



The
ROSICRUCIAN
DIGEST

OCTOBER
1931

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Suggestions

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The 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
 FREE SOULS

By THE IMPERATOR



VERY now and then we receive a letter from someone who says that he has decided to discontinue following any system of teachings, any book of guidance, or any organization that offers to point out the path to happiness. These persons invariably include in their argument the thread worn and foolish statement that they wish to be "free souls."

I remember that as a young man I used to listen to some of the soap box orators who spoke at noon time and at five-thirty in the afternoon on the eastern side of Madison Square Park in New York. I think that every large park in the United States has had its era of soap box orators. There seems to come a time in the life of most men and some women when they must allow the surging steam that has arisen within them from a boiling theory or postulation to escape or else they will explode. I do not wonder that some newspapers call their letter columns, "The Safety Valve" for it gives an outlet to those who must express themselves publicly before something more serious happens. These soap box orations were safety valves for a good many.

The principal theme of these speakers was divided in two classes: those who agitated freedom from capitalism, and those who agitated freedom from orthodox religions. The latter class inter-

ested me greatly. As I listened to one of these speakers thundering forth his reasons why man should free himself from the enslaving influences of religious doctrines and why he should get away from the ball and chain and belief in a God and why he should look upon himself as the master of his whole life and the ruler of the world because this would bring him greater freedom, happiness, joy and peace and success, I used to step out of the crowd and get closer to the speaker and size him up from head to foot, and as I studied the ragged hat, the soiled collar, the very poor clothing, the frayed trousers and the broken down shoes and looked at the unshaven face, the cruel, restless, haunted look in his eyes, and saw what a truly miserable creature he was, I could not help but wonder whether the freedom he advocated was worth while, if he was an example of the benefits derived from it. Most of those who were in the audience and were enslaved by the horrible things he described and were supposed to be unhappy and miserable in every way were better dressed, looked more cheerful and far more inspiring than the speakers.

Even the one who wanted to be free of the influence of capitalism and who proclaimed himself of being free of such influences for many years looked like one who had been free of everything in life, especially all its blessing, ever since he was born. I have talked to many of these seekers for soul freedom or freedom of self and I have always found them shiftless, getting nowhere and not

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even knowing where they were going to go to if they wanted to start going. They reminded me of a cork that is taken out of a bottle where it has been enslaved or limited or held within certain bounds and suddenly cast upon the surface of a great ocean. Surely nothing could want greater freedom than that. It bobs up and down and goes hither and thither as the waves or wind push it. If it has any will power at all it cannot exert it because this would be limitation of freedom. So it just floats along. For one hour it is hurriedly moving northward and then for no good reason at all except that the winds change its course, it hurriedly moves eastward. It always looks as though it is going somewhere but you know that it is not and that it may be one year or a hundred years on the open sea pushed and battered, run over by great vessels, nibbled at by the fish and finally washed ashore in some out of the way place where it dies of loneliness, unsung and unknown. While it is in the water it is serving no useful purpose, rendering no good to anyone, fulfilling no mission and of absolutely no value. Certainly it can constantly comfort itself with the thought that it is absolutely "free."

It is a notable fact that those who are most happy and most successful belong to something or someone. Association and companionship are fundamental requisites for success in life. The moment you try to separate yourself from Cosmic dictation, Cosmic attunement, spir-

itual inspiration, and human association you no longer remain a human being but a muddle of earth's elements developing an individual will power that is perverted.

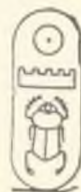
There is no freedom that is essential to our well being except a freedom from the censoring voice of conscience. It is far better to be chained and bolted within an iron cell of a prison than to be like the floating corks on the sea of life. Your contact with humans, even of the lowest type found in prisons, will teach you valuable lessons and help you to evolve and prepare you for another incarnation. Complete freedom from even such benefits begets nothing to the acquirements of evolution.

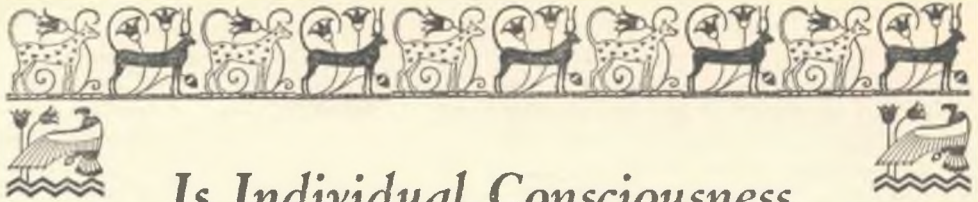
Associate yourself with those who have the highest ideals, with those who are struggling upward and extending a hand to those who are beneath them and who are also struggling. Become a part of the human brotherhood and do your bit to encourage all the rest in the great struggle. Attune yourself Cosmically and in mundane with all of the activities of the universe so that you can sympathize with every living being and understand their problems and be one with them in the development of self mastery. But remember that self mastery does not bring isolation and separation in its wake but association and companionship, and that he who is the greatest master among them is one who serves them the best and who loves them most and is a part of them.



ROSICRUCIAN VIEW POST-CARDS

Let us again call your attention to the fact that we have had prepared some very attractive post-card views of the beautiful Egyptian Shrine on the grounds of the Rosicrucian Park; the new Francis Bacon Memorial Auditorium, which was dedicated at the last Convention; the interior of the beautiful Supreme Lodge Room, where all of the special ceremonies which are mentioned in your lectures are performed; sectional view of Rosicrucian Park; and a view of the Administration Building. These post-cards are exact *photographic reproductions*. Members, I am sure, will be proud of these photographs, *proud of the institution behind their membership*. Secure one or two sets of these view post-cards and send them to your friends or keep some for yourself. They are very artistic in nature and may be secured at the economical price of 5c each, postpaid. Thirty cents will bring an assortment of six. Send remittance and order to Rosicrucian Supply Bureau, San Jose, California. (No order can be filled for less than four post-cards.)





Is Individual Consciousness of Self Eternal?

IS THE PERSONAL "I" JUST A CONCEITED IDEA
BELONGING TO THIS LIFE ONLY?

By BRO. ROBERT ROSE



mortal.

Three possibilities suggest themselves as follows:

First: That man is only immortal in the sense that the accumulated experience of individuals survives only in the race or races of mankind. Experience, Knowledge, and all that shall in some future period build up a superman is but handed from parents to their children, by the spoken word, the written word, and various other means. There is no such thing as soul and no such thing as the immortality of individual consciousness.

Second: Man has a soul that survives death but it is just part of one great Soul and will lose its identity when this earth life is finished. It will be absorbed back, as it were, into the great spirit from which it came and **WILL NEVER KNOW IT ONCE HAD AN INDIVIDUAL EXISTENCE.** The use of the personal pronoun would be meaningless.

Third: The idea of personal survival after death with full remembrance of all our experiences while on earth, and the possibility of recalling past experiences.

Between these three lines of thought or speculation there are many variations and combinations, so many in fact, that one's brain is taxed to the utmost when trying to place them all in some sort of order.

In thinking of these three possibilities we are up against but one important point: **DOES MAN'S INDIVIDUAL CONSCIOUSNESS SURVIVE DEATH?** Before attempting any answer let us examine another question. Is the Scientist's or Philosopher's conclusion most worthy of consideration? By Scientist I mean the popular acceptance of the word; and by Philosopher I mean the independent thinker and dreamer.

Sir James Jeans, in his book "The Mysterious Universe" says, respecting the universe, "The question at issue is ultimately one for philosophic discussion, but before the philosophers have a right to speak, science ought first to be asked to tell them all she can as to ascertained facts and provisional hypotheses. Then and then only, may discussion pass legitimately into the realms of philosophy."

Now to me, this is not correct, and I should suggest that the philosopher's mind penetrates far deeper into the Uni-

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verse than that of the Scientist, and when it comes to a discussion on the place of man in the universe and his possible survival after death, then the scientist is entirely out of his element and the very nature of his studies and researches is a hindrance to a sound and logical conclusion on the matter of the true nature of Man.

When the astronomer has discovered the nature and orbits of every star in the heavens, when the mathematician has solved every problem in his sphere of studies, when the study of biology is exhausted, when matter has been traced to its lowest forms, when each student in his particular department of research has reached that point where he must inevitably come up against the great problem of LIFE and first causes, when the very elementals of that life have been discovered and studied, then, there still remains the greatest problems and the greatest mystery of all, and that is, **MAN'S CONSCIOUSNESS OF HIMSELF AND THE THINGS AROUND HIM.**

Yes, surely the greatest mystery of all, and a mystery which probably has no solution; we know that consciousness is real, we know that this strange, abstract illusive thing exists, for without it ALL scientific studies would be meaningless, in fact, they would not exist at all.

After millions of years of physical evolution, after thousands of years of mental evolution, yet not exactly after, but with it all the time, there has been that strange growth, this wondrous thing called consciousness; and still more strange and subtle is the fact of self consciousness, that something by which I know myself, that something by which I identify myself. Strange, illusive and weird and yet wonderful is this thing which we call consciousness of one's own identity.

I believe, that, this strange growth of **SELF CONSCIOUSNESS IS TO BE THE VERY FLOWER OF WHICH ALL ELSE IS BUT THE ROOT, STEM AND BRANCHES.** It is something different from life which is in all things. It is something which only man possesses. It is over and above, distinct from, different, yet growing out of, all else that is and has ever been. The first

cause, the germ of this mysterious thing is wrapt in a mystery so profound and distant that the greatest scientist or philosopher is not even beginning to understand it. The study of Radiation, Vibrations, Protons and Electrons and all such things pales into insignificance when compared with the stupendous thought of this thing **SELF CONSCIOUSNESS.**

The psychologist can and does study the working of the thing, he can tell you many interesting things about it and how it affects a person's life, but beyond that he cannot go.

To me it is the **IT** of life; it is the thing which classifies and reasons about life's experiences, by induction and deduction. It is the thing which is Man in the truest sense. This thing in the **ULTIMATE**, it is the **CROWN** and reason for man's existence. **ALL** else exists only that this thing may come to full fruition. All else is but the scaffolding by which this thing is built up. It is the thing which St. John saw and comprehended and he called it:

"THE NEW NAME WHICH NO MAN KNOWETH SAVE HE THAT RECEIVETH IT."

THE NEW HEAVEN AND THE NEW EARTH, THE COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS, is the millions of individual consciousness uniting in one harmonious whole. **THIS IS MAN IN THE GENERIC SENSE.**

DOES THIS THING SURVIVE DEATH?

A thousand times yes. Death is but an experience to the individual consciousness and does not destroy one jot of the strange and wonderful thing Identity.

Is it conceited and vain to think so of humanity? No, a thousand times **NO**, for this marvelous, unique and profound thing called Self Consciousness, **IS THE VERY GOD OF LIFE ITSELF. IT IS IT. IT IS IT IN MANIFESTATION** and it must of necessity be eternal and **INFINITE.**

The scaffolding of this thing is not eternal; matter will not remain forever. The five physical senses are but part of this scaffolding and will not remain forever. The sense of sin, the sense of in-



justice, pain and sickness, poverty, wars, hate, jealousy and all kindred experiences are also part of the scaffolding and will be utterly destroyed when this thing SELF CONSCIOUSNESS is strong enough to stand alone.

In the near future I can see a sharp division of thought on this subject of individual survival; on the one hand those who hold the belief as stated in the beginning of this article as possibilities Nos. 1 and 2, and on the other hand those who believe the idea of individual survival as stated in possibility No. 3, which, of course, is the very essence of the Spiritualists' teaching.

Regarding the Spiritualists, I do agree that phenomena does occur but I do not believe that it is what they think it is; however, this opens up such a large field of speculation that it must be left to be dealt with in an article by itself.

It would appear then, to me, that the first two possibilities are unreasonable and unthinkable; and the third has been grossly misunderstood by most Christians and particularly by the Spiritualists.

The course of events immediately after death depends very largely upon how far this individual consciousness has been developed. Where the development is very weak then certainly life after death is but little more than a sleep and waiting time until the opportunity shall arise for further experiences—more scaffolding in or on which the SUPER STRUCTURE shall rise a little higher.

To those who have as yet developed no visible signs of the SUPER STRUCTURE (Self Consciousness) then life for them after death is for a time just a blank.

Where this strange thing which is IT is well developed, then life after death is a glorious consciousness of one's

attunement with the Infinite. Moreover such individualities can see something of the nature and objects of the sufferings and trials of those they have left behind and KNOWING THEY DO NOT GRIEVE.

The combined whole of this marvelous thing Self Consciousness is not confined to the sphere after death but stretches away to Eternity both backwards and forwards. Death is but a shadow between two great fields of activity; and even this shadow no longer exists where men and women become conscious of the oneness and continuity of life.

In the first chapters of the book of Genesis we read of "The Tree of Life," in St. John's Revelation we read of the fruits of "The Tree of Life."

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river was there the TREE OF LIFE, which bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

THE TREE OF LIFE is but little more than the scaffolding. THE FRUITS OF THE TREE is MAN'S SELF CONSCIOUSNESS.

Some day I shall know even as I am known and I shall know myself as one of the individualized fruits of the TREE and I shall be in my pre-destined place and I shall be consciously fulfilling my pre-destined part in the whole great scheme of things as planned and designed by THE GREAT ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

Fear of death? NO! A thousand times NO.

ROSICRUCIAN RADIO PROGRAM

Listen to the unusual mystical radio program broadcast by the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, AMORC, over radio station KNX, the Paramount station in Hollywood. The program is broadcast every Wednesday evening during the month of September. The period is from 7:30 P. M. to 8:00 P. M. Pacific Coast time. Starting with the first Wednesday in October, the program will continue during the entire winter and early spring on every Wednesday night during the period of 7:15 to 7:45, Pacific Coast time. Have as many of your friends and acquaintances tune in or listen with you to this program.

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Four Keys To Wisdom

TO KNOW, TO DARE, TO WILL, TO KEEP SILENT

By BRO. WILLIAM H. McKEGG



THESE words, in French, were written over the door of a sanctum in Paris, where Cagliostro, the great Rosicrucian mystic of the 18th century, held his meetings. Cagliostro followed these four keys with the most steadfast zeal. Some have said it was through not keeping the last one that caused him to be implicated in the famous scandal of the diamond necklace. On the other hand, it was because Cagliostro kept so vigorously to silence, to save others, that he permitted himself to appear culpable.

It is a well known fact among Rosicrucians that many of the greatest masters have never gone out of their way to defend themselves of false charges; they have even allowed themselves to be persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, rather than give out knowledge that could be perversely used for wrong purposes. They have always refused to "give a sign," to cater to vulgar curiosity. They had remained silent, and to keep silent is the most difficult virtue for any one to practice. To show off is a purely human trait. If a man knows something not known to his friends in general, he is only too eager to expound on his superior knowledge. He fondly believes that what he knows springs from his own particular mind.

"Give not that which is holy to the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine, lest haply they trample them under their feet, and turn and rend you."

True adepts always keep those words in mind. But they use discretion.

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The majority often misunderstood the word discretion. Many believe being a Rosicrucian student bars one from uttering a word to any non-members of the order about Rosicrucian philosophy and the teachings of AMORC. That is rather absurd. Without spreading knowledge, gleaned from the Cosmos, the whole spirit of Rosicrucianism would be futile.

Being helpful to others seeking enlightenment is a good thing. A Rosicrucian student can truthfully say, "Such and such a thing is quite possible. I have proved it to be so to my own satisfaction. You, too, may do the same, after a certain amount of study and practice." A Rosicrucian can say this and, on various occasions, prove his words by experiments—yet he would never dream of expounding to an unenlightened mind the methods used by which almost miraculous manifestations occur. To disclose secrets of the universe for them, would only cause harm.

The Master Christ helped the multitude by stating that such and such a thing could be made manifest, and proved all his statements by actual experiments. He showed the people that seemingly supernatural acts could be made ordinary events by adopting and applying certain natural laws. To prove that the soul is the only *real* part of the human being, He raised the dead. He willed back the soul to its earthly prison of flesh, to show that without it the body perished. Thus death was revealed as nothing more frightening than transition—birth into a new life; the uplifting of the True Self to a higher existence; a return of the soul to the Great Source from whence it came.



Christ did not walk on the sea to reveal what astonishing things He could do. He did it to show his disciples that any one of them could, without fear, do exactly what he had done. Peter attempted to do so, but fear caught him and he started to sink, until a touch from the Master saved him.

"Ye of little faith" was not spoken in a religious sense. Christ meant that although people KNOW things can be done, very often they will not DARE. Without courage little can be accomplished. To have faith in anything a man must first of all have faith in himself. Faith means courage, daring.

Christ also proved that a man can disappear suddenly from sight, even in the midst of a crowd. He did this several times during his preachings. He likewise proved that while imprisoned in an earthly body the soul, the God in men, can get in close contact with the Cosmos, with the Source from whence all comes.

These things he expounded to the multitude, and proved by actual experiment—but never once did He ever reveal to the unenlightened masses *how* these things could be accomplished. He sowed the seed. If anyone cared to seek enlightenment, it came. His words stirred the minds of those eager for wisdom. He knew that the Inner Selves of men and women, truly desiring wisdom, would seek him out later to learn how they could achieve mastership. It was for such seekers that he openly said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened."

A person eager for the divine knowledge offered by Christ obtained it if he dared to follow his own inner convictions. But those who said, "Teacher, we would see a sign from thee," were never enlightened. They were the doubters. And to them the Master remained silent; for He knew their own doubt would always be a stumbling block to anything they would be likely to attempt in occult studies.

There are many people today who believe all ought to be revealed to them instantaneously, without the least study or preparation on their part.

To allow an unprepared mind to experiment with the vast powers of the

universe would be as foolish as to permit a person, uninstructed in science, to dabble by himself in a chemical laboratory. Not knowing any of the laws of chemistry, he'd soon discover he was playing with dangerous forces.

How may an unenlightened and unprepared mind attain wisdom?

Eliphaz Levi, the great French magi, said:

"In order to DARE we must KNOW; in order to WILL we must DARE; we must WILL to possess empire, and to reign we must be SILENT."

Knowing a thing to be a fact helps us very little unless we put that knowledge to use. To learn more about what we know to be the truth, we must dare. The man who seeks Light must first of all free himself of all fear and all prejudice. Then, being fearless, he can open his mind to Truth. By willing he can accomplish almost unbelievable things. By keeping silent he retains the God-given powers that have been revealed to him.

To Know, To Dare, To Will, To Keep Silent. The four keys guard the secret.

"Sail to the west and the east will be found," was a statement ridiculed in the 15th century. A few Rosicrucian mystics knew the truth of those words. The world in general scoffed at such a wild declaration. At that period, people were told by false teachers that the world was flat and that the planets revolved around it. Though even thousands of years previous to them, Rosicrucian mystics knew that the earth was only one of many worlds and, with them, revolved around the sun.

Columbus heeded the statement given to him by an enlightened mind. Had he, like others, merely heard the fact and done nothing about it, his name would never have become historical. Columbus DARED! He knew and dared and with steadfast will followed his own convictions and achieved his goal.

It is, of course, senseless to dare if you know nothing about what you are attempting to do. It is equally senseless to will if you don't know in which direction to use your will power.

A man who vainly considers himself daring by standing on his head on the edge of a skyscraper, and waving his

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legs at all angles, is not only a nuisance but a fool. He is not more aid to humanity than his brother adventurer who perches himself on top of a flagstaff for several days, to show fellow creatures that a human being can put himself into a very uncomfortable and unnecessary position!

Colonel Lindbergh proved himself very heroic by flying the Atlantic. He knew, he dared, he willed—and won! Aviation was his one passion. For years, since a cadet, he studied all there was to know about his work. Knowing, he dared to put his knowledge of piloting an airplane into use, to prove to mankind that they could do more with aviation than had until then been attempted. Had Lindbergh had a weak will he may never have crossed the ocean. But with his knowledge and daring and will, his great plan was put into motion and produced results that have become history.

I have often heard people say, "It would be hopeless for me to study anything. I love music and would like to play, but it would be too difficult for me."

Those persons are the ones who want good results, but are not eager to make any effort to earn them. They are the ones to be caught with those glowing advertisements one often comes across in magazines. "Learn to play the piano in ten easy lessons and shock your friends." Any sensible person knows

that several years, at least, must be given to music in order to know anything about it and play presentably.

Great mysteries and astonishing systems promising mastership in this and that, for a trifling sum, are often advertised for the benefit of mankind—that is to say, for the benefit of that portion of mankind who does the advertising! Like the speedy mastership of music, all such offerings turn out dead sea fruit—very appetizing to read (as advertised) but dry gray ashes when put into use!

Wisdom opens her many rooms of wonders only one by one. Worthwhile things can only be mastered slowly, gradually. The unprepared mind, seeking Light, must, like a child, be coached. If a man knows the thing he desires to obtain is good and worthwhile, let him dare to follow his own inner convictions. Putting his will to his knowledge and daring he can obtain anything, even to becoming master of wonderful secrets.

A Rosicrucian adept will never be an "egotist." He will never "perform" if the curious demand a sign. But to the soul eager for Light and Wisdom he will always be willing to reveal the way. Then, treading the Path of Wisdom, the neophyte learns that the four keys to wisdom are:

To Know
To Dare
To Will
To Keep Silent.



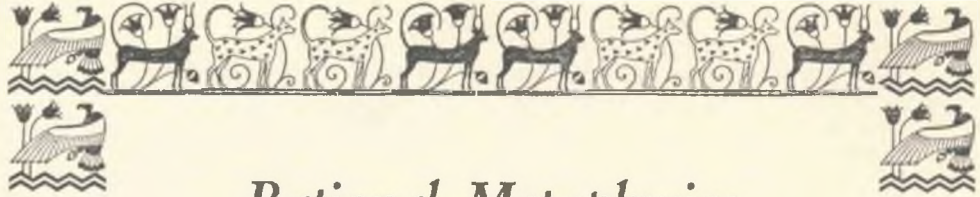
LIGHT, LIFE, LOVE

In silence so peaceful as to make
One pure yet pregnant with primeval power,
I sensed the pulse-beat of the Universe;
And as I tuned attention to the terse
But steady rhythm, to consciousness that hour
There came revealing LIGHT, that when I take

A breath of LIFE, or note within my breast
The ceaseless beat of heart, 'twas nothing more
Than echo-throb that answered call to God
The Cosmic Heart, diffusing LOVE to Sod
And Sea; to Line and Angle Lore,
To Point and Circle, which attend and rest
In His Divine Direction. All Above,
Below, incline to LIGHT and LIFE and LOVE.

By Frater Frank Brunner.





Rational Metaphysics

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



HE old adage of "where there is smoke there must be fire" is applicable to metaphysics. Many of the irrational, illogical exercises and practices held or performed under the guise of being a method of metaphysics are based on some proper principle which, having been repeated time after time, has become distorted in its presentation and weird in practice. As fantastic as some of the tales of mythology are, chronologically they have been discovered to be based upon some true incident in history. However, the repetition of the relating of the incident caused it to become distorted until there seems to be little in common between the myth and the original incident.

There are two distinct classes of students interested in metaphysics. One is the student who is a true lover of knowledge, who derives a sense of soul satisfaction from pondering over a problem of life, and applying the principles of a philosophy to the solution of that problem. To that student it is indeed a pleasure to unravel nature's most profound problems. That type of person is not interested in large gatherings, in public lectures. He is not interested in attending private classes or seances; neither is he interested in learning of the great demonstrations or accomplishments of Avatars of the past or of the present, nor is he interested in phenomena for the sake of phenomena alone. He cherishes nothing better than to be alone in the privacy of his Temple, his

home perhaps. There with himself, his personal concept of God, and knowledge based upon his own study and research, to explore the universe and its mysteries in his own way.

He seeks no aggrandizement; he is not interested in expounding his findings to the rest of the world, nor does he believe that he alone is right in his processes of thinking, and that all others who do not think as he does are wrong in their interpretations. Incidentally, this type of student of metaphysics is in the minority, and is one that all true schools of higher thought are endeavoring to develop. The majority of the self-asserted metaphysical students may be divided into two classifications:

First, the phenomena seeker; second, the personality worshipper. There is an element in human nature that is both a virtue, and a detriment, and that is that man is always seeking the mysterious, the weird, the unknown, that which he cannot fully comprehend. It has been this compelling force to satisfy his inherent curiosity that has compelled man to progress from the lowest stages of evolution where he was comparable with other mammals to that type of being which we recognize as the highest living form on this plane today. He was not content with an understanding of those things around him in his immediate environment, but always sought to pierce the veil beyond; to push away the clouds of misunderstanding that appeared on the horizon; this has caused him to climb on and upward.

The detriment of this compelling force is that it causes many merely to

attempt to please their curiosity without any desire to take advantage of the knowledge that they gain in their experiences. In other words, there are those who like to be awe-inspired, or impressed with some mystical demonstration. As soon as the thing is explained to them, and they find that what they thought was a complex problem of life is not complex at all, but is a simple manifestation of some fundamental law which they could not quite comprehend, and the complexity was due to their reasoning, they lose interest in it, and they seem to say, "If I can understand the condition, it cannot be very important." These persons go on in life and seek something else that appeals to the mystery element of their nature.

These persons are merely phenomena seekers; they are seeking demonstrations and are not interested in how the law works, or why it works, but they merely want to see the results. Those persons will attend all sorts of meetings, seances, and lectures to have demonstrations performed for them. They do not want to understand *how it is brought about* because if it is explained to them it loses its mysterious appeal. Those persons enjoy mysterious banjo playing, table tapping, knocking on doors; it thrills them, but they are not sufficiently interested to investigate the phenomena in order to even see whether it is false or true, or why it exists at all. Needless to say, those persons receive nothing but entertainment out of any form of metaphysics or occultism; they are never able to help themselves, and they are never able to demonstrate anything in their own lives. They are merely able to recite to you how Mr. so-an-so, Brother so-and-so, or Professor so-an-so was able to produce all sorts of weird, fascinating, and appealing demonstrations, and how they thoroughly enjoyed it, but they cannot explain to you how it was done, nor are they able to repeat the demonstrations. These persons would never retire to their own room with books, lectures, charts and diagrams, paper and pencil, and devote two hours of deep study and thinking to the solution of any one of the demonstra-

tions that they had ever seen. They merely want their senses appealed to. It is like the public's interest in magicians. The magician frankly tells them what he is doing on the vaudeville stage is clever trickery, and he is to be complimented on the manner in which he deceives the senses of the people as a means of entertainment. The public knows it is trickery, and likes to be deceived. There is not one of that majority who would be the slightest bit interested in devoting an hour of study to the scientific explanation of the deception of the senses. They are not students; they are phenomena seekers. They do not wish knowledge, but merely the gratification of their senses.

The phenomena seeker is also usually a personality worshipper. He is one who does not like to exert his own mentality, or use his own processes of thinking; he likes to be pushed on, drawn by a magical individual. He likes to tramp along in the wake and glory of some prominent person. He likes this individual to do all the thinking and research, and all the study that is to be done. And the personality worshipper enjoys following in the light of this strong personality. He often believes that he, himself, is developing because he is being forcibly lifted up to another plane of thinking by a personality. These personalities many times are traveling lecturers, very eloquent, and having a magnetic influence. They take a certain metaphysical problem whether it deals with health, prosperity, peace of mind, or what-not. Then they proceed to explain this problem immediately to their audience or followers without any exercise of thought on the part of their followers at all, and because the problem is explained to *their satisfaction the audience is apt to believe that it has accomplished something.* They have no knowledge within; it is merely that which comes from without, and they tramp along until finally some day this personality disappears—something happens—perhaps transition, death, and there they are, a vast majority, stumbling, lost; the light has gone out. Instead of having the knowledge of Cosmic principles in their own consciousness, principles residing within



their own beings, which could guide them on and upward to greater knowledge regardless of personalities, they come to the realization that they were merely following a false beacon on the outside, and when that beacon went out they were left in the dark.

We must not speak too severely of this majority, however, because it is from this majority that the true students are developed. Sooner or later every man and woman comes to realize that life is not like chaff in the wind, and that they need not be blown hither and thither by circumstances, but that life is like a great checkerboard upon which an infinite game is being played, and that we, like checkers, are being moved by some infinite intelligence. Some of us are jumped early in the game, and taken off the board never to play again in this game; others are crowned, made kings, receive prosperity, fame. Others seem to merely remain stationary; it seems to be their place to block the progress of not only themselves, but others. They come to realize that life is more than merely living; that life means a realization of our place in the Cosmic scheme. Whence we came, and where we go is as important to our peace of mind, and to our thorough happiness as the fact that WE ARE, and these persons then look about for the things which will seem to answer these inherent questions. They are advised to attend some person's meeting, to go to hear such and such a lecture, to read that unusual book which deals with the accomplishments of some persons in past ages, or at the present, or they are satisfied to go to witness some great psychic demonstrations, to marvel with others at the apparent mind-power of another individual, and when they see this phenomena, and witness these demonstrations they really believe that they are close to that which they want, and the environment seems pleasing to them. They feel that at last they are on the path, until when alone and faced with some adversity or serious condition in their personal life they suddenly realize that the demonstrations they have witnessed, and the marvelous powers of thought which have awe-inspired them, leave

them helpless when faced with a personal problem, and that a personal problem must be met and conquered by the individual, and not by anyone else, and then they realize their self-dependency and how absurd it is to be dependent upon others, and to tramp along behind one individual regardless of what a great personality he may be.

Then this type of person begins to think differently. He is not so much interested in the entertaining features of psychic demonstrations, but wants concrete laws and principles. How did you do it? What did you use? *How can I do it?*—Those are the things which have a real lure for him. And that person then becomes a real metaphysical student, and he learns to leave alone the many absurdities, which were merely leading him up blind paths, and it is these absurdities in metaphysics which have no prominent place in the development spiritually, psychically, or materially, of the individual, that we are going to discuss.

The first and perhaps the most common is crystal gazing. It would seem to the casual investigator who is not well-versed in metaphysics or occultism that the crystal is an essential to one's development in that field, or at least to the attainment of results. The popular association of crystal gazing with occultism is due undoubtedly to the vaudeville entertainer who through his clever act gives the impression that most anything can be accomplished with the use of a crystal,—anything from the determination of the age of one in the audience to whom and when he is going to marry, or a complete character reading of the individual. So mysteriously do they use the crystal that it becomes a fetish, and many students or those who are just beginners, Neophytes we might say, in the study of occultism, really believe that the crystal is possessed with some inherent, supernatural power, and that when one uses the crystal he contacts this power which influences him, and makes astounding reflections of events for him. And it would seem as though one must be possessed of a crystal at all times if he is to have the gates of psychic knowledge opened to him.

Now there is no more power invested in a crystal, nor does the crystal have

any more influence in directing you in your psychic development than does your hand mirror at home. It is quite true that the masters and teachers in the past used the crystal, but the manner in which they used it, and their understanding of the use of it, is exceedingly different from its perverted use by popular entertainers, and by the irrational occult and metaphysical student. It was used by the masters of the past merely as an aid to attain a complete condition of concentration. Anyone who has ever attempted to produce perfect concentration realizes how difficult that is. Perfect psychic concentration means the elimination temporarily of the impressions of your objective senses. You must place yourself in a purely subjective state, and suspend temporarily the impressions of your sight, hearing, feeling, tasting, etc.

In our modern, noisy metropolises, and even noisy small towns with our so-called conveniences such as automobiles, radios, player pianos, and what-not, it is very difficult to eliminate impressions of the senses. Even in the ancient days the mystics found it difficult to get into a perfect state of concentration, so they used the crystal for this reason. Since the crystal is absolutely clear, without any imperfections, one can look intently into it without noticing any imperfections, or anything that would distract his attention, and prevent him from getting into a subjective state, and while looking into this void of the crystal gradually the sense of sight diminishes until the crystal becomes as a black curtain, and success in eliminating the sense of sight, and getting into a purely subjective state was accomplished.

Thus, the impressions that the crystal gazer had did not take place or manifest in the crystal, but manifested in the subjective mind of the individual, in the mental black screen, and at that point the crystal, as far as further advantages are concerned, could be thrown out of the window; it had accomplished its usefulness; it had helped the gazer to get into a perfect state of concentration, and development from that point on had no connection with the crystal, and the things one saw were not being seen

through the physical eye, but through the psychic eye. It is this point which confuses the metaphysical student who uses the crystal. The results he receives when he is in a subjective state, he wrongly associates with the crystal as though those things were taking place within the crystal. If someone were to remove the crystal from the room at that time, results would continue, so you can realize that the crystal is merely an aid to help him to get into the proper subjective condition.

When that condition is obtained, the experiences which are taking place are not material experiences that are visible to the naked eye, nor are they taking place in the quartz mineral before you which is called a crystal. There are many who are able to attain perfect concentration merely by the exercise of the will, and who do not need a crystal, and it is much more satisfactory if you are able to develop the ability of eliminating your objective senses and placing yourself in a subjective state without the aid of any material device. In fact, a black mirror will serve just as well as a crystal, if you do need any device to assist you to get into a subjective state. Anything that will help you to focus your attention and eliminate your objective faculties will serve the same purpose as a crystal, so do not glorify the crystal as being an instrument of supernatural power. Try this out and prove it to yourself, and then cross off one of the idiosyncracies of misunderstood metaphysics.

The next is automatic writing: This seems to hold some investigators of metaphysics and occultism spellbound; they feel as though they are subjected to some power which is directing through them, and they fail to realize that this power is none other than their own subjective mind. The principle of automatic writing is this: The person relaxes comfortably in a chair, and taking a pencil and paper, resting his hand containing the pencil lightly on the paper, and trying as much as he possibly can to keep his objective mind, or brain consciousness blank; in other words, thinking of nothing, and in a few moments the forearm and hand containing the pencil will become rigid, that is, the muscles therein



contract, and involuntarily the hand will proceed to write peculiar hieroglyphics, sometimes unintelligible, and other times whole sentences which can be read, and apparently make sense. This phenomena is usually interpreted in the sense that some other personality either of this plane, or another plane, is communicating through the being of the one holding the pencil, and is endeavoring to convey a communication of some sort.

The argument in favor of automatic writing by those who do not even comprehend the basic principles of psychology is that the messages they write usually contain a description of scenes that they cannot ever recall having seen or read about, that they seem entirely new to them, and they believe it could not have come from their mind, but must have come from some other mind. Persons have been so possessed with such false belief in automatic writing that they have literally made themselves slaves to this phenomena, and have refused to live their own lives, or exercise their own will until they received what they believed to be communications from those who had gone on before, or from those who dwelt on this plane in distant places. Psychopathic wards of many state hospitals contain such persons.

Psychology explains automatic writing in a very rational way. Only a very few out of the thousand impressions which your senses receive, and which are conveyed to the consciousness of your brain, are held in your consciousness long enough for them to make an impression upon your subjective mind so that you can recall them through the processes of memory. Fortunately, the tens of thousands of different sounds or words, and hundreds of thousands of different things you see daily, do not impress themselves upon your subjective mind so that you can recall them, or your process of thinking would become so involved, so complex, that thinking would be even more difficult to the average person than it is at present. For instance: When you see a thing when walking down the street in the morning, unless you hold that picture in your mind a fraction of a second, sufficiently long enough for you to realize the thing

you saw, you can never remember the incident objectively, or recall it to your memory. It penetrates through your objective consciousness without your being aware of that impression, and registers on your subjective mind. Can you remember many outstanding things that you saw on your way to work yesterday morning? Perhaps you walked five blocks, and rode six blocks on some public conveyance, street car, train, etc., and during your trip of perhaps thirty-five minutes tens of thousands of impressions flashed by your eyes, but only those things that you held for a moment in your objective consciousness, and realized you were seeing them, and examined them a little more closely, or focused your attention on them, became impressed upon the memory of your consciousness, and can be recalled at all. The other impressions were not held long enough for you to recall them, and you do not even remember ever having registered on the subjective mind.

Now when you permit yourself to get into a purely subjective state these impressions which were made on the subjective mind without your being aware of them release themselves into phrases, words, and descriptions of things, or scenes which you cannot recall objectively through the processes of your memory, because when you did see them you did not retain them long enough in your objective consciousness for you to remember them. It would seem quite logical to say, "I could never have seen this before, or heard that statement before, because if I did, I most certainly would have remembered it." But due to the fact that it did not impress itself on your objective memory, you are not able to recall having ever experienced the impression. Automatic writing merely is the releasing of those stored-up impressions in the subjective mind. Experiments in psychopathic wards have proven this. Persons have released suggestions from the subjective mind of experiences they have never recalled objectively which took place when they were small children, almost infants, and which registered on the subjective mind and were verified by parents, but which the subject himself could absolutely not

identify as being true because they had never registered themselves on the memory, but merely registered in the subjective consciousness. So beware of putting full reliance on automatic writing as the writing or communication of some departed spirit or some living personality on this plane. Your messages are most likely directed by your own subjective mind, and the fact that you cannot recall the experiences you write means nothing more than that you cannot recall all the impressions of your daily walk when you return at night, but only those which lingered long enough in your consciousness to enable you to remember them.

The ouija board craze is merely automatic writing in another form, and 'craze' is quite an appropriate term. There are more persons who are under the hallucination of the ouija board spell than any other apparatus associated with occultism. The principles of the ouija board are identical with those of automatic writing; it is merely permitting one's subjective mind to involuntarily direct the writing of messages which are impressions that are stored up in the subjective mind. The subject is not conscious of having originally received these impressions and thus if he does not rationally reason the matter out, he is apt to think he is the subject of some infinite power that is working through him.

These forms of phenomena, as we said before, appeal to the phenomena seeker merely because they are weird, and mysterious, but they are also dangerous. The real student, the real thinker who is not merely interested in results, but wants to know the *why* and *wherefor* soon fathoms them out and leaves them alone as leading to blind paths, and as a preventative to attainment in the study of truth.

The latest absurdity which is claiming many adherents is *mirror writing*. One turns the light on the mirror and places the index finger of his right hand on the mirror before him, and then closes his eyes until the involuntary jerking of his index finger on the mirror indicates that some message is about to be written, and the finger leaves a slight greasy impres-

sion on the face of the mirror from the natural oil of the pores, and when the message is completed he reads the crude outline, and accepts it as some message of import that is being conveyed to him. The dangerous part of this is that he is apt to put full reliance in such impressions, and live and abide by them, regulating his life by those false impressions which are merely dictations of his own subjective mind, or haphazard experiences in his daily life received through impressions of his senses, and it is a quick road to the instability of mind.

It is unfortunate that a magazine today, claiming a leader in the introduction of occult and metaphysical *truths*, and whose publishers proclaim the organization of a national body of thinkers, founded this mirror writing as a unique system of psychic development. They state that it indicates the development of the student, (though anyone can do it). The results are dangerous and unsound, and certainly far from being akin to the true principles of occultism. You must realize that every phenomenon that occurs in nature has a sensible and rational explanation for its occurrence, whether that phenomenon be lightning, rain, snow, blizzards, sun spots, or sun eclipse. The only strange thing about nature's phenomena is our crude attempt to understand them. We like to drape these phenomena in the roles of fantastic rituals and rites. We have to thank science and true metaphysics for their presentation of nature's phenomena in a clear, simple light, in which they should be placed. When anyone asks you to witness a demonstration under the guise of its being a marvelous revelation of some psychic power, first say to that person, "I am willing to witness a demonstration if I can be assured that the demonstration will be accompanied by a sane, rational, concrete explanation of how it was done." Also state that you will not be interested in demonstrations made by others or the explanation that, "persons in the past have known how they came about, but we today cannot expect to know." Say you are interested in demonstrations only when you know how they are produced, and thoroughly understand the



law underlying the phenomena, and explain that you are not interested in just the *manifestation* of a law.

Let us introduce into metaphysics the sane, sound, good-reasoning that we expect in our business and in our home, and in our social life. Why is it that the average man and woman will reason a thing out from all angles, taking advantage of their syllogistical reasoning in everyday affairs, but when they go into the field and study of metaphysics they feel since they are dealing with an infinite power they must not compre-

hend and understand it. They seem to think anything is possible, anything may happen haphazardly without law or order, or without understanding.

When you study mysticism, metaphysics or occultism, you are studying Divine Principles; principles which originated in the Intelligence of God, in the Universal Consciousness, and therefore, are *simple* and *truthful*. Accept nothing else in your pursuit of the light of knowledge and beware of the pitfalls of the false.



Complexity Is Simplicity

By SRO. FRANCES VEJTASA



WE LIVE in a world of turmoil and entanglements and therefore, unreality, for the basis of truth is simplicity—harmony. We may know truth or reality by its changelessness and because it is the root, but to reach it many confusing threads, built by expanding and yet groping minds, need to be followed to their source. At the source or beginning lies the discovery of unity, the origin in *oneness* of all creation. Few people have the mental capacity to trace the innumerable threads of adventure or error to their root. However, the revelation of the "real" in this manner stands as a significant and startling fact in the greatest thought of modern times.

Einstein, realizing the eternal order and harmony of the universe, was led by wonder and amazement to follow the different threads of the earth's manifested forces, especially that of magnetism, electricity, and gravitation, and

discover their root or *oneness*. Having arrived from complexity to simplicity, the world's mind at large has declared him ununderstandable. He has watched in the "unknown," beauty and wisdom, or art and science, play in intimate relationship, but among the earthbound only a few watch with him; to the rest he stands strongly silhouetted against a far-off sky, a lonely though illuminated figure.

"East is West and West is East," once said Columbus, and as if with one deep breath enlarged a small circle to hold two worlds. In the enlargement of the mind's circle of thought, for all man's invention or past was once a dream and his future waits veiled in the imagination, lies the solution of baffling mysteries. The unread, unthinking mind has never travelled. It moves inside itself around and around, wrapping itself into superstition and unconscious of even that. The conception is not unlike the amusing performance of the kitten which does not see into or beyond the mystery of its own tail and misguides its ambition to seek possession of some-

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thing that is already its by nature, as it whirls around the floor in pursuit of its desire, so limited, is its mental vision.

But occasionally someone enlarges his world and discovers the simplicity of that which was once a complexity. Long ago disintegrated matter was proclaimed to be a molecule, the grouping of molecules formed recognizable matter. Later the molecule was divided into atoms and atoms into electrons. The latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica has found authoritative the reduction of the electron into a wave. Probably Einstein's wave! The innumerable branches merge into *one*—simplicity increases.

An ancient mystical brotherhood dreaming of perfection, has proclaimed for centuries beauty, love, poetry, and mysticism as "one reality." The comprehension of love, poetry, and mysticism as beauty is simple enough, but to achieve this, the state of each must be pure and therein lies the riddle. What is pure love? What is pure poetry?—The purity seems to be the point where all four meet in similarity and that is the goal of study and research.

Recently in a public article a clergyman made this statement: "The church should be the embodiment of all phases of truth—religion, science and art, for these three are *one*. The unknown God of today, the God guessed at, is leading us into confusion."

One of the five dominating principles of Gandhi, the great-minded and holy one of India, is the principle of one religion. Surely the basical truth must always be the same and changeless, and therefore the many religious branches must be demonstrations of error—just as the many pagan gods were created to symbolize various forces when limited conception was inadequate to realize one God.

"I and the Father are *one*." Thus taught a great teacher, who has for this statement been both humanized and deified; either set apart as one with God or placed with all human beings as a segment of the Divine. For two thousand years, with this simple statement millions of minds have struggled. Metaphysicians talk about the *one* mind, the universal mind. Probably Emerson who saw in the "Oversoul" a merging, or *oneness*, of all souls was as near the truth as anyone, and why not nearer? It

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takes vision to span a great distance and see the whole in order to draw a proper relationship. A sight that reaches far has outgrown the significance of self, blood relatives, nationality, denomination, and race. To him humanity lives as intellect and emotion—a great laboratory of evolution and devolution in action. Neither is he swayed nor hampered by prohibition or the moral question. For such as he, wars and world courts would be unnecessary and their expenditure a huge waste.

More and more minds are pondering over this conception of *oneness*, at the beginning and the end, "the Alpha and the Omega." We read from the novel of an internationally known novelist: "For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved, there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throb of the Universal Life, for that soul there is no death."

Another author, equally well-known, places his own perplexities in the mind of a character: "He felt quite definitely that no one in the world could feel or even think alone. And then there was the notion, that if one tried to think with the mind without taking the body into account, one got all balled up. True conscious life built itself up like a pyramid. First the body and the mind of a beloved one must come into one's thinking and feeling and then, in some mystic way, the bodies and minds of all the other people in the world must come in, must come sweeping in like a great mind—or something of that sort."

Could a mind be more clearly or simply defined as something growing, expanding, permeating all matter and combining as one universal power?

To the "spiritualistic" minded who are interested in this significance of *oneness*, Conan Doyle's first message from the other world in which he remarks about the unity of the life beyond, suggesting the eliminating of the small family circle group by expansion into an all inclusive circle, might prove enlightening.

In every field of thought we find the trim figure *one* like a beacon of illumina-



tion, bursting rays through man-created darkness.

However, coming down to the point of every-day life the confusion and the complexity of the roads of error must not be underestimated. Who is to decide, fairly and definitely, for instance, the question whether or not Sinclair Lewis of all present day writers most deserved the Nobel prize? If he did not, then the scale for the evaluation of literature has been unbalanced and will confuse the judgment of future literary history until the discovery of some changeless fundamentals.

And there are numerous other entanglements: Must a woman, because she is biologically so equipped, bear children, or is it her privilege to do something else with all those years of life? Which is greater, the woman who has given her whole life (we are not concerned with halves here) to children or the one who has given it to art or some other line of self-expression?

Is Lindbergh greater because he achieved his goal than the men who died on the road to achievement? Are the "dead" of the World War greater than those who survived? And yet whatever the truth is, it exists and remains the same no matter what the conscious judgment or knowledge, but so long as it is unrevealed, error and its attributes and consequences reign.

In case our mental apparatus looms yet clear and unconfused by the questions presented thus far, let us take another thought close to us all and strikingly simple. Let us assume that even our evaluation of beauty is unsound. If, for example, we were accustomed to nice, clean, entirely hairless human heads, would not a beautiful marcelled,

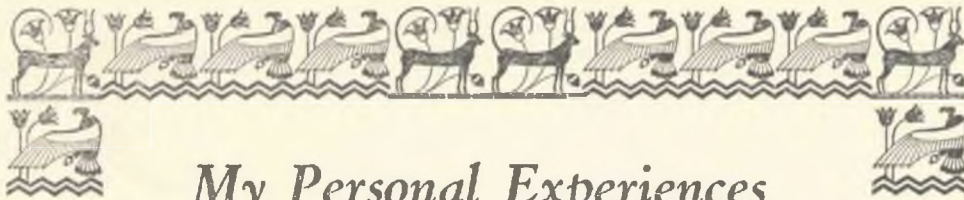
and perfumed head of hair be a disfigurement? Taking an unprejudiced and broad point of view, which one is the most beautiful? Anyway in the making of a life neither one has, it would seem, any importance, eliminating the prejudice of a small world, and the hairless one surely would seem to be the most desirable from the point of view of sanitation and economy. And yet how many of us would willingly assume and live this truth? And could it not prove to be an insurmountable and engulfing handicap?

Let's try our reasonnig powers a little further. Modern psychology, still merged in ignorance, is attempting to revolutionize human habits and rules of behavior. It waves a warning flag at inhibitions of one's desires, but what about the inhibition of the efficiency of one's will-power, the Chief Executive or the governing force of the mind, while facilitating the desires? For is not will an evolutionary product of the control of desires? And will not freed desire lead to excesses and the consummation of Will? The "unknown gods lead us into confusion." Truth leads to *oneness*, simplicity. There is a cause for reflection on where and what is truth. The discovery of truth reveals harmony, unity; its perversion results in pain, disease, and confusion. We in our mad desire to taste all, lest we die inexperienced, gulp breathlessly the innumerable baits of error, and dance repeatedly the narrow endless circle of human experience, until at the finish we find our sight too worn and dense to pierce the way to the truth of life's purpose which to most of us like the smile of the ancient Sphinx of Gizeh, remains a secret.

ROSICRUCIAN CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY CARDS

Last year hundreds of our members wrote to us before Christmas asking whether we had holiday cards bearing the Rosicrucian greetings, or symbol, which they could mail to their friends. We prepared a very beautiful folder consisting of fine, novelty paper, with envelope to match. On the front of the folder is an attractive picture containing the Rosicrucian symbol in gold, with decorations appropriate for Christmas and New Year. Inside of the folder is a timely greeting. These attractive greeting cards are printed in several colors and gold. They may be purchased from us at the special price of six for 80 cents or one dozen for \$1.40, with the envelopes included. Orders for these will be received at once, and delivery will be made to you, postage prepaid, at once. State the quantity of these you desire, and enclose the remittance for that number. No less than six to each order.

Why not order a dozen of these and use them to send greetings to your friends? The distinctive greeting and the unique folder will be a pleasant change from the usual monotonous form of Christmas greeting cards. Address your orders to the AMORC Supply Bureau as soon as possible.



My Personal Experiences

SOME UNUSUAL PSYCHIC ADVENTURES OF A STARTLING AND INTERESTING NATURE

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

(NOTE—This series of articles will present the strange and mystical experiences which may come to one who has gradually attuned himself to the higher or more subtle forces existing around us. Perhaps some of our members have had identical experiences and the explanation given by our Emperor in connection with the ones he has had will help our members to understand some of the laws that are possibly involved. These experiences will be presented in the form of one complete story in each issue for the next few months. Many points connected with each of these experiences are difficult to explain and still remain in the realm of the unknown. You may take the Emperor's partial explanation and accept it or you may reject it. He is merely offering his personal opinion while he still holds an open mind and is seeking through tests and experiments to determine the exact nature of whatever principles or laws were actually involved in these experiences. Incidentally, these experiences show what may come into the life of a person who is Cosmically or psychically attuned and who is in constant contact with conditions, persons, and places throughout the country, and while holding the position he holds in relation to the work of this organization—Editor.)



Number 3—THE WITCH



ANY years ago while living in New York City, I received a very cordial invitation from our members on the Pacific Coast to pay an official visit to California and especially to visit the two or three lodges which we had in the southern part of that state. I finally decided that I would make the trip, providing I could get away from my business affairs long enough to visit some of the branches on the Pacific Coast instead of just the two or three that had united in the very fine invitation. I found I was able to get away early in the spring, and in the month of March, right after the Easter holiday, I started south from New York on the Pennsylvania railroad in the midst of a very severe snow storm and very cold weather.

I was pleased as I travelled southward toward New Orleans to come

into milder weather and enjoyable scenery. After reaching New Orleans I decided to stay over night in that city in order to visit a branch of our work there and the next morning I was taken to the railroad station of the Southern Pacific lines to board my train going westward. I arrived at the station fully a half hour before the departure of the train and since there were a great many tourists, I decided to get aboard the train and sit on the rear observation platform in order to secure and hold a seat. As the time drew near for the departure of the train I was impressed more and more with the pitiful sight of the many persons who came to that train on crutches or on the arms of other persons, or in wheel chairs, and even on stretchers. It seemed to me that the train was going to become a hospital train, and inquiry revealed that most of these ill persons were going to Arizona or California, because of certain tubercular or other conditions which could be helped by the climate of those states.



I noted one case in particular of an old man who was brought by some uniformed attendants on a stretcher and lifted into one of the cars and then left alone. I had a compartment on the train all to myself, and I noticed that this man had been placed in a lower berth of the body of the car among many other sick persons, and that he was extremely sick and in a very pitiful condition, coughing extremely hard and with every indication of great pain. As noon time approached and I looked out from my compartment doorway at the end of the car and saw these many sick persons around me, each trying to help the other, I felt that as a Rosicrucian I must go out among them and see what I could do. Surely, here was a Cosmic call, if ever there was one.

I noticed that there was one nurse in the car accompanying one sick person, and that she had already donned her uniform and was busy in a professional way. She had been engaged by one of the sick persons but all of the other patients in the car thought that she was a nurse in employ of the railroad, and were continually asking her for some help, and she attempted to politely inform them that her services belonged exclusively to the one patient, although she did make some suggestions and offer some help to a few of the sick women.

My attention was attracted first of all to the old man to whom I have referred. He was at least sixty years of age and looked much older. There was an air of culture and refinement about him, and in all of his sickness and pain he was attempting to make himself look tidy and to restrain any annoyance that he might be causing others, and I sat down beside him to talk about his case. He told me that he was alone in the world, that his wife and children had passed on some years ago, and that through business reversals due to his bad health he had to finally accept the hospitality of the county poor house. He had entered that place with all of his savings amounting to several hundred dollars, which he turned over to the organization for his care, but a few months after being placed in the home, his tubercular trouble developed to such a degree that they decided that he would have to go

to some hospital, or if he wished to do so could go to one of the semi-charitable places in Arizona. The purse of money that he had given to the institution would pay for his carfare to Arizona, and for his care for a little while, and so the attendants at the institution had placed him aboard the train and had said goodbye to him, and he was on his way, alone, sick, hopeless, and dejected. He was much worse off than anyone else on the train because most of the others had someone with them, either mother or father, husband or wife, and none of them were quite as ill or as old as he. As I looked at his watering eyes and the trembling hands, I could not help but think of my own father, well and strong back in New York, and of others who were dear to me, and no older than he, and yet in perfect health, and I felt a special interest in him.

I, therefore, offered to let him have my compartment in exchange for his lower berth, because in my compartment he could lie comfortably all day in a bed and have an electric fan, and other special facilities, and I could also be with him and treat him. I began that very noontime by getting him some appropriate food and then giving him treatments according to our principles every hour of the afternoon and evening, and finally at 8:00 o'clock in the evening I saw him tucked into bed for the night while I slept outside in a berth. I did not hear him cough during the night even when the train was standing still, and early in the morning I went to his room and found him much brighter than he had been the day before, and he confessed to me that he had slept longer and better than for many a night.

For two days I kept up the treatments and the nourishing food, especially giving him some delicacies that tempted his appetite along with other foods that were helpful during such treatments as I was giving to him. I felt that the Cosmic was using me as a channel for the transmission of stronger treatments than I had ever noticed passing through me in any previous case, and I was delighted. When we reached a station in Arizona where he had to change cars, I assisted in having him taken out on to the platform and engaged a taxi cab to

transfer him, for he was now able to sit up and to walk a little, and did not need to be carried on a stretcher. I made arrangements with a representative of the railroad company to see that certain things were carried out and planned to get in touch with the institution where he was going to see that he was given the proper food, for I planned to carry on the treatments for many weeks, believing that he would recover and become strong enough to go back to New Orleans.

As I shook hands with the old man and the tears ran down his cheeks in an attempt to express his appreciation, he promised to write to me or have somebody write to me once a week letting me know how he was and he gave me a small ring from his hand to keep as a token. It was a silver band upon which there were some faint markings either of a decorative or symbolical nature, which I could not decipher in want of a magnifying glass. He frankly told me it was not a costly thing, and that he was only giving it to me as a keepsake that I might be mindful of him. I placed it upon my little finger, and then shook hands with him again and his last words were, "The only benediction that I can give in return for what you have done is this, may God bless she who loves you the most." I saw the taxi cab go away from the station and I went on my way in the train, helping the others as much as I could, having the satisfaction of seeing some hemorrhages stopped, and some terrible coughing modified, and other direct benefits of Cosmic healing. I arrived in Los Angeles in due time and after a day or two of official activity with our organization in that city I wended my way toward a city further south. I am purposely avoiding the name of this city because of the events that occurred, for I do not want to attract undue attention to a certain home in a certain city.

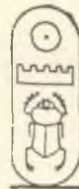
I arrived in this city about 6:00 o'clock in the evening and was met by a committee at the depot who escorted me to a hotel where an elaborate banquet had been arranged for 7:00 o'clock in my honor. After the banquet I was taken by the committee to a very large hall to make a public address regarding our

work and I found there an assemblage of five or six hundred persons representing the most intellectual and cultured people of the city.

At the close of the lecture the committee and a large number of the members accompanied me to the hotel again where we sat around and enjoyed a social visit with ice cream and light refreshments, for the weather was extremely warm.

About 11:30 in the evening I admitted that I was somewhat tired and would enjoy retiring for the night. The committee asked me whether I preferred to go to a hotel or to a private home. They explained that there was a private home available where in a wing of the building I would be all alone with the same service that a hotel would afford, and yet with the same privacy and perhaps a little more of the luxury of a private estate, because the home was on the edge of a beautiful park. I felt instantly that there was some preference in the minds of the committee and that they would like to have me go to the private home, possibly because it was the home of one of the officers or members of the organization who had some desire for having me visit the home, and that I should be adding to their joy by accepting the invitation. I have always preferred being alone in hotels rather than the guest at anyone's home, and especially on official visits being located at a hotel in the heart of a city makes it possible for all of the members to come to see me and to arrange the interviews in rapid succession and thereby contact as many members as possible in a short time.

I did not think to ask the name of the host and hostess when I was taken to the large home that was situated in the middle of lawns that seemed to reach in all directions, and being late at night and busy talking to those who were with me in the automobile, I did not notice the name or nature of the station through which we drove, and was really unaware of my location until I found myself being escorted from the automobile up a long pathway to the main entrance of a very large house. After a few minutes' conversation with my host and hostess to whom I had been introduced



very early in the evening, along with a hundred others whose names I had also forgotten, I was taken through a number of rooms to a wing of the house, and then taken upstairs to a very attractive oriental den room that seemed to occupy the whole of the second floor of the wing. My host and hostess pointed out to me the fact that there were many windows in the room overlooking the park, that there was a private bath, and other conveniences, and that I would be absolutely alone and undisturbed so far as the rest of the household was concerned. In fact, they said to me that I could even go out in the morning or during the night without passing through the rest of the house by way of the windows and a balcony, which led to a private stairway.

After bidding them goodnight and unpacking some of my satchels which had been brought to the room, I opened wide the windows and finally stepped out on to the balcony and was pleased to note that this private balcony had a stairway leading down into the yard, and that I really was quite separated from the rest of the home.

Turning my attention to the room itself, I found that it was part of an attic that had been turned into a den by a partial false ceiling decorated in old fashioned beam style with some panelling in wood and soft tints on the plaster, and with oriental rugs and draperies, and very antique furniture. The room felt to me as though it was quite old in all of its fittings, and after a little examination I decided that practically everything in the room was an antique of some kind. The hostess had explained to me that the room had been idle for a year and that since they had joined our organization they had fitted it up in this oriental style for a study room and as a sanctum, but that it had not yet been used for that purpose and that they wanted me to be the first one to spend a night in it and then perhaps in the morning at sunrise give it my benediction and blessing, and thus make it appropriate for use as a sanctum. I believe that this was the reason why they had invited me to their home and it was not the first time that I had been invited to a home for a similar purpose.

Feeling that I was going to spend a night in very appropriate surroundings and wondering whether some of the things might not have come from Persia or the Orient, especially the rugs and draperies, I turned out the lights and threw myself upon the bed, thoroughly tired and ready to attend to the treatments and midnight work of contacting various of our members with whom I was conducting experiments or whom I had promised to help.

As I was lying there in the dark getting ready to attune myself with the Cosmic, I thought first of all of the old man and realized that it was time to give him a treatment. Unconsciously I felt of the silver ring on my finger which he had given to me and thought of how this ring would help me to reach him as well as reach the Cosmic, and so throughout my treatment I held my fingers on the silver ring which was wedged quite tightly on the small finger of my left hand. After giving him the treatment, I answered the needs of perhaps a dozen others and then offered my psychic consciousness to the Cosmic for whatever services it might require of it and fell asleep.

About 2:00 o'clock in the morning I was awakened. I know the time because in a few moments the chimes of an old clock in the room struck twice. I was awakened by a very definite sense of depressing and annoying vibrations in the room. Very often when I sleep for the first night at a hotel or in some private room I am slightly annoyed by the difference in vibrations, but I soon overcome these and become adjusted to the conditions. In this case, I could not sleep and I wondered whether I should get up or try to overcome the conditions.

After struggling for fully fifteen minutes and doing my utmost to go back to sleep, I got up and walked about the room in the very faint moonlight that came in through the open windows and finally went out to the balcony to admire the deep shadows and silver spots of the moonlight and the effect of it upon the lawns and trees around the house.

Having enjoyed the air for a few minutes I returned to my bed and was about to force myself into sleep again when I noticed there was a figure moving across

the room as though it had come from the bathroom near the foot of my bed. I saw that the door to the balcony was still closed and since it had a spring lock upon it, it was impossible for anyone from the outside to come in, unless he had a key, but I was sure also that this figure had emanated from the bathroom.

As I looked more closely, I saw it was a transparent figure and I knew at once that it was a psychic visitor that I had seen and not a human one. However, the figure was short and bent over, and seemed to be covered with some very large piece of material of a dark nature. As I watched the figure moving about as though busily engaged in attending to things in various parts of the rooms, I noticed that the room itself now appeared quite different. I saw that the furniture was different, although very vague, and indefinite in its coloring and detail. The large old-fashioned or antique dresser that had been in the room at the foot of my bed earlier in the evening was gone entirely, and in its place a very common looking bureau. I noticed also that there were two trunks of an old style like painted chests that were in one part of the room where a chair had been before. Turning over on my right side so that I could view the whole room easily and watch what was going on, I saw that the figure paid no attention to me, even when it turned in my direction, and realized, of course, that a psychic figure would pay no attention to a human being unless it had some message for it.

Finally, the figure went over to one of the trunks and lifted the lid and began to take out some small things which were placed upon the floor. In this moonlight I could see the outline of the figure a little better, and noticed that it was a figure of a woman very old with gray hair and a very hatchet shaped face with deep lines, and many wrinkles. I saw that she was stooped and quite shaky in her actions. Her entire appearance gave me the impression of the proverbial witch, and I instantly classified her as such. Finally, she took from somewhere in the shadows of the room a stand of some kind and brought it out into the center of the open part of the room and I could see that it was a stand

made of four pieces of iron fastened together with bands of some kind, making a thing that looked much like a tripod, except that it had four legs instead of three. It appeared to be about thirty-six to forty inches high with a large bowl of metal on the top. Immediately, I thought of the old iron stands that held bowls in which flower pots could be placed and then associating this thing with the life of a witch I thought of an incense burner of some kind.

Just at this point in my reasoning the figure began to pour something from a bottle into the bowl and then place some other objects in it, and in a few moments lighted this with a taper which she had previously lighted with a match. As the chemical in the bowl began to burn much like alcohol would burn, only with longer flames of a yellow color instead of blue, I saw that she was standing in a position so that her face was held over the flames and with her two hands extended in front of her, while she chanted. It was a peculiar blood curdling sort of a chant and had a very depressing effect upon me in that dark room. By the light of the flames I could see that her eyes were cruel in their expression and that she was angrily chanting something. As I listened to it, an inner psychic interpretation of her chanting seemed to come to me and it appeared that she was condemning or attempting to blaspheme somebody or something, and finally it occurred to me that she was practicing one of the ancient witch arts of Black Magic or trying to do so, and that whatever she was doing was intended to be an evil curse upon someone. I almost laughed out loud as this thought came to me, because I know how foolish such a thing is and how ineffectual such practices can be in reaching anyone, and doing anyone any harm, but it dawned upon me that some of the old witches and many men and women of today are foolish enough to believe in such things and actually practice such processes and so I thought I would wait and see the outcome of it.

Suddenly, the flames leaped high in the air and there was a sort of an explosion and the old woman's figure fell back on the floor with a gasp and a cry, and a real loud thud. The flames instantly died down and before they were



entirely out, I leaped out of bed and rushed toward the figure on the floor, forgetting for a moment that I was witnessing only a psychic vision. However, I plunged myself into the vibrations of the etheric mass that had been acting in front of me, and I was shocked until my nerves felt as though everyone of them had been impinged by some tweezers and caused them to ache as the nerve in a tooth aches. If I had been shocked and my brain or heart pierced by a bullet, I could not have had a greater shock than at the moment I plunged into those psychic vibrations, but the shock was over instantly and as it passed away, I saw the figure at my feet fading out and in a moment there was nothing more to be seen than the faint outlines of the articles in the room that were lighted by the moonlight.

Turning on the electric light I found that the room was undisturbed and that there was nothing unusual in any part of it. Realizing that it was a psychic experience again like many others I had had in my life, I went out on the balcony for a while and enjoyed the fresh air and then went back into the room and sat down at a table and wrote a letter to my wife. My watch showed it was ten minutes after three in the morning, and I dated my letter that hour and explained to her exactly what I had seen just as I am explaining it here. That letter was mailed early in the morning before breakfast because I arose early and went down the private stairway and walked until I found a letter box and deposited it so that it would be on its way and be a record of this event and an explanation of my experiences in case any other things should happen or some event occur which might affect my health or even my life. Returning to the house an hour later for breakfast I had the pleasure of asking my host and hostess about the room and its previous history. The story they told was entirely satisfactory and gave a complete explanation of what I had witnessed.

The Explanation

According to my host and hostess, the house they occupied had been owned for many years by a large family and the children had married and left until there were parts of the house unused, and one day a woman asked permission

to rent the wing of the house for her own private use. She claimed to be a midwife and some sort of a healer. Because there was a private stairway, which could be used without going through the house, it was considered desirable to rent these rooms for a semi-business purpose as the old woman suggested. After she had been living there for a while everyone in town became acquainted with the fact that the woman was advertising herself as a fortune teller. She told fortunes by cards, by tea leaves, palmistry, astrology and any or every method that anyone would suggest. In fact, no matter what anyone went there to get and had the money to pay for was delivered to them with some or no satisfaction. She also practiced a little healing and claimed to make preparations of her own out of herbs and extracts from them. Persons who had visited her said that she had many chemical contrivances about the room and that her room looked more like a witch's den than anything else, and that the woman herself was old and wrinkled and had such peculiar vibrations that she frightened most people who stayed with her an hour or more for her readings, because she invariably entered into what she called a *trance state* and chanted and made incantations and often burned peculiar incense and other chemicals in a large urn which she stood in the middle of the room.

It appeared that after she had been practicing her art for several years that some sailors called upon her one day for some information and that one of them had stolen from her some old jewelry or what-nots and that she had reported it to the police and to others and had sworn that she would get even and that she would destroy these sailors by her black art. About this time, a man and woman also visited her for advice. They were an elderly couple and had been visiting in California and were on their way home in the east. The advice that the woman gave them was so remarkable that they paid her well and the witch claimed afterwards to the police who tried to arrest her for obtaining money in this manner that she had not accepted the money for her advice but for a silver ring, which she had sold to

the gentleman and which was a good luck ring because it had some sacred symbols on it that would always bring him good luck, and would keep him in good health. The police continued to persecute her, however, and she blamed all her trouble upon the two sailors that had robbed her, and so she began to hold nightly sessions of Black Magic against them. On one occasion near midnight, everyone in the neighborhood was startled by hearing an explosion and seeing a bright light formation in the windows of this upper story. Rushing up the stairway from the outside, the people of the neighborhood found the old witch on the floor lifeless with the hair around her face badly singed, her face badly blackened, and the old cauldron on the four-legged stand still hot and smoking from some fire that had been burning in it. This was the end of her attempts at Black Magic. As is always the case, the curse and the evil she had been wishing upon someone else had destroyed her. The witch was buried by the county in the cemetery for the poor, for she had a little money left among her personal belongings and the place was cleared out and the man and woman who owned the house sold it, since they did not care to live there in such vibrations, and with so large a place. The present owners of it had bought it after it had stood idle a year but had never fixed up the upper room in that wing because they had no need for it until they had joined our organization, and then almost forgetting entirely the old story of the witch, they had planned to make it a den. The

witch, on the other hand, had evidently wanted to tell her side of the story and explain how her death had come about, and, therefore, her personality had returned to this room on an occasion when it felt that someone would listen, and watch, and understand.

The interesting point, however, is one that is surprising and will probably astonish my readers. As I was told about the old witch and the man who had received a silver ring from her, I looked to my hand to see if it might be the ring that I had upon my little finger, and lo and behold, the little silver ring was gone. It could not have slipped off because it was wedged on tightly and I searched all over the room for it, and had others help me. Two days later I received a letter from the old man in Arizona written by a nurse stating that on the very night when this strange occurrence took place, he had a great change come over him for the better, and that he was now able to move around on the lawns of the hospital, and that money was being sought to pay his way back to New Orleans where he could live with some friend who would be able to take care of him, since he was now improving in health. I sent some money to pay for his carfare back to New Orleans and to this day I hear occasionally from the old man who is well, indeed. I have never forgotten his benediction and blessing upon the one who loves me most of all and I have felt that there was a protecting influence that the Cosmic has seen fit to fulfil in exchange for what I tried to do for him.



DO YOU WISH LITERATURE?

Those of our members and friends who would like to have attractive literature for distribution, that is, pamphlets and booklets explaining the work and purposes of the Rosicrucians, may merely write to the Extension Department asking that a supply of literature be sent them to give to their friends and acquaintances. An attractive new pamphlet has been prepared in colors and this may be secured merely by writing for same. Those who are *not members* of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood may secure a very *interesting book* without cost, if they will merely turn to the last pages of this magazine of "Private Instructions at Home," and follow the information contained therein.





Sickness—Its Real Cause

By CHARLES THEO. CUTTING, M. D.



IN THIS rapidly moving age, the world manifests keen interest in many things, some constructive and unfortunately some destructive. Above all else the subject of healing seems to be pretty generally in the minds of all thinking people today, even though it is approached from many different points of view.

Speaking as a physician with thirty years of observation and experience to draw conclusions from, I have no hesitancy in saying that the results of many methods of healing are tremendously disappointing.

There is a very real reason for the many failures. Strange that we, in this enlightened age, are after all so blind. The reason is basic, fundamental, and of the greatest importance to life and prosperity here as well as that life which comes after. Here it is. We are slow to recognize poor health, disease and misfortune as evidence of broken natural law and refuse to admit that back of it all is the ignorance of or violation of Divine law.

The Rosicrucian Brotherhood (AMORC) teaches that the whole universe is regulated by system and order and that to accomplish anything worthwhile here, to be healthy, happy and prosperous and to obtain Eternal life for the future, system and order must be the ruling love of our lives.

How obvious this is to one studying disease and its relation to such system

and order. No intelligent physician can come to any other conclusion. If he happens to be a materialist then he is not a true physician and we had best avoid him when looking for advice. The more truly scientific a physician becomes the more he realizes that outward evidence of disease is but the expression of Soul disorder, also that knowledge of the laws upon which order is based comes by attuning natural mind to Divine mind.

But we seem wedded to lives of selfishness. At least there is an inborn desire or urge to live as we want to live regardless; to think as we want to think, going in the way of the least resistance. When at last pain or disability is upon us, we look for the easiest way out and when temporarily relieved, all too soon forget the experience—until the next time. There is always a next time, unless there has been a true healing based upon the premise that disease is but the expression of broken law for which we must pay.

To one approaching this great and absorbingly interesting subject with an unbiased mind and with the earnest desire to analyze the cause and effect of disease, he is led to the one great source, that of evil in some one of its many forms. Evil is, of course, the inevitable result of disorder. Possibly it is evil as to body care or evil against "Soul development" which some like to call cause of ill health and disease and with a definite determination to eliminate evils of habit, of thought, of jealousy, selfishness and lust, and to force things out of

our lives which have a tendency to produce such evils, will make short work of sickness.

I am quite certain that we are gradually beginning to realize what Soul development means in connection with good health, prosperity and happiness and that without it, and only with a definite program to obtain it, the human body and human mind, to say nothing of the internal man, are in a most unhappy state. The chaos that we see in the world today is very definite evidence of this truth.

We must be careful as to our program for Soul development. Will power upon which so many rely, will not produce anything but doubtful results. So will "faith alone" fall short in producing healing of the body or of the mind. The remedy must go deeper, to the very Soul of man, the Essence of his being, of his life here and of his life (ETERNAL) to come.

How we do hate to face the music, to analyze ourselves in the light of Cosmic requirements. How hard to give up our pet evils, which we have perhaps thought trivial and of no consequence. It is these "little" evils which are so dangerous to an orderly life. We must be willing, even anxious to face the facts no matter

how they hurt and then the Rosicrucian Brotherhood (AMORC) offers the program for Soul rehabilitation and culture. Our minds must be concentrated on the cause of disease and not necessarily on the disease itself, for such is merely an expression, of no great importance in itself, except to lead us to the Source.

We can be conscientious students of what is generally termed mind culture, of applied psychology and of "faith alone" and yet never reach that point of Soul development which will enable us to master sickness and disease, whether of body, mind, finance or social.

On the other hand, the earnest student sees nothing but great joy and the utmost satisfaction in mastering the Truths concerning the relation between Soul and body and in the effort to reach that stage of Soul culture which will enable him to eliminate sickness and failure from his life. At best we are but students, but with Souls afire to reach the higher rounds of the Jacob's ladder, and what wonderful satisfaction there is in knowing that we are on the way, although perhaps have yet a long way to go. Our salutation "Peace Profound" is exactly what we experience as we mount even the lower rounds of this ladder.



SPECIAL BOOK OFFER

The fall and winter are the seasons of the year, which because of the inclement weather, incline book lovers, students, and readers to welcome the warmth of the fireside. An hour or two of an evening spent in reading interesting literature is to them ideal. Therefore, it is with pleasure that we offer at this season of the year a special combination of two attractive books, one, "Unto Thee I Grant," being a book containing the ancient Tibetan writings, highly inspiring, illuminating, and intensely interesting. The other, "A Thousand Years of Yesterdays," is a fascinating and intriguing story of reincarnation, but it is more than a story; it is a book revealing outstanding principles of this world discussed doctrine. To those who place their order for both of these books, a *special combination price* of only \$1.75 is made. This offer is good for thirty days only, except to those in foreign lands, when the offer will be withdrawn in ninety days. Afford yourself of this special opportunity of securing these two interesting books at one time for this special price. Send remittance to Rosicrucian Supply Bureau, San Jose, California.





Friendship

By BRO. C. GARDNER-SMITH



WHEN the average man speaks of a person as being successful, what does he mean? Why, of course he means that that person has acquired wealth, and the things that money will buy. A man may be wealthy, however, and yet be the veriest pauper if he has no real friends. Many a person on his deathbed has sadly muttered, "Ah, if I had only spent more time in making friends, and in keeping the ones I had, for with all my wealth I have missed the greatest thing in life—friendship".

They say a real friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same. Such friendship is a priceless gift, wafted from the Cosmic into our human existence, to brighten our sordid moments; and to let the sunshine of understanding dispel those clouds of jealousy, doubt, and suspicion. Real friendship must be genuine, for the superficial kind can quickly be detected—just as the cheap gold plating will soon wear off a watch.

Doctors tell us that hatred will soon poison the system, and that in five minutes of intense hatred the breath throws off enough poison, if collected, to kill forty men if it were injected into their veins. On the other hand, LOVE is the elixir of life, and this stream of Cosmic sympathy washes away the dross and leaves us forever young and beautiful.

Our lives often seem a series of painful experiences, vicissitudes and disappointment, but when we realize that we have numerous friends who have likewise had to take the bitter with the

sweet, and can give us understanding sympathy, it brightens our whole horizon. A recent speculator on the stock market, who had lost his last dime, laughingly said, "Well, I have lots of company, and many understanding friends, so what of it?"

Forgiveness is the price we must pay for friendship. Any so-called friend who cannot stand up under this acid test is a false one—and a false friend is truly worse than a known enemy. Such a friend is, as Shakespeare said "feast won, fast lost". We can meet our enemies face to face, while a false friend stabs us in the back with his treachery. It is when we are down on our luck that real friends shows their worth.

Friendship is a necessary urge of the soul, and an inherent quality of our being. It grows in the soil of sincerity, and is nourished with affection, understanding and sympathy. Through this spiritual process duality vanishes into one, and two hearts and two souls vibrate on the same plane of understanding. As Dr. Arthur Bell explained in one of his articles, we attain Happiness. Peace and Harmony through understanding.

If we would gain real friendship let us be friendly. When we regard every temper and mood, and are discordant within ourselves, how can we radiate friendship to others? Imagined inferiority or superiority will vanish if there is equality of heart, and the objective mind will then lose its narrow outlook. Let us be happy that as Rosicrucians we are taught our oneness with each other and with the Cosmic, and can shift ourselves above the mundae affairs of commonplace existence to rapturous Peace Profound.



Cathedral Notes



The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most advanced and highly developed spiritual members and workers of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. It is a focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiates vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at this time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in this unusual benefit 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 by addressing their request for this book to librarian S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps.

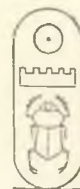


ANY changes in business and social affairs will soon take place because of the passing of the summer and the beginning of fall. This means new opportunities for many and it also means an opportunity to attune yourself with the changing conditions and become more successful and happy.

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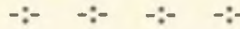
self with the Cathedral at the various periods of the day described in the book. Whether you are a member of our organization or not or just a casual reader of this magazine, let us show you what charm and potency there is in concentration and attunement with the higher forces and highest mind of the universe. Such contact will not interfere with the religious, business, or social activities and you will not be under any obligations except to yourself. Thousands in all parts of the world are praising these daily periods and point out the wonderful benefits that have come to them through these periods. Why not begin to change the course of your life right now by letting the Cosmic mind guide you and by finding your inspiration and advice in the great Cathedral of the Cosmic realms? Send for the book if you have not got it and make the Cathedral period a habit of your daily life.



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*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
October
1931*

Six hundred seventy

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