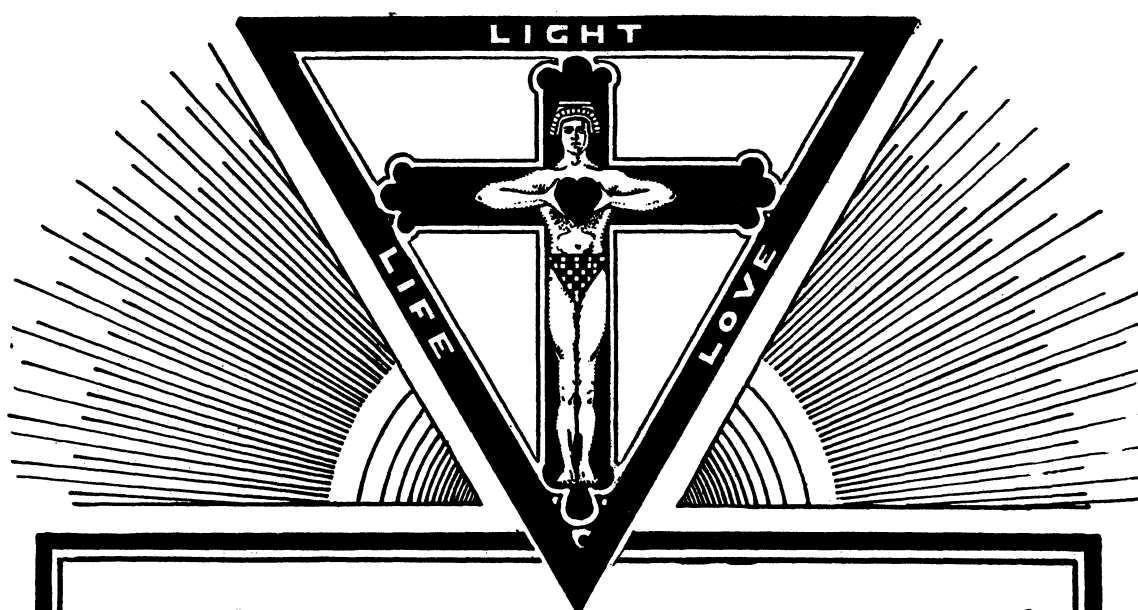


October

1927

The **MYSTIC TRIANGLE**



A Modern Magazine of
ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY

History of the A.M.O.R.C.

A Thousand Years of Yesterdays

AMORC Broadcasting Increasing

Interesting Letter on Reincarnation

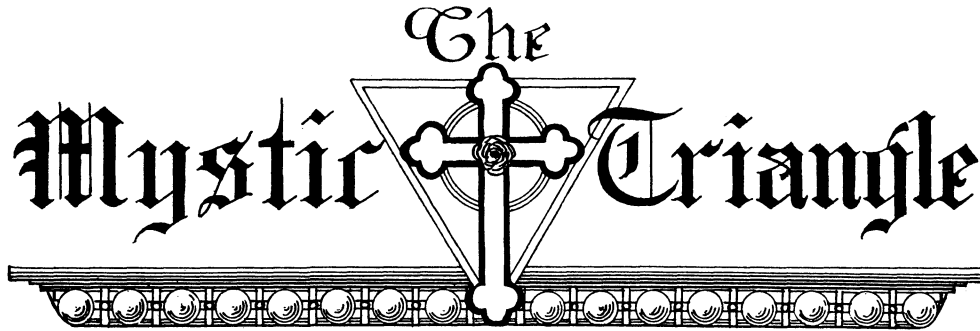
Living the Rosicrucian Life

Membership Forum

Healing Department

Questions Answered

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Imperator's Monthly Message



THE summer is over and the days and evenings of work, study and promotion are here. We know what this means to the average member, for the interest in the work increases and the enthusiasm also increases. But the fall really offers everyone an excellent opportunity in so many different ways.

Start in now and make arrangements to attend lectures, libraries, Church, Sunday School and other means of education and self-improvement. Carry this out throughout the Fall, Winter and Spring and you will turn long evenings and cool Sundays into profit.

Encourage some educational work in your neighborhood. In even the smallest communities the public school can be used in the evenings for lectures and discourses. Talk about it and see if you cannot arouse interest. Travelogues, scientific lectures accompanied by moving pictures, an evening with Shakespeare, and other items are possible through various lecture boards working on a philanthropic basis. In larger communities the public schools have such lectures during the winter and the Churches encourage them. Do your share and help them in every possible way.

Make your public library a place of study. Even lectures are possible there, also. If you live in a community where there is no public library and there should be one and there are sufficient persons in the neighborhood to patronize a small one, write to me personally about it and I will see that the library is started. Benjamin Franklin, one of our early Rosicrucian brothers, started that idea and the Rosicrucians have fostered libraries in America ever since.

If your Church has no adult Bible Class, go and urge it and solicit members for it. You will be surprised at the real interest that can be found and the profit, mentally and spiritually, that will come from such an institution.

If there is no group of students of psychology or mysticism in your community or neighborhood, get busy at once and help us and others to start one. Write to us about it and we will tell you how you can make this possible. It need not be a Rosicrucian or an AMORC group—but a real study group, for all the schools of higher thought.

Let us unite in sharing, encouraging and promoting higher thinking, better living and more wonderful evolution in the mental and spiritual realm of mankind.

Operating Radio Station WJBB—870 Kilocycles

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

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

Imperator of the Order in the United States.

▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽

*The
Mystic
Triangle
October
1927*

(Note: This history began in the September, 1927, issue)



AMONG the very earliest of the philosophers who were Officers of Rosicrucian Lodges, or who contributed to the Rosicrucian philosophy were: the fellow-workers of Hermes—Mëna, Busiris, Simandius, Sesostris, Miris, Sethon, Amasis, Adfar Alexandrinus, and King Calid.

Then there was "Maria Hebraeae," a Hebrew woman supposed to have been Miriam, a sister of Moses.

But after the going of Pythagoras to Italy many came from Greece and other lands to be initiated in Egypt and from there returned to their native lands or elsewhere to establish Lodges and become Masters and Officers therein.

Most of these—whose names are listed below, published during their lifetime one or more works or papers dealing with various principles of the Rosicrucian philosophy or science.

Some of these writings were kept secret—others were written for public reading with the true doctrines carefully veiled. In order that the Rosicrucian students may study such writings as are extant to-day these Rosicrucian philosophers' names are given and sometimes the name or title of their work which is especially recommended.

Solon, 640 to 550 B. C.

Anaximander of Miletus, 610 to 540 B. C.

Anaximenes of Miletus, 520 B. C.

Heraclitus of Ephesus, 520 B. C.

Parmenides, born 515 B. C.

Empedocles of Agrigentum, 500 B. C.

Democritus of Thrace, 460 B. C.

Socrates of Athens, 470 B. C.

Euclides of Negara, 399 B. C.

Plato of Athens, 428 to 347 B. C.

Aristotle of Thrace, 385 to 322 B. C.

(Read: "De Anima," the "Metaphysica" and the "Quinta Essentia.")

Epicurus of Athens, 341 to 270 B. C.

Metrodorus, Hermarchus, Colotes, Leonteus and his wife Themista, and Leontium, all of whom were pupils of Epicurus in his R. C. Lodge in Athens in 306 to 301 B. C.

Philo, 110 B. C.

Antiochus of Ascalon, 100 B. C.

Cicero, 79 B. C.

Nigidius Figulus, 70 B. C.

Seneca, 70 B. C.

The Christian Period

After these came philosophers from the Christian period beginning a new line of writers.

From this time on the work spread very rapidly throughout many lands and only a brief list of the most prominent Rosicrucians can be given. The following not only contributed interesting writings to the R. C. literature, but were either Masters of various Lodges or assisted in bringing the Order into their respective countries.

Geber (or Yber) of Haman in the 8th century A. D.

(Read: "Fragmentum de Triangulis Sphaericis" and "The Sum of Perfection or THE PERFECT MAGISTRY.")

Rhasis (or Razi) an Arabian, born in 850 A. D.

(Wrote many treatises on planetary correspondences and alchemy.)

Alfarabi, of Farab, Asia Minor, born about 910 A. D.

(He compiled the first Encyclopaedia of R. C. science and arts.)

Avicenna (or Ebn Sina) of Bacara, Persia, born about 980 A. D.

(Read: "Tractatulus Alchemiae.")

Morien of Rome (who after his Initiation in the Order in Egypt remained there as the chief Alchemist for 49 years). Born about 1120 A. D.

(Read: "Liber de Compositione Alchemiae," published under the auspices of the Rosicrucian Order in France.)

Albertus Magnus of Subia, born in 1205 A. D.

(Read: "Secretum Secretorum.")

Thomas Aquinas (St. Thomas) of Italy.

(Read: "Thesaurus Alchemiae.")

Roger Bacon of England, born 1214 A. D.

(Read: "Book of Six Sciences," and others.)

Alain de Lisle.

(Read: "Dicta de Lapide Philosophico.")

Raymond Lully of Spain, born 1229.

(Read: "Clavicula, or the Little Key." He wrote over 400 R. C. treatises.)

Arnold de Villanova, of Montpellier, France. Born 1245.

(Read: "Rosarium Philosophorum.")

Jean de Meung of France, born 1250.

(Read: "Romans de la Rose.")

Two Hundred Thirty-eight

Ferarius, The Italian Monk, born in Italy, 1303.
(Read: "Thesaurus Philosophiae.")

Nicholas Flamel, born at Pontoise, France, 1330.

(Read: "Tresor de Philosophie.")

Peter Bono of Lombardi, born 1330.

(Read: "Margarita Pretiosa.")

Johannes de Rupecissa, born 1336.

(Read: "The Book of Light.")

Basil Valentine, of Mayence.

(Read: "Curus Triumphalis Antimonii.")

Isaac, of Holland.

(Read: "Opera Minerali.")

Bernardi Trevisan of Padua, born 1406.

(Read: "La Philosophie Naturelle des Metaux.")

John Fontaine, of France.

(Read: "Aux Amoureux de Science," a poem.)

Thomas Norton of Briseto, died in 1477.

(Read: "Ordinal of Alchemy.")

Thomas Dalton, of England.

Sir George Ripley, died 1490.

(Read: "Twelve Gates of Alchemy.")

Picus de Mirandola (John Picus, Earl of Mirandola), born February 24, 1463.

(Read: "De Auro.")

Philippus A. T. Bombas Von Hohenheim (known in the Order as "Paracelsus"), born 1493 in Switzerland.

(Read: "Kabbalah of the Spiritual, Astral and Material Worlds.")

Johann Trithemius.

Denis Zacheire of Guienne, born 1510.

(Read: "Opusculum Chemicum.")

Berigard of Pisa (Claude Berigard), 1614.

(Read: "Circulus Pisanus.")

Thomas Charnack, of Isle of Thanet, born 1524.

(Read: "Breviary of Philosophy," and "Enigma of Alchemy.")

Giovanni Braaccresco of Brescia, 1580.

(Read: "Legno della Vita.")

Leonardi Fioravanti of Italy, 1571.

(Read: "Summary of the Arcana of Medicine, Surgery and Alchemy.")

John Dee (or Dr. Dee).

(Read: "Diary of Dr. Dee.")

Sir Edward Kelly (or Talbot) of Worcester, born 1555.

(Read: "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum.")

Dr. Nicholas Barnaud and Thaddeus de Hozek, Imperial Physician at Prague, 1585.

Henry Khunrath of Saxony, born 1560. Established first Rosicrucian Library in Germany.

(Read: "Amphitheatrum Sapientiae.")

Michael Maier, Deputy Grand Master of the R. C. Order in Germany for many years. Born in Holstein, 1567, died 1622.

(Read: "Revelatam de Fraternitae Rosae Crucis.")

Jacob Bohme of Old Seidenberg, born 1575.

(Read: "True Principles" and "Mysterium Magnum.") Bohme's books are especially recommended to all Rosicrucians. They contain many R. C. Keys.

J. B. Van Helmot, of Boise le Duc, born 1557.

(Read: "De Vita Eterna.")

Dr. (Ralph) Butler of England, 1557.

Jean d'Espagnet.

(Read: "Arcanum Philosophiae Hermeticae," also known as "Canons of Espagnet.")

Alexander Sethon of Scotland (known as "Sethonius," born in Molier.

Michael Sendevogius of Moravia, born 1566.

(Read: "New Light of Alchemy.")

Gusenhover of Strasburg, 1603.

"Baron Chaos" (Busardier) of Prague, 1648.

Albert Belin, (Benedictine) of Besancow, born 1610.

(Read: "Adventures of an Unknown Philosopher.")

Eirenaeus Philalethes of England, born 1623.

(Read: "Fame and Confession of the Fraternity R. C.," also "Euphrates, or the Waters of the East.")

Thomas Vaughan of England (a Welshman), born 1621, died 1665. He translated the "Fama" into English for the English R. C. Order and was commissioned to bring to America the Rosicrucian "stone" to deposit in the soil of the United States, which was done. The "Stone" will play an important part in the American R. C. work in the future.

(Read: "Lumen de Lumine.")

Pierre Jean Fabre of Montpellier, Grand Master in France from 1610 to 1620.

(Read: "Alchimista Christianus.")

Dr. John Frederick Helvetius of Amsterdam. Grand Master in 1667.

Guiseppi Francesco Borri (Chevalier), born in Milan 1627.

(Read: "The Key to the Cabinet.")

John Heydon of England. He translated the famous "Atlantis" into the Rosicrucian story intended by Francis Bacon, who was also a Master in the Order.

(Read: "Atlantis," and "Rosae Crucian Infallible Axiomata.")

Delisle, of Provence, 1710.

John Herman Obereit of Switzerland, born in 1725.

(Read: "La Connexion Originale des Esprits.")

Count Cagliastro of Sicily (falsely called Joseph Balsamo), born 1743. He was Initiated in the Temples in Egypt.

With this list of prominent Rosicrucians the first part of this history is completed.

The next part will deal with the establishment of the Order in France, Germany, and England, making plain the real facts concerning the supposed original establishment of Rosenkreutz or Rosencrans in Germany.

When the Rosicrucian movement reached France, early in the Christian Era, it found there its greatest welcome.

The Pilgrims to the Holy Land had brought back to the Counts and Lords of the South of France reports of the activities of a certain secret society devoted to science and brotherhood. Charlemagne was at the time conducting his great school of learning. History will



tell the laymind considerable regarding this famous school. Charlemagne realized that through education alone could he build his power and hold the reigns of government. He gathered around him the brightest scholars of the day, the learned men of many countries, and offered them excellent remuneration if they would devote all their time to the teaching of the pupils in this school. These pupils consisted of himself, his family, his relatives and a few of the officials he had appointed.

Nor were these learned men limited to teaching. Charlemagne desired to promote learning. He gave his tutors every opportunity to make extensive researches in every field, and in this way provided them with an experimental laboratory. The philosophers—among them was the famous Alcuin—were permitted to travel to other lands and bring back the cream of all knowledge. In this school the great St. Guillem received his education, being a nephew of Charlemagne.

One of these philosophers, Arnaud, was directed to go to Jerusalem in the year 778 A. D. to learn all he could of the wonderful secret society which possessed the key to all science and all art. Arnaud journeyed to Jerusalem and was there directed to Egypt. It is recorded that he made humble application for admission into the Order in Thebes, and then, in accordance with the Law "AMRA," applied for permission to establish a branch Lodge in France.

Arnaud completed his study in Egypt in approximately two years and one month. Because of the difficulty of communication his several letters and reports to Charlemagne failed to reach their destination and in France he was given up as dead—a fate which fell to many who journeyed far in those days. One of his letters to Charlemagne, written on a papyrus in the R. C. Temple at Thebes, was afterward found in a monastery near Milau in France, where it had been deposited in a vault among other rare papers for some unknown reason. In it Arnaud makes a very glowing report of his discoveries, and refers to the body of "silent students clothed in white as pure and spotless as their characters but diligent in their mastery of God's laws and privileges." In closing his report he says: "Should it be my privilege, my great honor, to bring to our land the seal and signs of this great school, we shall have in our midst the power which our beloved Master may use in destroying all ignorance, provided, of course, our Master shall deem it wise and beneficial to humble himself, not to those who ask it, but to God, and thereby become as one of the disciples of our Lord Jesus."

The significance of this closing sentence will be brought to mind when it is recalled that the religious feeling in Charlemagne's school was very intense and sincere. And, bear in mind, Arnaud was trying diplomatically to state that it would be necessary for Charlemagne to become a humble supplicant for admission into the Order if he wished to become a Master of the Order in France—a position and honor which Arnaud and his colleagues would certainly have insisted upon.

Arnaud returned to France in 802, however,

and was given a very interesting ovation in the chamber of Charlemagne's throne. Charlemagne did not become a Master in the Order, but after two years' delay permitted a Lodge to be established in Toulouse. The original Lodge was founded in a temporary monastery on the outskirts of Tolosa—the ancient city—which is now in ruins some little distance from the present city of Toulouse. Part of the Altar of this first Lodge in France is still preserved by the archivists of the Order in France—though it is much the worse for very severe handling during the many religious wars in the Provinces.

Arnaud became the Master in that first Lodge which held its opening convocation about 804-805. (The difficulty with exact dates is due to the many changes in the calendar and in interpreting the various methods of keeping records in those days.)

The first Grand Master of France was Frees, who reigned from 888 to 899 A. D. Until that time Grand Masters were not appointed. There was to be only one Lodge in any country, according to the original plans, and the Master of that Lodge held no other power or authority than rule over the one Lodge. The granting of charters was still in the hands of the Supreme Council in Egypt. But it was Frees who brought before the Council the advisability of establishing a Grand Lodge in certain countries and giving to its Master the right to grant charters to other Lodges within the same national confines. It was only one year before Frees passed to the beyond, or 898, that he received his authority and instructions to establish other Lodges in France and the second Lodge was immediately established in Lyons.

There were many devout students of the Order in Toulouse who lived in Lyons and they lost no time—after years of waiting—in getting a very flourishing Lodge established there. Many years later—1628—the Masons in Lyons organized a Rose Croix degree in the same city to please the many Rosicrucians who were Masons. This Masonic body was organized at a Council held there June 23rd, 1628.

In the meantime the Order in France had spread very rapidly and had attracted wide attention. Some of the Monks in the various monasteries in the South of France became interested, and without mentioning names at this time let it be known that some of these Catholic souls, devout and sincere, rendered a great service to the upbuilding of the sanctity of the Order by contributing many beautiful moral and spiritual creeds and dogmas.

Finally in 1001—the year when all the South of France was expecting the end of the world—according to an old Biblical prophecy—the Order in France established a Rosicrucian Monastery—the first in the world—in the old Roman city of Nemausus—now Nîmes.

This Monastery became the nucleus for the great Rosicrucian College or *Ecole R. C.* which flourished in France from the 12th Century to the middle of the 16th and which was revived again in 1882 in Montepelier.

The history of the Order in France is very interesting. The most minute facts of the early history were recorded by Phonaire, who

was the Official Historian of the Order in 1132 to 1134. The later history has been compiled by a number of Masters of the R. C., R. F. and is preserved in the archives in the Dongeon in Toulouse. This latter city has been the meeting place of the French Supreme Council since 1487. France held second place in strength of number of members, Germany holding first place and England third. Egypt, of course, was the great Supreme Centre, but has only a comparatively small number of members today.

In France—at this very hour—the loss of membership through the great war is enormous. Even of the French Supreme Council of twenty-five there were living in December of 1915 only seven. But the loss in Germany has been even greater. So many of the Brothers of the Order in France were living in the South of France, that although they were called upon to bear arms, they did not reach the front. Then, again, a great many of the French Brothers were older men and men who held high offices in the Army, Navy and general Government and they did not participate in the actual conflict.

In Germany the loss has been beyond estimate. Without doubt it will reduce Germany's strength to third or fourth and leave France in the lead.

The Order itself spread into Germany shortly after the Grand Lodge was established in France. Charlemagne himself was the first to introduce the Order into Germany, for by his command one Mause settled somewhere along the Rhine near Coblenz and there began a propaganda for members in a quiet, dignified manner. He never lived, however, to see his work bear fruit, for the restrictions placed around application for membership were severe and too stringent. But in 1100 a Lodge was established in Worms, which became the Grand Lodge.

The Order grew rapidly in Germany during the 12th century, but it remained so secret and so inactive in its outward manifestations that little was known of the Order or its members. Toward the beginning of the 15th century a spell of quietude—of dormancy—came to the Order and as its members passed on few were admitted. Religious controversies and other troubles not of interest here threatened the complete destruction of the Order. At the beginning of the 15th century there were only about 700 Brothers and Sisters of the Order living within the jurisdiction of the German Grand Lodge, which was then at Leipzig.

But in the 15th century—at almost the last moment—the great revival came. And whilst this great revival brought new life, new vigor and new hope to the Order in Germany, it has proven to be the most disastrous blow that ever came to the Order anywhere throughout the world. It has left a question, a doubt, unanswered and unsettled, in the layman's mind and has caused more misunderstanding of the Order's true history and ancestry than this humble attempt by me will ever be able to make clear.

In fact, it is necessary to speak very plainly on this matter, more plainly than Rosicrucians have ever hoped to see put into public print,

although one and all have felt that in some way the apparent mystery—not to say misunderstanding—would be removed from the public's mind.

But, as I stated in the first instalment of this History, there is no prohibition against part of the truth of the German establishment, and the part which is unprohibited I will now give to the public for the first time.

Be it known, then, that notwithstanding the usual absurd and contradictory stories of those who do not know, the Rosicrucian Order in Germany was NOT established by Christian Rosenkreutz or by Andrea Valentine or Johann Valentine Andrea, nor by Martin Luther, in 1615.

In 1399 there journeyed to Egypt one Christian Rosenkreutz who was born in Germany in 1378. He had been initiated into the Order in Germany on his 21st birthday (according to the official records kept by Krautznoff, Master of the 13th Lodge R. C. in Germany). He was an ambitious young fellow and had been educated in a Catholic Monastery and was especially proficient in chemistry. (One of the great "cross" formulae of chemistry is attributed to him). In the Rosicrucian Temple in Egypt he laid before the Supreme Council a most remarkable document giving the status of the Order in Germany. This document, a predecessor of many now compiled, showed the name, birth date, occupation, education, religion, degree, "endeavor," attainment and responsibility of every member of the Order in Germany. On the basis of the figures he presented he argued that "immediate steps must be taken to re-establish the Order and rejuvenate its life in our land." He offered several plans to this Council held on December 2nd, 1400 A. D. Three proposals were unconsidered and one was "rejected because it threatens the secrecy of our internal organization." But a fifth proposal was accepted and after being titled a Magi of the Order on January 12th, 1401, he returned to Germany prepared to carry out his plans.

I will spare many minute details and give briefly the facts of import.

In 1408 he and three of the Masters of the oldest existing Lodges in Germany issued several Manifestos, the last one being numbered 329. These called upon all the Rosicrucians within their jurisdiction to conduct a quiet canvass for new members.

In 1410 a new Rosicrucian Temple was opened in Leipzig and a very active campaign was instituted for increasing the membership through non-sectarian lectures on religious subjects. In 1420 the membership of the Order had been increased to 1,345.

In 1484 Rosenkreutz passed on to the Spiritual Realm, satisfied that he had done all he could to rejuvenate the life of the Order in Germany.

But—and here is the very difficult story to explain to those not initiated—in 1450 there was born to one of the three Masters associated with Rosenkreutz, a grandson whom Rosenkreutz predicted would some day become the Grand Master of the Order in Germany. Rosenkreutz figured that he would be born again—reincarnated—and that he would be



eligible to the Order. Therefore Rosenkreutz ordered, on his transition bed, that all his original papers and documents should be buried with his body in a vault and that such vault should not be opened until the year when young ——— would be of age. This period of 120 years after Rosenkreutz's transition would test the theory of reincarnation, for certain signs and seals were placed in the tomb which, it seemed sure, the reincarnated "———" would recall from his previous work in the Order if the theory of reincarnation was true.

Our records show that in 1604 a certain Master of the Order in Germany, with due ceremony, opened the Vault, as directed, and turned over to a new Initiate, named Hoff, the papers and documents bearing certain signs and seals. Why Hoff was selected to receive these and what the papers contained is known to the advanced Brothers and Sisters of our Order.

Hoff, however, found in the papers certain instructions which he immediately communicated to one very advanced Brother of the Order—Sir Francis Bacon.

This, I realize, is the first mention ever publicly made, of the connection of Sir Francis Bacon with the Order in Germany, although it was long ago established that Bacon was an enthusiastic Brother of the R. C. Order.

The result was that shortly thereafter appeared the now famous FAMA FRATERNITAS, translated into German by J. V. Andrea. Other pamphlets also appeared—one even anticipating the opening of the Vault—and all of these were written by, or under the direction of Bacon, who carried out Rosenkreutz's written directions for spreading the work in Germany through printed, veiled, public propaganda literature.

(Why have so few—and there are a few—noticed that the portrait used in some of these German R. C. publications, purporting to be a likeness of Andrea, was in reality a most faithful portrait of Bacon?)

On many of the pages of these propaganda books—so cleverly written as to completely veil their true meaning from the casual reader—there were the same symbols and signs as used by Bacon in some of his acknowledged works—likewise similar R. C. watermarks.

The plan worked successfully, but unfortunately gave such wide publicity to the Order and its work in Germany that many, through a misunderstanding of the veiled meanings, believed that Andrea, or even Rosenkreutz, was the founder—the original founder—of the Order in Germany. Some even believed that because Martin Luther, who was a Master in the Order, used the Rose and the Cross on his family coat-of-arms, he was probably the

founder of the Order and author of the FAMA FRATERNITAS.

In closing this section of the history, and especially that portion of it dealing with the misrepresentation of the founding of the Order in Germany, I wish to point out the great lesson which may be learned by the unbiased laymind through comparing the TRUTH of the history of the Order in Germany with the "stories" and "histories" so widely published in books and encyclopaedias.

It is so easy for the most clever, careful and conscientious historian OUTSIDE OF OUR ORDER to be mistaken about facts which deal with the INSIDE. You must be initiated to KNOW, although, of course, you may SURMISE at any time.

This is illustrated by the fact that one of the most prolific of occult writers and investigators—A. E. Waite—published in 1887 a deep, impressive book, attractively entitled: "The Real History of the Rosicrucians, founded on their own Manifestos, and on Facts and Documents collected from the Writings of Initiated Brethren." That is a title warranted to make anyone feel that the real truth would be revealed at last. The book had a tremendous sale and was hailed by many as a blow to the "antiquity" of our Order. From it so many of our present-day encyclopaedias, including the very brainy and "original" eleventh edition of the Britannica, have copied like sheep following a wandering leader.

But Waite, who so strongly presented the wrong history of the Order in Germany by misunderstanding all the manifestos and Documents he chanced to see, was NOT a Rosicrucian and COULD NOT know the veiled meaning of them.

In later years he became a Rosicrucian and in the first issue of the "Unknown World," published in 1894 in London, he wrote on page 29: "Much has come to light in these matters since 1887 and the work [his book] as it stands is in need of a thorough revision."

A few years—1887 to 1894—will make a great difference in one's understanding of Rosicrucianism and its history, especially if during those years one becomes a Rosicrucian.

That is the lesson I wish to point out to all our contemporary historians and writers on subjects pertaining to Rosicrucianism.

The next instalment of this History will deal with the Order as established in America, with a brief outline of the many attempts to start or found a similar organization in the United States beginning with the visit to this country of Vaughan, and of the unsuccessful plans of one Randolph and his followers who attempted to create a secret society through the sale of non-descript books and miscellaneous writings.

NOTICE—Members desiring Rosicrucian emblems may now obtain them from headquarters. They are made of gold, beautifully inlaid with enamels, neat in size and consist of the Triangle and Rosy Cross surmounted by the Egyptian Cross. Men's style, with screw back, \$2. Women's style, with patent safety catch pin, \$2.25. Remittances must accompany all orders. Address: AMORC, Supply Dept., care Headquarters.

A Thousand Years of Yesterdays

A STRANGE STORY OF REINCARNATION

By H. SPENCER LEWIS, Ph.D.

*Author of the Wisdom of the Sages,
The New Ontology, Etc.*

This story was published in book form by The College Press in 1920 and has had an international sale. The edition is now exhausted. It will be published in serial form in this magazine for the benefit of thousands who have asked for it. It was copyrighted, 1920, by The College Press.

PREFACE

One may or may not believe in the strange theories of continuous existence of personality, and one may reject the more or less unscientific theories regarding the probability of *reincarnation*, but one cannot reject with the same absoluteness the apparent completeness of memory's records. Almost every one has experienced the sudden conscious realization of *facts* released from the storehouse of the memory involving incidents long forgotten in the conscious recollection; and coupled with the release of such facts as one knows were stored away within the present span of earthly life, there comes an array of incidents, associated and unassociated, which could not have been stored in the memory through any experience in this life.

Psychology offers, as an explanation for the possession of such seemingly *inexperienced* facts, the theory that in our dreams we charge our minds with experiences which are not consciously realized at the time, or possibly forgotten in our waking state, but which return to consciousness by association of ideas. Another theory offered attempts to explain the mass of inexperienced incidents and ideas that come from the subconscious mind as being the result of the process of imagination.

Shakespeare wrote:

And as imagination bodies forth
The Form of things unknown—the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

But such theories leave the cause and nature of *dreams* and *imagination* unexplained. To conceive of the mind mechanically creating from *nothing* those wondrous things which the imagination of man has given us in the past and present, is more difficult than to conceive of unconscious experiences—or experiences of the mind, stored away in the memory, resulting from forgotten realizations.

Leaving aside the prophetic nature of some dreams and likewise the prophetic nature of many things seemingly drawn from the imagination, we still have a great mass of facts and incidents resulting from dreams and imagination, which coincide with experiences, facts and incidents which have had *actuality in the past*, outside of our conscious knowledge. And very often these actualities were in the remote past, in a period beyond one's present span of life.

How came these facts and incidents to be stored away in the memory to be recalled, reviewed, analyzed, in the present span of life? This is the question which confronts the scientist today.

The present story attempts to throw some light on this question and its possible answer. That the matter is presented in story form rather than in heavy, scientific arguments, does not argue that the principles involved are without scientific foundation, or that the process whereby the "Yesterdays" are revealed is an unnatural, uncommon, or unscientific process. It is, in fact, typical of the experiences of many individuals and may find its similitude in some experiences of the reader.

With the sole idea that, in a pleasant, or at least fascinatingly strange story, some will be brought to the *threshold* of realization that the partially explored activities and functions of the mind contain many profound mysteries and principles of considerable import, and that those so *illuminated* may be tempted to seek for *more light* in the Chamber of the Unknown—this book is offered to those constantly asking for the *unusual* in fiction and the *mystical* in romance.

THE AUTHOR.

Temple of Alden,
Valley of AMORC, California,
November 25, 1919.



CHAPTER I.

The Strange Diary

To the man of iron nerve, steel business sharpness and intense concentration to business—like William Howard Rollins—the ending of a business year is like the ending of a segment of life.

The closing of a fiscal year brings with the closing hours the summary, the review, of acts done and undone, profits made and lost, prestige and power gained or decreased, greater success attained or unattained. The closing of the fiscal year marks a milestone in the cycle of the business; it is an entity, a thing unto itself, and must be considered as an independent lifetime in the evolution of the business.

To William Howard Rollins it meant all this, and more. The fiscal years of his business began and ended at midnight of the calendar years. To him January first was the day of rebirth, personally and in every business sense. To his associates, his closest



friends, this meant, *socially* also, for Rollins was reputed to be *all business*, with nothing but business to interest him. It was his whole world; with it the day began and ended, life's activities came and went. There was no other world for him, they said.

There was reason to believe this. Rollins was not a mighty power in the commercial world, an attractive figure in the business circles of the largest American cities, but he had no club life except with business clubs, he attended no social dinners except those given by the Rotary and other commercial clubs, he had no pleasures except those which afforded, through relaxation, increased power for business—and he was not married. He lived in an unpretentious home with his mother, and avoided all attempts on the part of his social equals to interest him in the charms of their daughters.

His bachelor home, presided over by an adoring mother, was ideal to this man of peculiar ideas. Naturally he had but few visitors and never entertained in his home, if he entertained at all. But those who knew his home life, or those little phases of it snatched from short visits, said that neither luxury nor indifference manifested itself in any of the rooms except the private study. Here there were many paintings and one would judge that Rollins was especially fond of landscapes and etchings of rural scenery. Yet no one could recall having found Rollins even motoring into the open country to admire nature in all its unpainted splendor. Books were not his hobby, for there was but one small bookcase in his study, and this had frosted glass doors which were always locked. What books were thus hidden and what their natures might be, not one of his intimate friends knew. A large safe, enclosed in a mahogany cabinet, and a large wooden chest bound with ornamented brass bands and corner-pieces, were the only other interesting or odd furnishings of the room. The large easy chair, the broad reading table, the standing reading light, the standing ash-tray, the pillowed footstool—these merely suggested that at times Rollins relaxed and read. But what he read in addition to the *New York Times* and the *Literary Digest* none, except possibly his mother, knew.

But on this evening, the last hours of the closing fiscal year, the hours just before midnight when the New Year, 1917, would be ushered in, Rollins was reading in his study and he was reading his *diary*.

His mother had retired, the house was still and Rollins was in a world alone. The gas logs in the open fire-place of the study were entwined by the blue and yellow flames that dimly lighted the shadows surrounding the end of the room, while near by, seated in his large chair, dressed in his very plain smoking jacket, Rollins was reading by the direct rays of the movable reading lamp, which cast but little light about the room.

The *Diary* seemed to be his book-of-all-books. With the same regularity that he conducted each affair of his daily business routine, he made his notations in this book nightly before retiring. For years, in fact, since his college days, he had kept these daily records of the day's activities. Naturally, the twenty or more

books, covering over twenty years' business career, contained notes and comments almost exclusively of business affairs. Each of these books had become, in its turn, his daily guide, his Bible, his record of thoughts, of things to do and of things done—with occasionally a thing left undone.

And tonight he was to close the 1916 diary! As was his custom, he must pass over the pages one by one and see, by the check marks opposite each notation, what important things had been accomplished and especially what others had been left unaccomplished, that he might enter them in the new 'diary and plan to accomplish them in the next year. This was the task he had set for himself this New Year Eve, while outside the city was celebrating, as only New York City can, the last hours of the old year.

As page after page was turned backward from December to the previous month, and from that to October, and on back to September, he fell into reveries. In retrospection he was living over again each day of each month. Once in a while a smile would pass over his tense expression and at other times a stern look would come, as though he were about to issue some serious command, or make some weighty decision.

Then came the date of September 12th. But one notation appeared on the page. Like many others, it was a command unto himself. It read, briefly: "Find out who painted the Spring landscape signed Raymond ———." Immediately the entire tense attitude of Rollins changed. He was plunged by this short notation into another world, a world of speculation, curiosity, pleasantness and—challenge. The smile passed from his face and there came the look of defiance. Why has it been impossible to learn the painter's last name? Why is it so obliterated when the picture is otherwise so well preserved? These were the questions that passed through his mind.

The painting referred to hung upon the walls of his study. It was an old masterpiece, a very old and costly painting. Its age and its masterful work were testified to by its technic, by all the signs and earmarks that constitute a real old master-work, despite the fact that the dealer who sold it to him could not name the creator of it. The dealer had promised to find out; other experts in the valuation of paintings had examined it and had agreed that it was the work of a master *unknown*, for there was not known to be any other large landscape signed by a similar name. Not even the first initial of the last name could be deciphered, though apparently it had been signed there. The first name of *Raymond*, however, gave no clue. No such name was known among those of the old Masters in connection with landscapes of such rare work. It could not have been the first or only work produced by the painter; such skill as was shown in it is not attained except by long experience and much work in evolving a personality of technic.

For five years the diaries contained on the pages dated September 12th—the date on which the painting was purchased—the command: "Find out who painted the Spring landscape." Yet, with the money to pay for research work,

with dealers ready to please Rollins with every favor that might lead to other sales, with a friend in Paris who connived with artists of repute, with all his sincere interest, unrelenting desire, and intense curiosity, he could not learn the painter's name. To him it was no longer a mystery, it was a challenge; the secret name defied him, and defiance annoyed. Rollins was known as a man who cherished a challenge and laughed at defiance in the business world. But in this world of art, to which he seemed a stranger, he was defied by a simple little thing which even a student of art might wipe out of existence through a casual investigation.

"How many more years will I carry this notation in my diaries?" asked Rollins of the spectres of dealers who loomed up before him in his reverie. "Five years have passed since I sought this knowledge first, and each year adds only to the age of the picture and possibly to the occultness of the answer to my question. If all trace of the painter is lost now, why hope that future years will bring him to light? Time only cloaks mystery and makes it more profoundly obscure. Years enhance the arcane and thicken the veil that hangs between the known and the unknown. If the painting was a *thousand* years old when I purchased it, it is now a *thousand and five* years old, and next September it will be a thousand and six! Before my life is ended and that painting passes on to others, it may be—why even a thousand and forty years old—for I hope to live at least forty years more. And then, what? Will the question, *who is the painter*, be any nearer answering than it is now? The dealer who sold the painting to me and many of his associates will be gone then, and, even now the man who sold *him* the painting may be beyond the veil and can no longer assist in learning the painter's name. No, the future holds no encouragement in my search. I must go back to the past, to the days when the painting was new, when it hung upon the wall of some old castle, when the name was still readable, when—*the painter was still living!*"

Such were the thoughts that passed through Rollins' mind as his eyes wandered from the page of the diary to the blue and yellow flames of the gas logs, and he relaxed into speculation as to where the painting may have been made and when. The name suggested a Frenchman and France, and France suggested a world of life and living so alluring! "Why does France appeal so and why have I never taken the time to wander through its peaceful old towns and quaint old provinces?" The words were almost audible in the stillness of the room. And then Rollins' mind speculated again. "The war makes it impossible to visit France now even though the escape from business were possible. But there were days when neither business or other affairs would have prevented a summer-time vacation trip to France, when all the strange longing for the environment, atmosphere and life of the southern provinces would have been wonderfully appeased by such a trip, and yet France remains but a dream of the mind."

Rollins did not know that his thoughts were

identical with those of many others who have a strange longing for an unseen place which seems to be so familiar, so much a part of themselves and yet remains but a dream, a picture or condition of the mind.

The lateness of the night, the sudden consciousness that he was slipping off into wild and unfruitful dreaming, brought Rollins back to the diary in his hand, and to where his forefinger still held the place at the page dated September 12, 1916. He would check that to be re-entered in the next diary, as usual! There was nothing else to do but turn it over to the future, to place his question on a future page.

And then, as he turned back a page in the diary to that dated September 11th, the strangest thought of all occurred to him: why not turn backward and backward the pages of the *yesterdays* to the past and find the great answer there? "If I could only turn backward the pages one by one of a *thousand years of yesterdays* as easily as I turn backward the pages of a year of yesterdays in this book, I could easily learn about that painting." The possibilities astounded him; and as he thought, he fell into a light sleep in which he was fully conscious of his position before the warm fire of the gas logs, and that he was just dreaming a day dream; but the diary in his hand now seemed to be an index to pages of the past, to consecutive yesterdays of many years, and as he dreamed the scenes that came into life-like existence in the fireplace, he felt the pages turning one by one in the great book in his hands.

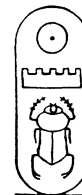
And then came the hour of midnight; the old grandfather's clock in the hall outside the room struck its twelve bold strokes and before the last had sounded, the city was stirred with the bells and chimes, the horns and shrill whistles, announcing the birth of another year; and though the sounds did not disturb Rollins nor arouse him from his dream world, he was conscious of the fact that another period of life's cycle was at hand, and he turned backward to the first *yesterday* of the past, in the world that lies *beyond the veil*.

CHAPTER II.

Through the First Veil

As his concentration centered upon the open, black space above the flames of the fire, his consciousness also entered the vacuum of that space as though it were a world to dwell in and be a part of its limitless possibilities. And, as the strange sensation of entering that miniature world passed over his realization, he felt that he had just passed through a great veil which separated the past from the present. Thus, the turning of a page in the great book brought with it a peculiar lightness of spirit and an awakened state of subconscious reality. Physically, his body was still in the chair of the present, but mentally, self-ly, he was in the *yesterday* that was now being created in the little world beyond the veil.

Slowly he realized the story unfolded around him. What a strange room there was, yet seemingly familiar. The mahogany bed—ah,



yes, the little woman, so young and—suffering! There are others there—the man with the little satchel, a nurse, and another woman. There is sobbing, excitement, expectation. What does it mean? Now there come the agonizing cries of the young woman, the pleading for relief, the quiet gentle assurances of the man with the satchel—yes, a physician—tender and considerate. The nurse goes to the door and opens it—and there enters a tall, fine-looking young man, excited, questioning, hurriedly dropping his hat on a table and rushing toward the bedside, but gently stayed by the physician who warns him to move slowly and carefully. Tears come to his eyes—his darling is suffering—the words so softly said are words of tender love. The wife suffers, the pain is agonizing, it lifts her body from the bed in paralyzing spasms. The physician holds his watch and waits. Can't something be done? The question, inaudibly spoken, comes from the mind of the lover, the husband. The nurse says kindly: "Time alone will end it all!" The wife is frantic now, the pain intense, the suffering beyond reason or human endurance; and now she falls back upon her pillow, exhausted. She is quiet. The physician is again concerned and lifts her left hand; he times her pulse. She moves again. She is assisted to her feet; she tries to walk, but she is so weak. She cries: "Harold, Harold, if I had only known, if I had only known—now I want to die . . . it would be better . . . better than this! Please, Harold, can't you help me? I am so weak, I cannot stand the pain again!"

And then Rollins discovers himself in this scene. He feels that he wants to help this poor woman, and he looks to find where and what *he* is in this incident of some past day, some *yesterday* of his life. But he is *not* there, yet he sees, he hears, he knows. How is this? He is in every part of that room, yet the others do not see him and he is conscious of the fact that his mind, his innerself, his Soul—that is it—his *Soul*, IS THERE WITHOUT A BODY. What, then, is he? and where is this incident or where *was* it? He lifts his soul-eyes about to see more of his environments. Above him space and—other Souls like unto himself, without bodies. Each is busily moving in some direction, but *he* is hovering *here*. Where? *Over* and *in* the little house in the country. It is early morning, the winds are swaying the trees and whistling a continued murmur. The fields are cold and the flowers have been touched by frost; fog veils the distant hills and the rising sun just tints the heavens above and all is quiet and still without, while within the humble home pain and suffering, fear and hope, anxiety and expectation intermingle with intensity, while casting its shadows across the threshold of life stands the big black figure of death.

And Rollins is but a Soul, waiting and watching! Why waiting? Cannot the records of yesterday answer the *whys* and *hows* of this sad scene? And then there comes a light! It forms a doorway and beyond it a channel. The Channel of Life! The words were written in blood over its archway. Through that passageway enters the Light of a little Soul.

The little woman is again stricken. Once she falls to her knees and cries for relief and drops over exhausted. Gently she is lifted to the bed while the physician and nurse tenderly soothe her hands and brow.

Spasm after spasm, agonizing screams, heart-rending suffering, hour after hour until the sun is high and the day is half spent. Through all this the little Soul waited and watched, knowing and realizing, hoping, and wanting to ease the hours and minutes—but the law! THE LAW MUST BE FULFILLED!

Then the little Soul, bathed in Light, hovered more closely and contacted the Soul of the suffering woman. The Souls communed and their inner minds spoke what words could not express. The Soul of the woman, the young wife, longed for the home of love, the giving of great happiness to the man she loved, the Harold who had always been a tender lover, a considerate husband. Together they hoped to spend their lives sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and now, perhaps, the end had come. The body was slowly losing its strength, the brain was terrified with the intensity of the suffering of the flesh, the spirit walked in the valley of death while the Soul within longed to soothe the aching heart. Bravely had the little woman looked forward to the hour when greater joy should come into their lives, when their home should be blessed with the cries and laughter of the little child. Thoughtfully had the husband eased her mind and allayed all fears by his assurances that he would be near when the hour came to walk through the land of unknown grief and pain. Yet, now he was helpless to do more than touch her lips with a kiss and smooth back her loosened hair. What if death were to end all their hopes? Even in her minutes of intense suffering she could think of him; and the thoughts of how he would suffer if death should end it all and if the hopes they had should prove futile made her strive to bear the tests and trials and gave her strength to fortify the weakened constitution for each periodic spell. The hour must surely come when weakness and ease from pain would let her rest and perhaps dream and then—the long cherished sound of a babe's little cry would be joyous music to lull the senses of the new mother into the forgetfulness of motherhood's first long sleep.

And then the little Soul blended into the Soul of the expectant mother and quickened it with its divine life, and the little woman knew that God was near and that the moment was here for the supreme trial of her life.

Communing, consoling, trusting in the faith of each other, knowing full well the infallibility of the law, the weakness of human flesh, the temptations of earthly desires—these two Souls clung intimately throughout the minutes of closing travail. The little Soul looked to the woman in her joyous sorrow to bring to the world the body in all its perfect completeness, which would serve as the material cloak for *its* welcome visit to this loving home. The little woman, on the other hand, clung with outstretched arms to the little Soul and, with the instinct of motherhood already born, tried to warm the little Soul into staying *there* that her

child might have soul and life, even if she should pass on into the mists of the heavens in her supreme sacrifice.

What a relationship! Nowhere in all the wondrous processes of nature, nowhere in all the principles of creation, was the law of God, the marvel of His ways, so beautifully, sacredly and simply exemplified.

Then came the crucial moment. Life in the little woman's body seemed to be at its lowest ebb. The suffering was pitiful. Husband, physician, nurse, the woman friend and the little Soul in waiting, all felt the sadness, the terrible sorrow that pervaded the room. Eyes were wet and hearts were heavy as, helplessly, the little woman tried bravely to co-operate with nature and fulfill the decree of God that *in sorrow and in pain shall woman bear the fruit of love!*

Then a gasp! The little woman was lifted high upon the mountain-top adjoining the valley of death, and for one moment she saw a glimpse of the Heaven of God—and even God and the Angels appeared to her and she knew—that—the baby's cry—it lived!—and she was back again in the valley, *asleep*. But where the shadows had been there now sported the little spots of sunbeams that forced their way through the foliage of the green trees, and they danced upon the green lawns of the valley like fairies in the spring-time dance, all jubilant with the joy of living.

The little Soul no longer rested in the aura of the woman's Soul. As the little cherub lips of the precious babe opened for their first breath of vitalizing air, they caused the lungs to exhale the air which held back the Soul, and with an immediate inhalation through the nostrils, another divine decree was fulfilled: *God breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul!* The little Soul felt itself irresistibly drawn down toward the infant body, and found itself in the Chamber of the Soul, the Kingdom of the Inner Man.

The body pulsed; it was warm; life was vigorous. The little Soul was enthroned on earth within its own palace, to direct and to suggest, to dictate and to impel, to urge and to tempt; to be the conscience of man, the mind of God, the Master Within the Holy Temple.

And it listened. The mother slept peacefully, the nurse tiptoed gently about her duties, the physician watched carefully after the matters of concern. Nearby, in a little cradle, rocked the infant body while the Soul within observed and rejoiced. At the side of the cradle knelt the husband with tears in his eyes and a quickening of his spirit, for fatherhood was *new* and *so wonderful*. Carefully he arose, tenderly, humbly, he leaned over the babe and covered it with the little hand-crocheted blanket the little mother had made in her hours of hopeful waiting. Lifting one of the chubby hands he reverently kissed it as the representative of all that was divine, all that was sacred, all that embodied the love he had for the little woman in the corner. Then, placing the little hand down and covering it with a blanket, he whispered softly: "Baby man, *we* will bless you as God has done, and your name will be—William Howard Rollins!"

* * * *

Two Hundred Forty-seven

Startled, Rollins came back to consciousness of self and place. The picture in the fireplace was rapidly fading and Rollins found himself withdrawing from the scene. He was no longer a part of that *yesterday*, the incidents of which had been so strangely enacted for him. He was now the man of *today*, the restless, modern, matter-of-fact *today*. *But he knew*. He had turned back the pages of life's diary to the yesterday of his birth and it was *his soul* that had entered the body of the babe. But—what a price motherhood paid! *His* little mother, who even now slept peacefully upstairs. Could man ever repay the suffering woman bravely bears that the unborn child might have the very essence of her life—even its very existence if necessary? What supreme love! Love divine! The love of God alone equaled it—yes, and it *is* the love of God.

Thus pondered Rollins until, as tears came fast and the heart beat rapidly, the love in his heart for the little woman upstairs was about to take him to her bedside to kneel in reverent adoration, when the door of his study suddenly opened and there stood the little gray-haired woman with pink shawl thrown about her and the sweetest smile on her lips. Surprised at finding him awake, she said in the kindest tones of loving motherliness:

"Come, William, *my little man*, it is very late and I was worried that you might have fallen asleep; *for tomorrow is your birthday* and I was just thinking of the day God gave you to us. Will you come now? I have your bed all prepared for you. Let us go up together. That's a good boy."

And together the strong, tall, masterful man and the little, old, gray woman, weak and trembling at times, walked side by side, arm in arm, out of the room, lighted now only by the pale light of the moon, past the window of the hall to the wide stairway. Ascending together, it seemed, as they entered the deeper shadows and disappeared from sight beyond, that angels hovered over them—the little mother and her baby man.

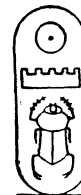
CHAPTER III.

Beyond the First Veil

Nervously and restlessly, lacking real fatigue, Rollins turned from side to side in his bed. Sleep seemed impossible. His mind was haunted with the story and the picture he had just lived through.

The curtains at the windows simply turned the beams of moonlight into filigree designs upon the darkly carpeted floor, and in the far corner of the room the large, old-fashioned mirror of great size reflected the one shaft of moonlight which hit the white lamp shade upon the small reading table. As Rollins gazed at this reflected sphere of white in the mirror, it seemed to turn into a pale, beautiful face that smiled at him at times, and at other times, wrinkled with pain, became moist with tears of suffering.

Motherhood and the coming of a little soul! These were the entities, the wonderfully ordained things that occupied the threshold of his consciousness to such an extent that dormancy of thought, so necessary to sleep, was impossi-



ble. And he had witnessed the birth of his own body and the entrance into it of his own soul! What an important *yesterday* that had been; far more so than any other occupying a place in the last twenty years of his business career. Yet, this fact astounded the matter-of-fact Rollins. It controverted what had been his belief for so many years. There could be nothing more important in his life than these yesterdays and todays of business, each of which was so carefully chronicled in his sacred diaries! To him the day of birth, like the day of death, had seemed to be just the beginning and the end of things; it was the period of life between these two points that was essential—nothing else.

Tonight, however, as he lay in the increasingly nervous condition, there loomed upon the horizon of his measure of essentials something more or different from the material affairs of life. The beginning of life was intensely interesting and most certainly important. And, perhaps the end of life was equally interesting and important. Much of life's success and power depended upon the first hour of life, the hour when the soul entered the infant body. Suppose the soul had failed to enter the little body—then what? Well could he recall the anxiety experienced by the mother lying in travail, fearful lest the soul hovering near might fail to enter and vitalize the little body struggling for birth. All the hopes and aspirations, plans and ideals stored in the mother's breast were dependent upon that one mysterious manifestation of an unknown law—whereby the soul in space would be transferred, transplanted, so to speak, into the body prepared for it; and the body, lifeless except for being infused with the borrowed blood and vitality of the mother, would become transmuted into a perfect creation, a living soul, a vitalized body. What a wonderful transmutation! Could this be the transmutation that the mystics of old symbolized and compared with the alchemical process of infusing a grosser material with a finer or refined spirit until the blending of the two made manifest a third and different thing—the refined, perfected creation, the pure gold of the universe?

Yes, what if the soul had not entered the body? Was not the soul at such time concerned too, lest it might not fulfill the law? In such an event as failure to unite—terrible contemplation!—he, the great Rollins of the business world, would not now be here. "Born lifeless" would have been the curt and sole dictum of the physician—and the soul now within would have returned to—where?

Rollins was wide awake now. Here was a question or two quite as important as any in his business, quite as mysterious in its nature as "Who was the painter?"

He sat upright in his bed. He ran his fingers through his hair and slowly breathed a deep breath—it was almost a sad sigh. He was impressed with the importance of his question and at the same time was stirred by the very intensity of his curiosity. Down stairs the great clock struck one long sonorous chime. Rollins could not tell whether it indicated

twelve-thirty, one, or one-thirty in the morning. It was late and he ought to sleep, this he realized; but the question, the all-important question was not answered.

He turned his gaze toward the corner of the room and there the face peered at him again in the mirror. It seemed to be the face of the mother who prayed for the coming of the little soul, and almost unconsciously he stared at it with that same questioning gaze known so well in commercial circles when Rollins was after the concealed truth. "Tell me," he demanded in stern tones, "tell me, where would that little soul of mine have gone if it had not come into my baby body at birth?"

He waited for an answer, and after a pause that seemed like the stillness of death in the room, there came to his consciousness like the whispering of a voice within his soul: "Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand is the soul of every living thing and the breath of all mankind." The words were those of the Holy Bible, the twelfth chapter of Job. But to Rollins they revealed the Law. "In the presence of the Lord shall all souls tarry and rest and await the coming of their day."

The soul would return to its own realm, to the presence of God, to the world of other souls, and—wait! Rollins, the man of now, would not be here, but the soul would not be lost. There seemed to be consolation in that for Rollins, yet, *why*, he could not have explained then; for until the hour of the penetration of the veil of yesterday, the personality of Rollins, rather than the divinity of the inner man, was all-important; and now—why it seemed that Rollins could have felt contented with the knowledge that if the personality of himself had been unborn, the soul that would have been his own would have lived—and waited.

Rollins fell back upon his pillow and closed his eyes in contemplation. There were two of him there in unison—his personal self, Rollins, with the baby body grown into adulthood, and the little soul residing within. The one came from the blood, the thoughts, the hopes, the desires, the love of his mother, the other from—God.

Thus contemplating, Rollins reviewed again the minutes when his little soul, a shapeless, formless, thinking, feeling entity, hovered in space awaiting the moment of passage through the great Channel. Hovering in space? Where? Again the question that came to him then: "How came I there? And *from where*? If I was there within the presence of that little home and that little woman that day, where was I the day before the birth—the *yesterday*? Oh! if I could turn back another page of life's yesterdays and see the day before this day of birth—to see and live again the last day of the *yesterlife*."

* * * *

Whether Rollins fell asleep with that desire in his mind or not he could not tell when the night had passed and day had come again. All he knew was that a page had been turned in the diary of life's cycle and that as he lay

there in bed he was startled by the presence of a great light near the ceiling. He gazed. The ceiling seemed to be gone, limitless space was beyond the room, and even the walls of the room now seemed to be blank, colorless space. Turning from side to side he found upon his body the weight and bulk of the great book whose pages indexed and recorded his life—the book he had seen but a few hours before in his study. Sitting upright again he gazed at its pages and found his hand slowly opening to a page marked, *Yesterday, December 31st*. That was the day before his birthday. It was the last yesterday of his yesterday.

Looking again toward the space above and around him he found that the great light which had aroused him was, in fact, a mass of smaller, blending lights, each distinctly individual and yet so united that the thousands and thousands within range of his sight were as an undivided mass.

Each light moved, moving in a motion that was rhythmical and harmonious. There! one separated from the mass and moved in a circular motion toward the East and passed out of sight; and toward it followed for a long distance a shaft of light that illuminated it, strengthened it on its way. Another moved outward, this time toward the South. It, too, carried with it the projecting light from the mass, as though it required a stream of power to mark its path of motion. Another moved! Many were now moving in different directions, each followed by a scintillating, transparent but luminous beam.

One was approaching him! As it came nearer to him, it grew larger, more brilliant and more intimate in some peculiar sense. Its light cast a shade of violet white upon his body and seemed to blind his eyes. It came closer and closer; it was just above him now. His body tingled, but the active pulsations of the heart seemed to stop. A peculiar etherialness pervaded his body and it became lighter in weight. Finally his whole consciousness was outside of his body, vibrating with an attunement most difficult to interpret.

The great mass of light before him elongated until it was a large oval-shaped mass. It fairly trembled with vitality of some kind and radiated toward the consciousness of Rollins a peaceful, soothing, familiar warmth.

Then from its very substance a voice spoke. To Rollins the words were those of a gentle masculine nature, but he realized at once that he was not hearing the voice through the ordinary channel of the ears of his body. In fact, he felt that he had no body. What there was of him, the him that he knew as self, was in front of him, was a part of the great light now—was even the Great Light itself! It was his own soul-voice to which he was listening. It was his soul talking to him. This—this was *his soul, his soul in space*. It was the yesterday of ———.

"In the Light shall we see Light! In the beginning God said, Let there be Light. The Light is the Life of men. I am the Light of Him who sent me; of the greater Light am I

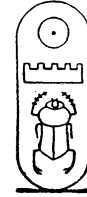
a part. Within me there shineth the Light of divinity. The Soul of man is the Light. Ye are all Children of the Light. Thy Kingdom is the Kingdom of Light. Into darkness comes the Light but the darkness comprehends it not. When the Light goeth it returneth unto Light and leaveth darkness unto itself. Light is Life, Truth, Freedom. Darkness is Death, Sin, Bondage.

"This is my world, the limitless world of God. Of God's Light am I. Beyond are my kin, all Children of the Light, all of the Fatherhood of God, the Motherhood of Love. In the beginning God said: Let there be Light and there was Light, and the Light was divided into mansions of the Heavens, and there were twelve into which the Children of Light were received that they might be prepared to serve in their time as souls for the races of man on earth. And one by one, each was ordained by the Mind of God to go forth and let the Light shine on earth through the body God made of the dust of the earth. And when the hour came and it was good that a soul should bring the Light to earth, God breathed into the nostrils of man and each man became a living soul on earth. And there was a time and a place for each Light to shine, and a day and an hour for each Light to dispel the darkness and give Life, radiant and abundant. The law is immutable, the ordination infallible in its manifestation.

"And when the Light could no longer shine through the sinful bodies the Light was absorbed into the halo of the Heavens and there communed with its kin in the mansions prepared for them. For man on earth is ever sinful, decreeing unto himself the power of free-doing in violation of the voice within which speaks in Truth; for it is of the Light which is Truth. And man destroys the body that God has made and weakens its structure and defiles the dust of which it is made and it can no longer contain the spirit which animates it. And it succumbs, it falls like the walls of a Temple, rotted with the worms of filth and decay from neglect. And it crumbles into dust again. For the Light leaveth and darkness reigns within. Light is Life and—darkness is Death.

"The Light that returneth seeth all that is and that will be. Of the Mind of God, its Father, it is attuned with all minds. It heareth the secret prayers and cries of the Lights of men, it knoweth the hopes and desires of the souls of earth, it seeth the despairs and the dangers, the temptations and the pitfalls of those whose Lights are denied the power to speak, the right to guide. Unto the Lights in the mansions beyond is given the power to help, the freedom to act, the inspiration to direct. They cast the beams of their Lights into the shadows of the hearts of man and speak with him and strengthen the Light that is held powerless within. This is their work, the work of the Children of Light waiting the hour to come into man with the breath of Life.

"And when the hour comes that the Light within the mother on earth shines forth and an infant body is prepared for the coming of a Soul, the decrees of God send forth *that*



Light which is ready for the *time* and the *place*, the *work* and the *service* that shall be the mission of the Light of some mansion. And into the body of the babe goes forth *that* Light to be a Light among men. It takes with it unto the brain of the babe the personality and the mind, the soul and the memory of its former periods of life on earth; and there shines forth through the body of the child and the man the Light that is within. But man hearkens unto the words of the unwise, the thoughts of the temptors, the schemes of the men whose hearts are steeled against the radiations of their Lights within, in preference for the mortal earthly realities of their own physical senses; and some men are therefore lost. But to him who hearkens unto the voice of the Light within and finds pleasure in communion with the Soul within, there, and unto him, comes God and Truth and Life.

"But I must hasten on. I have come unto thee to speak as we would speak unto all men who seek Light, that the mind and the brain may be illumined. My time has come to leave the Kingdom of Light and stand near the little woman who, within a few hours, shall walk through the valley of travail praying unselfishly for the Light to come to the infant body she has nourished unto creation. It is so decreed that that infant body shall be mine, for it will come into places and meet with those who will need my Light; and it will pass from association to association, city to city, peoples to peoples, wherein and whereby shall be many experiences needful to my evolving personality, and needing the knowledge that I have attained in the past. In the home of that child will I wait. I will give ease to the new mother consistent with the laws in operation. I will stand guard over the threshold of the Channel to Life and be prepared. And, when I enter with the Breath of Life I will look out of the windows of the Soul, the pure eyes of the babe, and I will see—your mother, your father, your home! Come, consciousness and understanding, you must accompany me and pass with me into the being now ready for Life's supreme miracle! Through space we shall pass, followed by the loving beams of radiating light which unite us with the Greater Light, and tomorrow will be thy birthday on earth."

Slowly the Light passed on into the night's darkness and with it passed from the aura of Rollins that sublime consciousness, that strange ethereal self, that was outside of his body, yet belonged to him. And he fell into oblivion, and slept. Awakened by the usual call of his mother, he was startled into consciousness of self and self's environment. The morning sunlight cast its warm yellow beams across the floor and bespoke of life and the glory of living. Downstairs a door closed. There was the sound of wagon-wheels on the gravel of the path around the house. The world was astir! It was *today* again and the yesterday had passed. The *yesterday* of a yesterlife—the day before his birth, when his own Soul was preparing to pass through the experience he had seen earlier last evening.

Once more he had turned backward a page in the diary of Life's cycle to a yesterday *beyond the veil*.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Shadows of the Past

The day being a holiday which even the tireless business man must recognize and keep, Rollins decided to spend *this* New Year's day at home. He had partially planned to slightly deviate from his rule of many years and have lunch at some fashionable down-town restaurant, where he and his mother might enjoy the music and the change of environment more than the food. But, learning that his mother was fully prepared to serve lunch at home, and with the experiences of the night weighing heavily upon his mind, Rollins was quick to take advantage of any logical excuse for *not* dining away from home at this hour of the day, postponing the restaurant dinner to the customary evening hour for holiday dining.

With a light breakfast served in his study, he begged to be excused until afternoon that he might complete his analysis of the diary. He had fallen asleep the night before without finishing what he had started. This was the excuse he gave to his mother—the only person to whom he ever gave any explanation and perhaps the only one to ever ask why he did some of the things that appeared so erratic. But mother seemed to understand, and so mother had some special privileges.

As soon as he could hurriedly digest the important news in the morning *Times*—a practice that nothing could break—and as hurriedly sort a few letters that had come by the only delivery of the day, he pulled down the shades and closed the inner shutters of the two windows of the room and lighted the gas logs again that he might sit once more in the quiet, darkened room and be alone with the dreams, the visions, the *something* that now seemed to be a part of his real being.

If Rollins had been asked just at this time to give as keen an analysis of himself and his mental attitude as he gave of those he scrutinized before employing them or dealing with them in any manner, he would have said that he was a man *possessed of a hallucination tending to become a fixed idea*, and would have added that such a man was useless in business and a nuisance as a friend. He would have said of his mental attitude, generally, that it was being warped by imagination, swayed by passing emotions, fixed by a tentative goal, obsessed by a single passion, and made impractical by ideals too vague to describe. Secretly, however, he would have reluctantly admitted to himself that he was being mentally, and, somehow *inwardly*, revolutionized. His processes of thinking were being changed by newer premises of reasoning. He was unlearning the old lessons and learning new ones. He was discarding old faiths and beliefs and slowly, analytically, absorbing from some sort of secondary personality new and more worthy, noble and spiritual beliefs. By another, his change in thinking and believing would be called *development of religious mind*. But, with Rollins, religion would have to come from within, for he was not in sympathy with churches and religious ceremonies; and he would hardly believe that a religious *change* could come to any man who did not come under the hypnotic spell of

master sermon-preachers. Naturally, Rollins would hesitate long before admitting that through his recent experiences God had spoken to him and he was, in fact, developing that religious mind and attitude which constitutes the real conversion from sinful indifference to sacred appreciation.

Relaxing easily in the big chair, turned purposefully so that he could conveniently gaze into the flames of the logs again, he fell into that same mind of speculation that controlled him the evening before. He had not taken the 1916 diary from his desk, for despite the statement to his mother it was not his intention to continue its study until later in the day. He wanted to be free, mentally, and not distracted by even the holding of a paper or pencil in his hand. He seemed to feel that the fireplace would again serve him with another manifestation of some weird process of the imagination or, possibly, memory.

Could these things be the result of the imagination? If so, he, his outer objective self, the brain's creative faculties and reasoning abilities, had created, manufactured all he had seen and realized. Some men are born with an unusual ability to create in this manner. The faculty of imagination—granting that it is a distinct process or faculty separated from the ordinary process of inductive, deductive and syllogistical reasoning—simply requires a premise of probability upon which the wildest thoughts of possibilities and impossibilities are placed in some schematic manner suiting the fancy of the dreamer.

Usually, accompanying the foundation stone or premise of such a structure, the builder has in mind the last stone, perhaps the key-stone, that is to be conspicuous in the completed creation. And the builder builds to suit the needs lying between the foundation and the very pinnacle of the structure. With the goal clearly defined in mind, it is possible to select from the memory of facts and ideas just such elements of fabrication as are needed to reach such a goal. This applies to the average imagery of man's mind.

But such an explanation of the process of imagination, so-called, eliminates all appreciation of the following facts: First, all the deductive and inductive reasoning of man's brain must result from a careful analysis of those experiences which he has consciously realized through participation in them, through reading of them or through hearing or seeing them. Secondly, facts drawn from the memory of man must be facts or ideas which entered the memory during a period of realization of them or otherwise.

How, then, thought Rollins, can all that has occurred since last evening be attributed to my *imagination*? There is, truly enough, but *one limitation* to the activities and products of imagination; all must be centered around and within the limits of my knowledge. I cannot imagine a fact that I do not otherwise know or that is not a part of or related to some other fact or facts which I know. Nor, in the process of adding to my structure of imagination, can I take from the memory such elements as are not there. Each point, each ele-

ment, each feature, in even the wildest and most weird fabrication of imagination, must be the result of deductive or inductive reasoning, based on a premise within my conscious knowledge.

Whence came, then, the facts contained in what I have seen and experienced within the past twenty-four hours? Whether the *facts* of my experiences last night are actualities of life or not, they are, nevertheless, facts in my mind now—and where did they come from? I never knew before, never heard or read before, that the soul of the unborn child hovered near the expectant mother and passed into the body of the child with its first breath. Not only did I never hear, nor read, nor understand that before, but it is contrary to what I have hitherto believed, contrary to what I should have argued, contrary to what I have been taught, and what I know so many believe and teach. Twenty-four hours ago, I should have said emphatically and without tolerance for debate, that the Soul of an unborn child enters its body some time prior to its birth—perhaps months before. Our civil, criminal and moral laws are based upon that belief. Great fortunes have been granted to heirs on the basis of that principle. Learned judges, eminent jurists, undoubted authorities have argued in courts, claiming that after a certain period of gestation, the unborn child has a Soul, and is therefore an entity, a personality, separate and distinct from the mother, and could, therefore, be a potential heir to a fortune, even before birth. Men have gone to the gallows in the past for having destroyed or caused to be destroyed the Soul, or rather its functioning, by the destruction of the body of an *unborn* child. Yet, from what I have learned, and what I must confess seems to be the most logical and correct statement of the matter, the unborn child up to the moment of the first breath of life is living on the vitality, the soul-essence of the “borrowed blood” of the mother, as the words of the Soul-voice explained to me. The severance of the umbilical cord is the establishment of the child's independent existence and the taking of the first breath of life is the establishment of the independent and separate vitalizing of its blood; and this must necessarily precede the severance of the two bodies. It is most logical, reasonable, and natural from a scientific point of view. It explains the statement made by the Soul-voice and which I have often read in the Bible without realizing its import: *God breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul.*

But, how could such a startling, revolutionary, illuminating fact come to my brain, my memory or my consciousness through imagination? If but one illuminating fact can thus come through imagination, then a complete education, a veritable encyclopedia of facts, a mine of exact knowledge, might be possessed by any one through simply day-dreaming and imagining.

And there was the scene of my birth! The little room, the suffering woman, the physician, the nurse, the kind and gentle husband, the cradle, the voice of my father saying: “Baby man, *we* will bless you as God has done, and



your name will be—William Howard Rollins!" I do not recall, in fact, I am sure of this, quite positive, that my mother has never told me a word about that day, for it is a sad event in her life; for on that day she lost the man who loved her, and I lost the only person whose absence has been my one great regret. How could such facts as constitute the picture of that room and the incidents of that day come from either imagination or my memory, if I had never known them? But—were they facts in actuality? Ah! here was a test. Mother—she could verify them! She alone could prove, now, whether I have created something from imagination, fancy or hope, or whether I have been informed in some strange way of what occurred when I could not have realized it myself.

Forgetting the request that he wished to be alone, and never realizing how peculiar his inquiry might seem to the little gray woman, he rushed from his study, and calling to the sewing room at the head of the stairway, said:

"Mother, mother, oh, mother! Can you come down to the study for a little while, *now*? There is something I would like to talk about."

There was a tenseness in his voice, an excited vibration, that plainly told of a new-found interest, an important subject of immediate attention. His mother knew well that tenseness and she knew it would brook no delay, and so she came at once. He met her at the door, and fondly, more kindly it seemed than ever, put his strong arm around her waist and together they passed into the study. He placed her in the chair he had just occupied so that she might look right into the dancing flames of the gas logs, while he squatted down easily, like a big boy, on the stool in front of her.

"Mother," he began slowly, "I want to ask a few, eh, rather personal questions. You see, that is you know, it is—it is my birthday today. Yes, it is my forty-second birthday. I was born January 1st, 1875. That's right, isn't it?"

"Why yes, William," she replied, glancing at his big, questioning eyes with a peculiar query forming in her own mind. "But why talk of it now? Why not forget—that is, forget how *old* you are, and think only of the many, many more years that are to come. Why—I believe I have forgotten to congratulate you today! You were so anxious to be alone this morning, I hardly had an opportunity to say even *good morning*. My boy has grown so big these last twenty or thirty years I realize more and more what a great man has come from the *little man* that God once gave me when —. But come, William, let us talk about the future. Are you ever going to take a nice long vacation? Would it not be wonderful at this time of the year to spend a few weeks at Palm Beach? We, that is, you, certainly need a little change and rest, and sometimes, sometimes I feel so tired, too. You know I am getting old, William, very old and—But there, I did not want to ask favors of you on your birthday. It is you who should ask them *today*."

"That's just it, mother, I am asking a favor now. I want just a little talk with you about my birthday—my *first* birthday. You say I

should not talk about how old I am, and you, with all the pretty color of a young girl in your cheeks, with the twinkle in your eyes of a twenty-year-old sweetheart—you talk of being old. But, to come back to my question—tell me, mother, at what hour was I born if you can remember?—No, I did not mean that—of course you can remember, that is *not* so long ago—and who was there? Where was the room? Or rather, in which room of the house was I born? You know what I mean, tell me all about that day, from the hour of *sunrise* to the hour of—the hour when father gave me my name!"

"Your father!" The little woman gave a startled gasp. For a second she looked sharply into the eyes of the big boy—and then into the flames of the fire. A sigh escaped her lips, her hands twitched and slowly she let her right hand slip into the big firm left hand of the man-boy she idolized. Tears came into her eyes and she did not try to stay them.

Rollins looked for a moment and then dropped his eyes to the floor. Motherhood, suffering, the valley of death—and now *recollection*! That was all that passed through his mind, and he was deeply, sympathetically affected. What cruelty to have the sweet little woman live through it again!

After a pause of several minutes, wherein the inner sobs of a bleeding heart gave pulsations even to the vibrations of the room—a pause in which mother and son were again wrapped in the soul-auras of each other through divine attunement, he spoke.

"Pardon me, mother, I did not mean to bring back to your mind the sorrows and pains of that day. I know what it means—that is, I believe I understand what a supreme sacrifice of life's forces you must have made. Come, tell me only of the happiness of that day!"

"My boy, my boy," sobbed the little woman, now turning in her chair so that she could look down on the head and shoulders of the man who slowly buried his head in her lap, and finding work for her nervous fingers in the smoothing of his hair. "There was no sorrow that day; all was joy, all was happiness. The next day brought its sadness—and widowhood, for I did not know of his—his going—until the next day—I was too weak to be told at once. But your birthday was the most wonderful day to me, and my tears, boy-man of mine, are tears of joy—just the duplicate of the tears that I shed so silently and quietly as I fell asleep when I heard your first cries and knew that you *lived*. I was so fearful that you might not be—that you might not live—and that you might not be a big, strong boy to become a big, big man, like—*your* father. But your cries, your cries of life, and the words of the nurse—'it is a boy'—these gave me unbounded joy. My prayers were answered and oh! how I prayed that day, from *sunrise* to the hour of peace in the arms of sleep—that my baby might live, that *the Soul of God might be in his little body*."

"There is not much to tell of the events of that day, but there is so much to tell in one other regard that I feel I must tell you now.

Long have I tried to say nothing; long have I wanted to keep this little day holy to myself—the day of your birth. But you would know some day—some day when I close my eyes in sleep eternal, and it may be better to speak now. There—keep your head in my lap, my man, and—let me look off into space as I speak. I cannot now *look into your eyes* and tell you—with shame—the story I must tell; but you shall know, and God help me to tell you in some way, in some words, that will beg, as I cannot beg, for your forgiveness.

“Your father and I knew each other as play-mates at school. We lived in the little town of Alberta, Minnesota, not far from Morris, which was the county seat of Stevens County. Our parents were typical farmers of that day, fair-to-do, and each of us was the only child. We attended school only three days each week, sharing our teacher with the school at Donnelly, many miles north, the other three days. This gave us much opportunity to romp the fields, enter into the games and pastimes of the other children and—become sweethearts. When I became sixteen I went to the town of Morris, which always seemed like going to a big city, and there I attended what would be called a high school today. But your father, a robust boy of eighteen, went to Benson, in Swift County, adjoining, to study law with an uncle who had a large practice there, it also being a county seat. Letters passed between us that grew more fervent, perhaps because of the separation, and it was not long before I was considered as engaged to the young law student. His future seemed bright, as it was considered in those days when good lawyers with connections with established practices were few, and I remember that our school-day friends spoke of the happy lot I was to have. It was not just a school-boy and school-girl love affair, for, you see, we had grown up together and we seemed to be so much a part of each other.

“Then his father died. The boy had to return to the farm and look after his mother and the big lands left uncared for. Once again we were together for several weeks, and his possible return to the town of Benson made me unhappy. I had left Morris, having completed a two years’ course of study, and he had only reached the point where he could go into court and take care of some minor cases. I was then eighteen and he was twenty. We made our plans—that some day we would be married and live in the house his father had left to him, and his dear, sweet mother should live with us. My father had always wanted to go to Duluth and there associate with a brother who was in the produce business—‘food stocks’ it was called then—and I knew that it was just little me that kept him from selling the farm and going on East with mother. And so, when he learned that there was a possibility of my marriage with the son of his old neighbor and that we would live in that house, that I would be well cared for, even if the boy never ‘*mounted to much as a lawyer*,’ he began his preparations for selling and moving.

“I remember how strange I felt when men came to estimate the value of the old farm and

homestead, and then when buyers came, one by one making their offers. Father would explain to them—sometimes in my hearing—how the ‘little gal’ was going to be married soon and would live over ‘yonder’ in the home of old Walt Rollins. It seemed day by day that, as things were packed up and certain things were set aside for me, I was being forced out of my home and literally given away to the boy who had not even then *asked me to marry him*. That we would marry, some day, seemed so well understood between us we never made any reference to it. But this indefinite understanding on our parts was translated into a very definite matter by our parents and friends.

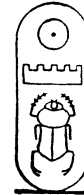
“My boy, my sweetheart, seemed to realize that it was near time to take the matter into his own hands, and I recall the day that the big *mahogany bed-set* was moved from mother’s room over to the Rollins’ home to be *our set*; I was embarrassed to find how intimately we were being placed in the arrangement of the new room and with never a word from my boy as to when we were to be married.

“Finally my father and mother moved away—went on their long planned journey—and bid me good-by. I was well established in the Rollins home, had the big room with the mahogany bed-set all to myself, and dear old Mrs. Rollins acting as mother to me.

“My sweetheart was still anxious to return to his study of law, and when he learned that his cousin Harold, who lived in the East somewhere, was to come West, he wrote for him to visit *our* home. Harold, much to my disappointment, proved to be a fine, manly fellow of twenty-two, far from the weak, characterless type we had been led to believe lived in the big Eastern cities. He was well educated, polished, athletic in action, religiously inclined, and always gentlemanly. I did not know it then—for he would have never told—but he took a fancy to me and it was that which made him prolong his visit and never reach farther West as he had planned.

“As soon as Harold had been with us several weeks and indicated that for *some reason* he thought he would stay perhaps a year, my sweetheart decided that, since Harold could look after the farm, he might well return to Benson and continue his studies at law. I protested in a way, for many weeks before he left, but he had been going ahead with some studies at home, preparing for several months to take up a definite work when he reached there. All this time he said nothing more about our marriage and you know, in those days, we were taught that it was not proper for a girl to appear even anxious to marry. Therefore, the anxiety that came to me at times never expressed itself.

“We grew more and more intimate, my sweetheart boy and I, as the days passed. Harold, the cousin, could not help seeing that we were deeply in love. To me, my boy personified all that love meant to a woman. He was an idol, a hero, a master, in my heart and mind. And then came the last week. Often we sat in the twilight, his arms about me, my head resting against his shoulder. He would tell me of his love and how happy we would



be in the future. Oh! it was the old sweet story over and over that every girl loves to hear. It was the first week in May, the spring-time sun, the blossoming of the flowers, the green trees and lawns so fresh with new life, the singing of the birds, the exotic perfume, the setting sun, then the moon—all this seemed to add to the joy and the alluring power that my boy sweetheart held over me.

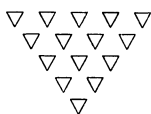
"And—just the night before he left—thrilled with the warmth of his kisses, saddened by the sorrow of the morrow's separation, overpowered by the protestations of his love and the beauty of the tie that binds, we cast our souls into the flames of sin—and I was his bride. It was not the way I understood, but it made him *mine*, and for one brief hour he was mine—all mine, united to me by a marriage of all the passions and emotions, all the forces of the universe. I had looked forward to another kind of marriage, but this—this must suffice for the present. He would return soon, and then—then the other marriage. We agreed to keep our secret. He would return in the summer vacation days when even the country courts were closed for a while—then the day of our marriage. Oh! how well I remember those plans, for I lived them over hour after hour during his absence.

"One week later he wrote me that an uncle in Duluth wanted him to go there, as there was an excellent opportunity for his law practice after he should have completed his studies; and he could just as easily complete them there,

easier in fact than he could in Benson. I remember feeling that that fact alone atoned for the greater separation that would come between us—he would more quickly and with greater efficiency complete his studies *there*.

"A few days later there came another letter, hurriedly written, saying he was leaving Benson that very hour. He would write to me from Duluth. I should not forget him, and he would not forget me for a single moment; and some day soon he would come back. Come back to old Alberta, the town of his boyhood, *the home of his bride*. And—that was the last that was ever heard of him. Weeks passed and I wrote to him in care of his uncle. His uncle wrote to me that they were still waiting his coming. Harold went to Benson and found that he had gone the day he wrote his last letter to me. There was no trace of him. Telephones and telegraphs were not available in those days as they are now, yet even such things might not have located him. Remember this was in 1874. Many things could have happened to him, the most logical being the one we all agreed upon. He had probably changed cars at some station and listening to the pleadings or the enticing expectations of those moving westward where fortunes were to be made, joined with them. Harold agreed in this, for it was the allure-ment of the *Golden West*, the promise of fortune and the hope of great, quick wealth, that had started him westward.

(To be Continued)



Meet the Imperator On His Trip

He Will Be Happy To See You

At the request of many members we announce that the Imperator will make a short lecture trip at the end of September. Members and their friends are invited to meet the Imperator. He will be in Washington, D. C. on official business on Monday afternoon and evening, September 26th. Those living near Washington should get in touch with Brother Joseph Kimmel, Secretary of AMORC, at 518 Seventh Street S. E., Washington. The Imperator will be in New York City where he will give two public lectures under the auspices of the New York Grand Lodge of AMORC, on Wednesday evening, September 28th, and Friday evening, September 30th, at the Hotel McAlpin, in the Ball Room, beginning at eight o'clock. Members and friends can meet the Imperator at the close of each lecture. For further information write Mr. Louis Lawrence, Grand Master of AMORC, 361 West 23rd Street, New York, or phone Watkins 3269. The Imperator will not be able to visit any other cities or Lodges at this time. Further trips in the Winter will be announced later.

Amorc Broadcasting Increasing

*Soon Ready for International Communication
and Worldwide Contact With Members*

By R. MAXWELL, AMORC Radio Chief

▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽



WE HAVE another important announcement to make in connection with our radio broadcasting and we feel sure that all our members will rejoice with us in what we have accomplished and will accomplish this coming year.

By the time this issue of the Triangle reaches its readers we will have added another feature—another section—to our radio equipment and we will be ready to communicate with every one of our branches in Europe and Japan, Russia and Australia. This does not mean that we will occasionally do so, under favorable conditions, and without dependability; it means that we will be able to do so night after night, day after day, in all seasons, all weather and all conditions. It will be due to the operation of our station through a duplicate transmitting equipment on short waves with higher power than is used by even those who are reaching Europe and Australia daily. In fact, we will use from five to ten times the power usually used to reach all of Europe, and solely because we want to be absolutely sure of this reach and depend upon it at all hours.

By this new system we will arrange with the radio transmitting stations and operators in every city where the Rosicrucians have branches or headquarters—whether down in Africa or in England, Russia or Australia; and we will arrange also with every one of our branches in North America—by such arrangement we will speak to these representatives and their branches and exchange ideas, official communications in secret code, and broadcast to them generally such news as will be helpful to every branch of the Order. Likewise we will be able to reach thousands of persons in foreign lands each night who may be interested in knowing what the Rosicrucians are doing and how to get in contact with them.

Our plan will also enable us to re-broadcast to our American branches the communications from the foreign branches or representatives. In other words, our American branches may listen in and hear us call a branch in London, or Paris, or New South Wales. Then these American branches will be able to hear us re-broadcast, in the actual words and sounds, the reply from the foreign branches which answer us.

For instance, our branch in San Francisco will be able to hear us call Brother Andrea in Bristol, England, who is Grand Master for England. Then San Francisco will be able to hear Brother Andrea's reply as we receive it, re-broadcast by our powerful transmitter. We will send San Francisco's greetings from the Lodge members there, and they, assembled in

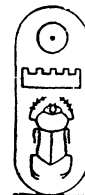
their Lodge Room on Octavia Street, will be able to hear Brother Andrea's reply to the greetings.

We realize that this announcement sounds rather bombastic but every element of the plan is possible and more than probable. The only possible contingency is the fact that the heat of this part of the country—Southern Florida—may interfere with the clearness of the reception of some of the very distant replies. Where we are located at present—Tampa—is an excellent point for general broadcasting, such as we have been doing the past two months; but it is unfavorable for long distance reception because of the static and heat. Our engineers believe that we can overcome most of this interference by the use of the short waves for transmission and reception. The next month will tell the story.

Our plan will make the American AMORC Radio Station the Rosicrucian Central Radio Station of the world. In other words, our station will be like the *central* of a telephone system. Through our station all the branches of the world will be able to reach us, directly or by relay, and at our station the foreign branches will have their communications re-broadcast to listeners-in in North America.

It is not a complex operation at all, so far as the system is concerned. With extreme power we can easily reach all the parts of the civilized world on a modern short wave transmitter as an auxiliary to our regular broadcasting equipment. Any radio engineer will tell you that this is possible. It is only a question of power; that means special system and a perfect transmitter and plenty of radio pep. And with a super-sensitive receiver we can receive the short wave replies direct, or through relays, and by attaching our receiving devices directly to our transmitting system the replies from foreign stations will pass right through our receiving set into the sending set and out on the air again with renewed strength and clearness, so that they can be heard clearly at least five thousand miles from Tampa. In fact, the best reception of these short waves will be between 300 and 3000 miles from our station. A special license from the Federal Radio Commission will be necessary for this great undertaking and we have no doubt it will be in our hands by the time this announcement is in the mail.

Our regular broadcasting is continuing to reach great distances. We had an interesting letter from a man living in a small city about 20 miles north of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, saying he heard us clearly and loudly. He had the call letters correct, even the term "Rosicrucian Square" correctly spelled, and gave a list



of a number of selections he heard. That is truly remarkable for August broadcasting. A Mr. W. A. Stead of Madison Avenue, New York, wrote to us saying that he heard one of our Monday night programs and that not only was it clear and distinct—every word being easily understood—but the volume caused his horn “to rattle with the waves.” From the West come similar reports. All through the South and midwest our station has become popular for its interesting programs of music, novel features, fun hours and instruction. On one Sunday evening we had persons inform us that our Sacred and Classical Concert was of a more enjoyable and satisfying nature than any they had in their local stations—and these persons were from Atlantic City, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Savannah and Atlanta.

Our regular Rosicrucian programs have not really commenced for we have been waiting to have the cooler weather before establishing a schedule of lectures without interruption. But we have not failed to direct the attention of thousands into different thinking by our occasional bits of helpful information.

Just to show you what we are doing in the way of program, let us give you our daily schedule as it will be until the first week in October:

Daily, except Sunday, at 9 A. M. The first feature is a health talk, including suggestions for the proper preparation of foods, followed by health and beauty physical exercises for twenty minutes under the direction of Professor William Utrecht, who was formerly connected with McFadden in New York and well-known as a radio director of exercises. We engaged Mr. Utrecht as Director of Physical Education of our station. His exercises are followed by birthday greetings sent to those in Florida and the North whose birthday it is. The greetings include a brief forecast of what the year holds in store for them, and then all who are listening in unite with the Director of the Studio in sending mental waves of strength, health, peace and prosperity to those whose birthday it is. All listeners-in are asked to close their eyes and concentrate in unison in sending these mental waves while the chimes strike seven times in the studio. This feature has attracted great attention as far North as Maine, where the morning programs have been heard, and hundreds report great blessings from this feature. This is followed by a summary of the morning news, a chat on the programs and persons of the coming day, and then a selection of music played for each of the birthday celebrants. This session ends about 10:15.

At 11:30 each morning, except Sunday, the newest Victor, Brunswick, Columbia and other phonograph releases are played by request, and at 12 o'clock, noon, the time signal from Washington is given, followed by the Government's official weather report sent direct to our studio.

At 8 o'clock each evening, except Wednesday, which is our silent night usually, we have an evening concert of great diversity until 10 P. M. After that hour all kinds of unusual things occur. For instance, on one night each week the *Mummy Club* holds its sessions in the

Egyptian Tomb Room of our Temple and those who make application in writing are Initiated with the funniest ceremony possible, including a ride on the back of the *Sacred Beetle*. And for each a piece of music is played by the musicians, appropriate to the nature of the business in which the candidate is engaged. The judges of the various courts, the most prominent business men and their wives, physicians and even clergymen have been initiated, and on Thursday evening, September 7th, the Governor of the State of Florida was initiated. The biggest and greatest of men and women enjoy the several hours of clean, wholesome fun. The leading theatres and orchestras send to us special talent as Guest Artists on these nights and several prominent citizens, judges or business men are always present to tell over the air how it feels to be made a mummy and placed in the casket and arranged around the room. On other nights we have the AMORC Trio play classical selections, or an orchestra play popular pieces. We have regular, exclusive talent on our programs, such as Peggy Joy and Benny Bliss—the Happiness Team—singing popular jazz songs. Also Budd and Cliff, the Harmony team, singing and playing old-time songs and sacred numbers. And we have introduced some of the finest talent ever heard in the South. Our Program Director is Mr. O. A. Seaver, a famous organist, and our Musical Director is Mr. Harry Grant, nationally known as a concert entertainer, musician and orchestra director, and at present director of musical education for the city of Tampa. Needless to say both of these men, and others on our staff, are also members of the Order.

On Monday evening we also have our late program which begins at midnight, after the regular program, and lasts until 2 or 3 A. M. Tuesday morning, for those in the West.

On Sunday nights we have only classical and sacred music, and telegrams and letters say our programs are finer in high class talent than many of the Northern stations. Hardly a musician or singer of repute visits Tampa without offering us an hour of Guest Music. Since we are known to be a non-commercial station we are attracting those who would not perform over a station devoted to advertising coffee, typewriters, bacon, cheese and artificial ice. Artists, real artists, remember, are temperamental and fastidious. They like atmosphere and will not play or perform on a program with hired talent of a medium class, connected with a purely commercial proposition.

In between our music and other features we always speak of the Order and its activities and the location of its various branches. This Fall our branches throughout the country will find that their neighbors are familiar with AMORC and its great work, and that will help in any local campaign for new members.

On Friday evenings, at 6:45, before the regular program, an hour of music lessons on the piano is given by Harry Grant, and on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock an hour of wireless code and theory is given by the director of the Tampa Radio School. Other educational features have been added and we have attracted the approval, endorsement and high esteem of

city and state officials, who say that the *Rosicrucian spirit* of good will has become a greatly appreciated asset for all.

After October first, when the cooler weather makes longer distance and greater volume possible, we will begin our Sunday evening, Monday evening and Thursday night Rosicrucian talks. The absence of the Emperor on a lecture trip in New York City during the last week of September prevents us from starting these features any sooner.

So you see there is great work ahead of us

at Headquarters and we all enjoy the hustle and bustle of the growth and development of the Order. Before another year passes AMORC will be well-known in millions of homes. That will help all our branches far more than it can possibly help Headquarters—but it is all one, and that makes us happy in what we are doing.

Radio station WJBB—operating at a frequency of 870 kilocycles at AMORC Temple, national headquarters of the Rosicrucian Order, Tampa, Florida, signing off; good night, with rest, health and Peace Profound.

An Interesting Letter

HERE ARE SOME FINE POINTS IN REGARD TO THE GENERAL BELIEF
IN THE DOCTRINE OF REINCARNATION

▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽

One of our members recently wrote to us enclosing a letter she had just received from her uncle. He is a prominent clergyman of the Episcopal Church. He had never met his Niece, but she wrote to him about mystical matters hoping to interest him in our work and teachings. Her letter to him merely attempted to sound him on the subject of mysticism without telling him too much. She was greatly pleased as well as surprised at the letter she received from the clergyman. After we read it we recalled that during the past few months we have had a number of letters from clergymen of different denominations expressing their firm conviction of the truth of the doctrines of reincarnation—many of them after having read the serial article on this subject which appeared recently in this magazine. So, we asked permission of our sister to publish her uncle's letter and she has granted it.

Now, imagine her surprise receiving such a letter as this from a man much older than herself, and one known to thousands as a great thinker, writer and speaker in behalf of his church:

Dear Marie:

We two have met, I feel quite sure, in the long, long ago. I was a fat negro eunuch body servant to Alexander—son-in-law of Annas the Jewish High Priest, and you were the waiting maid to Puella, wife of Pontius Pilate.

You will recall—if you scratch your subconscious head—that one day when the Nazarene Jesus was speaking on the temple courts at Jerusalem and we sat near each other in the colonnade, that he cried, holding his hands above his head, his magnificent and striking face aglow and his powerful physique straining in the sway of his passion—"Woe to you scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, for you strain at a gnat and swallow a camel"—that you gave me a poke in the ribs with the handle of the great feathered shade you were holding over your Mistress. For as he uttered the stinging words he looked squarely at my Master, his brother Caiaphas and their father-in-law, the wily Annas. When you poked me, I laughed aloud and Alexander knocked me on the head with his mace, and all but stunned

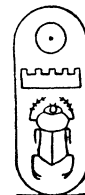
me. It was the touch of your sympathetic left hand that, unobserved, found mine and restored my tottering wits.

Although I have been re-born forty-three times since then, yet when I read your splendid letter, dimly at first and slowly, then clearly, memory was re-born and I recognized you as the Miriam and myself as the Gualtrum of those far-off days.

How the ages have slipped around, and now those words—insistent words—of Jesus the Great Master come knocking at our own consciousness for recognition. We are not far removed from the gullibility of our ancient Masters, are we? We strain at the Master's simple message or His wisdom in making us what we are—and we swallow the camel that contradicts the fundamental principles of progressive science and normal nature.

Needless to say I did enjoy the two volumes very much, and thank you for the possibility of the treat. I have a distinct leaning toward the esoteric. It gives scope for endless imagination and correct thinking. To tell the truth is always the simpler and easier method of thought transference, whether written or oral; because one does not have to worry about sequence. But when one gets into the whirl of imagination (and I deem those books "The Masters of the East" novel and romance rather than the truth) one must be mighty careful of mental, magnetic, tangents. To believe what is contrary to experience—is credulity.

I have read many works on Indian religions and philosophic life, and while every writer speaks in glowing terms of their high spiritual nature and possibilities, none affirm any such assertions as those books contain. (Read Manly Jones.) Mahatma Ghandi and Dr. Tagore are the two outstanding figures in the national life of India today, both spiritual men, both non-christians, but both humble followers of Jesus of Nazareth. They feel that in the clear light of Jesus, their old Pythagorean ideals were groundless. There is a conscious re-birth into a new life, into the kingdom of God, but not a succession. Read Jesus in the New Testament. Do not weight Him with the weaknesses of His followers, or the uncharitable and dogmatic teaching of associa-



tions bearing His name. Christ can and must be able to bear every honest criticism that the world may hurl against Him, otherwise He cannot be *Christ*, for "in meeting Him you meet the reality of God" and of your own life. This is not a sermon—but thought, provoked by your really thought-provoking letter.

I should very much like to meet you. We should fight—I love a fight—and a fighter, if he does not hit below the belt. Yes, we should fight—but be the best of friends. I cannot tolerate folk who say "Yes! Yes!" or "I see! I see!" or "I agree with you," etc., even though I feel I am right. I have a friend, the Lighthouse Keeper on Green Island, a lovely rock in the Pacific where we call monthly, weather permitting. He is witty and impulsive, an incisive thinker and a voracious reader. We seldom agree. It is more interesting to disagree—then we get somewhere. He makes the most of a very circumscribed life. He is like David Greyson's Ice-man, who turned the dog days of August into the cool of December for the fevered and sick. He turns dark, stormy starless nights into day for the anxious mariner.

Your life may not be as big as you would like it, but I think it is bigger than you conceive. Greatness lies in the ability to utilize and I think your other worry will vanish if God blesses you with motherhood, which he may do. Strange, if I had had my choice, I should have been a woman, and the mother of children—many. Yet I do not think I am less the male, because of that psychic something that makes me love children, and women. Nor can I think, judging from your letter, that your desire would make you one whit less the woman and wife.

I am writing this on a little land-locked

harbor, on Pearse Island, behind the panhandle of Alaska, about one mile away. It is miles from any human habitation. To the north are rugged snow-capped mountains, rising abruptly from the sea. Conditions are primeval. Flocks of ducklings with their anxious mothers hug the shore as they pass. On the grass flats are broods of geese. Wild life all around, and undisturbed. Not long ago a deer swam across the harbor. I got a picture of it. Barney, the engineer, is going bear shooting tonight. "Bear steaks are prime now." In the sea are all living creatures, from whales to clams, including seals. This harbor got its name from the fact that years ago the whaling ships entered here.

Next trip I shall have my daughter with me. She loves nature, so I hope we shall have a very happy time together. We have been separated almost continuously since her mother's transition, when she was a child a little over a year old. Since she has been able to write we have corresponded weekly, and she is really a delightful and original letter writer. Some of her letters and yours are unique in my receipt of such epistles.

Letters are character studies—for instance, you are (if I am wrong correct me) pugnacious, inclined to be vindictive, aggressive, ruggedly poetic, staunch but not effusively loveable, a loyal friend and, well, I should not like you for an enemy.

If you and Jack can ever find the time and money, I am sure you would enjoy a trip on the "Northern Cross" with God's nature, away from care. And its skipper would be delighted to have you. We have a spare stateroom forward.

With my kindest regards to yourself and Jack, I am, Yours very sincerely,

Uncle Walt.

Living the Rosicrucian Life

By PROFUNDIS XII



Some Points About the Manner of Living Our Teachings

It has been said at times in my presence by those who are not of the higher grades, that it is not always apparent that our members of the highest grades are living the life of Rosicrucians; and I have read in some of the correspondence at times that with thousands of high grade members living in America one should often meet these members and recognize them by the manner in which they live and conduct their affairs. Sometimes these remarks are made as criticisms, meaning that our most advanced members do not carry on in their lives in a manner expected by new members or those who are not members at all.

The question that naturally arises is this: what is meant by *living the Rosicrucian life*?

In the new Rosicrucian Manual we find a section devoted to the Rosicrucian Code of Living. Therein are presented the thirty ancient rules. An examination of these rules re-

veals that even when adhering to them strictly, few persons outside of your immediate family would note any distinctive characteristics about your living. They all pertain to private matters of our lives and not demonstrable things.

It is true that we easily recognize those who belong to some organizations or who are living certain distinctive lives. We recognize the Salvation Army lad and lassie by their uniforms, their public services and their solicitations. We recognize clergymen of some denominations and priests by their clothing and their exclusive activities. We recognize some members of certain religious sects in Pennsylvania by the distinctive clothing. The Quakers used to be quite easily recognized by their clothing or their language.

But Rosicrucians have none of these earmarks, and the more advanced they become the less distinctive they are to the uninitiated and the initiated alike. In fact, the ancient rules prohibited the wearing of distinctive

clothing except in the secret convocations or when officially conducting some of the work of the Order in public or private life.

If we review the teachings of the Order from the sixth grade onward, we find that the greatest good that any Rosicrucian can accomplish in life for mankind generally can be carried on in silence and secrecy from the home of each member without ostentation, show, pomp or ceremony. And we find that when in public, when walking and riding in the highways and byways a Rosicrucian can perform seeming miracles without moving his finger or casting a single glance that could be observed.

So far as the obligations of the Order and the specific promises of the various grades are concerned, there are none that call upon the members in the higher grades to reveal their identity in any manner or to so live that their mode of living would distinguish them to the casual or careful observer.

In fact, we find everywhere in the work of the Order the injunction that each member should strive to find his or her particular mission in life and act accordingly. Now that does not mean that each of us must find some distinctive *outward* work to do which will make us a signpost or a signal of Rosicrucianism. Nor does it necessarily mean that in finding our mission in life, from a Rosicrucian point of view, we must abandon or change our present great work in life. As an example let me cite one instance. A man who was creating and building a very large and successful leather goods factory in the midwest, joined the Order just as business problems and rapid development of his interests threatened to tax his capabilities. He had made some discoveries in his line of business that offered opportunity to break into a new line—special equipments for automobile fittings, etc. It was more than he knew how to handle and he was worried. After uniting with the Order he was helped in his business problems and for weeks he found himself meeting new conditions with a power and understanding that surprised many. He was very happy and thankful for the help he was receiving. Then he suddenly made contact with the Cosmic which pointed out to him a real mission in life. It was not the making of leather goods. He was disconcerted. Did it mean the abandoning of his new and growing business? Not at all. It meant that in his spare time and at moments when he was not busy with his daily occupation in the material world he had a great work to do in the psychic world. He became one of the finest directors of psychic treatment in that city and did not have to leave his home or his office to help hundreds in his part of the country. He was known to the average lodge member as a business man—and still is—but to the higher members he is the great physician. Persons who meet him on the street or in business do not suspect the work he is doing.

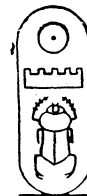
How can you—or I—tell what is being done by the truly devout members of the fraternity. They may wilfully or unconsciously conceal what they are doing. By what signs and

standards do we judge? We may meet a high grade member who seems to us to be in very moderate material circumstances, ever seeking to improve his worldly standing to meet his worldly obligations, and in every other way far from *typifying* what some persons think should be the standard of one who is a master of many of nature's great principles. They believe that such a person should want for nothing in the material world, for he should be able to attract and secure all he wants. He should have no business worries, for some magic should solve all such things. They do not know that the man's greatest concern is some secret or private work of such greatness that he is a tremendous power in that field and in the material field struggling to overcome conditions that would have destroyed one who did not know the laws. They do not know what he has accomplished in the past or what he will accomplish in the future.

You may meet a physician—a doctor of the medical school—who seems to be only partially successful in his practice. You wonder why he, as a high grade member, is not more successful. Do you know that his greatest work lies in some biological experiments he is conducting in his laboratory, secretly, and into which more of his time and income is poured than into his other practice? You meet the factory employee who seems to be wasting his time in such work when as a high grade initiate he should be going about doing wonderful and astounding things. Do you know that he has for years been working at night on an electrical device that will be a contribution to some future miracle of scientific achievement? He chooses to do the menial work in the day for it interferes less with his night-time hobby and yet provides just sufficient income for him to live upon while he gives himself to his psychic mission of inventing. And—he knows and we know that when his life's work is done and the invention perfected, it may be the decree of the Cosmic that his name will never be attached to the invention and many will ask some day: "What has Bill ever accomplished?"

The Rosicrucian knows that fame will be the least or the last of rewards that he should have in mind in considering his mission in life. He knows that he must *abide* by certain decrees, he must *yield* to certain noble urges from within, he must *heed* certain dictates from the Masters. Whatever else may be his struggles, weaknesses and problems in life, certain definite things must be attended to at all sacrifices of worldly situations. He may choose to accept all or part of the opportunities opened to him. He must then expect to reap as he sows.

Living the life of a Rosicrucian means following the law as it applies to the individual. We have seen what has happened in the religious or church world when attempts have been made all through the ages to lay down a set of rules of conduct for *all*. A few have adhered to these universal rules of conduct even to the extent of martyrdom—in some cases without any real benefit to themselves, the church, God or mankind generally. And, the majority have wandered away from the



rigid rules because they were not adaptable to all. No such standard of living is set for the Rosicrucian. As rapidly as he becomes familiar with the Cosmic laws and his relation to them as one individual expression of the whole, he is capable of determining what is his duty, his obligation. As he decides to live thereafter he also decides as to his fate—in this life and others to come.

But, for any of us to judge of another's adhesion to the life of a Rosicrucian, is an error, a sin. We can never know how greatly a man or woman may have changed the course of their lives; how greatly they are suffering, struggling and battling right now against odds that we might consider insurmountable. We never know what they may be sacrificing to maintain even a partial contact with our Order and its teachings. We cannot know what the Cosmic is directing them to do or what the Masters have cast for them in the checker-

board game. We at headquarters know of thousands of incidents in the daily lives of our higher grade members which prove their deep loyalty and profound regard for the Order and its teachings. We are forced to keep these matters secret; and we are sorry, touched deeply, when we learn that others lightly criticize these devout ones for not appearing to be *living examples* of Rosicrucianism.

Let each one of us make sure that we are doing according to our own Light, doing what we feel the Divine Urge to do, what the Masters have pointed out for us to do—even though it be menial work, casual work, seemingly unimportant and unrelated to the work of the Order; and in this way we can be sure of truly living the Rosicrucian life. We will then have no time to note whether others are living *the life as we think* they should. By the fruits shall we be judged—and the Masters will do the harvesting—not us.

∴ Membership Forum ∴

Letters for this Department should be addressed to the FORUM, care of the Editor of the Triangle. Those which discuss or argue important points of our work or of life's problems are preferred. All must be as short as possible. Initials or your full name will be used, according as you indicate; but your full name and address must be signed to each communication to receive attention. All letters must reach us by the fifth of each month for publication in the following month's issue. The Order, its Officers or the Editor are not responsible for any opinion expressed herein unless a comment is signed by one of the Officers.

Like the Manual

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

I want to thank you for the opportunity to purchase the Rosicrucian Manual. It is a very wonderful book. It has brought great Light to me and cleared up many things of which I was in doubt. Every member should be in possession of a copy.

Dr. Albert D. Persons, Chicago, Ill.

(We have received hundreds of letters praising the Manual and we cannot take the space to publish all of them. We will appreciate, however, hearing from each who reads it. Your comments will be helpful.—Editor).

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About Our Triangle

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

Respecting the magazine I have never written to the Editor to mention what part I like best, as we have been asked to do, because I am thankful to all those who contribute to it for our enlightenment; and making a choice implies that some are not chosen, and that might make them feel badly. However, in the last number I found that which it seems justifiable to speak about and I want to express my gratitude and appreciation for "Have You Smiled Today?" Perhaps just before reading

it I was a little dull and it therefore had greater reaction on me, but it did act like a tonic and I could not help smiling at once. It made me happy all day.

Jeanne Guesdon, Havana, Cuba.

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The RosiKrucian Cult

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

Thank you greatly for your timely explanation about the so-called RosiKrucian Cult in the Question and Answer Department of the September issue. I had heard such rumors aplenty here in California and of course I knew that the wine-selling proposition could not be connected with our Order. Despite the insistence of friends who were sure of themselves, I insisted that there was something wrong about the rumors and I did not want to insult our chiefs by writing and asking if any of the stories were true. I understand that this *cult* is now before the Federal authorities to show why they are operating under such a name and why they should use wine in their "meditation" and "concentration" exercises. The attitude our Order takes in such matters simply proves the high standards of true Rosicrucianism.

W. R. S., Santa Barbara, Calif.

An Opportunity

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

Will you be kind enough to announce in the Forum that if any one desires translations made from French into English or from English into French, for publication, or for occult books or mystical subjects they can arrange to have this done expertly by addressing "A. A., 674 Sherbrook Street, East, Montreal, Quebec, Canada."

A Brother.

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Help For Lodges

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

As an Officer of the Order in an Eastern Lodge visiting the new Lodges in the city of Los Angeles, I feel impelled to write and thank Headquarters for the remarkable system of propaganda conducted through so many channels in a dignified and conservative way. I had often felt the great good that your advertising and literature was doing in helping us secure new members for our Lodge back home, but it was not until I contacted its effect in larger communities, as here in Los Angeles, that I realized what it really means. It is only a few months ago—about six—that a new Lodge was started in Los Angeles with fifty or more members brought into the first foundation sessions solely through your help, and through your general propaganda work that number was doubled and then doubled again; and now this new Lodge must divide into two for it has enough members to form two complete Lodges of one hundred and forty-four members in each. It is true that the members have aided, and the Master has carried on active campaigns, but I find, in talking to so many new members that they were already acquainted with the ideals of the Order through your general propaganda when local members approached them. You deserve much praise for the costly, complete and carefully operated plan you have been using for the past three years. And now the radio station will give the final touch to the nation-wide publicity.

Harold D., Venice, Calif.

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The Rosicrucian Sciences

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

I have recently had an opportunity of discovering at first hand just what wonderful contributions to science have been made by Rosicrucians in the past. I have had the pleasure of talking with some of the foremost scientists of the several universities and "tech" schools of this vicinity, at an informal chat at the Harvard Club gatherings. The point of whether the ancient mystics had ever really contributed any practical knowledge to civilization was argued and finally resulted in a heated discussion which brought forth some old books from the excellent library. Three of the scientists adhered to their claim that the ancient Rosicrucians were not mere dreamers but scientific thinkers and we were clearly shown how, in silence, or reserve, they had contributed important and revolutionary discoveries and permitted science in general to have the credit. I have a higher regard for the practical side of our work now than I ever had.

Dr. Eswell Fenwick, Boston.

Please Page Washington

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

I wish to express my appreciation of the excellent standard of representation you maintain in all the cities of this country. I recently landed here at Washington after a trip from Bismarck, North Dakota. In Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York and Washington I found your Officers, your official representatives and secretaries well versed, cultured, polite, really and truly brotherly in every sense and of great help. But when I met Brother Kimmell and the other officers or members of the Order in Washington, D. C. I was certainly surprised at the enthusiasm and systematic way in which a visitor is handled and assisted. They are working hard in Washington to make the capitol lodge of our Order and I believe they will succeed.

Wm. Prescott.

(Our members will find a complete list of our branches and representatives in the rear pages of each issue of this magazine. Consult this before you travel—and call on some of our members. They will be glad to see you and help you.—Editor).

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Child Wisdom

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

Mrs. M. E. B. wrote in a recent issue of the Triangle of the little child's knowledge of a previous life on earth; I have found more than one case of children speaking this way. Usually parents and friends tell the child that it is silly to talk of such things and the little one says no more. If parents were wise and good they would encourage such thoughts. In this way I came to know more and more about myself. The remembrances of our past should be encouraged and built up.

Ed. G. N., Chicago, Ill.

(You are very correct, Brother, but the parents must know and realize first before they will understand how right it is to encourage such thoughts. Parents who have no understanding of reincarnation are not apt to listen to or encourage such ideas in their young children. We are sure that our Rosicrucian members will not deny their children the freedom of such thinking and speaking.—Editor).

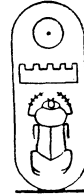
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Those Birthday Greetings

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

So many of us have not been forgotten on our birthdays and it would seem that we might show our appreciation by remembering the Emperor on his birthday, which I understand occurs during the Fall. I agree with a Brother who recently said in these columns that we are always ready to ask much help of the Order and its chief executives, and freely receive that help, but should think of trying to give some help or thanks. How many of us ever think that a personal reward of something to the Emperor or Supreme Secretary or the Master of our own Lodges, might be greatly enjoyed? Ever try to find out? Well, let us remember birthdays and Christmas. May we be informed as to the exact date of the Emperor's birth? H. F. T., New York City.

(As stated on many occasions and on page



128 of the Manual, the Emperor was born on November 25th, 1888.—Editor).

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About Astrology

Editor, Mystic Triangle:

Possibly some of the more recent members of the Order have thought of astrology as one of the fortune-telling games; and a few words about Horoscopes may be in order.

A Horoscope is a letter from home; and like earthly letters from home it has more meaning for the person to whom it belongs than it has for anyone else. When a person who cannot read receives a letter from home he finds it necessary for some one to read his letter for him; but the words in the letter carry more meaning to him than to the person who reads it to him: memories, allusions, experiences, family passwords, old hopes, fears, and restraints all combine to make him conscious of new knowledge; whereas the one who reads the letter is not conscious of these things.

For this reason it is well to ask help in the reading of one's Horoscope; it is not well to ask help in the interpretation of it: the interpretation is one's own business. It does not bring to another the memories, the allusions, the experiences that it brings to one's self; and for this reason it is practically impossible for another to help in the interpretation. You would not ask the reader of your letter "What do you suppose my folks meant by saying that?" You know what your folks meant better than the reader of the letter does. If the meaning of the Horoscope is not entirely clear to you at first, time and study and honest endeavor will make it so.

A Horoscope is also a weather forecast: every life has some wintry weather; but old age is not always the winter of life, nor is childhood always the clear and sunny season. One's Horoscope indicates the time for sowing and the time for harvesting, and the periods for rest; and when these things are known it is possible to direct one's efforts to a happier and more successful conclusion than can be done when one is ignorant of the seasons of his life. One prepares for the winter by providing warm clothing and housing and abundant fuel and pleasant occupation. The winter passes and summer comes again; the winter of one's life passes also.

The study of Astrology is very interesting and profitable to one's self. It is a great science and there is much to be learned: therefore one should be careful in giving to others astrological information regarding the course of their lives; it is so easy to make mistakes; and the person who, as an astrologer, is a first rate iceman can do much unintentional harm.

The rules that apply to the reading of others' letters apply also to reading Horoscopes:

1. To read a Horoscope at his request to one who is unable to read it, is a kindness.

2. To read the Horoscope of a child or a ward who is under one's care is a part of the care of the child or the ward; it should be carefully studied, and no information given to those who would make it a matter of gossip.

3. To read the Horoscopes of people who

have passed on is in line with reading their memoirs, their letters, and their diaries.

4. To read the Horoscopes of countries or of people in public positions is comparable to making a weather forecast.

5. But to read the Horoscopes of one's friends and acquaintances for one's own satisfaction or curiosity is just as much a breach of conduct as reading their letters; and the liability to misconstruction is just as great. After several years of observation I am inclined to believe that such a breach of conduct carries with it a penalty which is just as real, if less obvious, as that imposed upon people who read letters belonging to others.

The person who is able to secure his Horoscope from an accredited Rosicrucian Astrologer is indeed fortunate; it is not one of the things that can be had at any time, nor is the value of it measured by the cost. It grows in value with acquaintance and with the passage of time; and it is especially valuable to have at the beginning of an age.

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Special Notice

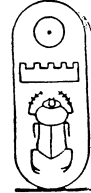
It appears that during the summer and fall vacation period, when many of our members have returned from trips of from two to four weeks in length, they found awaiting them from two to four lectures. This rather confused them as to what procedure they should adopt in studying this accumulated amount of lectures. They were accustomed to receiving one each week and accounting for that during the week. In other words, they had the entire week to study one lecture and now, upon their return, after having been away, they found three lectures and they think it impossible to properly study these three lectures or they believe it contrary to our system to permit them to study three lectures in one week. Therefore, they communicate with us and state that they would desire us to temporarily hold up future lectures for a period of two weeks, during which time they may study the accumulated lectures at the rate of one a week.

Now this is entirely the wrong attitude for the member to take, for various reasons. First, you are permitted at times to study as many lectures as you can assimilate and intelligently comprehend in one week's time. We send you only one lecture a week, so as to give you plenty of time to read and digest that lecture and to practice the accompanying exercises or experiments, if there may be any with that lecture, but we absolutely do suggest and want to encourage our members in studying two or three lectures in one week, if they have them on hand, so as to catch up with their class activities. They may lay aside temporarily their exercises and the experiments contained in the lectures and read these three lectures and when they are caught up with their class they may go back and perform the experiments. For instance, when a member has two lectures on hand and believes he must study one a week or take two weeks to catch up with his lectures and writes to us requesting us to hold up his future lectures for two weeks, this is what takes place. First, practically one week of that time is lost in your letter reaching us.

Then, if we hold up after that two weeks, the total time is then three weeks, and then if we start sending you your lectures after this period, it will be another week before you get your first lecture again. So the total time will not be about two weeks, but four weeks, during which time you lose the following benefits. When you become inactive temporarily, all future literature, such as your magazine, special notes, special comments, are withheld, besides personal correspondence; and your name is then not included in any metaphysical activities that are entered into here at headquarters and you lose this contact and association with the organization, merely because you have two or three lectures on hand. Besides, it necessitates our going through the entire files of the organization and withholding your name in all of them and then, two weeks later, going through the entire file and making you an active member again.

Therefore, we say in conclusion, that if you

have two or three or four lectures on hand, due to any reason, traveling, having been ill, vacations, business affairs, etc., do not have your lectures held up for this short period of time, but study them in one week's time or ten days. In a short time you can intelligently comprehend the lectures. If you have four lectures on hand, that means that out of an entire week's time you certainly should be able to spend four hours at different periods in studying your accumulated lectures. One part of the week we might have an hour in the morning, and another part of the week we might have it in the afternoon, sometimes in the evening, and sometimes on Sunday. Therefore, arrange to study your accumulated lectures in one week, unless you have a great many of them. You will then be caught up with your class, will not have to lose the association and contact with the organization and will have the future weeks in which to go back and review your experiments.



Healing Department



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

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

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

1. Rosicrucians do not condemn the use of medicines. There is a wide difference between medicines and drugs, however. Some of the

foremost of ancient Rosicrucians were pioneers in the art of medicine and contributed greatly to the science of medical therapeutics. The use of simple herbs or their extracts and similar medicines is in keeping with natural laws at times, and undoubtedly nature provided many remedies for just such purposes. But these should be administered by one who has specialized in their study as well as in the science of diagnosing.

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

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

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

However, there is a very wide field in which we can demonstrate the Rosicrucian principles of healing, and, unless you have some condi-

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

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

OUR HEALING PERIODS

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

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

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

For those living where Central standard time is used, from 10:30 to 10:40 A. M. and 8:30 to 8:40 P. M. daily except Sunday.

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

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

This gives our members two periods each day of ten minutes during which the Impera-

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

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

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

::: Questions Answered :::

By THE EMPEROR

Important questions may be sent to the Editor of the Triangle and each month a few of them will be submitted to the Emperor for his personal answer. If questions refer to any point in the lecture, please give number of lecture and page. Questions which anticipate points in future lectures will not be answered.

Q. Will you kindly inform some of us through the Triangle what you think of the books by Koresh? I have several that have been offered to me and with them those that form a course of study, the regular price of which is \$100, but now offered for \$10. I am not personally interested for, having studied these subjects, I know that the Amore lessons contain all I can digest; but others wish to know.

A—Since we do not know the exact nature of the books by Koresh to which you refer or the others, except by name, we cannot pass judgment. It does seem strange, however, that a course really worth one hundred dollars should sell for ten; and if not worth the original hundred dollars asked for it, it has been selling under misrepresented value and may not be worth the ten dollars now asked. We are saying all this without having read the course and therefore do not wish it to be understood as a criticism of the instruction. We

are always happy to speak of good books and good instruction whenever brought to our attention.

Q. Will you kindly tell us what you know about the Unity School of Christianity at Kansas City, Mo.?

A—The Unity movement has been doing excellent work for many years. We cannot praise it too highly. We have known of its activities in detail, personally, and we have read hundreds of pleasing comments in our correspondence. We wish that every movement in America—or throughout the world—had the same high ideals, the same good will and constructive program maintained by Unity. Mr. Charles Fillmore—the leading spirit of the movement—is a sweet, noble soul, a wonderful writer and a good leader. His book on Christian Healing is not only a standard guide in this subject, but intensely interesting. For years we have endorsed the work of Unity, but must add that it is unlike the Rosicrucian teachings

in two essentials—it is strictly Christian, and it is limited to a definite channel. That will make it appreciated by many, and will prove to be helpful to some of our members who want just what it offers. It does not claim to present the complete metaphysical schooling and instruction offered by the Rosicrucians. This is another reason we admire it. It does not make claims that it cannot fulfil. That is surely a strong recommendation for any organization.

Q. What is this new system of eating called *The Modified Fast*?

A—For centuries the virtues of fasting have been extolled, and often attempted by those who should not fast, and neglected by those who should. Moses recognized the virtue of short fasts and in order to make it an acceptable custom at periods, he presented it as a religious or sacred element in the lives of his people. It really is such in a way, for it is a Godly thing to treat the human body properly. Our lectures and lessons tell you much about fasting and eating. We have said over and over that prolonged fasting and complete fasting may be injurious to a great many. Now some eminent physicians and scientists have discovered that the real benefits of fasting may be destroyed by the effects of *starvation* while the beneficial effects of giving the digestive organs a rest or change may be secured by modified fasting, that is, partial fasting and limiting the food eaten to certain necessary elements and a change of diet. It is, in other words, a rational method of partial fasting, a middle course between starvation and over-eating; both of these latter are sins, in the sense of the Mosaic law and in the sense of pure Rosicrucianism also.

Q. Is it possible that at some stage of mystical development one may come in contact with the Masters and receive individual or direct instruction as mentioned in the story of the *Brother of the Rosy Cross* which was published in the *Mystic Triangle*?

A—Yes, it is possible, and this is thoroughly explained for the first time in all of its wonderful details in the new Rosicrucian Manual in the special article on the Great White Lodge and the Great Masters.

Q. I have seen the advertisement of Della Curva in many magazines about a book called the *Philosophy of Natural Magic*. Please tell me something about this book.

A—The book is a new edition of the very old book by Henry Cornelius Agrippa. It was originally published in London in 1651. It treats on many occult subjects from the ancient viewpoint and, of course, in strange terms and language of the middle ages. The book is interesting if not practical, and is sold by Della Curva, 356 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q. I have just received some Bulletins from an occult organization in India and in them I find some references unkind to our members. I spent a great deal of money with this Indian organization and two young women friends of the Order here spent large sums as well as other members of our Order whom I know. Now that we and others have stopped sending any money or buying any books, I see that we

are being referred to as selfish Rosicrucians, etc. I wrote to you about my experiences with that Indian organization some months ago and at least five have told me that they registered with AMORC their displeasure about their dealings. What shall we do about this in the city of Chicago?

A—Absolutely nothing. It is true that a great many of our members did plan to help the Indian organization to which you refer and many of them purchased courses of Indian philosophy and other sets of writings and then sent them to us and asked if we knew that much of the matter attempted to contradict our work. We did not know that and advised them to use their own judgment. We advised no one to discontinue any relation they had promised to maintain; but fifty or more did do so after they found that they were buying more books or lessons in one month than they had to have from AMORC in two years—so far as cost was concerned, and with no help in their AMORC studies. That the organization should now issue a letter or bulletin to these persons criticising us speaks for itself. We are very sorry that this matter should cast the slightest blight upon the good name of occultism in India and hope that it will not continue to do so. Do not write and criticise the letters you have received, do not reply with unkindness, but just forgive and forget.

Q. Someone in Chicago connected with some psychology company is claiming that he was your official representative for years and has certain of your books for sale and will sell your new Manual, etc., while also claiming that he has a superior set of instructions of his own for sale which reveal the “weaknesses” of all forms of Rosicrucianism. What reply can we make?

A—That AMORC never had an official representative in Chicago who was not a member of the Order and still a member of the Order, with name and address appearing in our Magazine; that no representative of this organization ever sold any of our books, for we had none for him to sell; that no representative or other person in Chicago will sell our Manual except we say so in this magazine. As for the other claims, your good common sense will explain why they are made.

Q. Why do you call the centre at Tampa the national headquarters of the Order and permit a branch in San Francisco to call itself the Western headquarters?

A—Because when we shifted the national executive offices from San Francisco to Tampa, we did practically the same thing as when we shifted from New York to San Francisco. We have had the national offices located in several locations in order to further the work and boost the conditions of membership in certain sections of the country. We did not abandon our headquarters in the West by our move to Tampa and we maintain our Eastern headquarters still in New York, and whether we are in the East or West we always have both big headquarters as centres for general or national activities. With active branches in so many cities, the truly national headquarters are wherever the Imperator and the national staff of executives may be located.



*The
Mystic
Triangle
October
1927*

A SPECIAL BOOK FOR OUR MEMBERS

The Rosicrucian Manual

AUTHORIZED BY THE IMPERATOR

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

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

WHY IT IS PUBLISHED—

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

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

WHAT IT CONTAINS—

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

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

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

NOT A PART

OF THE LESSON WORK—

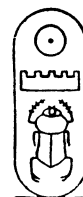
No member is required to purchase this book as an absolute necessity to his studies. It is simply a wonderful compilation of facts and mystical matter which every seeker along Rosicrucian paths will value as an extra aid in his advancement. Every member owning the book will save its price in a few months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

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

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Two Hundred Sixty-six



Affiliated solely with the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, internationally known as ANTIQUUM ARCANUM ORDINEM ROSAE ET AUREAE CRUCIS with associated bodies operating throughout the world under the title of A. M. O. R. C. (or translations of the same). Adhering to the ancient traditions of the Order, the North American Jurisdiction was incorporated as a non-profit organization, and its name and symbols are protected by Registration in the United States Patent office. The A. M. O. R. C. is not, and never has been, affiliated or remotely connected with any other fraternal or secret society or any cult or movement other than Rosicrucian; and its system of operation is distinctly different from that of all other fraternities in Constitution, Landmarks, Ritual and Teachings. It is the only fraternal organization in America represented in the International Rosicrucian Congresses.

THE NORTH AMERICAN JURISDICTION

(Including the United States, Dominion of Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Republic of Panama, the West Indies, Lower California, and all land under the protection of the United States of America).

H. SPENCER LEWIS, F. R. C., Ph. D. Emperor for North America
RALPH M. LEWIS, K. R. C. Supreme Secretary for North America
RALPH A. WACKERMAN, F. R. C. Supreme Grand Master for North America

Classification of Membership

(The following classifications of membership apply to the North American Jurisdiction as outlined above, and to parts of other Jurisdictions. The fees or dues vary in other jurisdictions, however):

General Student Membership: Members located in any part of the North American Jurisdiction who cannot affiliate with a Lodge and attend lectures, for various reasons, are permitted to take a preparatory course and then receive the regular lectures, weekly, in personal form, with special experiments, tests, lecture-lessons assigned to meet individual requirements, etc. They also receive the monthly magazine and full membership benefits. Registration Fee, five dollars with application. Dues, two dollars monthly payable at the Supreme Lodge before the 5th of each month.

Chartered Group Lodges: Where a certain number of General Students live in any locality and are not affiliated with any regular Lodge, they may have the benefit of this form of membership. The benefits are association each week with other members, the discussion of the lectures, the comparison of experiences, special readings and talks, etc. Address Department of Groups for further particulars.

Chartered Lodge Colleges: Consist of 144 advanced members, receiving their lectures and instruction in classes meeting under a Master and complete set of officers in their own Temples. Such Lodges are located in the principal centers of population in North America. Fees and dues in these Lodges are optional with each Lodge. For directory of District Headquarters, see next page.

PUBLIC LECTURES AND READING ROOMS

Members and friends will find a cordial welcome and an opportunity to hear public lectures, or spend an interesting evening, at our Temples and Halls located at: 843 Octavia Street, San Francisco; 739 Boylston Street, Boston; 560 Granville Street, Vancouver, Canada; 361 West 23rd Street, New York; South Winsor (Hartford), Conn.; Rosicrucian Square, Memorial Boulevard, Tampa, Florida; Rosicrucian Hall, 327 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, California.

(Continued on next page)

General Instructions to Members

In order to have your correspondence receive prompt attention be sure to use the address below. Do not send Special Delivery letters or telegrams unless in emergencies. Special Delivery Letters are not delivered to any of our departments sooner than regular letters. You may direct your letter to any special department by placing in the lower left corner of the envelope the name of any of the following departments:

Secretary to the Emperor; Supreme Secretary; Financial Secretary; Dept. of Extension (regarding new Lodges); Dept. of Groups (regarding Groups or their formation); Dept. of Propaganda (regarding increasing membership or interest in the work); Dept. of Publicity (regarding newspaper or magazine articles about the Order or general publicity in the form of public lectures); Dept. of Publication (regarding this magazine or any of our official leaflets or circulars); Dept. of Research (regarding additions, changes or extensions of our lectures, courses of study or experimental work); Dept. of Public Activities (regarding our work in Egyptian Excavations, child welfare, prison welfare, etc.); Complaint Department (regarding lost lessons, errors in mailing, change of address, etc.); Legal Department. Each of these departments is in charge of a special employee and envelopes marked in this manner, but addressed as below, will receive prompt attention. International Cable Address. "AMORCO."

Make all checks or money orders payable only to "Amorc Funds."

A M O R C
Rosicrucian Square, Memorial Boulevard, Tampa, Florida, U. S. A.

*The
Mystic
Triangle
October
1927*

Directory

District Headquarters:

New York Grand Lodge: Mr. Louis Lawrence, K. R. C., Grand Master. AMORC Temple Building, 361 West 23rd Street, New York City.

Massachusetts Grand Lodge: Mrs. Marie Clemens, S. R. C., Grand Master. AMORC Temple, 739 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Connecticut Grand Lodge: Secretary, P. O. Box 1083, Waterbury, Connecticut.

Pennsylvania Grand Lodge: Dr. Charles Green, K. R. C., Grand Master. May Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Florida Grand Lodge: AMORC Temple Building, Rosicrucian Square, Memorial Boulevard, Tampa, Florida.

Texas Grand Lodge: Mrs. C. Wanbloom, S. R. C., Grand Master, 1133 South Laredo Street. San Antonio, Texas.

Arkansas City Lodge: Mrs. W. D. MacAllister, 502 North Second St., Arkansas City, Kansas.

California Grand Lodge: Mr. William Riesener, K. R. C., Grand Master. AMORC Temple, 843 Octavia Street (near Golden Gate Avenue), San Francisco, California.

Canadian Grand Lodge: Dr. J. B. Clark, K. R. C., Grand Master. AMORC Grand Lodge Temple, 560 Granville Street, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Francis Bacon Lodge, No. 333, Montreal: Charles E. Coling, K. R. C., Secretary. P. O. Box 212, Westmount, Quebec, Canada.

AMORC: 2714 Russell St., St. Louis, Missouri.

AMORC Information Bureau: 1600 Marshall Field Annex, Chicago, Illinois.

Los Angeles Lodge: AMORC TEMPLE, 232 South Hill St., Los Angeles. Miss Catherine Newsome-Jewell, Secretary.

AMORC Information Bureau: Zada C. Perso, 14639 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Philadelphia Lodge: Stanley Taylor, 5215 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

AMORC Information Bureau: Mr. Joseph F. Kimmel, 518 7th St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Chartered Group Lodges:

Grand Lodges and subordinate bodies are chartered in the following cities:

Atascadero, Calif.; Stockton, Calif.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Lashburn, Sask., Canada; Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; Westminster, B. C., Canada; Ciego de Avila, Camaguey, Cuba; Torranteras, Banes, Cuba; Cayo Mambi, Cuba; South Bend, Indiana; Arkansas City, Kansas; Chicago, Illinois; Worcester, Mass.; Cordoba, Vera Cruz, Mexico; Torreón, Mexico; Tampico, Mexico; Flint, Michigan; Omaha, Nebraska; Paterson, N. J.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Jamestown, N. Y.; Managua, Nicaragua, Central America; Cleveland, Ohio; Toledo, Ohio; Massillon, Ohio; Portland, Oregon; Ancon, Canal Zone; Philadelphia, Pa.; Wilmerding, Pa.; Beaumont, Texas; Lufkin, Texas; Washington, Washington; Green Bay, Wisc.; Madison, Wisc.; Superior, Wisc.; Denver, Colorado; Grand Junction, Colorado; Des Moines, Iowa; Youngstown, Ohio; Atlanta, Ga.; Newark, N. J.; Miami, Florida; Victoria, B. C., Canada; Verdun, Quebec, Canada; Dayton, Ohio; Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania; Winkelman, Arizona; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Cartersville, Missouri; Sioux City, Iowa; Chihuahua, Mexico; San Jose, Calif.

SPANISH-AMERICAN JURISDICTION

This includes the Mexican and Central American section of the North American Jurisdiction and all the Spanish countries of South America, as well as the West Indies. The Grand Lodge of all the Spanish-American Section is located at San Juan, Puerto Rico; Mr. Manuel Rodriguez Serra, K.R.C., Supreme Master (Aparto Postal Num. 36). The Grand Lodge of Mexico is located at Mexico City, D. F., Lcdo. Gilberto Loyo, Grand Secretary, Apartado Postal 2763. (The work of this section is carried on in Spanish and English).

FOREIGN JURISDICTIONS

For all British countries, the AMORC Grand Lodge of Great Britain, Mr. Raymond Andrea, K. R. C., Grand Secretary, 41 Berkely Road, Bishopston, Bristol, England.

For the Scandinavian countries, the AMORC Grand Lodge of Denmark, C. Anderson, Deputy Grand Master, Manogade 13th Strand, Copenhagen, Denmark.

For Holland, the AMORC Grand Lodge, Mr. F. A. Lans, Grand Secretary, Schyststraat 244, The Hague.

For France, The "AMORC du Nord," Paris, France.

The East Indies Lodge of AMORC, at Batavia, Java; Master, Mr. B. U. E. Van Raay,

Bandungweg 5, Weltevreden, Dutch East Indies.

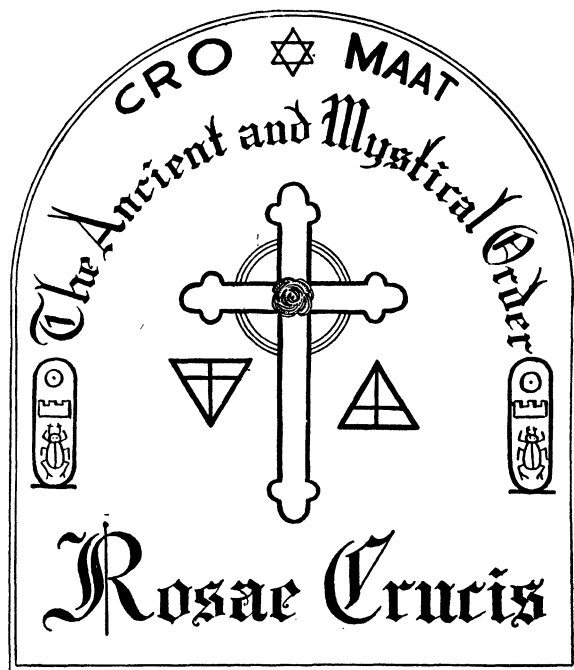
The AMORC G. A., P. O. Box 36, Kumasi-Ashanti, Gold Coast, Africa.

Also the Grand Lodges or the associated bodies located in:

Melbourne, Australia; Nigeria, West Africa; Basle, Switzerland; Vienna, Austria; Tientsin, China.

The Grand Lodge of China and Russia: Mr. I. A. Gridneff, K. R. C., Grand Master, 8/18 Kavkazskaya St., Harbin, Manchuria.

The Supreme Lodge and Temple of AMORC of India is located at Arkonam, Madras Presidency, South India.



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