. My mother married this Harold Rollins, I was born a Rollins—I am a Rollins by blood and by birth. The world can say nothing of that. It is a perfect title, a perfect chain. It is only the material side of the whole affair, after all, and I am more interested in the other. Poor little woman, how she *did* suffer! And she does not know the *facts* as I know them. Facts? Yes, the actual facts, for has not the story of my mother verified the story, the vision, I heard and saw—there—last night? Imagination? A fabric of the mind? Then, I, the self within me, the Soul of that little woman, the experiences of her life, the suffering she bore—the tears she shed—all imagination then, too? Impossible!"

And Rollins was right. The mother's story, even in the minute details that might easily have been forgotten or even misunderstood by the man, were identical. No imagining of the mind could create so correct a reflection of the actual events of the past, and no child's memory could remember the events of its early life, or even the stories that it might have heard. Yet, was that impossible? Was the child-memory locked against the storing and preserving of tales it might acquire in babyhood, and release again as a fantasm in adulthood?



How could he be sure that at no time in his childhood—in years when he was a boy of ten or even fifteen—he had not overheard his mother telling someone about the events of that day? While forgotten now, so far as objective recollection was concerned, still the story may have recorded itself for preservation. It may have been entered on—why the pages of the Diary of the Past! THE DIARY! He had forgotten about it. Since last evening, he had turned backward to two adjoining days of the past in the diary of—memory, perhaps? That was a simple answer.

He remembered reading somewhere—or perhaps he had been told by some one—that when a person is in the deeper stages of hypnosis, or a similar subjective condition, susceptible to suggestion—one can be made easily to remember—or recall from the archives of the memory—the events and incidents of certain days of the past. Such experiments, often and scientifically made, proved the existence of a perfect storehouse of memories, impressions. Only the necessary condition, the appropriate causation, the unhampered opportunity, were needed to permit this storehouse of memories, this perfect and indelible record of all realizations, to marshal themselves out to the borderline of consciousness and be realized again. Concentration of all the active faculties, incentive, suggestion, relaxation, hypersensitiveness to impressions—these conditions were necessary and—they were controlling Rollins' mind and physical condition at the time he had had his experiences. Scientifically, his experiences were psychological ones, hallucinations, illusions, fantasm of the memory, almost anything. But to Rollins they were realities that required no actualities to make them of value to him. No, the scientific analysis and explanations of them would not suffice. There was something more than mere *mentalism* in all this.

It has been said that there is a key to the past, a link that unites the present with the past, and that with this key one might easily lift the veil to enter the forbidden chamber and read the records there. Delving, then, into the past would be like delving into the recesses of the memory for a forgotten fact; all one needs is the associated fact, as a key, and with this the forgotten fact is brought to light. If all that came to Rollins in the past twenty-four hours came as an insight into the past, what was the link? What was the key? He asked the questions over and over, and then mentally analyzed how it all began. At once he thought of the diary, turning the pages of yesterdays in the yesteryears of long ago. The Diary! Again its very sound, its entity as a *thing*, impressed him. It seemed like a thing alive! And did not Casaubon, the great French theologian of the 16th century, make his diary, the famed *Ephemerides*, a thing that lived for centuries?

To the diary must Rollins return. He felt it—it was impelling. Once in his hand, it seemed to vibrate life, animation, exhilaration, *creative powers*. Truly it was *attuned* with the unknown, yet it was a mere book; and on not one page was there a word which could be interpreted as referring, in the remotest sense,

to what had been aroused in the atmosphere of that room.

With the closed book in his hand, merely to satisfy the idea that there was some key required, he leaned back again into relaxation in the chair of contemplation, and waited. But one thought occupied his mind. "I will turn back the pages of the diary of the past, to the yesterday of the yesterlife!" He re-expressed the thought audibly—as a command unto himself.

How many minutes passed while Rollins sat there with his eyes closed is not known, but he was drawn from the silence of his concentration by hearing a peculiar humming sound throughout the room. Opening his eyes he saw nothing at first, but slowly there formed a great violet haze in the corner of his room where but a single chair stood in darkness. Gradually the haze formed itself into a mass near the floor, and then elongated into a form that eventually—perhaps after five minutes of time—formed itself into a couch or couch-bed. It was covered with blankets and sheets and there was an old man lying under the covers with just the head and one arm showing.

More of the picture—for picture it seemed—began to form now, as Rollins stared in deep concentration, even breathing slowly lest the spell be broken. At the side of the couch-bed sat another old man. His hand was holding the hand of the other—the man who was lying there ill. It was another scene of sorrow. The very atmosphere of the picture breathed again pain and sadness. The arm of the sick man was pale and thin. It hung almost lifeless. The man who sat at the side of the bed was intent in his study of the older man's face. A crucial moment seemed to be at hand.

The violet aura or haze surrounded the whole picture and divided the picture from the rest of Rollins' study, in which it was being enacted. The wall behind the couch seemed to be of a different color and nature than that of the study, and seemed to be farther away.

Rollins watched and waited for developments, but again he experienced the peculiar sensation of his consciousness leaving his body and being over there, somewhere in the picture itself. Now he was completely there. He could feel the difference of the atmosphere; the room he was now in was cold. He seemed to be at the side—no, just over and alongside—of the man on the couch. He was there *unseen*.

With the new position of his consciousness there came a clearer consciousness of what was transpiring. The old man was ill—was, in fact, *dying*. It was merely a matter of time, perhaps minutes, when he would breathe his last breath. But how? Why? Where? These questions must be answered first. And as each question came to mind there came the answer, not in words, but in that inner understanding that was so strange to him—to his ordinary understanding; but it did not perplex him now.

So far as Rollins could see, there were many odd things in the corner of the room in which the couch and the men were located. But most prominent were the many paintings, framed and unframed, and some even unfinished. The room seemed to be empty of those things so

familiar when a woman shares the home. The untidiness, the signs of dust and neglect indicated that the impressions that the old man had been ill very long, and *alone*, were correct. The other man was—a physician. He was in a hopeless attitude, but had just administered a potion which would prolong life. The old man was struggling, inwardly; for at times he gasped and after each gasp a little color would come to the cheeks.

Desiring to know more of the story, Rollins, or rather the consciousness of Rollins, leaned over the body of the sick man, and hovered there a few minutes. The old man gasped again, and opening his eyes said falteringly:

"See—see! There—just above me—my Soul. It is leaving me—it wants to go, it is hovering there waiting, waiting, waiting." The words died out in weakness. But they were not the words of an American, they were not English—they were French. But the consciousness of Rollins understood.

As the import of the man's exclamation dawned upon Rollins he was startled. Did it mean that he, Rollins, was witnessing his own Soul in transition from another body? What else could these words mean?

The thought seemed to be the result of the fact, for at once the consciousness of Rollins—the mind, the intellect—answered, "I am that Soul!"

Then came the sensation of attunement, a peculiar connection of some kind, with the man's body. Rollins felt the weakness the old man was feeling. He felt a dry, parched mouth, a desire for water, and as he realized this, the old man lifted his hand and said: "Water, water, please—some water." The physician turned and picked up a wooden cup and lifted the old man partially upright while he put the cup to his lips. Rollins could feel the cooling drink go down his throat. Then the ease of temperature manifested itself and Rollins noticed for the first time that he was warm. The old man closed his eyes and sank into relaxation and, as he did so, the consciousness of Rollins seemed to become lighter and to almost float in space above the couch.

Suddenly the cry came again for more water. This time the physician put some powder into the water and gave it to the man to drink. Immediately Rollins tasted the element in the water, but it was cooling and soothing.

In a moment or two a peculiar sensation came over the consciousness of both the old man and Rollins. The old man began to quiver and cried: "No, no more, I want to go on, I do not want to stay. Why did you give me that again? I was eased, I saw that I was going and was happy." To Rollins the effect of the powder was that of making his consciousness heavy, thickening it, it seemed, and drawing it down, and down, and down into the body of the old man. It pulled, it strained, it stressed.

The consciousness did not want to go, the body of the man did not want to hold it—but something, fiery, strong, gross, *unnatural*, was pulling the two together. It was uncomfortable. The old man wept in pain. The physician held his hand and watched. The consciousness

of Rollins could stand the situation no longer. It would free itself from this bondage. It grew stronger, it grew lighter, it rose slightly from its close position to the body. Its sense became more keen, it could feel its own entity. It seemed to be a living personality now, almost independent of the body there—but connected by a mere haze—a violet aura. Then it spoke, the voice coming from the very density of the consciousness:

"I will be free! I am the Master of my destiny while here, and the decree shall be fulfilled and the hand of man shall not alter or modify that which is written in the Great Book. It is my time to pass on to the Kingdom of Light and be illumined by the Greater Light. Long has this body served me well for the work I came to do—the work decreed for me when into it I came. But now that body can no longer stand the power of the Light within, it can no longer serve without hindrance, work without breaking down, assist with efficiency the mission of my time. Your poisons and your drugs are of the stuff the body is made of—the dust of the ground; and they cannot do more than strangle the mind, paralyze the senses and hold fast to that which is better gone. Peace should come to the old body there which knows only what I know, which suffers only what I suffer, which rejoices when I rejoice. For it has no consciousness of its own. Its mind is my mind, its Light is my Light, its Life is my Life. It is nothing of itself. It wants nothing, can have nothing. Away with it, for I want it not, and I AM ALL THERE IS TO MAN, and I have life eternal!"

From the old man there came a gasp—a sudden jerking of the body, a tenseness that made the body rigid, and then a slow relaxation which left the body limp. And, as the relaxation came, there was a slow exhalation of all the air in the cells of the lungs—and the Soul that hovered above, united to the body by only the aura, slowly floated off into space and illumined the darkened walls as it passed by. Reaching the upper part of the room the soul-consciousness spoke gently and sweetly: "Peace, peace unto all, for I am risen! From the tomb I have come, resurrected. Long did I suffer and try to make my escape that I might be free to give greater Light unto the world, but man in his ignorance and vanity held me fast, crucified upon the Cross of false realities. Man's body is the Cross upon which all Souls are crucified because man makes it so. *On that cross have I been like a rose held fast by the entwining stems and the thorns.* The tears were the dew drops that came from the petals and left the perfume of immortality to radiate into the aura of the Soul. But I am free; free to return to the Kingdom of Light, where Souls unite in sacred communion and abide in the mansions of the Mind of God."

As the violet haze passed on and faded from view, the couch and the man sank into darkness as behind a veil, and Rollins, the man, came slowly back to self-consciousness again. Rubbing his eyes, tired from the long strain of concentration, he straightened his tall body, stretched out his arms horizontally at each side to take a deep breath, when again the words



rang in his ears: "On that cross have I been like a rose." Quickly he dropped his arms as he realized that his posture was that of a cross—THE CROSS. He dropped back into his chair, and for the first time since childhood this great, strong man wept. He had witnessed the passing of his Soul from the body in its previous life—the yesterlife of another century.

CHAPTER VI RESURRECTION

As time, place and circumstances dawned upon Rollins' consciousness he found himself staring at the old painting, the mysterious landscape with the incomplete name of *Raymond*. It seemed older now, and it breathed an atmosphere of some incident of life. Did his memory recall the scene? He was not sure. And as he studied the details of the picture, each growing more vibrant with life until it was as though he were gazing through a window out upon some foreign valley with its purple-tinted hills, his eyes wandered to the corner where the large R of *Raymond* was plainly visible, even at the distance he was from it and in the soft light of his lamp. Then he was startled. He had seen that R, with its peculiar, bold formation, before. Truly; and he had seen similar pictures. The old room! The finished and unfinished paintings on the walls and standing about. Some were signed—and the name on them was *RAYMOND*. There was no other name after it, but there had been a mark. *Raymond* and a *symbol*. The symbol was faint on the painting now upon his wall, but its faintness had led him, and others, to believe that it was the beginning of another name and they had sought in vain for that other name.

Jumping from the chair like one suddenly possessed of a key to a great secret, he removed the painting from the wall, and with the aid of a magnifying glass, one that had been so used many times, he studied the signature again. There was just a little space after the *d* of *Raymond* and then there was a mark, or possibly two marks, that suggested the letter *V*, the beginning of the letter *W*, or possibly the upper part of the letter *Y*, or, perhaps, the last part of the letter *N* or the center of the letter *M*. Having always believed that these indistinct marks were the beginning of a second name, he traced out certain other faint brush strokes as being part of the faded name. But now he saw that this was the work of the imagination, for the brush strokes just as easily formed a part of the shrubbery in the foreground as imagination made them a part of the name. No, there was nothing truly definite except the first name and the two additional marks which now suggested a symbol.

Closing his eyes, he tried to recall the paintings he had seen on the wall of the room behind the old man that had just passed to the Beyond in this last strange scene. Distinctly he saw the name of *Raymond* on a number of them, and just as distinctly a mark of some kind following the name, but the nature of the mark he could not recall, could not clearly visualize. Why had he not paid more attention to these pictures? And, how came those pictures there? Was it an artist's studio he

had seen? And was the old man an artist? Was he, this old man, *Raymond*? Was he? Then—

One can easily appreciate the nervous tension, the holding of the breath, the rapid heart beat, the joy that overcame his emotions as he realized the fact that he, Rollins, in one incarnation of his Soul, had been *Raymond the artist*, whose one great painting now hung upon the wall, whose identity he and others had sought in vain. That was why Rollins had such a strange liking for nature's scenery, while out-door life otherwise did not appeal to him. That was why he loved landscape paintings. He was carrying over, *from a past life*, from the yesterdays of old, the likes and desires, the ideals and the standards of previous experiences.

Here was a subject for deep study. Could there be such a thing as heredity of *mind* as well as *blood*? Is the man of today the result physically of the blood of his forebears, and mentally of his own evolution? Is the body, after all, but a material cloak made of the blending of substances of many bodies, while the mind, the Soul, is of one continuous strain of divine essence?

Hanging the picture on the wall almost unconsciously, lost in the wonder of the abstract problem that now occupied his reasoning, he walked to the secluded bookcases and, after unlocking one section, took from it a book entitled "Heredity and Its Laws." Sitting down again he turned page after page seeking for some chapter heading, some caption, some phrase which might throw light upon this new idea of soul-rebirth. But he was disappointed. He was about to look, almost hopelessly, in the Encyclopedia, when the chimes in the hallway announced that lunch was ready.

It was a holiday and courtesy demanded that this day he should show consideration to his mother and not deprive her of his company all day. Surely, after *all this*, his mother and he ought to find greater joy in their companionship. So to the dining room Rollins wended his way, determined to submit to her his newest problem.

After lunch had been partially served the discussion began. It would help to make their time of sitting together that much longer.

"Little mother, did you ever read or hear anything about the rebirth or, shall I say, the reincarnation of souls?" he began.

"Not a great deal, William!" she replied, plainly surprised at the question and more surprised at the trend of his thoughts. "You know the Bible speaks of several instances where the prophets were, seemingly, wise men who came back to earth to live again. But I presume that you refer to the teachings of some new school of philosophy. I have not studied them nor even read more than that there is some theory of reincarnation, as they call it."

"But, mother, from what you have read or heard, can you tell me *what* it is that reincarnates or is reborn? I realize that it is not the body, nor the blood, nor . . ."

"But you are mistaken, William, right at the start, or rather, the information which you have in that regard is erroneous. From the

little that I have heard I believe it is claimed, and quite logically, that the Soul, being divine and immortal, is the part of man which is re-born in man. Upon this is the doctrine of reincarnation based. Of its principles I can say but little, but I stopped you in your statement because you were touching upon a subject in which I have interested myself considerably. You remember giving me a book on heredity to read? In it I found many interesting facts regarding eugenics and child-hygiene. That, you know, has always interested me, and I believe you can now associate my interest in that subject with—*your own birth*. I remember reading one time a book called 'Being Well Born.' It opened again the sad event of your birth and the chapters of my life in the past. But I found much satisfaction in some of the principles set forth and from that time on I devoted my study hours to that subject and gave my spare time to helping the Civic Hygiene Board of this city. Do you know, William, that it has been found that the blood of one's body is essentially reincarnated from generation to generation, as is claimed for the Soul? It was your statement that it is not the body, nor the blood, that reincarnates which made me interrupt you. I am quite sure you were in error."

"This is intensely interesting, and I want to hear more about it. In fact, mother, it seems to me I am in a new world these last twenty-four hours. How greatly I have neglected my reading, and how I have locked myself up in the business world and ignored the greater world of science, or, at least, philosophy; for I do not suppose that the principles you are speaking of, or those which interest me in the Soul, are even honored by any attention on the part of cold science. You see, a business man gets into the habit of thinking the whole world consists of business. Every man and woman one meets must be in some business or else they belong to the other class—consumers, customers, or clients. A man is always a potential power in dollars and cents, or else he is nothing. A woman is always—well, a mother, or a wife, or a sweetheart, or a plaything, with no place in *big* business and incompetent to assume such a place. The face of the earth is covered with either oil wells, mineral mines, coal mines and timber, railroads or steamship lines. The sun shines to help salesmen make more calls, the rain falls to help the crops and prevent market losses. A day consists of one-sixth of a business week and time is governed by time-clocks and production-costs and pay-rolls. Sunday is a day for going over books and making a few personal calls at homes when it is difficult to meet men at business. Plays, theaters and places of amusement are for salesmen to take their prospective customers that they may bribe orders and win favors—and they help keep money in circulation. Churches are to ease the dissatisfaction of the laboring classes, make them feel joyous with spiritual things when they have nothing of the material world, and promise them everything in the future if they remain good with nothing here. Marriage is sentimental foolishness with the young, and a *business deal*, a financial alliance, with the old. Children are elements

of a big field of business—hats, shoes, clothes, books, toys and insurance policies. Life is a bridge of possibilities between the follies of youth and the imbecilities of old age. Love is a condition of the mind that helps business—watches, rings, more jewelry, clothes, fine stationery, books, candy and hundreds of other things which would not be made or sold otherwise. Death is a cheater or an easy way out, according to one's predicament at the time. Home is a business asset, counting more in a business man's rating on the market than in any other way. Mothers are a necessity and a dependable help in time of personal emergency. The past belongs to the failures in life, the present belongs to the successes, and the future belongs to the dreamers. A newspaper is a press-agent of business and a tattleteller of personal things. Bah! you know how many of my associates, and even myself, have looked upon life and all there is to it. You seem surprised at what I say, and yet, mother, you must have felt many times that that was how I looked upon all things. But I realize now that there is something even more interesting than the problems of production and selling, manufacturing and marketing, cost and profit, profit and loss. Maybe I have crossed the bridge between the follies of youth and the imbecilities of old age; perhaps I am on the brink of that last span of life. But this I know; I am more enthusiastic about the past and the future today than I have ever been.

"Men are always so self-centered. The average business man cares more about his personal ego, the self within and around him, than about the rest of the world. Yet I see now where I and others have been cheating ourselves in ignoring some of the facts of life in our desire to put the sun of the universe in our own individual solar plexuses.

"The average business man seeks power—dominating, increasing, unflinching power. But he has overlooked the one great source of power—knowledge of the real self and its possibilities. Every great or prominent man in the world today boasts of his ancestry, is proud of the forebears who achieved, and he looks to their strength to help him dominate the world today. But he misses the greatest prop, the strongest foundation, in overlooking the ancestry of the mind that rules him—the mind which is his own and yet not his own. Every mighty factor in the big-business world today seeks to be well informed regarding every law of city, county, state and land that he may take advantage of any potent power therein. He seeks, through his hired advisors, to utilize every power that the courts and constitutions of business give him. He engages experts to keep him posted on the advances of scientific achievement, that he may utilize the power or privileges which science reveals. He looks for opportunities everywhere to make himself great, mighty, controlling, dominating, feared and—wealthy. But he overlooks the laws of nature and the wonderful possibilities of power that must be hidden in her processes and in her ways. I see the great mistake now. I am going to change my life—and before it is too late, I am going to make myself mighty with some knowledge that courts of law in



man's land, bankruptcy proceedings, business failures and market quotations cannot take from me. That's my determination, and so now I want to hear more about the reincarnation of the blood."

"I am afraid," she began timidly, "that you are not using a term that science would accept, for science really has taken up this subject in a way that will be hard for me to explain. But the term *reincarnation* would be rejected by science. In its place the term *continuity of the germplasm* should be substituted.

"You see, William, for years many forms of insanity, such as *dementia praecox*, for instance, have been considered as traceable to hereditary traits or taints. Then, again, many mental habits, physical habits and general tendencies are also traced to the result of heredity and they are called *inherited characteristics*. Up to a few years ago, the principles of heredity were considered as theoretical and science smiled at many of them. Now recent discoveries, or rather observations, reveal that the principles so long advanced are true and other principles not even suspected are also true.

"Man as a specie of animal life is just the result of inheritance. Every trait of character, of mind and of body, like the specie of his physical being, come to him as an inheritance or because of his environment and education. The doctrine that 'as man thinketh so is he' applies only to those few traits classified as *acquired characteristics*; otherwise man is what his forbears have made him through their thinking, their living, their environment and their education. Every man is the sum total of his direct line of parentage and is himself adding to that sum for the next generation.

"It was believed at one time that the germplasm of both male and female parents were creations of the organism of the individual parent, and that each germplasm contained only the characteristics of the parent. Now it is known that the germplasm that enters into the formation of an embryo contains not only the characteristics of the parent, but also of the grandparents for many, many generations."

"Why, mother, do you mean to say that the germplasm entering into each embryo was not a distinct and individualistic creation in the body of the parent? In other words, is the germplasm a continuous element or essence, never losing its entity and individualistic nature from generation to generation?"

"Precisely, William. That is what is termed the *continuity of the germplasm*. This germplasm contains the elements of character and specie. It passes from generation to generation and gives from itself the necessary elements to reproduce its nature and characteristics, but is never wholly lost in the process. Each generation of specie adds to it of its *acquired characteristics*, so that from generation to generation it is always the *sum* of all that has passed before it. All this was made so plain and clear with diagrams and illustrations the other evening—Thursday evening—at the monthly meeting of the Civic Hygiene Board. The professor has been giving us a

series of talks on the subject of heredity and we understand now the meaning of the admonition 'unto the fourth and fifth generations,' and so on.

"You see, each cell of living matter utilized in the process of fertilization and development into the embryo first passes through a series of divisions so that the final cell of the female, called the ovum, and the final cell of the male, called the spermatozoon, are composed of certain portions of the original germplasm. In the nucleus of the cell there are the hereditary elements called Chromosomes and these, according to a definite law, are numbered in each cell for specie, nature and condition. The remainder of the cell has its bearing upon the character of the embryo, of course, but it has to do more with the modifications that are to be made by each generation and are accumulated by each and passed along."

"Does that mean?" he inquired after some thought, "that in my body, in my blood, tissue and bones, there is some of the identical elements that composed the blood, tissue and bones of my ancestors, my remotest ancestors?"

"Yes, in a direct line. And all your brothers, all your cousins, every one in this generation of your family, would have the same elements plus the modification resulting from marriage in the previous generation. Within your body, William, in the cells that will reproduce themselves and fertilize the ovum, there is chromatin substance, which becomes the essential Chromosomes, and this chromatin within the cells of your body is some of the identical chromatin that existed in the cells of your most remote grandfather and grandmother."

"Then that means that instead of new Chromosomes being created by each generation, the Chromosomes simply duplicate themselves and continue to divide and divide until in the last generation, perhaps after a hundred generations, there is still some of the same Chromosomes?"

"Precisely. Yet, in dividing, these Chromosomes do not weaken in characteristics or essential nature. In each generation they divide many times and each divided segment grows to full size again, retaining its precise nature, ready to fertilize an ovum and within that ovum reproduce its nature again. This is what science has recently discovered and proven to be true. Remember, William, these Chromosomes of the cells, microscopically small as they are, contain the elements of every other cell that form the many kinds of cells in a matured body, plus characteristics of specie, plus characteristics of appearance, even family resemblance, plus nature, plus mind, plus tendencies, plus everything that makes personality and individuality. That which makes you distinctly different from all other men, as well as that which makes you precisely like every other man, and that which makes you a child of a certain line of ancestry—all this is contained in the Chromosomes of every one of the hundreds of cells that mature in the body for the purpose of reproduction."

"That is astounding, mother! Why, then, the blood in my body, the bones, the tissues, and the membranes of every organ and muscle and vessel, the cells of the hair, of the brain—

all within and of me, is that of my foreparents, *reborn*. I am not I, but all of my forefathers and foremothers united. They did not die, for I am all of them reborn! What they cast off were dying cells while other cells of their bodies were perpetuated and lived and now are in me!"

"That is merely an exaggerated and bombastic way of looking at it. But you can safely say that you *are* what they *were*, plus what you have added by education and environment."

"And," he said rather slowly, "if all that is true—and I can not doubt it if science has found the law—I am—well, with a reincarnated soul . . . a sort of dual person, after all, for the flesh and bones and blood of my body are of the family of Rollins . . . but the Soul and mind within me are . . . that of Raymond . . . and possibly others."

"Why, what do you mean?" the mother asked, surprised.

"I cannot fully explain, not at this time. I must have a little more time to work it out, but a great light is dawning upon me and I think I see the scheme of the universe revealing itself to me as few have ever dreamed of it. I must learn more . . . but how?"

"I cannot help you in your strange thinking, William. I am quite satisfied with what the Professor told us. We are nothing more nor less than what our foreparents made us—plus environment and education."

"No, no, mother. You are wrong. All that you have said may be true, and I believe every word of it. It cannot be otherwise. I see that plainly. But all you have referred to, all that science has discovered, relates to the physical and worldly man, the material and brain part of man. There is—the Soul—the memory—the inner personality. That cannot be transmitted by chemical or physical substance and that is what I am interested in now. Pardon me, mother. I must return to my study. I must finish my little researches today. Tomorrow the business world begins again and I am going to enter it with a different spirit. This earth—this world—is now *my home*, and men and women are now my kin—my brethren. I will deal with them as such—even to the most humble in my employ. I have a work to do—a message to bring to the cold world of business. Perhaps I have found my *mission*, the Light that must shine through me."

And off he went to his study, moved inwardly by the gradual realization of the touch of divine inspiration. He was no longer William Howard Rollins, the business man, but a Light on earth, an incarnated Soul, an earthly segment of the Divine with an earthly mission. His mother watched him leave her presence in thought and knew that it was a changed man who dwelt in her house; and somehow, strange though it seemed, she looked upon his moving figure with reverence as though through the room and out into the halls there moved silently the figure of the Master Jesus who had come to break bread with her and go on to the work that must be done.

God's presence was there; she felt it, knew it. But how? How came this through a man who had never before indicated even the slight-

est interest in Church, the Bible, or God? A miracle had been wrought since yesterday. Today was the anniversary of his birth; it was more than this—it was the day of his rebirth, she thought. It was the day of awakening, the holy day of illumination—*resurrection*.

CHAPTER VII

THE THRESHOLD

Returning to his study, Rollins put away the book on Heredity with a smile. He had saved it as being the last word on that subject, but evidently it had become antiquated by the recent discoveries in that field; and he pondered over the rapid changes that were being made in scientific principles and more especially in the knowledge of man and nature.

"Truly," he said to himself, "little that one knows is of a nature to remain permanently. Change, change, change! That is all there is, even to knowledge. The great Greek philosopher who said that 'matter is always becoming' was certainly right and it applies to our knowledge as well. Matter is always changing, becoming something and never really is something for any length of time. Knowledge is also becoming more and more accurate, more nearly true, and the facts or theories of yesterday may be fallacies or superstitions tomorrow."

The word *yesterday* brought to mind the Diary. He had not completed his analysis of it, and tomorrow business began again for the new fiscal year. He must complete his review of the *yesterdays* in that book.

Closing the bookcase, he took his Diary from the desk again, seated himself in an easy chair, adjusted the reading light and, with a sigh, leaned back comfortably to think. That book! The Diary! Was it alive? Did it have between its pages people, places, conditions, all animated with a vibrating life? Could he not feel a vibrant essence fairly pushing itself through the covers and from the edges of the leaves? His arm trembled from the pulsations it gave to his hand. More than a year of life and action was represented in that book's notations. A lifetime—a generation, many generations, all time past, a thousand years, perhaps a million of yesterdays, were recorded there. It was not a book; it was a *key* to the past—the key that unlocked the chambers of the past.

Again his mind reverted to the scenes he had witnessed and he wished they would come again, or others—more *yesterdays*. The wish! It started a stream of tingling throughout his body. He closed his eyes; he relaxed. He was entranced. The wish! It was a command! It was as though a great gong had sounded. He could *feel* and *hear* the vibrations of the gong's note in the air. Was this what occurred when Aladdin rubbed the lamp and wished? Was there something psychological in a sincere wish expressed or realized at the right moment? He was lost in the mystery of this sudden experience.

Psychology has often said, as an axiom, that *suggestion* results in the realization of anticipation in those cases where the suggestion is given by oneself—or given as auto-suggestion. In other words, when the process or formula



of auto-suggestion is indulged in, it presupposes on the part of the person certain *anticipation* of results. Psychology claims that such anticipation is necessary, is a prerequisite to realization. The fact is, however, that if there was no anticipation there would be no suggestion given. It is the hope, the faith, the belief, that there will be a result that induces, encourages, the person to give the mind a suggestion. Without such faith, hope or belief, no matter how mild or weak it may be, no one would purposely give an auto-suggestion. Therefore, not only must anticipation precede the realization but it must precede the suggestion. That *unconscious* suggestions—auto-suggestions even—do produce results in the absence of any anticipations does not affect the law or principle. In those cases where it has been demonstrated that an unconscious suggestion given to one's self has resulted in keen realization, it has been found, after careful analysis, that preceding the suggestion there was *fear of realization* or its antithesis. In substance then, the same condition existed.

The psychology of prayer reveals that certain psychological or psychomental conditions are existing and certain laws operating. Prayer is not, therefore, the shallow tenet of religion, but the concrete manifestation of a subconscious process of mind. In every sincere wish, in every lingering hope, in every sincere desire, in every conscious longing, there is the essence of prayer. Prayer is but the deliberate expression of an inner desire—a hope of mind. It is deified when it is expressed to God, and this adds to the faith, the hope, the belief in its potency. For who would pray to God did he not first believe that God would hear and answer?

And the realizations to such prayers. What of them? Are they even more than realities of the mind, a condition of the Soul? We pray for the speedy recovery of a sick one. Health comes; we are made happy at the change. We recall our prayers, our petitions to God. Our faith makes us believe that the change that has come is a direct result of our prayers. God has wrought another miracle. With reverence and humility we gladly credit God with direct intervention. In that belief, in that faith, in that purely mental realization, we find happiness, joy and firmer trust in the efficacy of prayer. When the prayer brings not the desired result, if death comes to the sick one, we ease our minds, we excuse the disappointment, with the expression of faith in the better judgment of God. Our belief in the value of prayer is not lessened. In either case, the results of prayer remain, to each individual, a psychopathic, mental condition.

Naturally metaphysics and mysticism ascribe other powers to prayer. It teaches us that in prayer to God the essential element is a sincere desire, a cherished hope, a clean thought, with all the elements of goodness and, usually, unselfishness; and that in the process of prayer, in the very attitude of prayer, we attune ourselves, our minds, with the Infinite, the Cosmic, the Divine Mind that pervades all things and is everywhere; that in mental or audible prayer we formulate the desire in a definite phrase, we visualize the anticipated results and then

we release that desire into the Cosmic where it naturally vibrates with the constructive forces, the love and goodness of Divine plans; and the thought, with its mystic potency, brings results. This does not eliminate the intervention of God, but it reduces it from direct to indirect, from personal to impersonal, from specific to general. Such philosophy is the basis of much wonderful teaching and it reveals laws and principles but little realized by man.

But to Rollins there was no mistaking the fact that the desire, almost definitely and audibly expressed, produced an immediate effect. The desire to have the Diary reveal another yesterday! Was there not reason for anticipation? Was there not warrant for faith in the power of that book to open the doorway to the past and show there a scene of activity?

* * * *

Minutes or hours may have passed, while Rollins held the Diary in his hand. He did not know, he was not conscious of time. But he watched with concentrated interest the slow development of a great haze of light that gathered in the corner of his room again. He did not know whether his eyes were open or closed—he would not even try to discover. What he saw was as real to his senses as anything that the objective eye could cast upon the retina for absorption by the nerves for translation into consciousness. What difference, then, did it make whether he *saw* objectively, or—how?

The mist became a light purple at its outer edge and a neutral gray in the center. The center then darkened until various colors spotted the space like the first blocking-in of colors on a canvas. Gradually they took form and some blended until the whole made a picture. As it developed its life-like atmospheric qualities and became alive with feeling, the consciousness of Rollins passed from his body like a wraith toward the scene, stretching along with it, from his body to the scene itself, a misty light which radiated a *coolness* around him. Then—perhaps after a minute or two—Rollins saw, not from where his body was, but from the scene. His senses were with his consciousness, not with his body. From the scene in which he was now a part he looked back at his body on the chair and that view impressed him as being but a picture, whereas his new environment in the strange scene was real, actual. It was tempting to analyze such a condition, yet something urged him to think no more of it, to center his thoughts on where he was and what he was doing there.

He looked about him. He was in a large room, the room that had begun to form as a misty picture and became life-like. It was stranger than any room he had ever been in before. The ceiling, crossed at various parts with heavy wooden beams, was very high above the floor, perhaps sixty feet. The walls were of stone—large stones evenly placed but not tightly united by cement. The three windows, set deeply in the thick walls, were arched at the top and screened with rough wiring, but contained bars instead of glass panes. Opposite the three windows there was an open fireplace, the recess of which was unusually deep

and wide. In it large logs were burning and before it a number of odd irons and racks were set. In the center of the room was a carved table, the workmanship suggesting great labor and skill, but the wood was unstained and unvarnished. It was fully twenty feet long and four feet wide. Chairs, with high backs, carved and finished much like the table, were in various parts of the room, and at one end there was a large combination closet and table upon which sat many large pieces of beautiful silver. In the closet could be seen silver and gold dishes and some few pieces of porcelain and china.

There was a stately doorway at the opposite end of the room, the frame work of which was massive and wonderfully carved, and in the center of its top there was a shield in which were carved two heraldic devices. The doorway suggested an entrance to a cathedral, and the two doors which hung therein were of iron, partially rusted and ornamented. They were closed and therefore what room was beyond Rollins could not see.

The most interesting features of the room were the many pieces of armor, shields and spears, and the magnificent Oriental rug that covered nearly the whole rough floor. To judge from the marks and symbols on the various shields many different persons or families were represented by them, and while most of the articles of battle were strange and old they showed signs of having been used.

The room was comfortably warm and very quiet. Nothing but the occasional crackling of the burning logs disturbed the stillness that was like the stillness of a tomb. Rollins decided to investigate and moved toward the great door. His feet seemed heavy and unnatural, though the movement of his body was light and almost without weight. He glanced at his feet. They were covered with heavy leather boots with metal pieces over the toes. When the heels touched upon the uncovered portion of the rough stone floor they made a noise that suggested metal on the heels. He looked at his costume. It was like those he had seen worn on the stage in Shakespearean plays. Knee breeches of a dark, heavy material, a tight-fitting coat of a lighter material, a soft, collarless shirt, light blue in color, and a heavy plush or velour band of dark red about his abdomen. Surprised at his appearance, he could not reason about it, for the mind seemed to refuse to reason, to argue that it was useless and of no immediate need.

At the side of the door there hung a heavy silken rope. Its position and nature suggested its use and Rollins, with the most natural air, stepped forward and pulled it twice. He waited. He heard a metallic clanging at the door and slowly the two parts of the door separated and there stood before him, against the dark background of an unlighted hallway, a tall heavily-built man in a robe of gray tied about the waist with a gray cord. He bowed very courteously and said in a soft voice, and with pure French which Rollins' mind easily and immediately interpreted into English:

"Your wish, my lord? And, . . . pardon the privilege that bespeaks my lord's generosity . . . I hope . . . I pray . . . that all your wishes may be granted . . . this day."

The feeling of surprise that came to Rollins was not nearly so great as must have been the surprise in the mind of the servant at his own boldness in thus speaking; for Rollins could not feel otherwise than that this strange incident was truly a part of his life—new and yet familiar — unexpected and yet anticipated. Many questions arose in the mind of Rollins, but something again told him that it was unnecessary, that, in fact, his questions would be illogical and he could easily answer them by *thinking*.

But—he had called the servant—he must say something. Could he answer in French? He dared not try. He was thinking in English, or rather in good American. Perhaps he could simply gesticulate. What idea then should he express? Ah! He would ask for his hat, by simply making . . .

"I will have my hat!" The words came forth with a vim, before Rollins could control his tongue. His mind had formulated the idea and it expressed itself in words immediately. They were in French, too; and although Rollins knew but the rudiments of the language, he was not surprised—could not be surprised—at his ability to speak French.

The servant seemed to understand, but replied with a quizzical tone: "*Oc—le causia!*"

Rollins nodded consent before he could realize what the question meant. Then the words translated themselves. "Yes—the causia?" What was a *causia*? He had nodded approval and . . . why it was a style of hat, a particular design. The answer came inwardly, instantly. And then—why *oc* for yes? He had expected *oui*—but *oui* was modern French, the French Rollins had learned at College, and *oc* was . . . the language of . . . the old Provinces. Was he now in Languedoc, the ancient Province of the south of France? Again the answer came and—it seemed so natural!

The servant soon returned bearing a large felt hat that had a very high crown, a broad brim slightly rolled, and a small feather sticking from a cord in the back of the crown. Without betraying any surprise at the hat he placed it on his head and moved toward the center of the hall as though to pass somewhere. He must go out of the building as an excuse for asking for the hat. The servant preceded him in turning toward the left and then, after ringing a bell by pulling another rope, unfastened some heavy cross pieces of metal and slowly, with great exertion, opened wide the two massive metal doors that let in a great burst of sunlight flooding the hallway. Through this Rollins walked and out onto a balcony or porch of marble and peculiar white rock, while the doors slowly closed behind him.

Before him there was spread the strangest and yet the most enticing and alluring landscape he had ever seen. It was, indeed, like the land of fairies. The intense blueness of the sky, spotted with only an occasional small gray cloud, the vivid greens of more shades than nature provided in America, the distant hills toppled with walls that surrounded old castles or chateaux; the trees at the sides of the winding roads that led from the foreground to the distance, covered with a white



The
Mystic
Triangle
November
1927

that looked as pure as snow, and, as the wind blew, lifted up into the air and tinted the trees with white until the sides of them nearest the roads looked like Christmas trees decorated for the day; the unusually bright sunlight, the invigorating air, the faint and pleasing fragrance of the flowers and plants—all held Rollins in a trance, and he thought only of how wonderful a picture it would make, if he were only an artist. If he could but paint! The thought seemed to find some response in his mind—but immediately came the answer—*but you cannot paint*. With a sigh of regret he turned again to the left and stepped down the wide stairway to the garden at the side of the building, where in sunken sections between stony pathways there were many flowers blooming and in the center of all a beautiful fountain playing, permitting the light winds to waft to his face the most delicate sprays of refreshing dew.

He would examine the building and see its size. Instinctively he knew that he was at the rear of the building and he walked along the widest path to another corner of the building. He noticed, without any considerable interest, that the windows were well protected with iron bars and that some were exceedingly narrow—too narrow for the passage of a human body. On one side of the building there was another doorway, smaller than the one through which he had passed, closed with massive iron doors. At the next corner there was a large turret in which there were narrow windows at various levels. A casual interest in them caused him to glance upward at the other parts of the building and he noted, again without surprise, that the second story of the building was much smaller than the lower floor and that there was a small wall around the edge of the roof, the wall being penetrated at places by the projecting bodies of . . . *gargoyles*. The word came almost immediately from . . . memory!

After circuiting the house he walked down the slightly descending path toward the open field, on the other side of which there seemed to be a public road—the one which was painted with the pure white powder of some kind. Approaching this, he was delighted to find his surmise correct. The road was made of broken pieces of white chalkstone and had been powdered by continued use. He stopped and picked up a small piece of the unpowdered stone and found that he could break it with his hands. As he walked he came to a small stone bridge over a dry creek and the stones of the bridge-wall were large pieces of the white chalk. In them initials and symbols had been cut or scratched. He could dig into the surface of the stone with his finger nail! What wonderful stone, so white, so soft.

Walking for perhaps two miles he came to a small building of very old appearance, situated in the exact center of the intersection of four roads which crossed at this point. Reaching the building, which he noticed now was in ruin in some parts, he saw that some horses, perhaps fifteen, in ancient coverings, were standing at one side of the building. Within there was chanting. The rhythmic intonations, the pauses, the very response that his Soul

gave to the sounds, indicated that some sacred chant was being expressed by a number of voices. He approached the door. There was but one step, and this he took, bringing himself on the very threshold of an unknown temple. But, stranger though he knew himself to be, it seemed not only familiar, but the right thing to do—*he must enter!*

Once within, he noted that there was no roof to this old building, nor had there ever been. There was no provision for one. It was an open-air temple—of Roman design. At the four sides of the square room there were separate altars upon a slightly raised platform. Before each altar a fire was burning and fronting each of these were two rows of rough wooden benches. Upon these benches sat men and women, with heads bowed down, chanting this sacred, soul-stirring incantation. The walls were of stone, but decorated with symbols which seemed familiar but *nameless*. Back of each altar but one, stood a man in just such costume as he wore, *without the hat*, apparently leading the chant, while occasionally a girl of youthful age, dressed in flowing white, would pass from altar-fire to altar-fire and drop into the fire, from the metal prongs she used, a piece of black—*charcoal*. The word came instantly; he need never hesitate for the right word, he found. She took these pieces of charcoal from a bright brass or gold vessel—hammered or decorated metal—*again* the right description came from within and said a few words which Rollins could not hear.

His entrance into the temple did not surprise any of those present, and with an urge that came from the inner consciousness he slowly walked to the vacant altar-place and, taking off his hat, faced those on the benches before him—and began to chant in this strange tongue:

"Deus, in adjuto . . . rium meum intend . . . de. Domine . . . ad adjuvandum me festina. Gloria . . . Patri, . . . et Filio, . . . et, . . . Spiritu sancto. Sicut erat in principio, . . . et nunc, et sem . . . pre, et in saecula, saeculorum . . . A . . . MEN . . . Al—le—lu—ja."

As he chanted he marveled at the beauty of cadence, the maintained antiphon, the unison of diction and the perfect melodic phrasing. He listened to his own voice with interest, and now began to wonder: Why? he persistently asked, how is this? and why? Was this not his custom, his usual life? And while the outer man's mind wanted to cry, *no, no!* the inner voice said, *be patient, calm!*

The service being finished all arose and slowly filed from the temple after making some salutation to the altar-fire. Not wishing to speak to the other three men who remained in the stations at the altars, he stepped down from the platform and slowly left the building without being approached by any one of the others when they prepared to walk or to ride their horses.

Returning to the great door of the chateau, he saw no means of signaling for entrance and was about to question his mind in this regard

when the doors began to open and he found his servant greeting him again with the same polite bow. Entering the hall he faced its rear for the first time and saw that it led to other rooms and to an old stone stairway.

Motioning to the servant to come with him into the large chamber with the open fireplace, he was pleased to see that the servant seemed to anticipate his desire and was even now preparing to open those two heavy doors in the center of the carved doorway.

Suddenly the doors opened wide and, as Rollins was about to step lightly across the threshold into what he thought would be solitude with an opportunity to question the servant, he found himself facing a throng of men and women in gay costume who lifted high their voices in great exclamations of some kind. One by one the men approached him and shook his hand, kissed him on both cheeks and otherwise indicated their greetings. The women bowed with courtly bow and made many dainty, softly spoken wishes in French to him, not one of which could he completely realize.

Approaching the center of the room he saw that the great carved table was covered with woven linens and embroidered satins, all in white. Silver and gold dishes were placed as for a banquet. There was fruit and at each place some flowers. Large silver goblets were set at various parts of the table and there were other articles which seemed familiar, but likewise nameless at just this time.

Almost automatically he walked to the end of the table and took a place before a larger chair. The others stepped to their places about the table and stood waiting. He made a motion for all to be seated and in the most matter-of-fact manner sat down in his chair with a sigh. He must not stop to think; he was being scrutinized. They were waiting for him to do something, but what? His mind was sluggish; again and again, in the silence of their waiting, he tried to reason, but reason was inhibited. His thinking ability seemed paralyzed. Why couldn't he think this thing all out? Why were so many here and why were they waiting for him? He must . . . but the answer came now, as he paused, and rising in his place he raised both arms and fairly shouted with excitement:

"A bras ouverts—suaviter en modo!"

And almost in unison all arose and, lifting their right hands high and with surprise on their faces—too evident to be concealed or mistaken by Rollins—they cried:

"Pax vobiscum!"

Seated again, many fell into conversation while Rollins simply waited for developments. There was mental stupor that permitted him simply to realize and act automatically as the inspiration came. He was an actor in an unknown play that was *so very familiar*.

Many servants now waited upon them. Great dishes of vegetables were served and then at just the right moment a large wooden platter was carried in by two men servants, containing a huge lamb, roasted and steaming hot, decorated with greens and spices. Its aroma was alluring to the senses and its picturesqueness suggested a great feast in Babylon.

The roast was set before Rollins and a

servant handed him a great knife, an ungainly thing of iron or steel, with sharp edge, and with it a one-prong fork. He cut and carved with more understanding and success than he had expected and hurriedly finished for the last plate that the servants passed to him. An idea had come to him. He would hurry through the banquet and through dexterous means secure some information from one of the servants as to what this all meant and *who he was*.

Sitting down again to eat, for he had had to stand to carve so large a roast, he found the servant ready to hand him the plate filled with meat and vegetables. Looking for a knife, he saw no forks and glancing around saw that all were using their fingers to pick apart the meat and vegetables and to pass the food to their mouths. He was handed a very large *serviet* or cloth which he saw others were using to dry or clean their fingers with every few minutes, and without further analysis he, too, ate in this manner.

After an hour of eating to an extent that seemed almost animal-like in its persistence, wine was poured from large silver and porcelain vessels into the gold goblets. With the wine a broken cake was served and fruit.

As another hour passed and the sun turned into a beautiful gold and sent its beams across the table to tinge the heightened color of the faces of the guests, one by one they began to rise and with unsteady hand to hold aloft a goblet of wine and to make toasts in uncertain words. The toasts were directed to him—Rollins! To each in turn he nodded appreciation, but each toast simply added to his determination to hold a very serious interview with some one, quickly.

The servants were now bringing in small silver dishes containing water and placing them before each guest. Each in turn dipped the soiled and greasy hands into the water and washed them. Then, drying their hands upon the large *serviet* in their laps, they passed them on to the servants and arose from the table. In a few minutes all were standing again and the servants were hurriedly removing all the dishes. A small doorway or opening in one part of the wall adjoining the dish-closet served as a means for the passage of the dishes from the room. The large table was now being moved farther from the great fireplace and—over at one part of the room a servant was lighting a number of candles in silver candlesticks. He was placing them in parts of the room. More logs were placed upon the fire—something was being prepared for and much interest was being shown by the men in the preparations, for they were directing the servants.

Another servant entered the room and motioned to some of the ladies that something was prepared outside and they smiled and with great expectancy left the room through the great doorway. Now another servant entered and carried in his arms a number of cages, in some of which were large black birds with strong curved bills and sharp claws, and in others there were what seemed to be small white pigeons.

The men gathered around these cages, selecting some of them with great enthusiasm.



Each seemed to want some particular black bird, and the birds were examined as analytically as one would examine a well-bred horse. Rollins stood motionless in the corner of the room and watched this proceeding as though he had seen it many times before but still knew not the mystery of it.

Finally the men closed all the doors and saw that the windows were well screened, and then released the white birds, which proved to be wild pigeons. They flew to the top of the room and tried to find resting place on the beams of the ceiling, fully sixty feet above the floor and where it was almost too dark to see them. They were crying and making a horrifying sound, when the other cages were opened one by one and the legs of each black bird were marked for identification. Then, simultaneously, all the black birds were released from the hands of the men and they flew with wildness to the ceiling.

The scene then became distressing, cruel, terrible. The black birds seized the white pigeons and plunged their awful bills in the necks of the pigeons. They fought, they cried; the men cheered. It was a *battle royal* between each pigeon and each black bird, with the pigeon hopelessly beaten. The black birds would drop down, soar down, to the men, with their prey in their bills dripping with blood, the gory spots on the white feathers standing like blotches on the shield of man's honor.

Rollins could not stand it. Whether the strong wine the men drank, or the custom of the times, or both, were responsible for such cruel pastimes, he could not witness it and hold back the disdain, the disgust that was about to overwhelm him and make him stop the whole proceedings. *But he must not do that.* He was only a witness. He would not dare to interfere. But he could leave. Ah! the opportunity to speak to the servant was at hand. He walked rapidly toward the door; as he did so a big black bird passed before his face with one of its prey, and the dripping blood fell on his forehead and down to his hand. The blood of innocence! The cries of anguish! The sport of cruel hearts! Man's lowest instincts freely expressing! What a scene! What a shame! He would have none of it! He pushed open the door and stepped out into the hall and closed the doors behind him. As he did so there rang out a heart-rending, piercing scream from some soul in torture, while the men jeered and laughed, and other weak cries told of the last sobs of life in some white breast. That last cry—the cry of the lost life, the conquered existence, the torn body, the bleeding wound—the similarity! The symbol! The dove of peace! Slain! By man's cruel thinking, by man's earthly ways. The words came back again:

"On that cross—the body of man—are many things crucified!"

Rollins rushed to the stairway. There was no servant in sight. In a room nearby he could hear the laughs and remarks of the women, the *ladies*, who, in all compliance, left the men to enjoy their murderous habits and lust for blood. Was that womanhood? Had women not improved since the days of—that?

Where was the boasted modern refinement, culture, and . . .? But this was *not* modern times. The answer was distinct. This was the day of . . .

Up the stairs he rushed and into the first open doorway. It was a bed-chamber. The bed, high from the floor, approached by two steps, was heavily and beautifully canopied. He closed the door behind him and dropped across it the iron bar. Then, in weariness and disgust, he flung himself upon the feathered bed, unmindful of the satins and laces, and buried his head in his hands and cried, sobbed, as his whole body shook with emotion:

"God, good God, what a world and what a time! Have all men forgotten their greatest gift, the chivalry of manhood, the protecting power of their might over the weaker? Can men come from chanting of Thy goodness and enter into the destruction of the littlest beings? Then make me weak, God, make me weak, that I may not hurt, or see hurt—or permit the destruction of the smallest flower of the fields or the most minute animal of Thy world. Make me humble, make me simple, make me—kind—good—loving all—and never too strong to destroy that which Thou hast made!"

And as he prayed, his prayer was answered, for he felt the weakness come, and with it a simpleness of heart and mind, until, like the tired-out baby, sobbing its cry for the resting arms of mother, he lay on his side, and slept.

CHAPTER VIII ILLUMINATION

A peculiar metallic noise awakened the consciousness of Rollins and he gradually realized that there was some disturbance at the door of the room in which he slept. He rose from the bed in a dazed mind and, finding the room very dark, walked slowly about until he reached the iron door. As he neared it he saw that it became illuminated with a faint light that emanated from his body in all directions; and by its light he was able to find and lift the bar that held the door closed.

As the door opened the same servant that had greeted him earlier in the day bowed again and said in French, softly and kindly:

"I was concerned, my lord, for it is late and you sleep without the light and thy guests have departed without bidding adieu."

"Come in and sit with me for I would ask you some questions." The words came easily, in French, and with a solicitation that seemed to surprise the servant, who was more accustomed to brief commands. He entered slowly and Rollins closed the door. The servant lighted two candles which stood on an old carved dressing-table, over which hung a large piece of highly polished silver, evidently used as a mirror.

Seated opposite each other in heavily cushioned chairs, Rollins thought for a moment or two before he spoke. How should he begin his questions without surprising the servant or arousing his suspicions? It was quite evident to the servant and to all who were there that day, that Rollins *belonged* there. Perhaps

they thought it was his home? The term "my lord" used by the servant suggested that Rollins might even be the master of the household. If this was true, how could he consistently ask the questions which were uppermost in his mind? He must continue to act the part of the *master of the castle* until he had all the information he could secure in a diplomatic manner. And then—then, what? Could he leave this place? How came he here? Again he tried to reason it out and again he found his mind refusing to place facts in their proper and logical order for mental review. Again he found that deep in his consciousness, as though recalling a dream, he had a vague recollection that he was an American of the twentieth century, but uppermost in his consciousness was the dominating realization that he was *here* in *this* place at this time, and that he was equally at home and in the right environment.

Yes, diplomacy must be used and some excuse must be given for asking the questions which would sound strange to the servant. Suddenly an idea came. He revolved it, tested it, and it seemed to be just the method to use. He would try it.

"My man, I have something important to tell you. You see, I am not like myself today. I am strange." He waited to see how the servant would understand that. He noted with satisfaction that the man opposite him looked quizzically at him and then nodded in agreement.

"I had an accident yesterday and when I awoke this morning my mind seemed to be dazed and I could not recall where I was and now I find I am puzzled as to who I am. I am sure I am not mistaken about some things, but I want to check the facts and be very sure before I talk with anyone of our—that is any of *my* friends. Now, tell me first of all—or rather, suppose you get the pen and ink and some paper, and we will write down the facts. Go!"

Pen and ink and paper! The words were in French, as was all that he had said to the servant, but Rollins wondered if he knew what was meant by such words in *these* days. But the servant was off to some other room—he must have understood. After a few minutes he returned, bearing a tray upon which Rollins saw a beautifully carved vessel which he instantly knew must be an ink-well, a long feather or quill, and a roll of skin, as it seemed, and another silver vessel with perforated top. The servant placed the tray on his lap and moved close to Rollins so that their knees touched. Then he shoved the tray forward so that it rested on the laps of both. Rollins looked at the roll of skin first. It was nearly twelve inches square and wrinkled in places with a shiny, almost greasy surface. He laid it down and at once the servant picked it up, flattened it out and sprinkled from the tall silver vessel some white powder on the surface of the skin and with the palm of his left hand rubbed the powder into its surface, and then blew off the surplus. Then he picked up the quill and dipped it into the smaller

vessel and when he extracted it, it was covered with a thick, gummy black substance. He handed the quill to Rollins and held the skin flat for him to write. Rollins looked at the end of the quill and said: "What is that—on the quill?"

"The carbon, my lord; 'tis very thick, but the parchment requires it and the gum will hold the carbon there very well."

Rollins realized that this form of *ink* was different from what he seemed to recall, but it was too trivial a point to look into *now*. Then he passed the quill back to the servant and said:

"I want you to write the answers to the questions. I will hold the—the *parchment*. My hand is too nervous to write today."

Arranging matters in this way, Rollins began his questioning again: "Now, then, tell me, what is my name? What? Guillaume, Viscount of Anduze? Write it! That's right! Now, eh,—Why am I Viscount of Anduze?—How came it to be so?—Oh, so I am the son of Count Raymond, Lord of Anduze, Lord of Rodez and Millau and Viscount of Toulouse! Write it all down, carefully."

"And where is my father? Indeed! Write that down, too,—be sure you put it completely,—advisor in Roman Law at Charlemagne's School of the Palace!"

"Where is my mother? Oh—I did not know,—but write it! 'Buried in the left nave of the Cathedral of St. Sernin in Toulouse.'"

"I wish now that you would write down there my exact date of birth. That's right. Now tell me, what was I doing this morning at the little Temple or Church at the cross ways?"

"Why, my lord, you were performing your usual festive duty this day. This, you know, is the day of the *Compitalia*, the annual festival held each year at this time, in honor of the Lares, the deities of the cross roads. You went, as was your duty as master of this villa, to the *compita*, the chapel of the Lares, the ancient Roman divinities, situated on the cross roads; but now it is a temple to God. There are four altars there with four Sacred Fires, representing the four adjoining villas; an altar and a sacred fire for each castle and hearth of the four villas. The Master of each conducts the sacred festival while the subjects of the estate or province, represented by their principal chiefs, worship there. So, today, the first of January, you conducted the chanting for the representatives of your subjects as the other masters did for their subjects. For years your father performed this rite, and now, for the past three years, it has fallen to your lot. That is all."

"Write it all down!" commanded Rollins and while the servant wrote he leaned back in his chair, and closed his eyes to review again the morning festival.

"Who was the young girl who attended the fire?" he started again.

(To be concluded in our next issue)



The Technique of the Master

By RAYMUND ANDREA, K.R.C.

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NEITHER propose to ask permission of, nor to render any apology to, our friends the Theosophists for writing intimately in our Rosicrucian magazine of the Master Kut-Hu-Mi. The publication in our magazine a few months ago of the Master's photograph, with a list declaring his very prominent position in the hierarchy of the Masters and the extent of his great authority in world activities, no doubt came as a considerable surprise to a large number of our friends, who had hitherto regarded the Master as exclusively concerned in the affairs of their Society and themselves as the main objective of his personal interest. I write in all seriousness, for there have existed the strongest reasons for the creation of this impression. However, the illusion on this head has passed, and it is now practically demonstrated that the Master is far too universal a character, and too versatile in activity, to confine his unique influence to any group of aspirants of a single name. Indeed, it is surprising how such an idea of limitation and exclusive interest should ever have been entertained by any well-informed occult student. The most simple application of the law of analogy should dissipate this error. The objective of the aspirant in his studies is to transcend the personal attitude, to observe life and his fellowmen from a Cosmic standpoint, to offer his hand in help wherever the cry of man reaches his ear; what then would he expect to be the invariable attitude of the Master whom he aspires to meet and be assisted by on the path to liberation? Is not the Master the Compassionate One who has given all for the world, and can perfect compassion exclude, or be bound by a name? Does not the scripture say: "When the pupil is ready the Master appears?" I am firmly of the opinion that when we become fully initiated into the superphysical and enter, in full consciousness, into the secret assemblies and councils of the Masters, we shall be not a little surprised at the diverse nationalities and the manifold types and the independent status of the pupils there contacted and engaged unitedly in world service under that august supervision. Perhaps no other experience will so quickly and effectually divest us of this mean bondage to locality and name, nor so readily enable us to attain that comprehensive and catholic view which is the note of the truly occult mind.

In the light of the increasing information vouchsafed us in our day of the Masters and their work, we may take a bold and decisive step toward an entirely fresh adjustment of outlook regarding their personality and procedure. The old—yes, ridiculous and conceited—idea of a great world worker, such as a

Master of Occultism, devoting his transcendent powers and wisdom to fostering exclusively the dreams of a small group of aspirants gathered around the one or two accredited pupils to whom, at that time, he embraced an opportunity, under the law of Karma, of making known his activities to the Western world, must go. It no doubt served a good purpose, inasmuch as it gave a considerable importance to those who entertained the new knowledge, imparted a consciousness of exclusive adoption and of individual worth, and urged them to unusual activity in disseminating it. We today recognize the importance of our mission, we need the consciousness of individual worth and the incentive to unusual activity, but we know nothing of exclusive adoption. The voice of the Masters is an impersonal one: that is the cardinal fact for us; and he who can respond to that voice is known and accepted, whoever and wherever he may be. The swift movement of events during recent years, the increasing complexity of human life and relationships, the resolute pioneer work in the realms of mind, the amazing progress in the great fields of scientific discovery, and the emergence of the psychic on every hand, are all strong indications, for those who have the eyes to see, of hierarchical response to the demands of the growing soul. The old dividing lines have vanished. The cry is: Onward in the name of the soul! The man with that irrepressible passion deep in the heart is known, whether he hide himself in the solitudes or among men; he is known to the Master who is a world focus of the same constraining passion. The two are one under the occult law—the law which is perfected in the technique of the Master.

Few subjects are so profound and fascinating as that of the technique of the Master. It is with certain phases of the technique of the Master Kut-Hu-Mi that I propose to deal. He has been well named "the Illustrious." He is presented to us as of singular and majestic mien, with a lustre and dignity of personality edifying to behold. In the clear and tranquil light of the mesmeric eyes we discern the concentration and completion of human experience. It is a blessed thought that the Higher Powers have given such men to humanity, comparatively unknown but ever watchful, to guide and inspire it, through the agency of their disciples, along the difficult path of evolution. With all its trials and sufferings, life affords no greater privilege to man than to be consciously active in some aspect of this endeavour. But the technique of the Master is not easy to understand or to translate into life. He knows too well the extreme rigor of his laws to demand from any soul what it has not yet found the power and insight to give. For the first step is an entirely spontaneous

one and the offspring of a high order of vibration which is the culmination of a mature experience in the knowledge of the planes. This experience is often not an acquirement of the present incarnation, but exists as subjective memory. The history of its direct attainment is hidden in the past and is now chiefly shown in swift and versatile response to occult truth in any form, accompanied with exceptional ability of some nature for the expression of that truth. Wherever this response exists, and is of a pure and powerful character, there we may discern the silent influence of the Master's realm upon an awakening soul in the far time. He is now ready for the technique of the Master. There will be for him, in the scripture of wisdom, a geometry of the Spirit which he will delight to ponder and apply to the infinite intricacies of life and character. Humanity, passing and re-passing between the two eternities, will no longer appear to him as an uninteresting pageant and unrelated to himself: the power and passion of its living blood will create a mighty music in his soul, often very hard to be borne. Vibrant harmonies will arise within and sweep to celestial heights; strange chords of sombre pitch will mingle with his song of life; and the keen breath of a superhuman strength must have touched both heart and brain to enable him to stand before the knowledge that this symphony of a thousand voices of joy and sorrow is indeed his own collective Karma, in martial array, opening the gates of self-cognition. It is the Master's response to the soul's endeavour; it is the Master's technique demonstrating within him, whose inexorable law is: That every latent germ of good and bad in his temperament shall be awakened and declare itself.

Many are the misgivings of an aspirant when that law begins to operate in his personal sphere. Well may he think that far from making the smooth progress expected, he is on the path of retrogression. "It is not enough," says the Master, "to know thoroughly what the chela is capable of doing or not doing at the time and under the circumstance during probation. We have to know of what he may be capable under different and every kind of opportunities." A stern and exacting law of which the world knows nothing! Therefore the aspirant must be perfectly ready and willing to withstand its criticism. There is nothing intentionally mystifying in the procedure; it is simply a procedure which runs counter to all other procedures he is conversant with and for which he has to develop a rare discrimination. It cannot reasonably be expected that he will be intrusted with new and altogether higher responsibilities in a totally different realm of mentation and action, unless he has been drastically probed and tested by the searching influences proceeding from that superior realm. New faculties emerge under stress; not in the unexercised nature of him who fears the consequences of self-discovery. There is no smooth and easy path of ascent here; and with that assurance the aspirant must be prepared to find the confidence which the Master will certainly demand in him for the initial trials.

A member recently wrote me in these words: "Sometimes I feel further than ever from this attainment. I wonder why it is. I have an idea, probably gathered from my reading, that while one does not make any effort in this direction consciously there are influences at work which keep things balanced for you. You have your ups and downs. But once you begin making conscious effort these forces are upset and you may have all ups, or you may have all downs. You might easily make a great mess of the whole affair. I know at the moment my mind feels just in that state with regard to everything." How exactly, though quite unconsciously, does this member shadow forth the fact of the initial experience referred to! In her case it has not been delayed; her work in the occult field has been of short duration, and in the work of our Order she has only advanced to the third National grade. But there is no *time* in this realm. We are dealing with the intangible self, pregnant with undelivered Karma, and the word of knowledge of the right vibrational value may be all-sufficient to precipitate a phase of circumstance, perplexing and painful, but written largely in Nature's great law, and which must be met and understood. It is the *conscious effort* made to progress on the path which is the determining factor. Until that moment life moves slowly onward at its accustomed pace; there is an established rhythm in the vehicles which imparts a relative sense of ease and adjustment in the various contacts of life; the furniture of the mind is well-known and thoroughly catalogued, the selection considered excellent and becoming, nothing eccentric, nothing revolutionary, nothing at variance with the preconceived scheme, nothing to disturb the aesthetic taste of its possessor. But alas! the counterfeit peace of stagnation and conformity is not for the pioneer; the tidal wave of evolution will surely agitate the still waters in good time and compel advancement. And if, through fervent aspiration to the divine, the aspirant deliberately seeks the feet of the Master, sooner or later the trial comes to the soul, and well for him who, even through disappointment and tears, recognizes the guiding hand and clasps it in perfect faith. For the Master has said: "The mass of human sin and frailty is distributed throughout the life of man who is content to remain an average mortal. It is gathered in and concentrated, so to say, within one period of the life of a chela—the period of probation."

A large percentage of our members are wrestling with the difficulties incident to the period of probation. It is the period paramount, wherein the technique of the Master is so unexpected and penetrating that the aspirant's intention must be at once steadfast, pure and spiritual, to intuitively grasp and personalize it. One has constantly to confront the lamentations of aspirants who do not appear to realize that occult progress must be slow, and that trials met and overcome are of the very essence of advancement. "The iron rule is," says the Master, "that what powers one gets he must himself acquire."—"He must not even desire too earnestly or too passion-



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ately the object he would reach; else the very wish will prevent the possibility of its fulfilment." The aspirant is working upon himself, upon the texture of his vehicles of expression, not upon external matter, as an artist fashioning material after his own conception. He has been so accustomed, in the physical world, to impose his will objectively upon men and things and receive an immediate response, that it is long before he comprehends that the deeper laws of the psychic and spiritual are alien to this. *There is no time in occultism.* The liquidation of Karma transpires in accordance with an inner law which is not in our will to hasten or delay. That is why the voice of the Masters, though often foreboding and tinged with warning, is ever a voice of encouragement; he knows that the persistent and courageous spirit will ultimately triumph over all. Has he not, as mortal man, himself triumphed? In every aspirant there is that which is akin to the Master's own immortal nature; the vital, dominant, irresistible seed of immortality which is destined to blossom into adeptship. But adeptship is a starry altitude supremely difficult of attainment. At every step of the way the Master has progressed scientifically and spiritually under the stern imposition of iron rule; obviously, then, no one better equipped than he to involve and guide the aspirant through the manifold intricacies of that rule, imperative for his complete knowledge and mastery of personal forces. Only through ceaseless application and after-pains incredible do the masters of the arts and sciences attain their superb insight and mastery, and inspire and redeem humanity from the commonplace and trivial, and entrance the dreaming idealist into ecstatic yearning for the Infinite. Only through steadfast service and never-failing aspiration, through love and compassion and sacrifice, through success and failure, through lonely vigil and impassioned admonition, through all the heights and depths of thought and emotion of which the eager heart and the awakened mind are capable, shall we gain a true perspective of the sure and perfect action, and become worthy exponents of the Master's technique.

We may expect a very marked characteristic in the aspirant as the result of consciously passing through such an eventful inner discipline: he will be spiritually positive. A passive character can never hope to handle the work of the Master. It is not in the nature of things. The master of art uses his vehicle or material of expression with power. He will undoubtedly be receptive to superior influences and often appear to be a tool in the hands of the genius of his art: but there is a world of difference between a highly cultured receptivity and a passivity without strength and poise. The Master is very direct on this matter: "It is not enough that you should set the example of a pure, virtuous life and a tolerant spirit; this is but negative goodness—and for chelaship will never do. You should—even as a simple member—learn that you may teach, acquire spiritual knowledge and strength that the weak may lean upon you, and the sorrowing victims of ignorance learn

from you the cause and remedy of their pain." That is one of the hard sayings of occultism, but it must stand. Conventional goodness, and all the qualities which constitute a well-tempered character, are to be prized; but the aspirant who intends to take the stages of the occult path must possess, or must resolutely cultivate, a certain aggressiveness of spirit which compels every difficulty to yield its secret and grows stronger for the struggle. I speak to the aspirant who aspires to be a light and guide to others, who feels this deep call in his nature, who can take defeat in the arena of life and yet pass on, that thereby the qualifications for higher service may be born and raised to power within him. And one of the reasons for this insistence upon interior assertiveness is that we have to deal subjectively with powers and influences on other planes than the visible, which work actively into the personal life. "The aspirant is now assailed entirely upon the psychological side of his nature."—"The direct hostility of the Brothers of the Shadow always on the watch to perplex and haze the neophyte's brain" is not an imaginary menace. It is a Karmic heritage ranged along the path for opportune attack, before which the strong survive and the weak fall back. However keenly the sensitive nature may suffer and recoil before the inimical and unsuspected vibrations which impinge upon it, the inner self must have reached that measure of strength which can do and dare and be silent.

Through conscientious study of himself in the light of such reflections as these the aspirant comes to realize the full significance of the outworking of Karma in his life. On this matter he cannot be too rightly introspective and discriminative. The Master's comment is: "To unlock the gates of the mystery you must not only lead a life of the strictest probity, but learn to discriminate truth from falsehood. You have talked a great deal about Karma but have hardly realized the true significance of that doctrine. The time has come when you must lay the foundation of that strict conduct—in the individual as well as in the collective body—which, ever wakeful, guards against conscious as well as unconscious deception." His endeavour on the path will develop this discrimination and so clarify his vision that the truth of things will respond to his right-mindedness. For the Master is truth; he has no pleasure in the error of the aspirant: nor will he be subject to error if he persistently tries to identify his thinking with the thought of the Master. There is a pregnant admonition of the Master which he will profitably ponder: "My chelas must never doubt, nor suspect, nor injure our agents by foul thoughts. Our modes of action are strange and unusual, and but too often liable to create suspicion. The latter is a snare and a temptation. Happy is he whose spiritual perceptions ever whisper truth to him! Judge those directly concerned with us by that perception, not according to your worldly notions of things." That spiritual perception is the basis of everything. It will contradict much that the aspirant has always believed to be true, and he will experience pain in renouncing that which is so firmly

woven into his world of facts. But his greatest help will be dogmatic faith, although his world crumble around him. There will be many a secret struggle, but the right aspirant scarcely troubles to count the cost.

And from this new strength indifference to opinion will arise. The aspirant must let appearances go. What his inmost heart dictates is the law, not the urgent voices of external authorities. The Master's word is: "He who damns himself in his own estimation and agreeably to the recognized and current code of honour to save a worthy cause may some day find out that he has reached thereby his loftiest aspirations. Selfishness and the want of self-sacrifice are the greatest impediments on the path of adeptship." Cannot we rest our cause implicitly on adept assurance? There can be no half measures in occultism. We either want the Master life or we do not: if

we do, there is but one law of conformity for us, and the technique of that law embraces every circumstance of life. It does not complicate, it simplifies life—if the necessary preparation has been taken. "What better cause for reward, what better discipline, than the daily and hourly performance of duty?"

The technique of the Master ramifies every phase of experience past and to come. It touches the inmost secret of his own supreme altitude and passes back to the common task of the present hour. Nothing is veiled to the eye of occult omniscience: no circumstance that cannot be divinely adjusted in the evolutionary scheme. We have to make the adjustment, whether in sorrow or in joy, and emerge more purified from the fire. "It is with armed hand, and ready to either conquer or perish, that the modern mystic can hope to achieve his object."

RAYMOND ANDREA.



Our Radio Work



Since the last issue of the Triangle was sent forward we have installed the newer features of our radio equipment as announced in that issue. We are all prepared now to carry on international communications with our branches in any civilized land. The beautiful, highly efficient short-wave transmitter is a companion panel to the big panels of the broadcast equipment. This new section is so built and designed that it can be used for the transmission of code signals (dots and dashes) or phone (voice) on short waves. The great power used in this outfit makes possible daylight as well as night-time communication to almost every part of the civilized world, for we are using from five to ten times the power on this set that is used by those who communicate nightly with Europe.

On the evening of the first test, the practical value of it was demonstrated. The Emperor had just returned to Tampa from his trip to New York and Washington, and he had left Brother Kimmel in New York to attend to some official matters. He asked the operator of our long distance set to get in touch with Washington—not as a test of distance—but to make practical use of the outfit. A message was sent to Brother Kimmel, who had returned to his home in Washington, and in just seven minutes we had Brother Kimmel's reply. It took but three minutes to get the message into Brother Kimmel's sanctum at his home, and, with a lapse of one minute to prepare his answer, it took but three minutes to have the answer. Brother Kimmel has no short wave equipment in his home. How was it done? By sending our radio message to the radio representative in Washington, who immediately telephoned the message to Brother

Kimmel's home, waited for the answer and then put it on the air while we listened to each word as it was put on his antenna. Such service is quicker than by Western Union or Postal Telegraph. Our telegraph bills are a large item each month, and while our new radio equipment will not eliminate all of that—or even tend to lessen the expense of telegraphing—it will give us quicker and more private service. There is not a fair sized city or town in the United States or Canada, or a large city in any part of the world, that does not have a radio representative who can be reached by us and who will pass on to the right party by telephone or personal delivery a message which we may wish to send. Later we sent actual messages to members in New Zealand, Canada, Germany and France without any difficulty.

Since that first test was made we had a long talk over the air with the radio station at the Edgewater Hotel in Chicago and he reported that our tone and power were perfect and it was so easy to hear us and reach us that he would like to keep in touch with us nightly. Others in California and Canada and many States of the country answered our general "CQ" on the first test night and we were delighted.

The Government has granted to us a license, through the Federal Radio Commission, for this new section to our work, and our call letters for the present are 4ACY. These will be changed, as will our broadcast call letters, after we are located in California again.

Further plans about getting in radio communication with our branches several nights each week will be announced in a future issue.



Membership Comments

Reports and comments are desired from all Lodges, Groups and Committees for publication in this Department each month. Have these reach us before the 5th of the month. Address the Editor of the Mystical Triangle, care of AMORC.

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The Emperor's recent visit to Washington and New York City was filled with exciting events, if we are to judge from his reports and the comments in letters received since his return. He was in Washington three days, where the members of the new Lodge gave him a reception, and where many men high in official activities arranged important interviews between the Emperor and various chiefs of departments of the city and nation. He was given a luncheon at the Cosmos Club, escorted through many private offices and sanctums and cordially received by members of the new Columbia Lodge of AMORC, who are in a position to make this Lodge of national interest. For three days he was very busy in New York City. Two lectures were given in the Ball Room of the Hotel McAlpin—a place quite familiar to those who have heard the Emperor lecture there for a number of years. The lectures were well attended by strangers seeking information regarding the Order, and by delegates and members from Lodges and groups in Boston, Worcester, Hartford, Waterbury, Gloversville, Patterson, Philadelphia, Reading, Newark, Utica, Orange, Harrisburg, Washington and other cities. A Sister of the Order sang a number of beautiful selections in the usual spirited manner of a Rosicrucian enthused, and on the evening of the last public lecture the audience was thrilled by a special performance by the Count de Messerini, H. Maurice Jacquet, the eminent European composer, who is a member of the Order in France and also in America. He seldom plays any of his own compositions in public, but played two of them for the audience on this occasion. The charming Countess, a member of the Order also, was present. The lectures were under the auspices of the New York Grand Lodge and the officers are to be congratulated on a well-arranged campaign. In between the two public lectures a special session was held at the Grand Lodge Temple of AMORC, attended by most of the members and many visiting members from adjacent cities. A special feature of the session was the naming of the little son of Brother Antoniadis of Dover, New Jersey. Five Colombes were present and, in fact, a number of Colombes were in the city for the meetings, including the Colombe of Isis Lodge in Hartford (South Windsor) and one of the Colombes of the Supreme Lodge in Tampa, along with two other members from Tampa. The Emperor was very happy to meet so many of the National Lodge and correspondence mem-

bers with whom he made the first physical contact; and of course he was happy to be among so many of his Northern Lodge members again.

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Speaking of Washington, D. C., and the Emperor's visit there, we must record that the work in that city has at last taken a great stride forward. For many years we have had a number of members in that city in the highest grades of the Order, working quietly and conservatively to establish the largest and most influential Lodge of our North American Jurisdiction. Many important reasons make it necessary to maintain representatives of the various branches of our work in that city and now they unite in the establishment of the Columbia Grand Lodge of AMORC. While in the city the Emperor signed the official incorporation papers along with a number of notable characters and workers, this making the final step in the establishment of the Lodge. Brother Joseph Kimmel of 518 Seventh Street, S. E., is the chairman of the Council and the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge includes the states of Maryland and Virginia as well as the District of Columbia, although there are other branches and groups in this territory. Brother Kimmel accompanied the Emperor to New York and remained there with him during the period of his lectures. Many members from Baltimore and other parts of Maryland attended the reception given to the Emperor in Washington and there must have been a real joy feast at this time to judge from the letters received at headquarters. All correspondence or Lodge members living in this territory or visiting Washington should get in touch with Brother Kimmel by mail or telephone.

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The New York Grand Lodge is planning a big First Degree Initiation for October twelfth and they have a large number of applications in hand. The work there has steadily grown and we learn that Grand Master Lawrence has been sorely taxed with the strenuous labors of his responsible duties. Visiting members or others should never fail to get in touch with the New York Grand Lodge when near its jurisdiction.

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The new Lodge in Los Angeles, Hermes 41, has outgrown its membership limitations of 144 active members and has petitioned Head-

quarters for another Charter for another new Lodge in that city. Hermes 41 is now located in a very convenient and attractive building (see list of our branches in the last pages of this magazine) and has had many initiations of new members in the past few months. We receive scores of letters each month from the enthusiastic members of this part of the country, and many of our members who visit California each year have paid visits to the Lodges in Los Angeles, San Francisco and other Pacific Coast cities.

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In San Francisco the California Grand Lodge has been assisting groups and branches in its jurisdiction and we have had many complimentary reports regarding the help given by this Grand Lodge. Members in San Jose have been initiated through the services of the Grand Lodge and an active Lodge is under way in that city. California is about due again for its periodical campaign of publicity and good work among the masses and undoubtedly the membership in that state will rise very high.

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In Denver, Colorado, the membership has increased and now a new group has applied for a Charter. Many public meetings have been held there and interest seems unusually keen.

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In Havana, Cuba, and Porto Rico, the newspapers have given a very large amount of space to articles about the AMORC. Many issues have contained reprints of articles by the Emperor and other officers and the increase of members is highly pleasing. We thank the officers and representatives in this part of our jurisdiction for their concentrated efforts and enthusiasm.

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The Grand Lodge of Canada, at Vancouver, reports an increase of interest and a large increase of members throughout the whole country. Many new Lodges, Groups and Chapters are under way and the older ones have greatly added to their lists. Victoria Lodge is increasing rapidly, and the officers in Edmonton are carrying on to a very successful issue in their great plans. At Montreal and other eastern Canadian cities the work is growing very rapidly.

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The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in Boston, is about ready to have a truly Egyptian Temple that is new and pleasing. The work there has grown wonderfully under the careful guidance and loving attention of Master Marie Clemens. It is only about nine years ago that the Emperor and his staff travelled from New York to Boston to institute the first Lodge there with a large membership, and yet the work in that city and surrounding towns has grown until the AMORC is so well known in the highest circles that it seems as though the Order had existed there for a hundred years.

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During the summer months a number of new Groups and Chapters have been founded, and while a few of the smaller ones closed for

July and August, not one has been dissolved, and all have started their fall and winter activities with increasing interest.

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Many of the prominent book stores and libraries in the United States which sell occult books and magazines have written to us that they have a continuous demand for the *Mystic Triangle*. They urge us to permit them to sell copies to inquirers for two purposes: it enables seekers to find the magazine in places where they naturally look for Rosicrucian literature, and it is good propaganda for the Order. We are considering the matter very seriously. There is nothing of a truly *secret* nature ever published in our magazine—and, in fact, the laws and principles taught in the lessons of the Order are not secret in the sense that real seekers for Light may not know of them without being initiated. Our Manual distinctly states that members may reveal—and should do so—certain laws and principles of our teachings to friends or seekers when by so doing others will be helped in any problem of life. Therefore there is no rule which would prevent the public display or distribution of our magazine among real seekers. We have been distributing free copies of the magazine to reading rooms in hospitals, state and county libraries and in the libraries of various fraternal organizations. We will send free copies to hundreds of occult book stores and libraries for a few months this fall and see if there is a method whereby the seekers may be reached in this manner. Have you any suggestions in regard to some live, wideawake book store in your city or community where persons go looking for magazines or books on Rosicrucianism? Let us hear from you. Write to the Editor.

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Speaking of the advancements made in the standard of the thinking of the masses, please note that when the Edison company of New York recently sent a questionnaire to 5,000 radio listeners-in, asking them about the nature and quality of programs preferred, 4,800 answered in detail. The tabulated results showed that only 35 persons of the 4,800 desired jazz in preference to classical music, and the majority selected Beethoven as their favorite composer. Think of that in these days when we read that the world is going to the dogs and the rising generation—which composes a large portion of the radio fans—wants nothing but the wildest of insane music. We have found down here in Tampa that the letters coming to us on the best stationery and in the best language come from those preferring classical and educational features. That is a hopeful sign, for it is fairly universal, to judge from similar examinations made by most radio stations.

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The correspondence received at headquarters is still increasing at a tremendous rate, but we must thank many who heeded our recent request about not writing on subjects unrelated to the work we are doing. We find our mail over 99% complimentary, not only of the lessons, but the system used, and the regu-



larity and the care, as well as the personal touch maintained between Order and members.



How many of you realize that the Order has a *Propaganda Fund*? Of course you have never been solicited to give anything to this fund and never will be, but members who have experienced some special help, some blessing or benefit oftentimes feel that a donation to the Order would help in compensation some way. Money sent as donations is deposited in the above Fund and used exclusively to promote the activities and welfare of the Order. Many very wonderful things have been accomplished with such funds. Since the new Manual is in circulation many have read the matter on pages 148-152 and have written to us for advice in regard to sending free-will offerings from time to time. Now we have answered the questions.

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One of the strangest comments that we read in correspondence from prospective members, or those desiring to unite with us is this: "I am a member of the . . . in the West and I had to sign a promise never to unite with any similar or occult movement teaching along the same lines. I want more knowledge than I have received, but my oath prevents me from taking up your more complete form of Rosicrucian teachings." Such comments are not

always worded alike, but the scores of them are fairly identical. We cannot understand the attitude of any organization—teaching Rosicrucian or Theosophical or other principles of a claimed high standard—being intolerant in that manner. We have never seen the *oath*, but thousands have quoted it to us. Must one sacrifice all personal liberty, all choice, all freedom in order to become mystically educated or illuminated? The AMORC exacts no such promises and is happy, indeed, in the fact that it permits its members to unite with any school or movement that is good, and even recommends many of them in the lessons and in this magazine, as you have probably noticed many times. God gives all the privilege to choose various paths to reach Him and no lesser authority has any right to decree against such freedom.



The membership in Chicago has continually increased since the first of this year and the big problem that confronts the various officers there now is the organization of several new Lodges. As usual, Headquarters does not take the initiative in the formation of Lodges. The foundation work must be done by the members and all plans completed, as a test of their sincerity of purpose. Then the officers in the locality, with the help of Headquarters, will take up the petition of the members and consider it.

Healing Department



IN ESTABLISHING and maintaining this Department of our work for the members of AMORC we are fully aware of the fact that there are many healing movements in the Occidental world and many systems claiming superior points of efficiency. However, we believe that the Rosicrucian methods, as used by AMORC and taught in its lessons of the higher grades, are distinctly unique and need no endorsement to our members.

The Rosicrucians were ever famed for their *therapeutic knowledge* and ability to heal. It is most logical that persons who are suffering from physical diseases or mental disorders should look to the Rosicrucians for help; and AMORC has always rendered valuable aid to its members in this regard. Naturally the Order, as an organization, has had to limit its healing work, on the part of the Supreme Officers, to those who were members of the Order, for it could not undertake to operate a world-wide, public clinic. However, its members are pledged to render such service to any one, and for that reason the higher grades cover the complete system of healing instruction which will enable members to render this service.

What makes the Rosicrucian system of healing so unique is the fact that it is not narrow, fanatical or illogical. And we ask our members to keep the following points in mind when writing to us on the subject, when asking for absent treatments, or when using our system with others:

1. Rosicrucians do not condemn the use of medicines. There is a wide difference between medicines and drugs, however. Some of the foremost of ancient Rosicrucians were pioneers in the art of medicine and contributed greatly to the science of medical therapeutics. The use of simple herbs or their extracts and similar medicines is in keeping with natural laws at times, and undoubtedly nature provided many remedies for just such purposes. But these should be administered by one who has specialized in their study as well as in the science of diagnosing.

2. Rosicrucians are also advocates of surgery of a corrective nature. They know that a broken bone must be set, in order to *assist* nature in healing the fracture. They know that if there is a piece of foreign matter within the flesh, it should be plucked out. Some surgical work may be bloodless, and in the hands of a duly qualified surgeon such work is truly Rosicrucian.

3. Rosicrucians know that there are hundreds of diseases which may be checked in their progress by our metaphysical methods, and hundreds of causes of disease which may be cured or removed by the metaphysical systems of Rosicrucianism.

4. In many cases nature—during the years of continued reconstructive work in the human body—will replace or *re-grow* certain tissues or parts that have been injured or destroyed; but complete organs that have been removed, destroyed or allowed to become atrophied through time, cannot be replaced by nature or by any metaphysical system known to us, regardless of the claims made by some over-zealous systems. *Miracles* may occur in some cases, but no real Rosicrucian will guarantee such results.

However, there is a very wide field in which we can demonstrate the Rosicrucian principles of healing, and, unless you have some condition which clearly calls for medical or surgical aid, we will do our utmost to help you. But if medicine or surgery are required consult your physician or surgeon at once and *follow his advice*. We can assist in the healing work, in the restoration of strength and ultimate health, in a marvelous manner and to an unusual degree, without interfering with the work of the physician or surgeon in such cases.

Therefore, those who are sick and suffering, and who believe that they *require* the help we can give, are invited to participate in

OUR HEALING PERIODS

which for the present time will be in accordance with the following schedule:

For the Pacific Coast (using standard Pacific time) from 8:30 to 8:40 A. M. and from 6:30 to 6:40 P. M. daily except Sunday.

For those living where Mountain time is standard, from 9:30 to 9:40 A. M. and 7:30 to 7:40 P. M. daily except Sunday.

For those living where Central standard

time is used, from 10:30 to 10:40 A. M. and 8:30 to 8:40 P. M. daily except Sunday.

For those living where Eastern standard time is used, from 11:30 to 11:40 A. M. and 9:30 to 9:40 P. M. daily except Sunday.

For those in Europe, Africa or elsewhere who are members of the Order and who wish to share in this American schedule, the proper time must be computed by them.

This gives our members two periods each day of ten minutes during which the Emperor, personally, will direct healing thoughts and vibrations of a nature intended to strengthen the vitality (with positive vibrations), increase the healing and reconstructive processes of the blood, and ease pain. Nothing else can be attempted during these two periods each day, because of the general nature of the system that must be used to reach so many persons with so many various ailments.

Those needing such help as is offered by the Emperor, in this extraordinary good-will service of his valuable time, are instructed to sit in absolute relaxation, in a quiet, peaceful place, during the ten minutes, concentrating their thoughts upon the Emperor as a centre of radiating strength and vitality reaching them by means of the Cosmic. By drinking a glass of cold water just before starting the period the reception of the vibrations will be more noticeable. At the end of the ten minute period a restful attitude for five minutes will be helpful also. The real effect of each treatment may not always be noticeable at once, depending upon what part or condition of the body was to be effected. Do not concentrate upon your condition during the ten minute period.

The Emperor will be pleased to hear from those who have had noticeable or immediate changes in their conditions, but he cannot answer letters in regard to physical ailments and take up personal, individual treatments for the members generally. The Order maintains its welfare committee for this work.



Some Helpful Suggestions

Members who desire AMORC emblems are advised that they can be secured through the office of the Supreme Secretary. They are small, neat and beautiful, and can be worn on coat lapel or dress. Women's style with safety catch pin, by mail, \$2.25. Men's style with screw back, by mail, \$2.00. Send remittances and state which style, to Supreme Secretary, care of Headquarters.

Members who desire appropriate incense and Sanctum articles will be glad to know that there is a shop devoted exclusively to supplying our members with candle stands, incense burners, symbols, symbolical gifts and other typical Rosicrucian articles. Write and state what you desire and ask for list of interesting specials. Address: Triangle Gift Shop, Sister L. S. Churchill, proprietor, Dade City, Florida. Remember, if you wish to make some appropriate and symbolical Christmas gifts, Sister Churchill can aid you in making your plans.

A SPECIAL BOOK FOR OUR MEMBERS

The Rosicrucian Manual

AUTHORIZED BY THE IMPERATOR

All members in all Grades of our Order, including those in the Correspondence Studies and those attending Temple Lodges in all cities, are advised that this book is **official** and will be found of utmost value and help in all the study work and practises of the Order.

*The
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1927*

This Manual has been demanded for years, urged, and awaited. Now it is ready. The first and only Rosicrucian Manual containing matter suggested by the Masters, Officers and Members of our various Lodges. A private book, not to be sold on the open market, not published for profit, and the biggest boon to the work of the Order ever devised.

WHY IT IS PUBLISHED—

As all our members know, the Order publishes no books for public sale or for sale to its members. The Order is not a publishing concern, and its secret teachings cannot be commercialized in books. Still, ever since we published a small manual of reference charts and explanations in 1918, there has been a continued request for a second and larger edition. Slowly the Emperor and his staff gathered together all the matter desired by the thousand or more members who expressed in detail what should be in such an unusual book. Then one of our Brothers, who conducts the Lovett Printing Company, in West Virginia, offered to print the book in a very fine style, well bound and properly finished, and further offered to sell it to our members at just about the publication cost.

That is how the book comes to be offered to our members today. The Order could not, ethically, print it, but a private concern could print it with authority. Not for profit, not for personal gain, but for the glory of the Great Work, the book has been beautifully produced.

WHAT IT CONTAINS—

It is divided into a number of parts, each complete and invaluable as a guide and reference work. The following is a partial list of the contents:

Complete explanation of all the terms, signs and symbols used in various parts of the teachings. A complete working manual of all the rules and regulations of the Order. Extracts from the Constitution. Descriptions of Temples, Lodges and other parts of our assembly places, with laws pertaining to

convocations and symbolical ceremonies. A synopsis of the subjects covered in all the lectures of both the National Lodge correspondence work and the Temple Lectures of the higher grades. Charts, diagrams and illustrations of the various lectures requiring such helps. The laws of Crystallography, Magnetism, Formation of Atoms and Molecules, illustrated and explained. Dalton's experiments with alchemical and chemical laws illustrated and explained. A complete Rosicrucian Dictionary of the terms used in all lectures. Ancient and modern mystic symbols explained and illustrated. A special article fully explaining the origin of the Great White Lodge and its existence, and how to attain Psychic Illumination, written for this Manual by the Emperor. The Rosicrucian Code of Life, with the thirty laws and regulations. Short biographical sketches of Rosicrucians. Instructive articles on such subjects as NUMEROLOGY and the Law of Numbers. A number of portraits of prominent Rosicrucians, including Master K-H, The Illustrious (with hitherto secret facts about his activities). Questions often asked, with official Answers.

NOT A PART OF THE LESSON WORK—

No member is required to purchase this book as an absolute necessity to his studies. It is simply a wonderful compilation of facts and mystical matter which every seeker along Rosicrucian paths will value as an extra aid in his advancement. Every member owning the book will save its price in a few months through the saving in buying elsewhere other small books for reference.

PRICE: The book is strongly bound with attractive cloth binding over the heavy covers, and stamped in gold. The publisher's price of the book is Two Dollars per copy. This is the price when books are ordered in lots of six or more sent to Lodges or Groups by express, **charges collect**. Single copies of the book by mail anywhere in the U. S. A., \$2.25. In Canada or foreign countries, by mail, \$2.40. All books shipped direct from the publishers.

MAIL your order to the address below; make remittance payable to Lovett Printing Co., and they will see that the book is sent to you by mail, for \$2.25 in U. S. A., or for \$2.40 in foreign lands.

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