

ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

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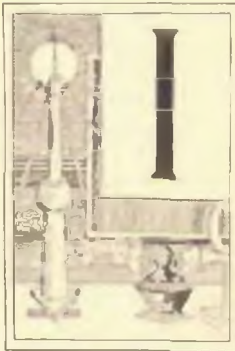
ROSICRUCIAN PARK

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

WHY A NEW YEAR?

By THE IMPERATOR



IN THE month of March a proclamation is issued by the Emperor stating that on a certain date the Rosicrucian New Year ceremony is celebrated in harmony, and in keeping with the same period, throughout the membership generally in various countries and parts of the world. This is done simply because according to the oriental calendars and ancient calendars the real new year begins in March when the sun begins its new progress through the various signs of the Zodiac rather than on the first of January, and you will note that the Rosicrucian New Year almost coincides with certain Jewish holy days and certain other oriental holy days.

But my thought at the present time is not in connection with the reason for the Rosicrucian New Year being celebrated in March. My thought is why there should be any new year at all, or any celebration at all. To us here at Headquarters and to all of our branches it means the beginning of another fiscal year or another year of routine activities. We do not overlook its sacredness for we participate in the sacred feast and ceremony for the celebration of the beginning of such a new year. But it means the start of another cycle of activities, and just recently in connection with the American calendar new year in January my thoughts were why there should be a waiting for a new year to

begin new things. Things can begin anew at sunrise any day and at any hour during the day, and during the night for that matter. But still most of us like formality, ritual and what we call a logical reason for doing things and so we have adopted and accepted certain periods of the year for doing things. In the east the farmers plant seeds in the spring, perhaps for good reasons agriculturally, but often because of formality. Here recently in California where we are establishing our new clinic and sanitarium, we planted vegetables and seeds in our own garden in December, at a time when every farmer in the east and midwest would have said nothing would come from our efforts, and that we were absolutely out of harmony with nature. Yet throughout the latter part of December and the first part of January the things planted in that garden grew and grew until now, in the middle of January, we are ready to take fresh fruits from that garden and take them to our table and eat, contrary to all the rules and regulations of form and ritual in agriculture.

In the same manner we can plant seeds in our own souls and minds at any season of the year, any day and any hour, and make that day the beginning of a new cycle in the doing of things and thinking of things. But why should we call it a new year? It is not new in any sense except the sense we give to it out of a misunderstanding. It may be the beginning of another cycle or another year, but not necessarily a *new* cycle or a *new* year. A change in any direction does not mean the beginning of a new direction. There is so little that is really new in this old world, and

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there are so many things to come that may be looked upon as new, that no one dares vouchsafe the opinion at any time as to what is new and what is old. A change for the better is always good and beneficial whether it is something new or something to which we have become quite accustomed. Each day, each week, each month, each year is filled with cycles and no one of the cycles is more important than the other. And yet there is a tendency to give a yearly cycle undue significance. From my personal point of view, which is what I am always expressing in this particular department of the magazine, the rising sun in the morning and the dawn of another day is the most important cycle in my life, and I try to make each day count as though it were to be not only a new day, but the only day and the last day and in that sense I am thankful at the

close of the day for what I have been able to do, and simply hope, resting in the grace of the Cosmic, that another day may come, not to be a new day but just another day.

If you have the same thoughts and will maintain them throughout your life, you will find your years being composed of a multiplicity of days, weeks and months that are exciting and thrilling instead of a dull and monotonous year that can only revive interest when it dies at midnight on a certain day, and begins with the ringing of bells the next morning. Such a life is shallow, empty, and fraught with bitter disappointments, whereas the other one is a continuous panorama like a phantasmagoria of exciting incidents which you create and which have no relation to the calendar, to rituals, to forms, traditions, or anything else.



Compensation

By FRATER E. V. COOPER



THE Old Oak looked down upon them as they passed beneath his mighty boughs: Couples hand in hand, college students, lawyers, laborers, maids, people of all walks of life, all headed in one direction—the flower beds.

Even the park bench had been removed from beneath the Old Oak to a new position that afforded a better view of the flowers. True, he always had company during a rain storm, and at such times many were the guesses as to his age, and often new sets of initials were knifed deep into his tough old bark.

As month after month passed and new flowers were planted there arose a

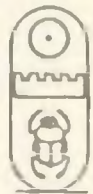
discussion among the park officials regarding the advisability of felling the Old Oak, for his great expanse of shade now covered some of the flowers.

The Old Oak dug his roots down a little deeper, became more beautiful and waited.

One day a little old lady turned the park bench around, seated herself and lifted *the illuminated gaze of an enlightened soul full upon the Old Oak.*

Ah! Let us see him now through *her* eyes. The Old Oak is aquiver from head to foot. Each cell-like leaf is ablaze with light as it scintillates in the sun. Dew drops on the acorns are continually flickering and changing colors. Each moss-covered limb has become transparent. The Old Oak is alive, a thing of indescribable beauty before which his erstwhile rivals the flowers suffer a peaceful eclipse.

The Old Oak has become *divine.*





Natural Justice and The Law

By R. M. QUACKENBUSH, F. R. C.



EVERYTHING seems to be governed by law and the term has been applied indiscriminately to all kinds of action. It has been said that things animate or inanimate, rational or irrational are controlled by laws that are fixed and invariable. That

when God formed the Universe and created Matter, He impressed certain principles upon Matter, and that when He put Matter into motion He established certain fixed laws of motion. God likewise fixed certain laws to govern the simple life principles as expressed in plant life and animal life. Thus, in those creatures and things which have neither the power to think, reason or will, such laws as may be fixed for them must also be invariably obeyed by them so long as the creature or thing subsists.

Mankind, considered as a creation, must necessarily be subject to these laws; but being more than a mere creation, mankind has been imbued with certain powers of reasoning and of choosing his course of action or conduct. Being thus a free moral agent, he has the privilege of pursuing such rules as he may prescribe for himself, and in this more confined sense, law denotes rules of human conduct in regulation of Man's behaviour with Mankind.

Yet, so to speak, Man as a free moral agent is not entirely free. For much in

the same manner as He established certain principles of mobility for Matter and established certain rules for the perpetual direction of Motion, God laid down certain laws of human nature. These laws of human nature in some degree regulate, restrain and attract the human mind. It is Man's business to reason and to discover the Divine precepts. Among these Divine precepts or principles are the rules that we should live honestly; should hurt no one; and should render to everyone his due. In fine, to do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

Mankind is constantly evolving toward this idea. The discovery of these principles of Natural Justice depends upon the due exertion of right reasoning. Thus, God has so intimately connected and so inseparably interwoven the laws of Natural Justice with the happiness of each individual, that the law of Human Happiness cannot be attained but by observance of the principles of Natural Justice. In consequence of this mutual connection of Natural Justice and Human Happiness, God has impressed upon the law of human action certain yieldings referring to the fitness or unfitness of things, and has left Man to work his way through to a full realization of Divine Natural Justice. This principle is binding the world over. As principles of Natural Justice are discovered by Man, human law, contrary thereto, is no longer valid and it is the business of the legislative bodies and Courts to adopt the new light.

Nevertheless, it is necessary, as has

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been said, to have recourse to reason, that we may find the principles of Natural Justice by considering what rule of Human action will tend the most effectually to establish substantial happiness. And, if our reason were always clear and perfect, unruffled by passion, unclouded by prejudice, unimpaired by disease or intemperance, the task would be pleasant and easy. But, every man knows that the contrary is his own experience. We must lay hold with our imagination to determine the law of God—Natural Justice.

Mankind has been brought and held together by his wants and fears. From his reasoning and through a sense of fear, want and weakness, man has formed for his use and protection, States and Nations. The sovereign political State has been given the right to make such laws as may be useful to fix the rights and duties of individuals and groups, and individuals are bound to conform to these laws. This is in order that every person may know what to look upon as his own; what is another's; what are absolute and what are relative duties; and what is to be esteemed honest or dishonest; to what degree every person retains his natural liberty and what has been surrendered as a price of the benefits of society. And it is the State's duty, also, to see that these rights and duties are respected and enforced, and to see that the legislative enacted laws are changed and new ones adopted, from time to time, as we grow and evolve in the grace of God. These changes and new laws are usually brought about through the exertion of public sentiment.

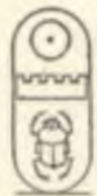
To illustrate how far we have traveled along the road of understanding the principles of Natural Justice, and to show how far we have advanced through our constant changing and enactment of human laws, your attention is directed to ancient methods of trial. The ancient methods of trial were largely by ordeal. Ordeal by fire, ordeal by battle and ordeal by water. Ordeal by water is typical, and consisted of tying the criminal hand and foot and throwing him into water. If he sank he was innocent, and if he swam he was guilty. Before this ordeal took place the following solemn invocation was addressed to the water: "I adjure thee, O

water, in the name of the Father Almighty who created thee in the beginning, commanding thy use for human necessities, and that thou shouldst be separated from the waters above; I adjure thee by the unspeakable name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God under whose feet the sea and elements, being severed, was trod upon and who was pleased to be baptized therein. I also adjure thee by the Holy Ghost. I adjure thee by the name of the Holy and invisible Trinity, by whose Will the element of the waters was divided and the people of Israel forthwith passed through on dry foot, at whose invocation the Prophet Helaeas caused the axe which fell out of the haft to swim; that thou do not in any manner receive this man if he be guilty of what he is accused by his act, consent or knowledge or any other device but make him swim upon thee to the end that there may be no counterfeiting with him or any exploiting that may disguise him, and by the name of Christ we command thee that for his sake thou obey us unto whom every creature doth serve, whom Cherubim and Seraphim do praise and say Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts who liveth and reigneth world without end."

It is a strange reflection that with all the solemnity of those great words people could have taken some unhappy suspected person, tied his limbs so that he could not move freely, and thrown him into the water only to declare him guilty if he swam, and innocent if he drowned. This procedure or trial continued and was not abolished in England until the reign of Henry the Third. We have advanced far from this, but we have far yet to go before we shall fully conceive the love of God.

The process of discovery and applying the principles of Natural Justice has ever been slow but forward. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his address before the senior class in Divinity College, Cambridge, beautifully expressed the ideas embodied in the thesis when he said: "A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the sentiment of virtue. Then he is instructed in what is above him.

"The sentiment of virtue is a reverence and delight in the presence of cer-



tain divine laws. It perceives that this homely game of life we play, covers under what seem foolish details, principles that astonish. The child amidst his baubles is learning the action of light, motion, gravity, muscular force; and in the game of human life, love, fear, justice, appetite, man, and God interact. These laws refuse to be adequately stated. They will not be written out on paper, or spoken by the tongue. They elude our persevering thought; yet we read them hourly in each other's faces, in each other's actions, in our own remorse.

"The intuition of the moral sentiment is an insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. Thus, in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity, thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then in so far as he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of

God, do enter into that man with justice.

"See how this rapid intrinsic energy worketh everywhere, righting wrongs, correcting appearances, and bringing up facts to a harmony with thoughts. Its operation in life, though slow to the senses, is, at last, as sure as in the soul. By it, a man is made the Providence to himself, dispensing good to his goodness, and evil to his sin. Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls.

"These facts have always suggested to man the sublime creed, that the world is not the product of manifold power, but of one will, of one mind; and that one mind is everywhere active, in each ray of the star, in each wavelet of the pool; and whatever opposes that will is everywhere balked and baffled, because things are made so, and not otherwise."

So we may conclude, that Law in its restricted sense is a rule of action prescribed by a superior power in a political state granted to it by its subjects, while Natural Justice, in the economy of God, is the expression of infinite love, to which we are constantly evolving.

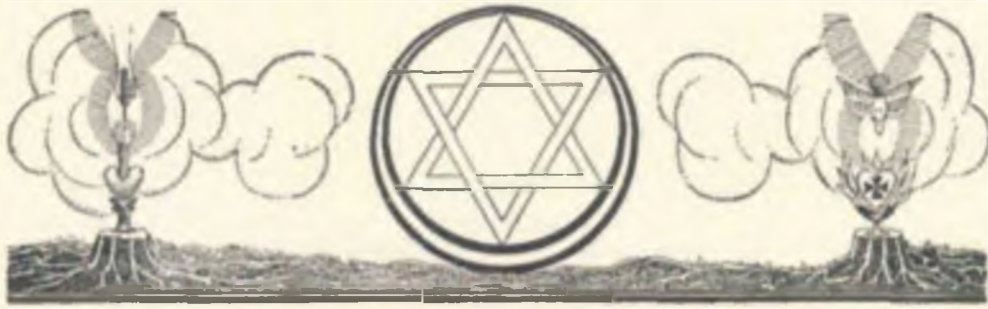


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The Rosicrucian New Year

ITS ORIGIN AND MYSTICAL SIGNIFICANCE

By RALPH M. LEWIS, F. R. C.



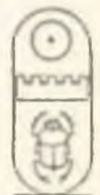
FROM a psychological point of view time is definitely related to human consciousness. Time as a human concept was born when man had his first perception of the progression or extension of experiences. If, for analogy, we had never been ac-

quainted with such terms as dimensions, or the metric system, or any other method of measurement of the extension of matter or space, we would nevertheless have a realization that some things or areas were greater, larger, or smaller than others. The resourcefulness of the human mind would eventually, as it actually has done, assign some term for the division of the extension of things or space into units of measurement.

In the same manner that man's mind has given three dimensions to matter, it has also assigned three fundamental states to experiences of the consciousness. There is first the NOW — the present — that of which we are at the moment conscious through actual perception, through the medium of the five objective senses. By projecting the consciousness, by the means of imagination, beyond the *now*, beyond what we are actually conscious of at the moment through perception, we have another state or the FUTURE. Through the

process of recollecting impressions from the memory and re-registering them as a dominant thought in the consciousness, we are able to dwell in a third state of consciousness or the PAST. Actually there is no past or future, but only a *present*, but because there are hiatuses of consciousness—in other words intervals in our consciousness when we do not perceive at all for a fraction of a second—we are inclined to give these separate impressions an order or sequence which they do not actually have in order to permit sense impressions to be registered. This, however, is a consideration of the problems of epistemology, time and space, which problems gave early man little concern and in no way hindered his originating an idea of time or prevented him from having the illusions of a past and future. Consequently all human perceptions were categorically classified as to experiences had, that is, the *past* experiences, those of the moment or *present*, and those of probability or the *future*.

Thus when man endeavored to make of time a reality, a thing as real as the things about him which he saw, heard, or felt, it became necessary to give it likewise a form of measurement. It is easily understood why events themselves were first used for this purpose and became man's first clock. As time is a measurement of human consciousness, a means of dividing human experiences into states of *past*, *present*, and *future*, it was logical that the most outstanding events of these phases of time



should be the standards by which to indicate the period of other happenings. For instance, even today, we refer to something as happening during the time of the American Revolutionary War, the Franco-Prussian War, the great Japanese earthquake, et cetera. So, too, the ancients designated the time of incidents by relating them to prominent happenings. Ancient literature is replete with such phrases as: "the time of the plague," and "the reign of the beneficent one."

This method of designating time served well until these outstanding events became hazy memories and too difficult for the minds of the younger generation to place, and too difficult to determine just how long ago they occurred. For instance, they might not be able to place just when was "the reign of the mad king." Furthermore, the subsequent happening of like events made it confusing so that one was forced to say an incident occurred during "the reign of the first mad king," or "the reign of the second mad king," or during "the fifth or sixth plague"; in other words, the difficulty man encountered in establishing his calendar at first was in not having a fixed period or cycle—something that would never alter and which could be understood alike by all peoples at all times.

Eventually, no one knows just when—and in fact it occurred at different times among different races and peoples—it was discovered that certain phenomena occurred in nature with a periodicity that was dependable. During the long nights of millenniums past, when man's only illumination was his crude camp or hearth fire, he was wont to gaze heavenward, which was by far more inviting than the inky blackness of the shadows which surrounded him. The perforations of light over head, the blinking and strange arrangement of the stars, fascinated him. His fertile imagination pictured them as resembling animals, reptiles, and even humans. They became to him a vast celestial family about which he wove stories and legends, containing incidents resembling the affairs of himself and neighbors. In all probability the magnitude and brilliance of the moon made it to him the most impressive member of the celestial family. It was not long before he learn-

ed of its phases and its different positions in the heavens. The regularity of its changes must have also deeply impressed him.

Here then was a definite standard by which to measure the time of events. Things were then said to have occurred so many lunar periods past, or would probably occur so many lunar periods in the future. The lunar calendar was evolved. This lunar calendar was the first adopted by practically all early peoples. When it was adopted by the Egyptians, archaeologists and Egyptologists have never learned. The Egyptian calendar, from the early days of Memphis to the time of the Ptolemies, and in fact until the year 238 B. C., was always the same. It is assumed that it began as a lunar year of 354 days. In fact, the sign of the crescent is associated with fragments of early calendars found in the ruins of Medinet Habu.

Gradually it evolved into the calendar of 360 days, to which later the Egyptians added five epagomenal days to complete the difference between the time of the calendar year and the lunar year. There were twelve months, the Egyptian word for month being *Abudu*. The month was divided into three periods of ten days. The beginning was known as *Hati*, the middle *Abi*, and the end *Pahu*. The day, or *Haru*, in turn was divided into twelve hours of day and twelve hours of night. Each of the months was assigned a separate name. The Coptics in Egypt today are said to have names for the months which are nearly identical to the names given by the ancient Egyptians. These names of the months, divided into thirds of a year, are: *Thot*, *Paophi*, *Athyr*, *Choik*; *Tybi*, *Meshir*, *Phamenot*, *Pharmuti*; and *Pokhon*, *Payni*, *Epiphi*, *Mesori*.

However, concurrent with man's discovery of the periodicity of the cycles of the moon was his discovery of seasonal changes. His first great attainment was that of hoe culture, the working in the soil, tilling, planting, and harvesting. He could not fail to notice, therefore, in spring, as the eminent Sir James George Frazer has said: "The sight of the fresh green in brake and thicket, of vernal flowers blowing in mossy banks, of swallows arriving from the South, and of the sun mounting daily higher in the sky." He could not fail to observe that

this season was a time of rebirth that all nature was given to fertility, and that the winter season was one of dormancy, of dearth, of decline, bearing the breath of death. These seasons were compared with the periods of the life of man—birth, growth, fertility, and decline. Some seasons were obviously the occasions for great festivity and merriment and for thankfulness and prayer, and the winter was one for the spirit of dejection and of blind hope for the future.

That the time of these seasons favorably corresponded to periods of the lunar year must have been observed at an early date. It is understandable therefore that to the great masses of people the beginning of Spring should have constituted the beginning of the New Year. In ancient Egypt, however, there was a controversy as to when the year actually began. One small but learned group desired that the summer solstice be accepted as the beginning, or about June 21, since the heliacal rising at dawn of the star Sothis was always observed at that time and was a more dependable and accurate guide for the determination of a calendar than even the moon. From the standpoint of a scientific arrangement of the calendar it was more reliable, but from the point of view of a transition in nature and the beginning of a new cycle of life and of livelihood and of hope *Spring* was the beginning of the New Year, and not the fertile period of summer, nor the time of harvest when nature has performed her functions.

Men of the earliest civilizations, particularly primitive man, had more of an attachment to kindred manifestations of life than most men of today. All living things were their brethren. All of the forces of nature were thought to conceive and to bring forth, to live, to struggle, and even die, as man. Man seemed to sense his limitations and that he was more animalistic than intellectual or spiritual. His affections were therefore strong for all that which brought forth life, and his fear and hatred great for that which seemed to quell it. The sun, as the source of light and life-giving heat, was known to be a creative factor upon which all plant life, as well as animals and men depended. It was considered the paternal force in nature

in contrast to the earth which was maternal. Respect for the sun's creative propensity is shown by the many ceremonies in which it was paid homage, and by the prayers which were offered to it, and in which it was asked to bring forth from the earth extensive crops. Plutarch, ancient historian, says that offerings of resin, myrrh, and incense to the sun were made daily at sunrise, noon, and sunset by the ancient Egyptians; likewise in March at about the time of the vernal equinox.

In Egypt, and in other countries throughout the East, even today solemn ceremonies take place in March in celebration of the New Year, the beginning of the cycle of rebirth in nature. At such ceremonies, great feasts are held at which those attending partake of simple foods, corresponding to certain primary elements of nature. By this token, man recognizes his affinity with the elements of the earth from which he sprang. He prays that just as from such a simple chemical combination come the varied and elaborate species of nature, so, too, may there arise within him, transcending the simple elements of his nature, a greater being—a spiritual and enlightened self—having the beauty not only of body but of mind and morals. As from the crude clods of the earth and the drab seeds come fragrant and delicately colored flowers may there spring from his earthly nature a self possessed of the wisdom and immortality of the gods.

The Rosicrucian Order throughout the world recognizes the Spring equinox, therefore, as the actual beginning of the New Year and celebrates it in its lodges and chapters, and many members do likewise in their homes. The simple and beautiful ceremony for this celebration is not a religious or sectarian one, but rather one that embraces an understanding of the mystical significance of the beginning of the New Year and the meaning of the partaking of the simple food elements. As Rosicrucian traditional history recounts the establishment of the Rosicrucian Order in ancient Egypt, this March will begin Rosicrucian year 3,292. Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, Imperator of the Rosicrucian Order, has officially proclaimed that Tuesday, March 21 will be the first day of the New Year, according to the Rosicrucian



calendar. Astronomical configurations disclose that the sun will start its new course through the Zodiac of the heavens early on the morning of Tuesday, March 21.

The Emperor has recommended that all Rosicrucian lodges and chapters throughout the North and South American jurisdiction of the Order should hold their New Year's feasts and celebrations on Tuesday evening, March 21, and if that is not convenient, on Sunday evening, March 19. A date closer to March 21 is preferable. March 21, or the beginning of the Rosicrucian

New Year is also the end of the fiscal year of all Rosicrucian lodges and chapters and a time when new officers who have been appointed are installed and acquainted with their duties.

Rosicrucian students and members at large, who study in the privacy of their own home sanctums, may have a complete, simple, and very impressive and instructive Rosicrucian New Year's ritual for their personal home study and use by writing a letter to the Grand Secretary and requesting it and enclosing ten cents (postage stamps are not acceptable) to cover the cost of mailing.



An imperfect soul seeing what is good and great and true, but very often failing in the attempt to attain it, is apt to be very harsh in its judgments on the shortcomings of others. But a divine and sovereign soul—a soul that has more nearly attained to the measure of the perfect man—takes a calmer and gentler, because a larger-hearted view of those little weaknesses and indirectnesses which it can not but daily see.—*Farrar*.



A UNIQUE CEREMONY FOR ALL ROSICRUCIANS

Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, Emperor of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, in accordance with his custom, has proclaimed Tuesday, March 21, the beginning of the *Rosicrucian New Year*. This proclamation is founded upon the Rosicrucian calendar and astronomical configurations. For the interesting history of the origin of this event, read the article in this issue, page 49, entitled *The Rosicrucian New Year*. Every member of AMORC may have a manuscript containing the detailed and impressive ceremony for this traditional celebration of the Rosicrucian New Year for use in his home sanctum. Rosicrucian members will find it instructive and very appropriate for home use. Just send your request for a copy of *The Rosicrucian New Year Ceremony* to the Grand Secretary, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, and include ten cents to cover mailing costs. (Please do not send postage stamps.) This manuscript will be sent to AMORC members only.

IT IS TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT

Make your plans early. Let the year 1939 be one which you will long remember with pleasure. Let this summer be filled with the thrills of attending the Rosicrucian Convention beginning Sunday, July 9, and visiting the elaborate Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island in famous San Francisco Bay—but a few miles distant from Rosicrucian Park—with its many interests and activities. Everything in life that is worthwhile requires some sacrifice; therefore, spend a little and receive a great deal by attending this Rosicrucian Convention. *For study and pleasure in equal measure attend the Rosicrucian Convention.*

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Each month a paramount question of the day which engages the thoughts of millions of intelligent people throughout the world will be considered in this department. Each question will be answered by two different Rosicrucian members. The answers to the questions are not to be regarded as official statements of opinion of the editor of this publication, or of the officers of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC.

"SHOULD WOMEN WHOSE HUSBANDS ARE EMPLOYED BE BANNED FROM THE BUSINESS WORLD?"

Mr. Thomas B. Young, business executive and a man prominent in fraternal and civic affairs, states the opinion of many men on this world problem.

Mrs. A. F. Stark, an author of prominence, has analyzed this question in an interesting manner, from the viewpoint of the married professional woman.

THE average young couple of today, in getting married realize that—in order to maintain the standards of living each has been accustomed to, individually—both will have to continue to work, until such time at least, as they have acquired a home, furnished it and secured some of the essential luxuries of this modern age.

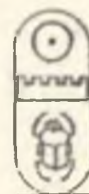
I believe this condition justifies a married woman holding her position in the business world, if her husband's income is not sufficient to allow them to secure the above mentioned assets. I also think these women should consider it an obligation to continue working after marriage, if by retiring from business they would be compelled to ask assistance from the state.

Another angle of the question is, that many women highly trained for business careers, have overlooked the need of any training to prepare them to assume the responsibility of being housewives and managing homes. As a result of

(Concluded on Page 58, Col. 1)

AS A woman who has never worked outside her home (and herewith devoutly hopes she may never have to). I believe the married woman who is willing to take on the burden of additional labor in the business world, so as to enjoy a few more of the luxuries of life, should be given preference over many married men and single women who are in constant protest that circumstances compel them to work at all. Work is never a crime against society, but it must be sanely adjusted to economic requirements so that the sincere efforts of one person, of either sex, do not conflict with those of another. In the case of married women workers, in most instances, they create a job for every one that they appropriate, by engaging someone to perform the domestic tasks for which they have no time. Then, too, many women are so peculiarly fitted for the business world that the net result of their domestic proclivities would give their homes the appearance of an abandoned rummage sale.

(Concluded on Page 58, Col. 2)





The Trial Bay Organ

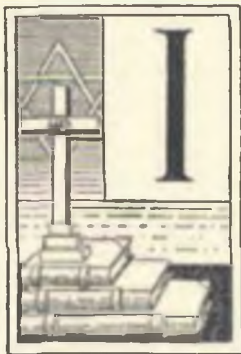
A PRODUCT OF WIT AND INGENUITY

By CARL VON COSEL

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Rosicrucian Digest seldom contains autobiographical material. In this instance an exception has been made because we feel that the following material constitutes a human-interest document which will appeal to the Robinson-Crusoe instincts of our readers. All of us frequently hear that "where there's a will there's a way," but we seldom find such an interesting concrete example of the adage.

Many years ago, Carl von Cosel travelled from India to Australia with the intention of proceeding to the South Sea Islands. He paused in Australia to collect equipment and suitable boats, and to become acquainted with prevailing weather and sea conditions. However, he became interested in engineering and electrical work there, bought property, boats, an organ, an island in the Pacific—so that he was still in Australia at the end of ten years. He had just begun to build a trans-ocean flyer when the war broke out and the British military authorities placed him in a concentration camp for "safe-keeping" along with many officers from India and China who were prisoners of war. Later he was removed to Trial Bay to a castle-like prison on the cliffs, and there the work described in this narrative was accomplished.

At the end of the war no prisoner was permitted to return to his former residence, but all were shipped to the prisoners' exchange in Holland. When Carl von Cosel was released he set out to find his mother from whom he had not heard since the beginning of the war. Finding her safe, he remained with her for three years, witnessing the chaos which followed in the wake of the war. The organ—which had been dedicated to her—was tuned and set up so that she might play it. Finally, she suggested that her son return to his sister in the United States and take the organ with him in memory of her. At present, Carl von Cosel and the organ are in Florida.



*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
March
1939*

IT WAS a bright morning that followed a stormy night in March, 1917, when I was strolling down the Rocks towards the beach of Trial Bay. The storm that had screamed and roared through the turrets of our castle all night long reminded me of a peculiar similar stormy night at my home in Darling Point, Sydney, which terminated in the appearance of a beautiful white veiled spirit (Aeyesha). This time, however, nothing of that kind happened, and be-

sides it would not be a suitable place for a beautiful woman to appear as we were a lot of men packed together from all parts of the world and interned as prisoners of war.

Each morning the bugle called us for the roll call in the prison yard. After this we went to the dining hall for breakfast, and the great iron gates were opened so that we could go down to the seashore until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour there was another roll call and the gates were closed for the night to prevent anyone from "harming" or "stealing" us, so they said.

Now the gates were open and I was going down to the water. The storm had calmed down but there were still smooth rolling seas from the Pacific running in among the heavy boulders of

granite-stone along the picturesque shoreline of the peninsula on which our prison, with its five white turrets and high stone walls, was built.

Searching among the boulders, I discovered long planks from ships, wedged deep in between the stones by the force of the dashing breakers. After some difficulty I managed to extricate these and haul them away to a place higher up, just above the line of highest water, where I commenced to build a castle on the rocks.

This so-called "castle" consisted merely of a levelled off terrace of granite stones with the back against the rocks, closed up on each end by a wall about three feet thick, with door openings. The roof joined the back surface of the rocks and rested on the walls on either side, while the front of the terrace was open so as to overlook the entire horizon of the Pacific Ocean. Along the sea side I raised up a wall three feet in height and about three feet thick, to guard against falling out, and to stop the incoming spray. On top of this breast-wall I rested columns to support the roof.

On the other side of my castle, near the beach, I found a large, black looking piece of log, about four feet thick, and round, and about the same length. It must have been tossed and rolled about for years by the seas as all edges had been rounded off very smoothly, like a ball, through the continuous grinding of the sand and the pumice stone, which is floating on the water in great quantities. This piece of a tree stump proved to be a very fine red cedar.

It came into my mind at once that I might use it to carve out an organ and I could almost see the instrument ready before me. All that was needed was to work out the measurements and details and to obtain the additional materials required for such work. For the present, there were no tools to do anything with, except the woodchopper axes from the kitchen and crosscut saws. All tools in our possession had been confiscated long ago. Still I had my pocket knife left at least, and my shaving kit with razor, and an odd file. We did not use razors very much as our toilet was indeed a very primitive one. We gave the appearance of having returned to the stone-age type of humanity. If it had

not been for our own splendid institutions, high college, small university, theater and our good orchestra, our conception and memory of civilization would have been severely shaken. Even the sight of a woman or a child had become to us something like a dream of long ago. Blessed the one among us who still had a picture of such a treasured being. He was eagerly watched for, just to get a look at that picture!

I am only trying to give a fairly true view of the conditions we were living under, and the state of our minds as a result of such isolation for a length of time. Each of us had the inclination to do something, but what? It proved a great difficulty for many to get over that profound weariness and they helplessly brooded away to a lethargy bordering on insanity, the tropical sun and heat of Australia helping toward such drowsiness. Of course, many years of living in such a climate had taught me the way to keep body and soul in a fit state by having my regular dip in the breakers every morning before breakfast all the year round like clockwork. This, I found a splendid way to keep well and fit in all kinds of weather.

The need for better tools made me look around for something I could convert into such. I knew there was still an old railway line to a nearby quarry, where the old convicts used to cut stones. These rails at first sight looked rusty, but almost as good as other rails. I thought if I could break off a small piece of a rail and hammer it flat to form a wood chisel, I would be well served, as I knew English rails are made of tool steel. When I took a stone and knocked against a rail to see how much rust was on it, to my surprise the whole rail crumbled to pieces of nothing but rust. So I continued knocking until I found a small strip of metal left inside, about twice as thick as a leadpencil. That was all that was left of what looked like a complete rail. Thank goodness, for that was just what I needed to form small tools.

All that was needed was to make a fire in among the rocks from driftwood, lay the piece in it, hammer it flat when red hot, and chill it again in a tin with seawater. It did not take me long and I had a set of chisels of different sizes and a couple of carving tools. In this



way too, I made a drill for wood screws and also a screw driver. The grinding of these tools I did with seawater and sea-sand on a plate of granite stone. All the rocks on which the prison stands are granite.

There are a great number of springs required in an organ, for valves and keys, etc. I remembered having seen, somewhere about the rocks, old steel cables, but really, I did not require them for a while. Still, I thought somebody else might use them for some other purpose in the meantime, and then when I would almost have finished with the organ, I would have no wire to make springs. So I decided to go out and look for this cable, and fortunately I secured a sufficient number of good pieces to last me for my work and stored them away in my castle.

Now, every day from morning till night, I was intent on my job. Searching the shore for anything more that might be useful for my work, I discovered a whole bunch of copper wire twisted in all shapes, and a few pieces of brass sheathing. All of this I collected, along with a number of brass screws from wreckage strewn on the shore, and carried it to my castle.

I already had too many things to take care of by this time, and more would be needed, so I decided to dig out a store-room inside of the rocks. It was getting to be a necessity to protect my precious goods against other beach-combers, because I noticed quite a number of our men collecting almost anything for the building of garden houses.

I had just commenced digging, when suddenly Vappo, an Indian Priest, entered and told me with profound sadness that he saw they were already cutting up my treasured cedar log and carrying it away as firewood. Vappo was one of the Buddha Priests of Ceylon, of whom we had seven, and I knew his words were the truth. The High Priest was Nyanatiloka Thero from India. They were great friends of mine, and Vappo, with a figure like a Hercules, proved a real help to me.

So I said "Come along, Vappo, let us see about my cedar log." I found that it was my friend, deHaas, who had carried the log alongside his cooking kitchen. Of course, he gave me the cedar for my organ and I gave him

other driftwood for his fireplace. And Vappo proved his strength in picking up the big pieces and carrying them with real pleasure into my castle. Before doing so, he divested himself of his priestly toga and, covered only by the loincloth or sarong, he could get along better. He was a brave fellow, begging that his God might forgive him if he divest himself for a noble work. In his mind he could imagine the divine sound of the organ. I, too, had dreamed I played on this organ a most wonderfully divine piece of music with variations carrying beyond into eternity. In my private life, I always selected the organ as the most perfect musical instrument, and I always had one in my room, but since the beginning of the war I had had to part with everything.

In the meantime, I had calculated and worked out details and measurements of the pipes and finally got down to the dimensions of the organ. I found I had to be contented with eight feet tone as the limit for depth, and the greatest length of pipes could be not over five feet. Of course, there was no limit up the scale, but for musical reasons I did not go beyond the two foot tone. That means the deepest tone, or the biggest pipe in the two foot tone scale is really two feet long. However, I insisted on two keyboards of five octaves each beginning at C, just like a regular church organ.

The pipes had to be made out of cedarwood to match all the other parts of the organ. The inside valve chests, however, were to be made from a denser kind of wood, from one single piece as there was no glue in the camp. The keyboards were to be made from a white sort of wood, and possibly overlaid with white bone, or I would rather have liked mother of pearl, if there was time for it (but I never had time and finally got enamel).

After looking round, I found a snow-white wood in the coffee boxes from Java, which were used in our kitchen. They were nice, straight boxes, which I used for keys and for windboxes, but papered inside carefully so as to render them air tight. Now, for a suitable board for the valve chest I had to look round quite a while, but finally found this piece standing inside the military canteen. It was a fine piece of Kauri-

board, perfectly straight, 10 feet by 2 feet by about 1½ inch thick. I said, "This is just the piece I have been looking for." The sergeant smiled and said, "You can't have that. It belongs to the Major." After asking the Major, he told me I could have it for the price he paid—I believe it was half a crown. Triumphant, I carried it down to my ocean domicile.

It was now getting over-crowded with stuff and it was time to make room somehow. There had been a crevass between the slabs of rocks at the back of my terrace and I began to explore this and soon found by removing some small rubble that it was possible to clear out a room inside the rocks, which I noticed would extend farther if properly done. Generally my faithful Vappo appeared when I was in need of some particular help, just as if he were called by an invisible agency, and he came this time. "Hello Vappo, just in time, I need your help."

"I know that," he said, "that is why I have come."

We had to remove what seemed like a few tons of stones of various sizes and calibre, before I could store away my material in this secret chamber. In a couple of days, however, everything was carefully placed inside. The large piece of cedar, of course, had to be cut into useful slabs of 4 and 6 inch thickness. To save as much as possible of that treasured wood it would have to be cut with a saw. I went up to the military store and borrowed a crosscut saw, but it had to be returned to the store every evening promptly. I wedged the large pieces of wood in an upright position in a crevass between two boulders of rocks and drove small wedge-shaped stones in around it so as to make it perfectly rigid, as though held in a vice. Then I started four to five cuts from the upper surface straight downwards parallel to each other, Vappo on one side and I on the other end of that blessed saw. After a few crooked starts we managed to get the saw to cut a straight line until it was deep enough in the wood so as to guide itself.

Hours and hours we sawed, pausing occasionally to wipe off the sweat. Then: "Salute Sahib, I believe I can relieve you. I see you are getting tired out, Herr von Cosel," called the High

Priest of India who had just entered. I said "You are right, Nyanatiloka, it is hard work. You may try it if you wish." And he laid down his priestly toga and shared the work with Vappo for another hour.

These cuts, of course, could only be made as far as the stone wedges which were holding the timber, for it would never do to cut into the hard granite rocks. It was hard enough to cut the long timbers. After cutting it as far as it would go, which was about three-quarters of the length, we had to release the log from the stones and turn it upside down, and begin new cuts again, so as to exactly meet the others. It did not meet exactly in some cases, but was near enough so that it was only just roughing it. The final shaping would have to be done with wood chisel and plane.

Yes, a plane. Such a thing I had still to make. In a case like that I was never lost, as long as such a thing could be made at all. I had made several chisels from rails, so I took a piece of Australian firewood from the kitchen (Australian wood is as hard as iron). This piece I trimmed nice and square, and in the middle cut a neat hole with a small chisel, so as to fit a piece of steel in it and a wedge to hold it. I must say this very plane has done good work and I have it yet.

The cutting of the big crosscut saw, however, did not please me at all, as it made a clear slot through my precious log, every time, of at least half an inch. This was a waste of a lot of material, particularly as I needed quite a lot of thin boards for the pipes three-eighths to one-quarter inch thick.

At last I discarded the idea of cutting these thin boards altogether, and decided to use only cigar-box boards of cedar for pipes. These boxes were lying in the rubbish among the rocks on the shore in great numbers. I selected the good ones among them and found them mostly marked "Habana" and some of them "Manila." These little boards were nice and straight but too short for the longer pipes. That meant that I would have to discover a cement for cementing them together. There was nothing to be found inside the camp for such a purpose, so we had to search outside in the woods where our men cut firewood for



the kitchen. There, we found a gum crusted beneath the bark of a strange looking Australian tree. Of this we collected a bagful and also some nice straight growing, long Eucalyptus spars and carried them back to our home by the sea.

The long spars I put under the roof of my terrace like rafters and cross-beams. On top of them we stretched out a waterproofed thick sail canvas bought from a shipping manager interned with us. At last, I had a dry place to work, which meant a lot to us. On the sea-front, the roof was open to give an unrestricted view of the ocean. This filled a great need for me as I was used to seeing the horizon. I could almost feel myself on the bridge of some vessel going ahead. It made me free in mind, although a prisoner, and I could think and work better. I often watched the storms approaching and the sea gulls flying, and the albatross gliding against the gale.

It carried me back to my boyhood when I had built myself a pair of wings and a tail from bamboo sticks covered with silk. It was a perfect aeroplane, like the present day planes. It was just big enough to carry my own person and with this I practiced gliding through the air. Of course, I had to jump off from some high point because I had no motor in it. This jumping off set the people

laughing at me, so I decided to make my flying or hopping off only at moonlight nights in the park of the Villa Cosel.

I selected a small hill. It contained an ancient hero grave. There I had no on-lookers, but somehow the dogs of nearby farmers started barking as they saw the big shadow fly in the moonlight. From this time on, it got around among the farmers of the village that always at moonlight, the spirit appeared from that grave. Nobody disturbed me, but I stopped the practice for the time as my father told me that in a similar case, when he was young, a hunter shot a man down when flying, thinking him to be a bird.

I just mention this because by carefully watching the movements of those birds, I seemed all of a sudden to penetrate the long-thought-of secret of flying, and at once held it fast as a gift of the heavens, thinking over it occasionally and how to apply it to an aeroplane, until gradually it became mechanical limbs. I then made a sketch of it and hid it away for future times, never mentioning it to anyone. Similarly, I have done with other new ideas like a gasoline motor, a new steam motor, a new submersible, etc. All of these ideas originated from that castle by the sea, while building that very organ, and finally this instrument has been the safe and treasure chest to guard all these ideas.

(To be concluded)



QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

(Continued from Page 53)

By Thos. B. Young

this condition they feel that by continuing in business, they can afford to hire competent housekeepers and thus create work for other women, and in this way both positions are filled by experts, in their individual work.

*The
Rosicrucian
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March
1939*

I do not believe any woman should work, no matter what her position or income, if her husband's income is sufficient to supply all of their requirements for their standard of living.

By Mrs. A. F. Stark

In answer to those who say a woman should retire to the easier life of the home, a chorus of millions of voices will reply that a housewife's yearly mileage about her home has been estimated as the distance across the United States. Therefore, the woman who remains at home is certainly not, in most instances, seeking an easier position; and if she desires to add to her burden outside duties for the benefits they will afford her, she is entitled to do so.



The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most highly developed and spiritually advanced members and workers of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. It is a focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at this time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called "Liber 777" describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members if they address their requests for this book to Friar S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps. (*Please state whether member or not—this is important.*)

EARTHLY CATHEDRALS



ANY centuries ago in the southern part of France, known as Gaul, there was built a very beautiful and impressive cathedral in which the provincial men and women who were more or less living in serfdom might worship.

The greatest architects, artists and artisans of the period gave much of their time and effort to making this particular cathedral not only magnificent but eternally beautiful with the thought that it might last

throughout the centuries as a place for the worship of God and the Heavenly Hosts. It was hardly completed when the strife and dissension among sects of people over religious doctrines brought about earthly warfare, and during the course of the strained conditions, the cathedral, being so large and centrally located, was invaded by the hosts of war and the beautiful choir stalls and central nave were used for the keep of horses and cattle, and the magnificent carvings on wood and metal were battered and ruined by the warring hosts, thus desecrating the very purpose and intent of the cathedral.

The people were forced to do their worshipping at home, in privacy or in hiding, oft-times under bushes and



boughs in the fields, or in underground passageways, solely for their physical protection. But they found God there nevertheless, and they learned that although the beautiful cathedral still remained with its spires pointing heavenward, their consciousness could be lifted even higher than the highest spire. And in due course of time the cathedral became vacated even of priests and clergymen for they found it safer to commune with God in privacy than in such aggrandized form. The cathedral stands to this very hour as an historical monument of man's misconception of the proper approach to God.

The Cathedral of the Soul is another conception. Its lofty place beyond the world, easily reached by the consciousness of man, its silence, its protection against desecration and defilement, make it a continual place of peace and

rest. And those whose souls are longing for the ecstasy of subliminal communion and divine contact approach and reach this Cathedral of the Soul daily, almost hourly, and find therein health, strength, and all that is tonic to both body and soul.

If you have not enjoyed the privilege and benefit of this communion, regardless of sectarianism, creed or doctrine, and with all of the mercy, love and justice with which God can ensconce man, send for the little booklet *Liber 777* and learn how you may start at once without obligation, without earthly dictation, without worldly limitation, without discrimination of race, color or creed, to commune with God and the Heavenly Hosts in the privacy of your own home by lifting yourself and your consciousness to this great cathedral for moments at a time.



FOR STUDY AND PLEASURE IN EQUAL MEASURE ATTEND THE
ROSICRUCIAN CONVENTION



"We are weak in action," says Renan, "by our best qualities; we are strong in action by will and a certain one-sidedness."—"The moment Byron reflects" says Goethe, "he is a child." Byron had no self-knowledge. We have all known people who were ready and sure in action, who did not know themselves at all. Your weakness or strength as a person comes out in action; your weakness or strength as an intellectual force comes out in reflection.—*John Burroughs.*

NEW YORKERS TO HEAR ROSICRUCIAN RADIO PROGRAMS

Beginning Wednesday, February 15, at 9:15 P. M., Eastern Standard time, the new Rosicrucian programs will be broadcast over Radio Station WQXR, on 1550 kilocycles. Each Wednesday thereafter Hubert Hughes, forceful speaker, will present one of the fascinating discourses in the series entitled, "Mysteries of Life." These talks concerning the everyday problems of men and women, with their interesting analyses of the phenomena of nature, are attracting considerable attention in various sections of the United States and in foreign countries where they are now being broadcast. All Rosicrucians of New York and vicinity are urged to have their many friends, *those who are non-members*, listen to these programs, for they will find them not only enjoyable but beneficial.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
March
1939*



The Immortal Man

By FRATER EUSTAQUIO PASCUA ALCABEDAS



CASUAL glance at the title of this article will doubtless cause some readers to curl up their lips and shake their heads with disapproval. Such a reception will not be a surprise to me. Once I was among those of my readers who do not believe in

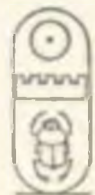
the immortality of man.

Some one cast into the form of an unchallenged syllogism the popular belief of his time that man is mortal. "All human beings are mortal; man is a human being; therefore, man is mortal," argue the followers of the ancient logician. Ages before his time that belief was already well established and accepted as an indisputable fact in the knowledge of humankind. Perhaps, the idea had its origin among men now lost in the dim ages of antiquity whence it was conserved and passed down to our modern times for acceptance with the force of a postulate even among a great majority of our thinkers today.

However, ideas and thoughts, impressions and conceptions, are progressive and can never be fossilized. A fact of knowledge in the past may be no better than a proof of ignorance at the present. What was considered science yesterday may be nothing more than horse sense today. For instance, there was the case of the ancient Greeks believing

in the flatness of the earth in contradistinction to our spherical conception of it now. Likewise, did not the scientific world somersault from its acceptance of the *Ptolemaic Syntax of Astronomy* to the Copernican *Revolution of the Celestial Orbs*? Again, who among the physicians of his time did not scoff and ignore Dr. William Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood? And who did not ridicule and reject John Dalton's exposition of the chemical composition and atomic weights of matter when he propounded them to his contemporaries?

In view of this continual evolution of our interpretations of things and phenomena, there is no proposition that can very well preclude the test of investigation. It is not at all impossible, therefore, that our syllogism on the mortality of man may be recast after all. For of the syllogism, Sir Francis Bacon himself had this to say: "In accordance with this end is also the nature and order of the demonstrations. For in the ordinary logic almost all the work is spent about the syllogism. Of induction the logicians seem hardly to have taken any serious thought, but they pass it by with a slight notice, and hasten on to the formulae of disputation. I, on the contrary, reject demonstration by syllogism, as acting too confusedly, and letting nature slip out its hands. For although no one can doubt that things which agree in a middle term agree with one another, yet leaves an opening for deception, which is this. The syllogism consists of propositions; propositions of words; and words are the tokens and



signs of notions. Now if the very notions of the mind be improperly and over-hastily abstracted from facts, vague, not sufficiently definite, faulty in short in many ways, the whole edifice tumbles. I therefore reject the syllogism; and that not only as regards principles but also as regards middle propositions; which though obtainable no doubt by the syllogism, are, when so obtained, barren of works remote from practice, and altogether unavailable for the active department of the sciences. Although therefore I leave to the syllogism and these famous and boasted modes of demonstration their jurisdiction over popular arts and such as are matter of opinion, yet in dealing with the nature of things I use induction throughout, and that in the minor propositions as well as the major. For I consider induction to be that form of demonstration which upholds the sense, and closes with nature, and comes to the very brink of operation, if it does not actually deal with it."

It is clear from this elucidation of the Father of Modern Philosophy that the syllogistic conclusion on the mortality of man in order to be accepted *ipse dixit*, must be established from infallible premises. But is the case now under investigation certain in its major premise? In other words, can we say that all human beings are mortal? If so, why is there such a reverence for such personalities as answer to the names of Washington, Hugo, Shakespeare, Goethe, Tolstoy, Cervantes, Dante, Confucius, Buddha, and Rizal to mention only a few in the Cosmic Hall of Immortality. Is not this due to the fact that each and all of them are still a vital factor in the progress of civilization and the world? That although they are no longer in their former visible bodies, they still exist as individual personalities moving with us and living among us along the path of evolution *ad infinitum*? If so, then we can say that, although we categorize them as human beings, they still stand out before us as among the countless immortals of the world.

Our examples thus far have been chosen from historical figures. Can we say the same thing of contemporary personages? There are President Roosevelt, Rabindranath Tagore, H. G. Wells, Einstein, Quezon, and other luminaries

too numerous to mention. Although they are human beings, who can say that they are not now standing in bold outlines gracing the threshold of immortality? And can we not say that the few that we have thus sighted at random are not exceptions to the rule? But if they are, can they not serve to prove the rule? For certainly there is yet the great multitude of human beings throughout the world to consider. Is there any immortality for them as we maintain the case to be among those we have listed above? To answer this question let us delve more deeply into the subject.

We might start at this juncture by differentiating the human being from the mortal being. And better still include in our scale of comparison the immortal being. Obviously the mortal being cannot be immortal, and vice versa, for a thing can never be its opposite. Can we say the same thing when the human being is brought into a contrast with either the mortal or immortal being? Most certainly not. If then we are not sure that the human being is the opposite of either the mortal or immortal being, where will the human being really stand? Is it not possible to assert, and then subsequently demonstrate, that the human being partakes of the nature of both mortality and immortality? In an attempt to thresh out this question it is important that we come to an understanding and knowledge of what is really this being we call Man.

Notwithstanding the definitions of the dictionary and the analysis of materialistic science, the world today is gradually coming to the absolute realization that man is a dual being. It cannot be denied that man in his manifestation is capable of performing both a physical and a psychic function. To accomplish these functions man must be possessed of two distinct vehicles, each especially adapted to the nature of the work necessary to sustain the life principle and to the medium in which each vehicle is to manifest and function.

By a subtle admonition, a sudden inspiration, or an impelling revelation, man without going through the least bit of reasoning comes upon an intelligence vouchsafing his protection or salvation. Perhaps he may be puzzled to compre-

hend whence and how it all came but it is there just the same. Following the intuition he later finds himself saved from an impending danger and inevitable loss or destruction. Prompted at times, however, by reason, he argues and deviates from the intuition only to find himself the victim of an appalling delusion. Awakening from the hazardous and costly trials of gruelling experience and the mellowing and salutary cycles of evolution and devolution, he learns to distinguish between the discerning mind and the erring brain.

Evidently we find that man in sustaining the principles of life is possessed of a material brain and an immaterial mind. That the brain manifests through the objective process of reason and the mind through the subjective hint of intuition. That intuition is as alien to the brain as reason is unnecessary to the mind. That the brain is fashioned for the physical demonstration as the mind is designed for the psychic manifestation. In common usage, however, the mind is often confounded with the brain and the brain is generally taken to mean the mind. But how can the intangible, imperishable mind be one and the same thing as the tangible, perishable brain—when we know that either a thing is or is not and that it can never be its opposite?

A close study of man's mental processes will clearly reveal that the mind is of the immaterial plane and subjective world while the brain is of the material plane and objective world. The objective faculties of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling contact the material, physical world and report their sensation to the brain through the nervous system. The brain in its turn transforms the sensory codes into such finer vibrations as are capable of reception by the objective or conscious mind. This objective mind by a series of comparisons and classifications then sets to categorize these subtle vibrations and ideas or thoughts are formed therein. These ideas and thoughts are instantly transmitted to the memory in the subjective or subconscious mind where they are stored as recollections for future use; or perhaps upon the instance of reason or will power, they are immediately relayed to the brain whence they are released to the motor nerves in

order to produce such voluntary motion or action according to the needs of the moment. Beside voluntary actions, however, man has a capacity for involuntary actions.

These involuntary actions are all beyond the control of the conscious or objective mind. Thus it is that even when we are sound asleep and unconscious, the beating of the heart, the process of breathing, the work of metabolism, the revitalization of the exhausted body, and similar functions essentially necessary to sustain the principles of life are carried on with perfect regularity and precision just as when we are wide awake. All these functions are of the immaterial, psychic body under the care and direction of the subjective or subconscious mind which is, we might say for want of a better term, a perpetual motion machine. Other cognitions of the subconscious mind are done through the sympathetic nervous system and by the instinctive, intuitive, and emotive faculties which link the brain to the subjective world and immaterial plane, as the brain is linked through the objective senses with the objective world and material plane.

To recapitulate, we can say then that man has two planes of existence, the conscious and unconscious planes, as well as two forms of action, the voluntary and involuntary actions. That dual in consciousness and dual in action, he is likewise dual in mentality or mental direction and control. That this duality of being poises man between the everlasting immaterial world and the changeable material world, between the Cosmic sphere of spiritual essence and the mundane sphere of physical form. That in the former he manifests and functions with his invisible, subtle psychic body and in the latter with his visible, gross physical body. In short, man is not only mundane but also divine, possessing both a deathless spiritual entity and a transitory material vehicle.

Now then, we may ask, which is the real man? Is it the changeable, perishable physical form or the everlasting spiritual essence of his being? In the Good Book we read, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." To those who are well



versed in the secret of chemical composition there is in this passage an illustration of the Law of Harmony and Proportion and a perfect embodiment of the Law of the Triangle. Just as hydrogen and oxygen can in accordance with the latter law be formed into water, or just as blue and yellow can be combined to produce green, so in the case of man, the living soul and image of God is created of the dust of ground together with the breath of eternal life.

This Living Soul, which is the quintessence of the Breath of Life and the Dust of Ground, is therefore the Real Man, the Immortal Man and True Image of God. For in the question of choice between the chaff and the grain,

or between the tinsel and the gold, who would not forego the chaff or the tinsel and pick the grain or the gold?

So, fittingly therefore, we might repeat to those who cannot see in the separation of the evolving soul from the devolving clay that

"Life is real and life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art and to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul,"

as the poet has knowingly sung, for certainly he must have discerned the divine secret of the evolution and devolution of the forms of life, which by the way is the opposite of death, in the scheme of the universe or the Plan of the Cosmic.



Bad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*



ST. LOUIS ROSICRUCIAN RADIO PROGRAMS

We invite our members and friends of St. Louis, Missouri, and vicinity to tune to Radio Station KWK, 1350 kilocycles, every Monday night at 9:30 P. M., Central Standard Time. Each program in the series of broadcasts, entitled "The Mysteries of Life," consists of a separate, forceful, intimate, and most interesting discourse on human problems and the application of the laws of nature to them. The programs are extremely practical, as well as enlightening. They are made inspiring by the interspersions of select organ music numbers. The speakers have been chosen because of their impressive voices, which you will enjoy hearing. We ask that you kindly make every effort to have as many of your friends as possible, *particularly those who are not Rosicrucians*, listen to this broadcast so that they may respond to the exceptional offer which will be made.

LET OTHERS KNOW

We all enjoy sharing an amusing story or incident with others, or telling them of an excellent place to dine or where to spend a week end—why not pass along an interesting article which you have read in your *Rosicrucian Digest*, and which you found inspiring or timely? Lend your Rosicrucian Digest to another to read, particularly if the issue contains some word or thought which may be of benefit to the reader. You not only spread the worthy doctrines of AMORC, but you do the friend or acquaintance a definite favor.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
March
1939*

PAGES from the PAST



JOHN HEYDON

In this department we present excerpts from the writings of famous thinkers and teachers of the past. These give our readers an opportunity of knowing their lives through the presentation of those writings which typify their thoughts. This month we present an excerpt from the work of John Heydon, philosopher, alchemist and Rosicrucian apologist.

In earlier issues of the Rosicrucian Digest (March, 1937 to August 1937) we presented the first section of Heydon's book, "The Holy Guide," explaining that this portion of the book was a reprint of Bacon's "New Atlantis" in which Heydon had made minor changes which brought out Bacon's connection with the Rosicrucians, and to which he had added a brief sketch of his own life. For this interesting biographical material—which includes mention of his persecution by Cromwell, his avoidance of romantic attachments, and an account of his works—we refer you to the August 1937 issue of The Rosicrucian Digest.

Talbot's "Life of John Heydon," the authentic biography, first appeared as a preface to "The Wise Man's Crown," one of Heydon's works. While it is now impossible to procure this book, a condensed version of Talbot's description can be found in Waite's "History of the Rosicrucians." The account includes mention of several of Heydon's prophecies which were fulfilled, a description of his personal charm and the women who were piqued at his indifference, accusations of witchcraft which were brought against him, and a list of his works.

CRITICISM OF THE UNFAMILIAR—A Defense of Secrecy



FIRST of all to put by a few of the light things laid against this blessed Science, because, albeit they be gathered but by guess, besides all grounds of certainty; yet they have so wholly possessed the common people, yea, and some of the

better and wiser sort likewise, that without any further search or hearing of the matter, they have straight-way cast it off for false, and condemned it; for when as once sleep hath taken the fort of the body, the senses yield, and can do nothing; so if wrong belief get once possession of the soul, reason is laid to rest, and cannot move again before that

mist be loosened, put to flight and scattered.

First, say they, since there be seen in all places and times, so many hundreds with great paines, heed and cunning, to study this Art, and put the Receipts in practice: now if they were true and faultless, as others are, some should appear to hit the mark, and to gather the fruits of their travel, and not live as they do, of all men most miserable; or at least, because it is so ancient an Art, it would have been recorded in some public or private writing, besides their own, which be it bound with never so deep oaths (as it is) yet it is insufficient proof and witness in their own case.

These be the most capable reasons, and best approved among the people, wherewith they use to batter this exchanging sequence: but mark how light and weak they be, and easie to be wiped away; for how could the acts and deeds



of these R. C. Philosophers and Physicians come into the writings and Records of men (to begin there with them) whose fame, nay, whose company they have ever shunned? and when they own Records, if they chance to light of any thing that was not sown abroad, and published to the world as is the use of worldlings; but left like most precious Jewels unto some friend of secret trust, which was counted as a Son adopted, upon condition to keep it still within the house and stock of Hermes, from the eyes and hands of the world and strangers, running evermore, like the wise starres, a contrary race unto the world, that no mervaille, though they be both, in like sort crossed by the world, and miss-called wanderers (or Planets) when indeed and truth they goe better. Now when they deem credit to be denied to the men's report and witness, it is a sign that either their own report and witness is of light and little weight, whereby they judge of others; or else, that their thoughts are vain and phantastical, puffed up, I mean with that new kind of self-love and overweening wisdom, to set up themselves, and pull down Authorities; of which sort it falls out most commonly in people, that while they strive to avoid the lake of superstition, they run headlong un-awares down the river of impiety; for if such a wide breach and entry may be suffered to be made into the credit and authority of the Writers, which are the life of Antiquity and light of Memory, great darkness and confusion will soon come in and overcast the world; yea, and so far forth at length, as naught shall be believed and judged true that is not seen; that even they which dwell in the main land, shall not grant a sea; . . .

Who can in common reason refuse the solemn oaths of so good, wise and learned men? for he is good for the love for Virtue itself; he that is wise to avoid the shame of lying, will speak the truth . . . they maintain that by a Heavenly Medicine they have made great and wonderful changes, turned all metals into Gold, Folly into Wisdom, Vice into Virtue, Weakness into long Life, all Diseases into sound Health, and Age into Lustiness and Youth again; How can you disprove them? when did you see the contrary: you surely know the nature of the deeds and effects; for they

require great knowledge; but their Medicines you never saw, nor can imagine what they are, much less conceive the *Reason, Strength, and Nature* of them; nay you see nothing, but grope and blunder in the dark, like blind-folded men at all things; else how could these exchanges have escaped, and been hid from you, in a world so full of all kinds of changes? I mean you see great and admirable things (albeit you do not so take them, because you see them often) but you do not truly see them, that is, you perceive not the nature, cause and reason of them, and that makes you so childish to believe naught unseen, and count all things wondrous which are not common among you; much like that harmless and silly kind of people, of late discovered, which made miracles and wonders of many matters, that in other countrys are ordinary and common, in so much as (to take one for all) they could not conceive how two men asunder could by letter certify one another, unless a spirit were wrapt up in the paper to make report, and tell the news; but if you and they could once, by this Guide and Art cut into the depth and nature of the great and marvelous works of kind and skill, which are common and daily among you; then, and not till then, you would be ready and easy by comparison to receive almost anything unseen, and brought by report unto you. Let me awake your wits a little; you see daily, but not thoroughly, how the Moon by her Sympathy with the spirit of the water draws the Ocean after her, makes the ebbs and flowings thereof: it is likewise commonly known, that the Loadstone in the roof of Mahomet his Church, draws up his iron Tomb from the ground, and holds it hanging in the middle way; like as the miners in Germany, found their tools which they had left in such a Vault, hanging in the morning; which was accounted for a miracle before such time as the cause, by the skilful, was seen and declared unto them. What should I say more of this Stone? it is not unknown that there are whole rocks thereof in India, drawing ships that pass by loaded with iron unto them: and yet we see that this mighty Stone, in presence of the Diamond, the King of Stones, is put out of office, and can do nothing.

To come abroad, it hath been often seen at Sea, that the little Stayfish cleaving to the fore-ship, hath stopped her full course.

I should now pass over to that other side of skill and craft, and call to mind many great and wondrous works there done and performed; the curious work of that Italian Ring, which held a Clock besides a Diall within it; these three common feats found out of late, passing all inventions of Antiquity, the Gun, Card, and Printing, and many other dainty Devices of man's wit and cunning; if this short and narrow speech appointed would suffer any such outridings, let these few serve to awake you, and call your wits together: you see these things I say, and are never moved; but if you had never seen them, but heard the stories only reported, what would you have thought and said? and because no man judgeth so well of himself as of another; suppose a plain and harmless people, such as those Indians were, had from the beginning dwelt in a CAVE under ground, let it be the Center if you will, and at the last one man more wise than the rest, had by stealth crept out into the light: And by long travel and traffic with our people had seen and learned the course of nature of things which I have rehearsed unto you, and then returning home, had suddenly started up and begun to account the wonders which he had seen and learned: first, that he had found the earth hanging in the middle of the air, and in like sort a bright and goodly cover compassing afar off the same; this cover beset and sprinkled with infinite lights and candles, and among the rest, one (to be short) of a foot in bigness to his sight, without all touching, or other means or instruments to be perceived, to hold and pull huge heaps of water after her, as she passed up and down continually, would they not shout and lift up their hands, and begin to suspect the man of infection with strange and travelling manners?

But admit, when the noise were done, and all husht, he went forward and told them of such a Church and Vault with other things, as well, and more strange than the earth (for that cannot be otherwise, unless heavy things flew up against Nature) hanging in the air alone, and of such hills, that as the sun

waters, draws ships out of their courses, without any strength or means visible; furthermore, if he laid abroad the wonderful might of a little fish, like half a foot long, able to stay the main course of a ship under sail: do you not think with what sour countenances and reviling words, and reproaches, they would bait and drive him out of their company? But if the good and painful man burning with desire to reform the estate of this rude and deformed country, would not be stayed so, but spying a calmer time, durst come in presence and step forth before them again, and say, that by his travel he had made such a ring as I speak of; such warlike Engines as should fall as fearfull as thunder, and as hurtfull as a canon fired at a fort, a mile off planted; with a kind of writing, whereby four men might record as much in the same time as four thousand of the common Clerks; Such a Card, wherewith a Country-man that never saw the Sea, shall sit in the bottom of a Ship, and direct the course thereof throughout the world without missing; Is it not like they would apprehend him for a cousener, and adjudge him to punishment? Then put the case you stood by and saw the matter, I appeal to your own experience, would you not think the Traveler worth pity and praise, and the People of reformation?

Well then, let us return to our purpose; there is a Nation of wise men dwelling in a soyle as much more blessed (than yours) as yours is than theirs of the Deserts, that is, as they bide under ground, and you upon the face of the roof: so these men inhabit the edge and the skirt of Heaven; they daily see and work many wondrous things, which you never saw nor made, because you never mounted so high to come among them; if any one chance to fly away from you to those heavenly places, and after like experience, to return and make the like reports, you give him the like rewards; (compare the rest) I say no more; but if God would give you leave and power to ascend to those high places, I mean to these heavenly thoughts and studies, you might quickly, by view of deep causes, and divine secrets and comparison of one to another, not onely believe the blessed Art, but also learn and perform the same, and cure all the diseased.





The Starvation of the World

By SOROR WINIFRED M. RAWLINGS



ODAY, the world is suffering from a soul starvation. Nations as well as people have sought to accumulate possessions, powers, mineral resources, and supremacy. Each nation, like a spoiled child, seeks to reach the head of the class and be the teach-

er's pet, and, like the teacher's pet, does not always reach the top by right of merit. Its covetous eye and predatory hands have reached out and clutched at the thing or position desired. The body of the nation, or individual, may grow rich and bloated like cattle fattened for the killing, but the soul is starved, and life depends wholly upon the health of the soul and not on the fatness of the body.

The age of a nation is a long time as compared to the age of the individual, yet both are less than a single intake of breath in the life of a universe, and the life of a universe is relatively as fleeting in the greater cosmos. The average span of human life is three score and ten and that of a nation averages a thousand years of usefulness. Before then it is a young country seeking to find its place in the sun, and like its smaller counterpart it grows, reaches adulthood, then decays and dies. From the beginning of time this has been so.

A new nation rises out of the ashes of the old one. Its inhabitants increase and multiply as do the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields. But unlike the birds and the beasts which can roam the whole world and find a nesting place, man is limited by the boundaries of his own making, and these boundaries of his country do not expand with the increasing internal pressure, they bulge and in bulging encroach on those of his neighbors.

But might does not make right and force does not make power, neither in the nation nor in the individual. In time it over-reaches itself and in the very prime of life when its usefulness could be put to some advantage and it could do something for the world in which it is a faction, it decays inwardly, declines, and ceases to be. Only in the proportion as the soul is fed and nourished can the body continue to thrive and live. For the soul is the matrix on which the body is built.

Nations, like people, have their rise and fall. Out of their humble beginnings they emerge, are emancipated in youth, and, with the arrogance and assurance of youth, long to make themselves heard and felt. They become ambitious, and like children they use their natural cunning instincts to obtain what they desire, and to grow big in things temporal. And why? Because each nation desires to hold the ruling reins, to make itself felt, its voice heard, for like the child its inborn desire is to dominate, and it needs weight of numbers to do

this. It is suffering with growing pains and the rest of the world suffers with it.

Then again, the nation might be in its dotage, its second childhood, and in its senility seeks a false youth before dying.

War, crime, and racketeering in all of its many forms is cancer of the soul of the world. While in its early stages it can be cured or eradicated; after it has reached a certain stage of development the knife is of no use, the whole body becomes corrupted and death ensues.

While scientists are earnestly seeking a cure for cancer of the body they will not be fully successful for it cannot be cured until cancer of the soul is curable. The body can be no healthier than the soul and a diseased soul makes a diseased body.

But there is a cure for the cancer in the soul of the world even though it cannot come about in a day, and that cure is in the power of occultists and mystics everywhere. Growing up within the Order of the Rosicrucians, for example, is a widening circle of real mystics: Students in the higher grades who have it within their developing power to eradicate this dread disease. These students are scattered in many parts of the world and are thicker in the vital centers; the large cities where men congregate in herds. These students can form cross currents of thought geometrically in the psychic body of the earth so that hate, war, and greed must atrophy.

As the light of the sun which is a rate of vibration encircles the world, so the concentrated thought power of the earthly hierarchy, which also is a rate of vibration, can encircle the world either at certain periods, or continuously following the sun, and pulsating the psychic body of the earth weave a gleaming mesh of health, of love and peace, and true civilization.

Science has proved that thoughts are things. It is proving that telepathy exists, that there is some foundation in the tales of the East; that this telepathy can be made workable as it is in mass hypnotism and mob psychology, or in more individual instances when two or more minds are in rapport.

The greater portion of the brain is unknown territory. It is virgin field and

has never yet been explored. Within this unknown part lies the power to transmit thought as substance.

It will take a long time to educate a sufficient number of students to develop the power to concentrate the necessary thought-force; and when developed and concentrated still much more time to cleanse the world soul of its cancerousness. It takes many drops of clean water to purify a foul well and it takes a long, long time before any clarification can be discerned. It will take many years of hard and disappointing work even to arrest this dread disease and to feed the soul of the earth with food necessary to a more normal and healthy growth.

It also takes weight of numbers to do this.

Is it worth while? Some of us like to think it is. The world war is recent enough for us to have still in our midst the human wreckage and debris resulting from it, the vistas of the culture of thousands of years vandalized, and civilization thrown back almost to the Brute Age once again.

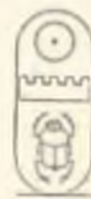
Some of us have a belief in reincarnation, yet the world as it is today is not the most desirable place in the Cosmos, and we would willingly choose a less turbulent abode wherein to learn the lessons of life. We can be excused if an element of selfishness enters into our motives in seeking to prepare more favorable conditions for our future state and make rebirth worth while.

From a small nucleus, and at present it is only too pitifully small, but it can be made strong and vital, from this small and magnetic nucleus we can start our work: The cleansing of the currents of thought in the psychic body of the earth, and feed it more wholesome food. That we have always had war with us does not mean that we need always do so. It is up to ourselves.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so he is," said the Master. And as a nation thinketh so it is, for the world is only what we have made it, and there are some far enough advanced in this present day to start altering these conditions and make it well.

God made us in his own image, after his own likeness, and he gave us creative and recreative potentialities as be-

(Concluded on Page 71)





Matching Personalities

By FRANCES VEJTASA, A. B., F. R. C.



HAT is the vibratory rate of your personal magnetic field?"

This we may expect in the not distant future as a natural, proper, crisp, and impersonal question applied by the office personnel director, or the employment agency interview-

er, to a prospective employee. And this as a logical sequence to the now established fact that we move and have our being in magnetic fields, radiations of personalities.

In other words, do you or do you not fit into the magnetic field prevalent in the place of business in which you seek employment? Besides lie detectors, why not other detectors?

Taking an office for an illustration, it is my sincere opinion, after many years of experience in office work of practically every type, that the matching of personalities who are to be teamed together in work is of paramount importance. If one can add to this the many other qualities and efficiencies stressed in commercial colleges, the situation may develop as ideal. At the present time, this factor is not given conscious consideration, except as vaguely sensed at the time of personal interviews, and it is also a fact that few situations are ideal, most are merely tolerable.

Especially is this true in stenographic work, where thought waves are being transmitted from one person to another by sound and auditory means, and where the stenographer is more or less a human radio. A harmonious, magnetic field eliminates strain. The static condition to which the nervous systems are continuously subjected in the average office undermines both health and the smooth and efficient progress of work.

Being inharmonious in a certain type of office or with the personality of the dictator, or "boss," does not necessarily mean that one is deficient. It may mean that one is different, or even that one is superior, and therefore out of vibratory harmony in the office sphere in which he finds himself.

There is something to the knack of being able to adjust oneself to various vibratory environments, but this procedure should be carefully weighed, as adjustment might mean either upliftment of one's subtle personal equipment—termed personality—or degeneration, depending upon the magnetic nature of the environmental field.

We can readily see how this scientific philosophy is applicable to every occupation in life—business, social, professional, or home. At the present period of human evolution, magnetic influences or coordinations are not given intelligent consideration. In this respect the senses are our only guide, particularly the sense of feeling. More and more people are giving conscious consideration in guiding their welfare and the welfare of others in this manner. They have a

hunch or sense a liking for someone or some place. This remark is substantiated by the increasing demand for personal interviews, a costly process to the applicant, as the burden of financing usually rests on the applicant only. There is much to the credit of personal interviews, however, and it is very likely that adjustments in methods are forthcoming. The statement of sensing a condition is also substantiated by the often heard remark: "I like myself here," or "I do not like myself here."

In stressing the value of matching personalities, sight must not be lost of the fact that knowledge of and efficient handling of one's work, neatness, dress coloring, manner, tone of voice, moods, lights, machine noises, are all contributors to, modifiers or accelerators of, forces and nature of the magnetic field or environment in which employee, as well as employer, plants his personal being. Therefore, thought and care should be exercised in all these matters. Again, we may remind ourselves — "Why not magnetic detectors?" Is here not a virgin field for inventors and specialists?

There is a significance in the word AURA, an older word for personality radiations, which is rapidly weaving its place into the world's vocabulary, whether it be individual or mob aura, musical, political, or social aura. Some-

times we refer to this condition as spirit, and we either get into the "spirit" of the thing or do not feel ourselves a part of it, or are even repelled by it.

In a recent conversation with a public welfare worker, I was not surprised to hear the assertion that the mental attitude or state of peoples' minds may create an entity of well-being or poverty, which may gather such momentum as to over-run a community. Is this not food for avowed thinkers?

I am sure that I am giving voice to an awakening humanity in the plea that the commercial, social, cultural, or any other field of worldly action, made up of the individual personality parts, take heed to extend consideration to this unfolding, and as yet somewhat unconscious, movement, and strive toward understanding, control, and mastership. From this viewpoint of comprehension of complications, as well as possibilities, which are truly overwhelming, may the executive, as well as the subordinate, not be unaware of his choice in the vibratory pattern into which he is to fit.

This discourse is not intended for students of higher mysticism, for they are well aware of the facts stated; rather, it is intended to transmute into the written word that something which is already sensed by those awakening to this situation but as yet unable to give it recognition through proper expression.



A bad man is wretched amidst every earthly advantage; a good man—troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.—*Plato*.



THE STARVATION OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 69)

fitted the children and heirs of God. It is entirely up to us no longer to allow the soul of the world to be starved and sick, but to care for it as we would for a dear friend, to nurse it back to health and keep it healthy until its day is spent

and its returns to the stardust out of which it was formed and another state of existence is created for us.

For a nation, like a man, cannot live forever.





Boys and Toys

By JEAN BERRY KOSHT



PLENDID articles relative to the crime situation in America have been published from time to time in the *Rosicrucian Digest*, yet there is one angle which to me seems of vast importance and which has not, as yet, been touched upon.

We must fight this war on crime by educating the youth of our land. Upon this point we are all agreed. But along just what lines parents shall proceed to accomplish the desired end, is a point upon which all do not agree.

I wish that I might imprint upon the minds and deep within the hearts of mothers and fathers, especially those who have young boys in their homes for whose future they are responsible, the following four lines:

Keep a prayer in your heart for
guidance,
Make your life an example of truth,
For the ways of a man are moulded
In the home where he spends his youth.

If parents would observe the principles embodied in this sentiment for one generation, it would revolutionize the entire social standard of our country.

What type of character are we moulding in our lads? I have seen them at the tender age of three years insisting that belt, scabbard and pistol be put on

with the clothing when they were dressed in the morning, and they were permitted to wear these trappings until nightfall, when each tired little body was made ready for bed after a strenuous day playing hold-up and murder.

For a number of years I have been watching this pitiful state of affairs. It is everywhere prevalent.

Moving pictures have been responsible in no small measure for the increasing wave of crime. But during the last year or so it has been realized that racketeering in all its phases must not be so attractively featured in the films, for the receptive minds of the children who are allowed to see these pictures are indelibly impressed by them; then, with the aid of the toy guns provided by thoughtless elders, they emulate the gangster in every possible detail.

They *think* in the language of the criminal. How often does one see a youngster pop out from behind a shrub and with steady aim, command, "Stick 'em up!" The victim of this play may have been you or me.

Yes, they *think* in the language of the outlaw, and then fit the words and action to the thought.

The parents of these same children would not for one moment consider purchasing a kit of burglar tools, allowing them to practice picking locks or jimmying windows.

No manufacturer has, so far, conceived the idea of putting such *play-things* upon the market, for this reason they have not become a part of the small boys' accoutrement.

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Now compare the status of these two forms of crime — *murder* and *robbery*. Men do not hang for the latter, not unless they have employed a deadly weapon and it has accomplished its deadly work.

One has but to keep abreast of the news to know that boys of grammar school age are holding people up and taking their money. Until recently such activities were indulged in only by the adult, or at least the youth of fifteen or sixteen years. The youngsters tire of the toy gun—the make-believe bad man. They crave the *real firearm, real ammunition, the actual experience*. And what they have learned in the movies and their own back yards has rendered them efficient indeed.

These youthful bandits rob a man or woman with the same cruel, reckless abandon as the finished thug.

What is to be the answer? What is the answer today?

"The ways of a man are moulded
In the home where he spends his youth."

The mothers of these children undoubtedly devote some time to the details of their behavior, table manners, etc., each hoping and really expecting that when her son has grown to manhood, he will be a polished gentleman and a credit to the name he wears. He might even be President of the United States.

How does the scale balance—gentleman or highwayman?

How much more time is he allowed to occupy playing hold-up and murder than in the pursuit of culture or accomplishment? What are parents ordering for their boys? Are they educating them for peace or war? To become good and useful citizens or outlaws?

Is not this food for thought?

There is still another angle to be considered when discussing the toy gun

situation, though it may seem somewhat irrelevant to the subject of crime prevention.

All mothers consider it essential that a child upon learning to walk, should be taught to *fear the fire*—he must never touch the matches or the gas stove.

So thoroughly are these lessons drilled into the little mind that they become a part of it as the child develops. By the time the youngster has reached the age of seven or eight years, mother has no further worry on that score; even though she enjoy an hour's visit with a neighbor. Yet, for a gun of any kind, a boy is taught no such respect, and if a loaded revolver has been carelessly left within his reach he regards it as just another toy and picks it up with no thought of danger.

Some one enters the room at this moment—perhaps one of the family or a playmate—with a merry laugh, the innocent lad takes aim. Quick as a flash the finger pulls the trigger, "Bang! You're dead!" A dull thud and a life has paid the price of his ignorance.

This is not an uncommon occurrence, but is it not a crime against the child, that he must carry through life this shocking picture which will ever remain in the album of his memory and for which he cannot be held responsible?

"The ways of a man are moulded
In the home where he spends his youth."

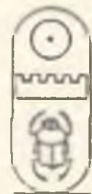
What pattern of mould are you parents using? What future are you building for *yourselves*? One of pride and pleasure or heartaches and regret?

Would it not be a splendid move, since we are bent upon the elimination of crime, if we could, through proper legislation, abolish and forever prohibit the *manufacture* of toy firearms?

I would that this might be accomplished before the boy babies of today become the men of tomorrow.

FRANCIS BACON LODGE DINNER DANCE

The Francis Bacon Lodge, AMORC, of San Francisco, California, invites all Rosicrucians, their friends, and visitors to the Golden Gate International Exposition to attend the Annual Dinner Dance to be held on Saturday evening, March 11, 1939. For full particulars call at, or write a letter to, Francis Bacon Lodge, AMORC, 1655 Polk Street, San Francisco, California.

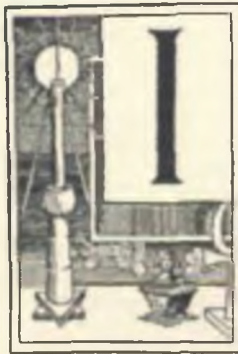




SANCTUM MUSINGS

MY CREED, MY PRAYER, MY PURPOSE

By REV. CYRUS J. LATTIN



BELIEVE in Thee, O Father, as the living God, the very essence of life, the great Author and Master of it, the ultimate Source of all energy, the One by Whom all things were made that are made, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in

Thy being, wisdom, power and love, nearer to us than breathing, closer than hands or feet, the One in Whom we live and move and have our being.

Thou hast made us like Thyself, and for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee. There is no one else to whom we can go; Thou, alone, hast the words of eternal life. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, aye, for the living God. I desire most earnestly and intensely, above all other things, to know Thee more intimately, to cooperate with Thee more intelligently, to serve Thee more efficiently.

I am profoundly grateful to Thee for all that I am and have, for all Thou hast been to me and done for me, for Thy sustaining grace and thy protecting care through all the days gone by and for the confident hope, and the profound as-

urance which I have in Thee for days to come. I commend myself and all my interests and those whom I love, to Thee. Continue Thou Thy gracious work in our behalf until Thy glorious purpose concerning us is fully accomplished. And now, to the realization of this great end, O God, utilizing the full measure of faith which Thou hast granted me, and praying earnestly that Thou wouldst increase my faith, according to the best of my understanding and ability, I have claimed my birth right, I have taken possession of my inheritance, I have undertaken to exercise the power and authority which belong to me in that connection.

This psycho-physical organism which men call by my name is not my real self. It is but the house in which I tarry for a little time, the kit of tools with which I do my daily tasks, the instrument of the Divine. As master in my own house and owner of my own tools, it is my right and privilege to have them as I wish. It is my wish, and I hereby will and decree, in the name of the living God and by the authority and power which belong to me in Him, I command that everything in my whole being which is abnormal or unnatural, everything which is in any way at variance with Thy holy character and law, shall be broken down, dissolved, and cast out; that it may be replaced with that which shall be a true and accurate, an adequate, expression or manifestation of

*The
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the Divine; that the wholeness, the harmony, and the goodness, the wisdom, the power, and the love of the living God may be expressed in and manifested through every phase of my whole being. Let every member, every organ in my body be entirely free from all defects and disease; let them function normally, with ease and comfort and with the highest possible degree of efficiency. Let my finite mind be so nicely adjusted, so perfectly attuned to the mind of the Infinite that I may draw, continuously, upon this inexhaustible source of truth, life and energy for whatever intelligence, courage, and strength I may need to conduct myself and to direct my affairs wisely and efficiently. Let my emotions be those of confidence, courage, fortitude and joy. Let my will be strong to keep my feet ever in the ways of truth and righteousness, and my face set, steadfastly, toward the East, from whence ever cometh the dawn, the light that shineth, more and more, unto the perfect day.

Thou hast promised that we should know the truth, and that the truth should make us free. Let the glorious light of Thine eternal truth flood my whole being with light and life and strength and vigor, that my bonds may be broken, that my fetters may be loosed, that I may be delivered from the power of all those things which interfere with the realization of Thy glorious purpose for me; that I may be lifted up out of the horrible pit of selfishness, out of the mirey clay of my besetting sin into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, where I may stand steadfast in that liberty, rejoicing in the sense of mastery and dominion which I have with the living God. In the glorious light of thine eternal truth, let me walk and work and live with Thee, rejoicing in Thee, dwelling safely, conscious of the fact that I am safe, and so be quiet, even from the fear of evil, until Thy glorious kingdom shall come, and Thy gracious, beneficent will shall be done in the whole earth as it is in Heaven. Let all these things be accomplished in me and for me and through me, for I command it in the name of the living God, Whose I am, Whose image and likeness I bear, Whom I love and serve, Whose instrument I am.

Being akin to the infinite, "I Am That I Am," it is my right and privilege, not only to be whole in every member, but to be happy and prosperous in every particular. Being filled with all the fullness of God, I rejoice in the abundant life of the Master and manifest, ever more and more, the wisdom and power, the love and the beauty, the perfect Presence of Him in Whose image and likeness I am made. I claim and rejoice in mine inheritance as an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus, the Christ, and in the fellowship of dominion which I have with the living God, in Whom I am invincible and irresistible; without Whom I can do nothing, but with Whom I can do all needful things. "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Amen."

This is my creed, my prayer, my purpose. I am determined by the grace and power of God, to believe it, to live and practice it in the profound confidence that, by so doing, I shall be able to discern all the duties of life, and perform them with skill, alacrity, and joy. So shall I gain for myself the good things of life which rightfully belong to me, be a blessing to my fellow man and honor Thee, my Creator and my God.

And now, O Lord, I have tried to express my appreciation and gratitude. I have offered my supplication. According to the best of my understanding and ability, I have claimed my birthright, I have taken possession of mine inheritance. I have undertaken to exercise the power and authority which belong to me in that connection. I have made my affirmations to that end. That is as far as I know how to go; that is all I know how to do. Until Thou shalt grant me more light, greater strength, and stronger faith, I would be still and know that Thou art God, ruling and over-ruling, making the wrath and the folly of men to praise Thee and causing all things to work together for good to those who love Thee; and that I am thy child, fashioned after thine own image, in Thine own likeness, made to be even more than a conqueror through Him who hath loved us, even Christ. I would rest in thee and wait patiently for Thee; that I may behold Thy glory as it shall



be manifest in the fulfillment of all that thou hast promised, in the accomplishment of all that Thou hast purposed. I would listen for the still small voice that Thou mayest impart to me some message of instruction, inspiration, and encouragement that shall afford me

grace and strength for the experiences of this day and for all the experiences of life. I would be still and know. I would rest and wait. I would listen for the still, small voice. "Speak, Lord, Thy servant Heareth."



On Being Impersonal

By FRATER HERMAN M. SCHATZMAN



BEING impersonal is a goal that everyone should strive for. Regardless of how successful we are we cannot taste the fruits of peace and contentment while being and feeling envious, vain, selfish, or self-conscious.

First we must realize that life is a series of problems to be surmounted. If these problems whirl us into the frenzy of self-centeredness or self-aggrandisement, we lose our center of support and confidence until some good friend rescues us from our weakness.

We can detach ourselves from the problems of life and with a cool, calm, and unbiased mind, use our reasoning, both inductively and deductively, to examine all angles of the situation. Then we must consider our own character, abilities, and talents and conclude whether the problem is worth tackling. If the gain is worth the effort, then decide the method of procedure and follow through. If unforeseen destructive obstacles rise in the path, do not ignore them. Always be ready to retract and correct a wrong statement or act. A man who has erred and repented is better than a man who has never erred at all, for in correction and change there is progress and evolution.

We all have the temptations of fame, wealth, and power to cope with. Can we pursue these as goals, or as ends in themselves? They are the pink ribbons of victory that the world credits us with

as a result of something useful and beneficial to society. Can we say that fame, wealth, and power are sufficient rewards for our efforts and striving? Don't you feel as I do that your yearning to know and to do resulting in knowledge, understanding, inner satisfaction, and usefulness to God and man are sufficient rewards?

Can we satisfy an inner emptiness or a hurt conscience by the back-slapping of the masses? We can only find satisfactory reasons for living by our own analysis of our actions and not by the temporary attention and appreciation of the shallow millions.

There are certain necessities of our nature and several requirements of convention and custom. The former include a home, food, family, and friendship; the latter include clothes, etiquette, education, etc. Satisfying these needs takes a degree of time, money, and effort. Beyond these necessities, it remains up to us whether we shall strive to receive the plaudits of the external world or the peace, contentment, and satisfaction of pursuing the interests and pleasures of our minds and souls.

Envy, greed, and selfishness cannot give you anything you do not deserve. Their acid eats into your very soul. Can the superficial compliments of self-centered individuals balance the scale of a devolving personality?

To quote an ancient proverb which is still as true today: "*A mind disposed to virtue, maketh great the possessor of it, and without titles it will raise him above the vulgar.*"

Be impersonal and the benefits of the world and the glory of the Cosmic will be open to you.



VOODOO RITES IN THE FIJIS

The above is a photograph of one of the weird practices and forms of efficacious magic of the natives of the Fiji Islands. One of the most astounding feats, as shown above, is the one where the shaman, or witch doctor, wading into water into which have been driven sharks, picks up one three feet in length and, kissing it on its belly, renders it helpless. The sharks are picked up barehanded by those participating in the impressive rite. Scientists of the expedition who took this photograph have not offered a plausible explanation as to what immediately renders the sharks helpless and continues to leave them so even after they have been returned to the water.

(Acme Photo.)

We Are Here... Why?



IS THERE a mother who has never gazed down on the innocent babe nestled in her arms and wondered — what does the morrow hold for him? Was there ever a man who has not asked himself, "Is this my destiny"? Who has not had, at some time, the lurking fear that he has chosen the wrong career? Must chance decree your fate? Is it not time that humanity ceased plunging into darkness, into the unknown of life, hoping to seize the skirts of passing opportunity? There is no man more confident of what the years will bring him — no woman more happy — than the one who has found Sell, who *knows* his purpose in life and how it can be attained. You can have no greater joy than doing the things you are best suited for. Success comes only to those who find play in their labor. There is no question more intimate, or problem more vital to your welfare, than *why you are here*, and how you can make the best of it.

You must eventually answer this question — or join the rolls of millions who are shunted about helplessly by the world's sudden economic changes. There is a guide that you can use to find the answer to this eternal question of *your place in life*. It is as old as thought itself. Let us tell you about it.

Read These Thought Provoking — Soul Satisfying Discourses

In the convenience and privacy of your home, you can enjoy the discourses entitled "We Are Here, Why?", and through them find the answers to the above questions. They are forceful and stimulating. The Readers' Research Academy provides you with *two large discourses monthly* of this unique series, for the total nominal sum of only 50 cents per month. You can subscribe for one month, or for the entire series of thirty nine discourses if you wish. You may discontinue at your will. There is no 50 cents that you could invest elsewhere that would bring you the same beneficial and cultural returns. Send orders and remittance to:



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The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a non-sectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation), and the AMORC in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body for a representation in the international federation. The AMORC does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members, together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association, write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book "The Secret Heritage." Address Scribe S. F. C., in care of

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Hermes Lodge, AMORC Temple. Mr. Lorenz Ernst, Master. Reading room and Inquiry office open daily except Sundays: 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m.; Saturdays, 12 noon to 4 p. m. 148 No. Gramercy Place.

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Oakland East Bay Chapter. Geo. R. Russell, Master; Ruth Bernson, Secretary. Phone Berkeley 5381. Convocations 1st and 3rd Sundays, Pythian Castle, 12th and Alice Streets.

Sacramento:

Clement Le Brun Chapter. Mr. Joseph O. Le Valley, Master. Meetings 1st and 3rd Fridays at 8:00 p. m., Friendship Hall, Odd Fellow's Building, 9th and K Streets.

San Francisco:

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Chicago Chapter No. 9. Mr. O. F. Haupt, Master; Mrs. Sue Lister Wastlund, Secretary. Telephone Randolph 9848. Reading room open afternoons and evenings, Sundays 2 to 5 only. Lakeview Bldg., 116 S. Michigan Ave., Rooms 408-9-10. Lecture sessions for ALL members every Tuesday night, 8 p. m.

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Theses Chapter No. 336. Mr. William Hitchman, Master; Mr. Ernest Cheyne, Secretary. Meetings at the Detroit Federation of Women's Clubs, 4511 2nd Avenue, every Tuesday, 8 p. m. Inquirers call Tyler 4 8558.

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St. Louis Chapter. Mr. Hubert C. Smith, Master. Melbourne Hotel, Grand Avenue and Lindell Blvd. Meetings first and third Tuesday of each month, 8 p. m.

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(Directory Continued on Next Page)

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A children's organization sponsored by the AMORC.

For complete information as to its aims and benefits, address Secretary General, Junior Order, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California.



AN ENCHANTING COURT OF TREASURE ISLAND

Magnificent spectacles such as this beckon to all to attend this year's Rosicrucian Convention, beginning July 9th. This court with its triumphal arch and mirror pool is but one of the many appealing vistas of the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. In the foreground is a statue of 'The Girl and the Penguins,' by the late Edgar Walter. These splendors are but a few miles from San Jose, and everyone attending the Rosicrucian Convention will have ample opportunity as well to thrill to the beauties of this Fair of Fairs.

(Photo by George Grau)



The Canyon of Life
WHAT LIES BEYOND?

Have you ever stood in solitude upon the brink of a yawning chasm, a deep canyon, in the dead of night? You can easily imagine your reactions to such an environment — the increased acuteness of your hearing, the unconscious strain to hear the slightest sound, the attempt to peer through the veil of darkness to see what lies beyond, what mysteries await revelation.

Do you realize that each hour of your life you stand upon the brink of such a chasm — the chasm of eternity? The span of your life is suspended between the vast mystery preceding your birth and the great one still to come. Are you satisfied to endure years of conscious life in ignorance of the purpose of life itself, or the end toward which life is moving?

THIS FREE SEALED BOOK

Life is what you make it. Are you content to tramp with the multitude, head bowed by petty fears, moved by blind hopes, years slipping by, to pass into oblivion, having lived, but having never known the joys of living?

Would you prefer to be one of life's directors, mastering each play of the game, avoiding its corners, marching into the king row of personal power, security and attainment? If you seek to direct the affairs of your life intelligently, we offer you an age-old method, preserved by the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) and used by thousands in realizing their ideals. Use the courtesy coupon opposite, and receive the free, Sealed Book of interesting particulars.

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