

TO THE TEMPLE OF ALDEN

Royle Thurston (H. Spencer Lewis)

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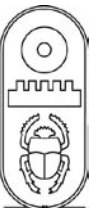
The old Rosicrucian "Temple of Alden" is situated in the oldest section of California among primitive ruins on a hill overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Alden was its first Master and founder in 1603.

The coastline ranges far, the skies unfold;
The mountains rise in glory, stair on stair;
The setting sun sheds Gold Rays as of old
In thickets dark where roses bloom most fair.
The ancient sea, deep wrinkled, ever young,
With salt-lip kisses still the silver sand.
In ruined Temple dwells the Master with silent tongue
And alchemists with strange fire shake the land.

An hundred generations here have come,
And wandered o'er these hills and faced the light;
An hundred times slight man from mortal womb
Has leapt and lapsed again into the night.
Here tribesmen dwelt, and fought and cursed their star,
And scoured both land and sea to sate their needs;
Prophetic eyes of Alden gazed here afar,
And laid the cornerstone of mystic deeds.

Nor dreamed this mystic mortal of his Past,
Nor the deep sources of his life divined;
Watching his herds, or nets in ocean cast,
Deaf to the ancestral voices down the wind;
Nor guessed what strange young likeness should arise
Self of himself, far in the future years
With his own soul within his sunlit eyes,
And in his heart his secret hopes and tears.

Yet, Alden saw—Yea, from his lofty stand
He saw each life continuous extend
Beyond its mortal bound and reach a hand
To others and to others without end.



He saw the generations, like a river
Flow down from age to age, and all the vast
Complex of human passion float and quiver
A wondrous mirror where incarnations glassed.

And still through all the ages scarce a change
Has touched those mountain slopes or seaward curve,
And still the folk beneath the old laws range,
And from the ancient customs hardly swerve;
Still Life and Death, veiled figures, hand in hand,
Move o'er men's heads, dread, irresistible,
To ope the portals of that other land
Where Peace Profound and Alden dwell.

