

A U M

TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

Humanity is the child of cyclic destiny and not one of its units can escape its unconscious mission, or get rid of the burden of its coöperative work with Nature.

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H. P. BLAVATSKY.

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PATIENCE.

From Ibrahim, son of Kunaif of Nabhan. Translation of C. J. Lyall.



BE PATIENT: for free-born men to bear is the fairest thing,
 And refuge against Time's wrong or help from his hurt is none;
 And if it availed man aught to bow him to fluttering Fear,
 Or if he could ward off hurt by humbling himself to Ill,
 To bear with a valiant front the full brunt of every stroke
 And onset of Fate were still the fairest and best of things.
 But how much the more, when none outruns by a span his Doom,
 And refuge from God's decree nor was nor will ever be,
 And sooth, if the changing Days have wrought us—their wonted way—
 A lot mixed of weal and woe, yet one thing they could not do:
 They have not made soft or weak the stock of our sturdy spear;
 They have not abased our hearts to doing of deeds of shame.
 We offer to bear their weight, a handful of noble souls:
 Though laden beyond all weight of man, they uplift the load.
 So shield we with Patience fair our souls from the stroke of Shame;
 Our honors are whole and sound, though others be lean enow.

LET US AWAKE.

By H. T. EDGE.

“Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep.”—Romans
xiii, 11.



“SLEEP” is a very good word to describe the general mental condition of civilized society at this century’s end, though perhaps “uneasy slumber” would be a more accurate description. For, from a spiritual point of view, the world has been sleeping. The concerns of our inner life, the interests of our higher and *real* nature have been avoided and shelved. There has been a “conspiracy of silence” about them. Religious topics have been tacitly avoided in our daily life and conversation; they would interfere too much with the comfortable, drowsed state which best suits our ordinary occupations, and arouse uncomfortable qualms; or else they would bring on unseemly quarrels. Religion is therefore carefully pigeon-holed in that division of our time known as Sunday, when we go to a meeting from which unpleasant topics are too often discreetly banished, and the parson aids and abets in the slumbrous soothing of our consciences. Whenever, in our daily life, an unwelcome truth pops out its head, does not everyone at once combine to put on the “blinkers,” to explain it away, or to change the subject? We cannot always keep hidden these inconsistencies, especially when the *enfant terrible* (which means a child only partially perverted) is around. Religion, in short, is apt to be found leagued with the sleepers, on the side of vested interests and old abuses, an anodyne and narcotic rather than a stimulant; and the impatient aspirant usually finds himself at arms with it.

Nor is it of any use, failing religion, to throw ourselves into the arms of modern science for help against the tide of materialism that invests us; for modern science does not even profess to throw light on the problems of man’s spiritual nature. It lends itself, like religion, to the abuses of civilization, fortifying the rich, the idle, or the selfish in their castles and pleasure-gardens, and strengthening the bonds of the feeble. Its philosophy, when it has one, is one of despair and doubt, denying the warm impulses of the soul and reducing life to a cold calculation.

The present time is like the time when our door is rapped in the morning; we must either shake off sleep and rise to begin a new day, or else we must sink again into a new but heavier slumber. We cannot stay as we are. Hence we have now in the civilized world two classes; those who are so comfortable that they will try all they can to slumber further, and those who are tired of sleep and are rubbing their eyes and straining to arouse themselves. Things to-day are not as they were yesterday. The sun has risen higher; the world’s inquietude is becoming more urgent. The strain of humanity’s present conditions grows day by day more intolerable. It is harder for the sleepers to keep their eyes shut and sleep on. The position of an awakened man planted in a society *built on*

self-seeking is very painful. There are very many such people. Soon there will be so many that the strain will become too great and they will burst their bonds and seek for the light and the salvation of humanity. Isolated from one another they can do but little; and most of them must needs take refuge in the best kind of compromise they can effect. But set them free, unite them in a Universal Brotherhood, and give them a nucleus around which they can gather, and the wasted energy will be utilized, the smoking flax blown into flame.

Another characteristic of these times that has often been remarked is the absence of leaders of men among us. There are none who can stir the people and gather them round their banners, no great religious and moral teachers, no poets, statesmen, scientific luminaries, nor geniuses of any kind. We are restless, unsettled, and without definite aim or tendency. There are no great tides of enthusiasm, but only a choppy sea, washing hither and thither on the surface. Men are asleep; the energies of civilization have run down. Humanity has steered so long on the one tack that its course is in danger of being lost.

This is, in short, just the kind of time when students of history should expect a great leader to appear and collect into one focus the scattered rays of hope and energy which are otherwise in danger of fading out because of their isolation. A Leader with a strong new message for poor leaderless, despairing humanity; such a Leader as Joan of Arc or Mahomet or Buddha or Jesus, who would reawaken the spirit of dash and enthusiasm that has so died down. And we members of the Universal Brotherhood know that there is such a Leader in the world who has already proclaimed the Brotherhood of humanity and pointed out the path to follow. Those who are wise will prepare themselves silently for such a change in men's affairs. They will not strive to involve themselves still deeper with the things that are passing away, but will "sell out," so to say, and invest in the rising securities of the new life of Brotherhood. Those who cannot change with the times must fall behind; for, when compromise is no longer possible, "all or nothing" is the only cry.

When narrow, hard and fast lines of long standing are broken up, men are thrown back on their own character and on the original and eternal principles of human nature. They are in fact stripped of their clothes and disguises and become once more the plain "forked radish" of which Carlyle speaks. Hence, to "awaken out of sleep" means that we must leave off adorning those vestments and masks of society and begin strenuously to cultivate and foster those *real* qualities which alone will serve us in the crisis. Thus money, ambition, love of rule, mental dogmatism, graceful accomplishments, social position, and such like, are not the things to be invested in now. They are the mere external paraphernalia and trappings of a man. *Character* is the great asset of the coming time; and the main-spring of character is selflessness. Self-seeking is the motive which will suffer most in the crisis, for it is the basis of the old order that is crumbling. But the selfless man will be in his own element. He cannot be harmed; he has no stock in the old order, and nothing to lose. He is at home anywhere; humanity is his world. His personal belongings are his character, which cannot be taken away. Let us therefore awaken out of sleep and cultivate that which endureth.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOUND.

By CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.



HE universal power of music over mental states gives rise to much fascinating speculation among musicians who are philosophically inclined concerning the *rationale* of sound, and its correspondence with other vibrational phenomena in nature. It is not enough for some minds to experience the elevating effects of certain combinations of sounds upon themselves and others; they must further inquire *why* sound affects, and seek to investigate the subtle connection between waves or vibrations of ether, and waves or vibrations of the inner psychic nature of man. And such inquirers, though they often lose in art what they gain from scientific criticism directed toward it, do much to uphold the dignity of music as an actual factor in the evolution of the human soul.

"Music," it has been intuitively said, "is not only one of the refinements of life, but life itself." If this be true, our poets may speak more literally than we wot of, when they figure the life of man and the Universe in terms of sound.

"And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
It is everywhere in the world—loud and soft, and all is said."

The science of vibrations, then, imperfectly though it is yet understood, appears to open to us at least one portal of the mystery of life. Penetrate far enough—"and all is said." Since all vibration produces sound, and since all matter is in motion or vibration, it follows that whenever there is matter or substance there must also be sound, though inaudible. Hence every object and part of the universe will be continually producing a certain definite sound, though our ears may not be sufficiently sensitive to receive it. Truly and literally the world is a vast orchestra of pulsing vibration, and the "music of the spheres" exist equally for the scientist, as for the man of imagination.

Professor Huxley's oft-quoted statement in his essay on the "Physical Basis of Life" will come readily to the mind of many:

"The wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest, is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city."

A musician's pursuit leads him sometimes away from the practical side of his art, to the speculative. He has to become, for the time, a philosopher, seeking to know *how* sound is made, and its relation to the ultimates of things. And Science gives us such big hints—sets us so tall a ladder to climb, that climb we

will, to find, when we have got high enough, that the Easterns have been before us, and have relegated Sound—primordial matter in vibration—to the very forefront of the divine program of the Universe.

According to the *Puranas*, the world, with its countless forms, conditions, and aspects, is built out of a single Substance, to whose earliest manifestations belongs the only conceivable attribute of Sound. The *Vedas* set forth the cause of Sound, and the "Voice of Nature" under the allegory of the Gandharvas, the 6,333 heavenly Singers and Musicians of Indra's Realm, who personify, even in numbers, the manifold sounds in nature, spiritual and physical. The Hindus interpret them to mean the forces of solar fire, and their association with both heat and sound is an interesting forestallment of the hypothesis of modern Science that heat is a specific form of vibratory motion, all vibration producing sound, audible and inaudible.

Of course Science laughs at the *Vedas*, and their fairytale methods of dealing with hard facts. It knows nothing of a hypothetical Akasa-Ether as the origin of sound. "Sound is the result of the vibrations of the *air*," say our wiser men. For all that, we will just glance at a little more archaic nonsense on the subject.

The three most dissimilar religious philosophies of the ancient world agree in the idea of creation, or transmutation, by Word or Sound. The Hindu Brahmâ through Vâch (divine Speech) created the Primordial Waters. Light, Sound, Number, the Ten Words, or Sephiroth, are the three factors in creation, according to the Chaldean-Hebrew Kabbalah. The Pythagoreans held that the Logos called forth the world out of Chaos by Sound or Harmony, and constructed it according to the principles of musical proportion. For this reason, Pythagoras made a knowledge of music and mathematics necessary to admission into his schools.

Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that these ancients knew something, that their Akasa—Vâch—Logos—Verbum contained high suggestions of a condition of (if I may so speak) *spiritualised* Sound, the result of vibrations so rapid in a medium so attenuated as to defy investigation by physical means, and to be reached in thought only by induction from the law of analogy on all the planes of Nature. This will give us some conception of Sound as a (possibly) creative potency, and a factor in the early evolution of Form. Is not this hypothesis borne out by the celebrated Watts-Hughes experiments in which sand on stretched vellum is thrown into geometrical shapes by the vibrations of a violin-string? Science, indeed, seems to be awakening, in many directions, to the great possibilities connected with the right use and understanding of sound, and its sister, color.

Every atom of matter in the Universe, of every grade of density, has probably a fixed rate of vibration. One may produce, by sound, the key-note of the atoms composing a structure or organism, and may harmonise or disturb them according to the particular ratio of vibration employed. In cases where illness is due to a disturbance of the right balance of molecular motion—either of the

physical or psychic man—the proper use of sound as a restorer of equability is scientifically conceivable. We have lately heard of the Guild of St. Cecilia whose object is to allay certain forms of suffering by music performed in the sick-room by competent musicians who have devoted themselves to this experiment. In Paris, too, the different colours of the spectrum have lately been made to play a part in the treatment of disease.

Sound is the first link in a (possibly) infinite chain of phenomena resulting from vibratory motion of matter in different degrees of modification. From 32 to 32,000 vibrations per second lies the range of sound audible to the human ear, conveyed by the air. From 32,000, to a third of a billion vibrations is the region of the electric rays, the medium being ether. These rays Lord Armstrong has shown to be productive of form in geometrical proportion. From 35 to 1875 billions per second, we have the range of the heat and light rays—a narrow margin comprising red at 450, and violet at 750 billions. Some steps upward may be found the vibrations of the Röntgen rays, from a fourth of a trillion, to ten times that number per second. Then a vast, almost unexplored region in which the rays cease to be refracted, reflected, or polarized, and traverse dense bodies as though they were transparent.

Professor Crookes is our authority for this vibrational ladder, and he sets no limit to its ascent in ever-increasing rates of velocity. An observation of the exceedingly narrow limits of our perceptions and knowledge gives rise to the speculation as to whether sound might not exist at stages of inconceivable height, as well as at the comparatively low point in the ascent at which we find it. Whether on the principle that extremes meet, the Hindu Akâsa—spiritualized sound—may not be so very unscientific, after all.

But to return to *terra-firma*. Sound, form, colour, heat are a series of apparently interdependent effects arising from the one cause of matter in motion. Arrange now the vibrations of sound in certain definite combinations, as in music, and we get a distinct impression on the mind and emotions, and are confronted again with the time-honoured problem of associating changes in matter with changes in mind and feeling. A new, and totally dissimilar phenomenon has been added to our list of correspondences—one that has ever constituted the “Thus far” of the scientist.

One clue only can be offered here, and that an insufficient one. Huxley, as we have seen, regards every atom in nature as pulsing with inaudible sound. If his statement be true, it follows that not only the physical body of man, but the ether interpenetrating it, and even the substance or inner vehicle of man’s mind must each have its own dominant note, which can be altered and modified by the power of sound in different combinations. If this were not so, if sound did not exist within man in some form or another, by reason of the regularly toned molecules of his sensitive inner nature, there could be no connection between himself and the sounds reaching him from without. Hence it is easy to understand why every organism, with its own peculiar key-note, or rate of vibration, will be differently affected by different classes of music, certain com-

binations of sounds influencing some natures strongly in a particular direction, and leaving others untouched through lack of the appropriate key-note.

From the Eastern custom of *mantram* chanting, or the deliberate employment of certain sound-vibrations for the production of certain states of consciousness, to the *leit-motif* of our modern orchestral writers, is probably a far cry; yet both have a common principle. In Wagner's Dramas, for instance, the hearer associates in consciousness certain personages and dramatic points with an appropriate combination of notes. Every part of the work stands to each, and to the hearer, in a definite vibrational ratio. So that by constant repetition of the individual *motifs*, or *logoi* (the latter a significant term) the consciousness of the audience becomes attuned to a sympathetic relation with the characters and episodes as presented, of which the *motifs* are the attempted sound-equivalents. This mantram power of music to arouse corresponding states of consciousness is within the experience of all.

Of modern composers, possibly Wagner and Schumann had the deepest insight into the influence of sound upon the inner, psychic organism. To these men, the composer's power lay in the expression and interpretation, in terms of sound, of certain stages of soul-experience. Without a perfect attunement of the inner vibrations that make up individuality, with their outer correspondences, without the true inspiration founded on nature and soul-life, music may pass into the realm of intellectual sound-gymnastics, but it can never become true *art*.

According to what a man has done, suffered, thought, and experienced, will be the harmony or discord of the psychic note he utters. In each man this note is dominant, sounding through his entire individuality, jarring or harmonising according to the mind-pitch of those with whom he comes in contact. To this fact may, perhaps, be attributed the superior affecting power of the human voice over other forms of musical expression. This instrument may accurately disclose the interior state of a speaker or singer. If a man has had a wide experience of suffering, it is stored up within him, and his voice will carry with it the synthetic expression of his entire being. A superficial or unformed character is unmistakably revealed in this way.*

To a certain extent, the audience and the music-maker are one, in that what the latter conveys in terms of outer vibrations, the former answers in terms of emotion and thought. Some music, it is true, touches deeper places; awakens experiences that are not to be expressed by phenomena so shallow as feeling. It creates, or re-creates within a state all too high and fleeting for the scalpels of the musical psychologist, in which the hearers regain, for a flash, the Beatific Vision, and being led to the "edge of the Infinite, gaze for one moment into That."

After which Science may say its little say to deaf ears.

*See E. A. Neresheimer's remarks on "Music" in "Theosophy" for August, 1897.

THE PITH AND MARROW OF THE CLOSING AND COMING CENTURY

AND RELATED POSITION OF

FREE MASONRY AND JESUITRY.



ACUSTOMED to measuring eternity by the tick of the watch, the fact escapes notice that the time period measurements of weeks, months, years and centuries, are not accidents, not senseless arbitrary divisions of time, but that they are the results of, and in harmony with Universal Law, which fact becomes more and more one-pointed as our range of consciousness expands.

It is evident, even to a careless observer, that all persons, things and events are related and interdependent; those who carefully follow and correlate series of events covering long periods find remarkable relationships and results.

The merchant, as the year draws near its close, interrupts or disturbs the ordinary progress of his business, to settle old matters and to close his books, preparatory to entering the new year, and its unknown, broadening possibilities, with a clear understanding of his resources and abilities.

Likewise, on the broader fields of community, national, race and world life, are found corresponding and related cyclic disturbances, adjustments, progression or retrogression, depending upon the balance showing on the credit side of Right Action, or on the debit side of Wrong Doing. Truth expressed in commercial terms is best understood to-day.

Glance over the world's history by centuries, and near the close of each will be found the culmination of a more or less widespread and important series of events, all related, in that they have a common trend and purpose.

Leaving the proving of this statement to those who care to investigate, we turn our attention to the present, to find the world facing—that, in fact, it is now in the midst of events and culminations, the importance of which have not been equaled in many centuries, probably not within the period of recorded history.

If this statement appears extreme, a comparative examination of present signs and ruling conditions point to its early demonstration.

Individual life and conditions constitute the basis and ruling factor in community, national and world life; if the individual units are contented and happy, the world is at peace; if unsettled and disturbed, then commerce is in a chaotic state, nations are suspicious and stand prepared to fly at each other's throats.

Looking backward, we find periods of disturbance, frequently involving nations, even changing the political conditions and map of a continent, as in Napoleon's time; but to-day the whole world is in a condition of unrest and uncertainty, which, perceptibly affecting every human condition and mind, focalizes and emphasizes itself in every organized body; in nations, religious organizations, industrial, commercial and financial trusts and labor unions;—none are exempt; all stand, the world over, as classified, separate, more or less compact and antagonistic units, anxiously expectant of the impending unknown, ready to act, or already engaged, offensively or defensively, in what they in the main consider self-preservation.

But is this general mustering of forces *in reality* for the purpose of emphasizing and perpetuating the reign of selfishness, separateness, intolerance and craft? Underneath the seeming, is there not a deeper, truer, more intelligent force at work, moulding and shaping conditions and events for the common good, stirring into action, and bringing into open battle array the good and evil qualities, the life and death forces embodied in man's higher and lower natures, preparatory to their locking horns in the death struggle for the final mastery, with the fate of humanity as the stake?

Let us seek answers in the signs of the times: First, as indicating in the individual, then in powerful organized bodies—the larger personalities.

Every man who will honestly examine himself, will find both the good and the evil qualities in his own nature emphasized, awake and arrayed against each other, contending for the mastery. He finds himself unusually interested in, and taking sides for or against wrong and injustice in matters foreign to his personal interests and customary observation. His power to discern the right is unusually clear and forceful.

Again, as though to give all opportunity, matters of frequent occurrence, and, as the world goes, of seeming unimportance, suddenly spring into universal prominence; are discussed throughout the civilized world in private and public, in the press and pulpit; in fact, the whole world discusses and intelligently takes sides for or against the *principles* involved, and in so doing each person enlists and throws his influence on the side of Right or Wrong.

The world has so divided and arrayed itself over the case of Captain Dreyfus, that brave man, who, in his apparently hopeless but superb battle for the principles of Justice and Liberty, fought against a corrupt combination a senseless and corrupt court, an apathetic people, and in so doing suffered many martyrdoms.

But this was not the complete, nor the main result following this case. Such an exhibition of brutal inhumanity, palpable and hideous injustice, based on and sustained by the grossest falsehood, perjury, vile calumny and attempted murder,—all in the name of Justice,—has irretrievably disgraced a great country, appalled all honest men, and notified the world that Justice was foully murdered and can no longer be found in her courts. It did more than this! It brought into the **blazing** light and scrutiny of an aroused world-wide public,

the hidden, subtle and evil organized force, which stands charged with and is responsible for that crime, and it will never again be able to conceal its intolerance, bigotry, and persecution,—its work of mental thralldom and spiritual death, under cover of piety and care for the spiritual welfare of humanity as God's vicegerent.

The time has come when, courts of Justice failing circumstances and conditions, as relentless witnesses for the Higher Law, will compel justice, and irretrievably expose and ruin the hiding culprits, be they individuals, secular or religious organizations.

At last the spiritual eye of humanity is open,—the eye which sees the Truth standing emphasized and more clearly revealed by calumny, denial, or apparently friendly criticism and commendation with a But, *insinuating* impartiality, or *claimed* disinterestedness in matters which are known to, and deeply interest every intelligent human being.

So the Great Law, Intelligence, or God—name it as you like, has taken the martyrdom of this brave but obscure man, one of a persecuted people, who, in just return, control the world's idol—and elevated him as a symbol of a great Principle, which this world of men have championed or antagonized by the mental attitude they have taken towards the Dreyfus case.

The same principle was the basis, thinly veiled, behind our conflict with Spain. In that war identically the same forces of light and darkness were contending for mastery. The American people in entering upon the war—purely for the cause of humanity, the first instance in recorded history—were impelled by the same law which used Dreyfus. Largely unconscious of their high guidance and mission, they none the less promptly and effectively arrayed themselves—leading the nations—as the exponents and champions of right, enlightenment, progress, and physical, mental and spiritual freedom, as opposed to this subtle, organized force, which, from love of power, has always prostituted its immense strength by standing as the main block in the way of mental and spiritual health, freedom and progress in the Western World.

We were not combating Spain as a nation or people, but as the ancient champion of this most intelligent, but selfishly directed force, which was harbored as the dominating power in her individual, national, material and spiritual life. Spain finally obtained the natural and legitimate fruitage of her work of oppression, tyranny, and destruction, in national decay, humiliation, and defeat.

Like Dreyfus, this naturally noble people suffered, when as an outer covering, they were rent asunder, that the real destroying force should be exposed, as a warning to other men and nations.

Here it is pertinent to inquire if we as a people, or as a government, have learned, or even discovered, this *vital* lesson of our unfinished war. When we find this same ill-guiding force, virtually and practically in control of our affairs and army in the Philippines—else our returning warriors, and all other than official reports are unintelligent and wholly false—then the reason becomes apparent for the constant contact with our Government, and the seemingly dis-

interested counsels of eminent exponents of the power which persecuted Dreyfus, destroyed Spain, and is now seeking to perpetuate itself in control of the Philippines.

Would not this be a convenient and undisturbing method for this force to ingratiate and make itself useful to our good, but—let us hope—innocent-minded official heads, in order that its advocates may the more easily and unobserved tighten their already powerful but concealed grasp on our political life and government?

If any intelligent, non-partisan person does not agree with these suggestive statements and questions, he is challenged, for the sake of our beloved country and freedom, to make a quiet and thorough investigation, and conviction will result.

It will be found that the original insurrection of the Filipinos was not against Spanish rule, as such, but against the force in question acting through the Spanish rule, which made the life of a naturally free and not unintelligent people unbearable, although both were one in religious faith.

As the United States was led into assuming Spain's position, we are defending, and the Filipinos are through us, combating the same enemy, force and rule against which they first rebelled.

Our position in this respect is at least anomalous and difficult to understand, except from one point of view.

Eastern Asia is uneasily turning in its long repose, disturbed at the loud knocking of selfish nations and rapacious commerce.

The lovers of freedom in the great slave continent are, as they view the question, planting and defending the flag of liberty against foreign aggression and domination.

With the past history and relations of the nations in Europe, divided as they are into numerous fortified and fully armed hostile camps, all alert and disturbed by expectant fear of the pregnant unknown, this African camp-fire can easily ignite the ready fires of all Europe, and through them, the whole world, completing the change of its map, already begun by the United States battling in the main for Right and Progress.

The insular "Monroe Doctrine" is already swallowed up in the broader world interests in which we have suddenly and unexpectedly taken a unique and leading part.

A gigantic figure has loomed above the horizon of the nineteenth century, one humane foot placed on the Antilles, guarding the waters which command the approaches to the great American Continental Canal which he must build; the other, unconsciously held impending in the world's atmosphere while harking to humanity's cry, unexpectedly planted on the threshold of Asia's unexplored storehouse of material, mental and spiritual wealth. Incidentally he shelters and protects the Americas—the great impassable Continental Divide separating Europe from the teeming East. He stands expectant and superb in his undeveloped strength—this young giant Colossus of modern times—calmly

facing the ancients and the pregnant future with sublime trust in himself and in the Cause of Right and Humanity which he has championed before the whole world. He is the symbol of the higher part or soul of humanity in action; the torch-bearer of Truth, Light and Liberation to the discouraged and down-trodden.

When the surprise and compounded admiration-fear commendation of the older nations settles into conviction that their selfish, dominating influence and commercial supremacy is in jeopardy, we shall require that divinely inspired wisdom and courage which go hand in hand with intelligent right action.

With pure motive and high principle as our main-spring and guide, our passage through the Red Sea of selfishness into the Promised Land of Universal Brotherhood will be safe and glorious; but destruction is certain if we, off guard, permit the subtle wrecking intelligence of the past and present centuries to creep in, and whisper evil counsel into the ears of our helmsman.

While this feeling of unrest and uncertainty regarding the impending future consciously affects all individual and national life and conditions, we find money—the life blood of present material life—gathering in a few vast aggregations or trusts, so organized and efficiently commanded as to be more powerful than the government itself in controlling the products, industries and transportation of the entire country; in fact, some of these stand to-day as a block to the legislation absolutely required for the building and peaceable government control of an Isthmus Canal; and this, in face of the perfectly apparent fact, that the early completion of such a water-way is a vital necessity to our national well-being and safety, if not to our very life.

We stand responsible for the defence of our long double coast lines, our new island possessions commanding the Caribbean Sea, and stretched across the Pacific Ocean dominating its northern waters, and the South American coasts, which are virtually under our protection as against foreign aggression.

With a completed canal all our water responsibilities would be safeguarded and met with practically one-half the naval armament and its incident expense, as compared with what will be imperative, lacking a canal. Quick concentration in either ocean would forestall and defeat slow and difficult combinations enforced by passage by the Cape.

In face of these patent facts, and the disturbed, jealous and prepared condition of the nations, can we longer safely or economically indulge in the egotistical dream of our fancied ability to instantly do what at best requires years to accomplish? Shall we as a people permit any power among ourselves or on earth, to even delay this work?.

The danger from trusts is more important, imminent and threatening, in the direction of their unlimited legislative purchasing power, than from any material increase in cost of living, or lack of profit, or loss by investors in their multi-watered stocks.

At this crucial period, when the retarded evolutionary progress of humanity can spring forward, carrying it into its long-lost heritage of spiritual con-

sciousness and divine knowledge, every intelligently honest man must *satisfy himself* regarding his own standing ground. In that safe position, he will use his God-given perceiving and thinking faculties, to *himself* analyze, judge and accept or reject old and new beliefs, ideas, presentations and men, as he deems best. Thus growing mentally and spiritually strong he will discover error and falsehood, discern and follow Truth and become its efficient and courageous agent in dispelling ignorance and opposing intolerance, bigotry and selfishness.

Men once aroused to a realization of this *divine common-sense* will comprehend and enforce the self-evident truth that *Intelligence must and will rule*—by devious methods if forced by ignorance to indirection, but honestly and for the good of all, when direct and responsible. This is in the nature of things. It cannot be overcome nor long subverted, except at the expense of true progress and civilization. These will be quickly swallowed up and lost in a maelstrom of anarchy and barbarism, into which a society, nation or world, ruled by its ignorant element, will inevitably lapse; and the intelligent are responsible if this element gains control. They have permitted, or perhaps temporizingly encouraged, the cry of ignorance—“*Equality*”—when all nature, especially man, proves it utterly false and impossible. Are there two blades of grass or two men in the world just alike and equal in every respect?

Equality is a fatal fallacy, instituted and sustained by ignorance, charlatanism, political irresponsibility and corruption.

Intelligence declares and maintains Fraternity and Community of Interests *in Degree*; that all would find comfort and happiness in working for the common good; in fact, that these proper desires and ambitions can be realized in no other way; that a paternal form of government has in the past, and must again, satisfy these good citizenship desires and ambitions; that if America and the balance of the world intends to save itself, we must arouse and stimulate individual thinking and intelligence, to guide and control material and spiritual life, else it will be dominated by antagonistic and destructive forces and men.

Then if we find ourselves, our commerce and industries in the control of combinations or trusts which dominate the government, or our political and religious interests threatened, we shall be sufficiently intelligent and commonsensed as a people, to examine and understand the reverse side of our national seal, and possibly recognize that the ancient God-sent Constitution of a rapidly evolving nation must be correspondingly developed, or it will for a time hamper national growth, and then become inoperative and a menace to public safety, even in its inability to protect its worshippers, or permit their government to protect itself against secular or religious combinations. Then we shall be sufficiently awake, and wise enough to evolve our Constitution abreast of conditions, reform our Government onto a non-partisan, unselfish basis, and absorb any or all selfish combinations or trusts into one vast trust, owned and operated for the common good, by a Government made *directly* responsible to the people.

These conclusions are especially true and applicable to a nation, whose ability, strength and resources are to itself as yet unknown quantities.

An intelligent people, to permanently remain free and self-governing, must itself and through its Government, stand ready and sufficiently courageous to change old things and methods to meet advanced conditions; to observe, analyze, wisely direct and lead all natural, and to control and neutralize all illegitimate developments.

To-day whoever or whatever is consciously or unconsciously working for self, is working against the broad principle of Brotherhood, or the Common Good, as emphasized in the teachings of Christ, Buddha and all humanity's saviours; such are, consciously or otherwise, under the influence of that *most secret body* which absolutely controls and works through a vast, materially-spiritual, homogeneous and one-purposed organization, millions of whose members, unconscious of its inner dominating force, are perfectly honest, capable and patriotic citizens, who, in all conflicts save one, would make their public duties paramount.

But in the event of active opposition to the inner controlling body's plans of religious conquest and aggrandizement; to again combine Church and State under priest rule, inciting this mass to religious zeal, and with the additional powerful incentive of gaining both spiritual and political dominion, following a successful issue from the contest;—what in such event would be the natural, logical and inevitable action of many millions of otherwise good and public spirited citizens? Even the Sovereign Pontiff himself is already subject to the will of the Jesuits, as his recent unwilling submission to their demands proves. The danger is not so much from the exoteric organization, as such, but is it not imminent on the lines indicated? Have these persistent, crafty men ceased to live and work? Have they at this crucial time abandoned their long-cherished purpose to rule the western hemisphere?

Looking about the world, do we find evidences of the workings of this inner controlling body—the working out of a plan of the nature indicated? The innocently blind, careless and unobserving may see no danger; but those who have eyes to see, who analyze, look behind and underneath, discover the selfish plans and subtle workings of this evil-directed, highly intelligent, crafty, hidden body, which has ever sought power, wealth and aggrandizement for itself, at the expense and ultimate ruin of the people or nation it permanently controlled.

If this statement requires proof the following examples will serve the unprejudiced seeker:

Spain, once proud, haughty, powerful—the dominating power in Europe—championed and accepted priest-craft rule. As the direct result, this noble people stand as a nation humiliated, bankrupt, powerless and disgraced.

The other European nations who are largely or entirely dominated by the same priest power, are rapidly approaching the same fate.

The horrible crime against Dreyfus, plainly revealed this hidden power in control of the French army through its General Staff; these officers, directing the most powerful arm of the Government, false to every thing and condition, utterly demoralized, unpatriotic and venal, and this in the face of the fact

that the safety and very life of the nation were thereby placed in extremest jeopardy. *What must be the character of the influence which could so change Frenchmen and cause them to forget their country and their honor?*

Note who are now making protest against officials of France, for looking to Masonry for counsel and aid in their endeavor to remedy this lamentable condition and safeguard the nation! Why do experienced, honest, efficient men turn from one, and to the other when in dire trouble?

Cuba rose in insurrection, preferring to destroy itself in manly battle, rather than longer submit to the slower but more certain process of material, mental and spiritual degradation, ruin and death, which she saw was inevitable under the priest rule from which she had suffered for centuries. Behind the Cubans' heaven-inspired effort stood Cuban Masons, holding to the common religion, but above it, planning, laboring and fighting for material and spiritual liberty, as did Masons in our own American Revolution.

The Philippine insurrection was not against Spanish rule, as such, but against open, flagrant and corrupt priest rule. In their trouble, native Masons of the same religious belief, performed the same high service as did the Cubans.

Until the Central and South American States threw off direct and dominating priest rule in secular and state affairs, the trend of their fate was the same as that of Cuba.

Ireland, with its depleted, poverty-stricken and ignorant, though naturally intelligent, peasantry, is an example of the degrading effect of the same controlling influence.

All these examples are self-evident illustrations of the universally fatal results following Jesuitical rule.

Holding these illuminated examples in mind, they may incite well-meaning, humane and patriotic humanity to search among northern nations for projections and ramifications of the same general plan which has ensnared their southern neighbors.

On the American Continents to-day, every large centre of population is wholly or in the main absolutely dominated by a political master, whose main-spring of action is largely regulated by direct or indirect Jesuitical manipulation, and the same is true of labor organizations, if the names of their officers are correctly given. This Master, especially in the United States, is already sufficiently aggressive and powerful to menacingly suggest, and frequently to dictate to States, and to strongly influence the National Government.

What force is behind the persistent endeavor to destroy our public school system—the cradle and foundation of mental and spiritual intelligence and freedom? Is it the same force which, working to destroy our public schools, labors incessantly to establish parochial schools in their place, supported at public expense? The relationship is too close to admit of separate parentage and cradling.

The same force is active in Germany, and is tentatively but secretly invading Sweden.

Old, tried and experienced generals in the regular service,—men in whom our army and the whole country have absolute confidence,—have either been held inactive, or recalled after short and successful command, while obscure corners have been explored in search of more obscure men to command our foreign armies. Our army in the Philippines is under the command of such a discovery—the owner of a Catholic newspaper which but recently persistently and maliciously attacked prominent Masons as members of a broadly Masonic humanitarian organization, until the threatening law silenced its libelous utterances. He owes allegiance to, and has hamperingly surrounded himself with, priest craft, against which the Filipinos originally rebelled. Reports of responsible soldiers, officers, business and professional men, and even trustworthy government officials, furnish the perfectly reliable basis for this statement.

We are now delegating a Bishop to assist our beleaguered General in unraveling our tangled skein of Filipino yarn.

What influence is being exerted upon our Government? Is it blind, or is it looking ahead with self-interested vision? Are we as a people blind, or only careless and criminally innocent and trusting?

But why question and seek proof when the object and purpose is openly avowed and enforced wherever and whenever possible, as the following examples show?

One of our eminent and able American bishops, in recent speeches delivered in Europe, plainly stated that “the day is not far distant when England and the United States will be under Catholic control.”

During our Spanish and Philippine wars the same prelate, ably assisted by another, has been busily engaged at Washington.

Spanish clerics recently petitioned the Queen for a restoration of the Inquisition.

Another prelate is publicly emphasizing the patriotism of *Catholic* Americans displayed in our Revolutionary struggle, in the Secession war and in our present conflict.

Why this emphasizing of Catholic over Protestant patriots, who at least fought and suffered equally? What is the underneath force which is already separating and classifying American citizenship through religious preferment? Have we as a people already been separated on this powerful and subtle line by those whose personal and church ambitions would be thus served?

These are facts and presentations which deeply interest and involve every *true* American—in fact, every human being, whether Pro-test-ant, Catholic or non-Conformant to any creed, for “a house—or the temple of humanity—divided against itself cannot stand.”

Their common blood, gladly poured on our towering altar of Liberty, has sanctified our sacred common soil and country; together they must protect and preserve it intact, against physical or religious dismemberment, to go down into the ages as the world’s Refuge from tyranny and intolerance; as Humanity’s Beacon Light of Enlightenment, Tolerance and Mental and Spiritual Liberty, Freedom and Brotherhood.

Thus it came to us from the Fathers, and so must and will our sacred heritage be passed on inviolate, so long as stern, true men tread American soil.

The completed examples of priest rule, and its pregnant endeavors as cited, reveal a widespread plan and purpose to gain control in the Western Hemisphere, and merge Church and State under the dominion of this Jesuitical oligarchy.

These are *vital* facts and presentations which cannot be set aside, nor explained away. They in themselves constitute a Supreme Court of Divine Judgment.

In view of what its past accomplishments have been, and its present herculean preparatory efforts, *these examples should serve as God's warning and command* to all intelligent lovers of progress, liberty and humanity, regardless of differences in creeds or races, to rally in defense of the highest interests of our common humanity, against the insidious, hidden and open aggressions of this focalized force of evil in the Western World, now mustered on the visible and invisible planes of action, to perpetuate and expand its mental and spiritual thralldom of man.

The Jesuit order is the wedge point of bigotry and intolerance, as main factors in gaining temporal and spiritual dominion, and as such it must be recognized, met and subdued, if humanity is to progress.

With this Jesuitical force already arrayed and attacking Right, Justice and Progress along the whole front of human affairs, what is to oppose it? What universal, compact, organized force is to be found, based on the broad foundation of a Common Brotherhood, ruled by Love, Charity and Justice; its members sworn to propagate Right, Truth and Enlightenment; a force which can stay this actively offensive power of evil, and ultimately defeat, lead and force its disintegrated component parts into lines of unselfish action?

To do this saving work for humanity requires earnest, substantial men and women, who have evolved from the separate, and therefore weak, secular and religious bodies sufficient intelligence, to draw them together on occasions, into one separate and more highly evolved body, to act for the common good and safety.

Looking into the dim past, we find in ancient Egypt—the historic cradle of wisdom, the beneficent rule of “Divine Kings”—men inspired by unselfish love and guardianship for all that lived. Their “rule and guide” was the basic, fundamental and eternal law, embodied in their *inherited* “Wisdom-Religion,” or *Free Masonry*.

Carried from Egypt into India, it overran into Greece, and formed the basic pillars upon which the superb material and spiritual civilizations of these countries were reared; forming the basis of the Old and New Testaments, its spiritual light became *to the world* obscured, and the material or operative side emphasized in sublime architecture, as the various religious orders claiming foundation on these “inspired books” lost sight of the spiritual, in their antagonisms, persecutions and devastating contests for secular power.

The "Dark Age" results of these fanatical wars had plunged the civilized world in nether darkness, where it would have sunk and disappeared, save for Masonry.

Its pure light, kept burning in the hearts of the faithful through the darkening centuries, was flashed upon the night of Europe by Masonry's chivalric Knights, who saved the fanatical, murderous followers of their Christ from self-destruction, by uniting them in the Crusade "to rescue the Holy Sepulchre" from the Moslems.

In doing this Master's work they *consciously and intelligently* utilized this destructive force, to serve the double purpose of saving Christian Europe from self-destruction, and from being overrun and destroyed by Moslem hordes.

Thus Masonry saved the world from a fatal return plunge into barbarism in the Dark Material Ages, when the evil forces now focalized in Jesuitry dominated.

The Crusades having demonstrated the controlling power of Masonry, the "holders of the key to Heaven" turned upon the Saviors of Humanity and by orders of the "Holy Church" persecuted, imprisoned, tortured and foully murdered thousands of these noble, chivalrous knights; confiscated their property, destroyed their strongholds and priceless libraries and scattered their followers in a futile attempt to destroy the Order.

The Jesuitical element, which incarnated in Masonry to control, after failing to destroy it, did to an extent change the ritualism in 1707; but failing in its second purpose, it was forced out, and a remnant is now found in secret control of certain small and powerless occult (so-called) semi-masonic bodies, which teach and practice the black arts in this nineteenth century.

But for what purpose do a few sentinel-spies of this old enemy of Masonry conceal themselves in its inner body and heart to-day? Are Masons also blind and asleep?

The vital light of Truth has always flamed too strongly in Masonry for adverse winds to extinguish; its own inherent purity and strength, when stirred into action, purges and throws off from the body the festering impurities, which gather in separate dark pools of claimed Masonic origin, to be re-absorbed into the mass and disappear through nature's divine alchemic process of purification.

Masons planned, precipitated and successfully prosecuted our American Revolution against tyranny and oppression; *our beloved, God-inspiring, symbolic flag, and our publicly undeciphered seal, are of Masonic origin, design and tracing.*

In the present century Masonry is again, unconsciously, at the front, as yet in disconnected detachments, defending humanity against tyranny, bigotry and intolerance.

For years previous to the breaking out of war between Greece and Turkey, Greek Masonry had gradually aroused a strong and healthy feeling of Restored Nationality in the Greek people, after centuries of depression and hope-

lessness under Turkish domination. In order to still further arouse and incite this growing feeling for a strong Greek national life, the Masons put arms in the hands of the people and precipitated the war, believing that even under defeat, their country would be benefited by sooner realizing her ambition to regain her ancient position as a power among the nations.

Centuries of priest rule in Cuba had held that beautiful and fertile island practically undeveloped, and its naturally bright and intelligent population, rendered hopeless of material comfort and progress, was rapidly sinking into mental and spiritual apathy and death.

Under these formidable and almost hopeless conditions, working in secret under bane of the church—which ever seeks to destroy whatever fails to minister to its material advancement—were patriotic Masons, who, true to their Masonic heritage, held its dimmed light in this dark place, planning and arousing a hopeless people to battle for their spiritual liberty. *To Cuban Masons Cuba owes her freedom.*

The inner history of the insurrection against priest rule in the Philippines is practically the same as that of Cuba. This statement may surprise many Masons, who do not know that the inner ruling factor among all Nature-people has been Masonry during all the ages, and is to-day. If this suggests to the shallow mind the idea that Savagery is Masonry, deeper thinkers may quite pertinently ask, which *in fact* is savage and which civilized, the so-called savage fighting *defensively* to save his lands and very life, or his *attacking*, ruthless, so-called civilized, murderous robber? The few white Masons who, *as men and Masons, have proved themselves worthy of admission into the inner savage Masonic tribe-governing-councils*, have found ample reason for praying God to speedily inject the there discovered “rule and guide” of the *savage governing class*, into the private and public life of all civilized people *and* Masons.

When white men prove themselves trustworthy, they will find a mine of mental and spiritual knowledge and wisdom preserved for them by their darker-skinned brothers, if they do not sooner succeed in utterly destroying these scattered remnants of the most ancient and once mighty civilized races, who have ever held the purest Masonry as their inner guiding light, even against the white man’s polluting touch.

As warriors, strategists and orators, they to-day instruct the white man, while they do sincere and *intelligent* reverence to the “Great Spirit,” who, ever present, speaks to them in His and their common Nature language; in the song of birds, the flowers and forest giant, the laughing brook, the sweeping river and mighty deep, the vitalizing breeze and raging tempest, the vibrant heaven-resounding thunder, the lightning flash of His quick glance, the heavenward pointing mountain peaks, the moon and sparkling jeweled dome, in the mighty, blazing, fructifying sun, as symbol of His all-observing, loving eye, and glowing heart.

In presence of such a *reality*, and such a *language*, these wise and noble-minded, broadly spiritual brothers, hold themselves above the white man’s belief in a personally owned, silent and remote God.

French Masons, aroused by the Jesuitically incited crime against Dreyfus, are responding to the call, and are aiding France to safeguard herself, and right the fatal wrongs committed by her Jesuitical army staff.

In Sweden, Masonry stands, and to an extent in Germany, as a block to Jesuit aggression.

The same will prove true in England, if Masonry's Royal Grand Master there will arouse himself, and follow in the footsteps of Sweden's King, and Mexico's warrior-statesman President.

Since the killing blow to Jesuit rule in Spain, her long-waiting, patient, but powerful Masons, are infusing a new life into her awaking northern provinces, in an effort to arouse and rescue the Spanish people.

Many of the South American States have Masons at the helm, and they should have grown too wise from past experience, to ever again trust their old false pilots on the commander's bridge.

In Canada, the apparent controlling force is on the side of retrogression, and her Masons should change the current in her naturally strong and liberal atmosphere.

The United States is the "Arch Stone" the Coveted Prize, possession of which, at this time, largely decides the destiny of humanity for centuries. Proof of this is at hand on every side; in the advanced leading and unique position we have taken among the nations within the past eighteen months in defense of "needy brothers;" in our evident destiny if we do right; but stronger proof than any other one thing, is the thoroughly awake condition and extreme effort now being put forth to secure Catholic control

Under these vital conditions, how do we find American Masons, placed by the law of succession as joint heirs to Masonry's past noble deeds and glory in the service of humanity? They should be and are, numerically and otherwise—if they will awake—the controlling factor in the executive and legislative departments of our government; but, apparently unconscious of the mighty meaning of this time and its events; unobservant of the advanced positions already taken and held against the Jesuits by detached and unsupported bodies of Masons, preparatory to the coming universal conflict; unconscious of the vital position they themselves occupy in relation to the times, conditions and events; ignorant, forgetful or careless of the divine mission of Masonry, the leading part it has well acted in the past spiritual-material history of the world; of the commanding position it holds to-day along the whole front; the half-unconscious, impatient waiting of the better element in humanity for right and trusty leadership, that it may spring to the defense of Right and Truth; failing to recognize or even observe these plainly presented things, conditions, compelling opportunities and sacred duties, our official Masons act as ordinary men, without concentrated purpose, and even allow themselves to be influenced and guided by the Generals of Masonry's fully aroused, alert, concentrated and ready foe.

The same is true of the Masonic order as a whole, notwithstanding the

forceful thought-suggesting fact, that everywhere throughout the whole world, among all nations, races and people, civilized or so-called savage, formal Masonry is active beyond precedent—even rampant—among the best and most intelligent classes.

“O GOD, MY GOD! AROUSE THE WIDOW’S SONS” to intelligent, concentrated action against the forces of evil now epitomized in Jesuitry, the ancient foe of Masonry, and the common enemy of the best in humanity.

By such concentration of Masonic “Thought” constantly directed against “Jesuitry” expressed in private and public life a Bloodless Revolution of the World will be accomplished, and Humanity, with a higher, grander conception of life, its possibilities and purposes, will be lifted onto the higher plane of conscious, self-responsible action, to move on to its higher evolution in peace, harmony and love, a true and Universal Masonic Brotherhood.

Without such concentrated thought and action, the world—Masonry still dominating and responsible—must wade through a sea of blood, but to finally emerge depleted, exhausted, thrown far backward in its evolution, the remnant purified and made wiser, to again climb back over the long and more slippery, blood-washed slope.

Such is Masonry’s Inevitable Choice and Work, else its past record and present position are meaningless and absurd.

Masons who fail to recognize our present position and consequent responsibilities, are not keen observers of the great law of Cause and Effect which governs even their individual lives, and has brought Masonry into controlling position at this vital epoch.

The cyclic operation of this great Universal Law has again brought the cumulative results and forces of Fifty Centuries—good and evil—face to face for final combat, under the white flag of Masonry, and the black flag of Jesuitry.

The lost and tangled threads of past individual, national and race life and epochs are bound up in the present, presenting themselves to be untangled and staged for the final drama of the world’s evolution.

This gigantic nature-combination of time, humanity, conditions and events, is by no possibility simply a senseless happening or accident. Even vast, man-directed combinations are forerunners of vast and far-reaching results; but when nature combines or focalizes the active visible and invisible forces of the centuries and their pregnant results, the physical, mental and spiritual map of the world will be changed, either for the weal or woe of humanity.

It is these stupendous facts which constitute this a vital epoch.

As the moving panorama of events shows, the old Director of the dark forces is already alert and consciously on the field, directing the strategy, and placing the forces as they consciously or unconsciously, in evil thought or action, report for assignment.

At this vital moment, opposed to its old enemy, Masonry stands inertly in place, all unconscious of the Impending Crisis, and the commanding and victorious part it must assume in this final conflict, else the “Light of the

World," which has ever been its sacred charge, will be quenched in the darkness of returned barbarism and spiritual death.

Do Masons doubt these presentations and deductions? Do they doubt the divine origin, mission and past accomplishments of Masonry? If so, they are making a fatal error. Let them follow and analyze the statements and claims herein made, and they will surely bring themselves face to face with their duty as the *present Saviors of Humanity*; then they can perform or shirk it *intelligently* and with the full sense of their responsibility .

Is Masonry sufficiently homogeneous, powerful, divinely human and courageous, to manfully assume the high duty to which it is now called by the voice of Humanity and of God, speaking through His law-conditioned events; upon what foundation does it rest; what is its origin and antecedents; what does it teach and hold as right practice?

This thoroughly organized, universal, homogeneous body is composed, as it has ever been, of the most enlightened, broad-minded, progressive, tolerant, broadly patriotic, brotherly men of all nations, races and creeds, who, rising above these minor geographical, climatic and selfish differences, meet each other on the "level" of a common origin, life and destiny, and the "square" of right action as embodied in the "Golden Rule;" meeting, living and parting as brothers, holding the common purpose to Uplift Humanity; a body inherently governed by Charity, Equity and Love, held as ever conscious, active principles in the daily life of man; reverence for the great "Universal Architect" expressed through constant, glad and intelligent conformity to His law, the key to which is concealed in their divine Symbology, to be found and used for the common good by those who prove themselves "Worthy and Well Qualified."

From the earliest history of *pre-historic* man, Masons have stood bound to practice, teach and disseminate knowledge of universal law, enlightenment and truth among all that live; to carry humanity's path-illuminating light; to work for man's liberation from his own lower nature or devil, from ignorance, bigotry and mental and spiritual thralldom; to work as *conscious, eternally living divine souls*, from time to time occupying and using physical bodies as instruments, through which to effect their divine purpose of mutual evolution and final redemption from selfishness, through conscious unity in a common evolving brotherhood of all that lives and is.

Upon its broad, basic and eternally enduring foundation principles, all religions and philosophies which have ever engaged the thought of man, have walled in a portion, and reared thereon their isolated creed and thought-limiting structures, *forgetting that truth is limitless and universal.*

While to an extent the members of this all-compassing body, like the comparatively weak, because creed-separated and antagonistic religious organizations, have lost sight of their great mission, its broad and all-embracing fundamental principles remain as a living spiritual force, which consciously elevates and ennobles the thought and action of every member.

In peculiar and significant relationship to the evident developing plan, is

observed the fact that at this crucial time men of all creeds, peoples, nations and races, civilized and uncivilized, imbued with the divine principles of Brotherhood or Masonry, stand at the helm of the world's affairs, sustained and reinforced in *right action* by the honest intelligence and substantial worth resident in all nations.

With such a divinely reared and all-embracing organization, success is assured, if the members but awake and perform their sacred duty in combating, while holding themselves free from the subtle influences of the old Enemy of Masonry, an enemy which has made the selfish thralldom of men's minds its main object, and the control or destruction of Freemasonry (its principal opponent) the main, secret, and at times open, purpose of its effort for centuries.

Scores and thousands of Freemasonry's staunchest advocates, men whose voices were ever heard promulgating its all-embracing, divine principles, who could not be silenced by fear, calumny, persecution or imprisonment, have found silence and death at the hands of its relentless foe, in hideous tortures, secret graves and horrible dungeons.

Summing up the situation, we find as a result of the general unrest and disturbance, that the world has been sufficiently aroused by emphasized wrong and injustice, to cause humanity to array itself for or against Principle; that right and justice have prevailed in the preliminary skirmishes and tentative battles; that the results have been to uncover hypocrisy and deception, and force into the open the now concentrated evil forces which have heretofore worked in the shadows, through sophistry, intrigue, calumny, persecution, instigated devastation and death.

It is evident that Jesuitry and Masonry, leading the opposing forces of evil and good, are again in battle array; that the Irrepressible Conflict is on, and that all these things and conditions exist and must be met. How can this be done in a way, not only to prevent disaster, but to bring about harmony, true success for all, and utilize the measureless forces now in evidence, for the general progress and a mighty universal uplifting of humanity, such as the centuries have not witnessed?

With strong, alert minds, and unselfish, wise and broadly courageous *concerted action for the common good*, on the part of Masons, and the few conscientious leaders of men and nations, this now *focalized Endeavor and Purpose of the Ages* can easily become a fact, and the reign of selfishness and error be swallowed up in the rule of Equity, Brotherliness and Peace.

Intelligent consideration of developing conditions and events reveal them as advanced manœuvres in a gigantic contest now on between these universal forces of Good and Evil, the former unwittingly holding many, and dangerously threatening the disputed strategic points.

Faith in the already apparent Divine Guidance and results evolves into conviction, on discovering that thus far, Right and Justice have prevailed over Inhumanity, Tyranny, Craft and Injustice.

The Signs of the Times clearly indicate the dominant control of a high-purposed intelligence, force or law, which in recent turnings of the serpent's sting upon itself, has demonstrated its intent and ability to control and turn to good every situation, condition and thing having its basis in selfishness, ignorance and intolerance.

To enable this spiritual force to become fully operative requires only that true-hearted men and women everywhere stand alert and at their posts, ready for the impelling of the *higher law*.

The individual and collective duty and opportunity of Masons, and all right-minded men and women, is clear and unmistakable.

At all previous, and by comparison, minor epochs in the world's history, Masonry has sprung to the succor of jeopardized humanity and become its savior.

Now, at this Supreme Crisis in the world's history—unless the general disturbance and conflict are meaningless—the universal, all-embracing forces of Good and Evil are aroused, and have already locked horns in the final gigantic life and death struggle; the evolution of the entire human race is at stake, either upward into a higher, truer, nobler condition of an unselfish common brotherhood, governed by equity and love, or its present barbarously civilized, degrading selfishness and lust, bearing their legitimate fruit of speedy degeneracy, and humanity lapsing into the second stage of a universal uncivilized barbarism; at this momentous crisis, Masonry must and will arouse its hoary slumbering spiritual giant strength, and go forth as the *Great Master's chosen primeval agent*, to do victorious battle against embodied evil, now focalized in its old, persistent and relentless Jesuitical enemy.

Then will our Divinely Instituted Primeval Order regain its forgotten glory of the "Golden Age," and under restored Masonry's benign rule, the effulgence of that dimly remembered Age will again warm the heart, and illuminate the mind of humanity, to bring in the reign of "Peace and Good Will among Men."

My Brothers, this is not a Utopian dream, but a Living Fact, the materialization of which is easily within our power, if we arouse ourselves and act as true men and Masons.

I appeal, not to the Unintelligently Educated and the Ignorant—the unsafe extremities of humanity—but to the GREAT COMMON PEOPLE of all nations and races, with whom intelligence, tolerance, discernment, stern kindness, robust energy, mutual helpfulness and common sense find welcome and congenial bivouac, and through whom these manly, God-like attributes find freest and most helpful expression.

I beg of you! I plead with you! Brothers of the great Universal "Masonic" Brotherhood, awake, examine and analyze our vitalized God-given symbology; the present pregnant conditions and events, and you will become convinced, and be moved to act for the sake of the *Humanity which our negligence of Masonic Duty has orphanized*.

Find God in Duty, and Heaven in its faithful, fearless performance.

THE PURPLE AND GOLD OF LIFE.

By A. I. M.



OUR great teacher, Nature, exhibits to us in her most glorious works two pronounced, distinct and harmonious colors—Purple and Gold. Opening and closing each day with those gorgeous displays of sunrise and sunset, with a rich and rare combination of these two colors, is produced a grand and ever recurring object lesson that cannot fail to forcibly impress the contemplative mind with the example it embodies. It does not seem that this ever present panorama of the shifting lights, the brilliant display and intermingling of the two most harmonizing colors of the spectrum, were for mere passing show. There is a *deep* meaning, a great occult truth, that is continually before us in this particular form of Nature's varying beauty.

The peculiar charm of a sunrise, or a sunset, appeals to the most benighted of mankind. In the early stages of the world we find innately planted in the human heart a deep veneration and adoration of the orb of day, typifying the two great opposites, life and death; and "Sun Worship" (as it has been wrongly termed), became the all prevailing method by which man sought to come into full accord with these divine sentiments appealing to the Purple and Gold within himself, presented daily before him, unchanged and unchanging for all time. For the morn was ushered in—

"Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air."

Filled with the grand thoughts actuated by the dawn, the sunset must have intensified and deepened them when—

"The dying light,

Ere it departed, swathed each mountain height
In robes of purple; and adown the West,
Where sea and sky seemed mingling—breast to breast—
Drew the dense barks of ponderous clouds, and spread
A mantle o'er them of a royal red,
Belted with purple—lined with amber—tinged
With fiery gold—and blushing purple fringed."

Thus, ages ago was implanted in us this truth which makes us unconscious "sun worshipers," whether we bow down in adoration like our ancient brethren, or whether the Purple and Gold within ourselves thrill responsively with Nature's showing.

Nature, too, ever embodies the purple in the outlines of the distant hills and mountains. Standing as specimens of her handiwork, lasting through the centuries, outliving the ordinary earth-life of man, there they remain uplifting their purple-crowned heads—a symbolic example and lesson for mankind. Intensi-

fied with the rays of the golden luminary, they are constantly before us, an incentive to imitate Nature, to study the divine plan, and embody the same in our lives.

To those who go "down to the sea in ships," the purple and gold of Nature are unstinted, and amid the waste of waters are lavishly exhibited these same great touches of color.

Purple is the *true* Fire Color. It was esteemed by the ancients more highly than any color, and was the distinctive badge of royalty. Purple and gold were used extensively for the decorations of temples and for the habiliments of priests. Nature again incorporates in the flowers these sympathetic hues. I care not how low in the scale of humanity the working of the Law may have placed one; how degraded and obtuse man may have become, the sight of a mass of flowers, or even a tiny bloom of either of these colors will arouse something in the heart corresponding to the divine, for the touch of the divine is in them, soul appeals to soul, and *it knows*—

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

I once sent a little bunch of purple and golden blossoms to a convict serving out a life sentence for murder. It was "Flower Day," of a women's mission society, and each prisoner was to have a bouquet in his cell. We had contributed a quantity of flowers for this purpose, and as I handed this little bouquet to the lady in charge, I said: "I picked these flowers especially for some one who is serving a life time. They have a story of their own; they will tell it to him." As those little blossoms shed their influence about that lonely cell there *did* come to that prisoner the *divine truth*, the appealing of something interiorly that had been buried for many years, and the Purple and Gold within that man recognized the heart touch, his better nature responded, and an effulgence of soul divinity emanating from him and the humble flowers, filled that cell with a peace—with a heaven, indeed.

Now, as man *is* a miniature copy of the universe, and has within him the essence of all there is in Nature, why should we not follow her teachings and cultivate in our lives the Purple and Gold lying latent within us? The prismatic colors of the universe have their counterpart in man, and these colors evolve and develop according to his life and thought. Every thought, every word, every act forms a color of its own, affecting our surroundings, influencing those with whom we come in contact, and is recorded indelibly in the great "Cosmic Picture Gallery," where it adds its force and influence to that which has been stored there since the birth of time, and which is for the weal or woe of unborn millions.

Once we grasp the full meaning of the Purple and Gold of life, and that we can make our lives radiant with these hues, we have made a long stride in the right direction. This can be done in the little acts of our daily lives. Make them full of Purple and Gold, let our aspirations be richly colored with these hues, and by our example we shall radiate joy and peace from these harmonious reflections of Nature's prism. Let us attend more to the cultivation and care

of flowers—especially those producing the soulful bloom of purple and gold. Do we think that these tiny things have no souls? Have we ever studied closely these seemingly inanimate symbols of Nature's chosen colors? There *is* much to be gleaned from these humble productions which lie free to all.

The Purple and Gold of life *can* be awakened, and the divine responds in harmonious measures, reviving old ties and associations, the eternal oneness of us all. I know of scores of instances that have come under my own observation, of the great uplifting of the inner consciousness; the strengthening of the soul; the presence of a great peace, all made possible by a few clusters of purple and gold blossoms, reared and nurtured with an idea of their symbolic significance. There *is* potency in them. There *is* divinity. Sweet, fragrant emblems of Nature's best and most beneficent colors, they *do* influence, sanctify and strengthen.

If such results can be obtained from flowers, how much more can we accomplish by patterning after them; by engrafting into ourselves the purple and gold which is our heritage; by living the simple life of the flower, enriching and beautifying all; conveying the *heart touch* to our brother man; shedding the aroma of good deeds broadcast; and when, like the flower, we, too, fade and wither, we may have shed into some darkened soul the Purple and Gold of Eternal Life.

A PICTURE.



SAW a picture once. It was not made on canvas, bounded by edges, but seemed fashioned from some lasting substance, making almost a reality that stretched away into space.

The scene was of a darkened plain, on which a shadow rested. It was not the dusk that follows day, but seemed a shadow of all time. From me in darker line, across the already darkened plain, extended a row of crouching figures. The heavy robe of each covered the lowered head. Motionless, they sat in silence as if their time had passed.

As I gazed wondering at the meaning, this was born in upon my consciousness: "Each is thyself in the successive moments of thy life."

When the picture had passed I knew I had seen a vision of selfishness. And thereupon, I tried to form its opposite—a picture radiant with light, whose name should be "Love of Brother," but I could not.

I marveled, and to my questioning mind this answer came: "The picture is not, nor will it be until you have wrought for others as you have wrought for self."

UÆMÆ.

OBSERVATIONS OF A LAWYER.

By X.



WHEN we speak of the world, its shortcomings, infirmities and virtues, we refer to the world evolved from the hearts of men. The conditions around us, the scenes we witness, are the blossoms and the fruit of the human tree of many branches. Every human being, because of the illusions in material existence, lives in a world of his own. The social divisions that move in their respective orbits, considered separately, seem to be on distinct globes of their own. There is the clergyman's world, the physician's world, and the lawyer's world. And so of all other spheres of activity on the earth we may take note of. And as the adept in true science returns again and again to nature to observe her behavior and study her processes, and to verify the tests he has made, so we may, with profit, direct our attention to the whirl of the lawyer's globe, from the actual experiences in his profession.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." The greatest creations in the world of letters are those founded on facts, with here and there a touch of fine sentiment. People really delight in the actual occurrences of human life, rather than in the mere fanciful delineations of character. In the painting of actual life the reader or observer feels charmed and flattered when the artist leaves scope for the imagination. In the writings called realistic in our times, it is the grossness that gives offense. Many think that even crime loses much of its enormity by losing all of its grossness.

The things that strike the lawyer more forcibly than anything else in dealing with his clients and in observing the conduct of the clients of opposing counsel, are the lack of honesty and truthfulness that so largely prevails. If the lawyer says to his client: "In order to win your case, or to make sure of your defense, you must have witnesses or evidence to establish certain facts," in nine cases in ten, complete or partial evidence will be furnished by the client.

Sometimes it occurs that a client is charged, unjustly, with having purchased goods without paying for them. If the charge is made good by testimony, though as false as that of the one who makes the charge, the claim may be established, unless the one charged as purchaser can overcome the evidence of his antagonist by proving by another false witness who claims he was present at a time subsequent to the alleged sale and saw the one charged as purchaser, pay for the identical goods charged. Falsehood meets falsehood. Fortunately, such cases are rare. But it is not rare to find parties coming into court and swearing diametrically opposite to each other as to a plain, simple transaction. Frequently there is in the trial of causes, the greatest conflict in the testimony, where it requires the closest scrutiny of witnesses, as to their manner, their

interest, bias, prejudice, or otherwise, in order to determine where the truth is. In a case of such conflict an appeal must be made to experience and the common sense of men, applying the rules laid down by the masters of the law in order to reach a just result.

Experience in the practice of the law demonstrates that our system of trial by jury in "civil causes" is most essential to a satisfactory determination. In a government like ours, it is necessary to the maintenance of free institutions, that the direct influence of the people in the administration of the law which now prevails should not be impaired or curtailed in the slightest degree. The jury is the right hand of the Court for the determination of questions of fact or the assessment of damages. Questions of purely equitable jurisdiction, beyond the power of a jury of laymen to hear and decide, are reserved for the Judge or Chancellor, alone. In criminal causes the accused is always entitled to demand a jury.

In trials before a jury, some peculiar episodes occur. When a jury is sworn to try a cause, it is the rule that the jurors should form no opinion about the issues involved, nor speak to anyone about the cause, nor determine what the verdict should be, until all the evidence is heard and the instructions of the court are given to them.

In an important criminal trial the accused was charged with the commission of a heinous crime, the clear proof of which would have had the effect to not only degrade the one charged, but to reflect upon human nature and to cause the community of the venue to deeply regret that such a thing were possible. After the close of the evidence, it was manifest that a very strong case was established against the accused. The argument opened by the prosecuting officer; it was strong, and should have been convincing to the minds of the jurors. The counsel for the accused opened his argument, dwelling especially upon the enormity of the crime—that such an offense had never been charged against any one in the community—that to find the accused guilty would degrade him and seriously affect the standing of the people of the county. And finally, after enthusiasing the jury to the highest pitch of excitement he suddenly, addressing one of the jurors by name, asked him if he, by his verdict, was going to tarnish the fair name and fame of his county. The juror quickly arose in his place and said "*not much.*" The result of the trial showed that the juror voiced the sentiments of the panel.

"If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted."

Occasionally we find a citizen who does not comprehend the duties and responsibilities of a juror. The aim of the law is to fit all citizens, naturally intelligent, to become competent jurors. The service in court in such capacity, from the knowledge gained by such experience, necessarily fits men, of common understanding, for the discharge of the duties of jurymen. Here is a citizen who was not quite up to the standard; yet he did not know it, and in the best of good faith he solicited the proper officer to place him in the jury box; and as an

apology to the officer for making such a request, he stated that he had been, and was then, in poor health, and that his physician prescribed rest, that he should not "do any thinking," and that he had come to the conclusion that by serving as a juror he might be able, more completely, to follow the advice of his physician. The officer remarked that he regretted exceedingly that he was unable to comply with his request, as the panel was complete. So the court and litigants were deprived of his valuable services.

Some years ago a trial took place in one of our courts in which, among other witnesses who testified, was a bright, innocent young girl. She impressed the jurors most favorably; but when the jury retired to deliberate as to their verdict, there was some division among them, and they got into controversy. One of the jurors was aiming to do what was right, yet by mistake was voting to sustain the cause of the complainant, when, really, he intended to support that of the defendant; and when asked by some of his brother jurors if he did not believe what the young girl testified to, he said, "Yes, of course I do;" they replying that she supported the claim of the defendant. He exclaimed, "Is that so?" They convinced him of the fact. Then he declared, "I will vote for the little girl every time."

In a commonwealth where the State, in criminal cases, is not liable to jurors or witnesses for costs, and where the costs and fees are payable only in the event that the accused is found guilty, a criminal case before one of the inferior courts came on for trial by jury, and after the evidence was heard and argument of counsel the court proceeded to charge the jury. After making many sage observations as to the duty of jurors, stating, among other wise suggestions, that "the jury system is the palladium of litigants and of our liberties," he summed up his instructions by stating to the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, self preservation is the first law of nature; if you don't find the defendant guilty, you will get no fees." The verdict returned enabled the officers and jurors to get their fees.

A lawyer should be a good judge of human nature. More cases are won by counsel on account of their intuition, tact and management than by appeals to the facts and the strict letter of the law. The lawyer should know the temper, type of mind and general tendencies of the life of the judge. Few people know how to commend, or praise others, and fewer still know how to *be* praised. The lawyer should, if possible, be personally acquainted with the judge and know the antecedents of the jurors, the sort of men they are. The standing of witnesses should be known. Hence in the trial of causes by jury, where there are large interests involved, great expense must be incurred to pay detectives and others to "hunt down" witnesses and "probable jurors."

The behavior of the parties to the controversy is of great moment. The lawyer should see to it that his client, especially while in court, conduct himself with the greatest propriety. His style of dress and bearing are of the greatest importance. If his client be a woman, he dare not, with safety, permit her, whatever her tastes may be, to "dress loud." The expansive hat in a court room

is as injurious to her as it is offensive to others in a theatre. The general sentiment expressed and unexpressed is: "Shoot that hat."

The great lawyer is a diplomat. He should be in the best sense "all things to all men," that blessings to his clients may abound. As Col. Ingersoll said, in his lecture on Lincoln, he was such a discerning, politic and sagacious man, so patient in the midst of difficulties, so penetrating in seeking for the motives of men, so wary and prudent in dealing with them, that there was but a thin veil between his honesty and dishonesty. But the veil existed, palpable and well defined. His disposal of men and measures raised his prudence to the height of wisdom, as subsequent events have demonstrated.

I spoke to an eminent lawyer once, who was noted for his power of "wringing verdicts from juries," as to his style and methods when dealing with them, delicately suggesting that the style and manner of lawyers could be greatly improved. He told me that he realized that very sensibly, but that it was a matter of slow growth, and that so long as jurors remain in their present state, the style of address to them indulged in would continue. When the whole community is raised up, when men become more intelligent and humane, the method will change. Men should receive the mental pabulum that they are capable of digesting.

The short and pathetic address of Senator Vest, who is a great man in our part of the country, to a jury in a "dog case," illustrates the matter under consideration. The plaintiff sued the defendant for killing his dog—valued at one hundred dollars. The trial came on, and as the Senator happened to be in town, he was employed by the plaintiff to assist in the prosecution. The Senator hesitated to take the employment, because of the nature of the case and the small amount involved, but the plaintiff urged him, and to make his urgency more pronounced, handed him fifty dollars. The evidence was introduced, the senior counsel presented the case to the jury for the plaintiff, and the counsel for the defendant made a vigorous argument. The Senator closed the argument, not referring once to the evidence, but confined his remarks to the *canine genus*; alluding to the fidelity of the dog of ancient and modern times; that he was the first to welcome his master's return home, and that starvation could not force him to desert his dead body. The jury were completely overcome with emotion. They retired to deliberate and soon returned a verdict for the plaintiff for two hundred dollars—one hundred more than the plaintiff demanded in his complaint.

In an early day in the southwest, when law books were rare, except in the larger towns, the country lawyers had to appeal to what they conceived to be right and justice—tact and eloquence carried off the palm of victory. The lawyer who could make his contention the more plausible by his art and positive assertions, would win court or jury to his views.

In one of the inferior courts a cause was tried, there being no law books at hand except the statutes and a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries on the laws of England. The lawyer on one side of the case found some proposition in Blackstone which was the law in this country as well as in England, sustaining

his contention. It proved to be unavailing, owing to the poverty of the judicial equipment and the appeal of the lawyer on the opposite side of the case, to our Declaration of Independence, the success of our arms against "Old England" which made us a free and independent nation. He further stated that "while it would not be courtesy, nor in conformity to the well established rules to impute any improper motive on the part of the counsel in producing Blackstone as authority, it would seem that the learned counsel must know better." Blackstone was held by the "learned court" not to be good law here after the success of our arms in the war of the Revolution.

The lawyer who produced Blackstone then stated that he had an authority directly in point—indeed, "a hog case"—in the form of a decision of the Supreme Court of the State. The report containing it had been brought into the court room, but it had mysteriously disappeared. This left the counsel in a very uncomfortable condition, as it was the only copy in town, and because he stood discredited before the court by reason of his attempt and failure to convince the "learned Judge" that the proposition in Blackstone alluded to was sound law in this country; the opposing counsel contending that there was no such decision, so far as he knew, and that he was perfectly familiar with what the Supreme Court had decided.

The truth about the matter was that the counsel that contended that there was no such decision, had induced one of his friends to get the report containing the decision referred to and hide it until after the trial was over and the victory won. The case not having been one of great importance, so far as the amount involved was concerned, it was in after years treated as a very amusing occurrence—a travesty on court trials.

As the country improves, as distance is annihilated by a net-work of railroads and telegraphs spreading all over the country, and as knowledge is disseminated throughout the nation by means of the Press and other instrumentalities, a change is perceptible in every walk of life and nowhere is a more marked improvement observable than in the courts of the country and in the legal profession. A reference to such scenes and occurrences as are alluded to, which belong to the history of the legal profession and the courts of the country, is of interest to those who are seeking for a painting of the grotesque and humorous side of life as exhibited in the courts and in the actual experiences of men of the profession of the law.

And it may have a higher value, even, than that. A history of the evolution of any profession, and especially of one which has exerted, and still exerts, such an influence in our society—making its mark in every stage of our progress, must be of great concern to all who are alive to whatever tends to show that a period of stagnation has not set in among us, and that we have arisen, by our own native strength and energy, from a lower condition to a higher. A less ambitious attempt may not be wholly without merit and may serve as a guide-board to the place where the treasure may be found.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

By H. R. Y. N.



HE ever-mounting tide of life which softened and quickened the still stone into the plant, which from the plant slowly worked out the animal, whose ceaseless pulsing through the ages wove at last the mind of man, now in its divine work begins to awaken in mankind a higher consciousness. Beyond man it cannot go; it can only fashion a diviner and diviner man. Men are arising of greater soul than once, compassionate instead of self-seeking.

Especially in these later days is the spirit of self-seeking beginning to find of a higher ideal, taking the positive form of prompting to other than selfish its evil reign troubled. Men are beginning to feel the presence within themselves thoughts and acts, to self-sacrifice, in the interests of a wider and wider circle of life. They instinctively know its compelling force, and that that force will increase; they know that in no long time it will declare war upon, crucify, and finally kill their selfish and pleasure-seeking sensual personalities. As they hardly or rarely recognize that this force is a part of their own nature and pregnant with promise of great joy for them in the future when it shall be their only guiding power, that it is as it were a dawn gloriously lying athwart the purple hill-tops portending a new and spacious day, they are disposed to revolt as a man naturally prepares to revolt when he hears of the coming of something which he instinctively feels to have the power or intention to control what he has hitherto regarded as a right.

But this gloriously ominous disturbing element keeps up its knocking at every heart. Made into words the unwelcomed voice says: "Thou shalt not sacrifice thy higher life to thy lower; thou shalt not sacrifice the welfare of any other thing which hath life to thine own pleasure."

It is a trying utterance, a notice to quit, served on all the baser elements in humanity. It is served into unwilling hands; therefore the star of great hope that is arising does so to the accompaniment of the roar of cannon, the muttered omens of coming disaster, and on every hand the cries of misery and starvation as a result of the last ferocious grabs of self-seeking, lust, and plunder. The collective demon of humanity like the demon of the individual man is roused to its utmost by the very thought, even unconscious, that it may have to loose its hold.

What is this new ideal as a last and highest point of the ever upcoming tide of life?

It is the true instinct of Brotherhood, to be carefully distinguished from that which prompts the mere grouping of selfish units with a common scheme

of plunder or imposition. Now that Nature has evolved man, all her further work lies in ennobling his consciousness.

As an embodiment of that impulse, here stands the Universal Brotherhood Organization, the Crown of highest human endeavor, the outer symbol of the Spiritual Temple to which through the painful ages of human struggles and persecutions and tears and blood has been added, here and there, a brick. No other Body known among men has so pure a platform, has an ideal so high and so catholic. It is the Crown of life because it expresses and embodies the last and noblest product of the evolutionary life-wave, the pure compassionate and joyful instinct of Brotherhood. Before that, Nature tended to make her units self-seeking; in man she now pushes on to a nobler step. The fruit, the divine fruit, of countless æons of evolutionary growth is in the breast of the man who loves his fellow-man. His life is a more rarified essence and distillation of the common life of lesser men.

It is to conserve and give an instrument for work to this essence that the Universal Brotherhood Organization exists. It exists for no other purpose. It tries to exclude those who have other aims. In no long time it will contain the full number of those who are great enough to be animated with this one purpose; and as the individuals among men come few by few to their true dignity as holders of that purpose they will join that Organization in order to have the use of its many and increasingly many implements of husbandry for labor in the field of life, human and sub-human. The Organization is the Temple in whose courtyard is the well-guarded spring of the waters of life, the water of compassion.

Membership in the Organization is therefore a sacred matter. It is the highest self-conscious expression of life. The highest fire of life, its last essence, should be in the breast of, and in the care of, every member. He drinks his life at a higher source than any who have not the instinct of Brotherhood. Members sometimes leave, and may then become its bitter enemies. There are two or three causes for this. They may have entered from a lower motive than that of Brotherhood. Unless they gain the higher (and to try sincerely and continually to do so is to insure ultimate success), they presently feel themselves out of place, and, often with reviling, depart. Some waste in sensual indulgence, either of thought or deed, that essence of life which they possess, and thus, lowering the whole level, lower it from the highest first. And that highest is Brotherhood, so that their whole impulsion to membership has departed. From this cause, and from the intrusion of ambition, which, as a self-centration, is the opposite of the principle of Brotherhood, many desert their posts.

It is easy to see that the Organization is the highest on earth. A man who can drop his own personal aims and comfort and think only of the comfort and welfare of his wife and children, is counted a good husband and father; he who does likewise by his town is counted a good citizen; he who will do that for his country is praised as a patriot. And all these are the highest types in their several capacities. So therefore he who can take into his heart the

vast needs of humanity, making an ideal humanity his ideal, is the flower of evolving nature, the greatest and noblest type of man; those who try to make themselves such are approaching the ideal; having comprehended the mind and purpose of nature; they have resolved to be at one with her, to work with her on themselves and others. For life is one; its purpose is one; its children are one, and the greatest are they who know it, who act on their knowledge that it may become deeper, and who ever seek the highest. For these there can be no failures; in them life pulsates at its richest, and therefore also joy, for joy is in the proportion of life. All these must ultimately find themselves within the Organization; for there they will find their natural comrades and their natural tools and channels of work.

The Organization perceived that it contained within itself one who was of this noble type in a unique degree, one who has succeeded in forswearing personal interests, and who, for this reason and because wisdom comes *pari passu* with selflessness, was thus fitted to lead the highest expression of the current tide of life, the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Movement. By this one, the engines and methods of work are directed.

To recapitulate. This Movement has organized itself that it may *work* for the elevation of every department of human life that is worthy and in which elevation is possible. It is a Brotherhood because Brotherhood is life. It is universal because of the community of life. We make a large claim, but we maintain that whoever joins the Organization with the one noble feeling and motive will presently feel an accession of life spiritually, mentally, and even physically; that he will reach a point of growing peace and joy; that he will learn of his own nature and of life in general in a way and to a degree nowhere else possible; and that he will find himself in possession of channels of work in which his every bent and aspiration will find their utmost outlet.

He will have entered on a new life; if he is faithful to his spiritual obligation, without books there will arise in his soul that memory and hope and wisdom which are the privileges of the awakened man. A divine legacy will come to him, the religion which is wisdom concerning nature, Theosophy, the peace-bringer, the key to hope, that Temple of hope which will one day be the abiding-place of all souls and where alone can storm-worn humanity come to rest. With this wisdom in his heart he will go out among men to comfort, to teach, to arouse, to labor, in joy.

“He who neglects his duty to his conscience, will neglect to pay his debt to his neighbor.”

“A student without inclination for work is like a squirrel on its wheel; he makes no progress.”

“The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind by passion. Blessed are the patient, and the passionless.”

EGYPT' AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

IX.—The Amunophs—The Vocal Memnon—Queen Taia—King Khuen-Aten and His Monotheistic Religion—Its Suppression.



ON the first day of the month of Pharmuthi, immediately after the death of his illustrious father, "as the earth became light and the morning broke, the disk of the sun rose above the horizon and the sky became clear, then was the anointed king of Upper and Lower Egypt, the son of Râ, Amunoph II., placed on the seat of Thôthmes III., and he took possession of the throne." Like the stars of the firmament that are obscured by the radiance of the sun, his glory was diminished by that of his great predecessor; and his history seems almost devoid of interest. Yet he had already distinguished himself as a brave commander in a campaign to repel incursions of the Badawen tribes of the "red land at the East" of Egypt, and he had been associated for some time with his father in the administration of the government.

He was early brought face to face with trial and conflict. The confederated kings of Palestine, Syria and Naharaina, again revolted. Amunoph immediately marched his forces against them. He met them at the town of Thakhisa and put them to flight. Seven of the kings were captured; "he with his own hand struck down seven kings with his battle-axe." They were "bound on the forepart of the royal ship" and carried to Egypt for summary punishment.

It was a war of vengeance, and Amunoph continued his march northward, pillaging the inhabitants as he went. He penetrated into Assyria and the fortified town of Nin or Nineveh, which Thôthmes had captured before, surrendered to him with little resistance. He succeeded in restoring his authority over all the tributary peoples.

Upon his return to Thebes, six of the captive kings were hanged outside the walls of the metropolis. The seventh was carried up to Nubia and was hanged on the wall of the city of Napata in order to strike terror among the negro tribes.

Amunoph, after the manner of his predecessors, visited the temple of Amada in Nubia, where the account of the campaign was recorded. He also placed inscriptions on one of the entrances to the great temple of Karnak. The few subsequent years of his reign were devoted to making additions to the temples, but the workmanship exhibits a great deterioration. It was far inferior to that of former kings. He was liberal in gifts to worthy officials, and

the records in their tombs contain grateful mention of his appreciativeness and munificence.

The likenesses of Amunoph II. and of Queen Hashep-Merira-Râ, the wife of Thôthmes III., were found in a tomb at Thebes. They exhibit an obliquity of the eye somewhat like that which is peculiar to the Mongolian features.

In another tomb is a genealogy, the names in which indicate that the monarchs who were classed as truly legitimate were members of the sacerdotal order. The priests were unwilling to name any other. An individual named Amunhetep or Amunoph is described as the son of the Chief Priest Khamu (the "king's son"*) who was the son of the Chief Priest Amunhetep or Amunoph, the son of the Chief Priest Thôthmes.

The inscriptions ascribe to Amunoph II. a reign of seven years. He was succeeded by Thôthmes IV., whose accession to the throne was attended by some irregularity. His physiognomy differs from that of preceding kings. He signalized the event by rearing a memorial stone directly before the breast of the statue of the Sphinx at Gizeh, on which, besides other sculptures, there is an account of the matter.

The space about the Pyramids had been abandoned after the period of the Memphite dynasties. It bore the significant name of Ro-set, "the door to the under-world," and only pilgrims resorted to it to worship Osiris. From this hill the Sacred Path extended to the "city of obelisks," Heliopolis.

Thôthmes had come to Memphis in his horse-chariot, he says, for the purpose of hunting lions. He had paid homage to the gods at Sakkara, making an offering of seeds to Horemkhu and to Rannu the goddess of horticulture, and praying to Isis, Sekhet and to the god Seth. "For," says he, "a great enchantment has rested on this place from the beginning of time," as far as the districts of the lords of Babylon, the Sacred Path of the gods to the western horizon of the city of Heliopolis. The form of the Sphinx is the simulacrum of Khepra (the sun at midnight), the very great god who abides in this place, the greatest, the most venerable of all spiritual beings."

Here when the sun was at the zenith, the prince fell asleep, and in a dream the god appeared to him. "My son Thôthmes," said the apparition, "I am thy father Horemkhu, Khepra, Râ, Tum. The kingdom shall be given to thee, and thou shalt wear the white crown and the red crown of the earth-god Seb. . . . The sand of this district in which I have my existence has covered me up. Promise that thou wilt do what I wish in my heart."

In spite of opposition, Thôthmes IV. conquered. He at once caused the sand to be cleared away which had hidden the body of the Sphinx, and brought the gigantic shape to view. It lay there with the face toward the East and a temple between the outstretched fore-feet. Precautions were now employed to prevent another accumulation of sand; and in later years, under the Ptolemies, and afterward, the inhabitants of the village of Busiris earned money by acting

*The practice of the kings in appointing their sons as high priests, as well as viceroys, was common in Egypt. The converse of this was likewise true that favorite priests and viceroys were styled by way of compliment "King's sons."

as guides for those who wished to visit the wonderful structure. In the inscription Thôthmes ascribes the rearing of the image to king Khafra of the Fourth Dynasty, although even at that remote time it had been considered as a relic of a previous antiquity.

Thôthmes made expeditions into the land of the Khitans and afterward into Nubia and Ethiopia to suppress insurrections. His reign was too short, however, to give opportunities for distinction.

In the person of Amunoph III., his great predecessor Thôthmes III. seemed to live again. He was brave and passionately fond of the chase. Memorial scarabæi contain accounts of his hunting expeditions to the country of Naharaina, and that he speared one hundred and ten lions. His first military campaign was against the tribes of the Sudan in "the miserable land of Kush." It took place in the fifth year of his reign, and is described as victorious. "He placed his boundary wherever it pleased him."

These campaigns were repeated, and the inscriptions include the names of many conquered towns and tribes that cannot now be ascertained by any that now exist. The region abounded with gold mines, and the cupidity inspired by this wealth was the chief incentive to these expeditions.

A distinguished officer of the king was his famous kinsman and namesake Amunhetep or Amunoph, the son of Kapu and grandson of Khamu, who has been already named. The account of his qualifications is very interesting to all who take interest in such matters. "I was introduced to the knowledge of the Holy Book* and beheld the glories of the god Thôth. I was enlightened concerning their mysteries, and all parts of these were laid open before me. I was made master of the art of speaking in all its bearings."

Amunhetep had been first appointed a royal under-secretary. His proficiency having been demonstrated, he was made Secretary, with the duties of arranging the families, of reporting on the taxes, and of watching over the defenses of the country. Here his administrative ability was fully tested, and he had a wide distinction. The Egyptians, like all ancient peoples, were hostile to those of another race and country, refusing intimate relations with them, and even their ingress into Egypt, except under rigid conditions. They were branded in the inscriptions on the monuments by such odious terms as "miserable, impure, and leprous." The administration of Amunhetep was wise and practical. "I gave satisfaction to the people in their place of taxing," he declares; "I levied the taxes on the household according to their number. I separated the warriors and their household. I increased the subjects by the best of the prisoners whom the king had made on the theatre of war. I was Rohir, the director at the head of the bravest of the warriors to smite the nations of Nubia and Asia. The thoughts of my lord were continually my care. I penetrated what his mouth concealed and comprehended his thoughts toward all natives and foreigners that were about him. It was I who brought away the

*This would appear to have been the book which was prepared by Kheops; but it reminds us more particularly of the "petroma" or tablet of stone from which the hierophant at the Eleusinia instructed the candidates.

prisoners. I was their overseer. I did according to what he spoke, and took my measures according to that which he prescribed to me. I found that this proved best in later times."

His next appointment was that of Chief Architect. This was one of the most honorable and responsible, demanding the highest qualifications in a court and country like those of Egypt. Wisdom, discretion and intelligence of the highest order were absolutely necessary. These Amunhetep possessed, beyond other men at his time. He was overjoyed at the honour which he received. Even the sculptured hieroglyphic in "hard stone" was aglow with the ardor of his gratitude to the king. "He is Râ himself," he exclaims in his enthusiasm; "may there be accorded to him numerous returns of the Thirty Years' Feast without end!"

The popularity of Amunoph III. with his subjects exceeded that of former kings. In the holy Thirtieth Year,* the jubilee of his reign, he received tribute and taxes from the Rohirs, and collected the revenue. In acknowledgment, each of the faithful subjects was presented from the king with a necklace. "These," says the inscription—"these are the records which are granted to the overseers of the houses of Pharaoh and the taxpayers of Upper and Lower Egypt, because when the overseer of the granaries had spoken a word to them, they gave more than the amount of their taxes for the thirtieth year."

Their reply was terse and to the point. "The king has shown himself upon his throne. The taxpayer of the South and North of Egypt has been rewarded."

The coronation-day of Amunoph had been characterized by a general pilfering about the court, a stealing of food, a sucking of beer from the skins, a tearing of the lead from the mouth of the fountains and a carrying away of ornaments. Either the servants did not share in the general enthusiasm, or with a reign of thirty years, Amunhetep had not won the respect and affection of the people.

Amunoph III., like his great predecessor, Thôthmes, was profoundly religious and particularly fond of building. He caused new quarries to be opened in the hills of Toura, near Memphis, and the "hard stone" carefully hewn and then transported to all parts of Egypt, for the repairing of temples and the building of new ones. "He gave instructions and directions," says the inscription, "for he understood how to direct and guide architects."

The arrangement of the Great Temple at Thebes underwent significant modifications. An immense propylon or gate-tower was erected at the western extremity, a new temple to Amun-Râ at the north, and another to the lion-headed goddess Sekhet or Mut, the "Great Mother," at the south. All the buildings were united to the new temple by an avenue of criosphinxes, figures having the bodies of rams, with the disks of the sun at their heads. The ram

*The "festival of Hib." as it was called, was a significant occurrence in Egypt. It commemorated the end of a cycle of thirty years and the beginning of a new one. It served to regulate according to a fixed rule of numbers the coincident points of the solar and lunar years. It is first mentioned in the monuments in the reign of Pepi Meri-Kâ of the Sixth Dynasty.

being the symbol of Amun, and the disk representing the sun-god, the combination implied that Amun-Râ, the "Mystic Sun," was the Supreme Deity of the realm of Egypt.

Another important structure was the new temple at Medinet-Abu, on the further bank of the river. This building was placed by the Chief Architect, and its site was indicated from a great distance by two colossal sitting statues of the king, the fame of which went over the whole ancient world. The architect had devised them in the exuberance of his gratitude without the knowledge of the king. They were of "hard stone," about fifty feet in height. After



THE FAMOUS CIRCULAR ZODIAC OR PLANISPHERE AT DENDERA.

H. P. Blavatsky declares the knowledge of the Zodiac to be an heirloom from the Atlanteans [America]. The Egyptian Zodiacs show that the ancient Egyptians had records extending back 78,000 years. See "The Secret Doctrine," II, 432.

having been completed, they were transported to the river, where eight boats or floats had been built for the purpose of carrying them to their place of destination. "They will last as long as the sky," was the architect's exultant boast.

The northern statue was the "vocal statue of Memnon," which has afforded so much wonder and has been celebrated by innumerable writers in poetry and prose. It gave forth musical notes at sunrise.* The two statues were in a sitting posture, and at their feet were smaller sitting figures of the queen Taia, and the king's mother, Mut-em-va.

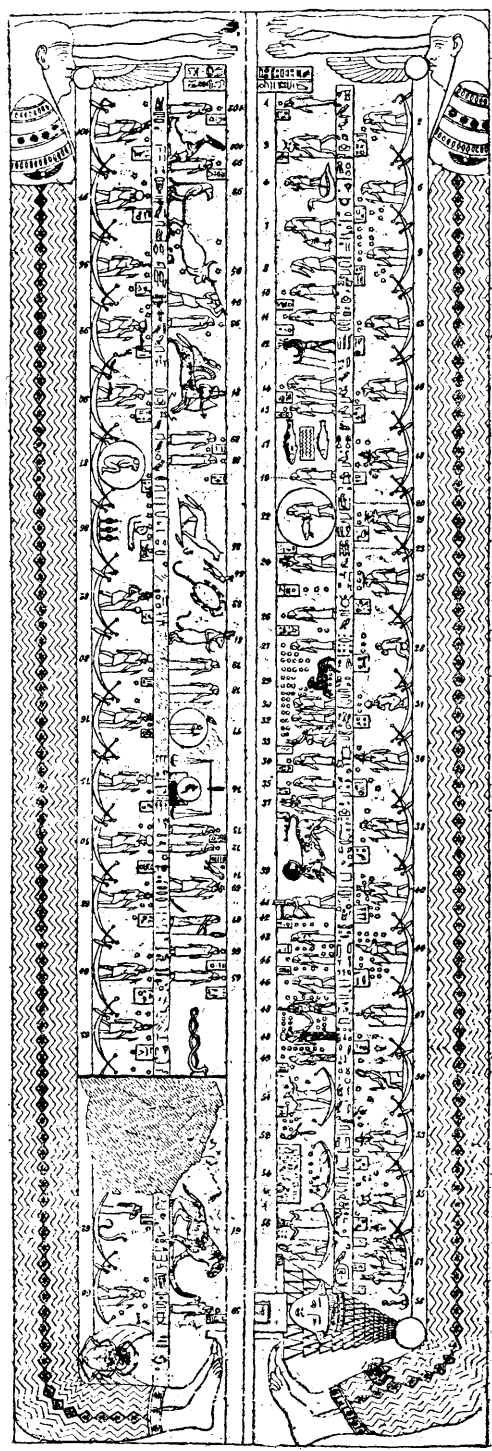
The king regarded the building of this temple as the most glorious achievement of his reign. The memorial tablet contains an inscription, an address to the god and his reply. "Come, Amun-Râ, lord of Thebes in Apê," the king invokes, "behold thy abode which is prepared for thee on the great place of Us. . . . As thou risest on the horizon, then is it enlightened by the golden beams of thy countenance. Thy glory dwells on it. I have not let it want for works of beautiful white stone; I have filled it with monuments from the mountain of admirable stone; and those who behold them are full of great joy on account of their size. . . . Statues of the gods are to be seen everywhere, carved in all their parts. I gave directions to execute what pleased thee well, to delight thee with beautiful dwelling-places."

The god replies, assuring him that that which he has prepared is excellent. "Never," says he, "has the like been done for me."

Amunoph was not remiss in his kindness to the architect, Amunhetep. A temple had been founded by the latter, behind the Sanctuary of the King, near the tombs of the king's daughters and other royal princesses, in the eleventh year of the reign of Amunoph. The king gave orders for its perpetual maintenance, and "the high priests, the holy fathers and the priests of Amun-Râ" were appointed to protect the shrine. Severe penalties were decreed in case of neglect; for, with all his bounties, Amunoph was not on the best of terms with the leading members of the Sacerdotal Order. He promised rewards for fidelity, adding the assurance so delightful to an Egyptian, "your body shall rest in the Underworld, Amenti, after a career of one hundred and ten years."

The son of Hapu was famous for his wisdom and superior excellencies for many centuries, till Egypt ceased to be a land of the gods. What Imopht or Emeph was for Memphis, Amunhetep became for Thebes. The temple of Kak, as it was called, became a place of pilgrimage for visitors to the Southern Metropolis; and when it was rebuilt under the Ptolemies it was again dedicated to Amun and Hathor, and the wise Amunhetep was honoured with the deities.

*Humboldt ascribes such sounds to the different conditions of temperature of the atmosphere and the air confined in the crevices of the stone. He observed similar sounds from the rocks on the banks of the Orinoco River in Venezuela. Others attribute the notes to the artifices of the priests; and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson found a stone in the lap of the statue which gave forth a musical sound on being struck. Kamybes broke the statue in order to ascertain the cause, but to no purpose. The hypothesis of Humboldt and Sir David Brewster is doubtless the correct one.



ZODIACS AT DENDERA AND ESNE.

THE UNHONORED "STRANGER KINGS."

The reign of Amunoph III. lasted for about forty years; his dominion extended from the Sûdan to Assyria. There is no record of his death. He had been in many respects diverse from the members of the family of Thôthmes, and his tomb was in a place apart. There is a significance in this that seems to foreshadow remarkable changes. If he did not attempt to make innovations in the religion and customs of Egypt, he opened the way for such endeavors. While Thôthmes III. may be compared very justly with David, the Hebrew monarch, as he is described, Amunoph was more like Solomon. He exhibited a similar liking for art and literature, and his reign was generally peaceful and conducive of prosperity to his people. Like that king, he has been represented as susceptible to the attractions of foreign women, and he was liberal to their religion. "Some historians have reproached him with being too much under female influence," says Professor Rawlinson; "and certainly in the earlier portion of his reign he deferred greatly to his mother, Mutemva, and in the latter portion to his wife, Tii or Taia; but there is no evidence that any evil result followed, or that these princesses did not influence him for good. It is too much taken for granted by many writers that female influence is corrupting. No doubt it is so in some cases; but it should not be forgotten that there are women whom to have known is 'a liberal education.' Mutemva and Tii may have been of the number."

Queen Taia, whose influence with her husband and son was productive of important results, had been chosen by Amunoph from affection, without regard to political policy. An inscription at Thebes describes her as "with complexion fair, her eyes blue, her hair flaxen, her cheeks rosy." A scarabæus at the Gizeh Palace declares her parents to have been not of the royal blood of Egypt, but foreign.

A scarabæus contains the records that in the year after his marriage, the eleventh, he caused to be constructed for his young bride, Taia, a lake a mile in length in the city of Zar or Zoan (San or Tanis), and celebrated the festival of the Inundation, launching upon it a boat named Aten-nefer, "the Beautiful Sun." The employing of this term "Aten"* on this occasion indicates the early inception of the attempt to change the national worship. But Amunoph, however favorable to the new ideas, would not venture upon rash innovations. The son, however, who was for a time the colleague of his parents in the government, was less politic and cautious.

"Queen Taia was not accepted by the priests of Egypt as quite a legitimate consort to the king. He had wedded her from affection, disregarding the requirement that the queen must be of the Egyptian royal family.† The

*This term is usually understood to mean the disk of the sun. It probably denotes the spiritual principle which the disk prefigured.

†Archaic usage regarded the maternal parent as more essential to legitimacy than the father. Many peoples considered only the mother as determining the tribe or people with which the child was to be included.

priests were accordingly enabled to dispute the title of their children as heirs to the throne. They did not succeed in excluding them from actually reigning, but they omitted their names from the Tables in which were inscribed the names of the Kings of Egypt.

In the ensuing reign, when the new religion had been established, Queen Taia and the mother of Amunoph III. were associated with him in the public ceremonies, as entitled to the highest veneration. It is conjectured that the two women largely influenced his action. While he did not formally depart from the established worship, yet in his utterances, as recorded in the monumental inscriptions, he addressed Amun-Râ, but significantly indicated him as the divinity of the Sun.

There is much uncertainty in relation to the accession of Amunoph IV. to the throne of Egypt, and even in regard to his personality. His very features add to the difficulty. As they are depicted, they exhibit mongrel characteristics, unlike those of Amunoph III. or Queen Taia, as though there had been a reverting to some former ancestral type; if indeed he was not some changeling or actually of another family.

Mr. Villiers-Stuart has found two tombs in which the sculptures indicate something of this character. One is the tomb of Queen Taia herself, which was prepared under her own directions, probably during the life of her husband. She is depicted in the act of worshipping the gods of Egypt; and her son, who is making the usual offerings to her as a being in the Underworld, exhibits no resemblance to the pictures of the monarch afterward known as Khu-en-Aten. In the other tomb which Mr. Stuart found at Thebes, there were two bas-reliefs, one on each side of the entrance. The figure at the right was a likeness of Khuenaten, and Mr. Stuart declares the other to be that of the genuine Amunoph IV., whose features are more clearly like those of the family of Thôthmes.*

This monarch and his immediate successors are known in Egyptian history as the "Stranger-Kings," an epithet which in ancient times was a very opprobrious one. He was not long in becoming obnoxious to the priests and nobility. He openly manifested his aversion to the worship of the many gods in the temples. He recognized a single Divine Being only, the God of Light, of whom the orb of the sun was the symbol. In his tablet he styled himself Mi-Aten, "the Intimate Friend of the Sun," and also "priest of Horemakhu." He afterward laid aside the name of Amunoph for that of Khu-en-Aten, "the Radiant Sun," and Mi-Horemakhu, and issued an order to obliterate the names of the god Amun and the goddess Mut from the monuments of his ancestors.

*See Nile Gleanings, pages 73-81, 244-250, 299-301. Mr. Stuart thought that Amunoph IV. was succeeded by Khuenaten, who had married his daughter; and that he for a time adopted the oval of his father-in-law together with his name. The queen of Khu-en-Aten was pictured with a double crown, which verifies her hereditary right. She transmitted this right to her daughters, and so their husbands became kings. This is set forth in the inscriptions over their heads: "Royal Daughters of her very body—Meri-Aten, sprung from the Queen Nefer-nefru-ti-tai-Aten." The fact that the father is not mentioned indicates he was not considered to belong to the sacred race.

A command was also promulgated with the evident purpose of prescribing the worship of the One God. The Chief Minister was commanded to assemble all workers in stone in Egypt, from the Island of Elephantina to Migdol, and to open a quarry at Silsilis for the erection of a gigantic building, "the Great Obelisk of Horemakhu, by his name as God of Light, who is worshipped as Aten-Râ in Thebes." The great lords and chiefs of the Fan-bearers were appointed to oversee the cutting and shipping of the stone.

This building was demolished in a subsequent reign, and a gateway erected upon its site.

These measures led to rebellion, and the king, in the sixth year of his reign, abandoned Thebes to found a new metropolis at a distance from the Nile in Middle Egypt. The place selected for the site was at Alabastron, now known as the Tel-el-Amarna, "the Mound of Amarna." Here the work was inaugurated by the erection of a temple to the god Aten. The style of this structure was a complete departure from the standard Egyptian models. It consisted of many buildings with open courts, in which were altar-hearths for the Sacred Fire.* Flowers were the principal offerings, and the whole temple was decorated with them. But no animals were sacrificed.

A palace was built near the temple for the king and the queen, and residences likewise for their daughters, and for Netem-Mut or Benat-Mut, the daughter of Amunoph III. Houses were also erected near these for the Court and the servants of the king. The architects and builders were kept busy; the new city was soon filled with inhabitants and adorned with monuments.

The court and government were of a kind that was entirely unknown to the Egyptians. The very pictures of the king, his family and attendants, were unlike the others that appear in the sculptures and paintings. Instead of burly figures and comely features that were depicted in the tombs, they were represented as emaciated and distended in their forms, and of surpassing ugliness. The king maintained the style of an Asiatic monarch. Those who came into his presence prostrated themselves after a servile manner like conquered foemen. The army was largely constituted of negroes and Asiatics, yet there were few warlike expeditions; for the feeling of Khu-en-Aten was eminently peaceful. Every one seemed to be employed with the new religion. Flowers adorned the temple throughout, and hymns chanted to the music of harps constituted the chief form of worship.

Mr. R. Stuart-Poole pertinently asks "was this a foreign, or an Egyptian restoration of primitive belief? If it were Egyptian, why was the Sun called

*"Curious parallels might be drawn," says a historian of Egypt, "between the external forms of worship of the Israelites in the desert and those set up by the disk-worshippers at Tel-el-Amarna; portions of the sacred furniture, as the 'table of show-bread,' described in the Book of Exodus as placed within the tabernacle, are repeated among the objects belonging to the worship Aten and do not occur among the representations of any other epoch."

Aten and not Ra? The king was the son of a foreigner, and his type and that which marks his Court—probably because somewhere of his mother's race, an art assured the fashionable type for the rest—is not recognizable in any of the characteristic representations of foreign races. It is neither Ethiopian, nor Semitic, nor Libyan. The names of his mother (Taia) and of her reputed parents (Iuao and Thuao), the name of the Sun-God, which is Egyptian, and the character of the worship, do not, as far as we know, point to any of these races. Certainly they are not Semitic.*

It will not be very difficult to find a similarity to the religions of the Sacred Verse, the Gayatri: "Adore we the Sun, God over all, from whom all proceed and to whom all must return; may He guide our thought."

The government of Khuenaten, and the worship which he established, show much resemblance to what is described of the rule of Quetzalcoatl at Cholula, in Mexico. He diffused learning and knowledge of the arts, was just and liberal of gifts, conquering by the arts of peace rather than by war, averse to bloody sacrifices, but delighting in music, flowers and brilliant colors.

Whatever was the history of the worship, whether it was of original development from human intuitions divinely prompted, or a revival of the religion of native and prehistoric Egypt, or an importation from some foreign region, king Khuenaten devoted himself zealously to its dissemination.* He appointed his favorite official, Meri-Râ, to be Chief Seer of Aten, because of his devotion and obedience to the royal teaching. He also made Aahmes, an-



KUENATEN.

*It may be hazardous to express an opinion about these names, but they seem to be not unlike others in ancient literature. Taia has some resemblance to the Hebrew term for existence, and the names Iuao and Thuao appear not to be very different from the deity-name Iaô and Heva.

*He did not, however, attempt to enforce it upon his subjects by decrees and penalties, so usual in later times, but relied upon moral influence. The persecutions came from the priests of the other religion he aimed to reform

other of his faithful followers, Steward of the Royal Household and Superintendent of the Storehouses.

A prayer by this official was found in a tomb at Tel-el-Amarna. It invokes the divinity of the Sun as lord of lords and king of worlds, and is an eloquent effusion.

"Thou—oh, God—" he says, "thou who art in truth the Loving One, thou standest before the Two Eyes. Thou art he that created that which had never existed, that formed everything in the Universe. We, likewise, came into existence through the word of thy mouth."

No receiver of the new faith was more sincere and devoted than the queen, Nefert-i-Taia. Her invocation contains praise and petition, almost plaintive in their earnestness and affection:

"Thou disk of the Sun, thou living God," she exclaims, "there is none other beside thee! Thou givest health to the eyes through thy beams, thou Creator of all beings!"

"Grant to thy son, who loves thee, the lord of the land, Khuenaten, that he may live united with thee to all eternity. As for her, his wife, the queen Nefert-i-Taia, may she live evermore and eternally by his side, well pleasing to thee. She admires day by day what thou hast created."

The queen-mother, Taia, came to the new metropolis attended by a great retinue. She was received with joyful attentions. The king and queen conducted her to the temple of Aten to "behold her sun-shadow."

King Khuenaten was domestic in his tastes and habits. A sculpture in one of the tombs exhibits him as standing on a high balcony surrounded by his wife and seven daughters, one of them an infant and future queen, in the lap of her mother. They are throwing gifts to the people below.

The queen-mother, Taia, lived with them, and Khuenaten found in his home a recompense for the estrangement of the "holy fathers" of the temples and those whom they influenced.

Of accounts of the immediate successors of Khuenaten, history is very meagre. Sa-a-Nekhhet, who was the husband of his daughter, the princess Meri-Aten, reigned only a short period. The next monarch was Tut-ankh-Amun. He lived at Thebes, and had married the third daughter, Ankh-nes-Aten, whose name was now changed to Ankh-nes-Amun. He was evidently hoping to gain the sanction of the priests, but his name was not placed in their list of kings.

His successor was Aai, the husband of Titi or Taia, the foster-mother of Khuenaten. He was a member of the Sacerdotal Order, a "holy father" of the highest rank, and had held places of distinction, such as royal Fan-bearer and "Scribe of Justice," which attests his superior ability and the confidence which the king reposed in him. He seized the opportunity to grasp the supreme power, but did not venture to assume the royal dignity. He was only known as "prince of Thebes." He returned to the old worship, but did not obtain a place on the catalogue of kings. He was able, however, to have

a sepulchre among the royal tombs, but for some reason it was not completed. His sarcophagus was found there by Mr. Stuart, bearing marks of violence. The inscriptions had been defaced, as though he was considered a usurper, but the name that he assumed as ruler was left: "Kafer-kaferu-Râ-Arna-Neter-Aai-Neter-hic-vas."



Horos, "the Son of Râ, Miamun Horenhibi."

The record of his reign extends to four years and more, but we have no mention of its ending.

THE LEGITIMATE DYNASTY RESTORED.

In a grotto on the western side of the Jebel Silsileh is a sculpture representing a young boy wearing the royal circlet, with the Sacred Asp of Egypt,

and nursed by a queen. This was Hor-en-hibi or Horos, the "son" or priest of the god. The inscription describes him as the "beloved of his mother, the divine lady-chief." When he had grown up he was admitted to "behold the holiness of the god Horos" of Alabastropolis, and afterward was presented to the royal Court. The king appointed him a Rohir or Superintendent, and perceiving his rare excellencies, afterward made him Adon or governor of Egypt. He was now supreme, like the king himself, in all the realm; only on the throne was the king greater than he. In a short time afterward he was recognized as crown-prince. "Amun gave order to bring the god Horos, the lad of Alabastron, and his son, to Thebes that he might induct him into his office and his throne.

In ancient writings the priests of a worship assumed to speak as being the actual divinities. The god Amun may therefore be understood here as the chief priest of Thebes, and Horos as the priest of Alabastron.

The nuptials of Hor-em-hebi with the princess royal of Egypt constituted a part of the proceedings. This alliance assured the validity of his title. His various official and other names were then announced, and then "the Holiness of the glorious god Amun-Râ," the high priest, came forth with him from the palace, "in order to deliver to him the golden protecting image of the Disk of the Sun."

"The Son of Râ, Miamun Horenhibi," was now king of Upper and Lower Egypt and lord of the "Nine Nations." He proceeded at once to obliterate the records and destroy the monuments of the Stranger-Kings. The gigantic structure of Khuenaten, the obelisk crowned with the Aten-disk, was torn down and the stones taken away to build a gate-tower for the temple of Amun-Râ. A second gate-tower was also erected, and the entrances adorned with statues of the king. An avenue of sphinxes was likewise set up in honor of the tutelary divinity of Thebes. The images were restored to the temples and new ones added; the festivals and daily worship of the gods were again established.

The names of the other divinities were erased from the monuments, and the hieroglyphic or phonetic symbol of Amun-Râ substituted in their place. The hierarchy of Thebes had indeed full control in the court of Horenhibi.

The new city, the metropolis of Khuenaten, perished under the reaction; and the mound of Amarna covers its ruins. His name and the names of all the "Stranger-Kings" were removed from the monuments, and their statues were destroyed.

A campaign was also led against the tribes of the Sûdan. An inscription at Silsilis depicts the result. The king is represented with a battle-axe on his shoulder, receiving the cross and power from Amun-Râ, with the suppliant prisoners at his feet.

The booty obtained by war replenished the treasury of the king and enabled him to complete his work of restoration. On the walls of the temple at

Thebes was made a series of sculptures representing the princes of the country of Punt, presenting their tribute, in heavy sacks filled with gold. They address the monarch, asking for freedom and acknowledging him as Overlord.

The length of his reign is differently stated. An inscription records acts were performed in the twenty-first year, and Manethô records it as lasting thirty-seven years, probably adding to it the terms of the several Stranger-Kings.

Then followed a period of disorder and disintegration. The ambition of the conquering kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty operated eventually to weaken the power of Egypt. Having subjugated the Asiatics, Libyans and Ethiopians, chieftains from those countries were destined to subjugate their rulers in their turn. Thus, when the Dynasties of Thôthmes and the Amunophs had finished their careers, there was a new empire and confederacy forming in Asia to check further aggression, and Egypt itself had divided into two realms, with the Phœnician prince, Râ-en-tui, exercising supremacy over the North.

"I AM TIME MATURED."

Arjuna.—"Our principal warriors seem to be impetuously precipitating themselves into thy mouths terrible with tusks; some are seen caught between thy teeth, their heads ground down. As the rapid streams of full-flowing rivers roll on to meet the ocean, even so these heroes of the human race rush into thy flaming mouths. As troops of insects carried away by strong impulse find death in the fire, even so do these beings with swelling force pour into thy mouths for their own destruction. Thou involvest and swallowest all these creatures from every side, licking them in thy flaming lips; filling the universe with thy splendor, thy sharp beams burn, O Vishnu. Reverence be unto thee, O best of Gods! Be favorable! I seek to know thee, the Primeval One, for I know not thy work."

Krishna.—"I am Time matured, come hither for the destruction of these creatures; except thyself, not one of all these warriors here drawn up in serried ranks shall live. Wherefore, arise! seize fame! Defeat the foe and enjoy the full-grown kingdom! They have been already slain by me; be thou only the immediate agent."

THE HYMN OF PHILOSOPHY.

From the "Consolation of Philosophy."

By ANICIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS.

(SELECTED.)



NDYING Soul of this material ball,
Heaven-and-Earth-Maker! Thou who first didst call
Time into being, and by thy behest
Movest all things, thyself alone at rest,
No outward power impelled thee thus to mold
In shape the fluid atoms manifold,
Only the immortal image, born within
Of perfect beauty! Wherefore thou hast been
Thine own fair model, and the things of sense
The image bear of thy magnificence!
Parts perfect in themselves, by Thy control,
Are newly wrought into a perfect whole;
The yokèd elements obey thy hand;
Frost works with fire, water with barren sand,
So the dense continents are fast maintained,
And heaven's ethereal fire to earth restrained.
Thou dost the life of threefold nature tame,
To serve the parts of one harmonious frame,—
That soul of things constrained eternally
To trace Thy image on the starry sky,
The greater and the lesser deeps to round,
And on thyself return. Thou, too, hast found
For us,—thy lesser creatures of a day,
Wherewith thou sowest earth,—forms of a clay
So kindly-fragile naught can stay our flight
Backward, unto the source of all our light!
Grant, Father, yet, the undethronèd mind!
A way unto the fount of truth to find,
And, sought so long, the Vision of thy Face!
Lighten our flesh! Terrestrial vapors chase,
And reign in all thy splendor! For thou art
The final Rest of every faithful heart,
The First, the Last! of the expatriate soul
Lord, Leader, Pathway, and Eternal Goal!

—Translation of H. W. P.

THE DRAMA AND HUMAN LIFE.

By JESSIE E. SOUTHWICK.



N the history of the world, the drama and dramatic art have been most potent factors in the education of mankind. From the miracle play on to Richard Wagner's musical epics and Shakespeare's mirror of a thousand lives, and even to the modern drama with all its powers and trivialities, the people's heart has throbbed responsive to the mimic tragedy and laughter,—aye, and mystic symbolism of the soul's transition through this world of cares and sorrows, joys and conquests and defeats; and sometimes, too, of purest happiness and peace serene. Through all its tawdry trappings, tinsel shows and crude pretense, the power of thought and fancy glints and gleams and sparkles, sometimes blazing forth in shining revelations of life and destiny and human weal, and the resistless operations of the Law Divine.

Abstract philosophy is vague to many minds; preaching too often clashes with our self-esteem; the lessons of common experience are wrapped in mists of fearful doubt and clouds of pain and passion; but the contemplation of the woes of others, and the pictured joys we are not jealous of, awakens the vibrations of that chord of sympathy which makes the whole world kin; the Brotherhood of the common heart that beats as one beneath the ebb and flow of changing circumstance. Carried out of self, we achieve with the hero; die bravely with the martyr; are jubilant with the delight of pure innocence, and watch with breathless strain the issue of the conflict between light and darkness in the soul of man!

Thus! stolen unawares from our petty selves and limited concerns, we become one with the life of all, and know through the imagination—that magic servant of the mind and will—the cause, the meaning and the wherefore of pains and struggles, failure and success.

This is the ideal mission of dramatic art; and, of its influence, one with its spirit and intent, are all the literature and art creations which figure forth the gamut of the human soul's experience. The interpreter—one who embodies in his living presence and action the light of meaning buried in the silent tomes of past soul-messages, is the high-priest of life's mysteries, the revelator of mankind to man, the radiant witness of the reality of meaning within the inner chamber of the consciousness of all.

The drama is a mighty force! What is its origin, and what its message to the human race in every age?

First of all—the drama of existence is the progressive revelation of the soul's nature and destiny. This record is preserved in the consciousness of great souls; and these, contemplating the surging life about them, perceive by the sure light of intuition, the secret springs of action, and the undercurrents of cause

and influence which are hidden from common observation. The genius of a Shakespeare, which correlates the powers of all dramatic writers, reflects the real life of every age and every class he contemplates. Had he a *motive* in writing any play? If not—the *motive had him*. Every great work of art is the expression of a *necessity* moving from within.

I wish to emphasize the belief that nothing truly great and lasting is constructed by the intellectual powers alone; a greater power lies behind—understood or not by him through whom it speaks—and this power is *universal!* The character and purity of the creation given to the world depends upon how much of the universal the individual can express, and the grade, or spiritual plane to which he rises. The ascending spiral of man's development towards divinity has a sure compass in the heart of every being, that secret aspiration, the guardian of which is conscience. The right intent will to great degree remedy the worst mistakes, and win forgiveness of God and of all his children. The spectator sitting at a play, will often understand what all his experience cannot teach him, and feel a charity of which he seems incapable in common life.

The great drama pictures the operations of the Law and the causes and motives at work in life. Thus we often perceive moral values more clearly than in the midst of the struggles and emotions of our personal experience. In the drama is seen the proportion of cause and effect, which is not so evident to the casual observer in the lives of the individuals whom he contacts. Upon the stage we see, epitomized, results of causes; these results, by a careful study of life's tendencies, are seen to be inevitable, and we are led to perceive that the occurrences of life are not brought about by mere chance, but are the results of causes implanted deep within ourselves. The great drama reveals all this.

Why are these things so little impressive in our common playhouses? Do we not find the works of real genius too often passed by for the sensational excitements of meretricious trumpery?—the drama of a day written for money merely, or for superficial popularity? The crowd are easily diverted by that which is of small significance and great sensation; but they know, notwithstanding, that there is a deeper note. Another reason for the limited realization of the divine in art is that too many of those who claim the attention of the public, cater but to vanity; they are not possessed by consecration to ideals. It is not my purpose to condemn, however. It is hard to stem the tide of worldly frivolity and selfishness—but we need *faith* to believe that “what is true of us in our private hearts is true of all”—that far beneath the seeming is the *real*,—that after all, *the world is made of souls*, and howsoe'er bewildered by the shows of things, the soul awakes and rises up in response to the soul-call of heroism, of real, unselfish service, and the magic touch of God-inspired genius.

Is it not true that the real power of art at last is in its authoritative vindication of ideals? “People do not care for good music,” says one. True, the taste of the people needs cultivation. It is not the *performance* of the messages of the great masters that the people need, however; but the *awakening to life of the original meaning buried there*. We cannot all be Wagners or Shake-

speares, you will say; true, but let the interpreter be silent until the same necessity compels him, too, to lift his voice, and the same message cries within to be let forth. The true interpreter is he who relates the soul of the listener to the soul of the master sleeping within the framework of his phrase.

That which is true of the drama is true of poetry as well. The soul of the prophet lies waiting to be voiced, and tells its message only through the one who is responsive to its secret meaning, and cares more to speak his message than to win applause!

Let it be understood that the significance I point to is not an attempt to define the sole interpretation of any play or subject; but is a line of thought revealed in one of a thousand lights that might be flashed upon it from the heaven of intelligence. Emerson has said: "Every eye was placed where a certain ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray."

The light of truth was conveyed to the people of old time by the dignity and grandeur of the true mystery-play. A noble example of this is seen in the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, which is the history of a soul's emancipation from sin and turbulent passion through the intervention of divine justice in the person of Pallas Athena—the goddess of Wisdom and Love.

Now turn to Shakespeare, the thousand-souled, in whom we see the combined beauties of the drama of more recent times. The same grand music of the soul breathes through his voice, revealing the secret springs of human action, and showing in jewelled fragments the magic potency of divine law.

There is, in all the messages of this great master of life's mysteries, the unmistakable ring of healthy moral conclusions, and over all the halo of harmonious probability, the strands of life weaving the web of the "Beautiful Necessity."

From the contemplation of the lyric drama, we turn to some dramatic lyrics:

"To him who, in the love of nature
Holds communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language."

If the drama pictures to us the moods and deeper impulses of human life,—the moods of nature and her secret impulses lie all accessible to the poet's soul. The birds' ecstasy; the whispering or boisterous winds; the deep-toned and mysterious sea, and all the sounds and odors and flashing beauties of the world, are voicing the message of the Infinite, and deeply teaching lessons high and pure.

The great poet is a savior of the heart of man, and, when "songs gush from his heart," even the sordid millions pause in their mad rush after wealth and worldly fame, and listen for a moment to his singing. In that moment, the man of the world, who ordinarily argues against all "visionary things," dares to admire, and wonder at the *sublime imagination* of the poet, and yields unconsciously to the compelling music of his thought.

The Poet—child of Nature—is in sympathy with the beatings of her heart; and “sings his hymns unbidden,” for

“Till the world is wrought
To sympathize with hopes and fears
It heedeth not.”

The poet, yearning to express his meaning, gives tongue to the winds of heaven, and language to the song of birds. The spirit of nature has its dramatic action also. Nature has a supreme language—it is the finger of God writing His symbols on the walls of time. There is an attunement of inspiration in the poet's soul as he apostrophizes and personifies the spirits of the woods, the air, the waters.

Shelly's Skylark is an embodiment of the poet's aspiration—saluted by the human self which has to strive with the cares and burdens of life and which cries:

“Hail to thee! blythe spirit!”

A companion piece to this is his “Ode to the West Wind,” which has in it the impassioned cry of the imprisoned soul to be free; to compel the recognition of the hearts of men.

“Be thou—spirit fierce—my spirit!
Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe—
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!

* * * * *

Be, through my words, the trumpet of a prophesy!”

To my mind, these lyrics are dramatic as voicing the soul's experience and struggles. How sweetly the “Chambered Nautilus” of Holmes breathes of the soul's ascending cycles, and the final liberation awaiting the triumphant conqueror of life's limitations!

“Thanks for the heavenly message sent by thee!
Child of the wandering sea, cast from her lap forlorn!”

* * * * *

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul—
As the swift seasons roll
Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou, at length, art free;
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!”

In the light of this revelation we look no longer backward with regret or longing, but look upward from the “eternal *now*,” and the soul knows!

In the language of Emerson, our poet-seer: “As great an utterance awaits you, as that which fell from the pen of Dante or of Moses.” Ah, the genius is not a spectacle for vain display, but is the prophet's voice speaking for all mankind. It is only in great moments that we realize what life might be.

“Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.”

What a picture of life's changes and contrasts is in some passages of Whittier's "Snowbound," crowned with the faith that illumines the mysterious beyond!

“Alas! for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress trees.

* * * * *

Who hath not learned in hours of faith
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And love can never lose its own!”

More strictly dramatic is that gem of love's prophetic vision—"Evelyn Hope," by Browning; the inspired contemplation of the future fulfillment of all life's broken meanings. The lover places a leaf in the "sweet, cold hand" of Evelyn, and says:

“There—that is our secret—go to sleep,
 You will wake, and remember—and understand!”

Aye! we feel that we, too, shall one day wake, and remember and understand! Wake from this blighting dream of the commonplace; remember whence we came; understand our mission, and whither all is tending!

Thus art—dramatic, lyric, musical and pictured—is, after all, the handmaid of religion. If we have in part forgotten this, let us arise, and by consecration restore in full the divine birthright of the past! Will not this be the motive of the artwork of the future,—heralding religion, not of creed and dogma, but the universal spirit of Divinity?”

“A learned man without pupils, is a tree which bears no fruit; a devotee without good works, is a dwelling without a door.”

“Fallen flowers do not return to their stems, nor departed friends to their houses.”

“Excuse is better than disputation; delay is better than rashness; unwillingness of strife is better than eagerness in seeking it.”

“The fool who is angered, and who thinks to triumph by using abusive language, is always vanquished by him whose words are patient.”

SIGN POSTS ALONG THE PATH.*



UR position, clearly stated by H. P. B. long ago, is that the present day has no philosophy and can have none that will not be a copy or a distortion of some truth or long-discarded notion once held by our superiors the Ancients, and that modern philosophers are only engaged in reproducing out of the astral light and out of their own past-lives' recollections that which was known, published, declared, and accepted or rejected by the men of old time, *some of whom are now here in the garb of philosophers turning over and over again the squirrels' wheels they invented many lives ago.* For 'there is nothing new under the sun.'—WILLIAM BREHON, p. 284.

"There is a great likelihood that members of the Society will insist on a certain orthodoxy in our ranks. They are already doing it here and there, and this is a note of warning to draw their attention to the danger. There is no orthodoxy in our Society. Even though nine-tenths of the members believe in Reincarnation, Karma, the sevenfold constitution, and all the rest, and even though its prominent ones are engaged in promulgating these doctrines as well as others, the ranks of the Society must always be kept open, and no one should be told that he is not orthodox or not a good Theosophist because he does not believe in these doctrines. All that any one is asked to subscribe to is *Universal Brotherhood*, and its practice in the search for truth. For the efforts of those who are thus promulgating specific ideas are made under the sanction of the second object of the Society, which any one is free to follow or to refuse to follow as he sees fit. One may deny—undogmatically—reincarnation and other doctrines, or may assert belief in a personal or impersonal God, and still be a good member of the Society, *provided Universal Brotherhood is subscribed to and put into practice.*"—*Editorial*, p. 298.

"And as for the marvelous and the doing of magical things, that was not what she was here to do, and that she kept to herself, for, as she wrote to me, she knew well that her real life was never known to those who were about her, and they also came to know the same and to admit that they could never hope to understand her.

"But one thing is certain, and that is that she herself made up her mind some months before her death that she was soon to go, and she began to quietly prepare the workers for that and to make sure that the centre she established in England would last for many years. That it will last as such a centre is evident to any one who will come and look at it and note the aspiration and the motive she created in the minds and hearts of those who were of late so constantly about her.

*Extracts from "The Path", Vol. VI. The Italics are mine, Editor.

"In accordance with H. P. B.'s wish her rooms will be kept intact just as she left them, and there is no doubt but that in the course of time they will be a place of pilgrimage for those who were able to appreciate her work. *The Secret Doctrine* was finished on the desk in the room, and that alone will be one great object of interest. Her pens and ink are there, and the scissors hanging by a tape. These were used every day in cutting out the paragraphs from different publications which she explained or replied to."—W. Q. J., pp. 133-4.

"It seems to be time, then, that no theosophist shall ever be guilty of making pretension to any one that he or she has attained to the high place which now and then some assume to have reached. Much better is it to be conscious of our defects and weaknesses, always ready to acknowledge the truth that, being human, we are not able to always or quickly reach the goal of effort."—EUSEBIO URBAN, p. 270.

"Strength comes only through trial and exercise."—WILLIAM BREHON, p. 102.

"I once met a pronounced Theosophist of this order, who would not kill a mosquito because he did not believe it right to take life. Yet he did not hesitate to take credit which belonged to others, in a petty spirit of wanting all the glory in his vicinity. Such a man, and the woman who disseminates scandal, are mere pretenders in the Courts of Theosophy; however much they may have developed their occult or intellectual powers, they should not be allowed to represent the religion."—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, p. 310.

"The line of demarcation between black and white magic is very thin."—W. Q. JUDGE, p. 307.

"If the life experience of the individual is a progression in selfishness, rapacity, and cruelty, that person is engulfed in a maelstrom of destruction. He cannot possibly injure any one so much as he is injuring himself. He may, indeed, cause pain and suffering beyond all expression, but even this is of brief duration and may in the end serve a beneficent purpose to his victim. *Furthermore his evil deeds may become an embodied evil before the final separation occurs. He may give form and impulse to certain elements, they furnishing the substance, and he thus invokes a demon indeed; and yet one largely attached to himself, its creator.* This is the 'Dweller of the threshold,' the antithesis of his *Augoeides*, the reflection and embodiment of his own evil deeds in the mirror of Isis, the astral light.

"How strange that these plain truths could ever have been so obscured, and the soul-paralyzing dogma of vicarious atonement and the forgiveness of sin put in their place."—(From one of the old workers, who at the time of writing was very much in the Light, p. 181.)

THE FUTURE AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

"In 1888 H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

"Night before last I was shown a bird's eye view of the theosophical societies. I saw a few earnest, reliable Theosophists in a death struggle with the world in general and with other—nominal and ambitious—Theosophists. The former are greater in number than you may think, and *they prevailed*—as you in America *will prevail*, if you only remain stanch to the Master's programme *and true to yourselves*. And last night I saw . . . *The defending forces have to be judiciously*—so scanty are they—distributed over the globe wherever Theosophy is struggling with the powers of darkness.'

* * * * *

"Every member of the Society should be, and many are, deeply interested in the above words. The outlook, the difficulties, *the dangers, the necessities are the same now as then, and as they were in the beginning of this attempt in 1875*. For, as she has often said, this is not the first nor will it be the last effort to spread the truths and to undertake the same mission as that taken up by Ammonius Saccas some centuries ago—to lead men to look for the one truth that underlies all religions and which alone can guide science in the direction of ideal progress. In every century such attempts are made, and many of them have been actually named "theosophical." Each time they have to be adapted to the era in which they appear. And this is the era—marked by the appearance and the success of the great American republic—of freedom for thought and for investigation.


"In the first quotation there is a prophecy that those few reliable Theosophists who are engaged in *a struggle with the opposition of the world* and that coming from weak or ambitious members will prevail, but it has annexed to it a condition that is of importance. There must be an adherence to the programme of the Masters. That can only be ascertained by consulting her and the letters given out by her as from those to whom she refers. There is not much doubt about that programme. It excludes the idea that the Society was founded or is intended as "a School for Occultism," for that has been said in so many words long ago in some letters published by Mr. Sinnett and in those not published."

"A subsidiary condition, but quite as important as the other, is laid down by H. P. B. in her words that we must "remain true to ourselves." This means true to our better selves and the dictates of conscience. *We cannot promulgate the doctrines and the rules of life found in Theosophy and at the same time ourselves not live up to them as far as possible. We must practise what we preach, and make as far as we can a small brotherhood within the Theosophical Society*. Not only should we do this because the world is looking on, but also from a knowledge of the fact that by our unity the smallest effort made by us will have tenfold the power of any obstacle before us or any opposition offered by the world."

* * * * *

“Our destiny is to continue the wide work of the past in affecting literature and thought throughout the world, while our ranks see many changing quantities but always holding those who remain *true to the programme and refuse to become dogmatic or to give up common sense in Theosophy*. Thus will we wait for the new messenger, striving to keep the organization alive that we may use it and have the great opportunity H. P. B. outlines when she says: ‘Think how much one to whom such an opportunity is given could accomplish.’”—WILLIAM BREHON, Vol. VI., pp. 394-6.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND W. Q. JUDGE.

T was in 1887 that I first heard of H. P. B. and Theosophy, and soon after I went in trepidation to London to call upon the great teacher. I did not then realize fully how great she was, but accepted her confidently as a great Helper of Humanity, and had been prepared by the published accounts of her then in vogue to find a most forcible and eccentric personage gifted with supernatural powers. In that and other visits, too shy and retiring to talk, I sat and listened while she received her guests. I found, as in the case of our present Leader, a person of enormous energy and extraordinary versatility, able to adapt herself instantly to any exigency and to pass from mood to mood according as she might be required to teach or to entertain, to denounce or to encourage.

Looking back upon those scenes I see a great fiery sun shining in a city black as night, bursting the inky clouds and confounding the elements with its resistless power. She sat like a beleaguered general with an untrustworthy garrison, holding up her battered body as a target for all assaults from enemy and friend. Hundred-handed, she fought and worked on all planes at once: teaching disciples, writing thunderous articles, controlling the invisible thought-currents, defeating enemies in all parts of the world. Her master had given her a few seeds to sow, and verily she sowed them, as a lone warrior might rush in and sow them in an enemy's camp. She planted them in our hearts, there to germinate and bring forth fruit in later days; she planted them in our literature; she planted them in the invisible moral atmosphere of the world. No one can fully realize the colossal courage needed by one who should undertake such a work—the courage of many heroes rolled into one. Driven like a wedge into the leaden mass of nineteenth century thought, she was found enduring enough to stand the strain. Our movement owes all to that mighty inexorable soul. Oh, shame that we did not fully appreciate her at the time; joy that we cherished the light she gave us and appreciate her more fully now; consolation to realize that now she has her reward, knowing that her unswerving devotion has not been in vain!

HENRY T. EDGE.



Y memory of H. P. B. and W. Q. J. is very dear and filled with the profoundest reverence and love. I knew them as great impersonal centres of spiritual force and intelligence, and yet, at the same time, felt a close personal intimacy, though I never met them face to face.

The first time I read the literature that came from their pen, and emanated from the same source, I was roused into activity to follow the sublime ideals and take part in the same great work they lived and died for. I recognized the principles and plans at once. It completely changed my life from one of selfish retirement to active public life in the Theosophical Society. I thoroughly enjoyed and entered into with delight H. P. B.'s articles in the Theosophical magazines of that time, which were masterly productions, conveying universal truth with the keenest mental power, and generous wit of a great soul. The way H. P. B. brought the great principles of truth and fact to bear upon the mindless theories on life in vogue in the decade of 1880 was absolutely annihilating. My isolated geographical position made my pupil connection with H. P. B. and W. Q. J. one of peculiar interest to me as a demonstration in the most exacting way of the truth of our principles. To be a pupil of these great souls meant that, without personal correspondence or contact, the same work had to be taken up, the same principles and ideals recognized upon which to guide action, to follow the same plans, and the usual difficulties to be encountered. I found that honest action or principle, and honorable endeavor to fulfill obligations taken, always enabled me to do the right thing, and always found me with H. P. B. and W. Q. J. Knowing by ten years' constant experience in a vital way of the mental and moral degradation of the latter part of the nineteenth century, I believe that the task of the Saviours of old was infants' work compared with what H. P. B. and W. Q. J. accomplished and suffered for Humanity.

T. W. WILLANS.

Sydney, Australia, Nov. 7, 1899.

“The wheel of sacrifice has Love for its nave, Action for its tire, and Brotherhood for its spokes.”

“The calumniator is like one who flings dirt at another when the wind is contrary, the dirt does but return on him who threw it.”

“The virtuous man cannot be hurt, the misery that his enemy would inflict comes back on himself.”

“He who wrongs another unjustly will regret it, though men may applaud him; but he who is wronged is safe from regret, though the world may blame him.”

“Men who have not observed proper discipline, and have not gained treasure in their youth, perish like old herons in a lake without fish.”

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

By E. AUG. NERESHEIMER.

FAREWELL TO THE CENTURY PAST.



CYCLE has ended!

Great as have been the achievements of the sweeping rush of material development throughout the period of our modern civilization, now at its height, it has not brought the happiness that was hoped from it, and that its most active participants have expected. But the great Helpers of Humanity *knew* otherwise, and that mere material prosperity is but as the dead sea fruit, pleasant to the eyes, sweet at the first taste, but which turns to ashes in the mouth. Modern civilization has had as its end to gratify the senses and the intellect, but the hearts of men have been starved; as a goal it is, therefore, a failure, and must give place to a new era.

Yet the past century has been a century of preparation; it has witnessed the revolt from agnostic materialism on the one hand, and from extreme religious dogmatism on the other—the former bred from but the deadly foe of the latter; and out of the clash between the parent and child has arisen a cry for help from the Heart of Humanity—an appeal that through the cycles has never been in vain, though the help given and so near at hand has been so oft rejected. Yet not rejected in the nineteenth century. For there have been those, devoted, loyal, true, to the messengers of Light, and who, recognizing them, have made possible the success of their work, have responded to their message and proclaimed the dawn of the new Age of Peace and Brotherhood.

One of the distinguishing features of the past century, marking it as preparatory to the new time, has been the enormous material progress along industrial lines, and the development of commercial relations between all nations and all parts of the globe by means of steamships, railways, telegraphs, cables and all the developments of electricity and other natural forces, so that the barriers of isolation of all peoples have been broken down and their interdependence on the outer physical plane made manifest.

As one result of the intermingling of races, the West has given to the East its impulse to material civilization (a questionable gift if standing alone, and if viewed in its most marked results on savage and so-called uncivilized peoples), and in return gaining in even greater measure an insight into, and an impulse towards, the contemplative mystical side of human experience and a hitherto unknown literature on the deepest problems of life. Yet this, too, standing alone would avail little to the Western world, and be of questionable benefit, as is the intense material activity of the West to the East. One thing was needed, the link between the self-seeking material activity on the one hand, and the also self-seeking, contemplative, apathetic, pseudo-spirituality on the other—a link

that, in uniting these, should also revivify and place in due relation both natures in man, of which these were but the outer expression—revealing the true object of man's activities on the material plane and his power of attaining conscious life on the spiritual plane; making the former subservient to the latter, awakening the higher impulses of his heart, and so bringing the intellect and all the intense activities of passion and desire and the sensuous material nature into subjection.

That link was found primarily in one person—H. P. Blavatsky—through whose instrumentality the Theosophical Movement received life and energy in the last quarter of this century. Following her and continuing the link were her associate Helper, William Quan Judge, and their successor, the third Helper of the century, Katherine Tingley, through whose sacrifice and guidance the Theosophical Movement has resulted in the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and who, with those who have proved their loyalty and devotion to the cause of Humanity, has kept “the link unbroken”—that link which now is outwardly the Theosophical Movement and Universal Brotherhood, but inwardly is the power of devotion and unselfish service of humanity—a living power in the hearts and lives of men.

Let us for a moment look more in detail at the lines of development during the past century.

Surveying the ground retrospectively, we see that human nature has gained chiefly in the quality of intense activity. The pressure which this material civilization has exercised on the race has compelled exertion on the part of every individual who would keep his place in the ranks—an intense exertion of the natural instinctive faculties, the senses and intellectual powers of the material man.

The progress in chemistry, physics and all the sciences, in mechanics and all branches of industry, has increased the demand for physical comfort and made luxuries a necessity; it has accentuated concrete sensuous existence in every form.

But the enrichment of knowledge of the laws of the Universe in their bearing on material existence, though incapable of satisfying the higher nature and filling the mind with contentment, and failing as an ultimate of progress, yet from another standpoint must be acknowledged as an agent in the evolution of the human race. The great faithfulness, intense application, and often self-forgetfulness, in the search for truth, although employed in the wrong direction—lacking the true compass of the spiritual life—in the ever-changing and delusive realm of material phenomena, must still be acknowledged from another standpoint as agents of progress. And that the result of any individual's efforts has not been greater and in exact proportion to the energy expended, and, in the case of the spiritually minded, commensurate with his aspirations, cannot be altogether laid at the door of the individual's perverseness, nor can the imputation of lack of desire be laid to his charge; but the trend of the times must be taken into account, and the dark cycle through which collective humanity has

been passing, and which the human race, as a whole, is largely responsible for. To these, and to the false teachings of those claiming to hold the keys of life and death, are mainly due the blindness and ignorance of the mass of humanity in regard to their higher nature and destiny. Against these the average man has been all but powerless; only the heroically strong awakening to their divine possibilities could make headway and breast the tide of the combined powers of selfishness, bigotry and materialism.

Yet the picture of the past is not wholly dark or without hope, for, though failing in its search for happiness, the intensity of the search, the enormously accelerated energy which humanity has acquired in all departments of activity, is an earnest of rapid progress in higher development once the path of Truth, Light and Liberation is seen—the path of Universal Brotherhood—already proclaimed by H. P. Blavatsky, William Quan Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Out of the fierce struggle for a mere bodily existence, demanding all the energies of mind and body and making utterly futile any hope of the ideal, the soul may yet arise purified, purged of the dross, ennobled by the discipline, strong to scale the heights of wisdom and tread the path of unselfish devotion for humanity. For a new gospel has been proclaimed by our teachers—the gospel of Hope, even to the despairing. The tidings have gone out to all the earth that within the heart of each is the divine spark; that the soul of man is immortal, and his life here but a day out of many days; that though “sorrow endure for the night, joy cometh in the morning.” Even to-day it is difficult to fully estimate how great the change that has been wrought in the life of the Western world by the reviving of the ancient teachings of Reincarnation and Karma, but modern literature, the press, even the pulpits, stand witness to the fact. Instead of an unknown future beyond the gates of death—a return to nothingness of the materialist, or the fanciful heaven or burning hell of the orthodox religionist—is the soul-perceived *knowledge* that another day of life awaits us beyond the night of death; that we shall again take up the scattered threads of experience; meet again those whom we have both loved and hated, and reap what we have sown. Slowly, yet surely, men are awakening to the fact that they themselves are the weavers of the web of their destiny, and that the pattern of their lives now, and in the future, as in the past, is of their own design.

What greater hope can be given to the despairing, the drunkard, the fallen, yes, and to the criminal, than this message; that, however hidden from view, lost in degradation, covered up by moral deformity and vice, there is still in their heart of hearts a divine spark, which they may fan into a flame, and that not even the faintest desire or the feeblest effort after a better life can fail of its reward. And the present life-cycle of a man may close apparently without a shadow of hope, and yet the trials, the many seeming failures and hopeless struggles may have been the balancing of the accounts of many lives of selfishness and wasted effort, and out of the purifying fire the soul may arise, fresh and clean, to enter upon a new life and new opportunities in the coming cycle.

But it is not only in recalling to men the great truths of life that the

Theosophical Movement or Universal Brotherhood stands in the forefront of the world's progress, but in every department of human endeavor, touching with a magic wand Art, Literature, Music, the Drama, and even entering the world of Industry. It is the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump"; it has set the pace, marked out the path, and is leading the whole world into a new life.

The Leader's New Year's greeting in symbolism appears now on the cover of this magazine. Many of our readers will recall her vision of the great future, which she related to them at the Congress last Spring at Point Loma, in which she saw all humanity turning to enter the portals of Universal Brotherhood. We are indebted to Brother Betts, of Chicago, for having so clearly grasped the conception and brought it out so beautifully and with such breadth in his drawing.

Mark the standard given to the world in the practical Humanitarian Work of the International Brotherhood League, founded by Katherine Tingley, *non-political* and *unsectarian*, not one of its officers receiving salaries or other remuneration for their work, which they do, and to which they contribute in time and money because of the love that is in their hearts. Study the objects of the Universal Brotherhood, the International Brotherhood League, the Isis League of Music and Drama, and all the other departments of activity. A new touch has been given to life. It can never be quite the same, even to the man who has only casually heard of this work; and it revolutionizes, vivifies, heightens the life and consciousness of all who enter upon it to aid it for the sake of suffering and discouraged humanity.

During the past century Music and the Fine Arts have been taking greater and greater part in the life of humanity, and their refining influence must also be counted as factors in the fight against materialism. Many a soul has for a time been awakened from heavy slumber and aroused from what might have proved the sleep of death by the lofty strains and harmonies of the great masterpieces of Music and the Drama. But the crowning touch was needed, their true place in life was not understood. It is "as vital educative factors in the life of humanity" that once more as in the far, far distant days of the past they will awaken the deeper, truer nature of man and lead him to new heights. In the revival of the ancient mystery plays, *e. g.*, the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, as well as in other departments—especially in the education of children in the "Lotus Groups," a keynote has been struck that will ring a note of joy throughout the coming Century.

HAIL! HAIL TO THE NEW CENTURY!

A new cycle has begun!

It is the cycle of the children, in them is the promise of the future, and one has only to look into the faces of the little ones, to watch the new traits, the new powers that are unfolding in their lives and especially in this youngest, and yet the seat of the oldest, civilization on earth, to know that if we but do our part

the record of the twentieth century shall be one of Brotherhood, Peace and Joy.

It is impossible to gauge the significance of this Birthday of the New Century and to realize what is in store for humanity during the next hundred years, merely from our own experience and from recorded history. For this is no ordinary time; it is not simply the culminating point of the past hundred years, but of thousands of years; the night of centuries has past, and with the new dawn comes the return of memories and powers and possibilities of an age long past.

The soul of man still cries out, the darkness is still so close about him that he knows not the dawn is so near, but those who have climbed to the hill-tops have seen the glow in the Eastern sky and the rays of golden light shooting up into the heavens; and with the suddenness of the break of day in the tropics, in the twinkling of an eye, the Light will come, the scales fall from our eyes and we shall see—not in the uncertain gloom of night, but in the glorious sunlight.

As the light of day scatters the shadows and the powers of darkness, so will the effulgence of the new cycle break through the dark places of ignorance, prejudice and unbrotherliness of the age now so swiftly passing. The great heroes of old will once more return to earth, the great musicians, painters, poets, wise statesmen, lovers of the race, will again take up their loving task and the earth shall blossom as a garden. The ancient wisdom taught in the sacred mysteries will again be revived; the earth, the air, the ether, all Nature, will reveal their secrets to those who have prepared themselves through purification and by the service of humanity.

Such is the outlook into the Future. To measure it, go back to the glory of ancient Egypt and to the yet older civilization and vaster achievements of ancient America. Such a future awaits us and our children, and if we are faithful shall be ours in the new time when, after a brief night of death, we return to take up our work again upon earth.

Yet, as in every advance that Nature makes, as the cycles in their wheeling course come round, there are some who lag behind, and lose sight of their heritage, blinded by the desire of personal gain, by ambition and love of power; so to-day are some who refuse this opportunity that for ages their souls have waited for. The cycles have brought both them and us to the point of former achievement and former failure. Those who have turned our enemies to-day seeking to hinder Humanity's cause, may have been our enemies in the past, some, perhaps, our friends. We and they have met in the past as in this life and shall meet again in the future, and by our action to-day are we forging the links that shall help or mar their progress as well as our own and that of all humanity, in that future.

But the crucial point of the cycle is past, the fiercest ordeal is over, no powers in heaven or hell can longer stay the onward progress of Humanity. The Hosts of Light are already victorious. The anthem of Truth, Light and Liberation, Brotherhood, Peace, and Joy, is echoing in the hearts of men.

Comrades! Arise! Greet the Morn! Salute with us the rising Sun!

A VISION IN PURPLE.

"It is in and through symbols that man consciously lives, moves, and has his being. Those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can best recognize symbolic worth and prize it at the highest."—CARLYLE.

In the year one thousand eight hundred ninety-seven, I, the Friend of the "Chief" had a dream and the visions of my head troubled me. I was weary and sick unto death, for that I did uphold the law by day and by night, and some of the people hearkened not unto me. I was weary and sick at heart, yet was the fire unquenched within me. They who saw only darkness went astray after strange gods, for the prophets of Mammon were strong in the land; and their followers hearkened not unto my words, for the false prophets did blind their eyes, that they saw not.

I saw in my vision by night, and behold a mighty temple. The height thereof was as the mountains, and it was girt about with mighty pillars. On the pillars were fine paintings of holy symbols; and great beasts of hewn stone crouched before the doors. And the beasts had the heads of men and the wings of eagles, and the claws of lions; and their body was the body of a bull.

And behold the whole was overshadowed with a glowing radiance of purple, and I went into the temple, and lo! a tomb of graven stone, set round with the figures of strange beasts, and men having the heads of birds. And I went unto the tomb and looked in; and I was astonished. For, as I gazed, behold! there I saw mine own image in the tomb, and I looked in the face of the image, and it was the face of one dead, even myself. And round about stood the false prophet and his disciples, exultant, awaiting the closing of the tomb that they might go out and preach their false doctrines to the people. And my heart grieved for these that were blinded and for those that should follow them.

And I looked again into the tomb and behold, I was alive, and the face was radiant. It was the face of a warrior, young and strong, and yet it was mine own image in the tomb, and the face was the face of one that conquereth in battle. And my heart was filled with joy unspeakable, and I said: Surely right shall conquer and the work of the Master shall prosper.

And feeling the glow of a great compassion in my heart, and my being full of strength to battle, I arose and with the power that was in the middle region between mine eyes, I looked afar out over all lands and I saw the whole world and all the peoples therein; and all nations and kingdoms of the earth were unfolded before mine eyes. And mine ears were unsealed, that I did hear strange and fearful music, like unto the wailing of troubled spirits in hell. And the strange and terrible music was swallowed up in the sound of many trumpets and the music of a glorious harmony. And again my heart was filled with gladness, for the sounds were as the trumpeting of an army that conquereth in battle of Light.

And I looked again, and lo! the tomb was no more seen. But there was a great light, and in the light there stood a shining one, and his face was as the face of a god. And the shining one gave me a scroll and spake unto me, saying Take the scroll and read what is written therein, and give it to thy people. And I took the scroll and did read. And my heart was filled with joy for that I did read therein. "Verily, thy work shall be done." And then came the Peace of Silence—Silence—Silence.

And I opened my eyes and looked again, and lo! a mighty concourse of people approaching the temple! And the light shone out from within the temple upon the people. And the people were glad because of the light. The people were filled with joy, because of the light; for the false prophets had sought to blind their eyes, and had told them falsely, saying: There is no light for you. The false prophets had told them falsely, saying: Thou shalt worship these fires, for there is none other light. And the people came up to the temple singing.

The truth shall live among the people; they that speak falsely shall be utterly confounded.

The light shall shine forth in the dark places of the earth; darkness shall cease.

All the nations of the earth shall be free; the yoke of bondage shall be cast off.

Let us therefore minister unto all that lives; for the Law hath triumphed.

The Law of Truth hath triumphed: the deceitful shall perish.

The Law of Light hath triumphed; darkness is swallowed up.

The Law of Freedom hath triumphed; bondage shall be no more.

And I looked again, and I heard a voice saying: That thou seest is that which shall come to pass near to the middle years of the coming century. And I saw the shining one standing at the head of the people. And the shining one led the people on to the temple. And the people said, Who is he? Surely we know this Master? And the people came on into the light from the temple; and the light shone on every man and on all and divers races of men, and on the lowly and the proud, and on the learned and the unlearned; and all manner of men and all creatures were in that light.

And I awoke; and I was no more sick and weary. For I saw that the people were tired of the false prophets, and the light shone on them though they knew it not yet. And I said, of a surety I did err in that I was sick and weary. For the Law worketh in silence. The great day of Light cometh suddenly, when no man knoweth. Verily, the night is far spent, and the blackness that cometh before the dawn is well-nigh ended. And I said, I will write my vision that the people may be comforted.

"Whoever, not being a sanctified person, pretends to be a Saint, he is indeed the lowest of all men, the thief in all worlds, including that of Brahma."

"He who smites will be smitten; he who shows rancor, will find rancor; so, from reviling cometh reviling, and to him who is angered comes anger."

REVIEW.

"THE ANATOMY OF NEGATION" by EDGAR SALTUS.

We do not propose to offer any apology for calling attention to a book ten years after its appearance. We are rather of opinion that in the case of good books which for some reason tend to pass into neglect, a review once each decade for a few times would be an admirable proceeding. In the case of this particular book, we should like—had we but space—to make a copiously extractive review, since it is out of print and not easy to obtain.

Mr. Saltus has a strong sense of humor, none the worse, considering parts of the field he traverses, for being of a somewhat sardonic character. His intellectual sympathies are with the schools of negation; and his own thoroughly, and, on the whole, pessimistically agnostic attitude, as expressed in the final paragraph of this brilliant book, must make life seem to him a probably unimportant and rather uninteresting set of phenomena. The book is clean and sane, and the author knows a man when he sees one. Though his mental standground entirely prevents himself from thinking himself into the teaching and attitude of many of the men about whom he writes (noticeably, *e. g.*, Hegel, whom he calls a charlatan), and though certain regions of philosophy and the whole field of mysticism are entirely closed to him ("In seeking the reason of things, men look first above, then within, and finally confess themselves vanquished," p. 193); yet the merits of the book in certain respects are so great and its shortcomings so obvious and so easily allowed for, that we should expect nothing but good from placing it in the hands of the youngest student of the vicissitudes of the world's thought.

It is, however, rather to one chapter of the book than to the whole that we call special attention; to that one, namely, which might rather have been called *The Anatomy of Assertion*, than of Negation. We refer to the third, the chapter on the Christian Church from its earliest times, headed "The Convulsions of the Church." This is really a brilliant little sketch of the rise of Romanism, and of its subsequent history on to the commencement of the eighteenth century. This chapter might have been designed expressly in order to make it clear how natural, how inevitable, was the reaction from ecclesiastical dogmas—baseless and shifty to an incredible degree, yet always claiming divine authority; incomprehensible because meaningless, yet claiming to offer the final answer to all moral and intellectual inquiries—to the, at least, firm, if unsatisfactory, ground of materialistic speculation.

*Out of print, but the Theosophical Publishing Company has a few copies for sale at the reduced price of 75 cents.

One of the accidents which serve as wheels for our Movement threw this book in my way; I was much struck with it, believing there is no one in our Organization who would not be benefited by its perusal, and, accordingly, asked Dr. Coryn to review it in these columns. The world should not be permitted to lose sight of either the book or its writer.
—Editor.

It was the inevitable swing of the pendulum. To the door of the Catholic Church must be laid, on the one hand, whatever there is and was of intellectual poverty and stagnation among the multitudes whom she had successfully trained not to dare to think; and, on the other, the revolt towards materialism—from which Europe has only lately recovered—of those who, in resisting an iron dogmatism on things spiritual, went in the other extreme so far as to deny the existence of realms spiritual altogether and to attempt to treat the phenomena of consciousness by the principles employed in the study of matter. For the only salvation of a dogma is to be obtained by the enforcement of an edict against intellectual inquiry into its basis. And when the Catholic hierarchy emanates a beautifully complete set of dogmas covering the whole field of speculative human thought it follows that men must renounce their intellectual freedom—or revolt. On the whole, they have chosen the latter course in sufficient numbers to “draw the fangs of Romanism,” as Mr. Saltus puts it. It will be the fault of thinking mankind if “Romanism” is permitted to grow a new set. This we believe to be an exceedingly improbable calamity, though we understand that the politicians of the Vatican and those associated with them are of a different opinion. We think this book has achieved a measurable somewhat in decreasing the chances of the said calamity.

HERBERT CORYN.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

It has been continually stated that in previous centuries the Theosophical Movement has failed. Has it succeeded in this? What is the relation of the Universal Brotherhood Organization to the other so-called Theosophical Societies?



THE original name of the Society founded by H. P. Blavatsky in New York City in 1875 was “The Theosophical Society or Universal Brotherhood.” Gradually the words, “Universal Brotherhood” dropped out of the *title*, so that before the public the Society became to be known only as the Theosophical Society. Its main purpose, Universal Brotherhood, although expressed in its objects, was obscured, and the little-understood word Theosophy gave rise to innumerable misconceptions and fantastic notions. Even among some of the members, the main idea seemed to be to study metaphysics and occult problems, seeking personal development and knowledge. But both H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge again and again expressed most forcibly that the Theosophical Society had for its all-embracing purpose the formation of a nucleus of universal brotherhood. Even for those who desired occult knowledge, H. P. B. wrote: “To live to benefit mankind is the first step, to practice the six glorious virtues is the second.” And of occultism she said: “The first step is *sacrifice*, the second *renunciation*.”

The growth of the Society has been like the growth of anything else in nature, by assimilation, accretion and also by a sifting process, continually throwing off old effete matter; as a tree drawing from the sunshine, the air, the earth, and the moisture of the rain and dew, putting forth new branches and leaves, and throwing off the old withered leaves and twigs. So complete was the work of H. P. B. and W. Q. J. and their sacrifice, which was that of all their powers, energies and life itself, not in vain, that under their successor, our third Teacher, it was possible to take the great and all-embracing object of the Society and again proclaim it before the world as the *name* of the organization.

To-day the Society founded by H. P. B. and W. Q. J. stands before the world as the "Universal Brotherhood."

This took place on January the 13th, 1898, and on February 18th of the same year the Theosophical Society in America accepted the Universal Brotherhood constitution and became thereby a department of the organization. Similar action was also taken by the Theosophical societies who believed in keeping the link unbroken following H. P. B., W. Q. J. and our present Leader, in Europe, Australia and other parts of the world.

The roots and trunk of this great Movement which has been active in all ages remain ever the same, but century after century has passed, the great tree putting forth new shoots and leaves, but ere the blossom and the fruit could appear the tender buds have been nipped by the biting frosts of ambition and self-seeking and the chilling blasts of selfishness. Not so in this century; the great tree put forth its shoots, its buds, the blossoms appeared, and now the fruit "Universal Brotherhood" crowns its branches, and the present attempt "in the form of our Society" has succeeded and has entered upon the new century as "an organized, living and healthy body," and "the effort for the XXth century has already begun. The cycle of despair and failure has been broken and a new age has already dawned, though as yet unperceived by the mass of humanity. The words of H. P. B. in the *Key to Theosophy* have a new meaning. That there will be a "numerous and *united* body to welcome the new Torch-bearer when he shall come in the latter part of this XXth Century is already assured, and the Heaven which she asserts will be on earth in the XXIst Century has already begun as a seed in the hearts of men.

Read these words of H. P. Blavatsky in the *Key to Theosophy*:

"If the present attempt in the form of our Society succeeds better than its predecessors have done, then it will be in existence as an organized, living, and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the XXth Century. The general condition of men's minds and hearts will have been improved and purified by the spread of its teachings, and, as I have said, their prejudices and dogmatic illusions will have been, to some extent at least, removed. Not only so, but besides a large and accessible literature ready to men's hands, the next impulse will find a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new Torch-bearer of Truth. He will find the minds of men prepared for his message, a language ready for him in which to clothe the new truths he brings, an organization awaiting his arrival which will remove the merely me-

chanical material obstacles and difficulties from his path. Think how much one to whom such an opportunity is given could accomplish. Measure it by comparison with what the Theosophical Society actually *has* achieved in the last fourteen years without *any* of these advantages and surrounded by hosts of hindrances which would not hamper the new Leader. Consider all this and then tell me whether I am too sanguine when I say that, if the Theosophical Society survives and lives true to its mission, to its original impulse, through the next hundred years—tell me, I say, if I go too far in asserting that this earth will be a heaven in the XXIst Century in comparison with what it is now !”

Many questions are asked by people unacquainted with our work as to the existence of other societies using the word “Theosophical” in their names, and we are asked why it is we hold to the Universal Brotherhood Organization and do not unite with those other societies. But these questions come only from those who have not looked into the matter, not from those who watch what is going on in the world. One of the great Teachers of old said: “By their fruits ye shall know them,” and XIXth Century people decry professions which have no fruit in work. What have the other so-called Theosophical societies to show? The world’s needs demand workers and not idle dreamers. Men’s hearts cry out for brotherhood, sympathy and help ; words cannot satisfy their souls’ longings. Ask the children all over the world, ask the thousands of soldiers who were in camp at Montauk and are now to be found all over the United States and in the Philippines, ask the thousands of Cubans, ask the prisoners in many of the great prisons of this country, and the students of this Organization all over the world, who stand true to the principles of H. P. B. and W. Q. J. ; ask these whence has come the hope in their hearts and the light shining in their eyes, the lifting of the shadows and the imparting of a new courage. The Universal Brotherhood does not fear to be judged by the world. It leads the world. It is the embodiment of the world’s deepest desires.

The whole of nature is the embodiment of great nature’s divine soul, the Over-soul. The soul needs a body to work with, it forms the tree, the animal, man ; and the soul of Brotherhood needs a body through which it shall work. No effort of man can avail unless there is a body through which it can come forth into act, and there can be no perfect embodied life unless there be a living, controlling and guiding heart. The Universal Brotherhood Organization is the body through which the soul of Brotherhood is seeking and finding expression. It is built on Nature’s plan ; it has its heart, and that heart we recognize and to it we respond.

Were there not this living body and heart, it would be the last thing in the world that we members of the Universal Brotherhood, or any who love humanity, would do, to join the empty, lifeless societies, who, under cover of the sacred name Theosophy, offer husks in place of the bread of life, and speak soft words, holding out the “broad teachings” as a cover,—*so broad* that thoughts, impure, selfish, ambitious, find a hiding place beneath. What would we think of a physician who did not recognize disease and point it out that others may be warned and take due precaution against being infected. And have not all the great

Teachers of humanity, like wise physicians, done the same? Read the stern denunciations of the "gentle"(!) Jesus—"Woe unto you! scribes and pharisees, hypocrites!" One of the divinest faculties given to man is discrimination, and every true man, every lover of humanity, would be failing in his duty if he did not exercise this faculty. We are our brothers' keepers. It is our duty to proclaim the "Light" which we have found and warn against all luring pretense and sham.

Those who love H. P. B., who love William Q. Judge, will look to see where are to be found the fruits of their noble lives; where are those same things being taught and lived which they taught and lived; who have kept the sacred trust which they left; who have preserved the sacred memory of their names and work; where is to be found the demonstration of Theosophy as a living power in the life of humanity. Theosophy demonstrated is Brotherhood. Brotherhood is the first and last word of Theosophy. That demonstration is to be found in the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and there also are to be found the living teachings of H. P. B. and William Q. Judge in its literature, and those other deeper teachings, which never can be put into words or books, but expressed only in the lives of men.

J. H. FUSSELL.

THE FIRST MESSAGE OF "THE VOICE OF SILENCE."

The Voice of the Silence was written *for the few*. Its first message is to this effect:—

"These instructions are for those ignorant of the dangers of the lower Iddhi." "The lower Iddhi" refers to the lower psychic powers pertaining to man. There are spiritual Siddhis to be attained by man only by knowledge of these powers and the conquering of the lower.

The mind is the channel through which the forces of Nature work. And when it is conquered, that is when the human has so far gained knowledge and put it in practice in the daily life,—the power to control the mind is gained and the student then has learned and may avoid "the dangers of the lower Iddhi." Many are the dangers on the Path. Among them stands the "Hall of Ignorance" and "The Hall of Learning." "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing—Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring.

Is the student attaining? Is the will fixed to advance his evolution as far as he may? Has he based his efforts on the knowledge that he has grasped by this time of his responsibility to man and the Universe? Has he learned his lesson well,—that thought is a creative dynamic force and that with constant vigilance, unflinching effort, he must govern his thought realm?

"O, disciple! hast thou mastered all the mental changes in the self, and slain the army of the thought sensations, that subtle and insidious, creep unasked within the soul's bright shrine?"

"If thou wouldst not be slain by them, then must thou harmless make thy own creations, the children of thy thoughts, unseen, impalpable, that swarm round human kind, the progeny and heirs to man and his terrestrial spoils. Thou hast to study the voidness of the seeming full—the fullness of the seeming void. O fearless aspirant! look deep within the well of thine own heart and answer! Knowest thou of self the powers? O thou perceiver of external shadows?"

H. K. R. G.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

THE KING WITH THE SILVER HAND.

By CEINYDD MORUS.

I.—THE END OF THE CORANIAID.



ONCE upon a time, before there were any English in Britain, and before Julius Caesar and his Romans ever came here, there was a great king in this island who saved the people from three great troubles. His name was really and truly Lludd Llaw Ereint; that is, Leeth with the Silver Hand. Nowadays people generally call him King Lud, and whether they do that because Lud is much uglier than his real name, or for some other reason, they know best.

Now in the time of King Leeth there were very wonderful things happening, and if you can't understand how such things could be, all I can say is that I read them in a book, and that proves they are true. And perhaps, too, if you could remember what used to happen in the old times, you would not be surprised at them at all, but they would seem quite natural to you. So the best way is to just wonder and wonder about them, and then I think some day you will come to know all about it. At least, you ought to, because even grown-ups do sometimes, and this is one of a whole lot of things that children know more about than grown-ups do. The children haven't had half as much time to forget things in, as the grown-ups have, you see, and that's why it is.

Well then, in those days there were three great sorrows in Britain, and those sorrows were very nearly driving half the people mad, and killing the other half with fright. And although there had been many sorrows in Britain before then, yet those three things seemed to be worse than anything that had ever happened, and though there are greater troubles with us now, the people then felt them more than we feel our troubles, and so, in a sense, they were worse. No one knew how to cure them, and two of them no one knew the causes of, and so every one was very sad, and King Leeth was very sad, too; you never heard people laughing, children forgot how to play their games, and there was no singing anywhere. Think how sad we should be before we stopped singing! And by and bye the sky came to be always cloudy, because the people were so sad, for it is our joy that makes the sun shine. Of course it is! Didn't I tell you that children know more about some things than grown-ups do? Well, that's just one of the things that the poor grown-ups have forgotten, and when they tell you it's all nonsense, you stand up with your hands behind your back and say very politely how sorry you are that they should have forgotten such a nice thing, but hadn't they better wait till they are children again themselves before they make too sure about it?

Well, now, one of these sorrows was that there were a lot of people in Britain called the Coraniaid. Very curious and very nasty people they were, too. There are plenty of them about now, only now we can't see them, but they get into our minds, if we will let them, and make us lazy and angry, and upset us in a lot of ways. Some people call them bad thoughts these days, but at that time they were all called the Coraniaid, and people could see them, and many and many a hero went out to fight them, and that's a lot better than going out to fight human people in other countries, isn't it?

Well, these Coraniaid were terribly clever, and they knew everything the moment it was said, and at least half of what no one said at all, but only thought. And as they hated the human people, and were all the time trying to make them mean, you see what a terrible time it must have been for the old Britons; having to guard against them and to keep their own minds high and grand and noble in spite of all the Coraniaid could do. For if a great hero went out and conquered these Coraniaid, all that happened was that they didn't trouble him any more; if he was very great they might keep out of the way of his friends as well as of himself. But it needed a very great man indeed to free the whole island from them, and even he had to get help before it could be done. That great man was the King, Leeth of the Silver Hand.

But if Leeth was such a great man, you may wonder who on earth was great enough to be able to show him what to do. For Leeth had often tried to save his people from the Coraniaid, but every time they had been too clever for him, and as soon as he had said a word about his plans, the Coraniaid knew just as much of them as he did himself, and so they were always quite ready for him. So at last Leeth had it in his mind that he would go and find out a certain very wise man, and ask him about it.

This wise man was called Llewelys, and the reason why he was so wise was that he had spent all his time helping other people; and if you try that you will become some day just as wise as he was. Llewelys was not living in Britain, and no one knew where he was, but Leeth thought he could find him. So as soon as he had told his people that he was going away, and that it did not matter where he was going, the King went down to the river in London, and in the river was his boat, and into the boat he stepped, and in it he sat down. A wonderful boat it was, for as soon as Leeth was sitting in it, and looking down towards the sea, his chin resting on his two hands and his elbows on his knees, it moved away from the bank and went swiftly down the river, although the tide was coming in, and there was no one rowing, and no sail on the boat, and no wind to fill it if there had been. I think that what made it go so quickly on the clear, beautiful water was that Leeth, as he sat there, was thinking and thinking ever so hard where he wanted it to go, and why he wanted to go there.

So the boat carried him out of London, and on down the river, and where there were great flat marshes stretching away ever so far on each side, with long reeds waving beside broad pools that looked like blue and white, reflecting the blue sky and the clouds; and on the pools and among the reeds there were

hundreds of birds, wild ducks and geese, and moor hens, and lapwings that flew round and round in the air and called out when they saw him coming, "Pwee-a-weet? pwee-a-weet? pwee-weet-tee-ee-ee," and that in the old British language means, "Who art thou?" That is what the lapwings always say when they see any one, for they don't learn English when they are little birds, and go to school. And then they saw who he was, and told him how glad they were to see him, and then all the birds looked up, and wished him good luck, and just went about their business. For in those days the birds were very friendly with the human people, and did not fly away when they saw them, as they do now. At least, I suppose they were, or else how would they have been talking like that to the King?

And so Lludd went on down to the sea, and over the green, long waves, and they did not break under his boat, but just gave it a help along when they could. And at last, what with his thinking, and the magic which was in the boat, he came to the country where the great wise man, Llewelys, lived. When Leeth came to him the wise man did not say anything, but he just looked clear into his eyes, and saw the real Leeth that was looking out of them (just as the real *you* are always looking out of your eyes, except when you go away to your own country, which is called Dreamland). And there Llewelys saw a lot of things; he saw what the King wanted, and that he was not wishing to kill the Coraniaid in order that he might be praised and called a great King, but that he was simply longing to help his people because he loved them and was dreadfully sorry for them; and for that reason Llewelys knew that he would be giving Leeth the power he wanted. So he just took some powder, and said, "Take this, and go and do thy duty."

And now there was a wonderful thing happened! For instead of asking what Llewelys meant, or gaping and wondering about it, Leeth knew just what his duty was, and that without saying a word. So he just came home, and put the powder in some water, and called all the people together, Britons and Coraniaid, and sprinkled them all with the water. Because of the magic in that powder, as soon as the water touched them, the Coraniaid all disappeared, and didn't worry the people any more for a long time. You see, children, these Coraniaid were so clever that you could not tell they were not ordinary people at once. No, and even now we can't see them, and they come to our minds, we can't always tell in a minute that they want to ruin us, and make us think we are mean and wretched, until mean and wretched we do become. They just come into our minds, and there they get busying around, and we very often like them at first. But that wonderful powder that Leeth got from the wise Llewelys knew all about it, and so, although the Britons rather liked it, the wicked Coraniaid were all killed right down dead before they knew where they were, and there were the Britons standing round and saying to each other when they saw what had happened, "And a good thing, too!" And that was how King Leeth made Britain free from the first of the three great sorrows.

II.—THE SCREAM OF TERROR.

But if the first sorrow was a dreadful thing for the Britons, at any rate they knew the cause of it, but there was no one dreaming what caused the second one, and so it seemed to be worse than even the Coroniaid. For in the middle of the night of May eve in every year a great and fearful scream went out over the whole island, and so dreadful it was that half of the people went mad with terror when they heard it. Brave, strong men would be weak and helpless for days, and women and little children would die of fright, and the quiet cows would come tearing out of the fields, and charging through the streets of the towns, tossing people right and left, and going on and on as fast as they could until they could go no further, but just dropped down dead. It was so loud that if you had been standing on a mountain in Wales you would have heard it, and if you had been in London you would have heard it, and right up in Scotland they could hear it, too. When they heard that scream all the winds were filled with the terror of it, and all the waves of the sea around the Island of Britain went mad and wild for fear, so that no boat could go on them for weeks, because they were leaping up as high as mountains nearly, and shaking themselves into foam and trying and trying harder than ever to drown the whole land, and so prevent the scream coming to frighten them again. Even the young leaves that were budding out of the trees turned yellow with fear at that scream, and the pink and white blooms on the apple trees, when the sound of it came on them, would tremble and fall down on the ground like soft slow flakes of snow; and the flowers that were beginning to think how warm and blue-skied the Summer would be, and how beautiful they would make the green land with their blossoms, were filled with terror by it, and were afraid to put out their leaves and their buds, and began thinking that after all it was nicer in the Winter down underground; and so they withered, and the souls of them went down to their roots and slept there for another year. And the beautiful fairies that used to dance and ride over the mountains and through the great lone green places, where the winds go to sleep and where the long-tufted rushes wave and dream about the sky they were always looking at, even the fairies, who are so full of joy, used to hide themselves deep away in the mountain hearts, and put their fingers to their ears when they heard it, and for days after they would go alone and cry and cry for the sorrow that scream filled their hearts with. And so the whole land came to look the same in the Spring, when it should have been full of greenness and beauty, as it did in November when the trees were bare, and the flowers dead, and gray, sad mists over it all.

And Leeth, wise as he was, could not find out the cause of the scream of terror, so at last he said to himself that he would go again to Llewelys, for surely Llewelys would know, and would help him to make Britain a land of joy and beauty once more.

So he went again in his boat down the river, and between the wide marshes where the reeds and the pools and the birds were, and over the sea, till he came to Llewelys' land; and there he went ashore on a long sandy beach, but the boat

he left on the sea, for he knew it would come when he called it. So he went up over the sand until he came to a forest of tall pine trees, and in that forest was Llewelys.

That time the wise man gave him a very large cauldron, and looked at him again till he knew just what to do. When the King was home again in Britain he did it, and a very curious thing it was. For, just as if Llewelys had told him in so many words, Leeth called a lot of clever people together, and made them measure the whole island carefully and find out the exact middle of it. When they had found the spot which was the very middle, the King went there, and told some one to dig a big hole in the ground there—or maybe he digged it himself, for he could dig well—and in that hole he put the cauldron, and filled it with a drink called mead, and when it was full he covered it over with satin. Then he sent everybody away, and began walking up and down near the cauldron and waiting. And presently he heard strange noises over his head, and looking up he saw two great dragons swaying about in the midst of the air and fighting, with their four long wings beating against each other, and their two tails wound around each other, and the sky all red for miles round with the fire they were breathing, and never a star to be seen for the smoke of them. Where those two dragons came from he could not tell. So there he was, waiting and watching them, for he knew quite well that if they should chance to fly over the middle of the cauldron a strange thing would happen. And strange, indeed, it was, too; for when one moment they happened to push each other about till they were over the cauldron, they began to fall down and down and down, and as they fell they became smaller and smaller and smaller, until they both fell plump into the middle of the cauldron. There they were so hot and thirsty that they drank the mead as quickly as ever they could, and it made them sleepy, and as soon as they were fast asleep Lludd called his men, and got a great strong stone chest, and locked these two little dragons up in the chest, and put it away in the middle of a mountain in the strongest place he had. And if some silly person had not dug the chest up and let them out, there would have been no more fighting and quarrelling and hating in all the Island of Britain to this day. But you see, children dear, when people are unbrotherly, what can one expect? So they both got out, and they are both fighting still; and although we cannot see them, nor hear their fearful scream, we are waiting for some one to come who will find out where Llewelys lives, and get the great magic cauldron from him, and catch the two dragons in it once more. And, for all you or I know, children, it may be one of you that will do it. Yes, indeed, and I think that you will all have to do it in your time, and not an easy thing will it be for you, if you try to do it for your own sake, or for any other reason than that everybody may be happier, and that the trees and the flowers themselves may be merrier and more beautiful, and the sky bluer, and the sun shining more often. For remember how it was that Leeth, the great old hero King, managed to do all these wonderful things—by just keeping his own sorrow till the last, and doing what he could with all his might and main to destroy the sorrows of everybody else.

III.—THE VANISHING OF THE FOOD. /

For you will remember that in the days of the King who was called Leeth of the Silver Hand, there were three sorrows in the Island of Britain, and that though Leeth had freed the land, with the help of the wise man Llewelys, from the wicked race of the Coraniaid, and had imprisoned the two dragons that made the scream of terror in a strong stone chest in the mountain called Eryri Wen, there was still a work for him to do before he and his people could be quite happy. For although the third great sorrow of Britain at that time was one that hurt the King most of all, it did hurt other people, too, as you will hear. For one thing, whatever hurts anybody, hurts everybody: as every child knows quite well, even if they try hard to forget it, and do forget it later on. And this third sorrow was that, however much food there might be in the King's palace over night, there would be none left in the morning. No man or woman had eaten that food, and yet no one knew what had become of it. And as Leeth used to give this food the next day to every one who needed it, and as food that had been on the King's table became very wonderful, and made people better and happier and wiser when they ate it, you see this was really a sad thing for a lot of people. But as it was, after all, mostly hurting himself, as I told you, Leeth resolved that he would not leave his kingdom and ask Llewelys how to conquer this, but would wait, and comfort the people as best he could. But Llewelys knew very well all about it, and when Leeth came to him the second time, and he gave him that wonderful cauldron, Llewelys said to himself that as soon as the people were freed from the scream of terror, the King should know also how to free himself from the vanishing of the food. And a bird has told me that Llewelys could never have made the King know that if Leeth had been thinking how he could free himself, or had wanted to free himself before he had freed the people. And, indeed, I believe that little bird was quite right, too.

So, after he had seen the stone chest with the two dragons in it laid safe away in the heart of Eryri Wen mountain, Leeth had the cauldron brought to London, and one evening he put it in the hall, where he used to feast with his great lords and all the great queens and ladies of the Island of Britain, and had it filled with cold water, and cold enough it was, for it was the middle of Winter, and no one could see the ground anywhere for the white of the snow that was on it. That night they feasted in the hall, and many were the noble old tales that were told, and many were the songs that were sung. When the feast was over and all the great lords and warriors and ladies had gone to their rest, Leeth, the King, put his golden breast-plate over his breast, and his shield on his arm, and he took his long shining sword in his hand, and waited. Then, as the night wore on, he began to feel fearfully sleepy, and it came into his mind that of all the great battles he had ever fought, the battle with sleep that night was the greatest and hardest and most terrible. For all the time sleep was coming over him, and round him there was the sweetest and most delicate music sounding in the hall, and every note of that music had such power that it would lull

ten strong men to sleep, if they heard it now. Now it seemed to him as if there were white birds singing in the hall, and such a song they sung as one might listen to for a thousand years, and think that it was only a minute or two he was listening. Then it seemed to be harps, which were being played by the most wonderful harpers in the whole world; and then it was the sound of a stream dashing and tumbling over the stones high up on the side of a mountain, and as he listened he seemed to come down with the foam on the stream, and down and down from the mountain into a green quiet valley, fully of wonderfully bright and sweet-smelling flowers, and there were bees humming and buzzing among the flowers, and then he lost the sound of the stream, and could only hear the buzzing of those bees, and it seemed to him that he would like to lie and listen to those bees till the world came to an end, such an exquisite music it was; and the scent of the flowers came over his whole soul, and—Splash! Just as he was beginning to forget everything but the valley of the bees, the memory of the magic cauldron came to him, and he jumped right into it, just in time to save himself from going fast off to sleep. So there he sat in the water, shivering and aching, but wide awake. For the coldness of that water was not like the coldness of anything else. First it was only just fearfully cold, but when he had been in it two minutes the coldness of it got inside him, and made him ache all over his body, and then it got into his mind, and never so sad had he been in all his life as he was then. After that the coldness of the water became to him like a burning heat, and it burnt into him till the fire of it came into his heart, and in his heart there were many things that it burnt away. But for all the pain, that would have killed a less noble man than he was, he sat still in the cauldron, and the music that had before sounded so sweet to him, gave him no more pleasure while he was there, but rather sounded to him like the knocking together of two old tin pans. So there he was, miserable and freezing, and burning and aching, but wide awake, and watching carefully all the time.

And then a strange thing happened, for there came into the hall a great black man, the blackest and ugliest in the whole wide world. So tall he was that the top of the King's head, when he was standing up, did not reach higher than his waist. Black armor was on him, and a long, black, crooked sword at his side. On his back was a black basket. He set the basket down on the floor, and into it he put all the food in the whole hall; though it was a small basket, and though he put heaps of food into it, it did not seem to be a bit fuller. Very quiet in the water was Leeth while he watched all this, and it was not until the great black man had taken all the food there, and put it in his basket, that the King moved. Then he jumped up, and ran after the black man, and bade him give back the food and fight for his life, for the King of the Isles of the Mighty was not to be oppressed by such a man as that black wizard was. So those two fought, and it is said that flames, and not mere sparks, flashed from the clashing together of their two swords, and those flames leaped up so high that the black marks of them were to be seen on the rafters of the roof of the

King's great hall, and that although the strongest man in the island could not shoot an arrow from the floor high enough for it to stick in the roof at that time. But at last Leeth conquered, and I think that it was by the magic strength he gained while he was shivering and burning in the cauldron that he did it. For wonderful are the powers of that cauldron, children dear, as you will know when, like Leeth, you have been in it. If a dead man is put in it, he comes to life again, if he is brave and noble enough; if not, he disappears, and no one knows what has become of him. Indeed it is a wonderful cauldron.

Then King Leeth, having conquered the black man, made him his own servant. The color of his skin, that had been black, became white, and none of the servants Leeth had served their lord better than he did.

And after that the King was always as wise and strong as the great Llewelys himself. No enemy could hurt his people while he lived, and there was no other sorrow for him, and none for them until he died.

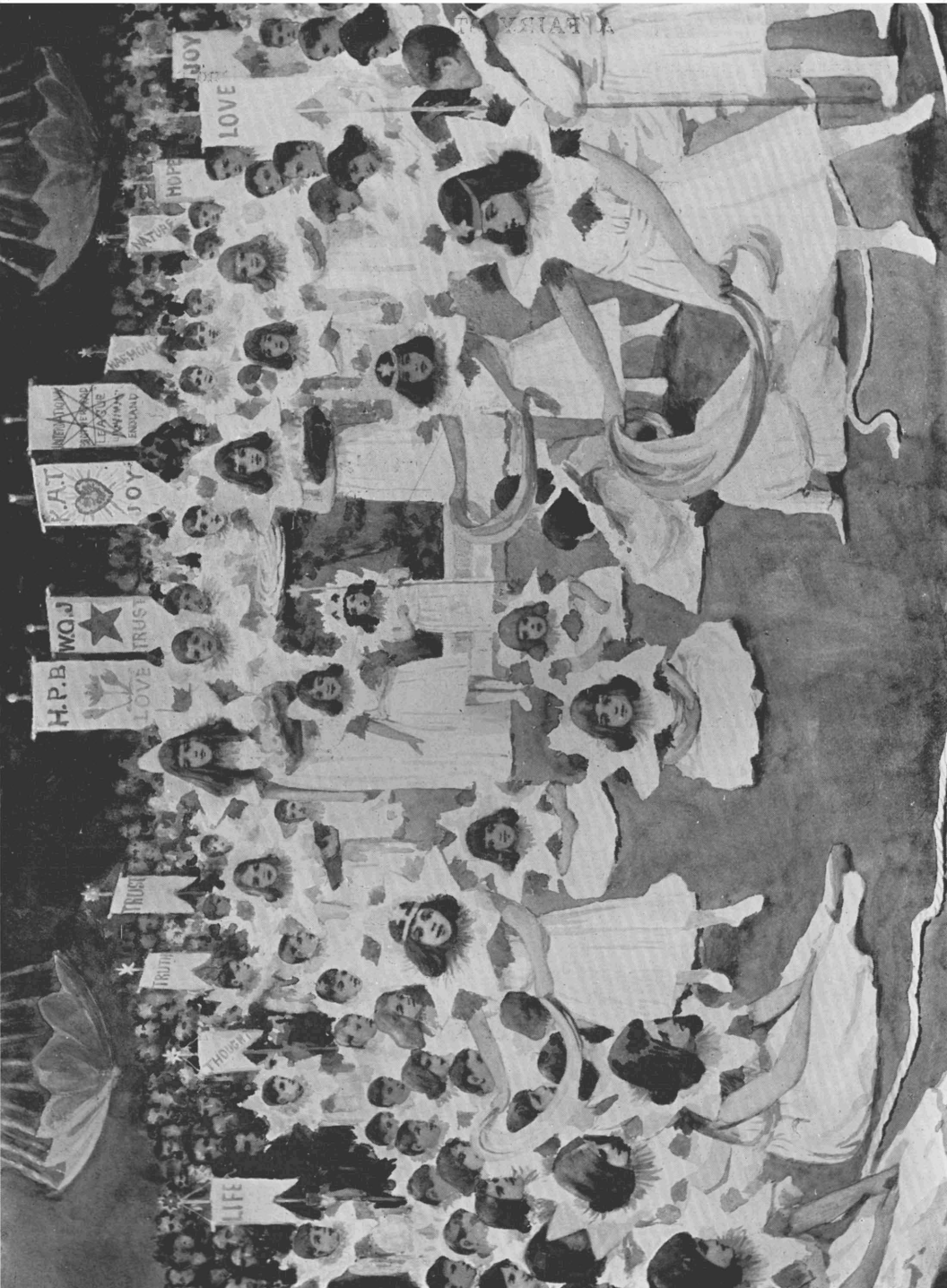
And that is the story of Leeth with the Silver Hand, and a true story it is, and what he was, may you be, and what he did, may you also do.

A FAIRY STORY.

By PIXY.

Two little fairies slid into my room on a moonbeam bright, a couple of nights ago. Their gowns were white and their eyes were blue, and their faces were sweet and bright and demure and pure. They stood before me with arms outstretched and sang of joy and told of peace. Then they stepped a little nearer and whispered in my ear, and told me they were carrying a casket of joyous thoughts from the Fairy Mother to the babies of the Earth, and said I could tell you about them.

We opened the box and peeped within, and, oh, what a beautiful sight we saw! Each thought was enwrapped in a handsome precious stone, each emitted a wonderful shining light, and each was trilling a song. And the marvelous blending of many-hued light, as each pretty thought was adding its mite to the chorus of joy and the praise of right, was an astonishing thing to hear and see. Luminous diamonds were flashing fire of crystal and yellow and blue. And there were purple amethysts, which tell of the empire of the soul, and which bar out all the rude, unpleasant visionings of the wandering rogues of the starry light, shedding a glorious, refreshing halo over all the rest. There were blue asterias, with their star-rayed mount, which give the graces of the stars. There were green emeralds and chrysophase and chrysolite, and garnets red and green, and rubies red, and beryls green, light blue, white and yellow, and shining pearls and bloodstones and turquoises, and so many others I cannot tell them all.



The fairies were instructed to scatter these gems of thought in the hearts of the Lotus Buds and Lotus Blossoms of the Earth, to show them how the Fairy Mother loves them and thinks of them. When the fairies left me they said they would finish their task that night. But they are so noiseless in their actions, so gentle in their touch, that I wonder if you felt them when they came.

The precious, singing jewels are in the cavern of your hearts, and if you search there carefully you will surely find them, and as you unwrap them your minds will fill with joy and bliss, and you will be happy as the day is long and the night is deep. And remember that when you want more jewels like them, all you have to do is to think of the Fairy Mother and she will send you all you want.

THE LOTUS HOME BABIES.

A LETTER TO THE "YOUNG FOLKS."

MY DEAR LITTLE ONES:

After reading the report of Lotus Home for the grown-ups I wondered if you little ones would like to hear about the babies as I saw them the first time I visited them after coming back from the Congress at Point Loma. The drive through the park was very lovely, the fields and trees looked so fresh in their new suits of green, trimmed here and there with buds and blossoms. But when we reached the Home it was all forgotten in the greater loveliness of the baby "lotus buds."

The first ones I saw were Katherine and Edith sitting together in their carriage, having a fine visit. How I wished I could understand what they were saying. I know it was something very nice, there was such a shine in their eyes and they looked so happy.

But we couldn't stay with them very long, for little Grace sat on the floor and her laughing blue eyes and outstretched hands begged us to come and play with her and see her two new teeth, of which she was very proud. And before we had seen half her cunning ways, little Paul was brought in. Paul looks so wise, with his delicate, pale face, and big, serious, black eyes. He has a very sweet smile, which he keeps for special friends, and then his eyes grow soft and merry.

Next came Frances, tiny and light as a fairy, but strong and bright as any of them, with a head as round as an apple, clear olive complexion and bewitchingly dark eyes. And with her came blue-eyed George, youngest of them all, and still in his long dresses, but serious as a judge.

While we were sitting on the floor playing with the babies, down came three-year-old Elizabeth and her new sister Dorothy, fresh from their afternoon naps. Elizabeth remembered me and was glad to see me again, but Dorothy had only been there a few days and was rather shy at first.

The babies, even the tiniest ones, have learned to know and love them, and laugh their biggest laugh when they come to play with them.

Soon Julia came in with their bottles of nice warm milk, and then such a squirming and teasing as there was till each got its own, and then to see them snuggle down so happy and contented and then go off to sleep was very funny.

Then we had some music and Elizabeth sang "Tiny Buds" and "Happy Little Sunbeams." She will soon teach these songs to Dorothy, and they will—
 "Make the whole house glad"
 with their sweet music and bright faces.

But it was getting late, and we had to say "Good-by," as I must to you now, and I suppose when I see them again they will be such big boys and girls I shall hardly know them. But I hear from them sometimes. With love to you every one, from
 ONE OF YOUR BIG SISTERS.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THE DECEMBER LETTERS TO THE TREASURER.

New Whatcom, Wash.

The Century Cycle is fast drawing to a close, but the Brotherhood has received such an impetus from the great Helpers, and the time will dawn when Spirit will rule over matter in the kingdom of the earth. The Movement has grown and the fields become vast in extent. How much good could be done had we only more money, but we give what we can and all the good besides. Our present Leader has opened up new fields, so that no one need be a barnacle. There is something for all to do for humanity. New shoots are being put out like the branches of a great tree and all are of use to the Brotherhood Tree. Greetings to the Leader and her cabinet.
 J. P. F.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 13th, 1899.

We are feeling very good these days, and notice how the forces are accentuated, but we will keep the fort, no matter how they come. We are in this business now like men, who can rise above their little personalities and fight on to the end. My love to you all and unbounded love and devotion to Mother till death and after.
 Ever your most loving and heartfelt companion,
 W. S.

Stockton, Cal., Dec. 14th, 1899.

I enclose a small contribution for the various funds. With it goes my hearty greetings to you and to all the other faithful workers at the central office. This is the last 13th of the closing cycle. On this date seven months ago Stockton Lodge was reorganized by the Leader and intrusted to the care of the present members. To-night we meet together and renew our pledges of loyalty, faithfulness and vigilance.
 J. W. R.

Whittier, Cal., Dec. 13th, 1899.

It is simply wonderful the boom of power and force that has come to the Los Angeles Lodge since the "Jubilee Meeting."
 A. W.

Los Angeles, Dec. 13th, 1899.

Courage and Trust is the message and enthusiasm is the spirit here in Los Angeles.
 E. E. O.



A LOTUS BUD AND HER DOG
"SPOTTY."
(THAMES, NEW ZEALAND).



LOTUS BUDS AT BRIXTON, ENGLAND.



— LOTUS TRUST HOME, BUFFALO, N. Y. —

(OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE).

All the Lotus Buds throughout the world are invited to peep into the windows of the Lotus Home and see the Lotus Home Babies, who no doubt will be looking for them, and give them a Greeting for the New Century time.

THE MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

NEW LITERATURE.

On every hand the literature of the world is showing the result of the Theosophical study and activities. The influence of the Universal Brotherhood Magazine and the New Century cannot be estimated and each of these is now on a splendid footing, growing steadily and continually reaching more and more people. Look for a moment at the work done by the New Century which has only been in existence two years, and at its continually repeated message of hope. The Universal Brotherhood Magazine which henceforth will be known as the "Universal Brotherhood Path," and is the continuation of the magazine "The Path," started by W. Q. Judge, has in spite of all obstacles, fulfilled its mission founded upon its splendid basis of service to the cause. We here repeat, for the benefit of new readers, that it is published solely for humanitarian work, and that the editors receive no benefit therefrom. As part of the work of the Theosophical Publishing Co. during the past year we record the following, and especially recommend them to all our readers:

"Evidences of Immortality"—by Dr. Jerome A. Anderson.

"The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings."—(The New Century Series)—Outlined by Katherine Tingley and contributed to by the best students in the Universal Brotherhood.

The first number of the series is already in the hands of most of our readers and they will see that a new keynote has been struck towards an understanding of the Sacred Scriptures known as the Bible. The first paper in the number issued is by Dr. Anderson, who very clearly shows the agreement of all the great religions on the vital questions of life and conduct and brings forward the fact of this agreement as the strongest evidence of the divine inspiration of all religions.

The strong article appearing in this issue entitled, "The Pith and Marrow of the Closing and Coming Century and the Related Position of Free-Masonry and Jesuitry" has been issued separately in pamphlet form.

Two books dealing with the vital questions of to-day have been outlined by the Leader and are being written by students under her supervision. These will be ready for the press within a few months.

In speaking of the literary work of the past year we must mention the articles of Dr. Alexander Wilder on "Egypt and the Egyptian Dynasties," which, as was expected, have proved to be a valuable addition to the literature on the ancient history of Egypt. The series will be completed in eighteen articles, and later the Leader proposes to publish these in book form. The fine articles of Charlotte Woods, of H. Coryn, H. T. Edge and others, and the poetical writings of Zoryan, have also aided much the work of the Universal Brotherhood Magazine.

It is not necessary to call special attention to the new dress of the magazine or its enlarged form. This month's issue is a special number commemorative of the new century.

"Truth is brighter than the sun; truth is the sunny day of Reason, and falsehood the mind's dark night."

THE CRUSADES.

The last year of the old century has been marked by a greater activity than any year in the history of the movement. Three great crusades have been undertaken and successfully accomplished, the results of which are more significant than even now we can fully realize. In every department the work has taken on a world-wide aspect. The first crusade of 1899 was to Cuba in February, and a lasting link of brotherhood between America and the people of that oppressed island and through them stretching out to Spain has been made, of which only the future can reveal the importance. The few weeks' work of our Leader while at Santiago has not ceased from that day to this, and the mayor, Sr. Emilio Bacardi and all his people are awaiting anxiously her promised return. The Cuban mother and her large family of children and the gifted Signorita Antonia Fabre, whom the Leader brought with her from Cuba to America, show how gratefully these people respond to loving care and wise direction. Signorita Fabre accompanied the Leader to Point Loma and in her journey across the country, and then to Sweden and England. She is preparing herself to go back and help her people in true brotherhood work.

The second crusade was that undertaken in this country after the congress at Point Loma, when the Leader and several members of her cabinet visited the lodges on the Pacific Coast and in the Northwest and then *en route* across the continent.

The third crusade was to Sweden and England. Besides the work done in these countries, the importance of the crusade work on the ocean, both in going and returning, can hardly be over-estimated, and great and lasting interest was aroused among many people who will carry the message of brotherhood and of our great work to all parts of Europe and Central and South America, as well as this country.

"The eternal Spirit is everywhere. It stands encompassing the whole world."

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESSES.

There have been three Congresses held in the past year, or rather, the one Congress begun at Point Loma, and whose meetings were continued throughout the crusade across the country, was also continued in the great gatherings at the Swedish Congress at Stockholm and the English Congress at Brighton. One of the most important features of these congresses, next to the presentation of our work and philosophy before the public, was the binding together more closely the different nations and parts of the world, through our members. At Point Loma were comrades from England, Ireland, Sweden and Australia, and at the Congress at Brighton were Swedish, German, Dutch and American members. Dr. Erik Bogren attended the Congress at Chicago in 1898, and T. Hedlund, Miss Sonesson, Dr. Kellberg, from Sweden; Miss Atkinson and Miss Townsend, from England; F. J. Dick, from old Ireland, and T. W. Wilans from Australia, were present at the Point Loma Congress. Dr. Zander, Mrs. Scholander, Miss Bergman, Dr. Bogren attended the Brighton Congress in England, and also Brothers Goud and Cliquant and others from Holland, and Brother C. J. Gluckselig from Germany. All these, indeed, have made the links of comradeship very close between these different parts of the world. A new feature of the Brighton Congress, outlined by the Leader, was a debate between Rev. T. A. Duncan, a clergyman of the Church of England, and Brother Sidney Coryn, President of the Universal Brotherhood in England.

Then, too, we must speak of those who have come to make a longer stay, and perhaps remain permanently with us. Rev. and Mrs. Neill, from New Zealand, are now at Point Loma, and have charge of the S. R. L. M. A. grounds. Dr. Herbert Coryn, one of H. P. B.'s old pupils, has now been in America for over a year. Almost immediately after his arrival, Brother K. Lundberg came from Sweden, and Mrs. Lundberg from Scotland. Miss Townsend, who attended the Point Loma Congress, has remained at the I. B. L. Colony. More recent arrivals in America are Miss Bergman, who came over with our Leader after the Swedish Congress, and has since been staying in New York, paying a short visit to Boston; Percy Leonard, who made a brief stay in New York, visited Boston, and has now gone to make his home in California, and our last arrival, Brother H. T. Edge, one of the old workers at the London Headquarters, and who is so well known through his articles in the magazine.

"The wise guard the home of nature's order; they assume excellent forms in secret."

POINT LOMA.

On every hand are evidences of the rapid, but steady growth of the work in all departments, any one of these alone standing as a monument of successful effort for humanity. Two and a half years ago the grounds of the S. R. L. M. A. at Point Loma were little more than a stretch of waste land. To-day they are a busy center of active work preparing for a vast and stupendous work in the future. Already a large nucleus of the I. B. L. colony has been formed, where workers are being trained for future activities. Among the workers there are Rev. and Mrs. Neill; Brothers Hanson and Harris and their families, and Brother Stowe, from Macon, Ga.; Mrs. E. C. Mayer, one of the former New York Headquarters' staff and faithful worker under W. Q. Judge; Brother Pettigrew, from Sioux Falls, Brother Scott, from Toronto, Mrs. A. D. Hunt, and Dr. Rose Winkler, from New York; Miss Paterson and Mme. O. Petersen, from Boston; Brother Scott, from Toronto, and other faithful and true-hearted workers. Besides the colony activities at Point Loma, is the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama, founded by Katherine Tingley and carried on under Mrs. E. C. Mayer as directress.

A new impetus has been given to music by our Leader and many of the Lodges have realized its importance in their meetings. At the Conservatory of Music, under the new methods there introduced, the true place of music as a vital educative factor will be taught. The Conservatory has opened most successfully and has before it a wide field of useful work.

A new lodge of 26 members has been organized among the workers at the Point, with representatives from North, South, East and West and from Europe.

After her next visit to Cuba, the Leader intends to bring back to America a number of Cuban children to educate at the Cuban colony and later to found colonies for children and workers of other nationalities.

Both the library and the museum at Point Loma are increasing, and several hundreds of valuable books and objects of antiquity have been received.

Another feature on the Point is the Point Loma Hotel, carried on by Dr. L. F. Wood, who, under the greatest difficulties, not having the facilities to provide for so large a number, yet found shelter and entertainment for the members attending the Congress. The house is now in good running order and provides a delightful resort

for invalids and those in search of rest, as well as for students of the Isis Conservatory of Music.

WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN.

How greatly this has increased and what a promise it is for the opening century. Only a few years ago there were less than a hundred children in our Lotus Groups. Now nearly every lodge in America has its Lotus Group, and the children are counted by many hundreds. In England, Sweden, Holland, Australia are many hundreds more. As our Leader says, the world must surely realize that in the children we must find the bone and sinew of spiritual enlightenment of the coming century. The report of the Children's Festival at Brighton, which we give in this issue, and also the beautiful drawing of the ceremony by Brother R. W. Machell, of London, tell their own story.

"He who lives in one color of the rainbow is blind to the rest. Live in the light diffused through the entire arc, and you will know it all."

OTHER UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES.

It is impossible to cover the whole round of activities, but mention must be made of the special activity of the Lotus Home in Buffalo. This is the outgrowth of the work begun among the children by our Leader. The first temporary Lotus Home was near Fort Lee, N. J., close to New York City, where, in 1896, a number of children from the East Side in New York were cared for during the summer. While there, the Leader planned the permanent work in Buffalo. The thoughts that were there sent out have taken root and the noble workers who have devoted their energies and their lives, have made it possible to be carried out. Last month was given a picture of the babies of the Home, and in this issue we give a view of the large and beautiful building where this work is carried on. The great care and efficient work of the Superintendent, Dr. Louise J. Kean and Miss Morris and the other assistants, may be best realized from the happy faces of the little ones. And though all of them are of a very tender age, not one of them has been lost and all are healthy and happy.

Another special activity is the Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Union at Toledo, under the International Brotherhood League. This Newsboys' Home is mainly supported financially by the League, and is on a splendid footing through the wonderful devotion of Miss Elizabeth Whitney, and having been greatly aided by the work which Mrs. Fichtenkam did.

Another activity of the International Brotherhood League, designed especially to help women to help themselves and bringing a common interest to women of all nations, is the "Woman's Exchange and Mart," with its many departments. This has been most successfully started in New York and also in Boston.

Continually new evidences are met with of the great work done at Montauk in the fall of 1898, among the soldiers and the results of that work are shown in the memories which those, who came in contact with the International Brotherhood League, have kept and who felt its help and strength.

WORK IN EUROPE.

This has already been touched upon to some extent in speaking of the Congresses at Stockholm and Brighton, but particular mention must be made of the work of the International Brotherhood League in Sweden, carried on especially by Mr. and Mrs. Nystrom, the meetings of which are very largely attended. As a result of the Congresses, many of the newspapers, according to the report of Brother Hedlund, have taken up and discussed the ideas there brought forward, and a great effect has been made on the public mind by the meetings, and especially by the speeches of the Leader. The newspapers are following up the suggestions and warnings she gave against the dangers menacing their country, and in this way are doing great propaganda work for some of the principles which we uphold. A new Headquarters has been taken in Stockholm and the work is enlarging on every hand. Two Swedish Theosophical papers are published. "Theosophia," a monthly published by Dr. Zander in Stockholm, and "Nya Seklet," published by Dr. Erik Bogren, in Helsingborg.

In Germany, Brother Conrad J. Gluckselig, who attended the Congress at Brighton, is doing splendid work and has a fine lodge at Nurnberg. He has also just started a monthly magazine. The prospects for work in Germany are better than ever before, for Brother Gluckselig is that quality of man who will profit by the lessons of the obstacles which the Society has had to overcome in the past.

With the acquisition to the Universal Brotherhood of H. P. B.'s old Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, there are now two Headquarters centers in London; the one just mentioned, and one at 3 Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square. The work is increasing rapidly and just when there was need for the right man to fit in to the right place, Brother Sidney Coryn was at hand. In connection with the work in England, and also acting as a binding force and link between England and America, must be mentioned Brother Clark Thurston, of Providence, R. I., who, on account of his many journeys across the Atlantic, has greatly aided the work and endeared himself to all our English comrades. A new feature, showing the impetus given by the Leader to music, has been the formation of a choir at the London Headquarters, under Brother Dunn, and it is hoped that one will soon be established at the Headquarters in New York. While speaking of music, Brother W. A. Raboch, the composer of the music to "The Eumenides," must not be forgotten; both his name and his music are now well known throughout the organization.

In Ireland, the faithful work of Brother Dick and his comrades is bearing good fruit and the philosophy is blossoming out in practical work among the children. The faithful members have shown that they have made Theosophy a living power in their lives and have learned to apply it. With Brother Dick we must mention Brother Arthur Dwyer, and in the children's work, Mrs. Dick.

The work in Greece has suffered from the late war, but correspondence is still kept up with the members there and they are doing the best they can. They all declare how great a blessing the crusade was to their country. Russia has never had any Theosophical activities. There is only one member there, and we regret to say that by the last account she was quite ill.

"Every man contains within himself the potentiality of immortality, equilibrated by the power of choice."

WORK IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

The good seed sown in Australia and in New Zealand is growing up and blossoming, and many faithful hearts are proclaiming the message of brotherhood. Brother Willans, of Sidney, Australia, attended the Congress at Point Loma and carried back with him its influence and its great promises for the future. Brother St. Clair and the other comrades in New Zealand keep the fire burning and they must feel that the day will come when the southern hemisphere shall respond to the light which they are holding out.

India cannot be as active as the Leader would wish until she visits that ancient land again, but she says she will not go until she is prepared to do work that will be permanent. There are many faithful hearts praying for her return there, and the letters received from them show how faithfully they are guarding the seed which she sowed when on the great crusade.

WORK IN THE LODGES.

During the year several new lodges have been started and in all the lodges new lines of activities have been entered upon,—new members bringing in new life and energy and the old members finding ever a new interest in the work as it grows year by year. All the new lodges are adapted to the present time, and many of the new members coming into the work bring with them an energy and devotion that is equal to that of old and tried members, for they have all had a preparatory education in the reports which have been given of our work in the press. They have seen the papers and know the attacks made upon the work and through this their interest has been awakened and they have learned to love the cause and the Society which sails ever forward “like a holy ship of the new kingdom.” In many of the lodges the Presidents are comparatively young in years and impart to the work the vigor and elasticity of youth. The old lodges, almost without exception, show the signs of healthy growth, and in one or two (there are two especially) where a dead weight of personality and disharmony has been carried, these have been removed by the natural process of growth. With wonderful patience the loyal members bore with their difficulties, and as these always have an end, their true devotion triumphed at last.

The H. P. B. Lodge in New York, which for a time discontinued its activities, has resumed active work under the Presidency of Mrs. Vespera Freeman, one of the most devoted workers in the city. She was invited to become its President, and we feel sure that the Lodge will enter again upon a career of new usefulness and prosperity.

The work in the extreme East is going forward with a new impetus under the efforts of Brothers Mather and Stearns and other faithful hearts. Application for a charter for a new lodge in Maine has just been received.

In New York the work on the East Side is continued and is steadily growing under the devoted care of Brother J. D. Leonard.

During the year the Headquarters at 144 Madison avenue have taken on an entirely new aspect.

Many new faces are seen at the meetings. The activities of the Theosophical Publishing Co. are greatly on the increase, and a class of people come to buy our books that a few years ago used to hurry past the building. Besides the improvements in the building itself, there is now the delightful home feeling at Headquarters

which is very largely due to the mother of the household, Mrs. L. E. Kramer, and her husband and son, J. O. Kramer and E. O. Kramer.

A new Headquarters has been opened in Brooklyn. A large house has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Tyberg in a fine neighborhood and central location at 962 Bedford avenue. The main floor forms a beautiful lecture hall, and the Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 1 has entered upon a new career of increased activity.

The Lodge at Toledo has been resuscitated, and through the energy of Mrs. Kapp, the new President, has entered upon a new sphere of usefulness.

We regret to say that there is one lodge in Toronto which has lost its way. The charter of this lodge has been revoked by the Leader. It affords a lesson that where members allow themselves to be swayed by others of their number, who may have had some prominence, but who have become disappointed through not having their personal vanity catered to, they lack the elements of true progress and are bound to find their work go down.

Sometimes lodges have had to carry a dead weight of those members who have sought to use the organization for their own ends, and it has appeared to some that oftentimes a member may be of no use but only a hindrance. Yet every one is given his chance and the opportunity to show how far he has really desired to work for humanity or whether he has entered the organization for other ends. But wherever the other members have kept strong, the work has gone on and those whose hearts were not in it have sooner or later seen the working of the great law.

"Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly."

HOME CRUSADERS AND NEW WORKERS.

Special crusade work started at the instance of the Leader has been done by Miss Bandusia Wakefield in Iowa and Nebraska; by Brothers Denicke, Cannon and Dr. Hill, of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin; and by Dr. N. B. Acheson, of Youngstown, Ohio, and through their efforts new lodges have been started and new life put into some of these already established.

Sometimes in a lodge, or isolated from other members, one person may be a center of radiating light and influence in this great work. Others may not hear of him or know him, yet by his life and work, by writing or simply in his ordinary relation with others, he may be a helper in the cause of brotherhood. One of these is known under the *nom de plume* "Zoryan." There are many others helping in these and similar ways. Our Theosophical work and H. P. B.'s teachings have been brought out in such a way through our literature and lectures, so simple and clear, that as well as attracting the cultured they have touched the hearts of many in the humbler walks of life. There is one person whom I have in mind, who cannot read nor write, but who listens and listens and thinks and acts, making the philosophy a living power in her daily life.

Through the simplification of this wisdom of the ages the lives of men and women in the prisons are being lifted and ennobled and a great sphere of work has thus been opened. Already many of the large State prisons are open to our workers and many shadows have been lifted from the hopeless and despairing and many an answering gleam awakened in the hearts of our poor shut-in brothers and sisters.

Wherever new work has to be begun new workers always come to the front, and among such should be mentioned Brother Craustone Woodhead and his son, in London, and Miss Atkinson, who is now in charge of the Headquarters, at 19 Avenue Road. Here in America we must mention Brother C. L. Carpenter, the Superintendent in New York State of the I. B. L. Boys' Brotherhood Clubs, whose whole heart is in this work. Then in Toledo, when a new worker was needed in the lodge, Mrs. Kapp stepped in, and is now President. Mrs. Lundberg, whose education in the sturdy life of Scotland has fitted her to rise above difficulties that naturally assail new members at active centers, is now helping at Headquarters. Mrs. Butler, from Bridgeport, is rendering good service as manager of the Woman's Exchange and Mart, which, as said, is a glorious work for women. It would be impossible to give all the instances of this character, but it is one of the signs.

Space does not permit us to give the description of the many new activities every one of which has the signs of great and lasting success. Is not this one of the most encouraging features of the work, that sure and quick success follows upon every undertaking begun by our Leader, and each of these leads to larger fields of work, and brings us close in touch with thousands throughout the world who have been overlooked. In reviewing these activities those who work at the center and are familiar with its history and growth state that the work is one hundred times greater than three years ago, and the prospects simply illimitable. So after all, in spite of the shadows and trials and the knowledge that a few who pledged themselves to the work are unable to go on, we have made a good record for the last quarter of the XIXth Century, and we feel sure that the coming years will record greater success still and the greatest of all—the acknowledged Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.

OBSERVER.

“Good people shine from afar like the snowy mountains; bad people are not seen, like arrows shot at night.”

A SIGNIFICANT EVENT AT SAN DIEGO.

On Tuesday, Dec. 12th, the steamer Tanis—the name of an ancient Egyptian king—of the Kosmos Steamship Co., of Hamburg, (Kosmos meaning “Universal,” and hence “all the world over”) cast anchor, in San Diego Harbor, Cal., on its first regular trip between Hamburg and San Francisco.

This is the second line from foreign ports which has within the year made San Diego its first and last port in the United States.

While these events in the business world are a recognition of the importance of San Diego as one of the strategic and communal centres on the world's coming direct line of travel, those who look for cause in effect, trace a relationship between these old and universal names, and present and future developments, see a significance and venture a prophecy of great natural wealth and splendor for San Diego, with her Titanic architectural topography, rivaling ancient Athens a thousand times in its possibilities, and that ancient Inspiration, Point Loma, will in the near future attract from “all over the world” mariners on the watery oceans, and on the ocean of life, to there cast anchor and depart rich laden with evolved stores of ancient and modern material, mental and spiritual wealth to make the life and heart of humanity glad.

ELIAS.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS, BRIGHTON, ENG.

AN IDEAL CONGRESS.

(By Another Onlooker.)

THE OPENING.

A Congress, as popularly understood, is an injudicious mixture of Dullness and Discord. Therefore, people who wish to live pleasant lives, religiously avoid any such gathering. Earnest folk who are panting to contradict each other—for the sake of principle—are those who usually organize Congresses. Their respective friends attend, just to see how they get on. Beyond these are even to be found among the general public persons with a sporting bias who have developed a morbid taste for the Congress *per se*. Such complete the assemblage. They slip away, however, when Dullness becomes paramount. Rarely is the *last* day of a Congress well attended.

None of these characteristics was to be observed at the Congress of the Universal Brotherhood Organization recently held at Brighton. It began in a marked sense *harmoniously*; interest grew as it progressed; and the chief event of its last day's work—a "Children's Festival," will live in the memories of those who witnessed it as a profoundly touching symbol of peace and concord.

This Congress was opened under the Dome of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, on Thursday evening, Oct. 5th, with a selection from *Lohengrin*, played by Professor E. H. Lemare, on the grand organ. Later, this eminent musician rendered the overture to Beethoven's *Prometheus*. The other items in this musical introduction to Practical Brotherhood were Wagnerian selections, played by an unseen orchestra, a violin solo by Miss Evans, several pieces sung by the famous Minster Quartette, and "O, Star of Eve!" sung by a member of the "Isis League of Music and Drama," which, by the way, is one of the seven departments of fraternal activity into which the Universal Brotherhood Organization has been segregated by its Founder and Leader, Katherine Tingley.

An evident *motif* in this drama of Harmonies was to unfold it impersonally. A tastefully arranged curtain of blue and yellow aided this effect. The impression upon the audience was striking. An inexpressible feeling of reposeful delight spread among the listeners, so that the applause they were impelled by custom to bestow upon that band of gifted musicians seemed as it were an interruption. Perchance the day will come when none approve by outward sign, either the dramatic or musical displays. Then will those Arts, of Music and the Drama, so long devoted to the fostering of human self-esteem, be restored to their early purity and become "vital educative factors"—as in the older days!

When that significant musical opening of the Universal Brotherhood Congress was completed, there appeared before the curtain the figure of a man attired in the garb of ancient Greece. For a moment those assembled seemed disposed to smile when this chapleted orator, who *looked* so unfamiliar, addressed them. The speaker quickly gathered himself together and dispelled by the force of growing eloquence that feeling of incongruity which had arisen. Tersely and luminously he declared that the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, a selection from which was about to be pre-

sented, was written, "not to amuse, but because it contained within itself many of the sublimest truths of Nature; because it taught men to look within themselves, and look ever upward and onward toward the star that was in them, the star that was their goal throughout the ages."

The orator retired and then the curtain was drawn aside, revealing the concluding scene from this famous tragedy. The Goddess Athena, followed by the twelve Areopagites slowly moved up the stage to the sound of stately, choice music. This music has been especially composed by Wenzel A. Raboch for Katherine Tingley's interpretation of the Eumenides. It was most impressive. Its note was distinctly that of ancient Greece. When Athena and her train were ranged before the entrance to the temple of Apollo, the music ceased. Suddenly, wild, unearthly shrieks were heard, and the hooded Furies, wrapped in earth-colored garments, crawled into sight. There was something terrific in the intensity of the dramatic situation. There stood the Virgin Goddess calm, benignly compassionate, while those horrid forms rose and fell, shrieked and clamored; clamored against the release of Orestes. Then Athena pleads with them:

"Not slighted are ye powers august! through rage
 Curse not with hopeless blight the abode of man.
 I, too, on Zeus rely; why speak of that?
 And sole among the gods I know the key
 That opes the halls where sealèd thunder sleeps.
 But such we need not. Be appeased by me,
 Nor scatter o'er the land, from froward tongue
 The harmful seed that turneth all to bane.
 Of bitter rage lull ye the murky wave;
 Be venerated here and dwell with me,
 Sharing the first fruits of this ample realm,
 For children offered, and for nuptial rite,
 This word of mine thou wilt forever praise!

Still the Furies rage and threaten. Then comes the crowning effort of this tragic scene. Slowly they yield to the entreaty of the Goddess, and flinging off their dusky robes, show themselves transformed into beautiful maidens, clad all in white. Singing glad hymns they adore beneficent Athena and join her train as she leaves the stage.

This is but an elementary sketch of a presentation full of subtle power. In truth, by means of *writing alone*, justice can never be done to such a combination of color, of form, of sound, as Katherine Tingley has effected.

And, dominating all this, was the combination of the human, the art-brotherhood. The players evidently were devoted to their common task. No slightest suggestion of rivalry, of stage vanity, of nervousness (which is but a form of self esteem) was evident at any point in this performance. If this was the Greek attitude towards the Drama, we cease to wonder at the rumors of its marvellous influence upon Greek thought and conduct that have filtered through the ages.

I fancy that the bulk of the audience realized the vital truth of the statement so frequently made in Theosophical literature, viz., that this play of Eumenides *is* a "mystery play," written and presented not for entertainment, but for the instruction of men as to the facts of their spiritual nature. I wonder how many of those present realized that none but a Mystic of vast power and knowledge could have made those facts evident by means of actors and stage effects gathered together at scarcely a fortnight's notice?

The second day's work of this remarkable Congress is amply dealt with else-

where. It consisted mainly of public expositions of Theosophical principles. Incidental references were made to Katherine Tingley's humanitarian work at Montauk and Cuba.

But the third and concluding day contained the event of events in the Congress. This was the "Children's Festival." However, due treatment of such a subject must be reserved for another article.

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

For many, many years the "Problem of London" has profoundly interested me. Think of it! Nearly *one-sixth part* of the entire population of the British Islands is closely packed within the 400 odd square miles on which Greater London stands! One may travel from north to south or from east to west for almost twenty miles without coming into touch with any considerable space of green fields. Houses, houses, houses! everywhere houses!

And people still flock into this city of Pain, not merely from all parts of Great Britain, but from all parts of Europe. Apparently, it is upon this new blood that London depends for its life. One authority declares that "London is literally nourished by bone and sinew from the country." Another authority (medical), states that *it is impossible to find a fourth generation of pure Londoner.*

So, London would appear to be, in the long run, a city of Death, as well as a city of Pain. One-sixth of Britain's population is slowly becoming *devitalized* in London. Yet such is the mysterious magnetism of this wonderful spot that no sustained effort to escape from conditions so fateful seems to be possible for Londoners themselves. Politicians and Economists have for years past been saying the things I am saying now. The average dweller in London heeds them not. Poor, weary, neighborless soul! For him there is no future, either personal or national. 'Tis a sorry outlook—that of the luckless Cockney!

Or rather, it was a sorry outlook; until Saturday, the seventh of October last.

Oh, think! Brothers across the seas—who sprang from the loins of this old England! Think of the sacred bond of two hundred and fifty "Lotus Buds" who looked into the eyes of the Lotus Mother at Brighton on that memorable day! From the east, from the south, from the west of the vast city were gathered these Pioneers of the New Century's Childhood. Right down in London's mud had those beautiful flowers of Hope been rooted! Fair were they to see—*gentle children*, all of them—as they spread themselves out in the Sunlight whose power flooded the Congress.

And they have gone back to their London homes carrying with them the force they then drank in! Do you think that this fact means nothing for the future of London? I declare my belief that, unconscious though these little ones may be of their mission, they are and will remain a living cord of Brotherhood winding through the mazes of the huge city. The cord will lengthen and strengthen as the Lotus movement develops, until one day we find that a new type of manhood and womanhood is emerging out of the midst of that very poor stuff—the devitalized Cockney. Yea, the comrades of the golden cord have grown up into citizenship, and are quietly, gently working out the social salvation of London! So it looks to me, as I, a Londoner born and bred, peer into the next century. Is it then too bold a thing if, looking at the Children's Festival with a Londoner's eyes, I venture to call the seventh of October, 1899, "New Citizen Day"?

Already the scene in the Music Room of the Pavilion has been picturesquely described. I scarcely can add to the description. We all remember the beauty, the orderliness, the spirituality of those boys and girls, clad in their white robes of Grecian pattern. And the naturalness, the unconsciousness with which they behaved impressed every one. Theirs was no play-acting. They sang their dainty songs, they went through their evolutions with just that calm simplicity which an un-spoilt child will show when playing in the presence of its Mother. They did all this in a public hall crowded to its utmost limits with onlookers! And yet these children, who showed such a marvellous spirit of unity were strangers to each other—so far as the various “groups” of them were concerned—until that very morning! There had been no previous rehearsal in London; but merely some preliminary drilling, and the learning of the songs they sang. I have not discovered anybody who knew exactly what was going to happen when those youngsters started for Brighton. No one, however, who had been engaged in Lotus work, felt the least anxiety about the success of the Children’s Festival. We did what we were told, and the children did what they were told, and everybody was happy afterwards—such was the result of the *general confidence* in the Lotus Mother. In sober truth, the whole business of that Children’s Festival was just run on the lines of a fairy story. A veritable *transformation* took place in obedience to the wand of the Fairy Queen!

Let me give a practical illustration of the transformation. Among the steadiest and calmest of those youngsters who marched into her presence was one princely little chap, with dark hair. There was a tiny bald patch on the top of his head. I believe I have guessed the history of that bald patch. I met my young prince—“an incorrigible little wretch”—as the saying goes, at a school room in Bow, about a week before the Brighton Congress. He, and some seventy others, were being drilled by Mrs. General C— (she is a very sweet spoken young lady in private life; but what soldiers would call a “living terror on parade.”) Well, the said prince, who was then bare-footed (and suitably attired) was docile enough, until the drilling was *over*. Then he relieved his pent-up feelings by executing a series of what London boys call “Catherine wheels”—all round the room, to the great admiration of his comrades. He went through this performance with *professional* skill, and thus gave me a clue to that bald patch of his. Many a time have I seen ragged, shoeless lads do the very same thing along the roads leading to Epping forest or to similar places of summer resort. Coppers are thrown to them by the people in drags or vans, for whose entertainment these youngsters cater. And I have seen such boys *stand on their heads* in the dusty road, and kick up their heels for a moment or two, in token of thanks. Then they resume their “Catherine wheeling.” I should say that this line of business is rather wearing—to *the hair*. Now, I have merely put two and two together. May I be forgiven if I have wronged my young Prince Lotus.

And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!

A GREETING TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED IN BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

16 Carrington St., Wynyard Square, Sydney, Australia, Sept. 3, 1899.

COMRADES:—We have this hour a *Presence* and a *Power* in our midst that no thing or being can withstand and that will bring Liberation to all, either in smiles or tears.

Now is the eleventh hour of our opportunity consecrated with the sacred blood

of martyrs. Rise in God-gained privilege and wield the lightning blade in noble service to all that lives.

Here in heavy gloom lies the sensuous pall of prostituted Divinity, and out of the funeral fires of its black smoke, the lightning blade will rive asunder the foul spell and liberate the soul.

Think of the glorious strife for many a hundred years, how inch by inch the battle has been won, for it is upon these lives we charge at last to Victory and so redeem the slain.

Our hearts speak true and tell us how the noble fight for Truth has waxed hot at times in every corner of the field of Europe. In every spot has blood been spilled to cry out from the ground. Our nations have built themselves upon the *Hearts of Heroes* who now are joined together *in one band* to make this *last grand charge*. On! on! the Power of the Living God is here. *Truth leads the van*.

Swing free the blade once more, beloved ones, and then—Praise God from whom all Blessings flow.

T. W. WILLANS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SHORTHAND REPORT OF THE CONGRESS.

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT OF THE BIBLE,

DEBATE BETWEEN AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN AND A THEOSOPHIST.

(CONCLUDED FROM DECEMBER 1899.)

CONTINUATION OF THE DEBATE.

Bro. Cranstone Woodhead then took charge of the proceedings and the debate was resumed, after a selection of music and the reading of a message of greeting from Lodge No. 1, Sweden.

The Rev. Mr. Duncan said his opponent had twitted the Christian Church with having no philosophy of life, no metaphysics, but apparently he had taken the poorest class of Christians as representing Christian thought. Christian thought was not so excessively crude. There had been in the history of the Christian Church schools of philosophy, and there was a system of metaphysics, and the more thinking portion had some notion of what they were talking about when speaking of the soul. Paul spoke of a threefold man—body, soul and spirit—and in many places he referred to that tripartite division of the human being. The Rev. J. B. Hurd, too, had written a work on the tripartite nature of man, and many Theosophists might be surprised by it.

As to the quotations from Scripture in support of Reincarnation, he did not think the quotation from Solomon had been quite correctly given, but that was a point of not much importance. He did not dispute that the writer had an idea of what the Theosophists understood by Reincarnation, but it was not a strong argument for Westerners to accept the idea, in view of the fact that Western churches, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, refused to accept the apocryphal writings for doctrine, not considering they had the same degree of inspiration

as the canonical books. The instance mentioned of the man being born blind seemed to point to a belief in Reincarnation among those who asked the question, and the Master did not in so many words point out they were in error; but He was not concerned with the matter from that point of view at all at the time; He was only concerned in that the disciples should not judge their brother, and therefore He brushed away the question altogether. It hardly seemed fair, therefore, to infer that the Master was also a believer in Reincarnation. Doubtless His disciples were, as most of the Jews did believe in it. As to the necessity for Reincarnation, he granted a single life gave no scope for the building up of character, and yet he denied it gave a strong argument in favor of Reincarnation. It was held by many Christian people that life was intended to be educative and progressive; that it was not, as used to be held, a mere probation, and that at the end man must reach a certain standard or else have his fate absolutely fixed. That doctrine was not in the Articles of the Church of England. And yet, looking at life as educative and progressive, few Western people would feel any necessity for repeated incarnations, but rather that in those "many mansions" place and opportunity would be found for progressive education of the individual and the race.

A frequent argument against Reincarnation, which seemed to have a great deal of cogency, was that no one seemed to remember their past lives. There was an explanation of the fact that many thought they remembered things in past lives, and it was that they remembered incidents in their dream lives. Another argument was, if the Theosophical position were true, how was it, if there were only a limited number of souls frequently coming into earth life, the population of the earth seemed to go on increasing from age to age instead of only keeping at a certain point?

Mr. Coryn again expressed his appreciation of the courtesy with which his opponent had put forward his views. Mr. Duncan complained that he had selected those points which appeared weakest in the philosophy and scheme of Christianity, but a scheme of philosophy was like a steel chain—unless of equal strength at all points it was valueless. He had explained that their quarrel was not with the teachings of Jesus—for them they had the most profound admiration and veneration, yielding to no man or church in their veneration of the character and teachings of Jesus. (Applause.) But where was he to get that fair and able conception of modern Christianity? Where was he to go? In the list of Christian churches they found 300 or 400, at the least, distinct and separate renderings of the message of the same teacher. Voltaire said that if God had made man in his own image, man had certainly returned the compliment. Man had created God in his image. Everywhere they saw man imagining that which could not be imagined, which transcended the sublimest thought of the sublimest sage. (Applause.) They had figured unto themselves a glorified picture of themselves, and endowed that image with their own frailties, and cruelties, and so in their own minds they had sanctified their own wrongdoing. Samuel Clemens engaged a Hindu servant with 700 gods. He exclaimed: "Now, I am a Christian and have only one God; so now I have 701." (Laughter.)

As to Paul's division of man's nature, he had not challenged the wisdom of Paul; he had challenged the wisdom of those who sought to interpret the Apostle and his great Master. Paul did speak of body, soul and spirit, but of what value was it to Christians of to-day to use those words if they were not able to attach

any meaning to them, or if the meanings they attached to them were widely different? In the Church of England, and in many others, they would find clear-thinking and liberal-minded men, and their contention was not with them, except so far as they dare not say to their churches the things they thought in their studies. Was it not true that here in Christendom they had no conception of the soul? To the average Christian the word called forth no idea; it meant for them absolutely nothing. It was a common thing to hear the words "my soul," and where they used the possessive pronoun they implied a possessor and a thing possessed. How did they differentiate between the owner and the thing. Who am I? What is this I possess—the soul?

In the Christian philosophy that question could not be answered. In their studies some might have partially solved it, but they did not come to the poor man and say it was himself, that the man himself was a soul, that on his efforts depended his future, that there is nothing to save and nothing to condemn except his own force of will, his own determination to walk on the path which in his heart of hearts he had set out for himself. Theosophy claimed that the soul was not merely a matter of speculation, or a matter of theory, but that every man possessed within himself a faculty which would enable him to know, to defy the secrets of Nature, to unlock every hidden door of his nature, and to know himself in spirit and in truth.

Turning to ethics, he claimed that while modern Christianity taught morality and insisted upon it, Christians had not a science of morality and could not say why this was right and that was wrong. They could not act as guides. When a chemist would learn anything in the world of physics he had his appliances, and could, on the physical plane, know something of the object in hand; but Theosophists contended that knowledge was not confined to the physical plane, but that there was a process, that there had ever been a process, by means of which man could know of the soul, could know of the laws which governed his being, could know of the source from whence he came, could know of the goal toward which he was going.

Knowledge was not confined to physical science, but the spiritual science had been neglected, because the light that the old Mystics once illuminated Christianity with had been—not withdrawn, but rejected by the Church, and what the Church possessed to-day was but the skeleton of the divine mysticism and philosophy which Jesus Christ came into the world to teach. Mr. Duncan spoke of the apocalyptic books not being accepted by the Church. He did not give the quotation as a proof of Reincarnation, but he thought it was not denied that the "Book of the Wisdom of Solomon" was by the man whom the Christians claimed to be the wisest who ever lived. Moreover, that forced him to inquire what was meant by the word apocryphal? The history of the books of the Bible would form a strange study for many of the most earnest exponents of Christianity, learning from whom they had come, what those men had said about them, through whose hands they had passed. Did they remember the confession of Eusebius: "I have not scrupled to take from or add to the sacred manuscripts whenever it has appeared to my mind to be for the glory of Holy Church." Many Christians labored under the impression that the Bible was directly written by the Almighty and placed in our hands as a bound and completed volume. They did not recognize that it was a collection of writings, very small, from a very great mass of writings. He did not think they

had taken the trouble to ascertain who made the selection, and how it came to be made. In the Early Church they held a council, because, he supposed, they thought it would be for the glory of God to make a selection from His books, and they decided that certain books were sanctified by the Creator of the Universe, and that other books were not. That seemed, in common parlance, rather a large order. (Laughter.) Being unable to agree among themselves—could one expect so many theologians to agree?—as to which were inspired and which were not, they resorted to an ingenious device. They placed the whole collection under a table and prayed to God that during the night he would select from them the inspired books and put them on the table. And He did. That was the story. One could imagine a theologian making his way to the room in the night time in order that his own theory might be established on the authority of Holy Writ.

In the verbal texts they must use common sense—the rarest of all the senses. They need not be afraid that Divine Truth would suffer from intelligence. Divine Truth was strong enough and great enough to welcome criticism, not to fear it; to welcome knowledge, and not to prosper by ignorance. They would lose nothing by endeavoring to ascertain the source of their great writings, and he believed Theosophists placed greater value on some of the ancient writings than did the Christians themselves, because they saw they embodied many a precious truth of which the Church had not dreamed, and because they contained the life of one of those Great Masters sent from the centre of eternal love, sent from time to time into the world to set a-thrill the wires of spiritual life, to tell to men that the path of self was the road to death, and that the path to life was to “love thy neighbor as thyself.” (Applause.) The reference to the man born blind proved that the disciples believed in re-birth. They were told, too, in a good many places, that Jesus had especially taught those men the mysteries of life and death, and yet having so taught them they still believed in Reincarnation.

As to progress after death in other spheres, Hume, one of the greatest philosophers we had ever had, once said that that which would be incorruptible must have been immortal, and therefore, he said, that of all the systems which were before the world that one of Reincarnation was the only one to which philosophy could in any way at all hearken. Now, they could not have immortality one way only—an immortality in the future which had not also an immortality in the past. If we were to live in the ages to come we must have lived also in the ages past. And what was the lesson man had to learn? He was forced to one answer—that he was here to learn how to comport himself toward himself and toward his fellow men. He thought that answer must commend itself to every one. And there was no man among them who had learnt that lesson; and where could we learn to comport ourselves toward our fellow men except with them? Where could we learn the lesson of this earth except on this earth? He thought he was justified in extending the law of cause and effect out of the physical into the moral, mental and spiritual planes. For every thought and deed there must be a result somewhere, somehow, sometime. We were sowing seed, and if a man sowed seed in a field he did not go to another field expecting there to reap the harvest he had sown, but to the field where he had placed his seed. And that crop should be fair or foul as the seed so placed in the ground. If there were any lesson to be learned here, that lesson must be learned here.

It was argued against Reincarnation that we do not remember our past lives.

Very many did remember them. Many children did, and spoke of them, until with our rough, brutal mental hands we kill out that ray from the spirit; until we tell them those things, which, to their little minds so fresh from the Glory Infinite—those things they know are true are lies; until they fear to tell of the heavenly visions they remember, the recollections of the lives of the past; until we murdered their memories with our infamous “education” and scepticism. (Applause.)

Then the population argument was used against them. They were told the population was steadily increasing. He denied it; there was not an iota of proof that the population was permanently or really increasing. Mr. Judge used as an illustration in that regard a swarm of birds flying into a room and out at a window. The number of birds was strictly limited, but there might be more birds in the room at one time than another. If they looked at the relics of civilizations they would find support for the theory that the population knew no regular increase. Where now there were continents of desert land they found traces of civilizations, compared with which our own sank into insignificance, so that it might be that those parts now so densely peopled were then only inhabited by a few scattered naked savages, and those now occupied by savages were centres of teeming swarms of life. The tide ebbed and flowed.

Mr. Duncan referred his opponent to a book, “Studies of the Soul,” as a proof that soul science was not entirely unknown to the Christian Church. And there were many thinkers who had gone deeper than Mr. Coryn would perhaps give them credit for. As to Eusebius, he was not in any sense a revisor of the books as Ezra was said to be with regard to the Old Testament. He was obliged to discount the story of how the books came to be selected, because Mr. Coryn had spoken so highly of the Bible as it stood. There must have been some higher power directing the choice of the books. As to the sowing of the seed and reaping in the same place, it all depended where they considered the seed to be sown. He maintained it was sown in the human soul, and it was there the results were reaped. And if that were so, it might equally be sown and reaped in some other sphere than the earth.

The argument drawn from the inequalities of life was considered one of the strongest arguments in favor of Reincarnation, but he had only to say the same sort of thing holds in every kingdom of Nature. All through Nature there was a tremendous waste in bringing anything to perfection, and there were unfavorable conditions for the majority and only a few come through and the higher types are produced. And why should they not look for the same in the human kingdom? Adversity might be a very excellent field for the education of the human soul. On the whole, he would be inclined to think they should, on the question of Reincarnation, bring in the Scotch verdict of “not proven.”

Karma, in a sense, was a Christian doctrine, and Paul’s words were frequently quoted by Theosophical writers—“As a man sows, so shall he reap;” and that doctrine appealed to any intelligent mind. As put forward, however, it seemed a hard, unsympathetic, unbending creed. They had an implacable law, which seemed to admit of no exceptions. It was hardly what might be called a “gospel.” It seemed to substitute law for love, and—was not that going back a little? In the Christian teachings it seemed to him they had the divinest expression in words of the heart of God, and undoubtedly the whole essence of Christian teaching lay in the thought that “God is love.” And just in so far as man approached the nature of God he would be love, too. Because there was forgiveness with God for even

the blackest sin, so there must be forgiveness in every human heart. "Forgive us our trespasses;" Christ's prayer on the cross, "Father, forgive them," and the command to forgive "even seventy times seven" seemed all inconsistent with that law of Karma. The attraction of the love of Christ as the lifting power in the world seemed to him to be missed. It would seem Theosophy was a religion for philosophers rather than for sinners, who wanted something to lift them out of themselves. What was Theosophy going to substitute for the personal Christ? the Christ who was felt to be the guide and leader of humanity? Was the experience of the centuries to go for nothing? Had the saints lived under a delusion?

Mr. Coryn, in replying, was quite willing to admit that there were many of the Church Fathers who followed worthily in the steps of Eusebius; he had no wish to credit him with all the interference with the manuscripts. It was true that unequal conditions were productive of advantage to character, but why were there those divergencies? Was there or was there not an eternal law of Justice running through the Universe, or a hideous chaos of chance? Where was the philosophic reason for this man's life being full of misery and that man's of joy? If he were in search of a philosophy he would seek for one in which there was a great law of unswerving justice, that should penetrate down to the smallest acts and thoughts of life, a justice which left nothing out and forgot nothing.

Reincarnation was a doctrine of absolute justice, which neglects and forgets nothing, and was absolutely true in its application even to the smallest of events and details. Mr. Duncan appeared to be afraid of justice; he would substitute something else for law. He asked why should they not resort to love and put law on one side? He (Mr. Coryn) would suggest that law and love are one. (Loud applause.) It was not he who would divorce the two. He could not conceive of law without love, or love without law; the two were blended together, were identical one with the other. It was because there was a great love running through the Universe that they called the force of that love law.

Forgiveness was the great centre of Christian belief, and some Christian thinkers, while they had in their own minds rejected the theory of the atonement, dared not go into their pulpits and say it was a hideous lie, an insult to the Almighty, the cause of the sin and sorrow of the world. A definition of orthodox Christianity had been given by Herbert Spencer, the greatest philosopher England had ever known, and he would defy any Christian to find fault with any clause in it or say that any part was not accepted by the Christian Church to-day. Spencer said that God created man without the power to avoid sin; that he condemned to eternal perdition the whole race of men for doing that which they could not help doing; that in order to avoid destroying the whole race for doing what they could not help doing, He murdered His own Son for what he had never done. He (the speaker) maintained that that so hideous, revolting doctrine was preached from the majority of pulpits to-day, and contradicted from none. His faith in human nature was indeed great when he remembered that the nations of the world had endured that abominable teaching and yet had survived in their morality and ethics. There was no naked savage running wild who would not be ashamed of such a doctrine as that. (Applause.)

That doctrine was a fitting one to be taught by those who spoke also of an eternal and material Hell. They were told the doctrine of Karma was hard as compared with the doctrine of Hell. Take the greatest preacher, perhaps, who had

preached in England, who had gathered together the greatest congregations ever gathered together, he believed, in England. Look at his definition of Hell, received with acclamation. He imagined that on the death of the wicked man (and the wicked man was he who could not pronounce the preacher's peculiar Shibboleth), his body was turned into a substance somewhat resembling asbestos—(laughter)—in order that it might endure the most unthinkable heat for ever and ever without being consumed. He said that that man would feel as if his veins were filled with molten lead, every nerve throbbing with a torment indescribable—and that went on for ever and ever. And they were told the doctrine of Karma was hard! And yet they had the words, "God is not mocked," and "For every idle word ye shall answer in the day of judgment." Did Jesus ever say there was any way of avoiding the penalty of sin? any way of wiping out the results of any single deed or thought except by meeting those results and living on through them like a man, and going into a new life made wise by the lessons taught, made great by the pain endured? (Applause.) Mr. Duncan asked what would they substitute for the personal Christ. They would substitute a world full of personal Christs. (Loud applause.) Because the great Christ-Spirit was in every man a guide and index for every man. The great Christ-Spirit was the voice of conscience, which speaks forever, trying to make itself heard, longing to enter the door at which it could only knock.

As man looked within himself for that light which was in every man, the "light that never was on land or sea;" as they looked upward for that light and knew the Christ to be themselves, and knew their power to reach to the Christhood, so the world shall be filled with Christs, and then pain and sorrowing and suffering shall pass away forever more. Was that unscriptural—unbiblical? "Know ye not that ye are gods?" "Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" No, throughout the West we did not know our Godhood; we did not know the infinite possibilities in front of us. We could see something of the path we had come, but could not look forward to the future, so full of glory, radiance and power, awaiting us, because of the god enshrined in every man. And Jesus Christ came not to say "I am the Christ, follow me," but He came to say, "The Christ is incarnated in every one of you—know ye not that ye are gods? The path I have trod you shall tread, the cross I have carried is also for you, and the reward that awaits you is the same."

They were told the great story of the crucifixion, and they took it with the brutality of the Western mind with literalness, and would not believe the great story had been told all over the world, in every age, and at all times, which typified the experiences of the neophyte in the Egyptian Pyramid, who would learn the secrets of the gods, and who for three days and nights lay crucified on a cross of wood. On the third day the guardian priest awoke him from his slumber, released him from the cross, and brought him down once more among men, but more than a man—crowned with the knowledge of the immortal gods, and with god-like power—a Christ amongst men, a Saviour amongst his people.

Was there anything derogatory to Christianity in showing that the Divine Life and the way to accomplish the Godhood of man and the Christhood in man had been in the world ever, always ready to declare themselves; that the Christ-Spirit in man was waiting to declare itself, and if only men would rise up out of their dark self into the gladness and glory that awaited them they would know that their godhood was not a thing of the far past, but that the divinity of man even now awaits its claiming. (Applause.)

Bro. Machell then gave a short address. He thought both speakers had pointed to one thing—that the very heart and soul of all the teaching, whether of Jesus or any other great world Teacher, was harmony, love and light, and that the law of life, when understood, was a law of joy, of beauty, of harmony. In the work of the Universal Brotherhood that idea manifested itself very strongly. He thought that in a great and increasing degree Art in its widest sense would take the place from which it had been dethroned so long—Art, not as an adornment to life, a superfluity, but Art in its highest and widest sense, as the expression of the soul of humanity—expressing itself in harmony, that harmony which was known to all thinkers and students of life to be the law, the very root-law of health, moral, physical or mental. (Applause.)

The second day's public proceedings then concluded.

QUEEN CHRISTINA AND THE BISHOPS.

A REMARKABLE ADDRESS.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

Madrid, Sunday Night.

La Epoca publishes the reply of the Queen-Regent to the Address which has been presented to her by the Bishops. The document exceeds even the programme of the Burgos Congress in its demands for the re-establishment of religious intolerance. The Prelates begin with very loyal expressions of adhesion to the present Dynasty and the Regency, and pray God to grant to the Queen-Regent the necessary grace to lead the nation in the paths of justice and religion. They then ask her Majesty to exercise her influence upon the Governments to induce them to put a stop to the audacity of Protestantism, which is opening churches and schools, and also to check the impious press, which slanders the Episcopate, the clergy, and the religious Orders.

The Address goes on to request the Queen-Regent to repress the subversive teachings of some of the Professors and to place all the Professors of the Universities, institutes, and schools under the supervision of the Catholic religion, which is the State Church. The Bishops insist upon the expediency of chastising for blasphemy, the profanation of images and sacred emblems, the violation of the Sabbath and Saints' days. The Message also lays much stress upon the necessity of refusing to Freemasons the rights granted to other Societies. The Prelates say they are much pleased to have found, in the Burgos Catholic Congress the opportunity of exposing the situation and expressing the aspirations of the Church, which alone can act as an impregnable rampart against the evils threatening humanity.

In a separate Message addressed to the Ministry the Bishops say they have never refused obedience, respect, and submission to the Queen-Regent and King and the Constitutional Government; but they have noticed with immense grief that no energy has been displayed by the authorities in repressing the disturbances at Saragossa, Barcelona, Valencia, and Castellon. They allege that the Freemasons had concerted to stone the convents and insult the members of religious Orders, and

they ask the Government not to allow Freemasons to enter Parliament, as they contributed to the loss of the Colonies.

The Message concludes with the assertion that the Throne is threatened by revolution when it could be strengthened if it rested, as of yore, on religion. These Episcopal demonstrations are generally considered as an endeavor to keep in touch with the feelings of the majority of the Catholics and the clergy; but no politicians of any shade outside the Ultramontanes seem disposed to listen to this revival of intolerance.

The Queen-Regent's reply to the Address is couched in guarded terms. Her Majesty says she is exceedingly grateful for the loyalty of the Prelates and the Church towards the Dynasty. She notices the grievances set forth, and the wishes expressed by the Episcopate in the name of the Catholics, but she very firmly and clearly reminds the signatories that she can do no more than hand over their petition to her Constitutional advisers and the responsible Ministers, who alone are competent, as they are certainly able and willing, to consider such appeals.

The Standard (London), Sept. 25, 1899.

PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT.

A fund has been established for the free distribution of Brotherhood literature. The fund to be equally divided in obtaining the following:—

- 1) The New Century Series: The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings
- 2) The Universal Brotherhood Magazine
- 3) The New Century,

to be placed in the prisons in America, also hospitals, work-rooms, free reading rooms, lodging houses, steamboats, and to soldiers and sailors.

This project is originated by Katherine Tingley, who has given great attention to it, and she feels confident that it will be well sustained by all members of the Universal Brotherhood and by all who are interested in Humanitarian Work.

Contributions to be sent to

J. H. FUSSELL,
Treasurer Propaganda Department,
144 Madison Ave., New York.

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J. H. C.	\$2.00	G. W. C.	\$51
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TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"He who in any way reviles, impugns, or abuses the person or fountain from which comes his knowledge, or the impulse that leads him to the acquirement of truth, is unworthy of the name of disciple.

"It is one thing to have that knowledge which disciples have, but it is quite another thing to be a disciple. The possession of the first does not infer the second."

THE PATH, VOL. III, P. 36.

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VOL. XIV.


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NO. 11.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

X.—The Classic Period Continued.—The Nineteenth Dynasty.—King Sethi.—Rameses the Great.

HE Eighteenth Dynasty had failed to maintain its authority over the tributary nations of Asia, and even over Northern Egypt. Queen Neten-Mut survived her husband Horemhebi several years, and her symbolical representation, a sphinx or cherub, which was sculptured on a monument, indicates that she continued in possession of the royal dignity.

There followed a contention over the succession. The throne of Lower Egypt was occupied by Râ-en-ti, and now the dominion of Upper Egypt was seized by Rameses I. There are diverse accounts with regard to the lineage of this founder of the Nineteenth Dynasty. He himself assumed to be a descendant of Amunoph I. and Queen Nefert-ari-Aahmes, but there exists good reason for supposing him to have actually belonged to Lower Egypt and to the race of the exiled monarchs. His physiognomy was decidedly Grecian, and his immediate successors differed distinctly in features from the Egyptian kings. They also recognized the Asiatic divinity Sutekh among the gods whom they worshipped, a fact that made them unacceptable to the priesthood of Thebes, which had now become a powerful hierarchy in Egypt.

The Khitan dominion meanwhile came into power at the north of Syria, and included all the neighboring nations from Kurdistan to the Archipelago as subjects and allies. At times his influence extended to the hordes of Egypt itself, and the Seventeenth Dynasty is described by Mariette Bey as "an offshoot

of the Khitans, who inhabited the plains near the Taurus mountains, and were worshippers of Sutekh." The Khalu or Phœnicians, the Rutenu or Palestinianians, and the Amairu or Amorites were subject to them. Sapuriri or Sapor was now the Overlord and king of this Semitic-Turanian people.

Rameses had first the task to make himself supreme in both realms of Egypt. He then led an expedition against the Khitans, to expel them from Palestine and Syria. It resulted in a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between the two monarchs. Each pledged himself to keep within the limits of his own possessions, and to abstain from interfering with the other.

The reign of Rameses was short, probably not exceeding six years. He was succeeded by his son, Sethi I., also designated by the royal and official titles of Ma-men-Râ and Mene-Ptah. As the name of this monarch was similar to that of the divinity who was proscribed in the later Egyptian worship as the Evil Potency and slayer of Osiris, it was afterward generally erased from the sculptures, and that of Asiri or Osirei substituted. He married Tuaa, the grand-daughter of Amunoph III., or, as some say, of Khuenaten. His reign was characterized by great activity, both as a warrior and builder. Indeed, Baron Bunsen considered him to have been the famous king Sesostris, whose conquests were distinguished above those of other princes. Whilst, however, some identify this sovereign with one of the Osirtasens of the illustrious Twelfth Dynasty, the general judgment has decided that Rameses II. was the person so distinguished.

The Shasu tribes and the princes of Khanaan and Syria had formed leagues to establish their independence. Manthanar, the new king of the Khitans, it was affirmed, had also repudiated the treaty which had been made with Rameses. The throne of Sethi stood as on a mine of dynamite. Distrust at home and hostility elsewhere menaced him. He was, however, prompt in action. In the first year of his reign he assembled his troops at the fortress of Khetam or Etham, near the eastern boundary of Egypt. Thence he marched to the migdol or high tower, and on to Buto or Baal-Zapuna. He then traversed the territory of the Shasu-Idumæans without resistance, halting at Ribatha or Rehoboth in the "South country of Palestine." The confederated tribes, however, had made a stand at the fortress of Khanaan in the "land of the Zahi," or Phœnicians. The battle which ensued resulted in a complete victory for the Egyptians.

Sethi next turned his arms against the Phœnicians themselves and annihilated their forces at Jamnia. He followed up the campaign against the kings of the Ruthens or Canaanites, and afterward marched against "Kadesh in the territory of the Amorites."*

The Khitan frontier was now open, and he led his troops into that country. The war was continued for several years, after which a new treaty was formed.

Sethi returned home from his first campaign with a large number of pris-

† The name Kadesh, or K'D'S, signifies holy; hence, the sanctuary, a holy city, or sacerdotal person. The place here mentioned is supposed to have been Ashtoreth Karnaim, the city of the two-horned goddess Astartê.

oners and a rich booty. He took the country of the Lebanon on his way. The inhabitants had made no resistance, and he now employed them to cut down cedar trees for ships and for masts to set up at the Egyptian temples.

He was met near Khetam, at the frontier of Egypt, where he had set out, by a large multitude, the priests and chief men of Egypt. "They had come," we are told, "that they might welcome the Divine Benefactor on his return from the land of Ruthen, accompanied by a booty immensely rich—such as had never happened since the time of the Sun-God Râ." He had "quenched his wrath on nine foreign nations, and the Sun-God himself had established his boundaries."

The occasion was significant. The priests and nobles had need to be on good terms with a king, whose power was so demonstrated, and Sethi had good reason to desire the friendship of a sacerdotal order that might refuse funeral rites at his death, and uproot his posterity. Accordingly he enriched the temple of Amun-Râ with his booty and the priests in return chanted hymns of praise to "His Holiness."

"He had smitten the wandering peoples, and struck down the Menti; and had placed his boundaries at the beginning of the world and at the utmost borders of the river-land of Naharaina, and the region which the Great Sea encircles."

In the temple of Redesieh which Sethi built in the desert near the gold mines on the way from Koptos to the Red Sea another record was made. It describes him as having conquered the peoples of Singara, Kadesh, Megiddo, Idumæa, and several others which are not identified. In short, he not only included the countries of Palestine, Idumæa and Syria in these conquests, but they embraced the entire region from Assyria and Armenia to Cappadocia, together with Cyprus and other islands of the Mediterranean. Mr. Sayce, however, qualifies these reports. "It is difficult to determine the extent of Sethi's successes," he remarks, "since like many other Egyptian kings he has at Karnak usurped the inscriptions and victories of one of his predecessors, Thôthmes III., without taking the trouble to draw up a list of his own."

The Thuheni of Libya had taken advantage of his absence from Egypt to invade the Lowlands of the north. They were fair of complexion and probably akin to the Pelasgians of Europe. Thôthmes had subjugated them, but they had since refused to pay tribute. Sethi and the prince Rameses led an expedition against them and succeeded in reducing them to subjection. The prince also conducted a campaign against the Amu tribes east of the Nile with success.

Sethi anticipated changed conditions for Egypt, and began the construction of a long wall on the northern frontier. It began at Avaris or Pelusium, and extended across the isthmus to Pi-thom or Heropolis, where the lagoons began, which are connected with the upper end of the Red Sea.

Sethi did not neglect the welfare of his subjects. He opened a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, for commerce, and it made the land of

Goshen fertile. He was also diligent in procuring ample supplies of water, and caused artesian wells to be bored in the desert. In the poetic speech of the time, "he spoke and the waters gushed forth." As every temple had its tank or lake, he placed a little shrine at each of the wells to consecrate the spot and assure their maintenance. "Thus," says an inscription, "thus did King Sethi do a good work, the beneficent dispenser of water, who prolongs life to his people; he is for every one a father and mother."

Following the example of several of his predecessors, Sethi early contemplated the confirming of his regal authority by associating his son with himself in the government. The great historic inscription in the temple of Abydos describes the coronation of the prince.

"The Lord of all—he nurtured me and brought me up. I was a little boy before I attained the government; it was then that he gave the country into my hands. I was yet in the womb of my mother when the grandees saluted me with veneration. I was solemnly inducted as the Eldest Son into the dignity of the throne on the chair of the earth-god Seb. Then I gave my orders as chief."

"My father presented me publicly to the people; I was a boy in his lap, and he spoke thus: 'I will have him crowned as king, for I desire to behold his excellence while I am myself alive.' [Then came] the officials of the court to place the double crown upon my head, and my father spoke: 'Place the regal circlet on his brow.' [He then invoked for him a worthy career.] Still he left me in the house of the women and of the royal concubines, after the manner of the princesses, and the young dames of the palace. He chose for me [guards] from among the [maidens], who wore a harness of leather."

It could not have been for many years that the prince was left with his little troop of Amazons. It was the purpose of Sethi from the first, both from affection and from policy, to place his son actually in power. This is fully set forth in another inscription.

"Thou (Rameses) wast a lord (*adon*) of this land, and whilst thou wast still in the egg thou actedst wisely. What thou saidst in thy childhood took place for the welfare of the land. When thou wast a boy with a youth's locks of hair, no monuments saw the light without thy command, no business was transacted without thy knowledge. When thou wast a youth and countedst ten full years, thou wast raised to be a Rohir or ruler in this land. From thy hands all buildings proceeded, and the laying of their foundation-stones was performed."

Henceforth Egypt had a legitimate king. Sethi governed and the voice of Rameses Mei-Amun gave full validity to his acts. The two made war together, and under their administrations another building period began in Egypt. Thebes, from being the chief city of a province or minor realm, had become the capital of the whole kingdom, and attained to the height of its power and magnificence.

Wilkinson describes this period as "the Augustan Age of Egypt, in which

the arts attained the highest degree of excellence of which they were capable." He adds, however, the dark premonition, that as in other countries their culmination-point is sometimes marked by certain indications of their approaching decadence, so a little mannerism and elongated proportion began to be perceptible amidst the beauties of the period.

The buildings which were begun in this reign were masterpieces, never equalled by later structures. It had always been the endeavor of the sovereigns of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties having Thebes for their metropolis that it should rival in splendor the earlier capitals, Memphis and Heliopolis. Sethi was generous to the sanctuaries in different cities of Egypt, but his most famous memorials were the temple of Osiris at Abydos, the "House of Sethi" at Gurnah, and the Hall of Columns, in the temple of Amun-Râ at Thebes. This latter structure was a hundred and seventy by three hundred and thirty feet in area, and its stone roof was supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns, the tallest of which were seventy-five feet high and twelve feet in diameter. Several of them have fallen at different periods; nine of them in the summer of 1899. The walls are covered with sculptures and inscriptions; those on the north side setting forth the conquests of Sethi and those on the south the exploits of Rameses II.

The splendor of these buildings consisted in the profusion and beauty of the sculptures, even to the hieroglyphic characters. Mr. Samuel Sharpe has explained the general use of these symbols on the monuments by the supposition that papyrus had not then been used for writing. Later discoveries, however, have proved this to be an error. The tombs which have been opened of monarchs of earlier dynasties have been found to contain scrolls. Prof. Ebers, also, in his romance, "Uarda," setting forth occurrences of the reign of Rameses II., describes the "House" or Temple of Sethi at Karnak, on the western side of the Nile, a school of learning only inferior to the temple of Hormakhu at Heliopolis. Here were instructed priests, physicians, judges, mathematicians, astronomers, grammarians, and other learned men.* The graduates received the degree of *grammateus*, scribe or doctor, and were at liberty afterward, at the public expense, to prosecute scientific or philosophic investigation as their taste impelled them.

There was also a School of Art, with regulations of a similar character, and likewise an elementary department at which every son of a free citizen might attend.

The Memnonium, or, more correctly, Me-amunei, was a temple begun by Sethi on the western bank of the Nile in honor of his father Rameses I. The pillars were modeled to represent bundles of papyrus-reeds. The inscriptions in it have evidently been changed to meet religious prejudice. The king is named Osiri, and Osiri-Seti—but the last name is not that of Typhon. The building was dedicated to the deceased monarch Rameses I. and to the gods

* The teachers, more than eight hundred in all, were priests; the general managers, three in number, were styled "prophets." The high priest was chief over them. Every student chose his preceptor, who became his philosophic guide, to whom he was bound through life, as a client or clansman to his chief or patron.

of the Underworld, Osiris and Hathor,‡ as also to Amun-Râ and his group of divinities. The death of Sethi took place while the temple was in process of construction; Rameses II. finished it and directed the inscriptions.

“King Rameses II. executed this work as his monument to his father, Amun-Râ, the king of the gods, the lord of heaven, the ruler of Ta-Apê (Thebes); and finished the House of his father King Meneptah-Sethi. For he (Sethi) died and entered the realm of heaven, and he united himself with the Sun-god in heaven, while this House was being built. The gates showed a vacant place, and all the walls of stone and brick were yet to be upreared; all the work in it of writing or painting was unfinished.”

The temples of Abydos are interesting to us as aiding to unravel the tangled web of Egyptian history. Here, it was declared, Osiris had been buried, and hence Nifur, the necropolis of that city, was a favorite burial-ground, especially after the Twelfth Dynasty. Sethi began the construction of two shrines, a larger and a smaller, as a memorial to his ancestors. They were afterward finished by Rameses in most magnificent style, and decorated profusely with sculptures and inscriptions. The names of both monarchs, the father and son, were placed in each. In a smaller temple was set the famous Tablet of Abydos, which they had dedicated to the memory of the predecessors whom they recognized as genuine and legitimate kings of Egypt. The list begins with Mena and extends to Rameses Mei-Amun, omitting the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Dynasties.

M. Mariette has discovered another Tablet in the larger temple, which is described as being more complete. Amelineau has also been engaged several years in explorations, and some of his discoveries throw new light upon Egyptian history and archæology.

Rameses II. was now sole king of Egypt. He had chosen the city of Tanis or Zar for a royal residence. It had a commanding strategic position, and had been the starting-place of former kings upon their military expeditions. The Arabian tribes, the Idumæans and Amalakites, at that time held the country immediately beyond. Its Hyksos kings had fortified the city and built temples there for the worship of Baal-Sutekh. It had an extensive commerce by caravans from Arabia, and its harbor, like that of Alexandria in Grecian and Roman times, was filled with shipping, bringing and carrying merchandise. Here the young monarch erected temples to the guardian divinities of the realms of Egypt, Amun, Ptah and Hormakhu, including with them the tutelary of the Semitic nomes, Baal-Sutekh. The new temple-city, called Pi-Ramesu, was afterward supplied abundantly with statues, obelisks, memorial-stones and other religious paraphernalia. The court was established here, with its chief officials, Khartumim or soldier-priests,* and other functionaries.

‡Hathor, the “mother,” was in another phase the same as Isis. She presided, like Persephoné, over the world of the dead, as well as over love and marriage, for love and death are closely allied.

*The Egyptian term khar-tot signifies a soldier of high rank. The “magicians” of the Book of Exodus were khar-tots, and doubtless were of the sacerdotal order peculiar to the city of Rameses. They are described as on intimate terms with the king, and not as vulgar jugglers.



RAMESES THE GREAT.

In the first year of his reign Ramesses made a voyage to Thebes to celebrate the Feast of the Advent of Amun-Râ to Egypt. It began on the thirteenth of September and lasted twenty-six days. The king at the conclusion "returned from the capital of the South," says the inscription of Abydos. "An

order was given for the journey down the stream to the stronghold of the City of Rameses the Victorious."

His next progress was to visit the tomb and temple of Sethi at Abydos. A second voyage was made accordingly, and he entered Nifur, the necropolis, by the canal from the Nile. He found the structure unfinished, and the tombs of the earlier kings were dilapidated from the very foundations.† Rameses immediately assembled the princes, the friends of the dynasty, chief men and architects.§ "When they had come, their noses touched the ground, their feet lay on the ground for joy; they prostrated themselves on the ground, and with their hands they prayed to the king."

Rameses addressed them with upbraiding upon the condition of the temples, tombs and monuments. These required labor, he declared. Sons had not renewed the memorials of their parents.‡

"The most beautiful thing to behold, the best thing to hear, is a child with a thankful breast, whose heart beats for his father; wherefore," the king adds, "my heart urges me to do what is good for Menepthah." He then recounted the kindness and honor that had been bestowed upon him by Sethi. He had been set apart from his birth for the royal dignity, and at ten years old had been crowned and invested with regal authority. "I will not neglect his tomb, as children are accustomed to do," he declared. "Beautifully shall the most splendid memorial be made at once. Let it be inscribed with my name and the name of my father."

Orders were given for the repair of the tombs and for the building of the "most holy place" of his father and the temple. Statues were carved and the revenues for the maintenance of his worship were doubled. What had been already done in honor of Sethi at Thebes, Memphis and Heliopolis was repeated at Abydos. Priests of the vessel of holy water with which to sprinkle the ground were appointed, and a prophet to take charge of the shrine. The inscription recapitulates a large catalogue of the services that were provided, and Rameses concludes with an invocation.

"Awake, raise thy face to heaven, behold the sun, my father,—Menepthah,—

Thou art like God

Thou hast entered into the realm of heaven; thou accompaniest the Sun-God Râ.

Thou art united with the stars and the moon,

Thou restest in the deep like those who dwell in it with Un-Nefer,

The Eternal One.

Thy hands move the god Tum in heaven and on earth,

Like the planets and the fixed stars.

† The bricks employed in Egypt for building were made of mud, held together by chopped straw. Structures built of them could not last long without frequent renewing.

§ Significantly, the priests are omitted. The Nineteenth Dynasty seems to have largely omitted them from employments of State.

‡ The rites to deceased parents and ancestors were anciently regarded as the most sacred office of filial piety. The souls in whose care these offices had been neglected were believed to suffer torment, and even sometimes to become evil demons, to obsess the delinquents. It was therefore imperative upon the head of a family, the patriarch, to marry and rear a son; to inter, cremate or entomb his parents; and at stated periods present funeral offerings. The mother of a son was thus the good genius of a family. The prophets and priests of the pyramids and tombs were set apart for the services, which at Abydos had been neglected.

Thou remainest in the forepart of the bark of millions.*
 When the sun rises in the tabernacle of heaven
 Thine eyes behold his glory.
 When Tum [the sun at evening] goes to rest on the earth
 Thou art in his train.
 Thou enterest the secret house before his lord.
 Thy foot wanders in the deep.
 Thou abidest in the company of the gods of the Underworld.”

Rameses concludes the inscription by imploring his father to ask of the gods Râ and Un-Nefer (Osiris) to grant him a long term of life—“many thirty years’ feasts”—and promises that in such case Sethi will be honored by a good son who remembers his father.

The inscription gives the reply of the deceased “Osiris-King,” Sethi, assuring Rameses of his compliance.

There is a whisper that the priests of Thebes had refused a place to Sethi at the necropolis of that city. This may have been the cause of the unsolved question in regard to his two sepulchres.

The tomb of Sethi, in the valley of the Kings, is described by Mr. Samuel Sharpe as the most beautiful of any in Egypt. It eluded alike the curiosity of the explorer and the cupidity of the Arab, till it was discovered by Belzoni. He found the paintings and other works of art with as fresh an appearance as when the tomb was first closed. The entrance was in the side of the hill. There was a dark stairway of twenty-nine feet, then a descending passage of eighteen feet, then a second stairway of twenty-five feet and a second passage of twenty-nine feet. This constituted the pathway to the first grand hall. This was a room of about twenty-nine feet square, and its roof was supported by four square pillars. A little way on was a second hall of similar dimensions; then a passage and a smaller apartment, beyond which was a third hall of twenty-seven feet square. This opened into a small room in which was the royal sarcophagus. It was of alabaster, and around it were hundreds of little wooden images in the form of mummies.*

The walls of these caverns were covered with sculptures painted and highly finished, and with inscriptions setting forth the fortunes of the disembodied soul. The roof of the “Golden Chamber” is covered with pictures having special significance in regard to the stars and their influence. In a little room at one side is an inscription representing a destruction of the corrupt place of human beings. (Compare *Genesis* vi., vii.) Upon the cover of the sarcophagus is a representation of the Great Serpent of Time borne by a long procession of nude figures. The Serpent was conspicuous in a variety of characters in all the Egyptian temples. In the tomb of Amunoph III. is a procession of twelve snakes, each on two legs, and convoluted like the other so as to produce the classic fret-molding.

*The Sun was supposed to ride every day in his boat through the sky, and so Sethi is described as his fellow-voyager.

*The term mummy is from the Persian term *mum*, signifying wax. It originally meant a body that had been inclosed in that material.

The perfectness of these works far exceeds the later productions of the reign of Rameses. This was probably because they had been begun by artists employed by Sethi himself. The scenes which are depicted indicate a change of some kind in religious sentiment, and exhibit a conforming to the worships of western Asia. There were depicted in a garden the river which separated the dead from the living, the bridge of life and its keepers, also the tombs of the dead with sentinels at their doors. The god Um-Nefer or Osiris sits upon a lofty throne, holding the sceptre of the two realms, but wearing the crown of Upper Egypt alone. Human beings are climbing the steps, and before him are the scales in which their conduct during life is to be weighed. Beneath are condemned ones at work like miners in the mines.

Funeral ceremonies and also the Initiatory Rites at this period consisted in part of the Scene of Judgment by which the condition of souls was determined. It is easy to see that the descriptions given in the *Æneid* of Virgil and other classic works, such as those of the river Styx, and the souls of the dead coming thither to cross from this world into Hades for judgment, the Kharōn or ferryman, the Eumenides and other scenes, were taken from the later rites and mythology of Egypt.

This tomb was not completed till the later years of the reign of Rameses, and there had been significant changes made in the inscriptions, indicative of modifications in the religious institutions. Rameses was a statesman rather than a priest, and he gave a license to foreign worship that the sacerdotal leaders did not approve.

It became necessary for him at an early period to trust his fortunes to the arbitration of war. Manthanar, the king of the Khitans, refused to abide by the treaties which had been made with Sethi and Rameses I., and the tributary princes of Syria, Phœnicia and Palestine had again thrown off the yoke of Egypt. The Grand Monarch of the Nineteenth Dynasty was not the man to falter in exigencies or to hesitate about the employing of agencies that were at his command. Heretofore the native peasantry and agricultural population of Egypt had been regarded as exempt from military service. Soldiers were needed and Rameses conscripted them for the war in Asia. He set out upon his first expedition in the second year of his reign. The accounts of this campaign are meagre. He states that he conquered everything in his way,* and set up memorial pillars at various places, setting forth his triumphs. Where he was not opposed he erected monuments in honor of the tutelary goddess Astartê or Anait. He penetrated as far as Kadesh on the Orontes, when truce was agreed upon and he returned to Egypt.

The next year he directed his attention to the financial resources of his kingdom. He held a council of the princes at Memphis, and obtained pledges of their support. "As soon as they had been brought before the divine benefactor (*euergetes*) they lifted up their hands to praise his name and to pray. And the king described to them the condition of this land [the gold-bearing

*He is called Sesostris by the historian, a Grecian form of the name "Sestura," by which Rameses was known.

land of Akita in Nubia], in order to take their advice upon it, with a view to the boring of wells on the road." A royal Scribe was accordingly dispatched to the region with the necessary authority. Water was obtained in abundance, forming lagoons twelve cubits deep, in which fishermen sailed their boats. "And the inhabitants of Akita made joyful music" and offered thanks to the king "Rameses Mei-amun the Conqueror."

Again the dark cloud of war loomed above the horizon. The king of the Khitans had formed alliances with the sovereigns of neighboring countries, not only with the princes of Syria, Phœnicia, Palestine and Arabia, and with the kings and peoples of Arvad or Aradus, Khalibu or Aleppo, Naharaina or Mesopotamia, Kazanadana or Gauzanitis, Karkhemosh, Kittim, Dardania, Mysia, Mæonia or Karia, Lycia, Ilion—all the peoples from the uttermost ends of the sea to the people of the Khita. "He left no people on his road without bringing them with him. Their number was endless, and they covered the mountains and valleys. He had not left silver or gold with his people; he took away all their goods and possessions to give to the people who accompanied him to the war."

He again challenged the king of Egypt. Rameses collected his forces, actually depleting the fields and workshops to swell their number. Among his auxiliaries were the Sardonians of Kolkhis. This campaign is depicted in fulsome language in the inscriptions on the walls of the temples, and the prowess of the king is described as sublime, especially in the heroic poem of Pen-ta-ur, the Homer of the Nile.*

Rameses set out on his second expedition, leaving the fortress of Khetam on the ninth day of the month Payni, in the fifth year of his reign. He was accompanied by six of his sons. The place of destination was the city of Kadesh, on the river Orontes. His route was by the Path of the Desert, "the way of the Philistines," and the usual military road to Palestine. A month later he arrived at the city of Rameses-Ma-Amun, in Zahi or Philistia. At Sabbatanu (Sabbath-town) two Arab spies, pretending to be deserters and loyal to Egypt, met the advance guard, with the story that the king of the Khitans had retreated to the land of Khalibu, north of Daphné, in fear of the Egyptians. Immediately the various legions of Amun, Phrâ, Ptah and Sutekh marched to the south of Kadesh, where they were attacked by an ambush while unprepared and put to rout.

Rameses himself was on the western side of the river. "Then the king arose like his father, Menthu, and grasped his weapons and put on his armor like Baal in his time. He rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of Khita

*Pen-ta-ur was a hierogrammateus, or scribe, of the Temple of Kurna, where he had passed successfully through the different grades of Egyptian scholarship. He is described as "a jovial companion who, to the disgust of his old teacher, manifested a decided inclination for wine, women and song." He had the honor, in the seventh year of the reign of Rameses, to win the royal prize as the composer of this poem. We have a copy in a roll of papyrus, and its words also cover the whole surface of the walls in the temples of Abydos, El Uksor, Karnak and the Ramasseum of Abusimbel. It was translated by the Viscount de Rougé, and several versions have been published in English prose. Prof. Ebers has made Pentaur the hero of his Egyptian romance "Uarda," using the license of the novelist to make him the successful lover of Bent-Anat, the king's daughter, and otherwise sadly confusing history.

all alone; no other was with him. He found himself surrounded by twenty-five hundred pairs of horses, and his retreat was cut off by the bravest heroes (mohars) of the king of the miserable Khitans."

"And not one of my princes, not one of my captains of the war-cars, not one of my chief men, not one of my knights was there. My warriors and my chariots had abandoned me, not one of them was there to take part in the battle."

When Mena, the driver of the royal car, beheld the pairs of horses around him, he was filled with alarm and terror. He implored the king to save himself, and thus to protect his people. The intrepid monarch replied to him encouragingly and then charged as with desperation upon the foe. "He rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of the king of Khita, and the much people with him. And Pharaoh, like the god Sutekh, the glorious one, cast them down and slew them."

Evidently the very numbers of the enemy by being crowded upon one another made them powerless before him. "And I," says Rameses, "I, the king, flung them down head over heels, one after the other, into the water of the Aranta."

When he charged upon them the sixth time he says: "Then was I like to Baal behind them in his time, when he has strength, I killed them, none escaped."

When the evening had come and the battle was over, his army, the princes and others, came from the camp and beheld the carnage. There lay the last combatants of the Khitans, and the sons and brothers of their king, weltering in their blood. Rameses was severe in his reproaches. "Such servants are worthless," said he; "forsaken by you, my life was in peril; you breathed tranquilly and I was alone. Will any one obey him who leaves me in the lurch, when I am alone without my followers, and no one comes to me to reach out his hand? . . . My pair of horses, it was they that found me, to strengthen my hand. I will have their fodder given to them in my presence, when I am dwelling in the palace, because I have found them in the midst of hostile hosts, together with Mena, the captain of the horsemen, out of the band of the trusted servants of the palace who stayed near me."

The battle was renewed the next day, and was little less than a massacre. "He killed all the kings of all the people who were allies of the King of Khita, together with his princes and senators, his warriors and horses."

One of the scenes represented in the sculptures at the Hall of Columns at Thebes exhibits the king standing in his car pressing forward into the thickest of the fight. He drives the enemy over a bridge, one of the earliest on record, and one of the opposing kings, vainly resisting the onslaught, is drowned in the Arunata. The city is stormed and prisoners taken.

The Khitan monarch, it is recorded, asked a truce, and a council of officers implored Rameses to grant the request. Evidently the victory was not decisive, despite the testimony of the hieroglyphics.

"Then the king returned in peace to the land of Egypt. All the countries feared his power as the lord of both worlds. All the people came at his word, and their kings prostrated themselves to pray before his countenance. The king came to the city of Rameses Mei-amun and there rested in his palace."

This, however, by no means terminated the hostilities. The Khitans had not really been conquered. They were able to continue the war. The kings of many cities refused to submit to Egypt. In the city of Tapuna or Daphné, in Mesopotamia, where Rameses had set up two of his statues, as master, the rulers and populace continued hostile. Finally he led an army into Naharaina and reduced them to subjection.

The inhabitants of Palestine were also restless. Finally, in the eighth year of his reign, he invaded the country, captured the principal fortified towns, "placing his name there," and made prisoners of the kings, senators and men able to bear arms. These were made to submit to indignities; they were beaten, their beards were plucked out, and they were afterward carried away captive into Egypt.

In the eleventh year Rameses made a campaign against Askalon. A long and fierce resistance was made, but the city was captured and sacked. Warlike expeditions were also undertaken against the negro tribes of the south and a multitude of prisoners was taken and reduced to slavery. These expeditions are fully depicted on the monuments: The "king's sons" leading forward the men before the god Amun-Râ, "to fill his house with them."

About this period there was another general migration of peoples, such as had occurred every few centuries with almost mathematical regularity. Warlike tribes moved southward and westward, supplanting or mingling with the former populations, and disturbing whatever equilibrium had before existed. This made a cessation of hostile relations between Khita and Egypt of vital importance. The two countries had wasted their energies in conflict which brought no permanent advantage to either. Manthanar, the king of the Khitans, having been assassinated, his brother Khitasar, who succeeded him, sent ambassadors to Egypt to negotiate a treaty. They brought with them engraved on a silver tablet the text of "a treaty of friendship and concord between the Great Prince of Egypt and the Great King of Khita."* The monarch introduces the proposed negotiation with a declaration of personal esteem. "I have striven for friendly relations between us," he says, "and it is my wish that the friendship and concord may be better than what has existed before, and never broken."

Upon the middle of the tablet and also on the front side of it was engraved the likeness of the god Sutekh, the Baal of Syria and Northern Egypt. The male and female gods of each country are also indicated as "witnesses of these words," and the denunciations added that whoever shall not observe the terms of the treaty will be given over with his family and servants to their vengeance.

*The adjective "great," which appears here and in other ancient documents, denotes that the monarch so designated was a "king of kings," lord over tributary kings and princes. Up to this time Egyptian records describe the kings of Khita, as they do other hostile princes, by such epithets as "leprous," "vile," "unclean;" but they ceased it from this time.

Unconditional and everlasting friendship is solemnly pledged, and the treaties which had been made between the former kings are renewed. Each king promised not to overstep the boundaries of the other, even if anything should be plundered. In case an enemy invaded the dominions of either, and he made application to the other for help, the call would be answered with a sufficient military force. Fugitives from justice fleeing from one country to the other were to be put to death as criminals, and the servants of either king escaping into the territory of the other must be returned for punishment. But if any inhabitant of either country should migrate to the other, he also must be delivered up and sent back, but his misconduct should not be punished in any way; neither his house, his wife or children should be taken from him, nor should his mother be put to death, nor himself suffer any penalty in his eyes, on his mouth, or on the soles of his feet. In short, no crime or accusation was to be brought against him.

This treaty was ratified at the city of Rameses in the twenty-first year of the reign of the Egyptian king. It put an end to the contest that had so long existed for supreme power in the East, and left the two kings at liberty to deal with affairs at home, and with hostile or refractory princes in regions contiguous to their dominion. The amity thus established was more firmly cemented by closer relations. Thirteen years later the king of Khita visited Rameses in his capital, bringing his daughter, and she became the wife of the Egyptian monarch.

In conformity with the custom of ancient times, as is now the usage in Russia, still an Oriental country, the bride, being of a different race and worship, abjured them, and received a new name, Ma-Ua-Nefera.*

This alliance is mentioned in inscriptions in the temple of Pisam or Ibsambul, in Nubia, bearing date in the thirty-fifth year of his reign. On the walls of that sanctuary was depicted a glowing description of the battle of Kadesh, the famous poem of Pentaur, and likewise a conversation between Rameses and the demiurgic god Ptah. This divinity belonged to Northern Egypt, and closely allied in his worship and personality to the Semitic divinities, as well as to Osiris and the Apis, was highly esteemed by the king, and Khamus, his favorite son and associate, was high priest in the Temple at Memphis.

The divinity relates the favors he has bestowed on the king, regal power, booty and numerous captives.

"The peoples of Khita are subjects of thy palace. I have put it in their hearts to serve thee. They approach thy person with humility, with their productions and booty in prisoners of their king; all their property is brought to thee. His eldest daughter stands forward at their head, to soften the heart of King Rameses II., a great and inconceivable wonder. She herself knows not the impression which her beauty has made on thy heart. . . .

*The nuptials of Rameses, on this occasion, seem to have been literally described in the forty-fifth Psalm. "Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women; upon thy right hand stood the Queen in gold of Ophir. Hearken, O daughter, and consider; incline thine ear; forget also thy kindred and thy father's house; so will the king greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy lord, and worship thou him."

Since the time of the traditions of the gods which are hidden in the houses of the rolls of writing history had nothing to report about the Khita people, except that they had one heart and one soul with Egypt.'

The reply of Rameses is characteristic. He tells the god that he has enlarged the shrine at Memphis inside the Temenos or walled inclosure of the temple, that he has provided for the thirty years' jubilee festivals, and caused the whole world to admire the monuments which he has dedicated to him. "With a hot iron," he adds, "I brand the foreign peoples of the whole earth with thy name. They belong to thee; thou hast created them."

The temple was literally a stone cut out of the mountain. Not without hands, however; but who the architect was, who planned the work, who performed it, all are alike unknown. Rameses filled Nubia with temples and towns commemorating his name, but this sanctuary dedicated to the Great Gods of Egypt, Ptah, Amun and Hormakhu and to Rameses-Meiamun himself, surpassed all in magnificence. It is richly embellished with sculptures, and its entrance on the East was guarded by four colossal figures, each with its eyes fixed on the rising sun.

Mr. Sayce makes the disparaging statement that Rameses cared more for the size and number of his buildings than for their careful construction and artistic finish. He describes the work as mostly "scamped," the walls ill-finished, the sculptures coarse and tasteless. But he adds, "Abu-Simbel is the noblest memorial left us by the barren walls and vain-glorious monuments of Rameses-Sesostris."

Rameses has sometimes been compared to Louis XIV. of France. A picture of him from the colossal figure at the temple in Abu Simhel gives him features resembling those of the first Napoleon, but there is ample reason to presume that the artist greatly disguised them. The sculptures representing Sethi and Rameses disclose a considerable resemblance. There is a strong resemblance in their features, and Rameses, though possessing less energy and strength of character than his father, had a more sensitive temperament, a wider range of taste and greater inclination toward peace. The latter thirty years of his reign were generally without war. He left the reputation of a great soldier and a warlike prince behind him; nevertheless, his tastes and career were more in analogy with those of the Grand Monarque. Like that king he had an ardent passion for building, and his Court was thronged with scholars and men of talent. His chief achievements were those of a reign of peace; the great wall of five hundred miles to protect the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile on the East from the incursions of the Amu and Shasu, the Suez Canal, the new cities, innumerable buildings, excavations, obelisks, statues of colossal dimension, and other works of art with which he adorned his dominions.

Nevertheless, the glory of Egypt was now waning, and a period of decline had already begun.

MAETERLINCK.

By A. N. W.



MYSTICISM is a word that is associated in our mind with the name of Maurice Maeterlinck, for his writings are full of the mystery of life; he has bridged the mystic gulf of self-abandonment and brought back harmonies from that other shore—sad music, that yet has a soothing cadence, an insistent and haunting refrain of longing and expectation.

In an age of realism, when the full light of reason and science is turned on every problem, either social or mental, to be a student of the inner life, to be meditative, to be, in fact, a mystic is to merit the title of *decadent* from the ordinary critic. Max Nordau has classed some of our finest and most metaphysical thinkers as degenerates, including among them such men as Wagner, Ibsen and Maeterlinck. Nordau, writing of Maeterlinck, mentions him as “an example of utterly childish, idiotically-incoherent mysticism.” Of his poems he says: “These pieces are a servile imitation of the effusions of Walt Whitman, that crazy American, to whom Maeterlinck was necessarily strongly attracted, according to the law I have repeatedly set forth,—that all deranged minds flock together.” He goes on to say that Whitman was undoubtedly mad. “He is morally insane,” he says, “and incapable of distinguishing between good and evil, virtue and crime; he loves the murderer and thief, the pious and the good, with equal love.” This to Nordau seems “moral obtuseness, and morbid sentimentality,” which, he says, frequently accompanies degeneration. Speaking of what he calls the “Richard Wagner Cult,” Nordau says: “Wagner is in himself charged with a greater abundance of degeneration than all the degenerates put together.”

This is the light in which mystics appear to some of our nineteenth century scientists. Nordau calls his book “An Attempt at a Really Scientific Criticism.” But he does not distinguish between mental and spiritual thought, and fails to follow the worker to a sphere of action beyond the plane of our outer consciousness. Only when the veil of matter that surrounds us is pierced can we get “the right perception of existing things, the knowledge of the non-existing.”

What to the ordinary mind is inexplicable, is generally said to be wanting in sequence and logic, and is, we are assured, the work of degenerate brains. But the mystic is really the seer, and the interpreter of the mystery of life that closes us in on every side and penetrates our every action and feeling. Once let the knowledge of this mystery come between you and the ordinary everyday existence, and you never again seem to be one of the thoughtless crowd that live only in the sordid life of the senses. The real truth of life ever eludes our grasp unless we make a spiritual atmosphere around us by constantly communing with the Higher Self. This great life, the divine life in the spirit, is the magic source of all illuminations. The curtain that divides us from the light

at times becomes transparent, and, in moments of great spiritual exaltation, seems as if it was rent asunder,—then we know what is Truth.

Maeterlinck is deeply impressed with this sense of the unreality of our phenomenal life; he says: "Our real life is not the life we live, and we feel that our deepest, nay our most intimate, thoughts are quite apart from our selves, for we are other than our thoughts and our dreams. And it is only at special moments—it may be the merest accident—that we live our own life. Will the day ever dawn when we shall be what we are?"

Again he says: "What is there that divides us all? What is this sea of mysteries, in whose depths we have our being?"

It is this knowledge of the intangibility of being, of the mystery of existence, that makes life so full of interest; the dullest materialist must sometimes be penetrated with the consciousness of this sensation, or chilled by the awe of a presentiment of a life beyond death.

Maeterlinck calls death "The guide of our life," and says, "Life has no goal but death." But this "goal," the end of life on this plane of consciousness, is the door to the great mystery of all existence, the entrance to the *greater* life. Schopenhauer teaches that man is nothing but a phenomenon, and "that he is not the thing itself, is proved by the fact that death is a necessity." Emerson says: "Soul knows only soul, the web of events is the flowing robe in which she is clothed." This is also the teaching of Plotinus, who says: "If body is part of us, we are not wholly immortal; but if it is an instrument of the soul, it is necessary that being given for a certain time, it should be a thing of this kind—but *soul* is man himself."

Maeterlinck is evidently a Neo-Platonist, and his work often shows evidence of his study of Plotinus and others of that school. His writing sometimes reminds one of Emerson's deep intuitive touch, though his ideas are not always so crisp and firm as Emerson's, nor are they so sure of their mark, for there is occasionally in Maeterlinck a touch of uncertainty as if he was still seeking light, and could not yet see clearly. There is a sensitive and elusive beauty in his thoughts that affect one like the haunting of a forgotten melody, or the fugitive reminiscence of a dream, so delicate, so difficult to retain, are the suggested ideas. If we understand that our true life lies behind the veil, then the spiritual thought, the mystic language, appeals to us; but if, on the contrary, we live in the ordinary phenomenal existence, the mystic seems a dreamer, and his ideas visionary and deluding. Maeterlinck often suggests thoughts, as music does, that no actual words can express. The power of his dramas lies in their silent psychological action, the action of the mind. He is indeed a quietest, to him life itself is the tragedy, and the more the inner life is unfolded the more intense the interest,—“How truly wonderful,” he says, “is the mere act of living.”

In the old Greek tragedies action was almost lacking; all the force lies in the psychological effect, and Maeterlinck contends that the real tragedy of life is in these moments of intense emotion, when the rapid flash of thought from

soul to soul reveals the mystery of gathering fate, and conveys the subtle sense of approaching joy or disaster, or, by the reverberation of keen emotion, discloses some elusive sense or memory of prior existences. These are the elements that make life so strangely interesting, so deeply tragic.

Maeterlinck commences his essay on "Silence" with these words of Carlyle: "Silence and secrecy. Altars might be raised to them for universal worship." "It is idle," he says, "to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another." He goes on to say that "if at such times we do not listen to the urgent commands of silence, invisible though they be, we shall have suffered an eternal loss—for we shall have let slip the opportunity of listening to another soul, and of giving existence, be it only for an instant, to our own."

It is in silence we live all our soul-life, the true life. H. P. Blavatsky says: "Before the soul can comprehend she must to the silent speaker be united and then to the inner ear will speak the VOICE OF THE SILENCE." In the autobiography of Madame Guyon, she dwells much on the mystery of silence, and on the power of communicating with others in silence. She says: "This speech in silence is the most noble, the most exalted, the most sublime of all operations."

This "great empire of silence," as Carlyle calls it, in which all action has its birth, is the kingdom of the Helpers of Humanity, they who carry the burdens of the world, who bear the weight of its sorrows and sins; these, Maeterlinck says, are "the salt of the earth, out of the silence they convey to us ideas that are wafted across the mystic abyss of voiceless thought. The awakening soul which has lain dormant for ages is at last struggling to arise, perturbation and unrest prevail, while around us is a strange hush of expectation, as though some mighty manifestation was expected." Maeterlinck feels this new wave of consciousness which seems to envelop humanity; he says, "the last refuges are disappearing, and men are drawing closer to each other. Far above words and acts do they judge their fellows—nay, far above thought, for that which they see, though they understand it not, lies well beyond the domain of thought. And this is one of the great signs by which the spiritual periods shall be known." Further, he says: "We are watched, we are under strictest supervision, and it comes from elsewhere than the indulgent darkness of each man's conscience. Perhaps the spiritual vases are less closely sealed now than in bygone days—perhaps more power has come to the waves of the sea within us. We should live," he says, "as though we were always on the eve of the great revelation; it must needs be more beautiful, more glorious and ample, than the best of our hopes." Yet again he says: "I have only to open a shutter and see all the light of the sky, all the light of the sun; it calls for no mighty effort, the light is eager enough; we have only to call, it will never fail to obey."

It would sometimes appear as if Maeterlinck had received intuitions of past existences, although he does not distinctly say so. In the "Death of Tintagiles," these words occur: "I do not think this is the first time I have

waited here, my child [on the threshold of the Queen of Death], and there are moments when one does not understand all that one remembers. I have done all this before: I do not know when." Speaking of this "Queen of Death," he writes: "She lies on the soul like the stone of a tomb, and none dares stretch out his arm. It is time that some one should dare rise. No one knows on what her power rests, and I will no longer live in the shadow of her tower."

These hints of the mystic are not to be despised, for the seer often dimly descries the light ahead, that others cannot perceive.

In the book called "Wisdom and Destiny," Maeterlinck perhaps shows a clearer perception of the universal life than appears in his earlier works. His Pantheism becomes more pronounced. The union with the Higher Self being accomplished, the true man becomes conscious that he has become one with the Great Self.

This is "Universal Brotherhood," therefore, all knowledge, all sorrow, all joy becomes his own. "Before we can bring happiness to others," he declares, "we must first be happy ourselves, nor will happiness abide with us unless we confer it on others"; and again, "In the soul that is noble, Altruism must, without doubt, be always the centre of gravity, but the weak soul is apt to lose itself in others, whereas it is in others that the strong soul discovers itself." Here we have the essential distinction, "there is a thing that is loftier still than to love our neighbor as ourselves: it is to love ourselves in our neighbor." "Let our one never-ceasing care be to better the love that we offer to our fellows," and then, he says, "we can count the steps we take on the highway of truth by the increase of love that comes for all that goes with us in life." He also says: "It is easier far, as a rule, to die morally, nay even physically, for others, than to learn how best we should *live* for them."

To live for others requires constant renunciation. To forget self, to melt into the universal life, *that* gives joy. In this forgetfulness of self can we at last taste happiness: in losing all we find all. There is a courage of happiness as well as a courage of sorrow. This courage we must cultivate now, to dare to be happy, to accept our divine origin, our divine rights. We need courage to explore these unknown regions of happiness, to accept this new Gospel of Joy.

The mystic follows strange and devious ways, guided sometimes by fitful gleams of light. He gains the heights by rapid and swift ascents. Yet these paths often lead him to the edge of frightful precipices, or he may lose himself in the stony mazes at the foot of the cliffs, and so fail to reach the summit, yet he has a sure guide within, the light in the heart; while he trusts to that he cannot go far astray.

Maeterlinck in his beautiful essays expresses for us the thoughts we often have and would give to others if we could clothe them in such significant and vivid words, but there are many to whom this mystic language does not appeal, as Maeterlinck, quoting Plotinus, says: "The discourse we hold here is not addressed to all men, but those to whom the *unseen* is the *real*, the *spiritual life* is the *only true life*." To the *elect*, the appeal of the mystic is not in vain.

CHARACTER-BUILDING.

By HERBERT CORYN, M. D.



HALL we build our own characters voluntarily, or wait to be compelled to do so at the point of a bayonet?

“Building” may not be the right word. Is the character of a man the sum total that he shows in life? Is it part of man’s character to prefer an omelet to a chop? Character is a differentiating thing. It is the character of the human species to think; we say that in differentiating the human from the animal. In seeking a man’s character we seek that which marks him off from other men, not that in which he resembles them. So a man’s character is shown in those tendencies and powers in which he differs from all other living beings. It is, therefore, in this way of viewing the matter, only the men of genius who exhibit much character. In all that part of them which is not the genius-part, they resemble some other man. The further down their natures you look, the more do they resemble other men; the special keynote of character is only sounded during the hours of composition, or during which they are manifesting whatever be the manner of their genius. At other times they are as other men; at some of those other times they are also as the animals; to sum up all these modes of life that a man of genius may exhibit, those which he has in common with all other men, all animals, and even a few of the higher plants, into one mass with those which are absolutely peculiar to himself as a man of genius, is to deprive the word character of all important meaning in the study of man as a soul.

Attaching to it this restricted meaning, it may be clear on reflection that to speak of the *building* of character requires some care and thought. *Unveiling* may be a much truer word. There are moments of supreme trial when the limits of any man are temporarily shattered, and he exhibits powers of mind, ranges of feeling, flexibilities and activities of consciousness, of whose capacity he was never before suspected. These surely existed as latent capability; the shattering of limits of mind and personality induced by the tension of the situation, a shattering which we speak of as “forgetting oneself,” permitted their manifestation.

Therefore what we ought to mean by “character-building” is a gradual whittling away of our own limits; doing slowly, because once and for all, what is done quickly and therefore often impermanently, by some evoking situation. It is the removal of the veil that shrouds the white statue. The man of genius can unveil his statue for a few moments in part; but the winds of his own lower nature constantly blow it back across the marble. The veil is not the lower nature, but the intrusion of it where it does not belong.

Let us look at the situation from above instead of below, from the character that is veiled instead of that which veils it.

Let us look at the brain as the field of conflict, and remember H. P. Blavatsky's teaching about the cells of the body in her articles on "Psychic and Noetic Action." The brain-cells are a keyboard, which will respond to any touch, from the coarsest impact of the force of sensual desire to the most rarified breath of the divine airs. Madame Blavatsky says this of all the cells of the body, but for simplicity we will try and understand it more limitedly. While the high lights of the soul are upon the brain an exalted strain of consciousness sets in, spiritual thought and thought-pictures and feeling. Wisdom begins, insight into nature, comprehension of the divine, and the ability to express these in fitting action, speech, music, form or color. The special state of the genius exists. But a single wave from the lower nature will displace this divine player from the keyboard; the cells, moving to a coarser touch, can no longer respond to the finer. Hate, lust, greed, anger, personal sentimentality, hunger, jealousy, vanity, ambition, or that memory of former occasions of any of these which is the equivalent of their reproduction—one of these will at once throw the cells into a commotion in which the tenderer touch of the divine player is totally lost. The veil has come over the statue: the man is once more only an ordinary man; the chief of those things which marked him from other men has departed. The lower nature is, so to speak, like a drunken servant, who comes into his master's room and finds the harp yet throbbing to the delicate touch of the musician and proceeds himself to make coarse jangling upon the strings.

To see the truth of this view of our own natures must afford much encouragement. To think of our work as one of *character-building* is to suppose ourselves weighted with a harder task than really exists for us. But the task is an *unreiling*, and the way to do it is to think constantly of the waiting soul, full of all divine lights and powers. That thought will help to expel any passion that may be blowing across the chords of life; it is an ascent to a plane where those winds cannot come and from whence the brain may be safeguarded against their breath; it is the "overcoming of the lower nature," an appeal to the "Warrior" spoken of in "Light on the Path." Pursued as a habit, it leads on to victory after victory, and soon brings about visitations for short but lengthening periods of that deep "peace that passeth all understanding" into which the divine dove of wisdom can at last descend on the soul.

I think the religions have made the path seem harder than it is, the reward too deferred and indefinite, the heaven too inevitably *transmortem*. Every man has a Genius, the genius has succeeded in letting the Genius speak; so has the natural leader of men; so have all great reformers, altruists, philanthropists and teachers, if the names are warrantably used. It is easy to remove here and there a hindrance bit by bit; to stop a fit of irritation or anger; not to do a selfish thing; to make love dissolve separateness. There is never a vacuum. Never for a moment can any lower motion be stayed, however imperfectly, but what a higher, to that extent, comes on. The last peace and wisdom are that much nearer.

This view, that in each human being is a hidden Genius who has to wait for his instrument, who, achieving the instrument, has to wait till the gross red fingers of the unruly servant are tired for a few rare moments—is the reconciliation between the Darwinian teaching, which only deals with the evolution of the instrument and does not even properly deal with that of the servant—and the all-present traditions of a Golden Age. The Golden Age was the Age when the souls were free, ere yet they had renounced freedom and joy and glory and their Palace of the Burning Sun to become Lights of the Tabernacles of the “men” of earth.

Two factors help the unveiling of the soul. Nature, as Karma, begins. She visits penalty upon sin, upon selfishness, upon misuse of physical appetite. Then follows the higher, and ultimately the sole, factor. This is the intense joy that comes to the personal man when his soul is able to flood the brain and heart with its light. There is no joy like that of serving life; a few of the ways of serving it are to help humanity; to manifest the harmonies of life in poetry, color, form, or sound; to depict its ways in *real* drama; to study, draw down, and combine its forces. This joy is the great incentive of the higher man, and is itself a manifestation in him of the same life.

The souls of men are not alike, any more than blades of grass, or stars; though perhaps up to a point the path of unveiling is alike. But when all the unveiling is done, and a vaster Golden Age is come again, when harmony is come forth from its suspension in the passing dissonance, then it will be seen that work is joy. For the only work, then, will be one to which we do not now gave that name, the divinest prerogative of life. The lines of individual “work” diverge through time, whilst becoming grander. In the end to every soul will be its own part, eternally individual, yet all uniting from over all the field of the universe into one illimitable choral.

“Verily, the night is far spent, and the blackness that cometh before the dawn is well-nigh ended.”

“So that we have every warrant for assuming that the feelings will always be associated with an I who feels them, and that this I will never cease to be our very selves, although we may be made happy beyond all conception in finding that within that which we feel and know to be our own ego-hood is also that of all humanity—of all that lives and breathes.

“For this is brotherhood; to find within our own hearts all our lost brothers; to hear in our own voice, the tone, the mass-chord of all humanity, and to feel that in the far-off eons to come we may be able to include the entire manifested universe in one solemn cosmic harmony that breathes its, and our, bliss in one great I-AM!”—

A STRANGE MAN.

CARL JONAS LUDWIG ALMQVIST—POET AND PHILOSOPHER.

By ELLEN BERGMAN.



Carl Almqvist

IT is said of Almqvist: "With winged steps he is gone in advance of his time, stirring it with deep interrogations, prophesying its future with infinite hope."

He gives the fullest expression of the new-time consciousness, not only of that which exists now at the end of the century, but also that which will come in the future.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

In the library of his grandfather the child Almqvist was often seen lost in the studies of manuscripts and books.

In 1820 he married a young girl, very poor and uneducated, who lived in the house of his parents. With his wife and under another name, Love Carlsson, and in the disguise of a peasant, he fled from the life of conventionality to that of nature, in order,

as he said, to "fashion his life in one straight way."

In 1830 Almqvist became the leader of Sweden's reform school and was soon surrounded by a host of pupils, who for the first time were learning through his genial and true human method of education that one can be happy in a school, that a teacher can fill its halls with marvelous visions, and the soul with great thoughts. He was admired and honored by his contemporaries, both as a genial and productive poet and for his distinguished capability as a teacher.

In 1840 Almqvist was obliged to resign from his rectorship, for his very open, sincere, and sometimes prophetic speeches and writings on religion, philosophy, art and society did not accord with public opinion. In his school, too, he lacked the sense of order. He then began work as a publisher of his own many writings, as a map-drawer, as a copier of music, a proof-reader, copyist, etc., in order to sustain himself, his wife, son and daughter. For a long time the Swedish Academy seemed not to know anything of his pitiable circumstances. At last a bishop said to King Oskar I.: "The greatest genius in Sweden ought not to starve to death." This was followed by an appointment as "Regiment Pastor," a name under which he is well known.

In the month of June, 1851, Almqvist fled from Sweden, accused of falsification and of murder by poison. His family never thought him guilty, nor did his true friends, amongst whom was the great poet Runeberg. The guilty one seems to have been a jealous housekeeper, who had tried to make the murdered man suspect Almqvist.

As the emigrant "Pastor Gustavi," he traveled in America's great towns, visited its forests, Niagara, and places of note. In the year 1860 he returned to Bremen an old man. There he lived under the name of Professor Westermann, content and peaceful, busy with his books and papers. When he fell ill he was sent to a public hospital and there died and was buried in the "Potter's Field."

ALMQVIST AS FATHER.

His still living daughter tells of her father as follows: "My father would sit alone for long at a time, serene and quiet, drinking coffee or smoking, and then his expression was deep and meditative; but for us children, for our wishes and well-being he always was awake. In his home life he often jested very wittily in a subdued way, but in society he was modest, silent, and almost impossible. In small circles he set the people on fire. His personality had an extraordinary fascination through his serene, deep intensity, and his always vibrating passion for ideas, for the essential great whole. Trifle he treated as trifle. He never made much of his person, or brought himself forward or posed. He was seldom in a hurry, but would come serene and friendly from his work and take us children for long outings. He spoiled us, but never permitted any license. He also was our best playmate and friend. He did not like to see us idle, we always must work or play, but he detested nothingness. He did not feign pleasure, he really enjoyed our pleasures, as we his. How often, too, he went with us on different outings; we always were delighted, though he sometimes for a long while would be silent. We forgot the silence when he waked up and observed us. No one could tell us things so funny or so tender as he. When I was in a boarding school in Stockholm, he used to take me and all my comrades during the hot summer days on outings from our tiresome needle-work.

"He always was wide awake for nature, and for different occupations. He would talk with old men and women; they told him, as did people in general, their deepest secrets—no one had such power as he of gaining confidence. We confided to him everything; he always understood our feelings, though he never flattered our weaknesses. He never waked our ambition or praised our progress, but told us that diligence was only a duty. As a child, I wrote verses, but he never made anything of it. To write verses, he said, is a token of the fulness of life, and we only ought to do so when we feel it irresistible and impossible to withstand.

"His manners were so gentle that I never saw him impetuous, and therefore I believed the world would vanish when he once told my brother, who really had failed, that he was a veritable blockhead. My brother never had any real

pleasure when separated from his father,—which is not usually the case with youths in general. Only to be near him was for us both a fortune.”

AS AUTHOR.

His principal work is: “The Book of the Rose.” It contains many of his writings, and it is said of it that he therein seeks to “mirror all the world.” It is at the same time, “tone, color, fragrance, sorrow, joy, poetry, religion and philosophy.” For Almquist tones became colors; colors, fragrancy; these give taste-sensation, like juicy fruits. If we desire to be fully acquainted with him as an author his other writings must also be studied, as, “Amorina,” “The Mon-agrafy,” “Mirjam,” etc.

AS PHILOSOPHER AND ARTIST.

He dreamed of a future, “when art contains both poetry, music and picture.” In a poem, “The Night of the Poet,” he expresses his innermost feelings as to the ideal of art: “During the darkness of night, in agony and almost a swoon, I heard a voice: ‘Choose!—If thou wilt be strong, choose the lot of the strong, which is strife and no rest. Against everything thou wilt have to fight; nothing on earth wilt thou find without fault, and thou wilt ever have to fight against and reform error. But if thou wouldst be as a lamb, come unto me; then wilt thou have peace, innocence and rest, with me in my home. I will embrace thee, and thou shalt not be drawn away by separateness, or be torn by the deeds of misery.’ ‘Lord!’ my soul answered and sank together—‘O that I could be a lamb as thou sayest!’ ‘All may be and do as It will.’” And the same voice told him further: “‘Only remember to stand on nothing, and to lean on nothing; for nothing can concern or touch thee, and thou thyself canst possess nothing; but thou wilt obtain power over all things. Thou canst not possess It, for thou shalt possess nothing and stand on nothing; but thou wilt have the best of all power which is to play (sport).’

“At these words my head sank in a golden cloud, and I lost the universe. When I awakened and arose I was glad. Art awakened anew within me, and robed in a white dress I saw her, the sweet one. Dead was now death and only life lived for me. I heard the thunder rise on the clouds, and the terrified vault of heaven spread its wings trembling over the earth. I smiled and said: ‘The lightning is beautiful.’ The rain streamed in showers over the land; all fell, melted and was drowned together. I was not wet. Tempests speeded through the forests and over the meadows; the deer fled and men freezed through marrow and bones. My hand was warm and I painted. Flowers I saw bud and fade. I painted. Children I saw grow up into boys and girls. Girls flourished into maids, beautiful as the flowers of life. I saw them grow old, wither and pass away. Boys I saw grow and become men; I heard them talk prudently and keenly; then I saw them grow old, wither and turn gray. I continued to be the same as I am and always was,—nothing. I only paint.”

Almquist is said to have been so dependent on the harmony of his sensations and imagination that he liked to write different scenes with different colored ink, as black, red, blue, complaining of not having ink in all colors. He also says that a poet seeks to speak through symbols: “Such inner meanings

give joy and awaken a marvelous light in the soul. We understand the allegories of life if we are of nature, as we live the true artist's life." "Great," he says, "we do not require to be in order to be artists, we need only to look at life with glances of innocence as do little children and artists. Then we live with the whole, we have a wonderful intercourse with the universe: then we flourish in undisturbed union; then we celebrate the true worship of God; then we offer roses to the Lord."

HIS VIEWS ON SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

Almqvist once said of prisons: "They ought to be considered as hospitals for the soul, where only through mild expedients we should try to restore the health of the convicts." In "Amorian," he makes an assault on the liberty of the will and sets "a sharp-pointed sword on the most sensitive nerve of humanity." He was a mystic, a pantheist. "The most sublime life," he said, "was to be unconscious as a lyre, whose strings God touches. To be embraced by, to be hid in the whole, to let thought be lost, to be unseen by oneself, to sink down in the unnamed silent ground. This is the highest power to heal the soul."

To him all nature was endowed with soul: "The daffodils have freedom and thought; the rubies, imagination, through which within their own natures they proclaim the purple poem of the eternal." "The fragrances of the forests are astonished by the air, coming to them from the flowers of the garden. The bird is the artist of the wilderness. The eagle is a poem soaring on deep-gray, glittering wings, a poem of God; for God himself cannot conceive of his own dark being, but has to discover it; therefore he puts his feelings and thoughts before himself, and together they make the world. These changing objects are the paintings; the painter behind the clouds paints in order to stand clear before himself."

Thus everything in nature for Almqvist is an expression of the divine. The "Fall of Man" through which existence is broken, was to him reason killing intuition, conventionality confusing instinct. In a little poem, "Tears of Beauty," which Almqvist thinks crowns all his poems, he makes a rough giant pursue an escaping nymph,—a drop of blood floats together with a tear from her eyes, and this drop, which neither could rise, weighed down by the dark blood, nor fall to the ground, lifted as it was by the clear water, is still hanging and floating in space—and, "this tear is the world whereon thou livest, my friend."

Of religion he says: "Devoted leaders are needed to prepare the second advent of Christ." "The second advent signifies the victory of gentleness, for man's best strength from God is gentleness, which is love and intelligence. Gentleness can do everything, fresh, orderly, cheerful, and peaceful." "Christ was the mediator only in the sense of sacrificing himself for the good of the whole, and by fully revealing the nature of the life of love."

Directing himself to God, he once said: "I love thy poor Son and thy other sons." "In Ormuzd and Ariman," he confesses "that kindness even in the meanest garb is that alone which can unite where everything is scattered, which alone can build up where everything is destroying."

In moments of deepest agony he utters about God: "I would prostrate myself before It with all the powers of my being. I would love, I would be annihilated by devotion to It, by inclination to It, by an eternal, unquenchable desire for It. I would die for It, that It may live."

AS REFORMER.

His reformations of the world aimed at the christianizing of humanity. All must work under simple natural relations; through the diligence and happiness of all, the evil man will recover, and crime will starve to death by want of nourishment. In "Ariman" he lets the well-meaning men in the most minute way regulate the state, the family, art, agriculture, the towns. "They also with fatherly care and according to plan proclaim where and what kind of roses are to grow, and in what forests nightingales must sing under penalties of showers and thunder."

But "Ormuzd" fails, for though the flowers, animals and men, during the day, obediently follow the thousand prescribed ways of happiness, beauty and success he ordains for them; yet in the night a marvelous creature in a manifold changing form goes around the world. Without plan, without design, without order, it came, it went, it worked and succeeded. This mysterious creature upset all the plans of Ormuzd, both as regards bodies and souls; it so acted that the inner beauty of their respective natures blossomed in a sweetness before unknown. The real heart of things awakened where this wondrous being passed by. Ormuzd noted the unknown in his big book as a "suspected person." But the well-meaning Ormuzd himself was, the whole world around, a "suspected person," and the great public that obeyed was not glad. "Men would have been more glad if they were trusted to be a little good; if they permitted themselves to bring forth in the light some fruits of reason, force and goodness."

He also says elsewhere: "it is through crime that humanity is progressing, and the virtue of every cycle of evolution has been the principal deadly sin of the preceding one, and by it the most forbidden, which by all means possible, by argument and reasoning, by all legislative power, it has tried to hinder; and this from a very natural cause, that every mode of culture will defend its own life and seek to prevent its own death. The last truth a human tongue can pronounce is: that the crimes of the world have carried the world forward, or in general have caused something to be done. After this proclamation not much is to be added. By no means am I talking of all crimes or vices—nor of most of them, nor do I mean the small defects, the small vices, small sins, but that which in every time is regarded as the greatest, the most consummate, the very deadly sin of the age. It is usually this for which all the culture of the age shudders and trembles, as for its own destruction. It is he who points out the gates through which the new cycle is to come, by which humanity is to rise and to progress. Therefore Christ was crucified by the Jews, while what he preached enlarged the borders of Judaism."

And further, he says: "No cycle of culture has existed on earth, where man did not think crime against himself to be crime against God; and such sins, such

vices, every art of culture has always judged the greatest, the most dreadful, the most unpardonable of the age."

Thus he himself committed the greatest sin of his time.

VIEWS ON THE RELATION BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN.

Here he touches the most sensitive thought of his time, influenced by Swedenborg and Thorild (a Swedish poet). Himself married, he probably lacked possibilities of being happy. He was the same kind, tolerant, helpful man toward all; he neither felt deep love nor hatred; therefore probably he was too impersonal for matrimonial happiness.

In a pamphlet, "What is Love?" and in a novel, "Permajouf," he treats of this question. With deep grief he says: "Children come into the world without spiritual, true or deep love between their parents, therefore the poor creatures are brought forth *mean* to the very core of their being." Then he says: "We hang forgers, but whoever for a thousand other reasons than love unites himself with one he does not love, and thus forms a useless domestic circle—does he not commit a crime so great and with consequences so incalculable, relating to both the present and the future, that it will result in more terrible disasters than the forgers of millions?" And further: "Mutual happy love is as an electric stream between souls. The solitary warm heart is deprived of light; the solitary luminous head lacks warmth, but the electricity of love gives to the head warmth and to the heart light." He regards man and woman as equal: "neither is above nor below; neither is a monster below the other. Therefore woman ought to learn trade and to have full right of self-sustenance in order not to be forced for her livelihood to commit the great sin of marrying a man she does not love, and no man can be really happy if he is not loved by his wife."

Almqvist looked with the eye of a seer on every question of importance, whether of labor, peace, politics, etc. All his works will some day be published and then we shall have opportunity for studying this very extraordinary man and do him justice.

"For the only decree of Karma—an eternal and immutable decree—is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of spirit. It is not therefore Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we, who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with Nature, abiding by the laws on which that Harmony depends, or—break them."

H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I., p. 643.

COLUMBUS.

By FRANK M. PIERCE.

SINCE the Fall of Man, when his soul became obscured and lost in his selfish material personality, small-minded, narrow-visioned men have swarmed about the few great world actors and intellects, fawning for favor through senseless laudation while secretly and, when discovered, openly criticising, slandering and pilfering such crumbs of fame, reputation and action as might be stolen from the master-builders' ample unguarded store. As prejudiced historians, they have fathered upon the history makers deeds and words wholly beneath or beyond their field of action and thought. In ignorance, jealousy and spite they have robbed the dead lions' record of some noble thought or action, to enrich some unworthy rival claimant, or upon a new challenger of destiny whose favor they would secure. While among historians are found conscientious recorders of events *as they have understood them*, the fact remains that they have seldom if ever been prominent actors in these events, and have been dependent upon fragmentary data and opinions of minor prejudiced actors and observers. The great history makers have been too busy with their herculean tasks to find time for recording their deeds or motives. It is therefore a fact that written history is at best only a shadow of truth and must be brushed aside when at variance with an intelligent summing-up of the results springing from the works of the great.

Those who have grasped great opportunities have possessed and been possessed by great and lofty ideals, have, in fact, created ideals and opportunities and

caused them to manifest into practical use in and for humanity of the really great. Like gods, they resurrect the dead past and lead it into useful action in the present. Leaving historians and rival claimants to juggle as they like with the details of the life and work of Columbus, he is too great, his self-created ideal and work too grand, the still unfolding results too stupendous to permit of consideration from other than the most lofty standpoint.

Let us pass rapidly over the details of his early preparatory—otherwise practically unessential—life, the sooner with him to contact his mission.

Born in Genoa about 1435, of reputable and humble parents, he derived dignity and nobility from deeds, instead of known noble ancestry. Intensely fond of geography and filled with love of adventure and study, he entered the University of Pavia, where he was taught grammar, geography, navigation and astronomy. Living in a seaport, the boy naturally looked to the ocean as the field upon which to satisfy his nature. In 1450 his first voyage was made under his uncle, a bold, hard commander of squadrons, who did not shun a fight if under garb of law and right. As a hardy, intelligent, observing mariner, serving and commanding, he sailed the then known waters of the world, voyaging in 1477 a hundred leagues beyond Iceland. During this period piracy was openly allowed and the holy wars were being waged against the Mohammedans. In the thick of this turmoil of war and commerce Columbus found every opportunity to develop and exercise his natural, cool, daring versatil-

ity for endurance and command. In his early sea-faring life he became imbued with the idea that *the waters encircled the habitable earth, that there must be unknown inhabited lands to the west.* To such an extent had this idea become a part of the maturing man that from the numerous renderings of the family name he chose the Latin form, because "Columba is the Latin for dove," and that *he would perform the mission of the dove in taking light to a race on a western land who were in darkness.* Who was this fellow to use such language? Is it not an evidence of the re-embodiment of an old soul or knower, reflecting on its new mind-mirror dim pictures of past knowledge to lure and urge on its instrument—Columbus—to rediscover an old continent whose civilizations are now known to have antedated and excelled the civilizations of Egypt and the East?

In personal appearance Columbus was a striking figure; tall, well-formed, muscular and dignified, face neither long nor thin, but finely shaped, fair complexion, high cheek-bones, steel-blue eyes, light hair, turned to gray at thirty. In dress plain, in manners amiable and courteous, commanding, almost dominating when aroused, brave, resolute, speculative, while underneath was a sincere devotional nature natural to the man. No peril could dampen his enthusiasm. In training, nature and circumstance everything pointed to him as the chosen instrument to engage in voyages of discovery fraught with new and untried dangers.

In middle life, happily wedding the fortuneless daughter of an Italian gentleman—a well-known navigator—Columbus maintained himself and wife by making charts, globes and maps, one of which was sold to Vespuccius. These brought him fame as a speculative geographer and mathematician, while he deluged learned men, church dignitaries, promi-

nent laymen of all nations and crowned heads to interest them in his projected attempts to discover new lands.

Revived ancient fable tales of islands, and the vast submerged Antilla—Noah's flooded world—in the Western ocean, stories of a returned traveler from China, of Portugal's discoveries in Africa and of the Cape of Good Hope, suddenly raising that country from the most insignificant into one of the most important nations, had fed and excited the minds of many people to discover and occupy new regions in hopes of finding fabulous wealth and booty.

Applying first to John II., King of Portugal—who was in the midst of new discoveries—to aid him in his long cherished plans, Columbus was met with apparent sincerity, but after his plans were revealed the king secretly sent a ship out on the route proposed by Columbus, but they were baffled by storms and returned to ridicule the scheme. This contemptible treachery greatly angered Columbus, and, because of the death of his devotedly loved wife, he left Lisbon in 1484 in extreme poverty, due to his efforts in his absorbing plans and in helping the needy. Impoverished as he now found himself, he continued to aid his aged father. He never ignored a duty.

Undiscouraged by his first failure, unsuccessful attempts were made to interest the king of England, his countrymen the Genoese, the Venetians and several Spanish noblemen. Among the latter, however, one—the Duke Medina—Celi approved his plans and was about to offer Columbus four ships, when he bethought himself of the jealous temper of the sovereigns, the magnitude of the results in the event of success, requiring the guidance of royal hands, and, restraining his impulse, he contented himself and served Columbus and the world by writing to Queen Isabella, cordially introducing

him to her attention. In terms as cordial Her Majesty requested that Columbus be sent to her.

The world and with it the patient, courageous, indomitable Columbus had finally reached a turning point, an epoch. The pregnant time and the man for the time had met and clasped hands—not that the two were as yet completely fitted and in harmony with each other—but the grip was never released until a new world was discovered, where independent, liberty-loving elements, in the oppressed thought-bound nations of the earth would find fit habitations, resources and scope wherein to evolve a new nation and a new race.

On January 26, 1486, Columbus entered the service of Ferdinand and Isabella, expecting within a short period that under the auspices of these joint sovereigns he would be able to sail out into the unknown to seize his life-quest. But six long, weary years of waiting, promises, disappointments, hope, almost despair, must intervene before the dawning of the happy day, August 3, 1492, when he should sail from the Port of Palos, out into the perils of an unknown ocean, following an idea—or may it have not been an inspiration?

At this point it is well to become acquainted with the sovereigns—especially Isabella, who by her generous, self-sacrificing and timely aid had justly shared with Columbus the honor and glory of his world-changing discovery.

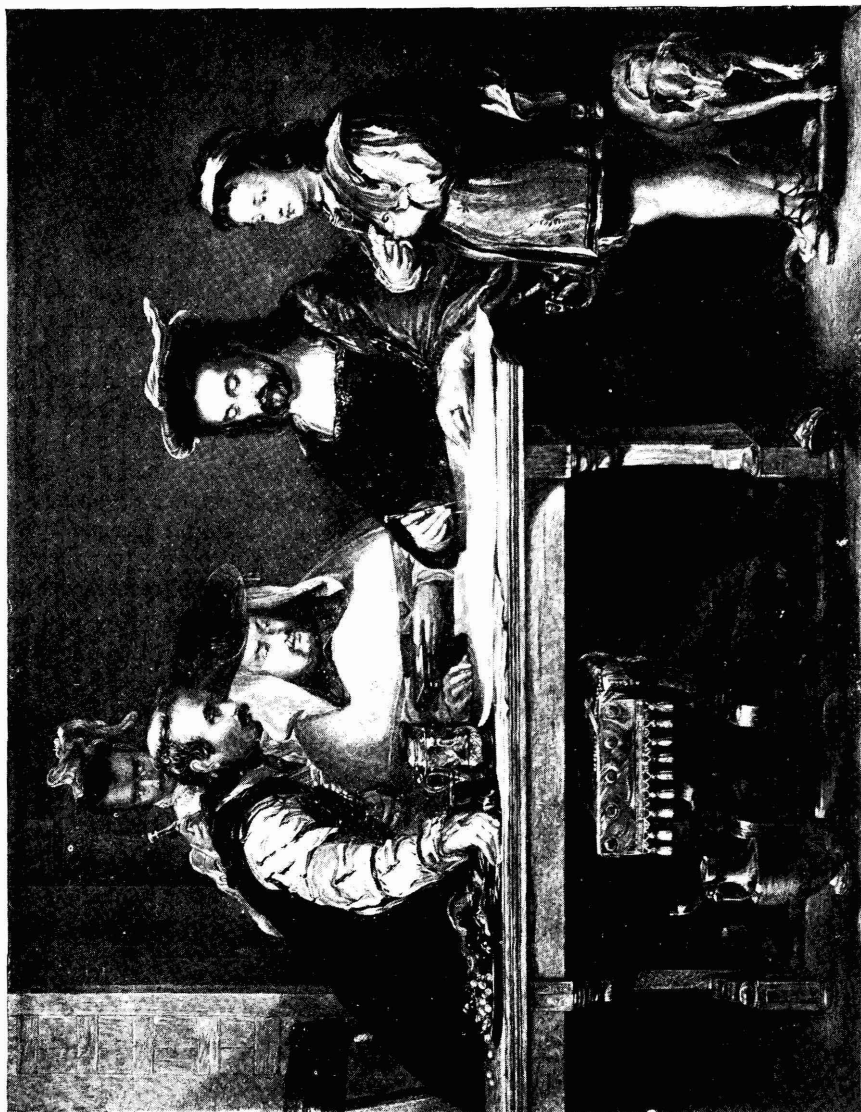
Ferdinand, in person, was of middle stature, well formed and in carriage free, erect and dignified, hardy and strong, clear-eyed, heavy eyebrows, high forehead, partly bald, chestnut hair, expressive, well-shaped mouth, a ready, fluent voice. In temper even, clear mind, grasping a subject at once, remarkable for his correct judgment of men—a hard worker, devoted to his religion, plain and simple in his tastes, dress and diet. In

Spain he was entitled the wise and prudent; in Italy, the pious; in England, the ambitious and perfidious. Such is fame!

The three ruling purposes in his life were the conquering of the Moors, driving the Jews from Spain, and the establishment of the terrible Inquisition in his kingdom. Unquestionably honest and sincere, is there not a great lesson, in the light of subsequent and especially in very recent events, of honest effort wholly misdirected? He sowed the tempest seed of intolerance, bigotry and horrible torture and foul assassination in the name of religion, and the people and country he did so much to strengthen and glorify have reaped the whirlwind of mental and spiritual degradation and finally national disaster and humiliation at the unwilling but humanely compelled hands of the people who sprang from the loins of Spain's discovery. In national and individual Karmic recompense a light must go out from the same people to illuminate and redeem Spain.

Isabella, under the scrutiny and verdict of time, has proved to be one of the purest, best and most beautiful women ever shown in the pages of history. Slightly under middle height, delicately formed, beautiful, auburn hair, white skin, gentle, clear blue eyes, extremely modest, dignified and carrying herself with such gentle stateliness that she appeared tall; in character ingenuous, generous, devoted to Ferdinand and careful of his fame, womanly in all things, active and resolute, as several suits of armor in the royal arsenal in the museum at Madrid, won by her in battle, attest.

She gave close attention to the state affairs, ruling her separate kingdom—as did Ferdinand—working in harmony. Except on the persecution of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition, all acts were executed by both, under the seal bearing the united arms of Castile and Aragon; meanwhile she gave much



COLUMBUS PRESENTING HIS PLANS BEFORE THE "LEARNED" MEN OF SPAIN.

of her time to helping her people, succoring the wounded, disabled and destitute left by the wars.

She sought strenuously to reform the laws to benefit the people. She was a patron of literature, art and science, promoting the recently invented art of printing. Books were admitted free of duty.

The spread of literature was greater during her reign than at the present day.

Earnest in her religious faith, still she was violently opposed to the expulsion of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition, though in this she was powerless against priestly opposition.

Her life proved the statement of an observing writer that "*she would not uphold bigotry at the expense of humanity.*"

Such were the characters of the two sovereigns with whom Columbus found himself in contact. Ferdinand commands respect; Isabella was a soul with which the body and mind were in such harmony that she brought out the best in those she contacted in person or by act, and received not alone their respect, but their admiration, love, devotion and reverence.

The time and conditions appeared favorable to the speedy realization of the long-cherished hopes and plans of Columbus.

The marriage of the two monarchs had put an end to internal feuds and united the Spaniards in one purpose, to conquer and break the domination of their common enemy, the Moors. That fierce and capable people were then pent up within the boundaries of Granada by the victorious encircling Spanish army. Columbus, as the guest of Quintinilla, comptroller of the treasury, was brought into intimate contact with the most influential people, and into easy touch with the sovereigns.

Columbus, "considering himself the particular agent of heaven in carrying

out his theory," was filled with enthusiasm, and greatly impressed the King by his firmness of conviction, modesty and dignity of manner. But his caution forbade his espousing his scheme, apparently so wild, until he could hear it discussed by a council of "learned men."

After some delay a council was convened, composed of an array of priests, professors, science doctors, whose opinions—due to their avocations—were hard to change or broaden. The priests—most opinionated and stubborn in their opposition—stood on a literal translation of Scripture as the *ipse-dixit* to their opposition; for instance: "The heavens are stretched out like a scroll." "The heavens are like a tabernacle spread over the earth." "Therefore the earth must be flat." One of these astute theologians said the idea of an opposite side or antipodes was impossible, quoting St. Augustine as follows for authority: "To believe that there exist other inhabited lands on the opposite side of the globe is to say that there are nations that did not descend from Adam; it would have been impossible for them to pass the intervening ocean; therefore he who asserts this new thing is discrediting the Bible, which declares that all men descended from one common parent." While these then effective objections appear childish and ridiculous when presented to intelligence either now or then, they serve as a proof and a warning to the thoughtful as illustrative of that arrogant ignorance which for centuries has cloaked itself in priestly garb and has had the effrontery to name itself, and pose as God's Vicegerent, to issue its Bulls, Interdictions and Decrees.

Does not this same organized church-power stand to-day where it then stood—opposed to progress, forcing ignorance upon the ignorant and careless by wrong interpretations of the Bible, and blocking the discovery of the new spiritual

world as it then did of a new material world, to which those whom it had oppressed and persecuted could escape and find hope, peace and life? The reader should know that essential truth as it exists in all religions is not referred to, but only the distortions presented by those who seek to have men follow the form rather than the spirit of religion.

Now is the time, the vital necessity, for the Spiritual Columbus.

The scoffing, arrogance and objections were boldly and skillfully met by Columbus, though he was constantly in danger of being condemned for heresy.

The continued war against the Moors, the breaking out of the plague, kept back the decision of the council until the winter of 1490, when the sovereigns decided that the armies should take the field, never to leave camp until proud Granada had fallen.

Columbus, worn out and disgusted by years of dilly-dallying, demanded a final answer. Forced to act by this great but too modest mind, the learned body of sages (!) finally decided that the sovereigns should not engage in such enterprises on such slender and, to them, vague reasons as Columbus had presented.

Can we not see this great man—now scoffed at as a dreamer, an adventurer, pointed at by the children in the streets as a madman—turn away and quit Spain in disgust, and filled with contempt and disdain for those in places of power and influence? His treatment would have embittered and shut in a less robust, fearless, indomitable and experienced soul; but Columbus, tireless and persistent, started with his son on foot for France to present his plans to the King. Arriving, faint with fatigue and hunger, at a hospitable convent, three miles south of Palos, he applied at the gate for bread and water. Met by the Prior, Juan Perez de Marchena—most fortunately a

learned and kind man—he was given food and rest. Meanwhile he had told his story to the good friar, who, being a man deeply learned in geographical science, at once comprehended the plan of Columbus and the importance of holding the honor, glory and rewards of the discoveries to Spain.

Columbus was through him brought for the first time into relationship with that healthy force, the Practical Man, which, unconscious to itself, has always stood opposed to intolerance and whatever fetters men and dwarfs the mind, because its daily life is robust, broad, a restricted freedom, dealing with universals in a practical way.

Now and for the first time he found himself on the right road to success, backed by a quality of force accustomed to brush aside the elements and natures inviting objections, or learned or unlearned man's ignorance and lack of sense.

Such men were Garcia Fernandez, a practical scientist and geographer, and two of his friends, the brothers Pinzon, two well-known, hardy, adventurous navigators.

Satisfied with the correctness of his plans, they offered to join Columbus in the expense and effort to again enlist the aid of the Spanish Court. Columbus, at first reluctant to allow the sovereigns any further opportunity in his intended expedition, finally yielded, and Sebastian Rodriguez, a shrewd and trusty man, a pilot of Lepe, was sent to the Court and gained easy access to Isabella through letters he presented from Juan Perez, formerly the Queen's beloved Confessor. The good friar was at once invited to repair to the Court. His eloquent and earnest pleading, seconded by the Marchioness of Moya, a favorite of Isabella's, reawakened the interest she had never lacked in the plans of Columbus, and she at once ordered him to be sent for, not

forgetting in her good heart to provide the money for the journey of the now poverty-stricken New World's father. He reached Granada at a most propitious time, just after the fall of the great stronghold of the Moors and the surrender of Boabdil, their chief, thus ending the fierce struggle of eight hundred years' duration.

Dejected and melancholy, but possessed of his great idea, Columbus viewed the victory jubilee with indifference, almost contempt, as trifling in comparison with his mighty purpose to discover a new world.

Meeting again the same progress-obstructing force in the person of the Queen's Confessor, the Archbishop of Granada, who pronounced the terms exorbitant and degrading, Columbus, with unyielding determination, again prepared to quit Spain and lay his plans before the French King. Isabella, persuaded that the share required by Columbus in the enterprise was too large, yet with unflinching confidence in his judgment and integrity, offered him more modest terms.

Now, if never before, we see the real man, Columbus, poor, almost friendless, worn out with many years of fruitless effort, disappointed and defeated at every turn, now with a certainty offered him, of carrying out his cherished life-work, fully cognizant of this, he refusing to demean his enterprise by accepting terms other than he had dictated, broke off all negotiations, mounted his mule, and started for Palos.

This action was not taken through stubbornness nor false pride, but because he would not permit himself to be tempted into undervaluing or accepting less than his just share of the immense benefits accruing to whatever power should help him to secure them.

His determined decision and prompt departure produced the results which al-

ways follow right, courageous action. Luis de St. Angel and the Marchioness of Moya, stung by his abrupt departure and the irreparable loss to Spain, should he succeed elsewhere, sought the Queen, and earnestly, almost reproachfully, urged her to recall Columbus.

The destiny of the world for unborn centuries hung upon this good woman's decision. Will she prove herself great and good? Will she clear her pure mind from fettering priestly advice and let her soul free to act as her intuition had constantly urged? Yes; at last she saw the light, and, brushing all obstructions aside, she moved out, fired with ardor, trust and determination, personally assuming the financial responsibility and solemnly declaring that Columbus should undertake the discovery of a New World.

In this decision she proved her greatness far more than in her noble and willing sacrifice in providing the means for carrying it into effect.

It was an exhibition of the soul overriding obstacles to its divine purpose. A soul put to the test of a great opportunity for helping humanity, which, if improved, would prepare it for greater future work when the fate of humanity should again hang in the balance.

She saw the light and followed. The national treasury was empty, but from the plethoric reservoir of the ecclesiastical revenues an advance of three thousand crowns was made on the pledged jewels of Isabella. With this and a sum equal to one-eighth of the cost of the expedition, furnished by the great discoverer himself, the material means were provided for Columbus to carry into effect and make manifest in material life his spiritual ideal and purpose.

There is a great lesson concealed in the fact that the intuitive Isabella attended to the material needs, while the intuitive, reasoning, executive Columbus supplied the ideal and the plan which he executed.

Articles were drawn up in accordance with the original demands of Columbus, making him admiral for life in all possessions he might discover—viceroy and governor-general over such discovered lands and continents. He was empowered to reserve for himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones and metals, and all articles and merchandise bought or bartered within his admiralty. He was also granted absolute legal power in matters of traffic.

Passing the vexations experienced of fitting out the expedition, Columbus set sail from Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492, in three small vessels manned by an impressed, almost mutinous, crew of one hundred and twenty men, himself commanding the Santa Maria, the Pinta and Nina commanded by the Pinzon brothers, whose assistance by work and example entitled these more humble men to place and grateful recognition as great helpers to Columbus in his enterprise.

Like every important transaction in his life, Columbus began this his unparalleled achievement in a dignified and stately fashion. He proclaimed his motives and plans, his purpose to carry the Christian faith into the unknown world, and the glory which would redound to Spain from his discoveries.

Finally, after years of untold labor, trials, disappointments and sufferings which would have paralyzed a less sturdy, resolute and determined man, this great, inspired, soul-propelled discoverer had launched and entrusted his lofty enterprise and himself to the Supreme Power in which he firmly believed, and that it could and would act through him if he performed his whole duty with faith and trust.

Why weary ourselves and detract from such a character by recounting the inevitable perils of the deep, the elements, and the greater dangers to be met in the ignorant, superstitious, cowardly and

evil nature of men? The meeting, contesting and overcoming of all the obstacles are but incidents in the accomplishment of the great purposes of great men.

On the sixth day of September, 1492, Columbus sailed westward from the Canary Islands—the then western known limit of the great ocean, and the real voyage of discovery began.

On Friday, October 12, 1492, the New World land was sighted. The admiral, as Columbus was now called, supposing the newly discovered land was an extremity of India, named the inhabitants Indians, but instead it proved to be, in fact, a new and unknown world.

In the confusion of uncertain records of an unknown and unmapped land and ocean errors could easily occur, and while some records claim that the land first sanctified by the pressure of the foot of Columbus was Guanahani, now known as San Salvador, it is an equally fair presumption to say that his first landing was made in the beautiful land-locked harbor of what is known as Santiago de Cuba, a place again made historic by the unparalleled deeds of heroism performed on land and sea by the flower of the new race, to whom Columbus opened the door of the New World—deeds performed, not in lust for land and power, but in the sacred cause of humanity—the cause Columbus himself served—to give to a down-trodden people material, mental and spiritual food, from the same intolerant, bigotted, non-progressive, organized power which for many years successfully opposed and almost defeated the plans of Columbus.

“As ye sow, so shall ye reap.” Surely “the mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine.”

The first act of this now triumphant, victorious general of peace was symbolically grand and characteristic, in falling on his knees, kissing the earth and then

returning thanks to God. He in his posture displayed self-abnegation, and in the after act recognized and emphasized the relationship, unity and independence of the material and spiritual worlds and life.

Every knee bent in reverence and every heart overflowed with thankfulness, some for their deliverance from physical peril, others with the higher gratitude for the accomplishment of a great purpose.

The picture presented was fascinating. The naked but comely, gentle and kindly natives flocked about the strange white men with natural trust and curiosity, while Columbus, dignified and becomingly dressed in scarlet, surrounded by his men, unfurled the royal standard, and took possession of the land for his King and Queen. He then administered the oath of obedience to all his officers and crew, binding them to obey him as Admiral and Viceroy and representative of the sovereigns. The men now

broke into the wildest transports of joy, and, human-like, kissed and embraced the man they had but recently thought to kill, begging favors and pardon in the same breath.

The Indian of to-day, his naturally noble qualities degraded and brutalized by the white man's whisky and treatment, bears only a physical resemblance to the gentle, trusting natives whose hospitality and honest barter won the consideration and respect of Columbus.

The admiral, searching for gold, reported by the natives to exist in abundance in the island and adjacent lands, cruised around his first discovery and contiguous islands, believing the while that he was among the islands in the Sea of China described by one Marco Polo, a traveler.

Lured on by the golden phantom stories of the natives, Columbus explored and took possession of many islands, winning the friendship of the natives by his just and kindly treatment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT ROME TEACHES.

(From "The American," Jan. 28th, 1898.)

"In 1900 Rome will take this country and keep it."—*Hecker*.

She boasts that religious liberty is only endured until the opposite side can be put into effect without injury to the Roman Church.

"No man has a right to choose his religion."—*Archbishop Hughes*.

"The will of the Pope is the supreme law of all lands."—*Archbishop Ireland*.

"In case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the laws of the church must prevail."—*Pius IX*.

"We do not accept this government or hold it to be any government at all, or as capable of performing any of the proper functions of government. If the American government is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principles of the Reformation (that is the government by the people) and the acceptance of the Catholic principle, which is the government of the Pope."—*Catholic World*.

RIGHT ACTION.

By WILLIAM SCOTT.

"I establish the whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate."—
Bhagavad Gita, Chap. X.



LL systems of philosophy postulate the basic homogeneity of the cosmos; and, perhaps, all agree that everything in manifestation proceeds from the unknown Root; and that all forms are but differentiations of that one Reality, from which separation is impossible. If this be so the right action of the differentiations would be a "mass chord," so to speak, running through the whole. What constitutes harmony with that mass chord is the question which all systems of ethics try to answer.

It is said that man is a microcosm corresponding to the macrocosm of which he is a part. In man there is a correlating consciousness which marshals in harmonious order, and directs to a common purpose all the smaller lives which compose his organism. Keeping in mind the fact that all things are differentiations of the one, that correlating consciousness in man must be part of the cosmic consciousness which binds together all things in the universe into one organism. There is but one consciousness running through all. Its purpose is its own progression, which is self-knowledge or wisdom. The action of the consciousness to attain that object is the one law which directs all movement, and harmony with that law is right action. When the cells of the body refuse to act in accordance with the purpose of the correlating consciousness there is discord or disease. The same thing takes place when the individual refuses to recognize the purpose of the universal consciousness. He is then engaged in wrong action, and produces cosmic disease.

As the consciousness of the individual is one with the universal consciousness its purpose can be understood by concentrating upon the highest aspirations of one's own soul; by listening to the "Voice of the Silence" and obeying its behests. At bottom they are the behests of the Oversoul or The Self.

Hitherto we have too often looked outward to gain wisdom, and the result is that we possess no exact knowledge except that of exteriors. Mathematics is the only approximately exact science that we have, and, as at present understood, it deals only with the outward aspects of things. Its three branches, Geometry, Arithmetic and Mechanics, relate to the forms, numbers and motions of bodies. Mathematics may be fittingly called the science or ethics of externals. The mathematician has no desire whatever to violate mathematical law. He knows that nothing but disaster can result from doing so. He has realized that mathematical law is synonymous with the law of his own being, and to that extent his will has become identified with the will of the Universe.

But all things have interior as well as exterior aspects; such as the vital, the emotional, the mental and the spiritual. If these interior aspects or princi-

ples could be cognized with the same degree of accuracy that can be reached in observing the forms, numbers and movements of things, we would have exact sciences or ethics of Biology, Psychology, Spirituality, etc. And those who understood them would have no more desire to violate their laws than has a mathematician to violate mathematical law, for they would know that they were the laws of their own being as well as the laws of the Universe. Their will on all these planes would be identical with the universal will.

When the will of the individual becomes identified with the will of the Universe he has perfect free will, there being no other will to oppose. He has passed through the cycle of necessity and attained freedom by practicing perfect obedience to the laws of his own being, which is the same thing as perfect conformity to the universal will. Such a being is a god.

The normal man stands half way between the animal and the God. This is why the question of his free will is raised.

The animal being without the mental quality—the producer of selfish action, by directing the individual will towards the gratification of selfish desire—may, from one standpoint, be regarded entirely as the creature of circumstances; because it lacks self-consciousness to enable it to select one course of action in preference to another. On the other hand, it may be said to be a free being, for the will of the animal is identical with the will of the Universe, but it is unconscious of its being the agent through which the cosmic consciousness is manifesting.

Man, standing midway, has sufficient mentality or self-consciousness to enable him to initiate action, but, through persistent ignorance, he lacks discrimination to discern his union with the All; and mistaking his personality to be a thing separate and apart from all others, he uses his intellectual powers to devise means to gratify the passions and desires of that personality which he imagines himself to be. He thus produces discord between himself and the universal consciousness, and brings upon himself pain and sorrow; and imagines that he is the victim of adverse circumstances over which he has no control.

“Thou hast to learn to part thy body from thy mind, to dissipate the shadow and to live in the Eternal. For this, thou hast to live and breathe in all, as all that thou perceivest breathes in thee; to feel thyself abiding in all things, all things in SELF.”—(Voice of the Silence.)

We forget that all forms are but the outward expression of the consciousness within. We look at the form and hope to gain a knowledge of the soul. This is like looking at the outside of a house with the expectation of becoming acquainted with the tenant. We must first become acquainted with the consciousness which is our own being, before we can hope to learn anything about the consciousness of another entity. If I know nothing about the tenant that dwells in this house of mine, how can I hope to know anything about the tenant of another house.

There are seven definite stages through which the individual passes before he arrives at a knowledge of the *Self* within:—(1) He is interested only in the

personality and spends his whole time contriving methods to satisfy its appetites; (2) He begins to have a presentiment that there is something higher and nobler than mere animal want, something that would make life grand and beautiful; (3) He takes definite steps to find that something which he is sure exists; and the quest of the Holy Grail is commenced; (4) Like King Arthur's Knights, he sets out on horseback to search for it in the external phenomenal world, but his time is divided between the quest and the personality; (5) His whole energy is devoted towards the quest, but he begins to suspect that the Holy Grail is not to be found without and feels that it is within; (6) The interior quest is begun and success is assured, for he obtains glimpses of the Holy Grail, and he then begins truly to live; (7) Union with the SELF is attained and the spiritual eye is opened.

He then realizes the tie that binds together all that lives; that systems, suns, planets, and men are cells in the universal organism, and that the Oversoul or the SELF is the correlating consciousness. He sees that there are in the Universe senses and organs corresponding to those of the individual organism, such as a heart, a nervous system, etc. He feels the joys and sorrows of all that lives just as a cell in the body would feel and know all that takes place within the organism were its consciousness raised to the plane of the individual consciousness. He knows that every discordant jar caused by any individual in the Universe is felt by that Self which is the root of all, just as the individual consciousness feels every discord which disturbs the harmonious working of the cells, and that it is the individual who causes the discord who is the one who suffers the most, as in the physical organism it is the inharmonious cell that feels most the effects of its wrong action, and is rejected if it does not cease to disturb the organism.

Among the various gradations of intelligence manifested by the consciousness which ensouls the forms which we see around us, there is a continuous ascending scale of degrees of development among the organs and senses from incipency to perfection. For example, the efforts of the sponge to produce circulation by expansion and contraction seem to result from a conscious desire to produce a heart and lungs, for we see all stages of circulation and respiration from that of the sponge to the perfected heart and lungs of the highest animals.

Again, if we trace the evolution of sight it appears to be highly developed feeling. The tips of the antennæ of certain insects seem to become eyes. If we examine the points of the horns of a snail with a microscope we will see rudimentary eyes there; and if we watch carefully its movements we will observe that it does not have to touch an obstruction in order to become aware of its presence. Between the incipient vision of the snail and perfect sight we find all gradations of seeing. The same is true of all the senses and organs.

At first sight the facts seem to indicate that the consciousness of the entity, as it ascends through the different kingdoms, produces these senses and organs by continuous conscious efforts until they become perfect and automatic. But

on the other hand, do not the various entities variously express the powers and qualities of that universal consciousness which exists in all things, and that the evolution of the lower is in coöperation with the higher; man raising all below him, he himself seeking to become one with the Self.

Consciousness is the one thing that should be studied, and first of all our own consciousness; consciousness is the producer of all forms and all motions; all experiences, whether pleasant or painful, are states of consciousness.

In the Universe of consciousness there are all degrees, from infinite ignorance to infinite wisdom. There are no separate and distinct entities, but all are bound together by the law of compassion or harmony, which "*is no attribute.*"

"It is the Law of LAWS—eternal Harmony, Alaya's SELF; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the Law of Love Eternal."—(*Voice of the Silence.*)

It is only when this law is disregarded that the feeling of separation is produced. Right action, then, is to keep ourselves in unison with this law; first, by attuning the consciousness within to the divine compassion, and outwardly working with the great Helpers of Humanity. Let us support them in their endeavors to clear away the impediments that obstruct the course of the Divine Law.

"The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy Soul unites with that which Is, the more thou wilt become COMPASSION ABSOLUTE.

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.

HUXLEY, in *Technical Education.*

"A narrow stomach may be filled to its satisfaction, but a narrow mind will never be satisfied, not even with all the riches of the world."

"To feel one's ignorance is to be wise; to feel sure of one's wisdom is to be a fool."

"Let every man first become himself that which he teaches others to be."

Gens from the East.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND W. Q. JUDGE AS WE KNEW THEM.

By SOME OF THEIR OLD PUPILS.



THE attempt to write about H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge brings up a flood of memories, and at the same time a sense of the inadequateness of anything that one may write to portray even a few aspects of their many-sided characters.

To me W. Q. Judge was a friend indeed, a teacher and a guide. It was through him that I learned to appreciate more fully Madame Blavatsky's absolute devotion to her Teacher and the great movement for Universal Brotherhood; her unceasing and self-sacrificing care for the infant organization, the Theosophical Society; and her courage and wisdom in attacking the buttressed hypocrisy and materialism of the age. His devotion to her and her work were unfaltering and true; he always spoke of her in terms of the deepest respect and love, so that any one knowing him could not help but imbibe his feeling.

My first meeting with W. Q. Judge was like the meeting of an old friend, yes, more than friend, for besides the friendship and love with which he inspired me, there was also a feeling akin to reverence which I could not at first understand, but which in later years became clear to me as he revealed himself more and more during the progress of the work. As a friend he was the personification of kindness, patience, forbearance and forgiveness. As a teacher he was clear, concise and direct. As a guide in applying the philosophy to the personal life, he had the faculty of uncovering mental obstructions in the path of knowledge, and pointing out the way clearly.

Many of his sayings to individuals have passed into aphorisms, for he understood the use of words. One instance may be interesting and useful. A member was bewailing to him the fact that certain prominent members who were attacking him would come to this country and promulgate all sorts of misstatements which would befog the public mind and injure the work. His quiet reply was, "Well, you cannot prevent people from doing the things that they *can do*." A truism, but one which we need ever to bear in mind. The bewailer saw the point immediately; it was—why worry about what others may or can do; you have only to do the best *you* can and *all* that you can, and leave the results to the Law.

His fine sense of humor was used at times with telling effect in pointing out folly or stupidity, but always without offense. The following example may serve to illustrate: He had delivered a lecture on Reincarnation, wherein he explained the philosophy very clearly and fully, and questions were asked for from the audience. One of the audience asked if those living in the middle ages had reincarnated. Mr. Judge replied that it was quite likely. This reply was followed by quite a number of pointless questions from the same individual, to all of which Mr. Judge replied with great patience and endeavor to make

clear. The questioner was not satisfied, however, and evidently wished to get a definite statement as to one individual, for his next question was, "Do you believe that Mary, Queen of Scots, is now reincarnated?" Mr. Judge said it was possible. Then came what the inquirer evidently thought was a clincher, "Do you think that Mary, Queen of Scots, is in this room?" Mr. Judge turned to the audience, and said in his quiet way, "If Mary, Queen of Scots, is in the room, will she please stand up?" The audience which had become somewhat impatient under the ill-considered and aimless persistence of the inquirer, burst forth into laughter, and the questioner subsided.

ROBERT CROSBIE.



E owe measureless debts of gratitude to H. P. Blavatsky—"who knew, who willed, who dared." Her knowledge, poured out in living streams, floods the world to-day. Her will has been a potent force from first to last—to combine and hold and quicken. Her daring has vanquished forever in this new cycle the foes of ignorance and darkness. They are beaten—and the scattered enemy have left the well-won field.

H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and our third Leader have carried out the one great plan, the establishment of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures; as one they have fought the great fight; as one they have rejoiced and suffered; each has fortified and strengthened the steps of the other two.

Who can measure their boundless joy at the glad fruition? The Theosophical Movement has become a resistless tide, which shall bear on its fruitful sweep "Truth, Light and Liberation" to all creatures, and kingdoms and spheres.

H. K. RICHMOND GREEN.

"Let me say one thing I know; only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love towards humanity, aroused in the soul of some one strong enough to stem this tide, can carry us through. For love and trust are the only weapons that can overcome the real enemies against which the true lover of humanity must fight. If I, or you, go into this battle from pride, from self-will, from anything but the purest motive, we must fail."

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

"Cut down the whole forest of lust, not the tree. When thou hast cut down every tree and every shrub, then thou wilt be free."

"The heart which follows the rambling senses leads away his judgment as the wind leads a boat astray upon the waters."

"As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind."

Gems from the East.

“THE ETERNAL WITNESS.”

By SARAH F. GORDON.



ONE of the chief arguments for reincarnation is that all our knowledge, whether by perception reason or instinct, comes through experience. The effort of the Self to realize itself or become self-conscious causes all forms of life. These self-created images are illuminated in ever varying degrees, which are denominated states of consciousness, for want of a better term of expression. The Self, therefore, appears diffused in a network of manifestation, like the spider weaving a web in which it appears bound and imprisoned, when at any time by withdrawing from its self-created environment its freedom is assured. In all creatures is the Self which is all freedom, as all thoughts carried far enough reach the same goal, viz., the Source.

Do we not at times wilfully blind ourselves so as not to see the Light which silently envelopes us, because of some desire not to know; and by resolutely closing the eye of vision, a veil drops over us? Yet can we not be in total darkness, for in spite of our wilfulness in the hidden depths of our being that Light shines, and sooner or later we shall be forced to recognize its power. This is the Divine which controls and is never utterly lost, for in every creature is the universal spark, and this can never escape ultimate recognition, for has not every image the divine spark of life within its depths, the abiding reality?

Idealistic is all true interpretation of poetry, art, religion and philosophy. What is this but image making, and from whence? These images are not dead. They attract and repel each other and grow as they assimilate from the surrounding environment, and as they draw life from their source; the Self penetrates them all and their destiny is assured. They have an immortal origin, and, as usual, have their place in the Universe. It has been well conceived that “behind the never-ending is the changeless, colorless, pure essence, the Eternal Witness”—“in whom we live and move and have our being.”

BIRTH OF MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

By WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT.



NEAR the Falls of Minneha'ha—
 When our Michia'bo dwelt there—
 Lay twin lakes of placid beauty.
 Ghee'zis daily looked upon them,
 Annemee'kee rumbled 'neath them,
 Softening his “Baim wa'wa”
 Which boomed when 'neath Gitchie Gu'mee.

When Gushke'wau brought Nepah'win
 Kabibonok'ka turned homeward
 And Wabun' stole forth to watch them.
 Came Dahin'da and Kwone'she,
 Came then Jee'bi and Koko'ho
 Wooing each the blue-eyed lakelets,
 Which slept and dreamt and listened not.

When the Moon of Leaves came, stirred they;
 In the Moon of Berries list they
 As Wabun's voice called "Ona'way!
 Nenemoo'sha, Nush'ka! Nush'ka!"
 Minnewa'wa murmured o'er them
 And "Mudway-aush'ka" answered they,
 While old Nepah'win passed away.

Closer, closer then came Wabun',
 As Noko'mis long since taught him—
 Long ere Nenemoo'sha left him
 Ere Chia'bo passed down from him
 To dwell, throughout all the ages,
 Until Pau'guk brought Pone'mah,
 'Neath these waves of deepening blue.

Closer, closer still came Wabun,
 Softly murmuring: "Minnewa'wa!
 La Showain' neme'shin! Nush'ka!"
 Dimpled o'er with love the lakelets
 As Chia'bo rose from out them;
 While Wabun' with him soared upward
 Nenemoo'sha brooded o'er them
 With her wings, so beauteous, shining.

Ghee'zis looked long for the lakelets,
 Listened long for Mudway-aush'ka,
 While Wabun' Annung' Osse'o
 Oft at morn and evening smiled.
 Where the lakes had been the prairie
 Eve and morn called "Untahee', Moo!"
 While above soared wind and water.

 NOTES.

Anneme'e'kee, thunder; Baimwa'wa, sound of the thunder; Chia'bo or Michia'bo, an Indian messiah; Dahin'da, bull-frog; Ghee'zis, sun; Gitchie Gu'mee, big sea water, Lake Superior; Gushke'wau, darkness; Jee'bi, spirits of the dead; Kabibonok'ka, the north wind; Koko'ho, owl; Kwone'she, dragon fly; La Showain'neme'shin, "pity me;" Minneha'ha, laughing water; Minnewa'wa, the wind's love call; Moo, listen; Moon of Leaves, May; Moon of Berries, June; Mudway-aush'ka, sound of waves on the shore; Nenemoo'sha, brooding love; Nepahwin, sleep; Noko'mis, wisdom; Nush'ka, "look;" Ona'way, awake; Osse'o, evening star, born of wind and water; Pauguk, death; Pone'mah, the Hereafter; Untahee', God of water; Wabun', wind from the East; Wabun' Annung, morning star, born of wind and water.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

What is meant by the Cycle of Necessity?

In the Secret Doctrine (Vol I., p. 17) the Cycle of Necessity is given as synonymous with the Cycle of Incarnation. It is also stated that the pilgrimage of the Soul is obligatory, this pilgrimage or cycle of incarnation being through all forms of manifestation, the soul gaining experience in and passing through all successive stages of existence until finally it attains the highest.

The expression "cycle of necessity" seems to convey preëminently the idea that all life is under law, that in coming into manifested existence we do but carry out the law of our own being. Having once started forth on its journey, the Soul is bound to the wheel of existence until it shall have accomplished its whole course. But in no sense is this necessity laid upon the Soul by any extraneous power, but is the expression of its own nature and its own inner purposes, and however much to the personal man it may at times seem as though he were here without his own volition or against his will, yet if he will look deep enough he will find that the will to live is within himself and that, in fact, it is his *own* inner will that keeps him in life.

If this can be thoroughly realized, then we can begin to look around and within to discover the method and the purpose of existence and we shall begin to find that while bound, we yet are free—free, because of the existence and controlling power of law. By every thought, by every act, we weave for ourselves a small or great cycle of necessity, for we thereby sow the seed of which we must reap the harvest. We are free in that we can sow either good or bad seed and can thus hasten or retard our progress in the great Cycle of Necessity. And herein is one of the great secrets of Life, that being bound by reason of his own nature and will to the wheel of existence he can make that existence what he will. At each moment the two paths are open to him, either to live for self or for others.

J. H. F.

Is conscience an infallible guide?

It would be strange if it were not. Consider it as spiritual instinct, standing to man as physiological instinct stands to the animal. The whole series of acts in the life of an animal tends to the preservation of his powers. Nature works in (or as) him for her own evolution.

Physiological evolution made man possible; through him can spiritual nature henceforth sound her note of guidance along the further path of evolution, as through the animal speaks the wise voice of his physical nature. And both voices are perfect guides, each on its own plane.

It is the habit of man, on the one hand, to make subtle, half-conscious, and most skilful misinterpretations of the divine voice (when not openly flouting it); and on the other to mistake for it the distillations and rarefied vapours of his own desires.

G. N.

BIBLICAL TEXTS IN SUPPORT OF REINCARNATION.

Old Testament.—Job, xix.—26; Isaiah, xxvi.—19; Ezekiel, xxvii.—5, 6.

New Testament.—Matthew, ii.—14, 15; xviii.—12; Mark, ix.—12; Luke, ix.—18; xx.—36; John, i.—21; v.—28, 29; ix.—2; I. Peter, iii.—19—20; II. Peter, iii.—8, 9; Revelations, iii.—12.

J. A. A.

YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

THE SKY WORLD.

By PLXY.

THE whispering gallery of the sky world is a wonderful place. It is a fairies have hung a magical curtain, woven from the colors of the great round tunnel, and across the end of it nearest the earth the rainbow, and filled with patterns of all kinds. You might call it a sensitive sheet of color. It contains globes and triangles and squares and stars and all sorts of devious shapes. All the words that have been used in the cave of the air are collected here, for after they have been heard the fairy to whom they are given doesn't care to carry them around or pack them away like so much baggage, so they built the whispering gallery, and as the words float into it they are attracted to the various figures, each of which is lustrous with color, and as they pass through the figures they are changed into human thought and reflected to the earth to be used by anybody who wishes them.

Besides this common stock of pretty thoughts they are always ready to send specially prepared packages of thoughts to any one.

The palace of the Fairy Queen, who is the jolliest sylph in all the jolly crowd, is beautiful beyond words, and you must really make the trip yourselves if you would appreciate its beauty and convenience. It is built on a magical plan. It never contains less than a thousand rooms, but it can never be overcrowded, for the bigger the crowd the bigger the palace grows, and sometimes all the fairies of the air gather within its walls to dance or banquet or play at games.

Next in importance to the palace is the home of the Fairy Mother, who conducts a great thought factory. She has rooms upon rooms filled full of all kinds of nice thoughts, and she is continually inventing new kinds, and all of them are free to all who want them, whether men or fairies. She also keeps a picture gallery, in which there are photographs of the minds of all the Earth people, showing how they are from day to day. Careful watch is kept of this, and every day the fairies send to each person the kind of thoughts they need to make them happy. But even with this close watch they cannot always help the humans, unless the latter are willing to be happy, for while the fairies can

send the right kind of thoughts, they cannot compel people to use them against their will.


Then we visited a sport factory, where new games are being invented.

All of the sky fairies are great workers, but they are all so happy that their work is play to them, and they tell me that in all their history they have never had among themselves the least bit of ill humor, though sometimes they are saddened by the troubles human people inflict upon themselves.

We went to many other places, and it really seemed that we spent many hours of time, but when Verita and Purita brought me home the clock was striking eleven.

THE MAIDEN FISH-TAMER.

(From "The Templar's Magazine," January, 1870.)

 FEW years ago I read in the newspapers that a little girl in the town of Hingham, in Massachusetts, had tamed the fishes in a small lake near her father's residence. I will give the facts as they occurred at the time, and in the language which I employed then, in giving some account of them. Visiting the place for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of what had been said, but arriving somewhat late in the day, I deferred the specific inquiries which were the object of my coming till the next morning.

Quite early in the morning, passing through a long reach of woods, which was without habitation, I came to the little girl's residence, which was near the small lake or pond. Knocking at the door, and making such apology as I was able for a visit so early, I remarked to the mother that I had come for the purpose of seeing the fishes over which her little daughter was said to have obtained a remarkable control. Readily accepting my explanations, she pointed to a place on the brink of the water, and said that her daughter would soon go down there. I had not stood there long before a little girl, apparently anxious not to detain me, came running down.

Seating herself on a rock near the shore, and looking into the mirror of the morning waters, she called aloud to the fishes, calling them sometimes by the names of their tribes and sometimes by particular names which she had given them. There was one, a large one, in which she was particularly interested, which she called Cato. But Cato either did not hear her, or was not in a hurry to come. She made an apology for the fishes, saying that it was earlier than she had been in the habit of calling them, and that they had not yet left their places of slumber. But, repeating still louder the invitations of her sweet voice, they soon began to make their appearance. The smaller ones came first, and then the larger ones of many varieties, and at last Cato, who was a sort of king and counsellor in this finny congregation, came among them.

Delighted with this renewed visit of their virgin queen, although they seemed to be conscious it was rather early in the morning, they thrust their heads above the water, and she fed them from her hand. And I fed them, also.

Observing something peculiar at a little distance in the water, I was surprised to see two turtles making their way toward her. Her voice of affection had penetrated beneath their dark, hard shells. And I noticed that they came with great effort and zeal, as if afraid of being too late at this festival of love. As soon as they reached the shore one of them scrambled out of the water and climbed upon the little rock beside her. She fed them both. I shall not easily forget this interesting scene—this little episode of millennial humanity.

Oh, maiden of the woods and wave,
 With footsteps in the morning dew!
 From oozy bed and watery cave,
 The tenants of the lake who drew,
 Thy voice of love the mystery knew,
 Which makes old bards and prophets true.

They tell us of that better day,
 When love shall rule the world again;
 When crimes and fraud shall pass away,
 And beast and bird shall dwell with men;
 When seas shall marry with the land,
 And fishes kiss a maiden's hand.

The iron age has done its best
 With trump and sword and warrior's slain;
 But could not tame the eagle's nest,
 Nor lead the lion by the mane;
 With all its strength and all its woe,
 There was an art it did not know.

'Twas fitting that a maid like thee,
 In childhood's bright and happy hour,
 Should teach the world the mystery
 That white-robed innocence has power;
 That love the victory can gain,
 Which is not won by millions slain.

Oh, man, if thou wouldst know the art,
 The shattered world to reinstate,
 Like her put on a loving heart,
 And throw away the guile and hate.
 A maid shall tell thee how 'tis done,
 A child shall show the victory won.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

The New Year, 1900, for which we have looked with so much hope, is now fairly begun, and the first day and many days afterward, witnessed such a stream of Greetings, Declarations of devotion to the principles of Theosophy and the Universal Brotherhood Constitution, and Loyalty to and Support of our three great Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, that it seemed as though a great song were being sung all around the World and that we could catch the music of the Song of Brotherhood from every race and every land upon the globe.

Greetings to the Leader were cabled from England, Sweden, Holland and many parts of America.

From the letters received by Bro. E. A. Neresheimer, Chairman of the Cabinet of Universal Brotherhood reporting the New Cycle Declaration Meetings, the following extracts are given. These were received from every Lodge in the Country, but it is only possible to quote from a few:

SEATTLE, WASH.—Our meeting was unanimous and spontaneous. We go forward into the next Century, full of Hope that we may be worthy soldiers of our Leader in the great fight against the Hosts of Darkness.

Dec. 31, 1899.

F. I. Blodgett, Pres't U. B. L. 100.

OAKLAND, CAL.—Count on U. B. Lodge 85, Oakland, for support, *moral* and *physical*, in defense of the principles of our great Cause.

Dec. 29, 1899.

Alfred Spinks, Pres't. U. B. L. 85.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—How glad every heart must be to respond to the request for the New Cycle Declarations. It seems as though the very atmosphere was full of the joy of all those who have had this opportunity and availed themselves of it.

Dec. 28, 1899.

Julia S. Yates.

TACOMA, WASH.—Just a few lines to say that I mailed you to-day, a box of scrolls. They are an armor-plate for our Leader and testify to what you already know—that Tacoma shows a solid front.

The Ceremony last evening was most beautiful and impressive.

The Tacoma members are *all* workers. "No loafers need apply" is our unwritten law. We don't shine in letter writing, but the Leader knows, and you know, that we will be on deck when some others may be gone. Please enlist us with the "Old Guard," and when the final struggle comes, call us to sacrifice.

Dec. 27, 1899.

Fred G. Plummer, Pres't U. B. L. 116.

BOSTON, MASS.—We held a most inspiring meeting. Boston is *solid*, as usual.

Dec. 29, 1899.

Robt. Crosbie, Pres't. U. B. L. 28.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.—The Link is still unbroken, we are *still* in the work of the Greatest Movement this world has ever known, and hope in the coming years of the New Century to help in the work of "Truth, Light and Liberation"—rendering noble service to all that lives.

Dec. 27, 1899.

L. H. Littlefield, U. B. L. 19.

STOCKTON, CAL.—We are all united here in purpose and thought and the work is prospering.

Dec. 27, 1899.

J. W. Rupert, Pres't U. B. L. 3.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Never has such a meeting been held as on New Year's Eve, when the members handed in their New Cycle Declarations. Every note rang true and clear. We are united in purpose; strong in devotion; loyal to our Leader, and march forward into the New Time, with joy in our hearts, rendering noble service to all that lives.

Jan. 1, 1900.

J. H. Fussell, Sec'y Aryan T. S.

VICTORIA, B. C.—In a set of resolutions, unanimously passed by U. B. L. 87, at its annual meeting, the members reaffirm their "Loyalty, Trust and Devotion to the Leader," and send Greetings to the Cabinet and to every Lodge of Universal Brotherhood throughout the world. The Resolutions conclude as follows:

"Resolved, that we, for our Lodge and for ourselves individually, hereby place on record our firm determination to ever remain true and faithful to the Cause of Universal Brotherhood, to render it our unwavering service throughout the years to come, and to defend and protect it with all our strength."

Signed by the Members, U. B. L. 87.

U. B. L. 2, BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

From the Members of the above Lodge to the President and Members of the Parent Theosophical Society in America:

Dear Comrades.—We, the undersigned, most heartily echo the note of energy, comradeship, and loyalty to our Leader and the Cause, so clearly sounded in your welcome greeting of the 23d ult.

We feel that, united as we now are in one body, made strong through loyalty to our Head and Heart, all the "fiery darts" hurled at us will fall powerless and that, ere long, thousands of comrade souls who are seeking the Light will find it again and be "saved."

"With heartiest greetings to yourself, dear President, and to all our Comrades in the Land of the Coming Race, and with joyful hope for the New Century which is dawning, We are, Eternally yours,

Signed by the Members of U. B. L. 2. (Eng.)

WILKINSBURG, PA.—Dear Leader and Comrades.—As the last moments of the old year 1899 pass from us, we, the members of Lodge No. 58, send you greetings for the New Year; trusting that your labor as well as ours and all, for the Great Cause of Universal Brotherhood, may be prolific of even greater results at the end of the coming year of 1900 than of the year just closed and joined to the past Eternity.

Dec. 31, 1899.

Signed by all the Members, U. B. L. 58.

SIoux CITY, IA.—We are happy to have had the privilege of making the "New Cycle Declaration." Our meeting was a helpful one and our loving thoughts go out to the Leader. May many loyal and devoted hearts give their glad service to the Cause of Universal Brotherhood.

Dec. 26, 1899.

Signed by the Members, U. B. L. 66.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN NEW YORK.

On New Year's Eve we had an experience of one meeting following another from 8.15 p. m. to 3 a. m. The first meeting was a public one. The Aryan Hall was crowded, many not able to find seats. H. T. Patterson was chairman. Short

addresses were given by J. H. Fussell, by H. T. Edge and H. Coryn, two of Mme. Blavatsky's old pupils; W. E. Gates, of Cleveland; C. Thurston, of Providence; Miss Bergman, of Sweden; C. L. Carpenter, and Mrs. C. F. Ober, of Chicago.

Following this meeting was held the first regular meeting since its reorganization of the

H. P. B. LODGE, No. 10, U. B.

The Leader opened the meeting by welcoming the new President of the Lodge, Mrs. Vespera Freeman. It was an enthusiastic meeting and many of the members and visiting members spoke. It was unanimously decided to send a letter of greeting to all Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood. The Lodge has entered upon its new cycle of activity under the most favorable auspices, and the devotion of its members is a promise of a wide sphere of Brotherhood activity in the future.

The third meeting was the New Cycle Declaration meeting for all the New York members; this lasted until the birth of the New Year. We regretted much the absence of our President, E. A. Neresheimer, who was in Europe, but he was remembered and a place kept for him.

MAGNUM OPUS.

The Power of the Great Work, culminating this year at Point Loma was told in that *Master Proclamation* in Symbolism given to the people of the earth by the Great Helpers of the Race.

Supreme events are fittingly portrayed in Symbolism. This hour bears witness to the "Magnum Opus" for the people of the Earth and all creatures. The consummation of ages of devotion to bring Truth, Light and Liberation has found its *being* on the Point of Light at last.

Truth comes not as a stranger, or as an astonishment, but as belonging to us—a heritage. The quest for Truth is not a vain search, and it is not at all strange to find that the problem of life is well solved and known, and all that is required is to extend the Proclamation by active service in the philosophy of life for it to be known far and wide. Then, when this is known, first in thought and afterwards in action, the immense work will be straight before us. A work which is at once a splendid achievement and a delightful occupation filling to the utmost all the noblest desires of the heart.

The doubts and anxieties of the world are destined to shortly disappear and speculative theories of every conceivable absurdity and disorder will cease.

This will be an intense relief to the common heart, an immense burden thrown off, and the joy of childhood will assert itself. The great work will be commenced—be born.

There is something indescribably invigorating in this great work of Universal Brotherhood. It makes one joyous and buoyant, which, of course, is strictly scientific, for it is the true outlet of the cosmic life force. At every whole-hearted act we take a plunge bath in the elixir of life, and so at each new effort, a new energy and deeper power for service is found.

T. W. WILLANS.

A U M

TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

Would you paint a great picture, be a good man. Would you carve a perfect statue, be a pure man. Would you enact a wise law, be a just man." JOHN RUSKIN.

Universal Brotherhood Path.

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—♦—RUSKIN.—♦—

By A. N. W.

Born in the early part of the century, John Ruskin was of those faithful souls who have guarded the Lamp of Truth amid the rough storm of commercial upheaval, and the dead calm of international prosperity; one who has never ceased in his endeavor to induce his fellow men to see this light, and let it illumine their work, of whatever nature or quality.

He was one of the torch bearers of the nineteenth century who has not feared to cast the light he carried into the darkest phases of our civilization, his enthusiasm has never flagged, his direct truthfulness has not faltered. Like one of the prophets of old crying to the people to leave their idols and turn to the true god, he has ever proclaimed the highest, the best and the noblest. "There is in man," says Carlyle, "a higher than love of happiness, he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness. Was it not to preach forth this same higher that sages and martyrs, poet and priest, in all times have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony through life and death, of the God-like that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom!"

This counsel of perfection is Ruskin's gospel. "For all noble things," he says, "the time is long and the way rude. Patience and submission to the eternal laws of Pain and Time, and acceptance of them as inevitable, smiling at the grief, with heart of peace accept the pain, and attend the hours; and as the husbandman in his waiting, you shall see first the blade, and then the ear, and then the laughing of the valleys. But refuse the law and seek to do your work in your own time—and you shall have no harvest."

"A great idealist never can be egotistic," says Ruskin, "the whole of his power depends upon his losing his sight and feeling of his own existence, and becoming a mere witness and mirror of truth, and scribe of visions, always passive in sight, passive in utterance, lamenting continually that he cannot completely reflect, nor clearly utter all he has seen." Again he writes, "I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by hu-

militarily doubt of his own powers, or hesitation of speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the revelation between what he can do and say and the rest of the world's doings and sayings." Such men have "a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that greatness is not in them, but through them, that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and god-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful."

John Ruskin was born in 1819; he spent most of his childhood at Herne Hill, where his father, a prosperous wine merchant, had purchased a house. Recounting some of the advantages of his childish education he says: "Best and truest of all blessings I had been taught the perfect meaning of peace, in thought, act, and word." Never, he says, had he heard his father's or mother's voice raised in any question with each other, nor seen an angry, or even a slightly hurt, or offended glance in the eyes of either; never heard or saw a servant scolded, nor saw any disorder in household matters, nor had he any idea of anxiety. In this way was preserved to him what he calls, "This priceless gift of peace." He also received a perfect understanding of the nature of obedience and faith, he learned to obey every word of father and mother, simply as a ship her helm. Nothing was promised that was not given, nothing ever threatened that was not inflicted, and nothing told that was not true. "Peace, obedience, faith, these three for chief good, next to these the habit of fixed attention, with both eyes and mind,—this being the main practical faculty of my life, but," he goes on to say, "I had nothing to love."

This want of love was deeply felt. He pathetically relates that his parents were to him "in a sort, visible powers of nature, no more loved than the sun and moon." So this little being spent an isolated childhood, though so carefully trained and anxiously watched. Still he was happy, living in a world of his own creation. Anne Richie (Thackeray's daughter), writing of the childhood of Ruskin, says: "Almost every child has some natural glamour and instinct of its own, by which the glare of life is softened, and the first steep ways garlanded, and eased, and charmed. We call those men poets who retain this divine faculty all their lives, and who are able to continue looking at the world with the clear gaze of childhood. Such a poet was Ruskin if ever man was one."

Ruskin was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1837, his parents having set their hearts on his going into the church, but though that was not to be, he has ever been a teacher, and a preacher of the church not built with hands. The great Universal Brotherhood of men acknowledge him as one of the teachers who have been sent by those who know, for he has ever upheld truth, and declaimed against falseness. Ruskin describes the first sermon he ever preached, he remembers himself as a very little boy, thumping on a red cushion before him, saying, "People be good!" This has been his theme ever since. After taking his degree at Oxford, he began to ask himself what his work in the world was to be. What should he do so as to be of the greatest help to his fellow

men? and soon after this, on publishing the first volume of *Modern Painters*, he seemed to feel where his power lay, and to understand the message he had to deliver. It is the right understanding of the work he has to do, that often constitutes the success or failure of the worker. Speaking of his time he says, "I must get on to the days of opening sight, and effective labor, and to the scenes of noble education which all men who keep their hearts open receive to the end of their days." That he has kept this open heart all through his life, is very apparent, as one perceives how his earlier ideas and criticisms are modified, and often altered for broader, wider views of life and art.

Writing of *Modern Painters*, he says, the second volume was not meant to be in "the least like what it is." Going to Italy to revise his first impressions of art, he found much to see that had before escaped him, and much that he had already seen that was viewed through a different medium; his gaze was now profounder, his insight deeper. Writing of his life in Italy at this period, he says: "Serious, enthusiastic, worship and wonder and work: up at six, drawing, studying, thinking, breaking bread and drinking wine at intervals; homeward the moment the sun went down." This was the sort of life our poet and seer led, while he was putting his noble thoughts into words.

It is about this period that Ruskin seems to have come under the influence of Carlyle, whom he speaks of as one of the three great masters who had helped to form his character, the others being Tintoretto and Turner, the first having died two hundred years before, while Turner was still in his prime. What Carlyle thought of Ruskin is shown by a letter he wrote to Emerson about this time. He says: "There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as these fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness, that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have."

Ruskin's intuition and vivid imagination, when brought into combination with his capacity for work, and his great love of nature, were not to be exceeded. "My entire delight," he writes, "was in observing without being observed: if I could have been invisible all the better. I was absolutely interested in men and their ways, as I was interested in marmots, and chamois, and trout, the living habitation of the world, the grazing and nesting in it, the spiritual power of the air, the rocks, the water; to be in the midst of it, and rejoice and wonder at it; this is the root of all that I have usefully become." This extract shows his sympathy with all creatures, all that lives, from the elements up to man: all life he saw was but part of the One Life, that divine essence that throbs through the universe.

All architecture Ruskin held embodied certain stages and crises of the human evolution. "The Seven Lamps" was written to show that "certain right states of temper, and moral feeling, were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced." In the *Stones of Venice*, he endeavors to prove that the Gothic architecture of Venice sprang from, and

displayed "a state of pure faith, and of domestic virtue, and that its renaissance architecture rose from a state of concealed national infidelity and domestic corruption."

Everything had for him a moral and a meaning. He loved to dwell on things as they should be, rather than as they are. "In these books of mine," he says in *Modern Painters*, "their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in a human passion, or a human hope." Ruskin has many wonderful thoughts on color harmony and symbolism. In *Deucalion* we note this passage: "In these natural relations of color the human sight, in health, is joyfully sensitive, as the ear is to the harmonies of sound; but what healthy sight is you may well suppose I have not time to define,—the nervous powers of the eye being dependent on the perfect purity of the blood supplied to the brain, as well as on the entire soundness of the nervous tissue to which that blood is supplied; and how much is required through the thoughts and conduct of generations to make the new blood of our race of children, it is for your physicians to tell you when they have themselves discovered this medicinal truth, that the divine laws of the life of men cannot be learned in the pain and death of brutes."

Writing on the symbolic meaning of colors, he tells us that "Or, or gold, stands between the light and darkness as the sun who rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course, between morning and evening. Its heraldic name is Sol, and it stands for the strength and honor of all men who run their race in noble work, whose path is as a shining light. *Purple*, or purple, is the kingly color: it is rose color darkened or saddened with blue, the color of love in noble or divine sorrow, borne by the kings whose witness is in heaven, and their labor on the earth. Its stone is Jacinth, Hyacinth and Amethyst." "You hear me tell you this positively and without hesitation," he says, "what these things mean, but mind you I tell you so after thirty years' work, and that directed wholly to the end of finding out the truth, whether it was pretty or ugly to look in the face of." He goes on to tell us that he has found that "the ultimate truth, the central truth, is always pretty, but there is a superficial truth, or halfway truth which may be very ugly, which the earnest and faithful worker has to face, and fight, and pass over the body of, feeling it to be his enemy, but which a careless-seeker may be stopped by, and a misbelieving seeker will be delighted and stay with gladly."

Of symbols he says: "It is perfectly true that every great symbol, as it has on one side a meaning of comfort, has on the other side one of terror: and if to noble persons it speaks of noble things, to ignoble persons it will as necessarily speak of ignoble things." Again he says, "Under all these heraldic symbols, as there is for thoughtful and noble persons the spiritual sense, so for thoughtless and sensual persons there is the sensual one, and can be no other. Every word has only the meaning its hearer can receive." "The symbols can only reflect to you what you have made your own mind, what you have determined for your own fate."

Ruskin has recorded that he perceived very early in life the deep sanctity of nature, from the least object to the greatest. Nature he seems to view as a great entity which caused him a feeling of intense awe mixed with delight; it was as if he recognised a vast being—a Planetary Spirit—causing an indefinable thrill, indicative of an entity beyond the normal human ken, but recognisable by one who can ascend into the higher realms of vision. "It is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies," he writes; "not in the clash of the hail, or in the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice."

Ruskin is one of the most eloquent writers on the beauties of nature that England has produced, and sees plainly that every form of life is simply another medium through which the divine manifests; "this life that passes through form after form," he says, "from rocks, flowers, trees, animals, culminates in man—man within whom the divine essence is able to function—and returns to God who gave it." And again he writes, "Nature worship will be found to bring with it such a sense of the presence and power of a great spirit as no mere reasoning can induce."

Some years ago Ruskin wrote an article in a current magazine on the "Nature and Authority of Miracles." In this paper he says he thinks it impossible to know what are the laws of Nature, and also impossible to determine if the laws so called by man are absolute, or if they are not amenable to other forces of which our finite intellect is not cognizant. "I know so little," he says, "and this little I know is so inexplicable, that I dare not say anything is wonderful because it is strange to me, and not wonderful because it is familiar." He implies that it is the abnormal that often gives the key to the normal, as the momentary flash of the lightning illumines the landscape. It is not the uniform forces, but the rare ones, that put us in connection with those divine powers which we know encircle us, though our corporeal eyes are not yet able to view them. Spiritual influence has ever been intermittent; in other words, the medium is not always able to transmit the light, and then occur those periods of spiritual darkness when there is no "open vision," no power to reflect the light. So Ruskin seems to say that what are called miracles, though superhuman, need not be supernatural. It is indeed true that the laws of Nature are far too vast for our interpretation; we may be quite sure that those laws, did we know them, are absolute and eternally fixed, but with our limited knowledge how can we tell what is a law, or what its limits are? When we can lay claim to true wisdom, when our intelligence is illuminated by the light of divine insight, then, perhaps, we might venture to say if the laws of nature extend to the marvels we sometimes call miracles, and if they are not the outcome of some law of which we are now ignorant.

The bond that unites us to our fellow men, "the electric chain by which we are darkly bound," is a subject of deep thought for our philosopher; in unity he perceives the strength of the race for action. He says, "The love of the

human race is increased by their individual differences, and the unity of the creature made perfect by each having something to bestow, and to receive, bound to the rest by a thousand various necessities, and various gratitudes, humility in each rejoicing to admire in his fellows that which he finds not in himself, and each being, in some respect, the complement of his race." And again he says, "There is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures. The unity of earthly creatures is their power, and their peace, the living peace of trust, and the living power of support of hands that hold each other and are still."

"It is good," says Ruskin, "to read of that kindness and humility of Saint Francis of Assisi, who spoke never to bird, or cicada, nor even to wolf, and beasts of prey, but as his brothers, and so we find are moved the minds of all good and mighty men." Ruskin, who felt this brotherhood with all that lives, was much drawn to St. Francis. He tells a story of his own life while in Rome which might be mentioned here as typical of this brotherhood. He was in the habit of giving alms to the poor he met in the streets, and among these he was especially attracted, by his beautiful and sad expression, to a begging friar, who stood on the steps of the Pincio. This man generally received a gift from him as he passed. One day the grateful beggar endeavored to kiss the hand of his benefactor, who, drawing his hand away with sudden impulse, bent down and kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the poor man called at Ruskin's house to offer a gift, which he said was a relic of St. Francis d'Assisi, a small portion of rough brown cloth, that had formed part of the saint's robe. Ruskin then remembered that he had once dreamed that he was a Franciscan friar, and in this way he was led to make a pilgrimage to the convent of St. Francis of Assisi, where he first saw those frescoes of Giotto, which he found more beautiful than anything that Tintoretto, whom he had so much admired, had produced.

Was it, perhaps, St. Francis himself, who, in the form of the beggar, led the master to the shrine where he found what so delighted him? At least it shows that the love of all beings, the seeing the divine shining through the lowliest of creatures brings its own reward, and whoso gives a cup of cold water to one of these little ones hears the refrain, "Ye have done it unto me." So he who has such power to penetrate into the heart of things, into the life of the crystal, nay, even that in the commonest stone, or bit of stick, he has also power to see that the divine spirit of harmony and life permeates all men.

Deucalion, which Ruskin calls "A collection of studies of lapse of waves, and life of stones," he dedicates to Proserpine and Deucalion, "because," he says, "I think it well that young students should first learn the myths of betrayal and redemption and the spirit which moved on the face of the wide first waters as taught to the heathen world, and because in this power, Proserpine and Deucalion are at least as true as Eve or Noah, and all four incomparably truer than the Darwinian theory. And in general the reader may take it for a first principle both in science and literature, that the feeblest myth is better than the

strongest theory ; the one recording a national impression on the imaginations of great men and unpretending multitudes ; the other an unnatural exertion of the wits of little men, and half wits of impertinent multitudes."

Speaking of the tendency to burlesque everything, so prevalent in our time, Ruskin says that it is the "effervescence from the putrid instincts which fasten themselves on national sin, and are in the midst of the luxury of European capitals, the mocking levity and gloom being equally signs of the death of the soul ; just as contrariwise, a passionate seriousness, and a passionate joyfulness are signs of its full life." He goes on to say, "It is to recover this stern seriousness, this pure and thrilling joy, together with perpetual sense of spiritual presence, that all true education of youth must now be directed. This seriousness, this passion, this universal religion, are the first principles, the true root of all art, as they are of all doing, and all being. Get this *vis viva* first and all great work will follow."

Ruskin defines the difference between religion and superstition in the following passage, "Superstition," he says, "is the fear of a spirit whose passions are those of a man, whose acts are the acts of a man, who is present in some places, not in others, who makes some places holy, and not others ; who is kind or unkind, pleased or angry, according to the degree of attention you pay him, or praise you refuse to him ; who is hostile generally to human pleasure but may be bribed by sacrifice of a part of that pleasure into permitting the rest." This, he says, "whatever form of faith it colors is the essence of superstition. And Religion is the belief in a spirit,—to whom all creatures, times, or things are everlastingly holy, and who claims all the days we live, and all the things we are, but who claims that totally because he delights only in the delight of his creatures ; and because, therefore, the one duty they owe Him, and the only service they can render Him,—is to be happy. A spirit, therefore, whose eternal benevolence cannot be angered, cannot be appeased ; whose laws are everlasting, so that heaven and earth must indeed pass away if one jot of them failed ; laws which attach to every wrong and every error a measured, inevitable penalty ; to every rightness and prudence an assured reward ; penalty of which the remittance cannot be purchased ; and reward of which the promise cannot be broken."

This sounds like an exposition of the *Law of Karma*. Ruskin goes on to show us the effect of this true religion on Art, and the baleful influence of superstition. "Religion" he remarks, "devotes the artist, hand and mind, to the service of the Gods ; superstition makes him the slave of ecclesiastic pride, or forbids his work altogether in terror or disdain. Religion perfects the form of the divine statue, superstition distorts it into ghastly grotesque. Religion contemplates the Gods as the lords of healing and life, surrounds them with glory of affectionate service, and festivity of pure human beauty. Superstition contemplates its idols as lords of death, appeases them with blood, and vows itself to them in torture and solitude. Religion proselytes by love, superstition by persecution. Religion gave granite shrine to the Egyptians, golden temple to the Jew, sculptured corridor to the Greek, pillared aisle and frescoed wall to the Christian."

Ruskin tells us that there is only one way in which we can assure good art, and that is "to enjoy it." If what is false or second rate appeals to us, we shall only get that. He says "*No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort, a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort.*" Of all the greatest works we do not say, "there has been great effort," but there has been great power here. This he adds, "is not the weariness of mortality but the strength of divinity." But, he thinks the man of genius is, as a rule, more ready to work than other people, and is often so little conscious of the divinity in himself, that he is apt to ascribe his power to his work, and has said when asked how he became what he is, "If I am anything, which I much doubt, I have made myself so merely by labor." This was Newton's way of speaking of himself, and Ruskin thinks that it would be the general tone of men whose genius had been devoted to natural sciences.

Genius in art, he thinks, must be more self conscious, "It is no man's business whether he has genius or not," he continues, "work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced result of such work will be always the things God meant him to do and will be his best. No agonies nor heart rendings will enable him to do any better. If he be a great man they will be great things; if a small man, small things; but always if thus peacefully done, good and right; always if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable."

Ruskin speaks of the men who have made art their profession, and says that they are not generally happy men; the reason, he thinks, is that "they are expected, and themselves expect, to make their bread *by being clever*—not by steady or quiet work; and are therefore, for the most part, trying to be clever, and so living in an utterly false state of mind and action." What is the artist's true function? What his real work? Ruskin believes that that work is a religious one, that the artist has power to give reality to forms of faith, and truth to ancient myths and histories, by giving visible shape to them. The art of any country, he says, is the "exponent of its social and political virtues."

Speaking of the morality of art, he says, "So far from Art being immoral, little else except Art is moral; life without industry is guilt, and industry without Art is brutality; and for the words 'good,' and 'wicked,' used of men, you may almost substitute the words 'makers,' or 'destroyers.'" The true workers, he says, "redeem inch by inch the wilderness into the garden ground; by the help of their joined hands the order of all things is surely sustained, there is no hour of human existence that does not draw on toward the perfect day."

One of the most popular of Ruskin's books is "Sesame and Lilies." It is divided into two parts: "Sesame, or King's treasures," and "Lilies, or Queen's gardens." Under the former heading he has much to say to us of books and how to read them.

He tells us of "Bread made of that old enchanted Arabic grain the *Sesame*, which opens doors; doors not of robbers, but of Kings' Treasuries." He says this food for the mind, this power we all have, of becoming conversant with the

thoughts and feelings of great and divinely taught men, is given us through books. All books, he tells us, "are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour and the book of all time." "The *real* book is written when the author has something to say which he believes to be true, and useful or helpfully beautiful," and this he must say as clearly and melodiously as he can. "He would fain set it down for ever, engrave it on rock if he could; saying 'this is the best of me,' for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, and loved, and hated, like another, my life was as the vapor and is not; but this I saw and knew." He goes on to say that books of this kind have been written in all ages by great thinkers; that we have the choice of all these, and that life is short,—then speaking of the possibilities of this short life he says: "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable boy, when you may talk with Queens and Kings! Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on no other terms; you must, in a word, love these people if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use."

If an author is worth anything, we cannot get at his meaning all at once, for while he says what he means, he cannot say it all; the deepest thought is hidden away and given as a reward to those who seek long enough. "No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*, nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read and loved and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it as the soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store."

Of education, Ruskin says it is not "the equalizer, but the discerner of men." So far from being instrumental for gathering riches, "the first lesson of wisdom is to disdain them and of gentleness to diffuse." He thinks it is not yet possible for all men to be gentlemen, as even under the best training some will be too selfish to refuse wealth and some too dull to desire leisure, but even that might be possible, he says, "if England truly desired her supremacy among the nations to be in kindness and in learning," and he continues, "above all, it is needful that we do this by redeeming the people from their present pain of self contempt, and by giving them rest." We ought, he says, to aim at an "ideal national life," when none of the employments shall be unhappy, or debasing in their tendency.

Speaking of the Theatre and the Museum as means of noble education, he says: "Dramatic and Didactic Art should be universally national, but the museum is only for what is eternally right and well done according to divine law and human skill; the least things are to be there, and the greatest; but all good with the goodness that makes a child cheerful and an old man calm; the simple should go there to learn, the wise to remember." Ruskin spent some of the best years of his life in endeavoring to show the beauty and excellence of Turner's work; he then had perfect faith in the power of great truth, or beauty to prevail, and take its rightful place. But he found, or seemed to find, that his time had been wasted, and what grieved him most in this disappointment was the discovery that the most splendid genius in art might be allowed

to labor and perish unknown, "that in the very fineness of this art there might be something rendering it invisible to ordinary eyes." That was the first mystery of life revealed to him.

But he goes on to tell us that the more his life disappointed him, "the more solemn and wonderful it became;" it seemed as if "the vanity of it was indeed given in vain, but that there was something behind the veil of it which was not vanity." He saw that the failure, and the success in petty things, that was worse than failure, both came from "an earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence, and to bring it to a noble end;" and he came to see that all enduring success in art, or in any occupation, comes from a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature, however gradual; and in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part would be swallowed up in immortality. Ruskin speaks of Turner as "a man of sympathy absolutely infinite, a sympathy so all-embracing," that he knows of "nothing comparable to it but that of Shakespeare." Contrasting Turner and Millais, he says: "They stand at opposite poles, making culminating points of art. They are among the few men who have defied all false teaching, and have, therefore, in great measure done justice to the gift with which they were entrusted." So Ruskin gives out his gospel of Love and Beauty. To him the Artist is one of the chief mediums through which this message reaches the people. The function of the true artist is to be a seeing and a feeling creature, an instrument, so sensitive, so tender, that the most evanescent expression of things visible shall not escape him, and the invisible also shall so affect his work that the soul of it shall be understood by those that look on it; his place is neither to judge nor to argue, but to gaze, to perceive both what is visible to the outer vision and that inner sight "which is the bliss of solitude."

Let us all cultivate this artistic vision and endeavor to attain to this fount of joy and beauty, that might be such a power wherewith to aid Humanity. All literature, all art, should be studied with the view of gaining power to help those who have not this knowledge. It is this power over the illiterate, the unhappy, which is in the truest sense "kingly," and this, the "only one pure kind of kingship," enables one to guide and raise others not so endowed.

All true education should be used first to obtain this kingship, this divine power over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over those around us, who need our aid. Ruskin recognizes in all his works the idea of humanity advancing through long ages to a state of perfection; and that this natural evolution can be hastened by the mutual aid of each individual, when banded together in a strong phalanx. Already those of clear vision discern signs of a change, a new influence is abroad, occult powers are working, and there seems to be a presentiment in the hearts of many that a new era is dawning, when all men will indeed be brothers.

THE SPIRITUAL THREAD IN OPERA.—“FAUST.”

By ELIZABETH CHURCHILL MAYER.

“It is the artist’s lofty mission to shed light on the depths of the human heart.” So speaks Schumann, himself an artist, in one of his Davidite articles.

The true artist is born into this life with a soul attuned to the Beautiful. We use this term not in the modern superficial meaning, but in the manner of the old Greeks, implying that which is perfection, harmony and completeness in the man, as well as in the universe.

Such minds are the flower of humanity. Existence would be a cold, lifeless thing, like the earth without its sun, were it not for these creative souls, the poets, painters, sculptors, writers and musicians, who are continually bringing into objective form one or another aspect of the Beautiful.

So well did the ancients understand the laws of well-being that the study of the Beautiful, in its deepest sense, was an important part of their education. Plato advised that music and gymnastics be the two first essentials acquired—*music* to produce harmony and equilibrium of character, which is soul expansion, and *gymnastics* to develop strength and symmetry of form. These ideas were carried out to a great extent in their dramas, which were intended to educate the masses. By impersonating gods and goddesses they really partook of their substance, and called out in themselves spiritual powers which were godlike. “What a man thinks that he becomes,” is an axiom running through all the ancient religions. Could the operas and dramas of to-day be interpreted by actors equally conversant with the true philosophy of life, the thought of the world would be changed as by magic. They would become in reality true priests and priestesses of their art.

Victor Hugo says: “It is in the theatre that the public soul is formed.” The picture that the stage presents to-day is somewhat appalling. I fully believe that many a one takes up this profession with a lofty purpose, but finds himself unable to sustain that purpose under the mental pressure of the race, which has a morbid craving for novel diversions. Sooner or later the artist inevitably succumbs and becomes the common-place puppet of the public. The work of regenerating the stage and drama will be the mission of some strong and lofty soul, fully conscious of his purpose, who dares to do what he knows to be true.

Let us carry our thought into the operatic world. Many of the best masters of music have found extreme difficulty in getting desirable material for their operas. This was the reason why great Beethoven never wrote but one opera, “Fidelio.” Glück and Mozart drew much of their inspiration from Greek mythology, which offers abundant resource. Strangely enough, one of the most popular operas with the matter-of-fact public of the present day is a

mystical one, "Faust." We refer to the opera whose music was written by Gounod over forty years ago. Doubtless the two foremost reasons for its great popularity are these: because it deals with the most human, if one of the deepest problems, connected with humanity, and because it has a musical setting that could not be surpassed in its treatment of the subject. True, as now given, the opera of "Faust" is merely a fragment from the complete tragedy of "Faust." For a thorough comprehension of the opera one should read Goethe's entire poem.

Coupland styles this masterpiece of the great German poet as "the mystery-play of the nineteenth century." Founded on the Faust and Magus legends, opportunity was open to Goethe to weave around the characters of the drama all his deep knowledge of alchemy, philosophy, mythology and mysticism. The character of Doctor Faust reveals the evolution of that most complex of all problems, the soul's growth and final "birth into beauty."

A few days before his death Goethe wrote Von Humboldt: "More than sixty years ago the conception of 'Faust' lay clear before my youthful mind." The first part was completed in 1775, but the second part was not finished until the year 1831. Thus the experience of a genius' lifetime was woven into the poem. It is quite evident that Goethe was a strong admirer of and believer in ancient Greek philosophy. In the second part of the poem, founded on the Magus legend, he reveals a clear insight into what were termed the "Mysteries."

To fully grasp the meaning of the work one must also be a student of this ancient philosophy.

It would seem that Goethe had planned that this poem should be performed like Æschylus' plays as a trilogy. He also covers his meaning in much the same way as Æschylus did by personifying as nature-spirits, etc., the powers which work in man's nature. It is a marvel that this great work has not been dramatized into successive parts. Given under proper management and interpreted by students competent to understand and bring out the true beauties hidden therein, a series of most unique, instructive and beautiful performances could result.

The opera of "Faust" is slightly changed from the original work. Many of the wittiest, most caustic and significant conversations between Mephistopheles and Faust are omitted. The "Prologue in Heaven" furnishes the clue to the poem—indeed, without it, much of the meaning would be obscured. Some of the translators omitted it because many considered it impious. As, however, the modern mind labors under no such delusion, a brief synopsis of the Prologue is subjoined. The quotations are from the translation by Anna Swanwick.

The Lord is giving an audience to some of the angels, who have charge of the several spheres of the Universe, and amongst them is Mephistopheles. He evidently does not have an audience with the Lord very often, and expresses his pleasure in this manner:

"Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
And how it fares with us, to ask art fain,

Since thou hast kindly welcomed me of yore,
Thou see'st me also now among thy train.

* * * * *

Of suns and worlds I nothing have to say,
I see alone mankind's self torturing pains.
Better he might have fared, poor wight,
Had'st thou not given him a gleam of heavenly light;
Reason he names it, and doth so
Use it, than brutes more brutish still to grow."

Upon hearing this, the Lord asks Mephistopheles if he has nothing but blame to give—if nothing ever does seem right to him on the earth. Mephistopheles answers, "No, everything is in miserable plight." The Lord then inquires whether Mephistopheles knows his servant, Faust. "The Doctor?" says Mephistopheles, contemptuously. He is rather cynical about Dr. Faust's being a servant of the Lord, and points out in a flippant manner Faust's ambition and selfishness. The Lord replies to this:

"Though now he serves me with imperfect sight
I will ere long conduct him to the light."

Mephistopheles then wagers that he can lead Faust away from the Lord. The Lord allows this, saying, "that so long as Faust lives on earth it is not forbidden Mephistopheles to tempt him." "But," he adds, "after Mephistopheles has diverted this mortal spirit from his primal source," and used all his powers to drag him down, that he will still be obliged to own that a *good* man, even in the last depths of sin, will retain his consciousness of right."

Mephistopheles delightedly affirms that he can win the wager, and adds:

"Excuse my triumphing with all my soul,
Dust he shall eat, aye, and with relish take,
As did my cousin, the renownèd snake."

The Lord answers:

"I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee.

* * * * *

Ever too prone is man activity to shirk;
In unconditioned rest he fain would live;
Hence this companion purposely I give
Who stirs, excites, and must as devil work."
Heaven closes, leaving Mephistopheles soliloquizing thus:
"The ancient one I like sometimes to see,
And, not to break with him, am always civil—
'Tis courteous in so great a Lord as he
To speak so kindly even to the devil."

Although this interview has been the subject of much discussion, to students of the Universal Wisdom as expounded by Mme. Blavatsky and her successors there is no impiety conveyed. On the contrary, it is pregnant with meaning.

When Lucifer fell to earth and endowed man with celestial fire, man became the dual being we now see—one part constantly aspiring toward union with its divinity, the Lord, the other caught in the mad whirl of the animal desires, becoming the devil, or the God in man perverted.

“The throne of Satan is the foot-stool of Adonai.”

The tragedy of “Faust” can be taken as symbolical either of what occurs in the soul of the whole human race, or in the individual only. For the sake of simplicity, we will suppose the latter. Faust then represents a lofty soul, capable of wonderful achievement, still chained to his lower nature. Until he is completely emancipated from those desires he will have as his constant companion the devil, who is the synthesis of all that is evil in his nature.

The play opens showing Faust a man about fifty years of age, seated in his dimly lighted, narrow Gothic chamber. He is surrounded by shelves, hemmed in with dusty volumes, worm-eaten and musty. Boxes and instruments used for alchemy and magic are piled around in confusion. Faust is a man who has lived an austere, good life in the abstract, and has an intellect cultivated to an abnormal extent—indeed, that is where the danger point has been reached.

Discontented, restless, he feels that, notwithstanding his extraordinary knowledge, there is yet something he fails to grasp, and what that is he cannot fathom. He concludes to leave it all and take his own life. As he is raising a phial of poison to his lips he is stopped by hearing the ringing of bells and a chorus of angels singing.

It is Easter night, and the music takes him back to his childhood days; his mood softens, and he relinquishes the idea of death.

Faust's complex character, revealed later on, is well brought out in these lines which he utters:

“Two souls, alas! are lodged within my breast,
Which struggle there for undivided reign:
One to the world, with obstinate desire,
And closely cleaving organs, still adheres;
Above the mist, the other doth aspire
With sacred vehemence to purer spheres.”

From this period the duality in Faust's Soul becomes more and more apparent. At times the higher nature resumes its reign, then again he will be overcome by the most torturing desires. He soon becomes a prey to his morbid reflections, regrets that he did not die as he had decided, and in one great outburst of bitterness, curses the whole world he has hitherto known. With that curse he shuts off the higher nature, the devil takes this opportunity to appear, has no difficulty in making a compact with Faust, and from that time never leaves him.

Faust reveals his reason for leaving a good, blameless life and taking up an entirely contrary mode of living when he says to Mephistopheles:

“Vainly I have aspired too high;
I'm on a level but with such as thou.

* * * * *

Rent is the web of thought, my mind
Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.
In depths of sensual pleasure drowned
Let us our fiery passions still.

* * * * *

Excitement is the sphere for man.”

The reaction has begun. A man possessed of an ardent, brilliant mind like Faust, with lofty aspirations, cannot realize his highest possibilities by shutting himself away from humanity and its needs. So long as we are members of the human race we share willingly or otherwise its weal or woe.

The world is held by desire. But what is the cosmic law of affinity or attraction in the lower kingdoms becomes something very much more in man. He has the power to control desire, to love what and where he chooses. But how little is this principle understood. When desire is mastered by man, transmuted, and purified, he is raised to the plane of Divine Love, the power which holds the universe. This “obstinate desire” as Faust terms it, that has all these years been suppressed, but not conquered, flames out and takes complete mastery of him for the while. He craves “to know in his heart’s core all human weal or woe,” mad excitement, agonizing bliss.

Mephistopheles agrees to furnish him with the necessary experiences. As the initiative he promptly restores Faust’s youth by taking him to the Witch’s Kitchen. Here Faust is served with the draught which accomplishes the deed, and is shown in a mirror a vision of beauty, Marguerite.

The devil would appear in a different guise to each man. Naturally Faust’s devil would be an astute, intellectual subtle entity made still more powerful by Faust’s yielding. Mephistopheles represents the constricted narrow, false-hearted extreme lowest limit of the male quality in Faust—the antithesis to the divinity within, embodied selfishness, without one iota of the Beautiful or the Spiritual heart-force. That lofty aspirations are still potent in Faust is shown in his eager search for the Beautiful. His constant falling in love with beautiful women is for the reason that they appeal to his heretofore undeveloped, tender, sympathetic, intuitional faculties.

Goethe brings out very clearly throughout the poem that even Mephistopheles has his limitations. He quite frequently has to call on other powers to aid him in his undertaking. There are times when Faust completely leads and controls Mephistopheles, the latter seemingly unconscious of it; though in the Tragedy of Marguerite, the guiding power is Mephistopheles. Faust becomes inflamed with passion by the beauty of Marguerite, Mephistopheles adds fuel to the flame, brings about a meeting between them, suggests to Faust how to win her, and throughout plays his part untiringly. At times the purity and innocence of Marguerite appeal to the better qualities in Faust’s complex nature, then he suffers bitter pangs of remorse and struggles to break the connection between Mephistopheles and himself. He feels the guiltiness of bringing harm to such an angel. But Mephistopheles’ wily insinuations are yet too strong for Faust, and he yields.

The first meeting between Marguerite and Faust occurs at a village dance. Faust sees Marguerite passing along on her way to church. The gaiety of the peasants showing the pleasures and delights of youthful love afford a striking

picture as a contrast to the religious purity of Marguerite. This scene reminds one very forcibly of the one in "Zanoni," where Glyndon is tempted to break his vows by being drawn into a peasant's revel—although the motives of the two characters are unlike.

The sound and rhythm of dance music act as a maddening exhilarator upon youth. Gounod caught the appropriate musical setting to this opera and this waltz of the villagers, which is heard repeatedly through the opera, has a very peculiar effect. The sensuous music of the love passages between Marguerite and Faust is almost too realistic. The thrilling majestic music of the prison scene, and finale, make a fitting climax to the work, uplifting the auditors to a higher plane.

Under the instruction of Mephistopheles, Faust becomes a very clever wooer, and soon Marguerite has become entirely under the influence of his magical powers. What happens now to Marguerite need not be lingered over. It is her misfortune to suffer the saddest of all tragedies which can occur to a woman. Unable to stand the scorn of the villagers when the truth becomes known, and broken down by remorse at the death of her brother, who is killed by Faust, she becomes insane and kills her babe.

Faust is ignorant of the horrors Marguerite is passing through, for he has been enticed away, with little difficulty, by Mephistopheles. They attend a wild night on the Brocken, Walpurgis Night. In the midst of the revels Faust sees the phantom shape of Marguerite in such utter despair and woe, that his nobler qualities are once more aroused and he resolves to return and save her.

Mephistopheles, alarmed for his safety, and fearing that he may lose this Soul, by virtue of a noble deed, tries to dissuade him from going. Faust remains firm and the devil has to yield to the stronger Soul.

Faust finds Marguerite imprisoned, awaiting her execution, a total mental wreck. He is unnerved at the mischief he has wrought. After much pleading he makes her understand that he has come to take her away, and as she is about yielding to his wishes, she discovers Mephistopheles is with him. Her aversion to Mephistopheles is so great that the shock restores her reason. She refuses to go with them and appeals to Heaven for aid. Mephistopheles cries, "She is judged." A voice from Heaven says, "Is saved." As Faust disappears with Mephistopheles, a voice from within is heard calling to Faust.

This Tragedy of Faust is one that must appeal strongly to the hearts of men and women. It sounds the deepest, saddest note in the whole gamut of experiences. So long as men are dominated by desire and women remain negative to their own powers, just so long will this old story be played in the minor key.

Marguerite represents the type of womanhood which has been the product of the dark cycles. A beautiful, simple-minded, undeveloped woman. Pure at heart for she shudders whenever Mephistopheles appears as Faust's companion. Still the devil influences her in several instances, notably so in feeding her vanity by the present of the jewels, and again when he works on her emo-

tions in the church scene, by depressing her with remorse to the extent that she becomes insane. Yet selfishness never dominates her as it does Faust. If Marguerite had been Faust's equal or superior in culture and intellect, she would have become his inspiration and guide, her influence ultimately killing the devil in Faust.

But woman must have raised herself to a knowledge of what she is, wherein her true power lies, before she can preserve the true equilibrium which should exist between man and woman. And the work before woman to-day is to study, to analyze, and to understand her emotional, psychic nature in order that she may master and control it.

When this is done and the union with her higher intuitional faculties is accomplished, then her spiritual Soul will envelope her like a mantle of light, she will fulfill her destiny, and become the living epitome of the *Beautiful*. But until this has come about as a natural process for all, the majority of women will continue to suffer and learn from experience. A great shock is sometimes necessary to awaken the sluggish soul, and this happened to Marguerite, her true self became the conqueror and she died with the glory of divinity about her.

The Opera closes leaving us with rather vague notions as to Faust's future. But the second part of the poem completes the history of this remarkable character.

That Goethe fully intended the higher type of woman to be represented, as the necessary complement to Faust, is shown in the second part, which is based on the old Magus legend. Faust conjures up the phantom of Helena, the most beautiful of women, falls in love with her, and from that union springs the child Poetry.

Helena representing the highest type of the Beautiful, is uninfluenced by Mephistopheles, he loses his power over Faust, for the latter has ascended to an advanced sphere of action. He gradually loses his vitality and soon ceases to be much more than an automaton.

Ultimately Faust loses Helena, who is the *phantom* only, not the *reality*, and discovers the real purpose of life as he is about to die. He realizes then that "man is made for man," and that "all efforts must be glorified by consecration to the service of humanity."

The vision of Marguerite, now become a purified saint, greets Faust as he dies, and bears him upward, while the Mystic Chorus sings:

"The Indescribable
Here it is done.
The woman-soul leadeth us
Upward and on."

The majority of the enduring Operas contain something more than appeals to the mere appreciation of the beautiful music, fine singing and acting, and gorgeous stage embellishments. And that something is the underlying, mystical thread that is in reality the *Soul* of the *Opera*.

WHY THEOSOPHY IS OPTIMISTIC.

By HJOLMAR.

What Optimism hopes, Theosophy foresees. Its philosophy is the warrant of Optimism. A book which deserves more reading than it gets thus sums up the keynotes of this philosophy:

“There are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet remain silent for lack of speech.

“The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor have no limit.

“The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us; is undying and eternally beneficent; is not seen, or heard, or smelt; but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

“Every man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.”

Whoever takes those three truths fully into his life must necessarily be an optimist by their warrant. The pessimist has partly or wholly failed to comprehend them, and so is without that illumination which he might have—is not in touch with facts.

Perhaps the pessimist is always a man whose mind has run away with him. It has either wrested, or reasoned, away from him his human-divine power of *knowing* such truths as the above; or it has frightened him out of use of that power by making gloomy pictures of his own past or future, or of the Universe. It is either fear, or the rank weedy overgrowth of ratiocination, that makes the pessimist.

How does the soul know that it is immortal, not reachable by death?

As the sun is above the clouds, sees the clouds rise, veil him from the earth, and in time dissolve in the clear air, himself remaining unaffected; so the soul—itsself beyond and above death—upon death, and that which is the prey and domain of death, looks down untouched. It surely may claim to know that it cannot be subject to that which arises, reigns and disappears in regions altogether below it.

As soon as a man recognizes himself as a soul, he is of necessity a Theosophist and an optimist, for he now knows his destiny and can confidently preach the “three Truths.” To understand the first two of these three requires almost no *thought*; whoever will do so may begin to *feel* that they are true; whoever will let this feeling grow within him will in time so thoroughly get hold of the *joy* in them that he will be able to look straight into the eyes of another man, of however lowly intellect, and say them with such conviction as to inspire in that other a portion of his own now clear and undislodgable knowledge. One burning match can ignite a boxful of others.

“These truths, which are as great as is life itself, are simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them.”

“Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a song.

“Look for it and listen to it first in your own heart.”

Perhaps men will go on “dispensing gloom” to themselves till they learn that they need not, and that a little attempt daily to *feel* the actuality of the first two “Truths” constitutes a self-dispensation of “glory.”

THAT BOURNE FROM WHICH.

By EDGAR SALTUS.

As one who to some long locked chamber goes,
 And listens there to what the dead have said,
 So are there moments when my thoughts are led
 To those thick chronicles whose pages close,
 Epochs and ages in that same repose
 That shall the future as the past o'erspread,
 And where but memory may tend the dead
 Or prune the ivy where once grew the rose.
 And as there to me from their pages streams
 The incoherent story of the years,
 The aimlessness of all we undertake,
 I think our lives are surely but the dreams
 Of spirits dwelling in the distant spheres,
 Who, as we die, do one by one awake.

[We gladly insert this beautiful sonnet contributed by the writer to the Universal Brotherhood Path; its mysticism will hardly, we think, be misinterpreted.—ED.]

UNFOLDMENT.

The caterpillar longs to fly,
 And, sleeping, wakes to find the gain
 Of wings show unimagined heights
 Which their best flights attempt in vain.

So with aspiring human soul,
 Unsatisfied with common things,—
 Desire for growth is gratified,
 But new wants come with golden wings.

LYDIA ROSS.

I CAN DO MUCH.

By COROLYN FAVILLE OBER.

Modern pedagogy introduces the study of psychology into the curriculum of an ever increasing number of its specialized departments, thus indicating the development of an apprehension of the power of thought. Inevitably this must lead to recognition of *thoughts as things*, and later to the knowledge of our responsibility as their creator. "My thought children," the literati call their printed productions. "Our institutions are the outgrowth of the thought of the nation," the students of political economy affirm, but we yet wait to be vitalized by the realization of the vast thought progeny which surrounds us, each thought a living entity eventually to become embodied in physical existence. Surely an appreciation of this momentous truth will marshal the thought forces of the world into decisively opposing lines, and we shall be compelled to choose with which side our powers shall be allied, the imperative moment arriving for each of us with the knowledge of our true position in life as "Thinkers," or radiators of thought force.

Let the imagination conceive of what must be the aspect of the limp, paralyzed and stupid little thought-form that has been projected into space by the expression, "I can do so little." Recall to mind that it is the law of all embodiments to follow magnets, and then attempt to realize the inevitable career of such a negative and helpless imbecile. What else could occur to it but that it should be drawn into the dark atmosphere of despair, increasing the gloom with its depressing whisper of impotence, "I can do so little."

Shall the incarnate Soul, a centre of divine energy, whose mission it is to manifest that energy until all that lives awakes to lofty possibilities of consciousness, be held back by thought-creations such as these? Or shall the acceptance of a sublime ideal and clearly defined objective point impel the counter declaration, "I can do much?" Charged with life in proportion to the depth of the conviction, with energy of will and buoyant faith, a thought-child of this order may become capable of angelic ministrations. Penetrating the dark of the world, it quickens into a glow the latent spark in the hearts of the discouraged ones and inspires to new determination and consequent achievement.

The great question, then, for each of us is this: Shall we serve the world as master creators of bright and helpful messengers, or shall we remain the slaves of our own impotent thought-progeny?

Probably the task of imperial self-assertion,—not for self, but for her sex and for the race,—is more difficult for woman than for man, centuries of restricted environment having left inactive faculties that must once more be quickened into glad and confident activity; but none who read the signs will deny that the hour is ripe for her to overcome the hereditary sense of limitation, to redeem the time lost in her nap of ages, and to once more assume the regal prerogatives of her office.

Acting without the knowledge now in our possession, the women of the past century have executed pioneer work upon which we who follow, if we appreciate our indebtedness and our opportunity, shall build. A too careful examination can hardly be given to the achievements of those who dared to insist, amid every sort of opposition, "I can do much." Let us trace the effect along one of very many lines in the industrial world. Observe, for instance, the elevation of the professional nurse from the style portrayed to us by Dickens to the dignity of the present intelligent and efficient type; an example of what must ultimately be accomplished in every department of commercial life. Within the memory of the present generation those women who dared to conduct a millinery shop were considered too disreputable for association with their helpless but respectable sisters. With the courage of a true conviction, however, there were heroines who persevered until countless channels of activity are now open, and multitudes are added daily to the list of the self-sustained, each unit thus becoming more independently assertive, and each unconsciously forcing the standards of quality to be raised.

Robert Ingersoll, when asked how he would change the government of the world if he were God, replied: "I should make health contagious instead of disease." There is abundant demonstration that it is already so in the fact just quoted, for it was the contagion of a healthful impetus toward mutual helpfulness that, spreading rapidly uplifted the women of the United States by the hundred thousand; and, crossing seas and continents, its influence has also touched and raised the thought-power of our sisters in almost every corner of the earth.

Endowed with the confidence born of a consciousness of her limitless capacity as Soul; accoutred by her best knowledge of the reality and potency of thought-entities, the woman warrior member of the Universal Brotherhood Organization must take her place before the advancing hosts of women to hold before them a true concept of life and the sublime grandeur of its meaning. Standing in the glory of a new born day, the generic woman-soul must be permitted to proclaim through her, by thought and word and act, its trumpeted announcement of a resurrection. Not on ears incapable of hearing shall the blessed tidings fall; but aspiration shall be rekindled until, from the ranks of the rich woman and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the strong and the disabled, the free-born and the slave, the words shall reverberate like echoes, "I also can do much, for I, too, can think."

Not one to whom so high a calling has been vouchsafed has excuse for inactivity, and desire for membership with those who wear the badge of Universal Brotherhood is the call. Henceforth equipment for such service must be the ruling wish, and for those who desire to serve, the fields, by the first culture of the pioneers, are already fertile with suggestion.

How may the lost arts and sciences be revived except by restoration of our efficiency as workers? And will this efficiency appear again unless we learn to love our work as artists should? Who that realizes, even faintly, the

ever present living reality of Soul fails to apprehend the treasure everywhere concealed; and who, perceiving it, comprehends not the simple method by which it may be drawn forth?

It is active interest all along the line that develops the untold wealth waiting dormant in Nature's treasure-house; and such accomplishment, ascending plane on plane, it is for us everywhere to achieve. Approach, then, ye women who hold woman's future in your hands—approach the smallest task with holy reverence, and lose your sense of limitation in the doing. The homeliest, the most insignificant of duties, must be accepted as a sacred trust, and but awaits your living interest to develop possibilities far beyond your present ken. Regard each effort, then, as an opportunity for the expression of the real self within, and into it weave the whole life story, thus impressing all things of the present moment with the ideals and possibilities of the next, and restoring the artistic and the prosaic to their old-time, hand-in-hand companionship. The displacement of Nurse Gamp has been paralleled by the disappearance of many another similar anomaly, and all still existing forms of the old order must vanish before the "Thinker," whose intelligence shall raise every possible vocation into the all-inclusive province of high art.

We who proclaim that there is little we can do are self condemned for lack of vigilance in seeking opportunity. Even while we waste our force by giving utterance to the impious words, "I can do so little," cries of distress doubtless are made within our hearing, of which we remain unconscious because we have not given heed. Pre-occupation with personal concerns has dulled our powers of observation; otherwise we should know that anywhere and every instant there is not only work for us to do, but work that must remain undone until we do it. To shield ourselves behind the shabby old excuse, "I did not think," is now impossible. The imperative duty of the "Thinker" is to think, to remain incessantly on watch, and to act the moment opportunity is perceived. Lives go astray; tortuous iniquities exist; suffering remains unrelieved; poverty is left unaided; and souls sink into oblivion whenever the "Thinker" forgets to think.

To prepare for action is assuredly as much our duty as to act. The first command of any military drill—"Attention!"—is that which we most need, as the first requirement for any sort of service is that we shall be alert. The hour strikes suddenly when we are called upon to act, and those who prove their fitness are they who have discovered that fully to realize present opportunity is the whole secret of power. Any situation may avail us as a vital educator if we perceive our chance of preparation for mightier effort and more trustworthy guardianship. The more phases of existence we have to pass through the greater the insight we may acquire. The resourceful woman in emergency is always one whom Goethe describes as having "seen something and lived something." Back of all effective administration of affairs are the eons of experience through which the Soul has gained its power. Why, then, shall we not transform and glorify events by our appreciation of their profound signifi-

cance? And why not learn to adapt ourselves to any condition in which the law has placed us for our instruction until we become so wholly reconciled as to say of it, "For the sake of all my brethren, I thank God that I am here?"

To those who insist that the enormous opportunities of the present time belong only to a certain class of women, we must recall the magnificent work of the ignorant colored woman, Sojourner Truth, during our civil war. At a mass meeting the news of repeated reverses had so depressed the assembly that even the silver tongue of Wendell Phillips appeared to be half paralyzed. Rising from her seat, Sojourner pointed her finger at the orator and cried out, "Wendell, is God dead?" The effect was electrical. The courage of all who were present revived and a resolute enthusiasm took the place of the previous despondency.

The force of a deep conviction, in which was concentrated her whole life energy, gave to a woman who was entirely unadorned by special gifts or acquirements, the ability to arouse a vast and lethargic audience. A consummation far more glorious awaits us all, for each may aid to reinvigorate the soul-consciousness which is to redeem the race. With the duality of nature becoming ever more distinctly apparent, we cannot fail to comprehend how inevitably the influence from the ranks of darkness reaches and absorbs us when we are not actively co-operating with the powers of light. Whichever side we reinforce, reinforces us. The world languishes for the incentive of a living faith. It perishes from the disorders caused by prevalent low ideals. We must no longer permit ourselves to remain in a negative condition, but spread a contagion of health by placing ourselves with absolute assurance as a part of the army that makes eternally for righteousness and peace. Persistently holding up its standards of purer, truer living, and recognizing the imperishable treasure within the hearts of all, it is the queenly prerogative of the very least of us to revivify the listless and the down-hearted by the sublimity of our faith in their limitless possibilities of attainment.

Nor does so majestic a realization require always to be brought about by word of mouth, or even by outward act. "As we think, so are we," declares an authority very high indeed; for thinking, we learn to act, and acting, we learn to *be*. The new world which is opening for the race requires the creation of a nobler type of womanhood. For this it is primarily essential that we recognize ourselves as greater than any possible stress of circumstances; that we grasp firmly, and nourish with every thought, the ideal of our inherent wisdom and *virtue*, until all that is foreign to it shall die and fade away; and that, self-centred,—through knowledge of the eternal truths of being,—we become so positive an affirmation that our presence calls to all within the radius of its influence to awake and share our light and power.

So may we illumine the world with the radiance of a self-conscious declaration, "While life lasts in the body I can and *will* do much."

IN THE CONCRETE.

By W. T. HANSON

The path to the arcana of life lies everywhere. But can this mean that in all places the way is equally defined and direct?

Man need not be governed by environment. He can always somewhat change and in greater or less degree overcome every adverse circumstance. But is it not to give the mind over to folly, to fancy that indiscriminate conditions best conduce to a chosen line of work?

All the Lovers of the Race should know of Point Loma. Their interest in it is deep and vital. Explanation, description and illustration will convey something of its import, but little compared with the realization through actual experience of even a few months' residence here. To the student merely the benefits are inestimable.

Take the picture of Point Loma as drawn by travelers to this region. In its light consider the enlarged capacity into which the mind will expand—in which it will simply find the breath of its life when relieved from the thousand and one depressing influences inherent in the leaden atmosphere of towns, cities and localities, rife with the corrosive emotions and diseased ideas now prevalent in human affairs. The possibilities of a mind innately of an inextinguishable energy and steadfastness of purpose, and actuated by the right motive, are enormous anywhere. But imagine what the same mind can conceive and execute when surrounded by every natural encouragement instead of numberless infernal incubi.

All accounts agree that the climate of Point Loma is not surpassed—nay, not equalled—elsewhere on the earth. The evenness of the temperature the year round is wonderful and the degree something surprising in its effects. While the orange and the olive and, tenderest of all, the lemon, thrive to perfection (and the latter particularly must have warmth), light winter clothing is always essential to personal comfort. The latitude and sunshine on the one hand, the effect of these being tempered by the altitude and breeze on the other, always operate to balance each other, so that the temperature varies but slightly and appears so conducive to mental equilibrium as to incline one to imagine there exists between the atmosphere and the mind some connection, some bond or correspondence. Neither is it to be supposed that the equanimity is merely a descent to an inane lethargy. The bracing freshness of the air does not permit such, and a tendency to feverish activity is calmed by a glance at the great outlying Pacific, in its very bigness discouraging to fretfulness. Somehow there is here a combination of the influence of the mountain and the sea, which, like a chemical compound, possesses characteristics beyond those of its elements. More favorable than all others mentioned is the sun. Under the conditions existent here it does not appear possible to get too much of the sunshine. None of the ill effects noticeable in southern countries generally, and in the

warm season especially, are to be found. The liberating effect upon the student is unquestionable. For the tired and worn it is an elixir. For those whose life currents have well nigh burst their channels it is a reservoir of conserving power. For the worker it is an unfailing resource of inspiration and courage and joy. It is enough of itself to make one believe that the old sun worshippers knew not a little of the living truth.

The sunsets are marvelous. Adequate description is impossible. The expanse of the entire dome of the heavens is frequently utilized for the effects. If one will vividly recall the most brilliant and gorgeous and again the most delicate, dainty colorings he has ever seen in the immediate vicinity of the declining sun and extend the picture over the arching canopy in every direction from horizon to horizon, he may form some conception. And in addition, for the final glory, the very air is diffused with a luminant iridescence, beginning with a soft, roseate radiance, gradually shading with each moment through every hue to a halo of loveliest purple, which serenely ushers in the quiet night. To experience it actually is to entertain the feeling of a magical land so full of every beauty and joy that the very atmosphere is aglow with their splendors, and that somehow, sometime, all these in all their fullness are a heritage of human life and will enter into its everyday being.

Possibly, as powerful as they certainly are, the natural conditions of Point Loma would not alone suffice to stir these emotions. In conjunction herewith much is also due to the mythos of the place, and it is well understood now that myths are no dead things relating to a distant and crumbled past, but have very potently to do with the present. This the mere student may not rightly conceive, but the man of life knows it. And whatever much Point Loma may afford to the student, for the man of life it holds and will give more. Philosophy is good, but Life is better. Already at Point Loma there are people whose lives are wrapped in practical action. They know of a Teacher who has philosophy to give, but it is the philosophy of living, and therefore they also find in this personage the Leader who is conducting philosophy into life.

Katherine Tingley has established here, the ordained international centre of the Universal Brotherhood movement, many activities under various departments of the organization. Some of these, and comparatively speaking all of them, are as yet in the veriest germ. Fast maturing plans will soon inaugurate a wide range of operations on appropriate scales. At present one of the interesting features is the International Brotherhood League Colony, established during the great Brotherhood Congress held here in April, 1898. The colony is not merely entertaining. It is in the highest degree instructive. Any one connected with it by residence or close observation has had the inestimable tuition of seeing philosophy in the abstract pass into concrete fact, and thus has been afforded demonstrations in life as conclusive as any in chemistry scientifically made in the laboratory.

The colony seen when the grounds were purchased and again now will tell the story better than words. Just following the congress a number of rep-

representatives, for the most part comprised of prominent members and workers from all over the world, immediately erected a large building in addition to the other houses already on the grounds, and which is, indeed, a most unique structure. It embodies some of the very essence of Brotherhood. At the same time they cleared the grounds of growth incident to evidently a considerable period of neglect. In this state of regenerative thrift the place was turned over to the colonists themselves, or rather the nucleus. These are all interesting people, representative of many nationalities and every phase of life except the unintelligent and shiftless; students every one, each with strong, decided ideas of his own. In their characters, differences exist not merely of personal opinion, but racial idiosyncrasies, climatic influences and the opposing colors of diverse religious or non-religious sentiment. A radical change in the modes of living confronted them, what might be called self-denial to undergo, work to be done, and with all a clearly defined perception that the moment one preferred to do so he was, of course, perfectly free to withdraw if he chose. One common bond united them—confidence in the Heart and Head of the organization and a perception, though diverse conceptions, of the Principle of Brotherhood, an understanding of which to that time, comparatively, was largely theoretical. Of course every natural circumstance was favorable.

What they have accomplished shows the divine side of humanity. They require no further reiteration that the real things of life are not to be understood, much less attained, through intellectual gymnastics alone. The colony itself is its own sign. To be conversant with its life is to be continually in touch with an inspiration. To be absent even for a short time, to return, to behold on approaching, the plants, the flowers, the hedges, the lawn, the fields now green with grain, the arrangement of the houses, almost, as it were, nestling to each other, is to feel with renewed force the presence of order, intelligence, industry, consideration, freedom, a buoyant light-heartedness, and especially if it be toward night, when the lights are lit and close together twinkle cheerily, a delightful human feeling which makes one glad that he lives to know it. It may be an old, old emotion coming to existence again from bygone ages of purity and grandeur, but it also appears to possess a wondrous touch which perhaps the children of earth have never felt before.

Something of this nature is in the atmosphere of Point Loma. The colonists and the others in the Universal Brotherhood Movement have good ground for an active faith in the near at hand rehabilitation of mankind, and the effulgence of living joy into the world.

This much almost before beginning. Of what, then, is it the forerunner? Who will undertake to behold the larger future? Or, more to the point, who will lay hold of these blessed and ineffable potencies, man's rightful heritage, available now to individual aspiration, and marshalling them under the positive, dynamic will, usher them into general, concrete life.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THE PROTESTING CHURCHES.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D.

There are moments in every man's life when he is forced to choose between the evil and the good. Similarly, with larger organisms; there comes to them, too, a time where they must choose—where their very existence as an organic body depends upon their choice. The nation that makes the wrong choice goes down the by-paths of decay to death. The Church or society must likewise choose wisely or perish.

Such a moment of choice has now come to the Protestant Churches of the West.

Protestantism must forego its creeds, in this hour of world-peril. TOLERANCE must be its motto and watchword. Tolerance for each other's beliefs and methods of worship; tolerance even for warring creeds and dogmas. Then must come tolerance for other religions and other faiths. With this will come a widening of spiritual horizons; higher conceptions of God; a glad recognition that salvation for the human soul runs in broader and deeper channels than they have hitherto dreamed; an ecstatic glimpse of the dawn of Universal Brotherhood!

All religions are one in essence—as the philosophy of Universal Brotherhood amply demonstrates. Protestants must throw aside the unworthy fear of “infidelity,” and examine the evidence. Nor need they go outside their own Bible, although if they will, their hearts will be gladdened by finding that Christ spoke truly when he said, “Other sheep have I which are not of this fold.” Mis-translations, mis-interpretations, forged interpolations, have so darkened counsel, that Christians do not recognize the sacred mine of truth which underlies the Oriental allegory and exuberant metaphor of their Holy Book. Let them search the Scriptures in the true spirit, and they will find therein indeed the words of everlasting life.

It is to show some of these hidden truths that the latest Brotherhood Series—the “Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings”—is being published. The essence of the Bible is not to be found in any dead-letter interpretation—around which creeds and dogmas are always built. The inner, spiritual meaning must be sought for, and this series will be most helpful in this direction.

These inner truths are always the same in any Bible. They are eternal; they may be concealed by words for a time, but the soul of man will never rest for long before it will tear aside the deluding veil. Let the Protestants take advantage of the Pentecostal outpouring which accompanies the new cycle, and open their hearts to higher truths, to holier conceptions. Let them lift their eyes above and away from cramped and distorted dogmas, and they will perceive that,

truly, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." They will cease to torture and slay because one calls Him "Brahm" whom they call "Jehovah." They will recognize that God is One in essence, although He may be known under a thousand names. The effect will be wholly good. Fear and hate are allied; when we cease to fear God we will begin to love not only Him, but each other.

PER OMNIA.

By T. R. E. McINNES.

I know not how nor whence I came—
 I stand as one without a name—
 Yet free and fearless I proclaim:
 I am!

I know not to what bourne I go
 Of Heaven's bliss—or Hell's dire woe—
 But this one thing of all I know:
 I am!

Nor Heaven nor Hell can utterly
 Disperse the root and core of me—
 I will be what I will to be:
 I am!

HOLLOW NUTS.

Not always doth performance run
 Where Reason points the way;
 And oft'ner is a deed begun
 Ere Reason has its say.

So, Inclination taketh tack
 Around all fields of strife;
 So, men and women idly crack
 The hollow nuts of life.

—R. H. CHENEY.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.



In a very interesting little book, "Our Flag," by R. A. Campbell,* the story is told of the American flag, its origin, history and meaning, and the following extracts have been made to show the author's interpretation and "mystic meaning" of the Stars and Stripes. The book gives an insight into a phase of the history of the United States that is fascinating and full of the deepest interest.

In a succeeding issue will be given the interpretation of the Universal Brotherhood flag—the flag of the School for the Revival of Lost Mysteries of Antiquity—designed by Katherine Tingley, and now used together with the American flag on the cover of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH.

—*Published by H. E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.



MYSTIC MEANING AND ESOTERIC INTERPRETATION OF THE NEW FLAG—THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The flag of a nation should be the symbol of the ideal upon which the nation is founded, and this must always be the ideal of manhood, as that ideal is conceived of by the founders of the nation. This is true, because every possible organization among men is, in accordance with the theory of such organization, in the form of a man. In other words, every organization among men, so far as the principles and purposes, the operations and results, of such organization is concerned, is simply a man who is in size the sum total of all men in the organization, and who in form is the collated aggregates of their recognized ideal man. The ideal nation, therefore, must be in the form of the ideal man—with all the recognized characteristics of the ideal man as to rights, duties, purposes, methods of operation and destiny. It naturally follows that one's conception of the ideal man simply needs enlargement to constitute his conception of the ideal nation. When, therefore, one has determined the appropriate design to symbolize his conception of the ideal man, he has also found the appropriate design for the flag of his ideal nation.

The Stars and Stripes, as above described, are the appropriate elements for the flag of our new ideal nation, because they are the complete and beautiful symbols of the characteristics of the ideal man.

* * * * *

All these forms of government have, heretofore, been organized upon the fundamental false assumption that the man who is strong of arm or superior in the accident of rank or intelligence has the natural or (as it is sometimes called) the Divine right to dominate absolutely, for his own purposes, and by such methods as he may choose, all other men who are weaker in muscle or who are less intelligent or less self-assertive; and that consequently the masses have

few, if any, rights which the one who is stronger or wiser is bound to respect. In short, the principle of government has heretofore, been that might—whether of brawn or will—gives the right to absolute and unquestionable domination; and that lighter physique or weaker will is the sin that bears the natural penalty of abject and unquestioning servitude. Our new National Government is founded upon the declaration, "All men are free; and every man has an equal right to life, liberty and happiness." This is at least the negative side of philanthropy; because it recognizes the equal rights of man as man—of every individual man; and it impliedly suggests willing and chosen co-operation, instead of arbitrary domination and enforced obedience.

Philanthropy looks at man in the singular number, and it estimates man individually. Philanthropy aims to render man virtuous rather than obedient. It seems to lead man into holiness rather than to inculcate obligation.

Philanthropy fosters intelligence rather than the impartation of traditional rules; and it stimulates individual, productive usefulness rather than the enforcing of habitual, routine drudgery. Philanthropy aspires to develop each man into a "king," who will purely and wisely rule himself, and into a "priest," who will commune with the highest and make his life one of practical purity. Philanthropy aims and endeavors to elevate and perfect humanity by arousing, teaching and assisting each individual man to perfect himself.

Now the Stars and Stripes symbolize man, the philanthropic man, the man who is aspiring to, planning for, and developing in all that renders him a more perfect human being.

THE COLORS.—Red is the symbol of a man in the realm of his desires, his impulses, his yearnings and his aspirations. As red is shaded and darkened it types the sensual and the selfish nature in man, and it then symbolizes impurity, dishonesty, injustice and tyranny. As red is tinted and lightened toward the more delicate shades of pink it types tenderness, gentleness, affection tinged with weakness; and thus impractical sentimentality. The clear red types that ardent and pure love which is at once kind and courageous. It symbolizes that manly philanthropy which aspires to the greatest good of the individual man, and thus of the entire race, and that will strive for that end regardless of whether the path lie in the well worn highway, with consequent smooth traveling, or whether it must encounter fatigue, opposition and temporary discomfiture.

White is the symbol of man in the intellectual domain, and it represents wisdom, intelligence, knowledge, healthful imagination, clear intuition and correct thinking; and it, therefore, symbolizes justice. Blue is the type of a man in the realm of his physical existence and operation. It therefore refers to man's physical well being, his activities and his productive usefulness—to his condition, welfare and success in actual development, as manifested in the phenomenal world. The red and white, in alternate equal stripes, teach that in all man's life and work the pure purpose and the wise plan must be equal factors; and these factors must be co-ordinate and constant; that purity and intelligence are the essence and form of every successful operation that finds its

outworking and resulting effect in the blue field of man's practical life and manifestation. The three red and the three white alternate stripes, that run the full strength of the flag, symbolize the beautiful truth that aspiration and intelligence, affection and thought, purpose and plan, will and system, must be the grand underlying, general and comprehensive factors in the whole of every pure, true and useful life; and that this must be the case in each of the three planes of man's life—the moral, the intellectual and the physical.

The seven short alternate red and white stripes opposite the blue field refer to the particulars and details of man's life. The red stripe at the base of these seven and opposite the lower margin of the blue field, signifies that every special purpose, plan and activity should have a pure and philanthropic foundation; while the red stripe at the top alludes to the special, superior and perfecting human quality attained by the individual, and through the individual by the race, by such constant, loving, wise and useful endeavor. The short, alternate, red and white stripes opposite to the blue field particularize the teachings of the full-length stripes; that is, they announce and emphasize the idea that the special and temporary purposes, plans and activities of every day's operations, like the grand aspiration, theory and effort of one's life, should be pure, intelligent and effective—and at the same time harmonious and mutually co-operative—on the three planes of will, intellect, and experience; in short, that the ideal aim and object of the whole life of man should also be the special aim and object of every particular subsidiary purpose, plan and act.

As the blue field symbolizes man in the realm of physical existence and productive manifestation, the white stars therein will readily and beautifully symbolize the definite and special attainments in which his ideal aspirations and his actual developments are fully unified or harmoniously adjusted. The five-pointed star, one point up, symbolizes the man whose philanthropic purpose is clearly and fully defined in a dynamic will that is intelligently, absolutely and unchangeably determined. He who has a pure purpose which transcends all others, an intelligent plan which includes all others, with an exalted and unswerving determination that utilizes all minor operations, and who is devoting his whole being and life to accomplish his grand purpose, is appropriately represented by the pentagram, one point up.

The thirteen stripes, while they will for a long time—and perhaps always—very well represent the number of colonies which unite their interests, their efforts and their governmental destinies in the formation of the first independent nation in America, have yet a very beautiful and a very important, and a much deeper meaning.

Thirteen is, according to the initiating instruction of the Ancient Magi, the number of "Progress, Perpetuity and Perfection." There were twelve tribes of the children of Israel—but Moses, the thirteenth, was the one who ruled and directed them all; or the Levites, the priestly, and therefore the most honorable of them all, may be numbered as the thirteenth. There were twelve disciples in the Apostolic College; but Jesus, its founder and enlightener, was

over them all, and he was the thirteenth. There are twelve gates to the Holy City of the Apocalypse; but the grand avenue of Divine influx from above, without which the other twelve would be only gates to eternal darkness, is the thirteenth. There are twelve signs in the Zodiac; the sum total of them all is the surrounding firmament, in the centre of which is the thirteenth, the illuminating and sustaining sun. There are twelve months in the year, which, in their aggregate and union, form the year which is the thirteenth. All the ill omens ever attached to the number thirteen are simply suggestions of the retribution which overtakes those who profane that which is essentially sacred.

Thirteen as applied to man symbolizes the natural man whose instinctive and selfish impulses are being regenerated into harmonious and co-operative perfection with his ideal aspirations. It, therefore, symbolizes the actualizing of the ideally perfected family, church or nation, which is founded upon and developing upon the grand truths of the Absolute Fatherhood of the Divine and the consequent Universal Brotherhood of Man.

In short, then, the Stars and Stripes symbolize the man who, with a pure heart, clear brain and working hands, is philanthropically, intelligently and successfully, step by step, realizing his aspirations in developing continually into a higher and holier ideal, Divine Manhood.

As the flag of our nation, the Stars and Stripes will symbolize a philanthropic government founded upon these principles, administered in accordance with these theories, and, therefore, accomplishing for its individual citizens, and thus through them for the race, the glorious result of a perfected humanity—bound together in an ideal and an actual Brotherhood of Man.

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The American flag was, therefore, one of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars from May 1, 1794, until the next change, which took place July 4, 1818.

* * * * *

The admission of new States into the Union again rendered the flag of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes out of harmony with the number of States in the nation.

Congress appointed a committee "to inquire into the expediency of altering the flag of the United States." On January 2, 1817, this committee made the following report:

* * * * *

"The national flag being in general use, it appears to the committee of considerable importance to adopt some arrangement calculated to prevent, in future, great or extensive alterations. Under these impressions they are led to believe no alteration could be more emblematic of our origin and present existence, as composed of a number of independent and united States, than to reduce the stripes to the original thirteen—representing the number of States then contending for, and happily achieving their independence—and to increase the stars to correspond with the number of States now in the Union, and hereafter to add one star to the flag whenever a new State shall be fully admitted.

* * * * *

“The committee cannot believe that, in retaining only thirteen stripes, it follows that they refer to certain individual States, inasmuch as nearly all the new States were a component part of, and represented in, the original; and inasmuch, also, as the flag is intended to signify numbers, and not local and particular sections of the Union.”

MEANING OF OUR FLAG.

Alfred B. Street speaks of the flag in the following glowing terms:

“The stars of the new flag represent a constellation of States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the constellation Lyra, which, in the hands of Orpheus, signified harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanter’s banner in Scotland, significant also of the league and covenant of the united colonies against oppression, and involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union, the ring-like serpent of the Egyptians signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed, with the stars, the number of the united colonies, and denotes the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was a blending of the various flags previous to the Union Flag—the red flag of the army and the white one of the floating batteries. The red color, which, in Roman days, was the signal of defiance, denotes daring, while the white suggests purity. What eloquence do the stars breathe when their full significance is known!—a new constellation, union, perpetuity, a covenant against oppression; justice, equality, subordination, courage and purity.”

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

By FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn’s early light
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O’er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket’s red glare,
 The bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
 Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
 O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe’s haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o’er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam
 Of the morning’s first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
 ’Tis the star-spangled banner; oh! long may it wave
 O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the foe that so vauntingly swore
 Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save
 The hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when free men shall stand
 Between their loved homes and war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must
 When our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto,—“In God is our trust;”
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

NOTHING BUT FLAGS.

By MOSES OWEN.

A party of sight-seers were “doing” the State Capitol, at Augusta, Maine. Coming to the elegant case in the rotunda in which are arranged the Colors which her regiments carried so gallantly during the late Civil War, they passed it by with a cursory look—one of the number remarking, “All that nice case for nothing but flags.” That remark inspired the following poem; and thus does unappreciative stolidity often arouse genius and make it eloquent.

“Nothing but flags!” but simple flags,
 Tattered and torn, and hanging in rags;
 And we walk beneath them with careless tread
 Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
 Who have marched beneath them in days gone by,
 With a burning cheek and a kindly eye,
 And have bathed their folds with the young life's tide,
 And dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

“Nothing but flags!” yet methinks at night
 They tell each other their tales of fright!
 And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
 Round each standard torn, as they stand in line.
 As the word is given—they change! they form!
 And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
 And once again, through the smoke and strife,
 Those colors lead to a Nation's life.

“Nothing but flags!” yet they’re bathed with tears;
 They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;
 Of a mother’s prayers, of a boy away,
 Of a serpent crushed, of a coming day.
 Silent they speak, and the tear *will* start,
 As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
 And think of those who are never forgot—
 Their flags come home—why come *they* not?

“Nothing but flags!” yet we hold our breath,
 And gaze with awe at these types of death!
 “Nothing but flags!” yet the thought will come,
 The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb.
 They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
 On those dear-loved flags come home again;
 Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
 Tattered and torn, they’re now at rest.

AMERICA.

By SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

My Country, ’tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim’s pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country,—thee
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom’s song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers’ God—to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom’s holy light;
 Protected by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

OUR FLAG—PAST, NOW, AND FOREVER.

By CELIA WHIPPLE WALLACE.

In childhood's sunny hours, with rare and sweet delight,
 Our country's flag I saw by gallant hands unfurled,
 And floating on the air—bright as a tropic bird—
 Beneath the June-blue sky, above our own home world.

The rocky wall of mountains 'round my village home
 Seemed a strong fortress, a God-set and sure defense,
 A rhythmic moving band of stalwart martial men,
 Held in the circling arms of God's omnipotence,
 Emblessed with power all wrong and evil to undo.

Beneath the waving flag of my loved native land,
 With rapture swelled by childish and exultant form,
 A bliss possessed me that I could not understand.

There fluttered in the graceful folds of that bright flag
 A mystic glory, like a shower of falling stars;
 And, baptized in its rare, red rain of shining light,
 I then and there became an armored child of Mars.

My perfect shield—the thrilling love of Fatherland—
 That stayed the poisoned spears aimed at my inmost heart—
 Well was thou, then, the Fatherland of childhood days;
 But, now, my dear heart's only shelt'ring one thou art.

My country's emblem, as thou waviest bright on high,
 A blessed charge thou hast—o'er Freedom's sons to fly—
 With stripes of Justice, and with stars of Love, unfurled,
 Thou surely wilt, in time, enfranchise all the world.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

By EDWARD J. PRESTON.

O, glorious flag! red, white and blue,
 Bright emblem of the pure and the true;
 O, glorious group of clustering stars!
 Ye lines of light, ye crimson bars,
 Always your flowing folds we greet,
 Triumphant over all defeat;
 Henceforth in every clime to be
 Unfading scarf of liberty,
 The ensign of the brave and free.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

X.

Rameses the Great.—Meneptah.—The Libyan Invasion.—The Revolt.

The reign of Rameses lasted about seventy years. He had at first shared the throne with his father, in consideration of his descent on the mother's side from the royal lineage of Râ, the eponymous ancestor of the kings who were recognized as legitimate and of divine authority. When the death of Sethi left him with undivided power, he continued to pursue the former course of action. Egypt was then the umpire of the nations, and the conquests of Rameses enabled him to add the title of "Victorious" to his official designations. He had extended his dominion into the territory of the Khitans, in the north, chastized the Libyans and their auxiliaries in the west, and subjugated numerous Ethiopian tribes in the south. Multitudes of captives had been brought home in the various campaigns and placed in laborious employments in different parts of the country. They had been carefully distributed in groups widely separated from one another, thus obliterating their national identity and preventing dangerous combinations. The extensive public works, the temples, quarries and mines, were provided with laborers, and every department of administration conducted with energy.

Yet, despite the "hard bondage" which was imputed to the Egyptian servitude, there was great care to provide for the physical wants of the laborers. They were held strictly to their work under the truncheons of vigorous overseers; they were not bought and sold as chattels; and they enjoyed many privileges like those of the peasantry. Multitudes of them preferred the "flesh-pots" and the abundance of food that they enjoyed in Egypt more than the blessings and attractions of an ideal liberty. It would seem that with all the drawbacks of their servile condition, the captives in Egypt were treated with a mildness that was not often found in other countries.

It is not to be supposed, however, that all ranks and classes of prisoners were consigned to like conditions of servitude. They were often placed according to their ability and mental qualities in positions of responsibility. Indeed, it has always been possible for men in the East to rise from humble, and even from servile, employments to become officials of rank, counsellors of state, commanders of troops, and there are examples in which they actually seized imperial power.

With these additions to the population, it has been estimated that more than a third of the families of Egypt were descendants of Asiatic colonists. In the eastern canton of the Lowlands they were most numerous. Language, manners, and even religion, the hardest of all to change its forms, were modi-

fied, and the Egyptian vernacular gave place more or less distinctly to Semitic terms and forms of speech. Even the members of the literary class, the priests and scribes, conformed to the new fashions of the time. Many were eager to forsake the temples for service in the armies and civil employments. Penta-ur, the private secretary of Amun-em-ant, the Royal Librarian, was an example. He was perhaps the most brilliant, but he was only one among a multitude of others.

In vain did the old teachers endeavor to arrest the progress of the tide that was now sweeping away the former customs and notions. The new modes of pronunciation of words, and the interlarding of speech with foreign expressions, and such as were in use among the alien and mongrel population of Northern Egypt, gave them abundant opportunity for sharp criticism, which they freely bestowed. An example of this appears in a letter from a preceptor to his former pupil. "Thy piece of writing is a cargo of high-flown phrases," he declares. "Their meaning may serve as a reward for those who seek to ascertain what it is." "I know thee," the veteran instructor continues; "it matters little what utterances flow over thy tongue, for thy compositions are very confused. Thou comest to me with a covering of ill-uttered representations, a cargo of blunders. Thou tearest the words to tatters; thou dost not take pains to find their force."

He concludes his diatribe with equal severity "I have struck out the end of thy composition, and I return thy description. What thy words contain has remained on my lips. It is a confused medley when one hears it. An uneducated person would not understand it. Your utterance is like that of a man from the Lowlands, speaking with a man from the Elephantina. But as a Scribe of the King thou art like the water employed to fertilize the land."

In ancient times, the glory of the parent consisted in a multitude of children. In this respect Rameses II. was truly great among kings. It may also be added that he was a tender and affectionate father. The temple of Abydos has preserved the names and effigies of sixty sons and fifty-nine daughters; other records enumerate a hundred and ten sons. He had three wives; the first, Isi-nefer, the favorite, called also Nefer-ari-Amun, Mien-Mut, and the daughter of the Khitan king, who became the Queen in his later years. By them he had twenty-three sons and eleven daughters.

Six sons accompanied him in the war against the king of Khita, and took part in the battle of Kadesh. Khamus, the son of Queen Isi-nefer, was the best beloved, and was associated with him in the government for many years. He took great pains to revive the religious observances in the northern cities, which had fallen into abeyance under the Hyksos and Theban rule. The worship of Apis had almost ceased, but he restored it to its former activity. He held the positions of High Priest of Ptah at Memphis, Governor of Thebes and General Superintendent of Public Worship. In these capacities he made the preparations and regulations for the Festival of the Thirtieth Year. His zeal for religion and the Sacred learning won for him great praise, but his indifference to

political matters was distasteful to his father, who foresaw the eminent peril awaiting the Dynasty. Khamus died in the fifty-fifth year of the reign of Rameses, and Menepthah, his oldest surviving brother, became the colleague of his father. The monuments have also preserved the names of the royal princesses Benat-Anat, Meriamen, Neb-tauï and Meri. It has been conjectured that Benat-Anat, who was the favorite daughter, was the daughter of the Khitan wife; she was afterward herself a queen, but no more is known.

The astronomic knowledge indicated by some of the inscriptions of this reign was quite considerable. On the ceiling of the Rameseum at Gurnah was an astronomical projection of the heavens, perhaps representing the horoscope of the king. In the accompanying description the dog-star is mentioned as rising in the morning just before sunrise at the beginning of the year. This indicated that the true length of the year was known, and it is certain that the priests of Egypt reckoned it almost exactly the same as modern scientists.

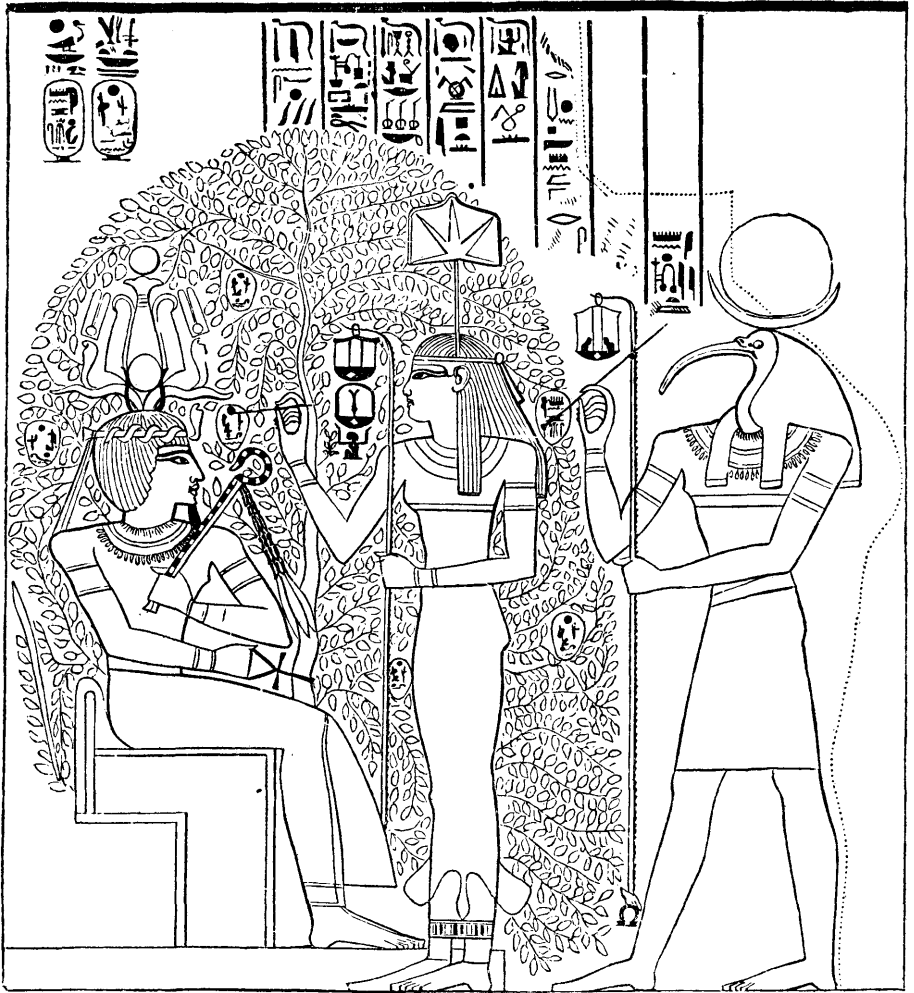
A cloud often comes over the heart as the individual passes from the activities of mature life into the shadow of advanced age. Many who had been loved are no more among the living, and what is more sorrowful, those for whom we have cared and labored repay with cold ingratitude. For it is not that which has been bestowed that promotes warmth of sentiment in the many, but rather what is expected.

Such was the final experience of Rameses the Great. His active life had been employed to sustain his dynasty and maintain the prosperity of Egypt. He was domestic and even uxorious, and he was warmly devoted to his children. But those of them who had, by reason of their superior age, been his most familiar companions, had died, and the others harassed him by their bickerings and jealousies. His was a cheerless old age.

The records do not treat of this, but the evidences at our hand have a speech of their own. Rameses at the death of his father had been eloquent in word and act to display his filial piety. With him it was religion, and the Tomb of Sethi in the valley of Bab-el Molokh was a gorgeous palace hewn out of the rock and painted with all the decorations that could have been seen in the actual abodes of kings. It was a monument of splendor and affection.

No such manifestation was exhibited in regard to Rameses himself. "The tomb of Rameses is an insignificant structure," Brugsch-Bey remarks, "and it is seldom visited by travelers in the Nile Valley, who scarcely imagine that the great Sesostris of Greek legend can have found a resting place in these mean chambers."

Of such a character was the last memorial of the Grand Monarque of Egypt, whose glory had shone over the countries and whose honorary statues that were set up during his lifetime had reached the dimensions of a colossus—so huge that modern mechanical skill has shrunk from the attempt to remove them. Can it have been indifference or the bitter feeling of a disappointed expectation that occasioned this conspicuous neglect? Perhaps the priests of Amun-Râ had held over his body the Grand Assize of the Dead, and declared



The god Thôth and Sufekh (goddess of History) writing the name of Rameses II. on the fruit of the Persea (Relief from the Rameseum) at Thebes.

him not deserving of funeral honors. For Rameses had not heeded their pretensions of superior right to kings, but, like Jeroboam of Israel, had set up a distinct priesthood of his own.

More likely, however, a crisis had occurred in the affairs of Egypt that required the new monarch's attention in other directions. The Nineteenth Dynasty, itself an offshoot from the lineage of King Nub and Apapi, had never been regarded with favor, but the prodigious energy and statercraft of Sethi and Rameses had defeated any effort for its overthrow. Each of them had forestalled it further by placing the Crown-Prince upon the throne as a royal colleague, leaving no opportunity for dispute in the succession.

Mene-Ptah, or Ptah-Men was the thirteenth son of Rameses II. His elder brothers had died during the lifetime of their father—nobler and braver men whom he had survived. He inherited the false and objectionable characteristics of his predecessors, but not their genius or virtues. "He was neither a soldier nor administrator," says Lenormant, contrasting him with Sethi and Rameses II., "but a man whose whole mind turned on sorcery and magic." This, however, is a misconception arising from an improper rendering of a term in the Bible.* He was pusillanimous and vacillating, and like cowardly persons generally, an oppressor and treacherous.

He came to the throne at an inauspicious period. Egypt was no longer an arbiter of the nations. The vassal and tributary countries had cast off the yoke imposed by Thothmes III. and Sethi. The Khitans, a "Turanian" people had, after a long contest with Rameses II. with indefinite results, induced him to consent to a friendly alliance in place of suzerainty. In the severe famines which about this time scourged the countries of the Levant the necessity to buy grain in Egypt for sustenance operated to preserve friendly relations. Wheat was shipped in abundance to the Khitans and peaceful intercourse was maintained with the principalities of Syria and Palestine.

At the west, however, there was a state of affairs widely different. There were frequent incursions from Libya and the northern sea-coast into the fertile lowlands of Egypt till the inhabitants feared to cultivate the land. One might sow and another reap. The weakness of the court of Tanis gave rise to general dissatisfaction, and the native princes were at strife with one another.

Advantage was taken of these conditions to form a confederacy of several nations with the purpose of conquering new homes in Northern Egypt. This alliance is described in the inscription as consisting of peoples from "all the countries north of the great sea." The whole number of invaders has been estimated at not less than forty thousand, and they brought their wives and children with them with the purpose of settling in Egypt. The chiefs had their thrones and the other paraphernalia of their rank; and the troops were armed with bows and arrows and with swords of bronze and copper. There were also a number of war-cars and a large force of cavalry.

They advanced as far as Heliopolis, sweeping over the Delta like a swarm of locusts. The frontier towns were destroyed and the whole country was ravaged. "The like had never been seen, even in the times of the kings of Lower Egypt, when the pestilence (meaning the Hyksos rulers) was in the land and the kings of Upper Egypt were not able to drive it out." The whole region was desolated, the fields were overrun and wasted, the cities pillaged, and even harbors were destroyed. The invading force was finally concentrated in the nome or canton of Prosopis, threatening both the ancient capitals, Memphis and Heliopolis.

*The Hebrew word translated "magicians" in the Pentateuch is *hartumi*, which the Greek text in Genesis renders *exegetes*, or interpreter. Parkhurst supposes them to be hierogram-mates or Scribes of the temple and court. The priests of Tanis seem to have been called *hartots* or *Khartots*. But the term "magic" anciently implied all manner of learning, and nothing objectionable.

The terror which was created was abject. "All the kings of Upper Egypt sat in their entrenchments, and the kings of Lower Egypt were confined inside their cities, shut in by earthworks and wholly cut off by the warriors from communication outside; for they had no hired soldiers."

At this point the Libyan king offered terms. He demanded a treaty as liberal in its conditions as the one between Egypt and the Khitans, and likewise wheat for his people and a cession of land to colonize. It was plain that not only the realm of Lower Egypt was in peril, but the fate of the Nineteenth Dynasty was itself in the balance.

Perhaps such a proposition to King Sethi would have been answered by an attack without further parley. But another Meneptah was on the throne of Egypt, and had not an army at his command. The princes of Upper Egypt refused their assistance, the king temporized and acted on the defensive, meanwhile he sent recruiting agents into Asia to collect an army of mercenaries. When all had been made ready, he assembled his princes and generals, and gave them their orders to prepare for battle, declaring his purpose to lead in the fray.

His courage, however, failed him. When the time for action drew on, he excused himself on the pretext of a dream or vision in which Ptah had commanded him to remain in Memphis, and let his troops march out against the enemy. The battle took place on the third day of Epiphi, the eighteenth of May. The enemy hesitated to begin the charge, and the Egyptian forces attacked them with the war-cars and infantry. "Amun-Râ was with them, and Nubti (Seth or Typhon) extended his hand to help them." The battle lasted six hours, when the Libyans were routed and fled. "Not a man of them was left remaining," is the boastful language of the inscription. "The hired soldiers of his Holiness were employed for six hours in the slaughter."

The Libyan king, when all was lost, turned and fled away, leaving his queen and family to the mercy of the conquerors. Meneptah in the inscription declares that "the miserable king of the Libyans stood full of fear and fled like a woman." Yet he had commanded his men till the fortune of the day had turned against them, while the bragging Egyptian was cowering inside the walls of Memphis.

The victorious soldiers hurried to the plunder of the forsaken camp, and then set fire to the tents of skin and furniture. The catalogue of the battle enumerated among the killed 6,365 that were uncircumcised, and 2,370 circumcised; also 9,376 prisoners.

The generals did not follow up the enemy and the king hastened to disband the foreign troops. They might, if retained in service, become as dangerous to him as the Libyans themselves.

Such was the great battle of Prosopis. Once more Lower Egypt rejoiced at a deliverance from invaders, which enabled the inhabitants to follow their pursuits in peace. The officials of the royal court vied with each other in fulsome praises of the king, and the inscription afterward placed on the inner walls of the Great Temple of Thebes,* sets forth the invasion and victory with

the exaggeration so common in oriental verbiage. "I made Egypt once more safe for the traveler," the king is made to say; "I gave breath to those in the cities."

The subsequent history of the reign of Meneptah does not exempt it from imputation of being inglorious. The principal redeeming feature was the brilliant array of writers continuing from the time of Rameses that adorned the royal court. The monuments preserve no record worthy of mention. It appears, however, that Meneptah sought to follow the example of Horemhebi, the successor of Khuenaten, and make friends with the priests of Thebes. The absence of the royal court in Northern Egypt for so many years had enabled them to enlarge their power to actual rivalry with the throne itself, as the power of the Bishops of Rome in later times became overpowering, by the removal of the imperial capital to Constantinople. The account is given by Manethô, and preserved in a treatise imputed to Flavius Josephus.

"This king* desired to become a beholder of the gods like Horus, one of those who had reigned before him.† The meaning of this statement is that Meneptah, copying the example of Horemhebi of the Eighteenth Dynasty, sought initiation into the Secret Rites, thus to become a *theates*, *epoptes* or *ephoros*, a witness and student of the higher knowledge. This would bring him into close fraternal relations with the priest of Thebes. He applied accordingly to Amenophis, the prophet of the Temple, who imposed the condition that he should "clear the country of lepers and the other impure population." He evidently meant the alien colonists and their descendants, whom the kings had introduced into Egypt as captives in their military expeditions and dispersed over the country. It was the practice, we notice in the inscriptions of the monuments, to designate all persons of other nations "vile."

Manethô states that the king accordingly collected eighty thousand of these persons and set them at work in the quarries in the region east of the Nile. Some of them were priests, probably those who belonged to the temples of Rameses II. The prophet who had counselled this measure foresaw the result of the harsh treatment, that it would bring calamity upon Egypt, and committed suicide. This filled the king with consternation, and he resolved upon a change of policy toward his unfortunate subjects. He set apart the city of Avaris or Pelusium, which had been evacuated by the Hyksos kings, a city which had been from the first sacred to the god Seth. Here they were permitted to make their residence. After they had been there for a sufficient time they determined to set up for themselves, and placed a priest from Heliopolis named Osar-siph in

*The high priest of this temple was named Loi, or Levi. This name and several others of this period have a striking Semitic flavor. Benat-Anat, the princess, has already been noticed; her sister was Meriamen, or Miriam, and in the quarry at Silsilis is a record of Phineas, a man of superior rank. Other examples may be cited.

†Josephus gives the name of the monarch as Amunophis. In the Chronicle of Manetho it is rendered Amunenepthes, which, though read sometimes as Amunophis, is Meneptah.

*This sentence is quoted from a little work entitled, "Josephus Against Apion." The writer affects to deny the existence of the kings Horus and Meneptah, whom he calls Amunophis, and rails at the conceit of "beholding the gods," whom he sets forth as being simply the ox, goat, crocodile and baboon. So gross ignoring of religious matters and historic persons indicates either a reprehensible disregard of truth, or else that the work thus ascribed to Josephus is not a genuine production, but only an irresponsible forgery.

command. He changed his name to Moses or Mo-u-ses. He promulgated an enactment forbidding them any longer to worship the gods of Egypt, or to pay regard to the sacred animals, but to use them for food and in sacrificing. He likewise directed them to build again the walls around the city and put them in readiness for war. He also sent ambassadors to Jerusalem, to the Hyksos princes, asking their help, and promising to yield up to them the city of Avaris, and aid them to recover their former dominion. They accepted his invitation and invaded Egypt with a force of two hundred thousand men.

Meneptah was filled with dismay. He hastened to assemble the Egyptian troops, and removed the sacred animals to the royal residence. His son Sethi, a lad of five years old, was sent to a place of safety, and he took his place at the head of his army of three hundred thousand warriors. He did not venture to fight when the enemy advanced to meet him, but retreated to Memphis. Then, taking the Apis and other sacred animals, he retreated with his army and the multitude of Egyptians into Ethiopia. Here he became the guest of the under-king and lived there in exile thirteen years. An army of Ethiopians was sent to guard the frontier. The usual account is given of misrule, oppression and flagrant impiety on the part of the invaders from Palestine. They are described as making themselves more obnoxious than the former Hyksos rulers. They burned cities and villages, it is affirmed, and likewise destroyed the statues of the gods, killed the sacred animals for food that were revered by the Egyptians, and compelled the priests and prophets to do this, after which they were expelled from the country. At the end of the thirteen years predicted by the prophet, the Ethiopian army entered Egypt, bringing the king and crown-prince, and drove the invaders into Palestine.

The later years of the reign of Meneptah afford us little interest. He designated his son Sethi as Crown Prince of Egypt, and there were no further military achievements. Nevertheless there was much dissatisfaction, and other aspirers to the throne were watching their opportunity. A period of confusion was approaching, when the throne should become a shuttlecock for ambitious chieftains to play with, till the man should arise to bring order from the chaos, establish anew the sovereign power, and give Egypt another term of greatness.

“Whoever uses soft words to friends without sincerity, him the wise know as one that speaks but acts not.”

“The chief object of the Theosophical Society is not so much to gratify indispirations as to serve our fellow-men.”—From a letter quoted in *The Occult World*.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

The following letter has been received with a request for answer of the questions therein in the Students' Column:

As a student of Theosophy, permit me to ask the following questions:

1. What do Theosophists think of God?
2. Is there a God in Theosophy?
3. If so, what are the proofs that there is a God?
4. What are the proofs that the soul of man is immortal.
5. How can a man, poor, and utterly dependent upon a not Theosophical Society be master of his own fate.

J. H., Syracuse, N. Y.

Questions 1 to 4 may be taken together, but before attempting an answer it must be premised that what is proof to one person is not necessarily proof to another, and furthermore that the ultimate tribunal of proof for each man is himself. Also, it must be mentioned that there are Theosophists who are adherents of all the great religions of the world and that consequently there are many different ideas held in regard to God among Theosophists, according to the philosophy or religion which each upholds. For Theosophy does not consist in the acceptance of any set of formulæ or beliefs, but rather and essentially in living up to the highest that is in each. But on the whole Theosophists generally agree in the recognition of the divinity, unity, sacredness and interdependence of all life and the progressive development of all forms of life.

The first question is really answered in the above, that God or the divine is to be found within man's own heart. This is the teachings of all the Saviors of humanity. The proofs of the being and existence of God can be found only in the way pointed out by Christ in the following words: that "whoso doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine;" and in the words of Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita: "Whoso is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously within himself in the progress of time."

Neither the existence of God nor the immortality of the soul can be proved to any one who has not developed within himself the power to perceive and recognize the divine, or who has not awakened to a sense of his own immortality. The proposition is exactly similar to that of trying to prove the glories of a sunset to a blind man or the transcendent powers of the mind to a stone. The consciousness in the stone through long ages and imperceptible degrees will develop through all the kingdoms of nature until, in the human kingdom, the higher human perceptions are possible. But it must wait the slow course of development for this divine unfolding to take place. So the man, incapable of recognizing divinity and immortality, must wait the slow growth and development of another sense by which these may be cognized, and the spiritually blind must wait the opening of the inner eye before the sublime powers and destiny of the soul can be conceived.

In answer to the last question I do not think that to be really master of

one's fate depends on being either in or out of a Theosophical or Untheosophical Society, though certainly there is greater freedom to be found the nearer we are to the Truth and the more our surroundings conform thereto. To be master of one's fate requires that one shall be master of oneself and rule one's own kingdom of heart, mind and body. When this is done, and the doing of it does not depend on outer conditions, then one's fate is moulded accordingly and one realizes that he is free indeed though chains may shackle hands and feet.

ORION.

WHAT IS THE REAL OBJECT OF LIFE?

In a long and interesting conversation with a friend who is an enthusiastic Club woman and who claims among other advantages that Club Life and association will in time bring about a feeling of true Sisterhood among women, the above question was raised. I asked myself how many of these women, how many of all the people in the world, have formed any distinct idea of what the purpose of Life is, or of what the end is toward which they struggle with such effort and for which they alternate helplessly between happiness and misery, joy and despair?

Only the Student of Theosophy, it seems to me, can find a satisfactory answer to such questionings. It is probably true that Life itself through stress of overwhelming disappointments, through heart-break and sore distress, forces a man to fall back upon the hidden Truth which lies always at the center of his Soul so that he finds the Theosophical answer for himself. This can only happen to one who is *strong*. The weak are crushed out by such heroic treatment.

Study of Theosophy at once leads one to the sure understanding that the only real object of Life is the evolution of the perfect man—one who has reached spiritual wisdom—one who *lives* Brotherhood, who rays out from himself Love and Compassion for every creature that lives, just as a perfect flower breathes perfume to everything around. Each one gives in its own way and according to its own nature what it has for the world. Man gives compassion; the Flower fragrance, and both are one.

V. F.

“I am the same to all creatures; I know not hatred nor favor; but those who serve me with love dwell in me and I in them.”—*Bhagavad Gita*, Chap. ix.

“Those who have the eye of wisdom perceive it [the Spirit], and devotees who industriously strive to do so see it dwelling in their own hearts; whilst those who have not overcome themselves, who are devoid of discrimination, see it not, even though they strive thereafter.”—*Bhagavad Gita*, Chap. xv.

“The man of doubtful mind hath no happiness either in this world or in the next, or in any other.”—*Bhagavad Gita*, Chap. iv.



A LETTER FROM "SPOTS."

DEAR LITTLE BUDS AND BLOSSOMS:

The warriors of the Golden Cord of the Universal Brotherhood are very busy all over the world sowing seeds of loving kindness to the people of the earth and all creatures. Look at the picture and see how happy these little children are, out in the nature fields of sunshine.

The buds and blossoms in which is entwined the golden cord, the cable tow of love, make the pretty frame-work of this lovely picture, and all the little boys and girls who take hold of this cord with their hearts, look just like these flowers. Look into the eyes of all the children that are trying to love everybody, and see if it isn't so. Don't their eyes shine, and aren't they just brim-full of joy?

I hope that some day there will be a cable-tow as big as the whole earth, so that every little child in the world can take hold of it, and not one be left out. I shall be the happiest little dog in all the world when that happens.

How I wish that all the little poor children, and sick children, and all the little children who haven't much sunshine in their hearts and home could come out into these beautiful green fields and make a picture like this. Wouldn't they soon get well in the fine, fresh air; and wouldn't their little hearts sing out with a great joy to be with the happy birds, the pretty butterflies, the dear little lambs, the trees, flowers and sunshine! It just makes my heart jump to think of it!

I hope that one of these days every city will have its great, big parks, where every child can have a little play-house, and each a little garden-plot, where they can learn to be industrious, to love the flowers and sunshine.

Of course, it would never do to leave out the dogs and pussies, and then the children, the flowers and all creatures would all be just like one big family, working and playing and being happy together.

I haven't told you anything about my little Cuban friends for a long time.



CHILDREN'S NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL, MACON, GA.

See p. 687.

(Received through courtesy of "THE NEW CENTURY").

Well, they are the happiest family you ever did see. It would do your whole heart good to see them and hear them. They have learned to speak English and do so many pretty things. They want to be busy all the time, and you ought to see the lovely doll things they make. They even make the dolls themselves, and chairs for them to sit on, and little beds to sleep in, and a whole lot of more things that belong to dolls. And you ought to see how big their hearts have grown. I think they always were big, but they are bigger than ever now, big enough to hold all the children, all the dogs, all the pussies and everybody and everything that is on the earth to love.

Just suppose everybody in the world was like that; what a beautiful world it would be. Well, I am trying very, very hard to help the world along and from what I sometimes hear my Mistress whisper, she thinks I am doing very well.

Now, children, hold the golden cord firm; keep it stretched so that it will encircle all the little children in the world and those, too, that are not yet born. Keep it ever in the sunshine of your hearts, and when you are grown up, you will find the world much happier than it is to-day.

I'm off to Point Loma, the garden-spot of the world, and how I wish I could take you *all* with me. The little Cubans are going with me and some Lotus Home babies. You know all of them cannot go at once, but by and by I hope we shall all meet there.

With love to you all, good-by.

I will send another letter soon.

SPOTS.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

By PIXY.

"To-night we will go down to the sea," said my fairy friends, "and we must prepare you for the trip." Then Verita reached up into the air and pulled down a gorgeous suit of glove-fitting clothes, woven from radiant sea-bows, so that the pressure of the water would not hurt me, for you know light has a reflecting and resisting power of its own. After the suit was donned she gave me a pair of magic boots, with which I could travel as fast as they could, either on top of the water or underneath it, and then she held the daintiest kind of perfume to my nose and the fragrance went down to my lungs and made them waterproof, so that I would have no trouble about breathing while in the water.

When all was ready we slipped down to the beach and skipped over the water, past the lighthouse and away out of sight of the land. Then we seemed to be in the middle of a great basin of water, the rim extending high on every side, and right at that point we said good-by to the air and sank below the surface. A great many fishes were attracted by the light from my clothes and the pearl lights of the fairies, but we went so fast they didn't have much chance to see who we were.

It seemed hardly a moment until we were on the bottom of the ocean, with six miles of water above us. There were hills and valleys and plains and mountains. Where we struck ground again the soil was whitish and rather bare, but there was some shrubbery, with rather heavy trunks, looking like trees that forgot to throw out branches and put all their energy to getting as big around as they could. Then there were other plants that seemed to be part fish, and the fairies told me that the blossoms on some of the plants did grow into fish, and after they got big enough they broke loose from the stem and swam away. But at that depth there was not so much life as higher up on the ocean bed.

"It is because of the quietness that the nymphs chose the very bottom of the sea as a retreat for rest and revel," said Purita, "and here we are at the great palace of the sea fairies." It wasn't a place where one would suspect there was a palace, unless he knew of it before, for we were now at the bottom of a great chasm, the walls extending high on either side, but before I had time to think much we went around a huge boulder and into a flood of light which came through a beautiful triumphal arch. We were welcomed with the sweetest, bell-like music you can imagine, and which made the water ring and tingle with its sound. Then a multitude of mermaids swam to us singing a welcome, and they were followed by the mermen, for in the sea the mermaids go first.

The nymphs sent messengers ahead, and when we arrived at the royal reception room the Queen was seated on her throne of brilliant green, surrounded by a host of courtiers. After presentation to Her Majesty, which was not nearly so formal as presentation to a human queen, my guides told her I would like to know all about the water world and its people, and so the court story teller came forward and this is what he said:

"Floating around up in the sky there are great oceans of water, without any land to make them muddy or to soak up and waste the water. We came from one of those oceans, but most of our folks live there yet. Once our ocean bumped against the earth and a lot of the water spilled out, and many of us came with it. Then, too, the water of that ocean evaporated and some of the sprites go up in the vapor and slide down to the earth on raindrops, so more and more of our people are coming here all the time."

This settles the question of the flood, for the nymphs came with it and remember it.

"The water sprites," he continued, "are always eager for adventures, and are traveling almost constantly. It has been charged by humans that we were deceitful and always trying to lure sailors to destruction, but this is not so. Our work is to keep the waves placid and gentle, and to help people to be joyous and lively. But, like all beings on the earth, we are affected by human thoughts, and when those thoughts are evil they overpower us sometimes and compel us, against our own will, to cause storm and wreck."

The Queen of the Nymphs interrupted him and said I must carry a secret from her to the Lotus Buds. It is a real secret, for no one can understand it except the Lotus Buds, or some one in sympathy with them; and here it is:

"Tell those children of the Earth, for me, that the future happiness of all the creatures of the Earth is in their keeping, and if they will keep their minds pure and sweet then all the rest of humanity and all the other kingdoms will be compelled to think good thoughts, and when all envy, ambition, avarice and passion shall have disappeared the people of the sea can mingle with the children of earth and air and fire in completest harmony. They are the masters, we the servants, and although humanity compelled us to rebel against the wrongs inflicted, we would far rather have good masters and render the homage of love. Tell the children that they have it in their power to help the mermaids and mermen to become conscious servants of Truth."



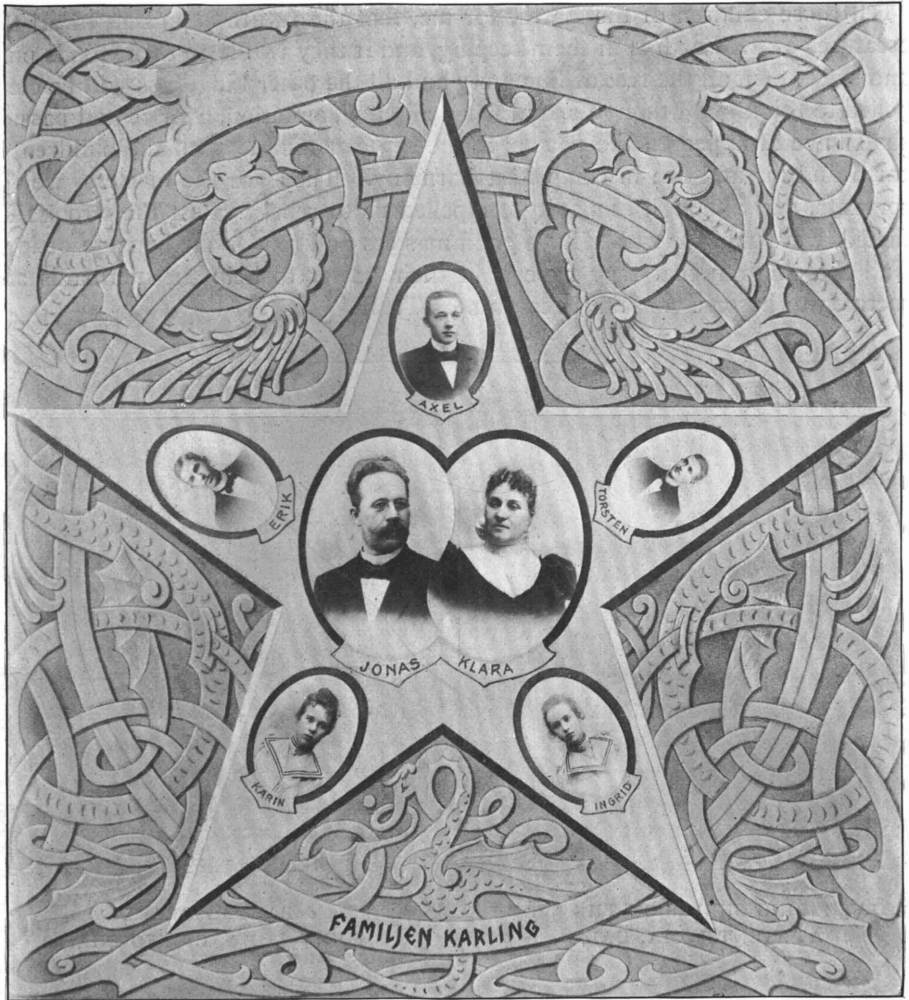
GATHERING SHELLS ON THE BEACH
AT POINT LOMA, CAL.



PAMPAS GRASS,
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA.



GROUP OF DELEGATES TO THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS
AT BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1899.



AN IDEAL THEOSOPHICAL FAMILY, JÖNKÖPING, SWEDEN.

Every week brings good news from Sweden, reports of work, new activities, new applications for membership, two batches recently received within one month numbering 20 and 14 respectively. We feel the ties between the comrades here and those in Sweden are very close and we know that all the comrades will rejoice to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Karling and their family, to whom we send Greetings and through them to all the members of the Universal Brotherhood in Jönköping. A recent letter from Bro. Karling states that he and Mrs. Karling have begun International Brotherhood League work among the young people, especially among the working young men and women in Jönköping. Mr. and Mrs. Karling have charge of a large training school for practical work, of about 300 pupils, and thus have a wide sphere of influence.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

The following report from Macon and the accompanying picture have been received by the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH through the courtesy of *The New Century*:

THE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL AT MACON, GA.

Following the suggestion given in the *New Century*, the Macon International Brotherhood League workers had a New Year Festival for the Lotus Group, the Boys' Brotherhood Club and the Industrial School.

In spite of bitter cold, unusual in this section, by seven o'clock in the evening a goodly number of boys and girls were assembled in the reading room, the doors of the large hall being kept mysteriously closed. Curiosity and expectation ran high, the children standing on tip toe and trying in every way to catch a glimpse of the next room whenever one of the grown people had to pass in or out.

At last the strains of the "Lotus Home March" were heard, the doors were thrown open, and all marched in, the children leading. The platform at the end of the hall had been draped from ceiling to floor with yellow and festooned with garlands of pink flowers, and in letters of gold ran the legend, "Life is Joy—1900."

Outside the world was covered with snow, but within it was summer and sunshine. From the centre of the drapery extended a golden horn, upon which all eyes were fastened. The programme began with music, after which President White greeted the children, then more music, which was enthusiastically applauded—the best violinist in the town having come to play for us. The children were then told that the exercises following would be symbolic, the platform, with its color and brightness and hope, and raised above the rest of the floor, representing the New Century, into which each could step as his name was called, and which held great things in store for all who would make the effort when the opportunity came. And as behind all matter is spirit, so to-night the spirit of the new century, though unseen, would manifest. Then through the golden horn was heard the spirit of the new century proclaiming, "Helping and sharing is what brotherhood means." This was vigorously applauded. "Life is joy"—more applause.

Then came the names, and as each was called and the owner stepped forward and up to the platform, a present, tied up in gay tissue paper and ribbons, fell from the horn to a padded table beneath. As the children received their gifts they took their stand in the **New Century** around the **Leader's** picture. There was great fun, the little ones screaming with delight as some one's package would occasionally bounce from the table to the floor.

When all present had responded to the call, the accompanying photograph was taken and the formal exercises declared at an end. Then out of the various parcels came neckties, collars, belts, work bags, dolls and tea sets, and books, fairy tales and stories of mythology, books of adventure, and picture books for the very little ones. On each was written the child's name and an appropriate motto. It was a jolly evening. Refreshments were served and the children danced and played till nine o'clock came, when with shining faces they departed, feeling, we believe, that "Life is joy."

THE LOTUS SUPERINTENDENT.

PORTLAND, ORE., Dec. 24, 1899.

DEAR LOTUS MOTHER:

As we have been informed of the vast importance of the old members contributing what money they could give, from the heart, to the "Great Cause," Universal Brotherhood Organization, and having such money reach "Headquarters" before the close of this year, we, as the Lotus Group, of Portland, Ore., "The Coming Workers," respond also to that call, sending you inclosed, New York exchange, payable to E. Aug. Neresheimer, amount \$10, to be used in whatever fund or direction you deem wisest.

We might say that the bulk of this remittance is the proceeds from an entertainment given by us with the idea to contribute the amount made to the "Cuban Fund," but placing our full confidence in "Lotus Mother," we cheerfully and willingly adopted the suggestion of our superintendent to forward as much as we could from our treasury to you, to be used in whatever fund or whatever work you thought best.

We also wish to add our warmest, purest and most loyal greetings to "Lotus Mother" and her co-workers, who stand beside her, ready and willing to serve her in her noble work, and to wish the "Great Cause," Universal Brotherhood, a happy, happy, prosperous New Year, and that the new century will find us "standing at attention," with our hearts full of hope and confidence, welcoming the dawn of the Golden Age, when Universal Brotherhood will be lived as taught by the noble Organization of which we are a part. Lovingly your Buds. Signed by twenty-seven Lotus Buds, ages from 3 to 13 years.

A delayed report of an entertainment given by the Boys' Brotherhood Club and New Century Guard at Los Angeles shows the interest that is being awakened in the young population of the city. The boys have good talent among them, and there is every promise of their making their club a great power for good.

From all the reports of the New Century Guard and the Brotherhood Clubs it is very evident that the boys realize that a great opportunity rests with them, and their enthusiasm in maintaining their clubs and the interest that they show of their own accord in the principles of Brotherhood is one of the marks of the dawn of the new era.

ANOTHER CUBAN CRUSADE.

Active preparations are now being made for sending a large quantity of supplies for relief of the still poverty-stricken inhabitants of Santiago de Cuba. These supplies of food and clothing have been received from all parts of the country, nearly all of the U. B. Lodges being represented. Through the Boston Lodge, Messrs. Grinnell Manufacturing Company, New Bedford, Mass., donated 1,263 yards of cotton goods for dresses for women and children, which were made up by the members. Through the Chicago Lodge a donation of 50 barrels of crackers has been contributed by the National Biscuit Co., manufacturers of the "Uneda biscuit."

It is impossible to understand from public reports the widespread destitution that still exists, in spite of the great improvement already begun in the condition of Cuba. As is so often the case, much of the worst suffering and want does not become known, and many of the most worthy people, gentle, refined and educated,

suffer only in silence. But the work of our Leader, Katherine Tingley, in Santiago last year has brought her in touch with these people and enabled her to learn of these most worthy cases. And through Sr. Emilio Bacardi, the ex-Mayor of Santiago, and Signorita Antonia Fabre, who came with our Leader to America and with her has visited many of the cities of the United States, and also Sweden and England, she has been able to reach out to these people and to help them.

These supplies will be shipped to Cuba on the Ward Line steamer sailing Feb. 22d, and on March 1st Senorita Fabre will return to her native country for a short time as America's representative of the International Brotherhood League and will distribute the supplies with the assistance of Sr. Bacardi.

On March 12th will be held the first anniversary of Cuba's Liberty Day, founded by Katherine Tingley, president of the International Brotherhood League, and proclaimed as such for all time by Sr. Bacardi, the then Mayor of Santiago. The children will assemble in the *Plaza del Dolores* in Santiago, and already are making great preparations for the festival. The Lotus Buds of America will send to the Cuban children a beautiful banner, on which will be inscribed in Spanish: "From the Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the International Brotherhood League of America to the children of Cuba."

The S. R. L. M. A. Prospectus will be issued Feb. 17.

Preparations are being made to commence cutting the stone for building the Temple at Point Loma. There will be erected a music hall, a factory at the I. B. L. colony, an office for larger work of the Universal Brotherhood, and other buildings.

On Feb. 8 a party of Cubans left New York for the Cuban colony at Point Loma, also some children from Lotus Home in charge of Miss Isabel Morris, who rendered such noble service among the sick and dying at Montauk Camp and as one of the workers of the International Brotherhood League at Santiago de Cuba.

The Aryan Theosophical Society of New York is preparing to erect a lasting memorial to the memory of W. Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky at Point Loma.

Commencing in January and extending over four meetings, a debate was had upon Theosophy and Christianity—"Which is more adaptable to the needs of the times?"—at the Sunday evening meetings of the Universal Brotherhood, 144 Madison Ave., New York. A shorthand report of the debate is given in this, and will be continued in the next, issue of the magazine.

(This has been held over till next month for lack of space.)

The main subject of the meetings at the present time is "Theosophy and the Bible," which is evoking a great deal of interest. There is always a good attendance, and at the close of the address very intelligent questions are asked from the audience.

J. H. F.

LODGE ACTIVITIES.

The reorganization of the H. P. B. Lodge, U. B., No. 10, has inaugurated the most delightful lodge meetings ever held—such is the general verdict. It is an unwritten rule that every member called upon to address the meeting must do so, and so harmonious is the atmosphere that it is rare indeed for there to be a refusal. Another unique feature which has proved to be of great value and interest is the

resumé of the thoughts given out by the various speakers and forming part of the minutes of the meetings. In doing this the names of the speakers are not given, and the reading forms a fitting prelude to the consideration of the new subject.

INDIANAPOLIS, U. B. 83.—We hail the dawn of brighter days for the Movement. We should realize fully that we must stand firm for Truth, Justice and Love—there is no middle ground! We must go forward if we would not hinder. We are all loyal supporters of the Universal Brotherhood. There is not a disaffected or disgruntled member in the Lodge. We keep the light burning in the window for discouraged souls to find the path to Truth, Light and Liberation.

G. W. STRONG, President.

MALDEN LODGE (Mass.), U. B. 114, holds public meetings on Sunday afternoon. We are located near the boundary line between Malden and Everett, two great centres of population, and so feel that from our central position we have a great opportunity of rendering service in the work. Our youngest brother, David Ayers, has materially increased the circulation of the magazine and the *New Century* by his persistent and well-directed efforts. Our Lotus Group has always been a success and keeps up its good record.

CHAS. D. MARSH, Sec'y.

Brother Seth Wheaton, one of the oldest and most faithful workers at St. Louis, Mo., writes: "The force proceeding from our Leader is a two-edged sword, especially affecting those who are near her. To the pure in heart a beneficent blessing, but to the impure and selfish a 'stumbling block.' For this cause I am not surprised at the few failures which have occurred, and am thus able to regard them with sorrow for the poor, deluded ones, but without the least concern as to the Movement or the wisdom of our Leader. Loyalty, faith, trust, are alone to be counted worthy of consideration."

The Pacific Coast Committee report of Lodge work on the coast is enthusiastic and shows the steady progress being made along all lines of activity. The Boys' Brotherhood Clubs are making fine progress, and from the work among the children and the young people is arising a great hope for the future.

FOREIGN REPORTS.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE, No. 1, AUSTRALIA, Nov. 21, 1899.

U. B. Lodge, No. 1, Sydney, Australia, continues with unabated zeal its efforts to awaken the hearts of this sunny land to the reality of our victorious movement. Our meetings are energetically and enthusiastically carried on right through the hot summer months as on the dreariest and wettest days of winter.

Our Sunday evening lecture, as advertized in the *New Century*, is our public weekly event. But our I. B. L. addresses every Wednesday also bring good audiences. Since Brother T. W. Willans returned from the great Congress at Point Loma things have been going at high pressure pace. The change in him and the wonderful power with which he spoke, and the positive freedom with which he poured forth an endless stream of broadening and convincing truths was at first well-nigh paralyzing. But this spirit, this new power, was catching and invigorating, and in a short time our members have nearly all toed the line and given addresses from their hearts most successfully, where before they couldn't read a paper. All de-

partments of our work are in a state of energetic health and progress. The History Class, for members only, every other Friday, has become our study class, and is conducted on the camp fire lines by Brother Willans, Dr. Wilder's papers on Egypt being the special subject. The Lotus Class continues to grow in the loyal hands of Mrs. Willans.

Recently three ship loads of the New South Wales contingent of soldiers left for the Transvaal war, and we sent parcels of the *New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD MAGAZINE, and the following copy of letter received from the commanding officer at sea speaks for itself:

"TRANSPORT SHIP KENT, AT SEA, Nov. 2, 1899.

"FROM THE OFFICER COMMANDING N. S. WALES TROOPS,

"TO THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD:

"On behalf of the officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the N. S. Wales contingent proceeding on active service to South Africa by the transport ship Kent, I beg to thank you for your kind donation of one bundle periodicals.

GEORGE L. LEE, Major Commanding Troops, S. S. Kent."

We have had some peculiar storms here lately, including earthquake shocks near, but the atmosphere is cleared and a glorious brightness has succeeded.

ALF. A. SMITH.

The following are a few of the greetings received from the members of U. B. Lodge, No. 1, Australia, by the Leader. It is impossible to give them all, but the same spirit of devotion and loyalty runs through all.

"With what joy we enter on the new century now that Truth, Light and Liberation is assured for humanity."

"I hail with pleasure the new day, and send fraternal greetings to the Leader and her coadjutors in the noble cause of Universal Brotherhood."

"Gratitude and love for Truth, Light and Liberation—Joy!"

"Success to the U. B. this new century. Full love and devotion to our dear Leader."

"In this the dying hour of the old century I want to put on record my love and devotion to H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and my heart's devotion to the Great Cause to which they have so unselfishly and grandly devoted their lives."

"Continued prosperity to Universal Brotherhood, happiness to its members, joy to all the world, and my heartfelt love to our beloved Leader."

"Joy in many, many hearts, brotherhood in the air, freedom for the human race—all these priceless possessions and many more, your imperial gift to a helpless world. All I have of love and gratitude to yourself and the Cause, for they are one, I give."

HALIFAX, Eng., Jan. 19, 1900.

The Lotus work here is amazing! We could have a class every night of the week if we had but more workers.

How many million copies of Jan. U. B. P. are you printing? We'll want them all. Our beloved Eri will see Freedom after all.

E. M. WHITE.

The January issue of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH was twice the usual size, and the manager of the Theosophical Pub. Co. states that he has not been able to fill all the orders.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE, No. 1, CARDIFF, WALES.

Lodge members working steadily and with great zeal. The Lodge is solid. Weekly meetings of the I. B. L. are held in the Lodge rooms. A woman's sewing meeting has been started, the object, to prepare clothes for war-relief work. In the Lotus group a great growth is noticeable, from twelve to forty-nine in seven meetings. This increase will necessitate a division of the group in the future into two sections. On Dec. 1st a children's festival was held in our rooms. Fifty-five children took part, dressed in white, as at the Brighton festival. The first part consisted of Lotus songs and marches and the second part of tableaux. There was a large audience of the parents and friends of the children. The Boys' Brotherhood Club has also been active. Meetings for drill and debate are held on Wednesday evenings, and at the open meeting on Dec. 6th a magic lantern entertainment was given.

EMILY TILLEY, Pres.

JANUARY 22, 1900.

We have decided to take a house for our new quarters at Brixton. It will enable us to do so much more work. This new move has opened up enormous possibilities, especially with regard to the children and women's work. A painting class has been started for some of the older Lotus Buds—from natural flowers. Close contact with the flowers does help them so much. The Saturday Lotus Group has now been divided, young ones in the morning, elder ones in the afternoon. The U. B. meetings are continued as usual; Boys' Club doing well, Girls' Club the same. We are getting steadily deeper into the stream of work. Some of our members' papers have been fine.

JESSIE HORNE.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 13, 1900.

The members here (Lodge 4) feel increasingly the Joy of Living and participating in the work. All goes on well, and the harmony and devotion are grand.

H. MILTON SAVAGE.

U. B. LODGE No. 2, BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

We have two Lotus circles every week—one for the "tiny buds" and one for the bigger ones, with good attendance. A Girls' Club has been started which some of the mothers also attend. In our meetings of the club we begin with one of the Brotherhood songs, after which the girls beg to be taught sewing, then more singing, followed by physical drill to music. We exchange ideas and read a short story while the sewing is being done.

EDITH CLAYTON.

The H. P. B. Lodge meetings at 19 Avenue Road are growing all the time.

SIDNEY CORYN.

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

A Boys' Club was started here Nov. 18th. We are very happy to have been able to start this work in Stockholm, and we have the best expectations for the future. The thought of the great work, and especially of the importance of the work among the growing up generation, strengthens our interest, and we try all in our power to fulfill our duty.

W. VON GREYEZ.

WAR AND BROTHERHOOD.

At the usual meeting of the International Brotherhood League at 17 Working street, on Sunday evening, the question, "Is War Consistent with Brotherhood?" was considered. It was said that there was a continual struggle going on in every man and race, between fear and valor, the old and the new. The war spirit was one of those great forces playing through mankind which in an unbrotherly age became perverted and manifested as international strife and bloodshed. But it was in itself a good force. Let the spirit of brotherhood take possession of a man or a people, and the war spirit would be deflected into its proper channel; men would devote that energy which now is expended in Jingoism and lust of foreign conquest to the conquest of their own lower natures, and a nobler type of humanity would rise up.—South Wales *Daily News*.

LONDON, Jan. 9th, 1900.

There seems to be quite an awakening of the consciences and Higher Selves over here, to judge from the more frequent newspaper notices of matters which the Theosophists have been trying to inculcate. These notices are more in harmony with Theosophical ideas than ever before, so that it would seem that "European thought" is being "leavened" and gradually "rising" to a more wholesome and higher plane of thought and tolerance. Conservative bigotry is receding more and more into the background, and "Brotherhood" is more freely and frankly acknowledged a necessity to "civilized" nations. Reincarnation is also gaining hold on men's minds, as will be seen from the following: In a barber shop I go to usually one of the assistants spoke thus to a customer last week:

Customer: Have you been long in London? Do you like it better than Italy?

Barber: I no am Italy. I comes from Turkey, but no am a Turkey. I likes you England vera mooch great. Turkey he no good. When I dies, I come back agen, and be borned English; be great man; cause all English great mans.

Probably he was a Mohammedan, but conversation did not go far enough to learn it. "Theosophy" he had never heard about, so far as could be gathered then, but next visit will be utilized for further conversation and inquiry. RUDOLPH.

A MASONIC BROTHER.

A Free Mason whose life corresponds to the teaching of our ritual, who studiously observes all that which it enjoins, who practises all of its obligations, to such a one a Brother may in confidence repose. The counsel of a Brother who will assist us in our need, and remember us in his devotions, we may be sure will be divested of every selfish consideration, and to his bosom we may confide the trials and the difficulties incident to our struggles in this life. His breast will be a safe repository of all that he receives, and to him may be intrusted with safety such confidential communications of an honorable nature as we would only impart to one who felt a real interest in our welfare.

A true Brother is more than a friend. He is bound by the golden chain of love, and in prosperity and adversity, in all the trials of life, remains not only firm, but sticketh closer, and the rivets are more firmly forged in misfortune, in distress and danger; yea, he will fly to rescue his Brother in the hour of peril, even though his life should be endangered thereby.

A true Brother may not only be intrusted confidentially with the secret communings of our own breast, but he will defend his Brother from the aspersions of malice, hatred or jealousy, in his absence as well as in his presence.

These are all points which the bonds of fraternity and close relation of brotherhood naturally and constitutionally exact.

The design of Free Masonry is to improve, elevate and exalt the members of the fraternity, so that they may adorn the temple of the living God. This life is but an initiatory probation.

There is a world beyond, in which higher degrees are in reserve—in which

higher mysteries will be unfolded—but man's duty here on earth is to live a life of purity in conformity with the teachings of Free Masonry, and then when the gavel of the Supreme Grand Master shall call us away, death will have no sting, and we will advance onward in our progressive mission to the unseen world, knowing no fear, no danger, and we will enter the mansions of light in God's eternal world, and continue our labors throughout an endless immortality, seeking for more and more light from the exhaustless lamp of wisdom of God the Father.—Masonic Advocate. [Italics mine, Editor.]

MASONRY IN CUBA.

R. W. REMIGO LOPEZ DESCRIBES A VISIT TO THE AMERICAN LODGE IN HAVANA.

HAVANA, CUBA, Oct. 18.

Editor *Masonic Standard*:

DEAR SIR—I arrived in Havana last Thursday and was surprised to see in the paper that an American Lodge was about to be instituted under the Grand Lodge of the Island of Cuba. I at once went to the office of the Grand Secretary, Senor Aurelio Miranda, with whom I afterward went to visit Havana Lodge, and found it to be the first English-speaking Lodge on the Island of Cuba, composed of some of the most energetic Masons that could ever come together in any part of the world. Brother E. W. King hails from the State of Texas, and holds the important office of W. M. Brother William B. Knight, S. W., hails from the State of New York. Brother George N. Rowe, J. W., hails from the State of Texas, and Dr. Henry Dejan, Secretary and Representative to the Grand Lodge, almost indispensable on account of his perfect knowledge of the Spanish language, hails from the Republic of Chili. The Lodge was duly consecrated. Brother Calixto Farjardo, G. S. W., acting R. W. G. M., addressed the Brethern as follows:

“W. M. and dear Brothers of Havana Lodge: I feel much regret in not being able to express myself more fluently in your language, to praise the acts done by you, and consummated in this day's work. I wish to congratulate you first upon your success in bringing your Lodge within the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the Island of Cuba and installing it within its jurisdiction. Your enthusiastic membership portend much honor and pleasure to the Cuban craft. I congratulate you upon your membership and your earnestness; I trust that your Lodge may soon be a Masonic beacon that will cast Masonic light throughout the Island of Cuba and help to strengthen the ties of friendship and brotherly love between the people of the United States of America and the people of the Island of Cuba. In conclusion, permit me to invoke the blessing of the Great Architect of the Universe for the prosperity of your Lodge, yourselves and your families, and for the prosperity of all the Grand Lodges of the United States of America.”—*Masonic Standard*.

SAN DIEGO RAPIDLY INCREASING BUSINESS.

SAN DIEGO, Jan. 27.—The increase in the import and export business of the harbor is shown in a short report made to the Chamber of Commerce by Collector Bowers. The exports of 1898 amounted to \$249,441, and those of 1899 to \$2,631,599, while the imports of 1898 were \$142,106, and of 1899, \$1,501,588. These figures show an increase of \$2,382,158 in the exports and \$1,359,482 in the imports for a single year.—San Francisco *Bulletin*, Jan. 28, 1900.

 CHARTERS REVOKED.

Since the formation of the Universal Brotherhood the following charters have been revoked: 1898, Syracuse, N. Y.; 1899, Lewiston, Me.; Toronto, Canada; Hot Springs, Ark.

A new Lodge has been formed at Auburn, Me., and the Hot Springs Lodge has been reorganized.

 SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY.

For information relating to the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, excepting financial matters, address Frank M. Pierce, Representative of the S. R. L. M. A. Donations to the Museum and of books to the School Library should be carefully packed and addressed to Rev. S. J. Neill, Assistant Librarian, Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

FRANK M. PIERCE,

Representative of S. R. L. M. A.,
144 Madison Avenue, New York.

 DO NOT FORGET THIS.

The Secretaries of the U. B. and the E. S. are pleased to acknowledge the influx of stamps in response to the following notice. We are glad to see even this sign of helpfulness:

If every letter sent by members to Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, contained one stamp or more, many hundred dollars would be saved to use in other needed work. Do not stick the stamps to letters, SEND THEM LOOSE.

Comrades! do not forget this.

EDITORS.

 PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT.

A fund has been established for the free distribution of Brotherhood literature. The fund to be equally divided in obtaining the following:

- 1) The New Century Series; The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings.
- 2) The Universal Brotherhood Path.
- 3) The New Century.

To be placed in the prisons in America, also hospitals, work-rooms, free reading rooms, lodging houses, steamboats, and to soldiers and sailors.

This project is originated by Katherine Tingley, who has given great attention to it, and she feels confident that it will be well sustained by all members of the Universal Brotherhood and by all who are interested in Humanitarian Work.

Contributions to be sent to

J. H. FUSSELL.

Treasurer Propaganda Department,
144 Madison Ave., New York.

 MONTHLY REPORT OF CONTRIBUTIONS.

J. L.	\$1.00	E. M. K.	\$2.00
E. R.	1.00	R. P.50
Anon.	1.00	C. K.	2.00
A. J. J.	1.00	R. C. K.75

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it."

UNIVERSAL Brotherhood or the Brotherhood of Humanity is an organization established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

This organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The principal purpose of this organization is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is fact in nature and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

The subsidiary purpose of this organization is to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man.

This Brotherhood is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

Every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

The Theosophical Society in America is the Literary Department of Universal Brotherhood.

The International Brotherhood League is the department of the Brotherhood for practical humanitarian work.

The Central Office of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is at 144 Madison Avenue, New York City.*

*) For further information address F. M. Pierce, Secretary General, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE.*

(UNSECTARIAN.)

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means."



THIS organization affirms and declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and its objects are:

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.
2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.
3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.
4. To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.
5. To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.
6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.

*) Address all inquiries to H. T. Patterson, General Superintendent, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

HOW TO JOIN.

The Universal Brotherhood welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life, and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living power in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The Organization is composed of Lodges, and is divided into various National Centers to facilitate local work. The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine A. Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Any person endorsing the principal purpose of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD may apply to Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, New York, for membership in the Universal Brotherhood Organization or any of its departments.

Three or more persons may apply for a Charter to form a subordinate Lodge.

For all information as to fees, dues, etc. (which differ in each country), address,

F. M. PIERCE,
Secretary General, Universal Brotherhood,
144 Madison Avenue, New York, City.

FORM OF BEQUEST TO SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY.

"I give and bequeath to the School for the Revival of the lost Mysteries of Antiquity, a corporation duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the Laws of West Virginia, and incorporated thereunder on the 28th day of May, 1897, the sum of..... Dollars, to be paid by my executor hereinafter named, exclusively out of such part of my personal estate not herein otherwise specifically disposed of, as I may by law bequeath to educational institutions, and I hereby charge such of my estate with the aforesaid sum, and I direct that the receipt of the President and Secretary of said corporation holding such office at the time of the payment of this legacy, shall be sufficient discharge of the legacy."

Note:—The above should be inserted as one of the clauses of the Last Will and Testament of the person desiring to make a bequest to the Corporation. The validity of the bequest will depend upon the strict compliance by the deviser in drawing and executing his Will and fixing the amount of his bequest in accordance with the Statutes of the State in which he resides and his estate is located. The amount bequeathed by any person should not exceed the proportionate amount of his estate which the laws of his State allow him to give to an educational institution, and the formal execution of the Will containing this bequest should comply strictly with the Statutes of the State of his residence.

Any one wishing further information regarding the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity may apply to F. M. Pierce, Special Representative, or H. T. Patterson, Sec'y 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and generally to extend aid, help and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

It should be noted that the officers and workers of the International Brotherhood League are unsalaried and receive no remuneration, and this, as one of the most binding rules of the organization, *effectually excludes those who would otherwise enter from motives of self-interest.*

None of the officers hold any political office, the League is not connected with any political party or organization, nor has it any political character; it is wholly humanitarian and unsectarian.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

THIS Society was formed in 1875 under the name of the Theosophical Society, by H. P. Blavatsky, assisted by W. Q. Judge and others; reorganized in April, 1895, by W. Q. Judge under the name of the Theosophical Society in America, and in February, 1898, became an integral part of Universal Brotherhood Organization.

The principal purpose of this Society is to publish and disseminate literature relating to Theosophy, Brotherhood, ancient and modern religions, philosophy, sciences and arts.

Its subsidiary purpose is to establish and build up a great world library, in which shall be gathered ancient and modern literature of value to the great cause of Universal Brotherhood.

SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY, AT POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

ALTHOUGH American in center, this school is international in character—"a temple of living light, lighting up the dark places of the earth."

"Through this School and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical life, and the laws of physical, moral, and mental health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become passionate lovers of all that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world."

THE ISIS LEAGUE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA, OF THE ART DEPARTMENT OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE Isis League of Music and Drama is composed of persons carefully selected by the Foundress who are interested in the advancement of music and the drama to their true place in the life of humanity. Its objects are:

- (a) To accentuate the importance of Music and the Drama as vital educative factors.
- (b) To educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high standard and the influence of the grander harmonies of music.

Headquarters: 144 Madison Avenue, New York City, and at Point Loma, San Diego, California.