

ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

18-12

January
1941
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(Courtesy of the Rosicrucian Digest.)



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Is there a strange, ethereal, mental cord that binds the consciousness of those departed from this world with those that remain? Are souls denied liberation after transition until they have communicated important messages to their loved ones? Are the fantastic experiments of the seance room trickery or fraud, or are they the result of earthbound entities seeking freedom from the confining interests of this world? Is the human consciousness suspended for an indefinite period between the spiritual and earthly realms? Is psychic communication, with minds gone on, a farce or a fact?

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ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

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

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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

THE SUNSET OF LIFE

By THE IMPERATOR



EACH of us lives three lives in the span of one, whether we are altogether conscious of them or not. The first of these three is the physical, or rather the *physiological life*. It begins with the advent of our physical existence.

At birth, if we put aside blind paternal affection or love, we find the little newborn form not very impressive or conducive to praise. It is hardly more than an animate mass. It is helpless, incoherent, and in its appearance unrevealing as to any eventual accomplishment. Its potentialities are hoped for rather than apparent. We may liken the human infant to the little green tendril that pushes upward through the soil. There is little about it to suggest a hardy and tenacious vine, a fragrant plant, or a mighty tree.

This physiological life cycle is completed when in the scheme of nature, and according to the allotted time, the infant emerges from its amorphous state into the matured human form. When man has attained his stature, when he has finally acquired full possession of all of his faculties, and when all of his organic processes are functioning, he is physically an adult. When he has reached an age of 21 to 26 years, he is endowed with every physiological characteristic which is natural to his kind. *The physiological life is then ended.* Its purpose is fulfilled. If there were to be a continuation of the processes of growth

and organic and structural development, an abnormal condition would arise. The human would become unnatural or would evolve into a form that was not truly of the *Homo sapiens*.

Behind the evolutionary process of this physiological life, the growth, the lengthy naturing of the body, and the gradual coordination of its parts and systems, there is still another and higher purpose. *It is the biological life.* The building of tissue, the transformation of cartilage into bone, the strength and symmetry of the form, all of the eventual physical functions in man's nature contribute to one end—the *reproduction of kind*. Until a living thing, whether an earthworm or man, has brought forth its own kind, until it has extended its nature so that it becomes another being like unto itself, its biological cycle or life has not been attained. It is as though the first life, the physiological, must serve the second, or the biological.

Life, like all other being or natural phenomena, conforms to the Cosmic law of *continuing to be*. In life, as in inorganic matter, this is expressed in the cycle of evolution and devolution, and this everlasting change in living things is commonly observed as the mysterious processes of *birth* and *death*—the birth of the *new*, the dissolution of the old—the former generated from the latter. Consequently, from the physiological and biological points of view (particularly the biological) man's transition or death is occurring, or is approached when he is no longer able to reproduce his kind. From this impersonal mechanistic order of nature, it may be said that men and women who are past middle age are like an orchard, the trees of

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which no longer bear fruit.

But, there are other human qualities yet to be considered. There are those psychic attributes, the consciousness of self, the realization of the I, of personal, individual existence, and of being apart from all else, the "I am That I am." There is the intuition, that subtle illumination, that influx of understanding which periodically surges through our consciousness from the unfathomable depth of our beings. There are those spiritual values of conscience, that intangible, invisible scale that weighs human conduct and reveals its true worth to the mortal mind. There is compassion, that all embracing and consuming love for mankind, and for others, motivated by unselfish ends. There are those moral dictates that alone stand between man and bestiality. There are also those mental processes of *perception*, *realization*, and *reason*. It is by these latter that we see the world, come to know it, and are able to interpret its realities to ourselves and to others.

The perfection of the foregoing qualities does not correspond with our physical growth, or, in other words, with our *physiological* and *biological* lives. A man does not, for example, have the soundest judgment when he has attained his greatest strength, nor do the highest virtues accompany the fullness of stature. The synthesis, or combination of these psychic or spiritual and mental qualities constitutes our self cycle; more appropriately our *soul life*, which is the third of the three lives we experience with each earthly existence. In childhood, this soul and mental life may be as undeveloped and immature as is the physical body. As children our memories are more responsive or elastic, as we may say, but they harbor few and limited experiences. There is a paucity of material that composes the recollection in childhood. There is so little to draw upon that the *past* is hardly more than a term, a great and uninteresting void. To look upon it is like leaning over a precipitous cliff at night and staring down into the inky black formless space. Consequently, as children and as youths, our mental powers are drawn in but one direction—*outward*. The world outside and beyond the boy or girl is new, glittering, fascinating, forcefully persuasive in its

appeal. Every leaf, every stone, *every day* is an adventure, fraught with dangers perhaps, but thrilling in its strange and virginal experiences and sensations. Nearly every incident and circumstance, by nature of its unfamiliarity, and because of a lack of comparison, seems intriguing and friendly.

During these years, and as we approach our majority in the physiological life, our peripheral senses and objective faculties are the keenest. It is part of the Infinite Wisdom that they be so, because by this means our observations become many, and our experiences and impressions plentiful. The active imagination of youth anticipates the tomorrow in glowing visions, and keeps the spirit anxious for possibilities which may never materialize. To youth the loss of an unfruitful day is but as the washing from the shore of a grain of sand—there are many more.

The potentialities of reason and the psychic faculties, however, can be made in youth to keep pace with the perception, even with the unbridled imagination. We can, *if we will*, in our early years, when attaining our majority, and in the years that follow, carefully plan this third life of ours, this *mental* and *spiritual life*. We can contemplate each act of importance in which we are about to indulge, in the course of each day's living. We can determine whether they will bring about more than a momentary pleasure and whether they are motivated by sordid and selfish desires. If we but use the attributes of the mental and spiritual life, we can, if we hesitate before we act in matters of consequence, predict with certainty whether eventually, in later years perhaps, they may result in sorrow to ourselves or to others. Our contemplated course of action can frequently be measured by our yardstick of conscience, which will inform us whether there is a possibility of future remorse and bitter self-denunciation.

There comes a time, as I have said, when the physical life cycle is completed. Not that death actually occurs then, but rather the acme of physical accomplishment has been reached and the body is on the decline as an organism. Vitality and endurance are gradually diminished. There is no longer the joy of effort, because effort becomes a con-



scious exertion. The thrill in youth that came from coping with the vicissitudes of tomorrow has vanished, because the uncertainties of life are an established knowledge. Perception, the keenness of sight, the acuteness of hearing are dulled, and in consequence realizations of the things of the external world are no longer wholly relied upon. At this time also the *biological life* has been spent. The joys of parenthood are no longer possible—the cuddling of an infant, the ecstasy of pride at the child's first simple accomplishments, its gurgling words or faltering steps; there is no longer possible the imparting of advice to one's own young son or daughter, and finding pride in their response thereto, as their character unfolds. There is finally nothing left—nothing but the *mental and spiritual life*, and this is in its *sunset*.

In the sunset years of life, the perspective becomes changed. The direction of the consciousness is *inward*. Introspection has supplanted objective perception. Imagination no longer entrances the aging man or woman, for the tomorrow is too constricted. It is futile in the sunset years to dream of days ahead, which in all probability will never come. If we think of the mental and spiritual life as moving along a straight line between two points—birth and transition — then the sunset years find this life crowding the future, moving closer to the inevitable transition. There is, therefore, so little to see ahead, but a great path behind to turn and look upon. All interest, therefore, is centered on *the years of yesterdays*. The vast storehouse of memory is opened by the magic key of reverie. From out of it and across the stage of consciousness may pass specters that will haunt our dreams, recollections of hasty, inconsiderate deeds once performed. There will perhaps rise before us the ugly head of confabulation which we spawned or to which we gave ear. We will see the brutal effects of careless words, of cruel, hateful conduct. There again will be reenacted those acts of passion which we permitted to submerge reason or to silence and choke conscience into stillness. Pointing their gastly memory fingers at us accusingly will be the personalities whose lives we have ruined to gain some — now so clearly evident — useless end. As this

remorseless parade of the past continues in memory, we will execrate ourselves, even damn our existence. We become embittered and hateful old men and women, envious of the happiness of others. We will be spurned by our fellows, who will see in the drawn lines of our faces crevices made by the molevolent forces of our lower natures. We will live the remaining years of the conscious cycle, wishing it would soon end, just as the *physical and biological lives*, after reaching their peaks, diminished.

If, on the other hand, our other two lives, the physiological and biological, have been intelligently lived, and spiritually tempered by the virtues, *the memories* in the sunset of life will bring the greatest of all of the joys experienced during any interval of our existence here on earth. A life where the passions are circumscribed and the mind disciplined, and where creative thought has reigned, and the Cosmic urges of self have been heeded, results in accomplishments which, when relived in retrospection, bring a satisfaction to the soul, a *Peace Profound*, and to the heart a compassionate spirit. A life of kindness, thoughtfulness, of simple desires, and spiritual freedom causes the sunset years at the end of the mortal cycle to constitute a glorious climax to our existence. It brings, during the last years and days, a realization that the soul has been victorious, that all three lives—the *physiological, biological, and the soul*—have been devoted to one final ideal, the expression of the Divine, the inner and the *eternal self*. There is then the satisfaction that we have truly followed the Cosmic plan, that all has been made to serve the one—the Divine.

If the sunset of life is to be golden and mellow, we must not glorify our physiological and biological lives; we should use them at all times only as an earthly skeleton upon which to drape the raiment of our souls. Conversely, if we abuse them, then later, in memory, when we look upon the cloak, the life we have lived, the personality we have evolved, it will appear grotesque and mock our very existence. Let us remember that he who lives best is he who lives wisely, for the years increase his happiness as they decrease his powers of physical and material accomplishment.



The Symphony of Life

You Can Attune Yourself To the Cosmic Rhythm and Be Happy

By DR. H. SPENCER LEWIS, F. R. C.

(Rosicrucian Digest—November, 1931)

Many of the articles written by our late Emperor, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, are as deathless as time. That is, they are concerned with those laws and principles of life and living which are eternal, and thus never lose their efficacy or their import, and are as helpful and as inspiring when read today as they were when they were written five, ten, fifteen, twenty or more years ago, and likewise will continue to be as helpful and as instructive in the future. For this reason, and for the reason that thousands of readers of the "Rosicrucian Digest" have not read many of the earlier articles of our late Emperor, we are going to adopt the editorial policy of publishing in the "Rosicrucian Digest" each month one of his outstanding articles so that his thoughts will continue to reside within the pages of this publication.



UT two days ago, in the colorful enclosure of St. Mark's Square, surrounded by the canals of Venice, I spent two delightful hours listening to the municipal band and orchestra, playing classical and operatic selections, while thousands

of humans from all parts of the world sat or stood in silence, illuminated by a glorious moon picturesquely moving across a typically Eastern cloud-dotted sky.

As the sixty-four highly trained and selected Italian musicians played American, German, French, Italian and other national compositions, with equal enthusiasm and unbiased rendition of the composers' emotions, I detected again the very definite rhythmic beat of the universal cycle of life's pulsations. In time with the um-um of the base violas, the boo-boo of the base horns, and the

tum-tum of the big metal drums, I could hear the lap-lap of the water against the sides of the hundreds of gondolas rocking idly at the steps of the Piazza of the Square. As though unconsciously attuning with these metronomic beats, the gondoliers, in listless pose on the rear of their decorated boats, nodded their heads or tapped their toes on the decks.

Around me were men and women of all walks of life, of all nations, and of all ages and degrees of culture, from the wealthy American tourist, ever seeking new thrills and ever bored by anything once heard or seen elsewhere, to the little Italian bootblack, sitting on his box, with his head sticking out between the limbs of those standing around him.

All seemed to be lost in the sound-castles and picture-world created by the music, as though held in mental and spiritual suspension between this world of *things* and a higher one of *hopes*. None seemed to be conscious of those near by. The poor man who had stopped awhile in his night-time delivery service and had lifted the big basket of tomatoes from his head, now sat on the



edge of it, his rough and wrinkled hands folded across his torn and dirty sweater, while his spiritualized eyes were lifted heavenward in concentration. His uncombed hair flopped from side to side as his head unconsciously rocked in response to that same fundamental beat of time—the rhythm of music.

All differences in social, financial, physical, racial and religious distinctions were neutralized by the blended attunement to that which was not the melody, not the theme, not the harmony, but the symphony of life's rhythm.

The following evening the Grand Canal of Venice was alive with music again, for it was the occasion of the annual carnival. Large, decorated floats vied with one another in presenting the carefully prepared programs of song and music rendered by soloists of international fame, choirs, choral societies, operatic companies, bands and orchestras.

With thousands of lantern-covered gondolas trailing these gorgeous floats for hours, packed so closely together that one could safely cross the wide canal by stepping from one to the other, there were fifty thousand persons of every country and national dress floating in rocking boats which seemed to keep time with the beat notes of the music and song. For long hours, far into the morning, the minds and souls of these persons were enchanted by the mystic power of the fundamental pulse of all music.

Tonight, far up in the snow-covered peaks of the Alps, I have been sitting on a little balcony outside the window of my lofty room, sending out my thought-self to the Cathedral of the Soul. I have centered my gaze upon the deep, dark, open space between the many clouds whose edges are silvered by the light of the moon, as is the snow on the peaks of those high points of the Dolomites, which seem to lift their noble crests right up to the ethereal spires of the Cathedral.

Here I have made perfect contact with the Cosmic Choir and Divine Music of the Spheres and, in attunement with our thousands of members in many lands, have been lost in the spell of the Peace and Power of this heavenly temple.

And, again, I became conscious of the rhythmic beats in the Cosmic music, even though this music was more simple and grand than any that emanates from the earth.

And so, I sit here, now, and ponder.

High above the level of the waters of the earth, my darkened room, lighted only by a small lamp on my writing table and the moon beams that form silver patches on the floor, I feel that I can see from this six-thousand-foot height the rest of the world spread out before me, as though viewing it from another planet.

As I contemplate the nations of peoples scattered over the lands of this earth, I am drawn, mentally and spiritually, into contact with them. As I contact each race of people I hear their music, I sense their rhythm of motion, and their synchronized pulse beats of divine emotion.

First, as I reach out to my own land far across the mountains, plains and ocean, I come in contact with noon-time services in Grace Church in New York. The magnificent organ is sending forth the old-time tunes of Christian song, while hundreds of tired business men and women sit in reverential silence and worship, seeking contact with God through the mysterious power of the harmonies of sound. There is peace, hope, and love there—and God is revealed to them in His one channel of attunement.

I pass on westward and find myself drawn to the upper floor of an old building. It is just past sunset on Friday there, though where I have my physical body, it is early Saturday evening. In this old building I hear strange harmonies. A hundred men, standing with covered heads and facing a few others in embroidered robes, are swaying from side to side while they chant, religiously and devotedly. They, too, are seeking contact with God—and use the only method they know. This is Jewish, it is the typical and truly orthodox Synagogue service; the harmony and movement of the chant may be distinctly different from the Christian music I heard a few moments ago, but there are the same pulsing notes of universal rhythm.

I wonder where such chanting and swaying of bodies might be duplicated;

and, as I contemplate, I find myself passing over other lands and seas and drawn to a wooded section adjoining a desert in Eastern Africa. It is nighttime, the moon is high and its light makes the desert sand look like the surface of a lake. In the shadows of the wood strange lights are moving about with well-timed regularity, and now I hear the beating of the tum, tum, tum, accompanied by the production of soft notes in quarter-values of the musical scale.

I reach down, and place my consciousness in attunement with the strange men and women I find assembled around an open space in the wild shrubbery. In the center of this sand and stone-covered area there arises a crudely carved altar upon which a fire burns, and over this, supported by water-soaked sticks, lies the body of an animal, now unconscious and slowly scorching from the heat.

Around this altar, in a large rotating circle, are a hundred or more men, women, and children, dark skinned, slightly clothed, but highly decorated with paint and ornaments. They are dancing, swaying their bodies, and periodically extending their hands toward the burning sacrifice. Back in the deeper shadows are seated seven men with huge kettle drums formed of skins stretched over hollowed tree stumps, and strange flutes made of bamboo. Some of the dancers are chanting while others carry flaming torches.

The tum, tum, tum, of the drums again present the rhythmic pulsations of the universe, for they are identical with those I have heard in many lands and in hundreds of forms of music.

These people are seeking contact with God, through the only method ever revealed to them — the rhythm of music and chant.

I pass eastward and soon find myself in the center of a sunrise ceremony along the banks of the Nile, in that ancient—and little modernized—section known as the Fayoum.

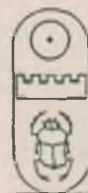
In the golden and purple shadows of an old temple a group of native Egyptians, in white robes with red sashes, is standing with faces turned toward the rising sun, and arms extended horizontally. Near them are kneeling a number

of young men, beating their hands upon small skin-covered vessels or blowing through long pipes, while the standing figures rhythmically bow to the sun and chant.

Weird music and song, indeed, but still the tum, tum, tum of the action of life helps them to worship God, in the only manner they have found efficient.

Again my consciousness is attracted toward another section of this continent of darkness. Instantly I find myself in touch with a group of very primitive people near the southern extremity of the Sahara Desert. I see a great number of women — large, coarse, wild in action, and heavily dressed in colored silks, cotton and wool, with many beads and ornaments — standing in a large circle around a vessel of steaming water. They are rhythmically swaying and bowing, the while singing and chanting in extremely high-pitched notes, producing at times blood-curdling shrieks which seem to reach my very soul. Back of them in the shadows of the crude tents, which they have constructed through their continuous pilferings from unfortunate caravans, stand the men of this desert tribe, silent, disfranchised and belittled, while close to the steaming vessel squats a young woman playing a "m'zad," a one-string instrument. There is no real melody, no bewitching tune, but there is *movement* and *progression* in her playing, and there is the eternal rhythmic beat of time, the accented note with definite periodicity that controls the swaying of these women of the Tuareg Camp of the Sahara and lifts their spiritual beings out of this primitive environment to attunement with the Cosmic, bringing them closer to the only divine consciousness they know — an unnamed and un-nameable God.

As I ponder over this primitive sight in the wilds of a continent of darkness, and speculate upon the mystical significance of the steam arising from the vessel, I recall the spiritual import of fire and water, smoke and vapor, in association with music and chant. Are these uneducated, unevolved, uncivilized people, of no definite race or nation, so primitive in their spiritual awakening? Are there not millions of so-called civilized and cultured men and women



practicing precisely the same ritual in more enlightened lands?

As if in answer to my question, I am drawn to a place far north. I seem to pass along the Nile, across a part of the Mediterranean Sea and then to fertile valleys and hills. I descend to a little village—centuries old in its contact with culture, and now bathed in the golden light of a rising sun. At the side of a small hill I see a long procession of men, young and old, moving forward, two by two, in rhythmic swaying and chanting. Most of them are in black robes while the leaders of the procession are elaborately robed and gowned in colored and embroidered silks, with gorgeous head coverings and trailing capes. Younger men, in white, precede them, carrying vessels from which perfumed smoke emerges, while the vessels themselves are swung from side to side in harmony with the rhythmic swaying of the bodies of all who follow. In the center of the procession are two who carry an open vessel of water from which a faint moisture arises. All are chanting—without definite melody or tune, but with the unmistakable, clearly defined *accent* of the beat note heard in all lands. The procession enters the little doorway, the entrance to a cave. It descends the old stone stairway, it pauses in kneeling and salutation in a large rock-covered chamber, and slowly ascends another stone stairway again. What is this holy ceremony? It is the daily *celebration* of the birth-place of Jesus, in the land recognized by nearly one-third of the earth's population, as the holiest of all holy lands, and the ceremony is conducted by the Roman Catholic Church, representative of what is called the most intellectual and cultured religion of all times.

Yet, I cannot refrain from comparing this holy ceremony with that which I witnessed a few minutes ago in darkest Africa. There was the swaying of the bodies, the kneeling and adorations, the tuneless chanting, the smoke, the vessel of water, and the mystic rhythm. With the tribes in Africa—and some other lands—the men were considered lacking in those spiritual qualities necessary for active participation in any holy celebration, while here the women were denied participation.

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Surely, man has blundered in many ways in his attempt to interpret Cosmic law.

I think, then, of the ancient, elaborate, gorgeous ceremonies of so-called Heathen worship in Babylon—condemned by modern religions as a worship of gold and material things—in all their glittering splendor. Slowly, by consciousness moves eastward and I find that I am just in time for the High Mass in St. Peter's in Rome.

I move forward across the colonnaded plaza before the Church. I ascend the broad steps and enter a structure filled with the most costly art and handiwork of the ages. I approach a chapel or alcove room at the side and find its doorway covered with rich, gold-embroidered, red plush draperies. I lift one side of these heavy curtains as though approaching the throne of a worldly king. There comes to me the swelling volume of the chanting of a great choir. I peep inside, and I am held spellbound by the magnificence of the scene.

Ornamented walls, rare paintings, costly sculpture, gold railings and ornaments, priceless slabs of marble, beautifully upholstered seats, marvelous stained glass windows, gorgeous draperies! Hundreds of old men and young men in elaborate robes. Groups of priests in magnificently embroidered silks and laces. Red satin sashes and hats, ermine-lined capes, gold candle-sticks, gold vessels, burning perfume and incense. A soul-stirring organ, played as only a religious devotee can play it.

Now everyone kneels. A bell rings, all make a form of salutation. They all stand. Again they are seated. The group of priests chant. The choir responds. The incense vessels are swayed from side to side. The organ is softly playing. Rhythm, rhythm, rhythm! God is being brought close to the hearts of the worshippers through attunement with that Cosmic principle. It is beautiful, soul satisfying.

Is such rhythm associated only with sacred ceremonies? My consciousness answers by taking me hurriedly to New York again, where it is still the evening before. I am led to the great auditorium of the Carnegie Hall. A program of classic concert music is in its last hour. It is nearly midnight. For over three

hours a thousand or more men and women have been sitting in this close and impure atmosphere, held in some strange fascination of worship. But, it is a worship of music. Many of them have paid for these three hours what it has taken them weeks or months to save. They have gladly sacrificed many luxuries and some necessities for this one evening of soul-satisfaction and spiritual nourishment. Religion? Not at all—in the orthodox sense; for most of them attend no church regularly and few of them agree in regard to any creed. But their souls, their spiritual beings, crave this attunement, and here they find the only real God they truly understand.

I listen to the music that enchants them. The large symphonic orchestra is playing Beethoven's Opus 132. The notes of the cello in the solo parts, the passages made mystical by the tones of the violas, and the soul-appealing phrases by the violins, make a sound-picture of Heaven, and one can see, inwardly, the Divine Mind ruling over such a realm of peace and harmony. No wonder such music bears the composer's title as though invented to translate his own conception of the inspiration! "A Thanksgiving to God — in the Lydian Mode." Such was what I heard.

Then came another selection from Beethoven in which it seemed as though God—the very life and spirit of harmonious sound—projected Himself from the vastness of space into the very presence of the audience until his vibrating power thrilled each being into rejuvenated youth.

Mozart's music then came as the supreme achievement of mystical influence. It was as though a master builder was now building a great Cathedral of rare jewels and scintillating glass into which the soul of each might enter and live eternally in attunement with the harmonies of music.

Suddenly, I found myself actually in the *Cathedral of the Soul*, from whence I had started on my reveries. I was surrounded by not only this vast Carnegie audience, which had been brought to God through rhythm, but by all the beings I had contacted during the hours of the night.

There were the *heathens* of many lands, and the orthodox; the many of many creeds; the primitive and unevolved, and the *moderns* and intellectuals.

I could hear each nation, each tribe, each cult chanting its sacred intonations, and playing upon reed, flute, drum, violin, or what-not, its holy anthem. But there were no discords. All was harmony. It was one grand *Symphony of Life*. There was concordant rhythm, synchronized pulsation of time, universal accord and a synthetic blending of every note of the musical scale.

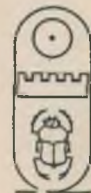
Only a master director of musicians could harmonize such diversified music. Only a transcendental *motive* could inspire the musicians with themes that could blend in a sunbeam of musical tones.

It was the *Music of the Spheres*, the music of the hearts and souls of men and women of all lands and all degrees of human evolution, rising in unison as a cry from the sanctums of their souls for contact with God. It was the universal, eternal pleas of the human heart for attunement with that which each human conceives as Divine and Super-human.

Pagan! Heathen! Orthodox! Heretic! How childish seem these terms in the face of the universal cry of the soul! Only one is lost to God, only one is shut out from contacting the Father of all. It is he or she who fails to attune with this mighty *Symphony of Life*, this choral of Cosmic Song, this melody of Soul Contata.

Let such a one start now to sing. Set into vibration, today, the Grand Organ of your Soul, that its thunderous tones may reach out beyond your aura. Let the pleas and cries, the smiles and joys of your inner self break into song, sad or merry. Swing your being into chant and rhythm. Hear the life beat, the fundamental time-note all around you in the better things of life and get at attunement with it.

You will find God, and Peace, and Harmony in such a life. Your God is in your song. Let it be a song that blends with the Cosmic Symphony, regardless of what altar you erect, what sanctuary you build, or what chant you understand.



The Symphony of Life is the rhythm of God's consciousness surging through you, and it knows no limitations of thought or doctrine.

Attune yourself and join the Cosmic Choir. Time will make you a master

musician in the Great Orchestra and you will find Health, Happiness, and Cosmic Power flowing into your being as your song flows outwardly into the Infinite Space of Universal Consciousness.



The Master Speaks

By HENRY W. BRAUMANN, F. R. C.



AS YOU sit in your sanctum with the grey smoke of the mystic incense spiralling its way upward, and the only light being the light of the sacred candles upon your altar, while you sit there meditating on the mysteries of life and trying to comprehend the

uncomprehendable, trying to visualize, to see the invisible, trying to touch and feel the intangible, I come to you. I am the part of you that is deathless, that is infinite in power, knowledge, and love. You cannot experience the supreme joy of becoming one with me unless you cast aside your earthly personality, problems and worry, and raise your consciousness above the material plane of everyday existence, then, together we shall continue and become one with God. Together, because I am the Divine part of you that is of God. I dwell as inward soul within men's hearts. Only through me can you learn the mysteries of Life. Only through me can you come to the Light. As was said Centuries before Christ in the Bhagavad Gita (Song Celestial):

'I am the Sacrifice! I am the Prayer!
I am the Funeral-Cake set for the dead!
I am the healing herb! I am the ghee,
The Mantra, and the flame, and that
which burns!
I am—of all this boundless Universe—
The Father, Mother, Ancestor, and
Guard!

The end of Learning! That which purifies
In lustral water! I am Om! I am
Rig-Veda, Sama-Veda, Yajur-Ved;
The Way, the Fosterer, the Lord, the Judge,
The Witness, the Abode, the Refuge-House,
The Friend, the Fountain and the Sea of Life
Which sends, and swallows up; Treasure of Worlds
And Treasure-Chamber! Seed and Seed-Sower,
Whence endless harvest spring! Sun's heat is mine;
Heaven's rain is mine to grant or to withhold;
Death am I, and Immortal Life I am,
Arjuna! Sat and Asat,—Visible Life, And Life Invisible!
I am alike for all! I know not hate,
I know not favour! What is made is Mine!
But them that worship Me with love, I love;
They are in Me, and I in them!" "

These and many other things are the revelations of the Master within to the Neophyte on the path when he learns to listen to his Inner Self as the time for daily meditation comes at night.

Now the Master leaves and slowly the Neophyte becomes conscious of his body and the room he is in. The voice within faintly says:

"Until tomorrow, Farewell."

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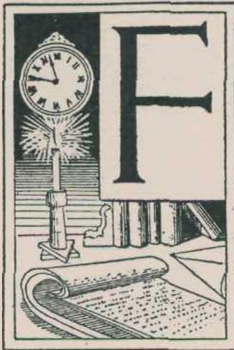


Medicine and Mental Science

By SOROR SELMA COLBE, M. D.

"Resolve to be thyself and know that he who finds himself loses his misery."

(Matthew Arnold)



FROM the physiologist's point of view the functioning of the human body is explained in chemical and physical terms. To him it is a sequence of chemical and physical changes.

The process of eating a meal would be explained on the same

basis. But, let us suppose that the person starts to eat when he is mentally depressed or excited, or that during the meal he has an experience that affects his emotions favorably or unfavorably; immediately his physiological processes are affected.

If the emotion is pronounced and of an unfavorable type such as fear, anger or intense excitement all the physical and chemical processes are vitally changed, and the person may be made ill from the effects. When the meal is eaten in a pleasant frame of mind in the presence of congenial company the digestion is better than when it is eaten alone or in unpleasant surroundings.

Exact chemical analysis of human secretions show that mental states affect the various physiological functions and metabolism. Our mental states affect not only the digestion but also the circulatory system. Note the flushed face in anger or embarrassment and the

blanched face after sudden fright.

Common observation and exact physiological tests show that our mental experiences, i. e., the nature and direction of our mental processes, are controlling agents in the expenditure of energy.

In the human beings this mental factor assumes a unique dominance. Animals must be physically adjusted to their environment, man must be mentally as well as physically adjusted.

As we ascend the scale of life mind becomes more of a directing and discriminating agent for the creature. This does not mean that body and mind do not act according to natural law. Nature is always more or less orderly whether in the realm of the physical or mental.

Raw material is taken from outside and transformed under the constructive activity of living organisms. In all organisms there is an internal integrating action that develops new and changing patterns. It is in the construction and utilization of such complicated, ever-changing, ever-cumulative action that human nature is creative. The result is human personality. "Know thyself" was a maxim of the ancients. If one can know himself and the various determining tendencies, innate and acquired, bound up in his own personality, and if further, one is able to provide the right stimulus he can touch off these determining tendencies quite as well as another individual.



It has been unfortunate that the view of suggestion generally held by Mental Hygienists and even by many Psychologists, has been unnecessarily artificial and complex. All that is necessary is to note the simple and essential significance of suggestion. Suggestion has been defined as any stimulus, external or internal, accompanied or unaccompanied by consciousness, which touches off a determining tendency. This at once relates suggestion to the sensory stimulus and brings the whole matter of suggested behavior under the general relation of response to stimulation.

One can appreciate the far reaching significance of suggestion as a method in education and as a means of encouragement and sometimes of cure in psychiatry.

Psychological factors are largely responsible for the causation of symptoms. Observation has shown that many nervous disorders are contracted by psychic contagion. Stuttering for example is likely to increase when children enter school because the neurosis is spread by psychic contagion. Chorea, Hysteria and the like are often spread by imitation and suggestion.

An eye specialist has reported that among the many children that he has to treat every year he usually finds a few cases of purely functional myopia which are cured by providing the child with plain glasses or even with a spectacle frame with no glass. Suggestion is recognized as one of the causes of suicide among children.

How suggestion acts as a conditioned reflex may be illustrated by an example of suggestion in its effect on physical comfort. An asthmatic on a journey was awakened in his hotel by a violent paroxysm of the disease; greatly distressed for breath he got out of bed and hunted for matches. He had a craving for fresh air, but could not find the window. "Confound these third rate hotels where one gropes vainly in the dark!" He is suffocating and he clamors for air. Feeling about he at length finds a pane of glass. "Where's the window bolt?—Never mind this will do." Then he breaks the pane. The fragments fall to the floor. Now he can breathe, again and again, he fills his chest with the fresh air, the throbbing at his temples

passes and he goes back to bed—"saved." Next morning one of the items in his bill was—Broken clock case—\$4.35.

The ordinary explanation is to say that it was due to imagination and that the physical discomfort and abnormal physical condition still remained, but were unnoticed on account of the man's imagination. What actually happens in such a case is that it is merely a condition reflex and the physical relief, the relaxation of the muscles, and the like, undoubtedly is real. The stimulus of the cool, fresh air in the man's experience had been followed by the reaction of a system of reflexes giving relief, relaxation of the muscles, change in the circulation and the like. In this experience the opening of the window had become a stimulus associated with the original stimulus of the fresh air and so was able to bring about precisely the same biological effect without the original or unconditioned stimulus, so the man's relief was as definite and real as if a window had actually been opened.

Induced suggestion is susceptible of very wide application. Persons who appeal to auto suggestion display a fuller knowledge of the peculiarities of the mind, and it is by understanding and applying the laws of nature that we can obtain the best results. When induced suggestion is employed for the relief of some physical ailment there is nothing distinctively medical about it, and there is no reason why it should remain a monopoly of the medical practitioner. It can be used by educationalists for the benefit of their pupils and children. Its use does not require specialized knowledge of medicine. This follows from the law of subconscious teleology. We have merely to suggest the idea of cure and the subconscious makes it its business to discover the physiological means for realizing the cure, without either the operator or the subject requiring to know what these means are.

There was a time when only certain cases were suitable for suggestive treatment, a line was drawn between functional and organic maladies. But more recently the limits of suitable cases have been greatly extended. A great number of organic affections, even those which physical methods of treatment have

failed to relieve, have yielded to the power of suggestion.

In the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to say what are the limits of that power. The remarkable results secured in recent years have completely upset the ideas formerly entertained and we have a right to expect yet further advances. The inference is that suggestion may be tried and ought to be tried in every case. We are justified in affirming that suggestive treatment will at least give some relief in every case in which the patient remains conscious.

Suggestion can make it easier for the patient to take distasteful medicines. It can help to overcome the undesirable effects of certain drugs. It can be used to induce anaesthesia when painful manipulations or operations are necessary. The patient consulting a doctor who does not usually practice as a suggestor expects a prescription. The doctor must take advantage of such a state of mind and must use the prescription as a vehicle for indirect suggestion.

If a doctor, after examining his patient, writes a prescription and hands it over without comment the drugs thus ordered are not likely to do much good. But when the practitioner explains that this medicine or that must be taken in such conditions and it will produce such, or such, effects the results thus described will rarely fail to occur.

Suggestion is nothing more than auto-suggestion. It is an active process which goes on in the interior of the individual and whose starting point is an idea. Suggestion enables us to control something within our organism which is independent of the action of the will, something to which we can never hope to issue direct commands. We reacquire a privilege which we originally pos-

sessed in our earlier stage of evolution. In these days the living being was fully aware of all that went on within. Owing to division of labor its attention was increasingly directed outward and the supervision of the inner world was left to the subconscious. Suggestion seems to re-establish the supervision, to reconquer it without any detriment to subsequent gains.

The will has no power to promote the development of suggestion. Suggestion, opening a path to the very center of our beings, can act on all our functions and all our faculties and can promote the development of the will itself.

Medicine and suggestion are complementary, like a couple of forces acting in contrary directions and therefore unable to rival one another. The first acts from without, being centripetal. The second acts from within being centrifugal. Each taken alone can perform wonders in specific cases. But in some cases either taken alone is doubtless inadequate, but by uniting they can realize the fable of the blind man and paralytic.

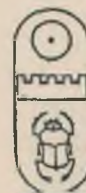
Suggestive practice consists of an education or re-education of certain mental aptitudes and habits which human beings have been tending more and more to lose.

Modern times have been characterized by the conquest of the material world. The work of modern science is a great achievement but it is incomplete. For its completion a certain change is necessary both in outlook and method. We are masters of nature externally alone, inwardly we are nature's slaves.

Studying only too well all that surrounds us we have forgotten our own personalities and now or never is the moment when we must put into practice the Socratic Maxim "Know Thyself."

SPECIAL MEDITATION PERIOD

Each of the members of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, is asked to include in his or her sanctum meditations, at least once weekly, a three-minute period of thoughts for *health, strength and fulfillment of Cosmic Law*. These thoughts are to be directed to the patients of the Rose-Croix Research Institute and Sanitarium, in San Jose, California. The projected thoughts of *well being*, focalized on that institution from throughout the world, will, as we know, contribute *metaphysically and mystically* to the salutary effects of the environment on the patients.





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 the 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.*)

ANOTHER CHANCE



AT THE first of the calendar year it has become customary to make New Year resolutions. The fact is, the custom has become better known and of more consequence than the establishment of different rules and purposes by which to govern our lives. In fact, we jokingly refer to the New Year resolutions we intend to make, and while possibly to most of us there is really little value in the resolution we do make, it is, however, one time of the year when we frankly face our faults and, in the spirit of complying with the times and custom, admit that we have undesirable habits and with

more or less seriousness resolve to change that particular habit or supplement an undesirable activity with something else. Whether or not the resolution actually is carried out probably has little bearing upon the benefits that come from self-analysis.

It might be well if we would frankly adjust ourselves to the consideration of our shortcomings and defects more often. We dislike very much to have someone else point out our faults. Therefore, it might be well if we would more conscientiously consider these for ourselves before they become apparent to others. With the desire of changing a previous habit pattern and with the desire of improvement in one way or another, we are in a sense asking for another chance. In childhood we learned that another chance was frequently available to us when we made a mistake, and that we could do over that

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which we did not do successfully. However, as we added years to our lives, and as we came to face realities that were directly connected with our existence insofar as making a living and affecting others, we came more and more to find out that most of our decisions once made must stand, and that the consequences of these decisions were a part of our lot, because man has been given the privilege and the ability to choose within certain limitations. To exercise this right of choice is a sacred obligation as well as a privilege, and consequently, in all instruction, physical and spiritual, the educational trend is to direct man to be better able to make these decisions when and if he is faced with them, rather than to encourage him to be able to rectify the consequences of the decision after the act is completed. Nevertheless, we still ask "Can we have another chance?" "Is this life one of comparatively short duration that gives man only one chance insofar as the whole of physical existence is concerned?" "Is man to be denied the right to use abilities and potentialities which he has discovered in the very process of making an error just because the error was once made?"

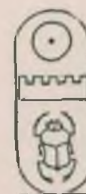
In the past the treatment under certain penal codes has been based upon the principle that once an error is committed a penalty must be paid. Might it not be better—and in fact it has been proved—that man be directed toward good citizenship and better living based upon the example of his error? Any person familiar with sociology and individual psychology will at once conclude that there are individual differences that must enter into the decision to be rendered in deciding this and similar cases. There does exist in the universe the law of compensation; that is, "we reap what we sow," and the consequences of our own action cannot be definitely eliminated through another chance, but by facing the consequences of our own actions and decisions, we can lessen the intensity of the effect that comes from our errors. We are taught that it is heroic to face great odds, even should we not be successful in overcoming them. Hero stories through the ages laud those who have clung to their convictions and who have upheld that to

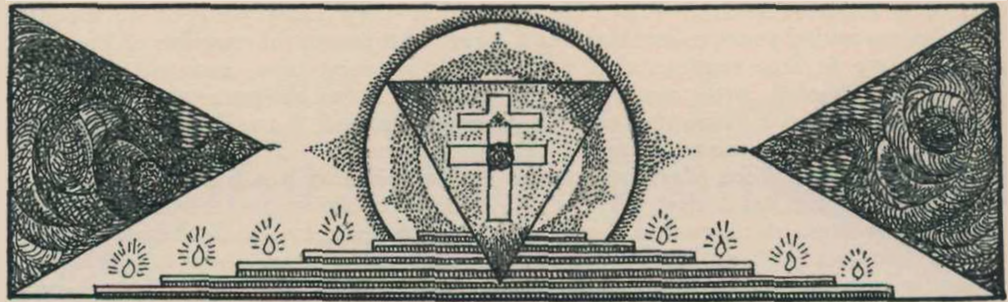
which they have pledged themselves, even if it meant the sacrifice of life itself. This is very true, and all men must cling to those obligations to which they have pledged themselves if civilization is to survive.

On the other hand, when we are faced with a condition, the existence of which is unquestionable, and when it is the result of our own act, there is no more use in trying to deny the force or power of that condition than there is to, in the words of the familiar saying, "knock our heads against a stone wall." In other words, the law of compensation demands that we compensate for that for which compensation is demanded. If in the business world we obligate ourselves by financial debts, those debts must be paid; and so in our whole lives if we obligate ourselves by committing a wrong or a serious error, then the consequences of the wrong or the error are as a debt hanging over us. We need not be discouraged by the existence of these things, however, any more than we need be discouraged by the existence of a financial debt. Neither can be eliminated in the twinkling of an eye, but both can be gradually changed by a firm determination to apply our efforts toward their elimination, and a realization of the fact that they do exist and that another condition must be made to exist to replace that which is in existence.

We, therefore, owe a definite obligation to ourselves to view tolerantly the conditions demanded of us in life. We must realize our limitations and our potentialities and realize, furthermore, that when events happen in our lives which we do not desire, and when we would like another chance to have something different, the condition exists because we have failed to adjust our previous decisions and actions to our full potential abilities. In other words, man has the ability to make correct decisions. Man is not placed in the world to wander aimlessly, using a trial and error method. He can turn to a source of information, inspiration and power which will direct him, but man has failed in that he has not learned how to use his potentialities. It is like a great waterfall which can be harnessed by a hydroelectric plant to produce electrical ener-

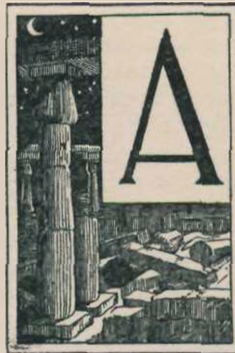
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The Subjective and the Objective In Art

By FRATER J. A. CALCANO



ART, or rather the artistic masterpiece, is dual. There was a time when materialistic ideas found their way into the aesthetic world, and we were offered what we could name the monistic theory of art, namely, that art had not two separate components, such as form and idea, or style and meaning, but only one inseparable unity. Perhaps those who did sponsor that theory did not realize its materialistic tendency, because one of its most brilliant champions was the celebrated Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce, whose ideas, as a whole, are far from materialistic. Anyhow, scholars and art amateurs alike didn't seem ready to embrace that conception, and after hesitating for some time they fell back to the old idea of the duality of art.

Art, then, is dual. It has an outer form, a vessel, so to say; and it has also a meaning, a feeling, a soul. It is not necessary for us now to delve into the technicalities developed by philosophers and critics in their study and analysis of the artistic masterpiece. If we understand what is meant when we say that art has a form or vessel and also has a meaning or spirit or soul, and that consequently art is dual, we don't need to argue about the words we use for designating those components of the work of

art. We all realize that a piece of music has an outer body built with melodic phrases and harmonic combinations and some other technical material, and, besides that, it has also the expressive part that conveys to the inner self the emotional or intuitional outpouring of the composer.

If we were to speak about the subjective part of a masterpiece, perhaps we would pick out a musical masterpiece, because in music the subjective part is more prominent. But we shall deal in these pages more with painting than with music, for two reasons: First, because for music it would be necessary actually to play a few illustrations, and second, because the consideration of the objective part of music may lead us into a few technicalities which could easily be explained in a lecture, but not so easily in an article, and we try to avoid technical matter.

When we look at a picture—any picture—we become conscious from the beginning, of its outer or objective part. We see and understand, for instance, that the picture is a landscape, that there is a green meadow, a yellow house, a brown cow, a tall tree, a blue sky, a few white clouds. If the picture is well painted we can see that the meadow is a surface and the house is a body standing upon that surface, just as the cow is. We may see that there is space and air *behind* the cow, that we could run *around* the house, that the clouds are not like bits of paper glued on the blue of the picture, but that they are floating in the air. We could also

have touch impressions, if the painter is a good one; we would then understand that if we could pass our fingers over the cow we would have the feeling of the soft hair, while the wall of the house would give us a more harsh feeling, and so on. All that was really meant by the painter and put there by his hand. Those elements belong to the objective part of the picture.

If we go one step farther we could even imagine how pure and fresh the air is, how sweet the smell of the herbs. But this group of impressions would be imaginative or perhaps intuitional; they were not really put on the canvass by the painter.

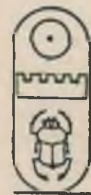
There are also other kinds of impressions to be had from the painting, viz., how beautiful and nice the place is, how peaceful and inviting, how familiar or how strange. We may even remember some similar place which has tender memories for us. But these impressions are purely personal, they are foreign to the painter's purpose. And truly they belong to us only and not to the masterpiece, so to speak.

But in the masterpiece itself there is more still. And here I may refer to a personal experience, as it is a good illustration of this point. It was an afternoon in one of the South American cities. I was in a small, beautiful church. Inside, the semi-darkness blended well with the atmosphere of reverence of the place. In one of the side-chapels there was plenty of light, a soft light that came through the glass in the roof. On the wall there was a large picture, "The Miracle of the Fishes and the Loaves of Bread," a very good painting by a famous local artist of the last century. As I was looking at the picture, the priest, a good natured and simple man, came up to me and in very nice words made some comments about the picture. Among other things, he told me that the painting was a very good one because the feeling of physical satisfaction, after a good meal, was thoroughly expressed, and he illustrated this idea by pointing out that a small dog, on a corner of the large canvass, was seated with his back against a basket full of bread, and the dog seemed not to heed the food, as if he was not at all hungry.

Well, this might prove a good way of conveying the idea of satiety, but I am afraid that a master artist will draw or paint a small dog against a basket full of bread in a masterly way and the drawing or picture will then be a masterpiece, while if I try to draw or paint the same subject, my drawing or picture will prove to be a very poor one, with nothing of the master hand in it. Thus we see plainly that the real value of a picture must be looked for somewhere else and not in the "story." This "story" is only a literary value, not a plastic value.

Each branch of the fine arts has its own domain or realm of ideas or expressive conceptions. A musical "idea," if it is really musical, cannot be said in words or painted in line and colour. A poetical "idea" cannot be fully said in music or in colours. And, likewise, a plastic "idea" cannot be expressed in verses or in melody. We could, of course, make an adaptation of such an idea, as D'Annunzio has "translated" into Italian poetry his personal reaction to an "Adagio" by Brahms and to Grieg's "Erotika"; and it has been said that Debussy did put into music the atmosphere of several of the impressionist painters of his time, notably Monet's landscapes. But these are subtleties of the artistic genius, better understood after we have grasped and become familiar with the characteristic expressions of each branch of the Fine Arts. And, moreover, that particular poem of D'Annunzio or that particular piece of Debussy are nothing else but their own artistic creations, as original and brand new as if there was in them no background taken from another artistic realm. There is no *copy*, in the ordinary sense, in that kind of works.

But we may ask, what then is the really plastic idea in a picture, what is its subjective part? It is very difficult to give a satisfactory answer, because the subject is not so simple and because we must answer *in words*, and plastic ideas or painting ideas can be properly said only with a plastic means of expression. The only thing we can do is to give some hints, to point out some way by means of which it may be possible to find out by ourselves, after due meditation and after looking at a real masterpiece, what is the artistic contents



of the art of painting. It is necessary to develop by and by in ourselves the special kind of sensibility and inner understanding that pertain to that form of art. Nobody can fully explain that to us. We must arrive at that comprehension and feeling by ourselves. Nevertheless, we will try to point the way, if we can. But, again, it is only by meditating before a picture, with these hints in mind, that the understanding can be attained after trying several times. Of course, those born with the specific genius well developed grasp everything easily, even without any outside help.

There is a most significant painting, a real masterpiece, called "The Miracle of Saint Mark," painted about the middle of the sixteenth century by the celebrated master Tintoretto, which can be seen today in the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice, Italy, and which has been reproduced very often. This famous painting depicts Saint Mark coming down from the heavens. The body of the Saint, enveloped in a flying mantle which makes rich and strange curves, is coming down in a twisted position, head foremost, against the infinite expansion of the sky. A group of startled onlookers fill the lower part of the picture, and their heads, with oriental turbans, offer to our eyes a multitude of restless "balls" of cloth that reach way back toward the horizon.

Among the many drawings of Tintoretto kept today in Italian museums there is one particularly interesting for us. It is a sketch for this very picture of "The Miracle of Saint Mark." In this sketch we see at once that the onlookers are replaced by many trees, whose round foliage makes just the same, or nearly the same, effect as the turbans of the onlookers, viz., a multitude of restless balls of soft consistency which can be seen the one after the other going away to the horizon.

So we may think that the original conception of this picture, from the plastic point of view, was: the expansion of the sky, out of which came down a twisted and powerful body, a mighty force, pointing to the earth; and on the lower surface, instead of the plain soil, we can see, as the first effect of the miraculous strength, a series of round uneasy, animated balls, which well sug-

gest the unexpected and astonishing action of the divine energy. This explanation is really a poor one, being in words, but if we see a photograph or colored reproduction of this picture, we may begin to feel, to grasp a meaning more or less connected with this scheme, and we may begin to understand the meaning of the quickly evolving lines of the mantle, to feel and comprehend the almost superhuman message of the masses represented by the turbaned heads, and so, our contemplation will gradually lead us into the fascinating world of Art, into the ineffable language of lines, colours and masses or bodies.

It is easy to understand, from this viewpoint, that it matters little whether those round masses are heads or trees, or clouds or simply smoke. And we could also understand why it is a poor art criticism to say that the third or fourth of those heads has an eye painted in such or such a way, or that the nose of that other head doesn't quite look like a nose. Perhaps if the artist paints that nose or that eye in a more realistic way that may look just like a photographic copy of an objective nose or eye, perhaps, we say, that copy may spoil the whole effect for the man who knows how to look at a picture, although it would prove more satisfactory for the layman. This also explains why these are famous pictures which offer details not acceptable to everybody, as a hand with only four fingers, or a leg that is merely a stroke of the brush. Usually that means either that it is only a secondary value for the plastic message of the work of art, or that it is necessary, in order to emphasize an important point, to paint this particular detail in some way so that it will not attract the eye at all.

More or less along the same lines we could arrive at an understanding of the value of colours; the right kind of colour for the right kind of plastic idea. There are colours that are like an exclamation; others are like a cry or a laugh; there are colours that weep and colours that keep silent. The colours are an outstanding value in the paintings of Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, our late Emperor. In such pictures as "The Idol of Love," which can be seen in the Egyptian and Oriental Museum, in San Jose, or "The

Alchemist," now in the Rose-Croix Sanitarium, all the limpid colours are like a well trained Chorus singing a most inspired song.

All we have said cannot be considered anything more than a brief outline, as it would require a very large volume to deal extensively with this subject, and we must leave aside many interesting aspects of the matter. For instance, besides the plastic and fundamental idea or set of expressive values of a masterpiece, there are also secondary values that blend with the fundamental value to form a large whole unit of expression that appeals to many sides or phases of

our sensitivity. It is in this way that in Tintoretto's picture, it is not *quite* the same if the "balls" are heads or trees, because out of ourselves we attribute a different sentimental value to a head and to a tree. So, we see that, after all, what we called the "story" has also a value, but this value is not the main message of Art, but a secondary value of a mental and not of an intuitional or sensitive order. These values correspond, so to speak, to a third point in our triangle, if we try to apply to the work of art the well known human triangle of Soul, Mind and Body. And Art is, above all, a magnificent Soul message.



CATHEDRAL CONTACTS

(Continued from Page 457)

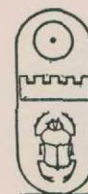
gy which will exceed many times the actual force of the water itself. So man has a spark in him which is a part of all creative energy and which is a part of the very thing with which he is dealing and which he can harness to be much greater than he.

This utilization of the innate abilities and powers of man is the message of the Rosicrucians. But whether you are affiliated with the Rosicrucians or not, do not deny yourself the assistance they can give, because the Cathedral of the Soul established by them is not confined by the limitations of any physical in-

dividual organization or group, but is as large as the universe itself, and to it all men may come for inspiration, guidance and direction on how to best face the consequences of their past actions and how to utilize their potentialities to be better able to face those that may lie in the future. Therefore, to start this New Year, if you do not have in your possession a copy of the booklet "Liber 777" which explains in detail the purposes and procedures of this unique institution, the Cathedral of the Soul, write for it now.



With every inch of stature, with every step to right or left, we see more and differently, and must needs correct previous impressions. Therefore we dare affirm positively only the truth of the center. All religions, all philosophies, sciences, doctrines, dogmas, are true at heart, but the moment the seer attempts to too positively explain and define details he is a false prophet; for these limitations have no existence in nature, other than that they more or less truly represent the horizons of his outlook, the edges of his eye-scope. All emphasis about boundaries makes a lie; all limitation makes a lie; all standing still at a preferred spot and insistence on that vista as final is stagnation and extinguishment. Buddha saw the truth, so did Moses, Socrates, Jesus, Mohammed, Mother Ann Lee, Swedenborg, Emerson, Whitman, and so do I. And you have, in yourself, a vision that no other may see for you or exactly with you. But to-morrow comes one who sees more and farther; and the next day a larger man than any, with stronger eyes and brain. There is no creed, no code, no definition, no limit, but for the moment; but all is life and the rhythm and flow of it.—J. *William Lloyd.*

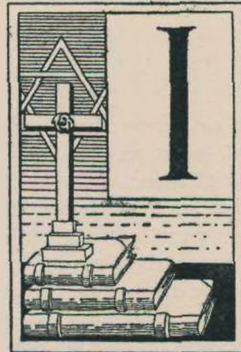




The Light on Freedom Hill

LET IT SHINE FOR YOU

By VIRGINIA SCOTT, F. R. C.



IF ONLY I had been alive when Whitman was here! If I could have met him—or could have talked to Edward Carpenter! Or if I could have known their friends—Traubel, John Burroughs—or any of the members of that latter group which Bucke included in his 'Cosmic Consciousness,' what an inspiration it would have been!" If you have had this longing, have wished that you might know such persons, might read the words of some such philosopher while he was still upon this plane, then this article is for you. Because there is such a person alive today, and when you read his words you will recognize his affinity with others who have attained a degree of cosmic consciousness, you will find it unbelievable that you almost "missed" him, and will want to know more about his books and his present surroundings.

Today, on Freedom Hill, in southern California, a gentle, white-bearded philosopher is sitting in his pergola, looking over the wide San Fernando valley; or he may be sitting at his long table, writing to one of his many friends, or trying to catch into words some thought which has fluttered into the forefront of his consciousness. Or he may be out on the

hillside, working with his hands, and listening to the hints which Nature drops into his mind. This is J. William Lloyd. Have you met him through his books? Many of the great personalities of yesterday "found" him. His work has been appreciatively mentioned by such leaders as: Edward Carpenter, Havelock Ellis, Horace Traubel, John Burroughs, Kahlil Gibran, Edwin Markham, Ella W. Wilcox, and Elbert Hubbard. He corresponded with Whitman, and with Bucke, although he was prevented from meeting them. Recently he explained in answer to a friend's query:

"No, by a strange turn of fate (or would you say, Karma?) I just missed meeting Whitman. I had written him, and ordered his 'Complete Works' and promised him a visit. But at that time I was earning my living as nurse, and I had a patient who was near death and could not be left. And before my patient died, Whitman himself passed on. (It was then that I wrote my poem 'Mount, Walt Whitman,' now in *Wind-Harp Songs*.) But I did come to know about all of Whitman's 'Old Guard'—Traubel, John Burroughs, J. H. Johnson, Harned, the Smiths of Philadelphia, et al. The same strange missing occurred in the case of R. M. Bucke. He wrote me enthusiastically about Dawn-Thought, and held back his book from the press in order to get me in it, and invited me to come to Canada and visit him—and then he fell down (apoplexy or something) and died. So I missed meeting two great men."

The "book" which was held back from the press was, of course, the now famous "Cosmic Consciousness." In that you will find a brief description of J. William Lloyd's life up until his first experience with the state of Cosmic Consciousness, and also mention of the first fruit of that experience—"Dawn

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Thought." As Bucke points out in this section of his book, such a state may dawn suddenly, or break upon the consciousness gradually, as it did with Lloyd. "There was a clearly-marked moment when the light began to break through, but illumination came gradually." And, "it must be remembered that illumination that comes gradually may be as complete as that which comes instantly." So, in this instance, we are able to follow the subject farther than Bucke, to see the gradual unfoldment mirrored in subsequent books written by Lloyd, and in his viewpoint and way of life today. In one thing though—a description of the sensation of Cosmic Consciousness—we can come no closer to a tangible exposition than Bucke's quotation from Lloyd:

"There was no particular sensation, except that something beautiful and great seemed to have happened to me, which I could only describe in terms of light. Yet it was purely mental. But everything looked different to me. I went about the city that day calm, but glad and uplifted. The thing I remember most was a wonder how soon the sensation, or impression, would leave me. I was latently sceptical, and thought it a temporary inspiration, like that of a poem. But days, weeks, months, passed, and I found the shoot which had broken ground that winter morning was ever growing, strengthening and changing all the scenery of my life. I continually questioned and tested, and at last, after a year's trial, began to write."

Many years have passed since Lloyd first attempted to express this sensation of "light." Meanwhile he has been refreshed by a recurrence of the phenomenon, the light has grown, has been reflected in a series of books. Yet, as we stood by his long study window above the heat-hazed valley, and he tried once again to phrase that which is wordless, he still felt that "light" was one symbol which might give some glimmering of the initial experience, the state which held him all the while "Dawn Thought" was being written. He says at the end of that book:

"But do not mistake me. There was no trance, or any consciousness of spirit or person. I was never more normal or sanely serene. It was merely that a mood of clearer consciousness seemed to come upon me, illuminating and uplifting me to greater distance and depth of vision, and the confused became plain."

In "Dawn Thought" he attempted to express the Plan which was now becoming visible, the Unity which manifested itself in Duality:

"... everything is convertible (the philosopher's stone not such a chimera after all) and in the last analysis all are one and the same. Matter is but congealed spirit, and spirit but sublimated matter, and each transformable into the other. Granite is no more substantial than hope, and thought is as real a substance as marble or diamond. The One must be Life, and everything must be alive, metal and sand, lightning-flash, stick and rainbow, imagination, laughter and pain." . . . "For Life is One, but its manifestations are Two, and the Whole is in embryo in every part; and all things are formed in its image because there is no other pattern or model—there is no other." . . . "And when the Center throws off a germ to form an individual, as we say, the first thing to be emphasized is the apparent separation, the feeling of distinct individuality and self-importance. Therefore all souls primitive, young on the path, are intensely egoist, even to selfishness. But as the return accelerates, separation grows less certain and distinct, unity is more and more felt and accepted, and altruism manifests itself more and more in active gentleness and love." . . . "By the one force the Center binds everything to himself, so that he is All and in all, and nothing can fall away or escape; by the other he holds objects, individuals, away from himself, in apparent separateness, that he may use them and act upon them, that Motion may be."

Lloyd finds this same dual manifestation in all phenomena, for example, in the arts:

"Consider that in drawing and painting there are two things, which cannot be dispensed with—light and shade; and in poetry and music two—a rising and a falling, which we name rhythm; and in sculpture and architecture two—that which is cut away and that which rises in relief, and we shall see that the law holds everywhere, even in the elemental."

Yet behind this Duality there is always Unity, whether it be in beliefs or in more tangible manifestations:

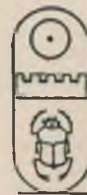
"For on one side everything reaches to and takes hold on the Inmost (and on every side is touched and penetrated by and made inseparable from the Inclusive) and is divine."

Yet, every manifestation of this Unity is but partial:

"... all revelations are but partial and imperfect, there is no one and nothing infallible, yet every man, every nation, yes, every beast, flower, crystal, has the light." . . . "Every independent thinker stains his words through and through with the pigment of his thought, and they are not as other men's are."

And each man's "revelation" can be understood only by those who stand—for the moment—upon the same plane of consciousness:

"You may spend all your days in explaining your view, but those below you on the ladder will never see it as you see it till they also stand where you stand. This is immutable law. I speak to my own, and my own will understand."



In "Dawn Thought" Lloyd also laid the foundation for his later writings on such fundamental natural laws as love:

"Like the tides of the sea, there is forever a majestic influx and efflux of love through all the world. For it is not to be forgotten that the Divine is feminine as well as masculine, Mother as well as Father. The Divine Tenderness, the Divine Woman, is Peace, Rest, the Great Comforter. The Divine Strength, the Father, holds us and protects us, the Divine Tenderness, the Mother, feeds and cherishes us. Therefore the sexes are different and equal;" . . . "for sex is more a matter of the spirit than of form, and both sexes are to some extent in each." . . . "Where two souls and bodies really fit and answer each other in tender love, there is the real marriage, where they conjoin without this fitness there is adultery, and when this fitness fails there is divorce." . . . "The true marriage is the holiest and most religious thing in the universe, and all caresses of all lovers are perfect in proportion to the religious depth and sincerity of their moving impulse." . . . "It (marriage) is more than living together, more than fleshly consummation, more than mutual parenthood, more than legal or religious ceremonies, more than vows or promises. All these are accidents or incidents, having no essential relation to true marriage which can exist in its most perfect spiritual form without them; they only express, declare, celebrate, or hamper and interfere with it. True marriage is at-one-ment, is union, a oneing. Hence its wonderful, vital relation to religion and life. By its at-one-ment of two souls it typifies what finally must come to all souls—their at-one-ment with all things, and thus enlargement to the Divine Inclusion. And the man and the woman, thus united, form the social molecule, of which, taken separately, they are the atoms. Separately, they are social atoms, indivisible, incoherent; together they are the social unit, the smallest possible, yet most typical social group; mutual, equal freedom balanced in united love—the encircled cross."

And of reincarnation:

"But if reincarnation be accepted the view instantly changes. A man may come back to love in the houses he has built, to pluck fruit from the trees he has planted, to enjoy the works of art he has created, to study in the schools he has founded; or to be deceived by the lies he has left, to be starved in the deserts he has made, to be cramped and stunted by the laws he has imposed."

And of religion he says many vital things, as when he speaks of the various functions which may be filled by a single religion:

". . . in the normal growth and evolution of humanity the same religion serves different men differently. To those not yet to it, it is mysterious, attractive, or repellent; to those abreast of it it is all truth; but those who are past it can criticize it wisely, according to their distance, and modify it to their need, add to it their new truths, and finally outgrow it altogether and into something apparently new yet feeding on the dead truths of the old. For continuity is never really broken in anything, and, after all, there is only one religion in the whole world."

Throughout this first book one feels an upward-reach, a constant recognition of evolution, growth of the individual, as a primary law and necessity. And because each can see only the view proper to his own place on the ladder, the outlook of each is limited, partial. Therefore:

"Each disputant feels passionately the truth of his thesis because it is true, but none sees the synthesis which proves the equal necessity of his opponent's thought; therefore the battle rolls."

Therefore, the Paradox is ever present to divide and confuse. It is this Paradox which takes the center of the stage in "Life's Beautiful Battle," Lloyd's second book. First, there had been the experience which manifested outwardly in "Dawn Thought:"

"This Dawn-Thought has broken into my life like a veritable light. I was not conscious before of shadow, but now that the light has come I know the difference by the contrast."

Yet, even after this, he found that the small irritations of life continued, that contradictions and inconsistencies appeared constantly, that every truth was prickly with conflicting aspects — and this turmoil made him fear that he "would never be a philosopher, or find the Serene Life." At this point he experienced a second illumination, which he describes:

"But this morning the same feeling came to me as on the morning of my Dawn-Thought—that again I was illuminated, my life-long prayer about to be answered, and the Secret of the Serene Life laid in my hand. . . It is hard to define a thought like this, in fact, impossible. It is a thread, one end of which is in your hand, but the other end is in infinity. You may describe what you see and feel, but more lies beyond."

The thought that came to me on that bright morning of my birth-month, was a peculiar grasp of the reality of the fact that the battle of life was not an evil, but a blessing; that every obstacle, hindrance, injury, mistake, fault, sin, peril or calamity whatever, was an Opportunity for the Soul to Attain and that without it Attainment was not. It was the indispensable means.

It was a New Ray of the Dawn. I was sure of that. The same sweet certainty bore witness: the same calm clear light. . . I now saw that evil, using that word in the large sense, as applied to all obstacles that oppose and defeat us, frighten, pain or pollute us, was not an enemy at all, but that the true view was to regard it as a champion regards his coach, a pupil his teacher."

"Life's Beautiful Battle" then, is built around this theme. It may be that in the future Lloyd's handling of the Paradox will be considered his most important

accomplishment. At present that is not altogether the case, for much that is said in his other works is more familiar, hence more palatable, to the average student who has read much of unity and duality, karma and reincarnation, love, religion, tolerance. The student has pondered on these, "accepted" them, and welcomes each new exposition which may enlarge his understanding or his knowledge. But—to accept the realization that every law has its opposing counterpart, that for every rule of life we accept there is an opposing rule which is equally important in the evolutionary scheme; that evil and good, peace and action, victory and defeat, civilization and the simple life, separation and unity, health and pain, resistance and non-resistance are essential—that is more difficult. *Far too many students — and far too many teachers — copy a few laws from the Cosmic guide-book, then lock it away and content themselves with a repetition of that which they have accepted; and this course necessitates a wilful self-binding, a continual denial of all conflicting laws.* Most of those who have attained a degree of illumination have an inner understanding of the Paradox, but content themselves with declaring: Everything has its place, *fundamentally* there is only Unity. They shun the task of reconciling the opposing manifestations of that unity. But Lloyd has tried—although he realizes the danger:

" . . . what words have we to express the reconciliation of the apparently eternally opposed, how can we, as separates, explain the Unity, how can I write on every page of the omnipresence of the Paradox and not myself be paradoxical to the borders of incomprehensibility?"

To begin with, he warns:

"Whatever you stand for, remember that Nature affirms the opposite, also with equal vehemence, and that to accuse Nature is absurd and leaves you with no evidence and no court of appeal."

For many, the most difficult paradox is that of Evil:

"And the paradox holds concerning evil itself, as in all things else. Evil both is and is not. When we prove all evil good, someone triumphantly cries: 'Then there is no evil!' and the words are very true. Nevertheless, we are obliged to affirm evil, even if it is only the evil of the error of believing in it. Sin there is, even if it is only the mistake of turning back.

In fact, then, evil, even if only a form and aspect of good, which it is, is irrepressible, and

a constant presence and factor, and if you destroy it in one form, it calmly reappears, but with undiminished volume, in another, elsewhere. Else would the philosophy of Compensation have no basis. The universe is like one of those modern engines which consumes its own smoke; its evil is all utilized and turned to pure fire and force at last."

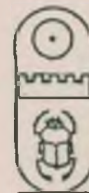
Evil manifests first as a lever, working through resistance, but to the enlightened man it becomes "opportunity."

"Nothing that lifts fails to experience resistance and its value is accurately measured by that resistance. . . . The stone is heavy so that the seed it weighs upon has to struggle to escape and grow off sideways to get to the light, but at last it has, for that reason, all the longer root, and the stone on its root becomes its anchor. Evil is always potentially opportunity, but at the first the opportunity is disguised and the compulsion emphasized. We have seen that in order to have action there must be an actor, and a thing acted upon, and opposition therefore is the first vital necessity. . . . Evil is only another name for opposition, and opposition becomes the fulcrum of leverage, the foundation of erection, the dam of fountain heads, the manure of shoots. And this evil makes itself more and more intolerable, until its opposing good becomes inevitable as the only exit of escape; and in proportion to the intolerableness will be the vigor and stature of the out-growth; in proportion to the deadness of the weight will be the stability and force of the uplift." . . . "Whenever the battle of life has lifted a man high enough to have ideals of peace, unselfishness, cooperation, and liberty, he has evolved enough to no longer need the unmitigated pressure of evil as a driver." . . . "Always the evil and the coarse come first, the good and the fine later; always it is compulsion before liberty and opportunity." . . . "Be sure when some trial, or sorrow, or fear, or perplexity, or straining demand upon your virtue returns to you again and again, that here is a weak spot in your soul which the friendly Adversary has found and to which he has fitted an appropriate battle as a gymnastic, and it is for you to accept the lesson and go through the discipline until it is easy and joyous for you, your fear no fear, your weakness translated into a new and higher strength."

And as evil takes progressive forms in step with man's evolution, so do such things as Strength and Religion:

"Up from muscle and Compulsion, thru brain and Discussion to sympathy and Persuasion and, lastly, Agreement, Equality, Liberty, the progression is inevitable, the series persistent. After the man of brawn has beaten his way, the man of brains argued his way, the man of kindness coaxed his way, comes the Serene, Superior Man, liberating, loving, with nothing to hate and nothing to fear, setting all free and being set free, demanding nothing and receiving all, wise, loving and beloved.

"And so, after all fetishisms, idolatries, superstitions, incantations, sacrifices, rites, polytheisms, theisms, comes a serene, participating enlarging including Godhood; without temples, ceremonies, prayers, obeisances, creeds or dogmas;



reverencing all, believing all, accepting all, loving all, equal with all, blessing, uniting with all."

And the individual Seeker who has progressed beyond the average, evolves from fanatic to prophet to adept.

"No soul is fitted for the higher levels till it attains this moral courage, as we call it, and as the first stage of every attainment is the crudest and most mixed with dross, so the birthplace and first evidence of moral courage is almost necessarily fanaticism. How can it be otherwise? To the lower minds the paradox is pure foolishness. Of two opposite things it is held self-evident that only one can be true and right; and so, the choice being made, the greater the strength of the spirit (of the sap-rush in this particular spiritual spring) the more passionate the conviction of the espoused truth and of the falsehood of its opposite.

"The soul of the fanatic is the soul of a warrior, of one who in previous life-stages has learned to despise death and fear and pain, and be faithful with dogged loyalty to a shibboleth and a chief. When this soul, then, suddenly finds itself given a spiritual instead of a material battle, it knows only to fight it on the old lines, and as much as possible would prefer to draw it back to the material plane. . . . A stage above the fanatic is the apostle, one who has lost love of blows and joy in hate and faith in physical constraints as means of extending truth, one who loves his opponents and yearns to save them from perilous error and deadly sin, but still one to whom there is no paradox, and no illusion, and no virtue in doubt, to whom truth is on this side and all truth, and falsehood is on that side and all false. . . . But inevitably every soul must, some day, after the necessary procession of incarnations and series of experiences, begin to enter the Dawn, to see both sides at once. To such vision there can be no longer any fanaticism, nor the old intensity of one-sided partizan conviction. . . . With a mind clear and sane, intoxicated by no passion, he sees wrong as clearly as the man who sees only wrong, but beyond him sees the right of that same wrong, too, and therefore cannot get excited by it."

The book deals with so many paradoxes that it is difficult to choose among them for these limited quotations. But there are, for example, Solitude and Society, Supremacy and Liberty, Love and Self-poise, Liberty and Necessity.

"The centrifugal is good and the centripetal is good. Solitude takes us to the Center thru our own souls, and society thru the souls of others." . . . "Supremacy gives us the service of others, but not their best service, because not their loving service. This can come only in equality, and equality means liberty, therefore supremacy inevitably grows thru our own and others' necessity into liberty. And so we arrive at the paradoxical fact that only as we separate and set ourselves at liberty from all things, and set them free from ourselves, do we ideally unite." . . . "Love one centrally and many radiatingly, but do not merge utterly into the one or give yourself altogether away in fragments.

Remember the paradox, pause and poise. We are to give ourselves to others, but we are to so cultivate and enrich ourselves at the same time that we shall always have more and yet more to give." . . . "Our liberty might be compared to that of a passenger on a long railway train. He goes right and left, here and there, up and down, and by starting at the forward end of the train may really seem to go a long way back toward the place from which he came. But all this liberty and power to go back and reverse his journey is trivial and practically deceptive, for all the time the mighty train is hurling him forward in one direction like a projectile. Even while walking backward he is going forward. So it is with all of us. We turn here and there and boast of our liberty, which seems real enough, and believe we have power to go back to any extent, but all the time the universe is carrying us forward in its mighty purpose with resistless speed and absolute inclusion. We may neither stop this train, retard its motion, nor jump off."

We have quoted at length from these two books because they will soon be classed among out-of-print items, difficult to obtain.* In answer to a recent query the author reported that only a few copies were left. Those who are attracted to his work—and unable to obtain the first two books—may be more fortunate in procuring a copy of another important work of his—"Eneres."

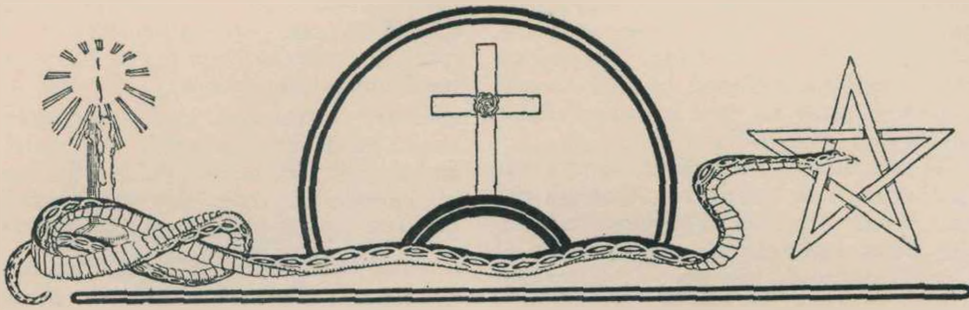
Havelock Ellis wrote the introduction to "Eneres." In it, he comments upon the fact that Lloyd has met the fate of all prophets—being better known abroad than among his own people, and when you have read it you will probably agree with him that:

"William Lloyd belongs to the class of 'prophets', as in England Edward Carpenter who had a high regard for Lloyd—the class of people, that is to say, who have a 'message' to their fellow-men . . . a message which those fellow-men need but do not usually care to hear . . . I have been accustomed to place Lloyd in the continuation of the old Emerson-Thoreau-Whitman line."

The style of Eneres is more diffusive than that of the previous books. Instead of brief, quotable "sayings," complete in themselves, the effect of the most impressive paragraphs is often partially dependent upon the preceding material. This gives a more serene, "flowing" effect, well suited to the theme—a series of talks between Eneres (the Old Man, the Serene One, the

*All books mentioned may be purchased direct from the author while supplies last. Address: J. William Lloyd, Swallow's Nest, Freedom Hill, Roscoe, California. "Dawn Thought," \$2; "Life's Beautiful Battle," \$2; "Eneres," \$1.

(Continued on Page 468)



The Fruits of Knowledge

By SOROR ELSA ANGLE



VERY often occult students are perplexed because of the lack of good results and find it discouraging when the choicest fruits are not within their reach. Nature, as Divine Principle, has its own unerring methods of development which

must precede the gathering of desirable fruits.

The tree of Life has its start in a mode of living which sends out innumerable roots to gather sound and constructive information from all directions and on all subjects. Such deep going, reliable and fundamental development cannot be measured by time; but if it gets wholehearted attention it is sure to culminate in a well rounded, sturdy, upright growing form of developing knowledge. Since this growth depends mainly on the strength and condition of the roots it is self evident that the groundwork of gathering important and reliable information is of paramount importance and cannot be hurried or careless if one expects to harvest choice fruits ever.

The longing to know will send out roots to reach information on all important topics and so gather food for meditation and contemplation. Health laws and food chemistry have to be investigated; a close study of Nature and body structure is necessary. Also hered-

itary influences and sex responsibilities have to be understood. The history of tribes and languages must throw light on present conditions, and a study of religious developments through the ages will help greatly in understanding the advanced ideas and in reaching a clearer viewpoint. The evolution of art and science brings vital information and stimulates thought to comprehend better the importance of harmony in color and tone. It is most necessary to know something of various inventions and of the influence of electricity on this sphere. Light in its many forms has to be contacted and circulated in order to create wholesome activity and growth.

So the developing trunk rises and expands, in proportion to the nourishment it can receive from the groundwork, and the number and strength of the branches will give clear evidence to the keen observer as to the extent of the foundational work, since the crown of the tree can spread no farther than its nourishing roots permit, in order to keep within the law of symmetry and balance. Just as the development of the roots determines the condition of the rising trunk and spreading branches, so do the latter determine the quality of the fruits to be.

On the branches of Humility, Integrity and Honesty may easily grow the fruits of peace and clear vision. The branches of Unselfishness and Compassion will bring forth happiness, security and love. Especially desirable fruits are sure to grow on the branch of Impersonal Interests and bring to one health, power, supply and a sweet sense of rest. Another all important branch is Loyalty

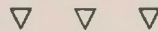


to Principles, from which one may easily gather such satisfying fruits as poise, strength and joy of living. Indeed on the properly developed tree of knowledge will grow all that is desired for a useful and happy life.

While the start for such a harvest is in obscurity and darkness, through toil and perseverance in reaching the light, the fruits will ripen in the sunlight of Cosmic approval and become a joy and benefit to many. In visualizing this normal procedure of development one be-

comes inspired to concentrate on the spreading and strengthening of the roots in order to acquire the necessary fundamental knowledge.

Every Rosicrucian student is the fortunate recipient of valuable information, and day by day he may add to his store of knowledge from the inexhaustible fountain of wisdom opened to us. The growth in stature and the gathering of desired fruits are a natural consequence when the roots are well nourished.



THE LIGHT ON FREEDOM HILL

(Continued from Page 466)

Inner self) and Reksa (the young Asker, the Seeker, the Outer self). The subject range is wide—religion, wisdom, love, God, prayer, sex, justice, philosophy—all the subjects upon which the Seeker desires enlightenment. Here, too, we have again The Paradox:

"Right and wrong are not different things, Reksa. They are the same acts and the same things in different aspects, attitudes, relations, conditions."

and we are assured that there is no final answer, no Panacea, no single Master Key, no irreplaceable teacher, no supreme interpretation:

"Understand this, Reksa, and get it clearly into your mind: It is plainly not the intention of the Plan that Messiahs should come to us, or Bibles be written for us, to tell us all things, once for all. We are to find out things for ourselves, and to grow through the struggle of finding out. How could we grow if everything were told us and everything done for us?"

Looking backward, Lloyd here attempts once more — through Eneres' words—to give some hints on the sensation of Cosmic Consciousness:

"It appears to be a *stamped-in*, unforgettable conviction that there is in the Cosmos a Divine Order, Power, and Safety, a real Consciousness that all is well. . . . Again, there are all degrees of Cosmic Conscious vision, apparently. Some only barely touch it, some more, some much more. This difference must always be remembered. After they come out of it, and try to remember, and in some sort describe the glorious experience, they probably, almost certainly, paint and decorate it with colours and symbols drawn from the imagination, or from their previous beliefs or unbeliefs. And then the brevity of the usual experience must be considered. . . . It is a sublime, a stunning Fact, but you are entirely unfitted to understand or describe that Fact. And so you interpret what you have seen and felt as well as you can, and inevitably do so in terms that are familiar to you and that are formed and coloured by all the habits and

opinions and beliefs that you had before."

"What then, O Eneres, does the Cosmic Conscious man get?"

"He gets a profound conviction, like the consciousness of his own existence, that there is a Meaning in the universe, and that that Meaning means well for him; that he is safe and will be taken care of. With that, of course, goes the conviction of an Order, System, and Government that can hardly be described other than Divine. Almost, if not quite invariably, follows the conviction of unity, of Oneness in the universe. . . . In all forms comes the conviction that evil is not as evil as it seems; that it is either not evil, but good, or else that it will finally be transmuted into good or fully compensated for. Almost if not quite always comes a conviction of immortality in some form. . . . God Is and We Are. But before the mind has time to grasp all this comes a sublime and wonderful Joy (the reason for which all these considerations seem afterward to afford), and which is never forgotten while life lasts."

In addition to these three books (and others now out of print) there are some shorter prose works, the most recent of these being a booklet, "My Interpretation of Truth and Life."* This, as the title indicates, is an attempt to summarize his beliefs. Here, in brief form, are the principles more fully stated in previous books, plus some conclusions which many of us have reached but are struggling vainly to practice:

"and the wisdom of life centers around the acquired power of the individual to *stand alone*. To lean on others is always weakness and means at last a fall."

To his friends and readers Lloyd is known as a poet as well as a philosopher, and much of his published poetry is still in print in varying format, from the small volume, "Wind Harp Songs" (an early publication) to pamphlets and brochures such as "Scripture of the

*"My Interpretation of Truth and Life," 50c.

Serene Life" (prose poem), "Scripture of Courage and Largeness" (prose poem), "Songs Overseas" (poems of travel), "Songs of the Desert," "California Vespers," "Iris Heart" (symbolic sex poems), "Fantasies of the Strange," and "From Hill-Terrace Outlooking" (poems of intuition, perception and prophecy).*

The widest range of subject matter is found in "Wind Harp Songs," which includes love poems, poems of nature, idealism, social vision, the moving "Mount, Walt Whitman," several that are reminiscent of Walt himself—such as those dealing with hospital experiences (remember Walt's section, "Drum Taps"?), and the inspiring "Greatness" which carries the theme: "For this is greatness, to be always ready for it." One poem in this volume will be noted by all those who are interested in Lloyd's life. His present surroundings partially express an early dream of which he wrote in "A Tropic Hope" which includes such lines as:

... with vines, intertwined, Which thatch and rafters joining bind"; . . . "When, in verandahs, low and deep, my hammocks swing to dreamless sleep." . . . "And here are vistas fair and far, Inland, to mountain walls that bar, Upward, to peaks in clearest air, Downward, ah, dizzy ones, beware!"

which you may compare with a later description of his present home.

"From Hill-Terrace Outlooking," which might be termed a collection of prose poems, was published in 1939. Watching the world from his hill-side, —in touch with its problems through books and papers, his radio, the people who seek him out—looking backward over the repeated mistakes of mankind, and ahead to the true civilization they must some day succeed in fashioning, Lloyd wrote of social problems. Under such titles as: "Idealization," "The Scripture of Civilization," "The City Beautiful," "Epidemic Geodetic," "Madhouse," "The Scripture of Peace and War," and "The World Tomorrow" he pictures the trials and travesties of today, the hopes of tomorrow.

This year, "Fantasies of the Strange" appeared—a book to be enjoyed after

*"Wind Harp Songs," 50c; "Scripture of the Serene Life," "Scripture of Courage and Largeness," "Iris Heart," "Songs Overseas," "Fantasies of the Strange," and "Songs of the Desert" at 25c each; "California Vespers," 15c.

you have read his other works and are familiar with his lines of thought. So much here is nebulous, to be grasped by the emotions and intuition rather than by reason, appealing but as difficult to classify as some of the titles—"A Blue Sound in a Hollow World" for example. On each re-reading, poems of this sort repay in beautiful lines, arresting images:

"O soothing unspeakable is the aura of evenings, the soft farewelling of days. . . ."
 ***"The birds of sleep sing sweetly and the war of angels drips golden blood—the curling of the great banner over is a cloud. . . ."
 ***"She was voice of milk and breath of alyssum, smiling from a golden sill with eyes of flowers. . . ."
 ***"Purple-black birds, with golden mouths, and feathers set in silver, whose songs are like the dropping of pearls on the curving sides of a crystal bell."

And, scattered among the (apparently) unrelated concepts there are also thoughts which the reasoning mind can feed upon. As:

"Your definition is all right, but it will not fit the next case—love can no more be taken in a definition than the sea can be taken in a seine—love is a conjunction of vibrations. . . ."
 ***"I see the yellow light of his lantern, but I would fain see the colorless color of himself, that he has never seen. . . ."

It seems that, after all, we have said little concerning the present surroundings of J. William Lloyd. We have introduced him to you through his work, feeling that when you had once seen the light which now shines from Freedom Hill you would want to know more about its source, and about the place from which it emanates. Yet, even in this he can speak better for himself than one who has spent only an afternoon there. In his poem, "Like and Old Chinese Poet"* he gives a description of his home. This is a portion of it:

Thus quaint and half-wild my place is:
 Flowers and vines riot over my home and half-hide it—
 Azure dawn-flowers, scarlet tecomas,
 Purple and pink and blood-red geraniums,
 Sky-blue plumbagoes, English ivy, trailing myrtles,
 Yellow jasmines, grape vines, and Chinese wistaria,
 Southern fish-pole canes, Scotch broom, and snaky crawlers of cereus,
 While at the end of my wood-pile, slender minaret of cypress arises.

.....

A sagebrush Hillside, this, when I came here,
 Steep as the slope of a house-roof,
 No resting place for even a wheelbarrow on it.

*In "From Hill-Terrace Outlooking."



So, with pickaxe, crowbar and shovel,
 I howked and digged me this terrace
 (A shelf to put my abode upon)
 Curving it round to the shape of the brae-side.
 Joyously then, alone and unhindered,
 Three in a row, I builded by cabins—
 "The Swallows' Nest" (kitchen and guest-room),
 "Sleep Shed" (to sleep in, in winter),
 And last my beloved "Dream Shop," my library,
 study, sanctorium.
 In front, and between them, my "Patio,"
 With pepper-tree shade and seats easy;
 Pergolas fronting the cabins;
 And above, and behind all, "The Mesa," where-
 on my outside summerbed resteth."

That bed, on a hillside platform, is sky-roofed, above it only a ridge pole over which a canvas may be pulled when the mist is too heavy. After reading the list of plants, quoted above, one understands why a first-time visitor can remember only a "mass" of green and color, running over the hillside, over the house; cacti, vines and bushes, winging birds, the flutter of leaves, rough bark and peeled wood, brown-grey of wooden pergola railings and patio furniture. First, climbing steep steps from the narrow hill-road; the first doorway that of the kitchen cabin; then along under the pergola, attention divided between the view on the right beyond the railing and the vines, and the cabins along the left—kitchen and guest room, a sleeping room for winter months. Then the squarish patio, tree-roofed, and a hammock drawing attention from the hospitable chairs. Ahead, the doorway to "Dream Shop"; an oblong room, its entrance flanked by book cases. Beyond those at the left of the doorway rises the back of a long settee, deep and roomy enough to lie upon, facing the hand-built stone fireplace, forming an inglenook, a little separate haven in itself. Sitting here, one sees that some of the stones forming the fireplace project, while some are recessed, and on these platforms and hollows are trinkets, mementoes—on the wall too—hand-carved walking sticks, burnt wood pieces, sketches, pieces of wood in fantastic shapes suggestive of life. It is a spot no bookworm could see without wishing selfishly for sudden nightfall and roof-beating, wind-swept rain, a defiant fire, and freedom to raid the book shelves!

At the far end of the room, another door leads to a spot unobstructed by trees or greenery where one can stand

in sun or star light and face the far hills.

And, also at this end, there is a closet—a "sound-box" Lloyd says—to hold the radio and phonograph. Lifting the curtain which partially screens it, one sees materials draped about, in apparent carelessness, but actually as a result of many experiments with acoustics. Near by are high shelves for volumes of records. Standing at either end of this room, the first-time visitor must pause in indecision—what to look at first—how to see as much as possible without barging about and "snooping"—how to "see" the room so that the mind may possess it even if another visit is not soon possible. The two side walls vie for attention. On one, wide windows overlook the valley; a ceiling-high bookcase between them holds some of the most treasured books—those autographed by his famous contemporaries. On the other wall is a "gallery" of small pictures—photographs, prints, informal snapshots, of such men as Havelock Ellis, Tagore, Whitman, Traubel, Thoreau—and many others. Some were taken recently—such as an enlarged snapshot of Ellis in front of his doorway. Some are very old; and for each one there is a story. Most memorable is a large photograph of Whitman (not a print or a copy) in his Perhaps-I-see-you-this-moment mood—looking down with affectionate and understanding interest, with amusement and tolerance. Hard to describe; harder to forget! Many years ago this and another like it belonged to Traubel. Lloyd was visiting there and admired it, was drawn back to it again and again (as many of Lloyd's visitors must be) until Traubel was torn between his love for the picture and his affection for Lloyd. The latter was fortified by his conscience until he "had" to give it to Lloyd!

Telling such incidents as this, speaking of those whom the pictures represent, relating the history of an intricately carved walking stick, pointing out some sketch of his own, Lloyd moves about the Dream Shop sharing his treasures—the considerate host. He calls attention to a framed page of Whitman manuscript with its many crossed out phrases, interpolations, underlinings—first draft of some poem. From the bookcase he takes down autographed

volumes, including that first edition of the "Complete Works" autographed by Whitman, a hand-written note folded inside the cover. Or he lifts some pamphlet or leaflet from the long table-desk in the center of the room, saying, "This is a recent piece," for his work is never finished. The table is piled with books to autograph, correspondence from friends, typed drafts of recent poems not yet in print — these, too, he will share—magazines and clippings waiting for attention. Or, sitting quietly in the shade-dappled patio—graciously offering his guest the hammock—he speaks of the probable course of World War II (it was just breaking) and his words prove that living in solitude does not necessitate ignorance of nor indifference to world problems; for he speaks wisely and sympathetically, neither blinded to men's weaknesses by his idealism, nor indifferent to their karmic struggles.

Or, he stands by the window in the Dream Shop, and as his eyes rest on the circling mountain-tops beyond the valley we know that he can sense the restful sea just beyond, that it too, though hidden from physical sight, is a part of the panorama which belongs to him, from which he draws strength and inspiration. Then he speaks, hesitatingly, of things which are closer to our hearts, —but so allied to a yet unconquered dimension that we cannot confine them to the customary three — of the gifts and responsibilities which come with Illumination; the ceaseless struggles between

the self which yearns toward humanity and its problems and the self which turns aloofly toward nature and its solitude; between aristocrat-desires and peasant-instincts; between social duties and solitary meditations; between the every-day self, so vulnerable to momentary irritations, and the Self which is "Me Imperturbe, Standing at ease in nature, master of all, mistress of all, aplomb in the midst of irrational things . . ."; between the Right of this side and the Necessity of that side—the eternal Paradox. Then he shrugs, and smiles—almost shyly—claiming that, for him, the spoken word does not flow right, it is unruly when handled by one so accustomed to confining words to paper!

He might say modestly, "I live here quietly, do my household tasks, am content." He might deprecatingly picture himself as just "a white-bearded old man," a gentle person, moving quietly about his peaceful world — his spoken words might give the impression of an elderly philosopher basking in the sun. But, in reality, he has not laid aside the task which Illumination brought to him, he is still sending forth the Light from his center on Freedom Hill, and he gives a truer picture of himself when he says:

But the soul may never stand stagnant;
I have given my heart to the Human,
My hands and my brain to the Beautiful,
My spirit to ALL-Universal.**

*Whitman.

**Like an Old Chinese Poet"



A Pattern for Progress

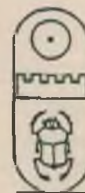
By FRATER R. JOHN FRANCIS KNUTSON

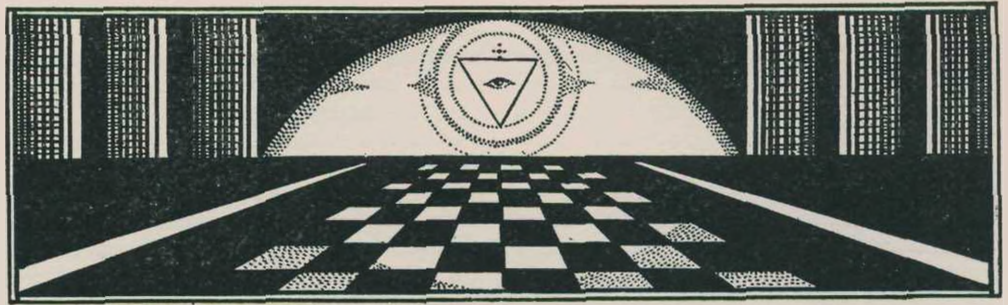


REMOVAL clarifies the pattern. The composer of symphonic music creates first the basic themes, and, in later time, adds the further framework. The master of chess sees his board simply as a pattern of arrested motion, and from that pattern plans his moves. The true artist visualizes the outlines of his pictures before he puts brush to canvas, and works out the details as he progresses. Living is even so. Each man, consciously or no, builds his life on some pattern that he takes for his own.

Is it not for us consciously to choose a pattern—one around which we can best build our personal framework? And certainly Love is the best of foundations, the most unselfishly personal outlook that we can assume. Jesus the Christ could find no better philosophy than Love. Nor does such exist.

—From "Meditations on Love."





New Frontiers of the Occult

By SEBE



THE Occult and Mystical world is on trial! In these days of chaos and the blind, head-long drive of brute force against the institutions of culture, every man and institution of whatsoever nature is on trial. In the last twenty or thirty years, the public has awakened and shown an interest in things of an occult or mystical trend; the magazine stands in every city contain countless periodicals devoted to material on various phases of the occult. Thinking men and women of today are questioning the charlatan in every phase of activity from big business to religious cults, and if the cheap, trashy portrayal of the weird and macabre aspects of psychism as portrayed on every hand is all that is offered them, then indeed, the leaders and followers of mystical activity can not hope to escape the inquisition of an aroused humanity, seeking blindly for some realities to cling to in a world toppling on the brink of an abyss.

The world today is, in some respects, like the dark dawn of another period in history, preceding the Sunlight of the Renaissance. A great many sincere, hard headed, clean thinking men of science, such as Carrel, have shown an interest and belief in some of the true phases of the occult such as clairvoyance, telepathy and the Mystical afflatus

which has too long been considered the psychological distortion of a neurotic constitution. Where are the men of science within the ranks of occultism who can come forth and help these men out and link the science of the unseen with the science of the known world which is as much a manifestation of the principles of God and nature as their own science of intangibles?

A John Dalton studies the occult laws of mathematical proportions and manifestations and gives to modern chemistry a truly scientific structure from which to work from the known to the unknown.

The alchemists of old studied and gave to modern science its first knowledge of elements.

Where are the chemists within our ranks who can study alchemy, strip it of the weird and bizarre symbolism of a bygone era and reveal to the world highly scientific facts which they concealed from the ignorance and superstition of their days? Who knows but what their weird philosophy contains the clues and keys to a new world of dietetics and therapeutics; the chemistry and cosmology of Swedenborg have been sadly neglected. In these fields lies the research of the modern occult chemists.

Philosophy, too, is closely approaching the domain of the Mystic, and where are the mystical philosophers who can teach us how to bring some of the beauty and mysteries of infinity into our lives here and now when we need it the most? The cloistered otherworldliness of mysticism passed away with

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the advent of Jacob Boehme and Saint Martin.

Religion, too, is fighting a death struggle on the battlefield of passionate hate and brute force which would throttle the soul of man and his inheritance of individuality. Where are the poets, prophets, and priests of the ideal who can forget self, man-made creeds, and reveal to us the living flame of love that burns in the heart of man and the divinity that overshadows the warfare of earthly life?

Like the magi of old, we too, must follow a star and keep the Christ spirit alive, in an age where Caesar and the things that must be rendered unto him are *too much with us*.

Where is the modern Balzac of the keyboard who can take the seven notes of the scale and weave a *modern symphony* for us, touching the lowest depths of the human soul to the highest pitch of emotional intensity, and reveal to us the voice of God in the music of a world that is deafened with cannon fire, bursting bombs and the agonized cries of suffering humanity?

We need men of literature who can pass beyond the subterranean depths of the subconscious and the so-called realism of the post war influence, and reveal to us the magic of the soul, the destiny of man.

All art is primarily concerned with *man*; the great cathedrals of the world are fashioned on the bodily structure of the human body. Claude Bragdon, in one of his essays, tells about one of his teachers who studied the musical scale of seven notes and different chord combinations and applied this basis to painting with the result that he could paint

pictures that were the wonder and admiration of other contemporary artists. Here is an example of the application of occult law to art.

From the last great war sprang the sciences of neurology and psychoanalysis as an effect of the nervous maladjustments of that conflict. One can only wonder what the constitution of man is going to be after this war. We need men of medicine within our ranks who can study occult anatomy and forces of the human body and bring forth new applications of therapeutics that a new world of tomorrow may be in desperate need of.

Perhaps the greatest need of the hour is for faith! We need faith in God, faith in the brotherhood of man, for the alembic of life reveals but one mind, one breath, one heart common to all humanity.

But most of all we need faith in ourselves, for if in this dark hour, we have need of God, then surely God has need of us, and we cannot, must not, fail that need.

If our lot has been cast in humble ways and the afflatus of the artist or scientist does not abide with us, we can still aspire and keep the altar fires burning in our homes.

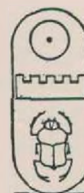
Let us remain pure and simple that "Our souls may become Mothers of Christ, our minds illuminated by the Holy Spirit of Sanctity, our hearts may become living temples of God."* For the mystical Church of Christ is abroad in the world and no man knoweth where or in what manner he may become a link in the chain.

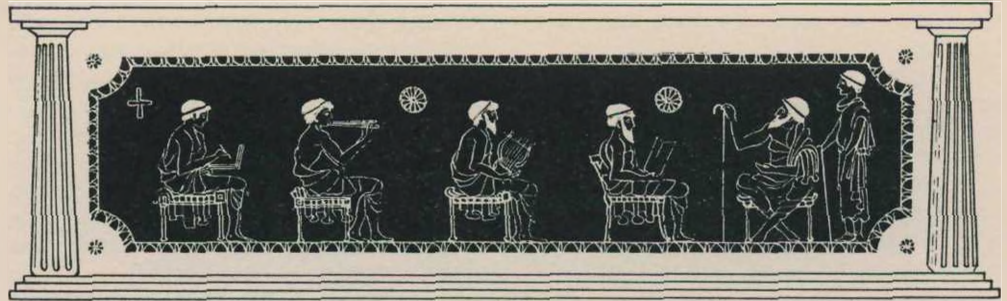
*Franz Hartmann

WE THANK YOU

Hundreds of Christmas Greeting cards from throughout the world, *expressing beautiful sentiments*, have been received by the Emperor, Soror H. Spencer Lewis, the Supreme Secretary, and the respective officers of the Grand Lodge. It would be quite difficult for each of them to acknowledge these greetings separately, and we are certain that the kind senders realize this. We, therefore, take this opportunity and means of thanking each of you for your loving thoughtfulness.

SUPREME AND GRAND LODGE
OFFICERS OF AMORC





SANCTUM MUSINGS

PRAYER

By THOR KIIMALEHTO, Sovereign Grand Master



RECENTLY I received a prayer from a neophyte. Brother Field says in his letter that he composed it and has it hanging over his bed, and reads it every night before retiring. Here it is: "May the God of our hearts send

His divine blessing tonight on all who suffer and who are in need. May the sacred teachings of the Great White Brotherhood be spread to all the corners of the earth so that all men may learn those things which are sacred and dear to them. May the grace of God and the teachings of the Master Jesus forever and ever enlighten man. May the Brethren of the Rosy Cross diligently carry the light which shines so brightly, and may it never grow dim on the Path."

These beautiful thoughts led me to consider the very vital subject of prayer. Many conflicting opinions are rampant as to its efficacy. Some consider prayer necessary and many consider prayer unnecessary. We want to know the truth about the subject from an occult point of view. Perhaps the conflicting points of view may be reconciled.

Let me state at the outset that prayer is primarily for the purpose of attunement with the divine forces of the

world, for communion with the God within, the divine principle within us, for thanksgiving and adoration. God has instituted laws in nature and one of them is "cause and effect." We cannot therefore pray to God to relieve us of the effect from self-created causes. Prayer need not be the traditional form of set words. Intense interest is a form of prayer. Aspiration is a form of prayer. Action is a powerful form of prayer.

If you are deeply interested in a certain subject, material will come to you from all over the world. To read books on the subject, to correspond with people equally interested, to accumulate information year after year, will do you more good than all the affirmations and prayers in the world when not coupled with action.

If you insist on breaking the laws of health, is it logical to expect to be healed permanently through prayer? Illness is a sign that the laws of nature are being broken. Through illness we are compelled to learn these laws and live in harmony with them. An illness seemingly cured through faith or prayer or the power of thought may not be a real cure at all. Such a cure may be similar to the relief that comes from taking medicine or drugs. The seeds of the illness remain on the psychic plane. The physical manifestation is temporarily prevented from expressing itself. The illness may break out more virulently some other time. It is better to let the

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impurities be drained out of the system and to let nature apply its healing process.

If you want to enter one of the professions, if you wish to become a civil service employee, if you wish to choose one of the arts, it is obvious that prayer must be fortified by the fact that you meet all the requirements, that you have the necessary aptitude, training, and experience. Then only can you apply a dominant will for success.

Let me repeat a statement that I have made more than once. Madame Blavatsky did *not* consider prayer necessary. She considered *conviction* sufficient to sustain a man in the trials and tribulations of daily life. Convictions as to what, you may ask? Convictions as to the fundamental laws and principles of life — the law of reincarnation, karma, and man's relation to the various kingdoms of nature, man's place in the scheme of evolution. If our one aim is to help in the work of evolution, to live in harmony with the divine principles of the universe, to do the task for which we incarnated, our very aspirations, our daily lives are a constant prayer.

Each one of us contains a divine principle. The purpose of life on earth is the union of our souls with this divine principle. This is illumination. When this great experience is attained, we live naturally in accordance with the divine laws of the world. We are reborn. Our convictions become the solid foundation of our lives. Instead of spending hours at prayer, we spend hours in fruitful action.

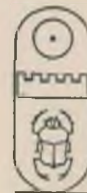
In the present crisis in the world, action is necessary; daily, unremitting action. Both individual and united action is necessary. We must work to bring about a better state of society after the war is over. The work of rescue is urgent. When the individual consciousness is attuned to peace and realization of brotherhood, there can be no strife or wars. Our work is to emphasize and spread this conception. Were a divine messenger to bring the war miraculously to a close today, the war would not really be over. The seeds of war would still lurk in modern society. The causes of war must be forever eliminated through understanding and cooperation. Man must evolve be-

yond his present savage state of greed, selfishness, and cruelty. Man must learn to be social-minded and world-minded. The individual man must have a consciousness in his heart of his own unity with all life, and his active responsibility thereto. *The greater the number of enlightened human beings in the world, the more impossible does war become.*

People pray ardently for peace and yet nourish hatred towards their brothers. People pray ardently for peace and yet remain ignorant of the causes that produce strife. People pray ardently for peace and yet lift not a finger to help the world in its dire need.

We are here in the world that our faculties may develop through use. If we do not use them, they will atrophy. Such is nature's law. We shall achieve more understanding when our intuition functions. The intuition, also, develops through life experience. The child with freedom to play and to experiment, the child who is given responsibility, will develop more rapidly than the child who is constantly supervised and whose food is predigested for it, so to speak. Not to take a step without the guidance of an astrologer, or a medium, or a practitioner, of one sort or another is eventually paralyzing. How shall one develop initiative? How shall one develop creative ability? How shall one become courageous? It is better not to lean on the invisible worlds. Lean rather on the divine within ourselves. Read the first chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, and also the fifth.

The interpretation of these passages from an occult viewpoint teaches us that God has given us every spiritual advantage. Every religion has its savior, its Bible, its sacred traditions and teachings. The great avatars have come to teach us the divine principles of the universe. Observance of these laws brings harmony into the life of the individual and the nation. Disobedience brings every type of karmic consequences. Prayer cannot avert karmic consequences. Adherence to the forms, the ritual, the traditional observances, the outward ceremonies of a religion cannot avert karmic consequences. First and foremost, the heart must be cleansed, and the hands must be clean.



We cannot deceive people socially or politically, we cannot exploit our working classes, and steal or defraud, and expect punctilious observance of church ceremonies to balance our soul-account. We must right the wrongs of which we know we are guilty. We must be as truthful and as honorable as we can in our business and social relationships. We must be upright as citizens. We must cooperate to the best of our ability in eradicating vice and crime and the various forms of social injustice. To fight against racial and religious prejudice is more important than to attend church regularly. The purpose of church service is to remind us of our moral and ethical obligations. If church attendance and support make us feel that we have fulfilled our duty to God and man then the purpose of the church is lost.

Let us examine our lives, our thoughts, our motives, as a proof-reader examines a manuscript. Let us come a little nearer every day to the ideal of the life of love and action. Let us awaken the divine within ourselves. Let us not hesitate to seek spiritual nourishment in the Bibles of the world. Let us interpret the text spiritually in the light of our occult studies. Do not think that I advocate non-attendance of church services and prayer. Every breath you take should be a prayer of thanksgiving, and every meal you eat should be a communion with God.

To live in accordance with divine principles means to increase our knowledge and utilize it in day-to-day living. Knowledge lights the way, strengthens convictions, and burns up ignorance. Through enlightened action karmic effects can be adjusted, transmuted and balanced.



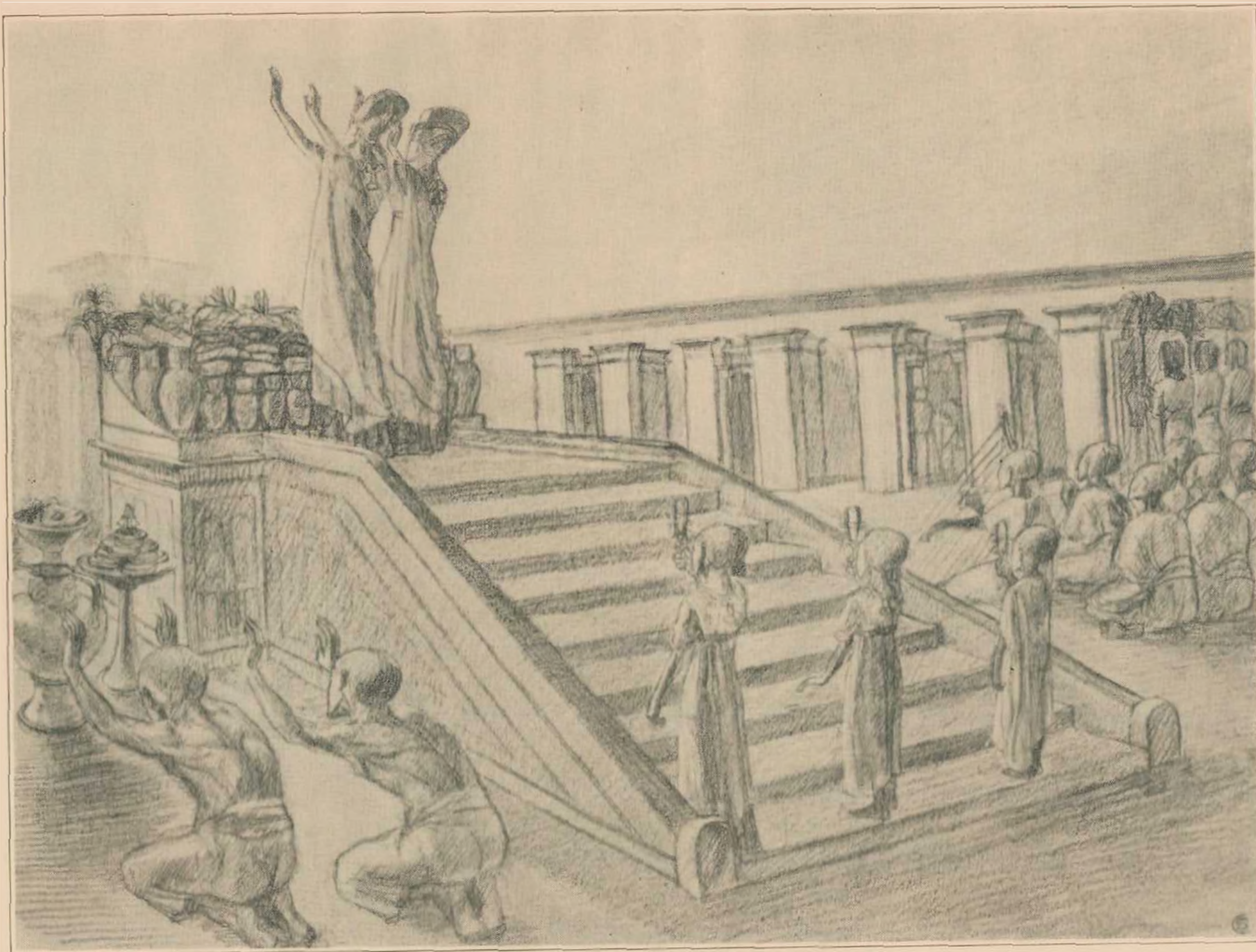
Where there is freedom there is nothing to stop growth, therefore men hold it first, and greatest of all. Growth is the river of life, and liberty the channel in which it runs.—J. *William Lloyd*.



RELAXATION AND INSTRUCTION

Time passes quickly, and you will soon be making definite plans for your vacation. Why not this year make special plans to combine in your vacation a period of instruction from capable teachers and the relaxation of three or four weeks spent at Rosicrucian Park? Instructors will be ready at the beginning of the term of the Rose-Croix University to teach you. There will be special courses in philosophy, physics, music, biology, and many other subjects too numerous to mention. Furthermore, in all these subjects you will receive instruction from one capable to present the subject and to relate it directly with the Rosicrucian teachings. In addition to the regular instruction, there will be special lectures by the Supreme officers of the Order and special Lodge sessions in the Temple, presided over by the Grand Master. All these hours of instruction, inspiration and relaxation await all members planning to attend the Rose-Croix University in its term from June 23 to July 12. Write today for your copy of "The Story of Learning," if you do not have it, and include in your plans the attending of the Rosicrucian Convention, which immediately follows the University from July 13 to July 19. Those who cannot come to Rosicrucian Park for the full period of the University session and the Convention are urged to include in their vacation plans at least sufficient time to attend the Convention.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
January
1941*



SALUTATION TO THE DAWN

A famous Egyptologist and artist depict, in this impressive sketch, Amenhotep IV, Pharaoh of Egypt in 1350 B. C. and conceiver of the first monotheistic religion in the world, facing the East and making his salutation to the rising sun, symbol of the one and eternal Deity. As we gaze on the scene, we seem to hear Amenhotep chant his immortal words, "How manifold are Thy works! They are hidden from before us, oh thou Sole God, whose powers no other possesseth."

(Courtesy of the Rosicrucian Digest.)

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commanded **by those who have the knowledge.** Do you know what **so-called miracles** are possible in your life today—without mystery, strange rites or practices? The Readers' Research Academy—composed of men and women throughout the world who desire simple, helpful supplementary reading—offer you the following course of reading entitled, "The Mystery of Miracles." You may subscribe to this course for only one month or six, as you choose—discontinue whenever you will. Add to your fount of knowledge.

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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. P. C., in care of

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Hermes Lodge, AMORC Temple. Mr. Murvin G. Kidd, 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.

Oakland:

Oakland East Bay Chapter. Mr. Earle W. Matteson, Master; Mr. Leo Grenot, Secretary. Convocation 1st and 3rd Sundays, 8 p. m. at Pythian Castle, 12th and Alice Streets. Inquirers call: FRUITVALE 3139-W.

Sacramento:

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

San Diego:

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Francis Bacon Lodge, 1655 Polk St.; Mr. Alexander D. Knelp, Master. Mystical convocations for all members every 2nd and 4th Monday at 8 p. m. Office and reading room open Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, 7 to 9 p. m.

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Thomas Jefferson Chapter. Mr. William R. Broderick, Master. Meetings Confederate Memorial Hall, 1322 Vermont Ave. N. W., every Friday evening, 8:00 p. m. Secretary, Mrs. Carrie A. Rogers, 2121 H Street N. W.

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Mr. O. Nicholas Baumgart, Master, 351 Madeira Ave., Coral Gables; Miss Dorothy Mainwaring, Secretary, 2366 N. W. 2nd Street, Miami. Meetings every Monday night, 8:00 p. m., at Biscayne Blvd. and N. E. 2nd St.

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Chicago Chapter No. 9. Mr. Fred L. Schoepp, Master; Mrs. Eva H. Read, Secretary. Telephone Randolph 9848. Reading room open daily, 12 to 5 p. m., and 7:30 to 10 p. m. Sundays 2 to 5:30 only. Lakeview Bldg., 116 S. Michigan Avenue, Rooms 408-9-10. Lecture sessions for ALL members every Tuesday night, 8 p. m.

Chicago (Colored) Chapter No. 10. Mr. Sterling Williams, Master; Mr. Robert Alston, Secretary. Inquirers call Drexel 1852. Meetings 1st and 3rd Fridays at 8 p. m., 12 W. Garfield Blvd., Hall B.

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Boston:

Johannes Kelpius Lodge. Felix Gregorio, Master. Temple and reading room, Suite 237, 739 Boylston St. Convocations for members Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon. Meetings open to the public every Sunday evening at 7:30, September to June.

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Thebes Chapter No. 336. Mr. C. E. Reid-Selth, Master, 2362 Courtland Ave., Tel. TO. 5-5724; Mr. Andrew Heck, Secretary. Meetings at the Detroit Federation of Women's Clubs, 4811 2nd Ave. every Tuesday, 8:00 p. m. Inquirers call TO. 5-5724.

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Kansas City Chapter. Mrs. C. S. Scott, Master, 3012 Walnut; Mrs. Francis R. Henriksen, Secretary, 219 South Askew Street. Meetings every Tuesday, 8:30 p. m., Parlors A and B, Hotel Continental, 11th St. and Baltimore Ave.

St. Louis:

St. Louis Chapter. Mr. Beryl A. Merrick, Master, Roosevelt Hotel, 4903 Delmar Blvd. Meetings first and third Tuesday of each month, 8 p. m. Mrs. O. W. Dunbar, Secretary. Telephone JEFFERSON 1909.

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(Directory Continued on Next Page)

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Houston:

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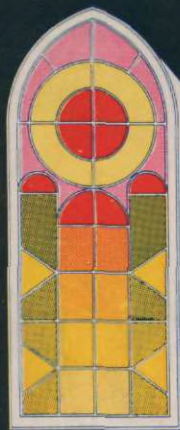
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