

## A U M

TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"Help Nature and work on with her, and she will regard thee as one of her  
 Creators and make obeisance."

*The Voice of the Silence.*

# Universal Brotherhood Path.

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## →❖POINT LOMA.❖←

By C. M.



*EST of the West is the Sunset's home,  
 And west of the West is the Star we sought;  
 And west with the West Sea's fairy foam  
 Is the prize of the World-Old fight we fought.*

Out of the East to the westward we wandered in armies slow,  
 And many a rich land called us to stay on the way and rest;  
 And many a while we waited, but our eyes were always aglow,  
 Our eyes and our hearts, with longing for a longed-for land in the West.

Many and many a green isle shone in the blue of the sea,  
 And many a snow-white gull wing vanished away o'er the waves,  
 And we dreamed of a sea-wet west land where never a grief should be  
 And a Fountain of Fire from the Earth's Heart through a splendor of magical  
 caves.

Many and many a green isle shone in the ebb of the tide,  
 And lured us away with its dove-call—*O come to the Sunset's home!*  
 And many a frail boat rowed out, and many a swimmer died,  
 And dying, flew to the green isles a-gleam in the gleam of the foam.

Land of the golden sunset, away on the western sea!  
 Land of our Hope-Star, shining foam-white, purple and green.  
 Our Longing hath folded her long gray wings to nestle on thee  
 Like a way-worn white dove nestling in peace on the knees of a queen.

*For it's west of the West is the Sunset's home  
 And west of the West is the Star we sought;  
 And west with the West Sea's wandering foam  
 Is the prize of the World-Old fight we fought.*

# THE PERFECT MAN.

By GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT.

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HO is he? Where shall he be found? Our experience of life leads us to doubt his existence, and yet the belief in him is deep in the heart. As children, with our yet unburdened atmospheres, how often have we thought we saw him? Our parents, in the first place, were perfect, and later many others surrounded by the haze of distance. And when a nearer approach disclosed their failings, our unflinching faith often made us ready to transfer the title to some other figure shining with reflected glory, until on reaching years of maturity, one by one, all our idols had fallen. And yet this faith has a meaning. No man is perfect, but all are perfectible. As children, our *instincts* told us this. But so dense are the clouds in this age, they have almost covered this truth for the man.

Our skepticism is born of our ignorance as to what man is. We have confused the image with the reality. No wonder we have been utterly mystified and confounded, and that theory after theory, dogma after dogma, has been formed to account for the bewildering array of facts before us. Truly, the ray of sanity remaining expressed itself in the honest agnosticism of this century, which knew it did not know. Poor humanity! deceived, deluded, discouraged and disheartened; knowing not whence it came, nor whither it was going, and too blind to see the few lights over the earth, not yet extinguished.

From many, many quarters came the cries of distress. And they were heard. In 1875 the answer came, clarion-like, ringing over the earth. "Man is divine, and not originally sinful. Within him lies a god. Awaken! ye sons of God!" And some were aroused. And the voice from above, has gone on sounding louder and louder, and has been taken up by an ever increasing army of warriors.

As we study ourselves and those about us more deeply, we perceive that this part of ourselves which we can see and communicate with in the ordinary way—our personality, so called—is simply a reservoir and transmitter of something. Although there is always a certain amount of permanence during a lifetime, there is always a still greater degree of impermanence. This centre, through which streams of force of different kinds are constantly passing, we think of as being ourselves. We may not, perhaps, think thus when we stop to philosophize, but practically we look at one another and think, "He is noble, truthful, attractive, artistic, entertaining, vicious, clumsy, or one of the other manifold qualities," and we think of this individual as being separate from others in a way, and in possession of these faculties, and we admire or condemn him accordingly. The idea of personal possession is everywhere so strong that we may desire to possess this other individual, who seems to us to possess these

desirable qualities. And men may even come to the absurd position of fighting each other for the possession of a third person. Now, although no creature can possibly possess anything, except what all possess, and although every Soul is in itself free, the whole civilization is based on the belief in and the desire for personal possessions. So full is this earth of delusions that we must gain the power to dispel!

For that alone which knows, feels, suffers, enjoys—which possesses because it *is* everything—is the eternal divine spirit, which is one in essence, and is in and through every thing and every creature. It breathes itself out as a tree, and though each leaf appears separate, yet are their spirits one. It breathes itself out as *many* trees, and though each tree appears separate, yet the spirits of all are one, sleeping or waking in mother earth. It enlivens the waters of the deep. It stirs the bird to song. It moves the inert stone to crumble. Even all these objects which are acted upon, must be but that part of itself which has not learned to move. For can any part of the universe be divided against itself?

In like manner it breathes itself out as many men, and though each man seems separate, yet is the spirit, the essential man, common to all. But man's personal life is fleeting, as the leaf. Like it, it will drop, and be no more. Why should it concern us so deeply? Why should our doings, our disappointments, seem of such moment to us?

The mysterious delusive difference seems to be in this, that consciousness as it flows into the leaf, cannot there inject the idea of self-consciousness. The leaf, as a leaf, does not know itself. And so the expression there is more free and without the opposition of the idea of separateness. But into the vehicle we call man, a higher quality of consciousness can enter—that which has the godlike faculty of knowledge of its existence. This consciousness animates this vehicle, which is as much above the leaf vehicle, as man's consciousness is above that of the leaf's. And there it remains, pent up for a time, so to speak, because the avenue of its connection with the vast ocean of which it is a part, is so narrow, that it is not seen or understood. This portion of universal consciousness, called man, which has all its potentialities, is for the time being placed in such a position that he is deluded, and thinks his life is separate.

Here is the beginning of evil, so called. Yet dimly we can see, that even this is beneficent, that to become godlike, each spark must for itself discover the truth. It must learn little by little, under the most adverse circumstances, to know the truth, so that nothing can ever have the power to deceive it. And so it, as the son of man, is sent, is born into this wonderfully complex vehicle, which it has itself evolved and intellectualized through the ages, and which represents, and which is subtly connected by manifold unseen threads with all the forces of the universe, which are opposing the onward march—the inert—the so-called forces of evil. It creates, and then throws into its creation a part of itself, bidding its offspring know itself. This offspring, thrown off as is the

leaf, with its vehicle, we call man. And as life after life is lived in failure to penetrate the darkness, and recognize his divinity, they seem to have passed in vain. And so the process must be repeated again and again, until little by little, comes that which will liberate the Soul. All true religious teachings can be seen to lead to that end. To do with others as we would be done by, to love each other, is the natural method by which a Soul comes into sympathy with other Souls and learns its unity with them.

Really to enter into deep sympathy with all others, is but a returning to that original ocean of consciousness and partaking of that greater life. But we must not only practice the golden rule, but practice it with a consciousness of our divinity. For great and helpful and necessary as it is to work for and with others, the greatest good of which we are now capable cannot come from a doing of these deeds of kindness from any motive of sentiment. To offer a gift to another because he is personally attractive to us, is but selfishness or vanity; to offer it with the idea that we possess and are superior to him, is degrading to both and only trammels the Soul, as it increases the delusion as to our real relations. To offer it in purity of heart, with true love, is surely helping to bring heaven upon earth, but even that cannot carry with it the power that will follow a gift with the thought that we are all divine, and living our true life together, behind all this giving and taking; that our personalities are allowed to be under the delusion of possession of things until they can overcome it and that they are but our tools.

It is that deeper spirit of brotherhood, which can look with impartiality upon all, that is going to liberate the world—a feeling of brotherhood within, which makes us capable of indifference whether it must be the little chariot we are directly driving, or the many about us, which we are indirectly affecting, that must suffer in the coming strife, providing only the best be done for our common life. Unless even our virtues are based on this fundamental idea they will all fall, like the house that is built upon the sand, for it is the basis in fact. It is the underlying stratum of everything. To get back to it is like planting our feet upon a foundation rock. All systems of philosophy must be built upon it, if they would stand, all religions, all arts, for what are these, but different modes of expressing the one eternal truth.

Yet so mystified is man by these conflicting voices always sounding within him, that it is with the greatest effort that he can bring himself to recognize it. When the real man says, "I am divine," the devil within answers, "You are full of original sin." When the real man asserts his powers, the devil answers, "Only through the help of another can you be saved." When the real man would reach out to his brothers, the devil in him suggests that he gain power for himself, and every word of his carries with it in some form the idea of separateness. The voice of this devil grows ever more subtle, ever more persuasive and intelligent as the voice of the god becomes stronger and clearer.

What we commonly, in our ignorance, consider man, is but the focus for these two contending forces—is but a battle ground, so to speak. We attach

ourselves to such under the delusion that *it* is the growing and divine light we have seen. Though often, even while we are gazing, the picture suddenly changes, and we see to our disappointment, a being of selfishness, ambition, or vanity, or a pitiful creature who, with nearsighted vision is losing himself in trifles, or turning his whole attention upon some microscopic speck of imperfection, or perhaps one who has betrayed his master or friend. In amazement, we can scarcely believe our senses, and we exclaim: "Is this my friend?" No! it is not and was not. He who sat within was the friend, and when for a time the doors were opened, his gaze met ours, and, mystery of mysteries, he was ourself—our greater self. For it is always but ourselves we seek, as we peer into window after window of this multitude of houses.

How shall we conquer this delusion, so that it has no more power to deceive, and we shall not be forever ground in this mill of sin and sorrow? First, we must admit it, to be sure. That is the beginning of the hour of deliverance, and then we must animate every act with the motive power which emanates from that real self. The consciousness then would be quickened with every act, and that quickening would be carried out from the centre to the very surface of our lives. That is the meaning of the lifting up of the "Son of Man." I believe that every time we do that, we break one of the myriad strands of the chains that hold us. And if we really could succeed in doing this all the time, we should quickly see ourselves revealed.

This is no figure of speech that we can reveal ourselves to ourselves. Everybody knows it, even those who have done no analytical thinking. We all recognize that we have greater possibilities than we now express, and when occasionally we express more, we know we have not created anything, only brought something out. We say commonly: "We have developed." So we recognize when we pause to think that we *are* something which we do not at present know. Can we imagine that this greater thing which we are has less self consciousness than the smaller? Can we develop that which we have not, or bring all of these treasures out of a worm of the dust or an originally sinful being?

Just as when the life current forcing itself through an acorn, becomes an oak, so in passing into a human organism, it becomes a man. Only here the power to aid in the evolution is injected into the vessel, whereas in the tree, it is not. And just as in a leaf the consciousness flows through a stem, so in man it flows through a small channel which he has to work to find. And for him, the possibilities are infinite. There are limits to any one body, of course, though we have never probably reached them, but we throw off one body after another and can each time call down into it more and more of ourselves. For we are working on both sides of the stem. On the one side we are urging down with divine love and compassion, and on the other we are reaching up, and longing and looking, and when we have evolved our Hercules there, we begin to pull and command. For *we* are Prometheus and *we* are Hercules. We are all together in this struggle, and when we have liberated ourselves—we

who are now bound to earth—then shall we know our Titanic strength, and the perfect man will be uncovered. Thus we shall see that he is a god, and earth will be lifted up to heaven.

To bring this about, we must consciously turn our faces toward the light, and listen for the Voice with music in it. For if we look at the picture of helpless humanity too long, our arms will hang lifeless at our side, and our power will be gone. We have been so long in it and a part of it, that we know it well. It is not necessary to dwell upon it. And if we waste our precious time in a contemplation of our own weaknesses, we know well how the clouds will envelop us. Despair, discouragement, is of the devil. There is no doubt of it. When we discourage others, we play the part of the devil. Nothing saps our strength like the loss of self confidence. Everybody knows that. And it is the work of the evil forces to destroy that in humanity, or to centre it in the lower man. Here is a wonderful example of the majestic power of thought. That which is born of courage and trust in our higher possibilities can lead us to liberation, while that which is born of doubt and despair will always lead us deeper and deeper into the mire. Jesus of Nazareth used to appeal to that courage, for he explained that the kingdom of heaven was within, and that it must be taken with violence. And when the Jews sought to stone him for calling himself the Son of Man, he said: "Is it not written in your law, 'I said, Ye are gods.'"

Yet the evil forces have got even into the churches, where they would most like to be, for there they can weaken humanity in its heart—and they have got the church practically to deny these teachings by emphasizing that other view in regard to man—viz., that he is helpless, a worm of the dust and full of original sin. In other words, they have persuaded man to identify himself in consciousness with that lower animal side of his nature, instead of the divine. Through the church, man has been taught to forget his divinity. What could be more subtle and destructive than that? For it is a truth that has been taken hold of, but by separating it from that other truth, it has of necessity become so distorted as to be a falsehood.

What could more effectually arrest man's development than that—to make him *think* himself that lower self? His liberation must begin with a consciousness of his divinity, and end with a realization of it. That is the method by which it is to be brought about. It is the magic thought which will open for him the gates of heaven. How Satan must have laughed through most of these years of the Christian Era. From what was supposed to be the fountain of wisdom—from the church—he has been uttering this blasphemy. And he has made good people his mouthpiece. What a master stroke!

But the hour of deliverance is at hand. Satan has been loosed, but he will be bound again. Humanity shall henceforth know it is divine. The forces of light will again be in the ascendant. The wheel is turning and we are even now in the transition age.

What we have to do, to help this wheel in its turning, is just the opposite

of what we have been doing. Instead of fearing one thing after another, and seizing whatever we can to save ourselves from these various fears, even trying to seize spiritual life for fear of some punishment if we do not—instead of that, we must rise into that serene part of our natures, where trust reigns supreme. And in that region of peace we must, by the divine gift of imagination, create here on earth for all that lives, that which our awakened intuitions tell us is in accordance with the reality. And we must hold this image firmly by the will, and nourish it with our heart's blood. For *we* are gods, and *we* can create. We have been creating selfishness all these years, and retarding this wheel in its turning, and now we must realize that every particle of selfish fear, of selfish ambition, of selfish virtue even, is a clog to the onward movement.

It is a difficult task we have before us, for the force of habit is strong. And yet those who have brought us the light and who know the way, say it is *so* easy. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

It is just the giving up of the burden of personal life. It would seem to be a simple thing. And when we understand what life it is we are to give up, we do not really care anything about it. Why should we? "He that loseth his life shall find it."

But though this simple thing is, for most of us, *so* difficult, that it often seems impossible, yet the time must come when the perfect man shall stand revealed within us, and when we too shall say: Ah! how easy this is! Why could we not have done it long ago?

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"No stream can rise higher than its source, and if we find the feeling of I-am-ness expressing the very acme of consciousness and at the very apex of evolution, we may expect confidently that it will be still farther accentuated as man rises to higher states. Our selfish conception of it will and must disappear, but who can conceive of the power and glory of an Hierarchical I—a great note of common consciousness as much beyond the petty, personal I as the united strength of all humanity is superior to any unit thereof? And beyond this lies the Cosmic I, and still beyond the universal I-am-myself-and-all-others, of perfected bliss!

*Evidences of Immortality.*—Jerome A. Anderson, M. D.

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"By truth alone is man's mind purified, and by right discipline it doth become inspired."—*Gems from the East.*

# ORIGIN OF HYPNOTISM IN ITS WIDER SENSE.\*

By ZORYAN.

Lo! 'tis a gala night  
Within the lonesome latter years,  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theater, to see  
A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly—  
Mere puppets they who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their Condor wings  
Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore,  
By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot,  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin  
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing, that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes! it writhes! with mortal pangs  
The mines become its food,  
And the Angels sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!  
And over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
And the Angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"  
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Oh! that we may be strong and selfless-minded, to call to the searching light from the crystal throne of Truth, and from the radiant sphere of Heart, to flutter down as a white dove into the dark regions of human life; to shine in silvery and golden beams upon the phantoms of the night; to change dark clouds into a cool, refreshing rain, quenching the red, sublunar flames, abating the fever of these infernal regions of earth, and shedding tears of storm, to veil with showery palls of tempest the fall and the untimely end of those submerged in the dark gulf of their own thoughts and deeds, covered and overflowed with the insulted elements of nature.

And thus when we begin to see, not for sweet rest, not for the laurels of the deserved past, do we awake, we sleepy comrades, rubbing our eyes in this early morning hour; but we hear a bugle call, gathering us as knights, clad in full armor and ready for the battle against the strongest evil which oppresses the true light of human civilization, against that force which is dead for intelligence,

—\*Adapted from an unpublished story, "In The Hesperides."



void of choice, so glittering with its colors of false power and false friendship, and leaving only ruins in its dreadful progress.

How pleasant it is to run in memory to ancient times, to gather strength from the voice of Soul and from the ancient records of the past and to learn that at the beginning of antiquity it was not so. When the earth was fresh and young, when the Brontosauri walked the ground, which trembled under their weight of scores of tons, and the wings of Pterodactyles were circling in the air, when men and animals were of a giant size\* and all powers were so exuberantly rich, it was then that those powers did not run into riotous extremes. It was then that souls were free and more glad of one another's presence than of any petty transitory things. It was then that God was dwelling, not somewhere afar in the high skies, but in this sweet Nature and in the golden days of the companionship of hearts. And no wonder, for it was the golden age, born of the morn, whose divine brightness is not now realized even in dreams.

For, as we have heard, these our bodies are from the earth below, and our forms from the beautiful fancy dreams of the lunar fields; yet our souls are not from these regions. So, too, it is said that the human soul is as a bird, flying above the field of shadows and searching for the realm of truth, hoping, striving for liberation against all earthly odds and sacrificing all for that which is just and noble and true, never satisfied till it gains its goal; that that soul is derived from the self-same eternal sphere, whereto it struggles to return. So in those early days it shone in the first men as though in some translucent lamps, the colors of which were not so dense as now, and whose fancies were not so strong and fixed as in the present days. For by the friends and companions of those times, whether their lamps shone as gold or purple; whether they were blazing with noonday glory of middle life, or with the mysterious sunset glow of calm and ecstasy as it dies down into the west; whether in the fiery glance of man's eyes, that conqueror of this nether world, or in woman's meditative gaze, wherein time ceased to be, and only a dream of eternal happiness rang its fairy bells and spread its fairy lights; everywhere the One Light was the life and the glory in all, and ever, when the soul looked with its luminous eyes, it was the mysterious inner fire that was the comforter of the heart, not the colors of the lamps, which were only its diaphanous screens.

Between man and woman there was not so much difference then as to make obscure their identity of life, and to force them, alas, to seek their identity of shadows. Neither was there that difference between youth and age, for youth was serene with its freshness, and old age with the restfulness of the twilight of its life, whose sun seemed not to disappear then, as it seems now for this shadow-dreaming generation of ours which in its fright of darkness forgets that consciousness is greater than the Sun and is subject to some heliocentric system of its own. But in those times life on earth did but slightly veil the eternal

\*This statement dares to disagree perfectly with the Haeckelian diagram of man's origin. If man is a mammalian in his body, it is not by a heredity from a mammalian branch. He reached that degree on the previous planetary globe. On this he started separately. See "The Secret Doctrine" by H. P. Blavatsky.

purpose of the life beyond ; and those two lives—one, the real, the other its temporal reflection—softly blended in that golden era, in which the Divine Unity of the All found in every heart its radiating centre, and its shadows projected on the screen of manifestation were not so strong as to obscure it.

How it happened later that the shadows of the screen grew dense and shut out the ideal light, who knows? The dreams seem so real to the dreamers—perhaps it never happened and we are only dreaming yet. . . . But in those glorious millenniums, happiness was not an object of search, for it was rather an interior bliss than anything extraneous; it was rather something to give than to receive, and in its fold the stronger protected their weaker brothers, as a hen does her young; the wiser were glad to see their fire kindled and fanned to an exceeding brightness and angelic power upon the minds and hearts of pupils, and to rejoice in feeling their life in others; and pupils, with gratitude and trust supreme, felt safer than babes on their mothers' breasts. But, alas, as everything has its light and its shadow, its substance and its seeming, its reality and its dream, its truth and its illusion, so it happened that the youthful and inexperienced humanity began to find delight in forms and in appearances, and thus attracted to itself the powers of the fanciful lunar meadows, of the glittering saturnian mountains, of the evil-eyed legions, and who can tell from what orbs and spheres the powers came which ever come to humankind at its desire and change the whole aspect of the world, so that it seemed at times that it was another race of men that appeared, and not ours—so thickly and densely they began to circle in our minds and in the riotous currents of our blood. Then came the worst evil, when those ambitious, selfish, cruel, crafty powers of our mind—who knows from what hiding places of the planetary thought they had descended?—when those lords of an hour, heirs of the shadows born of the glitter of illusion, rulers of the dreams on this side of the awakening only, when they began to strive to create their mock unity reflection of the uncreated glory—unity of a tyrant and a victim instead of that of a lover and his beloved.

The old traditions which we are now recalling, not speaking from our fancy, but from what we have heard with our minds bowed and our hearts hushed and intent, those old traditions say that it happened so, that humanity descended deep into this earthly pit of torture, and that the god-like beings lost their high estate. New kings arose, new builders of the airy castles of the intellectual civilization, divorced from the heart and wedded to the seeming and to the evanescent—glittering and yet so cold, like creeping serpents' blue and silver scales sparkling, jingling, rustling, then vanishing into darkness.

When Intellect became king of this enticing realm, prince of this aerial world, the old memory of something that was no evanescent haunted yet its deep, the permanence of that truth-essence wherefrom it came was echoing yet in its dreary halls; but, alas, not seeing it in its own interior subjective heights, renouncing the hope of finding reality in its own heart, the intellect mistook the lowest, strongest, the most unintelligible reflection, the outermost shadow,

as its permanent base and as its material ground to build upon. Oh! if it had but looked up through its own subjective window, it might have observed then the grand reality, the highest, which corresponded to its lowest shadow! Oh! if it had desired it! But, deaf to all entreaties of the White Kings of Light, "Lords of the Dazzling Face," whom all traditions speak of as the Divine Kings of the Golden Age, dumb to their tender care, unresponsive to their love, which would fain wrap them about in its divine mantle, the majority of mankind continued to build their labyrinth of dreams so vast and high that they lost themselves in its bright, bewitching maze, where the Sun of the One Spirit could reach no more, and which was illuminated no longer by the eternal daylight, but by the bright will-o'-the-wisps of pride and the red lurid flames of passion.

That haunting memory of permanence was now no more the surety and the glow of direct perception of the immortal life, but it changed into a frightful tool of punishment and magnetic force, driving the culprits toward the outer shadow of the material stability only to break their ship of life against its hard and unrelenting rocks. The same happened when those shadow-chasers sought unity not as something already existing, as a fact in soul and nature, as a light and substance of the Soul itself and as the root of Universal Brotherhood, which needs but recognition after the dream has passed, which needs only to open eyes and heart to see it as plainly as the sun in the heavens—feeling ourselves in every brother, and every brother in ourselves. Instead of that, these fancy riders sought it in imposing their own proud and illusory opinion upon the greatest number of their fellows. Seeing their fancies living in another, making of the earth an amphitheatre for their own play and sport, they imagined for themselves a greater life, and with their thought to embrace a larger world, caring little whether the play be conducted from actors' real wish and love, or they be but blind automata of the rulers. This was the motive of the first stroke at the sacred treasure of the human beings, at freedom of their thought and action.

This was the first Dead Sea fruit of the striving after that outer unity, which has no inner link. This was the first dead weight—for, aye, even thought may turn into a dead and darkening weight, when it renounces its ever-living source and turns for succor and imitation to the blind material outer forces. Oh treacherous help! For the dead weight rebounded, and all the legions of the monsters of the pit became aroused. And when the dead mass sank down, it was engulfed in a hornets' nest of passions, and each hornet-passion was as heavy as stone. There is a law in the world of being, that where we find separateness there we find resistance, and so it was now with the mind. This was the first hypnotic touch, and a resistance was speedily found, for it happened that others had also minds, besides the rulers of the fancy; and the first wars arose, which had not yet degenerated then into physical scrambles, for they were purely on the plane of mentality and emotion, though more oppressive and more dangerous on account of that.

Gently at first, as though of silver-voiced nightingales' competitive strain, they sang—alas! not the song of soul rising above the earth and sending back its parting notes; they spread the wings of mind—not for the fountain wherefrom all mind doth flow, they sang only about the fancy birds of the bright plumage, seeking forms, striving for a temporal existence, perching on the trees and rocks of the dark valley of illusion, lit only by the flames of passion, fanned only by the breezes of personal enjoyment.

Enticing was the first hypnotic spell, bewitching was the second. Glaring was the armor of those first dark conquerors, when, standing proud upon their lofty towers, they spread illusive light upon the nocturnal screen and sent out forms innumerable, blinding with their phantom lustre, ponderous with sound, and in the distance sparkling like the iris of soap bubbles on the dark of night. Some called it poesy; some called it art; some, civilization—especially when it allied itself with the protean nature forces and the powers of the earth and when it imaged and sculptured itself in every stone and metal. Thus were caught the simple minded, thus they called it, but it was only fancy's riot falling down into a nothingness. And for its sake were so many sins committed, so many minds turned from the communion of the Universal Heart to the powers of the gigantic sport and play, so many beings free and bright as children, basking in the melody of the primeval Golden Voice of that which gave them birth into soul-life—now were dragged into dizzy, magnetic whirls, where phantom called to phantom with a mocking greeting, and spectre parted from spectre with shriek of pain and torture of regret.

The tragedy was interesting, but not for the actors. But what cared the rulers? New allurements they devised. They gathered from all the quarters of the globe, from the deep earth and from the skies above, from the reflective films playing on the water and from fire's smoky wreaths. The secrets of nature they extorted, which filled with awe and fear the already dizzy slaves of pain and passion, and the rule of one part of humanity over another was already an established fact.

It was not the crude hypnotism of the modern times, but it was that subtle, elastic kittens' play of mind, whose weight and pressure grow step by step, till the sharp claws of its cruel power smoothly glide into the flesh, and liberty is lost forever.

And now a word to the modern diminutive heirs of their ancient sin, to those who now try to rule, to influence, to mold the world as a blind mass forever destined to be as plastic material for their haughty minds—to those who, instead of sharing their thoughts in a fraternal way with fellow beings, instead of clasping hands as free and yet interdependent fellow students, instead of pledging themselves as many voluntary links to their own Great Soul and Heart, try to forcibly imprint, imbue, instill, their ponderous imaginings into the heads that they themselves have stunned and pressed and frightened into obedience. In the name of principles they speak, they use high sounding words, but in their interior dogmatic fancy they wish rather the whole world perish

and go down in ruin to Hell than to escape their grasp. Yes, even in this present age modern sects, workers for the same end (?), but by other means, may learn something from this ancient lesson and, perhaps, see the difference between the angel of the day and a monstrosity of night.

Uninterrupted is the light of day, save for the obstructions we ourselves oppose, and not one single spark of light, however thickly veiled in clouds of superficial error, but has its source and life from the universal Light. Even he who worships an idol, worships it under a guise. This is the light of day. This is the unbroken, universal link of truly universal faith. This is modest tolerance, and boundless love unlimited. But the monster of the night cannot love farther, cannot see farther than its own bewitched circle ever turning round and round. With what self-satisfaction do some think that they are a centre and a receptacle of all divine treasures; and that everything else, the infinite expanse of everything else in this wide universe is cursed and forlorn; that matter is dead, that the animal and vegetable lives are shadows of our servitude and uselessness and isolation, and only they are specks of light on the dark of boundless night! But is it so pleasant after all? Where is their God? Nowhere, except on the frail films of their imagination and in the red, tyrannic weight of their terror-stricken, gloom-enveloped power, sectarian, clannish, fenced off from this wide world and seemingly so self-satisfied, power; and we ourselves detached blots of questionable light floating in a satanic plot of Horror. How infinitely more pleasant it is to unveil the gloom, to lift our own fanciful self-created incubus from all nature and from all our fellow beings, that the Soul Divine may shine for us and greet us through the souls of men! How immensely more delightful it is to see our neighbor everywhere, and even much more in a merciful Samaritan and Heretic, than in an orthodox, yet powerless-to-act Levite; to feel the angelic throb in the song of birds and in the flowers' beauty even much more than in our penitent, pain-enveloped, expiating body; to discern God's will and mind acting much more in Planets' swing, in crystals' architecture and spectral scintillations of atomic tiny sparks, than in our own slow and sluggish brain intelligence reflection.

This open view is more likely to bring on earth that Divine kingdom of the Galilean Master than all the sulphur and mercenary sweet (?) incense of burning, bewildered, horror-bound, powerless and loveless hunting parties of our own salvation. Now think only: our own—what is, in fact, our own except our person, our lower self, which is ours only by our limits, which therefore is our prison, whether as mind or form, and which, precisely, not by being saved but by getting lost, can thus set at liberty our real Soul-Self, the Higher, the Unborn? A child's wisdom, even its single smile, beaming with comradeship to a friend, a star, a flower, greater is than all theologies, opening their windows on any fancy place, save the true place of recognition of the indwelling God in the Soul-Realities of life. What joy it is, then, to see in the dark days of dream-religion such awakening children, as, for instance, Francis of Assisi, upon whose shoulders birds alighted, whom sunbeams and soft breezes, sweet

sister-water and mighty brother-fire greeted and invited. He and many others, the humblest, the compassionate, alone kept back the darkest powers in the darkest hour. For the sake of these few faithful the rod of the four karmic angels was withheld.

And the rod of punishment now is lifted by conquering science. But what is it? A dreary power against a dreary power. Could these two colliding rocks create a spark of life? Who knows what suffering brings us to our senses? Oh! that our scientific friends could also profit by it, noticing the danger of thinking too much with thoughts of other people. It is so pleasant to seem learned, but it is a million times more hopeful to hear a confession of our modest comrades of the Academy of Muses, that our knowledge is, after all, only a classification of appearances; and it is immeasurably sweet, for instance, to hear a physicist say that we know nothing about the atom, force, and ether; and hear a doctor proclaim his ignorance of the formative power which builds a body and keeps life and health; and to hear a chemist's awe and admiration before that first primeval matter, of which all elements are built, and who knows, perhaps all dreams and thoughts of ours; and to see a psychologist stand with greater reverence before the mysteries of consciousness, which eludes him, than any priest had ever stood before his idol.

This humility keeps knowledge fresh and sweet, and full of true poetic spirit, and blessed are those who have preserved it. They are the children of the morning, opening their eyes to ever fresh and blooming nature, and for them the magic lustre of the life around will never wane, and the stream of heart will never dry or turn into a stagnant pond. But to those brothers who are entranced with the scientific glitter, let the history of the past be a warning lesson.

And, verily, how could selfishness and all its pain and terror have been abated in those terrible times when, really, those fancy-dreamers, those haughty builders of the empty forms, had nothing vital there to love and cherish, to aspire and hope, but running like a squirrel in a wheel, contracted their civilization into a vortex, drawing them into a gulf where all wrecks fall into darkness and oblivion.

And with it fell untimely those giants of old, whose pride superb exceeded that of Rome, and whose culture outshone the lofty genius of Greece, and whose imperial mantle covered all the world, gemmed with glorious cities of the white stone of mountains, and of the dark volcanic lava, and bedecked with silver, gold and orichalcum. And yet, who of that brilliant assemblage would aspire to a seat upon the Blessed Thrones of Mercy? Who would strive after the flower of the Golden Stem and Azure Blossom? who would follow the Doctrine of the Heart? The earth was trembling under the blackness of the sins committed; Nature herself was insulted, and the waters of the sea ran swelling upon the sinking continent. The Divine Teachers, the Lords

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—\* As complains a contemporary writer.

of the Dazzling Face departed with the faithful from this doomed land. The seven great islands were swallowed up by the waters.

The narrative which is here related is, as many of the readers have guessed already, the history of that Niobe of the nations, that marble pain trembling in every heart of ours and the lesson as unavoidable as fate itself—the unfortunate Atlantis.

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## SOMEWHERE BETWEEN.

By R. H. CHENEY.

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SOMEWHERE between the lofty mounts—  
 Snow-covered, lone and still,  
 Where genius reaches Divine founts  
 Of wisdom at its will,

And Nature's boggy lowlands where  
 In embryotic state,  
 Enwombed in darkness and despair,  
 Unlighted millions wait ;—

Somewhere between, Earth's meadows lie—  
 Redemption waters roll ;  
 Somewhere between, the ransomed try  
 The pinions of the soul.

There camp the saved and saving few ;  
 There dwell thy richer kin ;  
 There joy diviner waits than you  
 Have ever hoped to win.

Take, then, thy staff of faith, and seek  
 Those higher levels near,  
 And quit the low swine-fields that reek  
 With error, pain and fear.

He that aspires to know the way  
 Already answer hath ;  
 Or swift or slow he shall not stray  
 From Truth embordered path.

Yet broader shall the turnpike be—  
 Thy guiding star more bright,  
 So be some brother lean on thee  
 Until he sees the light.

# SEPARATENESS.

By CLARE HUNTER.

"Once there came a man  
 Who said:  
 'Range me all men in rows.'  
 And instantly  
 There was a loud quarrel—world wide—  
 It endured for ages.  
 Eventually the man went to death, weeping,  
 And those who staid in bloody scuffle  
 Knew not the great simplicity."  
 —Stephen Crane.



T this age of the world separateness seems to have reached the limit. So far are we from fulfilling Christ's commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," that we are more nearly partakers in the curse of Ishmael, whose hand was against every man and every man's hand against him. At least we of the nineteenth century look out for ourselves first, last and always. This is certainly true in the business world, almost equally so in the social world, and too often the case even in the family. Every aspect of our civilization seems to be founded on the basis of separateness and of separate interests.

It has become an axiom in the world of commerce that competition is the life of trade, as if any part of a whole could thrive at the expense of any other part, or the welfare of the whole be maintained while one section is preying on another. And it has not been. Look at the extremes of wealth and poverty this system has led to, and the great tension which exists between capital and labor. We have labor organizations pitting themselves against the capitalists, and capitalists divorcing their interests from that of the laborers. The spirit of competition is fostered in children often by both parents and teachers. Children are encouraged to do well as much for the sake of outdoing others as for the sake of progress. And it is a painful fact that most children will work harder when they know there is to be a test of skill. When prizes are given to those who succeed in surpassing all the other members of the class it is putting a premium on rivalry. The slight intellectual benefit the pupil gains by the extra study is completely outweighed by the loss of comradeship for the classmates and the spirit of egotism engendered by considering himself superior to the rest.

Although the thought is not often expressed in words, it is the exception to see parents who are not anxious to have their children appear as well, if not better, than other children, and receive as much praise, quite forgetful of the fact that real worth must be measured by a more absolute standard than the condition of other people, and that true progress can be gauged only by comparing the person with himself of yesterday, not with others. We are continually drawing lines and building walls to separate ourselves from the rest of mankind. It is myself, my family, my friends, etc., and it is quite as possible and just as wrong to be selfish for one's people as to be selfish for one's self.

Our Leader has said: "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age." When a



great teacher of humanity points out the most crying defect of our age it is certainly worth our most serious attention. "Unbrotherliness the insanity of the age!" We have thought we were eminently sane. We have thought the nineteenth century the sanest age of the world. We have been level-headed enough to use electricity in almost magical ways; to construct iron frame buildings, wonders of height and utility; we have built war vessels of unequalled size and speed. Men of our age have explored almost every part of the world, have computed the age of the world and the weight of the sun, have performed magical feats in surgery, one has discovered that a certain ray, unrecognizable to the physical senses, penetrates solid matter, and has found a means of photographing objects concealed in matter of a different density; our scientists have succeeded in liquefying air, and our financiers have been able to centralize and conduct the entire production and distribution of certain commodities throughout the United States.

"Unbrotherliness the insanity of the age!" It is indeed true. If we look at people whose faces are in repose, when they are not lightened as in conversation or brightened by a desire to appear amiable, we too often find the dominant expressions are severity, repression, discontent, sadness. It is evident that the discoveries of science are of little help in the trials of daily life, and that men of learning have failed to solve the most vital of all problems—the relation of man to man.

But the sages and the teachers of humanity have solved this problem. Humanity is one. We are far more intimately related than external appearances indicate. We all act and re-act upon each other, so that we cannot separate ourselves from anything, nor can we free ourselves from the responsibility of this non-separateness. Separateness is the cause of all sorrow. Only he whose every act is inspired by an unselfish love of humanity can attain happiness.

*"So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives, bear love to men as though they were thy brother pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother."*

When we measure our civilization by this standard its condition is appalling. Even the highest form of religion known to many is embodied in the hope of gaining for themselves a heaven of eternal bliss, while others suffer untold torments. "We live in a world whose law is kindness; we may transgress the law, but the law avenges itself in the suffering of the transgressor." We have sinned the sin of separateness, and we are paying the price. "Altruism must be made the line of our lives" if we hope not to have lived in vain. Only so can we gain wisdom; only so can we be of service to humanity.

If we analyze any or all of our sorrows we shall find that selfishness is at the bottom of them. Not the selfishness of another, but the selfishness of one's self. We want something which we have not; it may be time, money, position or authority, sympathetic friends or merely having one's way about little things. Not that the world will be any better for it, but we want things that way. Often we spend a good deal of energy and cause a great deal of friction by

trying to force upon others habits which have no intrinsic value. Much greater sorrows may be caused by financial losses, misunderstandings and death, but in all cases it is the thought of pity for one's self that causes our sorrow. Our minds have congested in the molds of personality. We must free ourselves from them. We must gauge life by a more absolute standard than personal whim.

Krishna said: "If the good of mankind only be considered by thee, the performance of thy duty will be plain." We have lived for ourselves too long to immediately follow this exalted precept, but we can approximate to it. If we test our acts and motives by it we shall find how extremely selfish we are, and how petty are most of our trials and disappointments. It will help us, too, to be more lenient in our judgment of others. It is not necessary that one be exalted above others that he may serve humanity. Each can serve in his own place and in his own way.

We have been told to regard earnestly the lives of others. Each life is an expression of the divine; each represents a stage in the evolution of the soul. Some have approached more nearly to truth in one thing, some in another. We can learn from every one. The entire personality may not be pleasing, but if we look we can find something there which we can admire; something, perhaps, which we have not, but which we have striven for, and know how hard it is to attain.

The sense of separateness narrows the limits of our consciousness. The thoroughly selfish man who cannot sympathize with others is conscious of no more than he has personally experienced. If we are ultimately to be the possessors of all wisdom, if we are to expand our consciousness until it embraces the universe, it is easy to see the folly of conforming our interest and field of observation to the experience of one insignificant personality.

We can get some idea of the blind and narrow life we lead when we read of ourselves as the "living dead." Living in the sense of existing, but dead to the realities and joys of life. Only when unity is realized is life a joy. Surely there is not joy in many of the circumstances of life, but there is a joy in right living, and there is unspeakable joy for those who live for humanity.

*"Alas that selves should be sacrificed to self!"*

This is what we do every time we place the person before the race; every time we indulge in the luxury of self-pity; every time we allow ourselves to be gloomy or despondent; every time we let our minds dwell on purely trivial things, simply because it is easier than to force them to that plane where we may be of service to humanity. What a large portion of our time we spend doing just that—"sacrificing selves to self!"

Our Teacher has called to arouse us from this lethargy. "Awake ye children of earth! Cease dreaming the heavy dreams of sense and separateness. Awake to the joys of real life!" The Universal Brotherhood Organization was founded "to teach brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and make it a living power in the life of Humanity."

## WOMAN'S ERA.

By **ABBIE G. HINCKLEY, M. D.**

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THE last twenty-five years of every century is a period of great achievement, as well as one of marked unrest. A series of remarkable events, both on the mental and material planes, take place, resulting in a greater incentive toward spiritual growth; Nature seems to be making a supreme effort to readjust conditions before entering upon a new epoch in the world's evolution. One interesting phase of this may be seen in the position women hold to-day. The broader, higher education now given our daughters, the freedom to think and act, must necessarily enlarge woman's horizon, giving broader aims, truer sentiment, sounder judgment and more compassion for all that lives. Heart and brain will learn to act in unison, guided by greater spiritual intuition, which in the uplifting of humanity will raise her from the false position to which she has so long been chained to the broad field that is her real place.

The first step toward this advance was the opportunity to compete in the world's work, not alone in mental attainments, but in the fields of labor as well. Now all professions, business offices and many of the trades are open to her. Positions of trust, requiring tact, honesty and trained ability, are ably filled by our women workers. The claim that labor has been cheapened by the admission of women to its ranks has some truth, but in the final adjustment it will not be so much a standard of sex as of ability and fitness. Where women are left destitute, with a family depending upon them, we see the wisdom that opens up so many avenues of work for this end, and thousands of women are bravely doing this work.

On the other hand are many who seek and obtain positions, not because they bring marked fitness or trained ability to the work, not because loved ones depend upon them, but from a restlessness or craving for the excitement or the independence they fancy lies in the domain of those who are self-supporting. With such too often the love of luxuries or display or a disgust for their own work or environment plays too large a part in the choice of an occupation. If these reasons sway the choice of a lifework, then this work must end in failure or unhappiness, for the motive being a low one, no woman can elevate the work or herself by doing it. Neither is a woman less womanly because she is obliged to support herself or those depending upon her. She works from a high and unselfish motive, which gives a refining influence, that makes her work noble. She retains her own self-respect and meets with courteous acknowledgment from all whom her life touches, thus elevating all other workers. In doing her own well, she brings a blessing to all.

The claim that marriage is affected by the increased independence of women, that a man rarely chooses a wife from among his fair co-workers, that the decreased wage prevents marriage and the home building, is only partly true. It is more the tendency of the age toward luxurious living, which is as great in one sex as the other, and makes the simple home life of mutual unselfishness less attractive. There is yet much to be adjusted, for the cultivation of any phase of life which tends to break down the sacredness of the home is a mistake. That the clubs and conventions should hold more attraction for either sex than the home and fireside and the prattle of little children is to be deplored; for these "little ones," the real rulers and workers of the new race, need the wisest, most loving care that broader thought and spiritual knowledge can give.

This is the woman's era. Let her assume her lawful place in the world's evolution. Let her bring into every phase of life her highest gifts of soul and heart, changing the moral environments, that all may rise to their highest level. Let her broaden her lifework, bringing less selfishness and more love and faithfulness to the home and work, recognizing all humanity as one, putting aside sentimentality for real sentiment and living out her highest ideals. Then, whether in the busy field of labor or in the peaceful shelter of the home, she will raise the moral standard all along the line, and will give and demand the true, and be ruled by the law of justice to all. She has grand possibilities unfilled. The heart and intellect, cultivated and guided by the soul, will give a gracious sweetness, broad intellectuality, and that sweet compassion which is woman's great charm. Let her not forget that in many of the world's great crises a woman has stood at the helm, and often with her true intuition and guidance has given the spiritual touch to evolution. In this country we are not left alone. The illumination of a great soul is with us, and has sounded the keynote of the twentieth century in her message of love to all creatures. "Truth, Light and Liberation" shall, like a rainbow, span the centuries and bring the perfect ideal into the practical detail of daily life. Let us bring into our lives the beauty of lofty purpose, purity of motive and sweet compassion for all; then we shall overcome the baser conceptions of life and help to lift mankind upward. Let us never falter in the glorious work before us. With our Leader of wisdom and compassion and the strength gained by experience in past lives, all grand conceptions can be lived out and the world made purer and better for our living.

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# H. P. BLAVATSKY, TEACHER AND BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND.

By E. A. NERESHEIMER.

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T a time when the world was engrossed in anything and everything except its own welfare, there came a Great Soul to this earth, who—single handed—started a movement to stem the tide of growing negation.

The flower of thinking men had run off the track of balance, but making great noise became leaders of the thought of the day. This was called the science of materialism. During its sway, it was in bad taste to believe in man's divinity or even to imagine that there was anything in the universe except what could be seen with the eyes and weighed with the scales.

The religious spirit was also on the decline, owing to the lack of knowledge of interpreters of scriptures who barely worshiped even their idol, the dead letter.

Meantime, the people, individuals and organizations, became intensely selfish, and if it had not been that this Heroic Soul had shot like a disturbing comet into the midst of the then predominating influence, it is difficult to say what disastrous consequences might not have overtaken the multitude of followers of this course.

H. P. Blavatsky was one of the great Helpers of Humanity. Her work was so far-reaching that it could not be appreciated by the generation in which she lived, nor can the first and second generations following do full justice to the measure of her reforms. She could command forces of nature which were as a closed book to others. She was not dependent on the outward appearance of things nor on the laws governing the physical alone; her powers and insight far transcended the powers and knowledge of even the most accomplished scientists of her day. Likewise she could think, work, write, and construct in the very intellectual field of the time with a synthetic power that distanced the highest developed intellect.

In the early part of her public career she devoted much time to demonstrating the possibility of exercising unknown powers over the forces of nature. The processes which she employed were perfectly natural; indeed, she insisted that there was nothing supernatural and the word had no place in her vocabulary. She was in communication with and was aided by the great Helpers of the Race concerning the methods of conduct of the great Movement which was destined to regenerate the world and awaken humanity to its real being in the near future. She had the power of discerning the real value and merit of an individual behind the appearance of his personality; she enlisted some into the service of the Movement who had, apparently, nothing to recommend them, but who, in many

ways, rendered valuable aid to the work. She could disintegrate physical objects at one place and reintegrate them at another. Her methods of obtaining results were entirely different from established precedents. This was too much for some of the commercial scientists of the time and religious contemporaries. A storm of opposition arose from all quarters with cries of "fraud, deception, trickery." Here and there, however, a true disciple of science fought vigorously for the truth, and soon there was gathered a large contingent of supporters among prominent investigators.

Among the cries of *pro* and *con* the fight waxed hot, but the subject encircled one continent after another, and slowly but surely the attention of all civilized nations was riveted on the central figure who dared to upset cherished and accepted notions.

Unceasing and strenuous work and the use of her faculties over diverse superphysical forces and her endeavor to demonstrate and teach the facts to the world may be said to constitute the first part of the plan which H. P. Blavatsky unfolded in her last successful mission.

While thus engaged in pushing these unpopular theories before the world, she undoubtedly had a well-defined limit of time as to the execution of her plans, which she presently unfolded in a new direction.

The next move was the commencement of a merciless warfare against the grooves and ruts of existing systems, religions and fads. She fearlessly attacked with word and pen the so-called philosophical deductions and conclusions which the professors and expounders had arrived at in their especial systems, exposing the imperfect premises from which most of these proceeded. Accepted theories which were fallacious were treated and laid bare with such inflexible logic and destructive arguments on their own ground that one wonders to-day how so many laboriously constructed but false theories and systems could have issued from our modern men of science and doctors of religion and be so wide of the mark. It was shown that the theories and conclusions of chemists on Ultimates contradicted the theories deduced by physicists, and the further each endeavored to penetrate by his own special method into the mysteries of life the more hopeless and more wide apart would each find his conclusion from the system of the other.

Likewise destructively did she deal with the crumbling faiths and denominations of the time. She pointed out clearly the underlying truths of all religions, but she emphasized the fact that there was in the present systems an entire absence of a basis of ethics which should teach the people first of all a sufficient reason why they should practice the virtues and abstain from selfishness. This basis of ethics she has fully and convincingly explained in her philosophy.

She fought vigorously against the danger menacing humanity in the subterfuge systems of spiritualism and faith healings, hypnotism, etc.

She was most emphatic in the denunciation of the practice of taking possession of the mind of another, as is done in hypnotism, pointing out the dreadful consequences that accrue to the operator on account of the subtle connection

which is thereby established between operator and subject; the hypnotizer becoming responsible for the acts of the subject which are done as the result of the influence of hypnotic suggestion. As to healing physical ailments by denying their existence and through mere assertion of the power of the mind—in this she was unyielding in her denunciation. She explained that this delusion is nothing short of dragging the evil back to the mental plane whence it came; whereas, if physical pain existed, it was the effect of a previous cause, and that when it had reached the physical plane, it was on its way down and out forever as the effect of a due cause. However, if arrested and drawn back to the plane whence it came, it was removed only to appear again at some future time.

To corroborate her statements and teachings, she unearthed a great wealth of information from a host of long forgotten publications of authors whose works are very rare and distributed over all parts of the world.

The marvelous work, "Isis Unveiled—A Master Key of the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology," bears witness to this. These two large volumes were written under the most peculiar circumstances. From 1875 to 1878 Mme. Blavatsky lived in New York, where she founded the Theosophical Society. Here she devoted much time to the tuition of pupils while also attending to the constant stream of visitors. She expounded her philosophy at all hours of the day and night to scientists, doctors, clergymen, professors, and men and women of all shades of belief and grades of education. Little time remained, so it appears, for writing such learned books; notwithstanding this, these volumes came forward complete in the year 1878. They are replete with the most remarkable quotations from obscure and rare books bearing on the subject in hand from different points of view. Some of the books quoted from are in foreign languages and procurable only in Spain, France, South America or India; others are to be seen and inspected only at the British Museum or at the Vatican. Her own library consisted of about 20 books of promiscuous import, and strange to say, she never consulted a library. The work discloses expert knowledge of life-long research and presumes a master of erudition, neither of which H. P. Blavatsky claimed to be.

The principal tendency of "Isis Unveiled" is iconoclastic. It is apparently intended to tear down existing prejudices, rusty systems, and false premises—it is destructive of these—rather than to build up or expound a coherent system of philosophy. But, incidentally, as though it were casually, its pages contain (rather conceal) a most remarkable coherent and eminently logical system of the genesis, evolution and destiny of cosmos and man.

Interspersed through the text in "Isis Unveiled" are to be found portions of the ancient esoteric doctrine given out to the world by the great Lodge of the Helpers of Humanity whose messenger Mme. Blavatsky was; and subsequently, owing to the sincerity with which this work was received by a large body of students, she was permitted to publish the "Secret Doctrine," which is the monumental work of her life, and which will be the textbook for all nations and peoples for centuries to come.

"Isis Unveiled" was barely finished and placed before the Western World when Mme. Blavatsky left America for India. Thus closed the second chapter or epoch in her life-work.

In India she adopted new plans of work which were entirely constructive. Though it was not until long afterward that the "Secret Doctrine" was written, it was at this time that the sublime philosophy of Theosophy first came in more or less concise form before the world through the pen of H. P. Blavatsky, and through others who were taught by her.

Once more, strange as it may seem, the doctrine of "Eternal Justice" was vindicated, in which every individual intuitively believes, but is so strenuously denied by the doctors of official science and religion.

**Man and Nations** are the creators of their own destinies. All conditions of life are under the operation of Universal Law. No accidents. No atonement. Progressive evolution. Essential divinity of Man. Perfectibility of Man. The Unity of all Things: "God," man, and everything part of it; Brotherhood in fact.

These are the pith of the message which H. P. Blavatsky brought, and that made her the greatest benefactor to mankind since the time of Buddha and Jesus.

We had heard these things before, but not in this wise. Mme. Blavatsky proved at every step and gave to the world an explanation of the mysteries of life and death, the knowledge of which infused new joy into the life of millions of people, and will be the source of hope to the present and future generations.

Reincarnation and Karma are the cardinal doctrines of her philosophy; these are known in nearly all of the religions of the East, and believed in by two-thirds of the population of our earth. But to the Western World they were new. They are so self-evident that it is astonishing that our civilization has so long been without them.

Slowly, but surely, Mme. Blavatsky's teachings are finding their way into the minds of the masses. Modern Western literature now extensively borrows from this eternal fount of truth. The pulpit tentatively appropriates the ideas. Journalism in daily leading articles popularizes them. The whole Western Hemisphere is permeated with these truths in a more or less marked degree in all phases of regenerative endeavor.

Humanity has become heir to a great message from Heaven, and yet the bearer of the message is concealed from public acknowledgment. The masses do not know it, and those whose personal problems have perhaps been most enlightened, often do not mention her name. But a teacher is a teacher, even when the world does not recognize him. He is the intermediary between the one who profits by the teachings and—God! Some day the Teacher will be known. Through gratitude and love we proclaim the name of H. P. Blavatsky as Teacher and the bearer of the message of Truth to the sixth Century.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill, cannot be hid."



# EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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## XII.

SETHI II.—USURPATION—SETNAKHT RESTORING ORDER—XXTH DYNASTY—RAMESSES III.—VICTORIES OVER INVADING HORDES—CAMPAIGN IN ASIA—CONSPIRACY TO DESTROY HIM—BUILDINGS.

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SETHI II., also designated Meneptah III., it would seem on first view, to have begun his reign under conditions by no means unfavorable. The Dynasty had become acceptable to the Hierarchy, and the Crown Prince enjoyed the warm regard of the literary men at the court of his royal father. The remarkable tale of "The Two Brothers," which in some particulars bears a striking resemblance to the story of Joseph in the house of Potiphar, was composed for him. The High Priest Levi and his son and successor, Roma, were cordial and constant in their attachment.

For two years the authority of Sethi was loyally acknowledged in Egypt and the dependencies. He generally resided in Tanis, and his orders are extant in relation to the management of the Egyptian posts in Palestine and Syria. His inscriptions are also found in different places and as far south as the family shrine at Abu Simbel. We have no account of his death, nor of the duration of his reign, but his tomb at Biban-el-Molokh exhibits a magnificence which indicates his rank among the "Justified," in the Grand Assize of Souls.

Yet at this time the double crown of Egypt was a veritable crown of thorns. There arose an aspirant, the Prince Amunmeses, to dispute the title to the throne. He brought to his support a formidable party in Southern Egypt and Nubia; and at his death his tomb was duly excavated in the mountain at Biban-el-Molok, with the recognized Diospolite kings.

He was succeeded by his son, Meneptah Siptah. This prince was the husband of the royal princess Ta-Osiri or Thuôris, a daughter of Rameses II. The alliance added a certain support to his pretensions, and her name, instead of his, was recorded by Manethô in his list of royal personages that actually reigned. Siptah, her husband, was supported by a strong party in Thebes, under the leadership of Bai, the keeper of the Great Seal, and his reign extended for several years.

About this time the siege and destruction of Troy or Ilion, in Asia Minor, are said to have taken place.† Herodotus had recorded the statement made to him by the priests of Lower Egypt that the Trojan prince Alexander, better

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† This is Manethô's statement. Even now, however, the legend of Troiê, as Homer styled it, is not eliminated from its place among the myths of archaic Greece.

known by the designation of Paris, came to the court of "King Proteos"\* with the abducted Queen Helena; and that while she was detained there the destruction of Ilion took place.

The history of Egypt now became a chaos of misrule and lawlessness. The northern districts were depopulated. The princes of the nomes and cities disclaimed other authority, and carried on war incessantly against one another. Murder and robbery were everywhere a common occurrence. The inhabitants that were able to do so, fled from the country, and there were not enough left to cultivate the land. There was scarcity of food, almost approaching to actual famine.

Presently, an adventurer named Aarsu, a Khar or Phœnician, gained the upper hand of the princes, one by one, and became master over the greater part of the country. The enormities imputed to the Hyksos invaders of former centuries were now repeated. Life and property were no longer secure. When a man gained anything, it was forcibly wrested from him. The Egyptians were compelled to pay tribute to their alien lord, the temples fell into decay, and worship was interrupted. The gods were regarded as no more than ordinary human beings, and disorder reigned for long years in Egypt.

Finally there arose a deliverer. The Harris Papyrus describes him in the fulsome oriental style as brought forward by the gods, or as would be a more literal expression, by the priests of Amun-Râ. "They established their Son who had come forth from their body upon their lofty throne as king of the whole country. This was King Set-nakht Merer Meri-amun. He was like the god Sethi (Typhon) in his rage. The whole country that was in revolt he reduced to order and submission. The men who were evilly disposed, who incited violence in the land of Ta-mera (Northern Egypt) he put to death. He purified the throne of Egypt and thus, while he raised the inhabitants from their abject condition, he became their ruler on the throne of the Sun-God Tum."

It has been supposed that this king Set-nakht or "Sethi the Victorious" was a son of Sethi II. The evidence, however, is doubtful. Perhaps he was descended from Rameses the Great, or from Sethi I., but his exaltation to supreme power in Egypt was due to his own valour and prowess rather than to any title derived from royal lineage. He "purified the throne," as the inscription declares. This was accomplished by driving the usurper Aarsu from power, and destroying the records and memorials of the kings whom he superseded. His reign was too short, however, to afford him opportunity to excavate a sepulchre for himself, and when he died possession was taken of the tomb of Siptah for his interment. The name of that king was left at the entrance, but the designations of Queen Ta-Osiri were overlaid by the royal shields of Set-nakht; the feminine form of the descriptive terms were not changed. By this preposterous occurrence the names of the two sovereigns Siptah and the Queen Ta-Osiri have been preserved from oblivion.

\*Herodotus II., 112-120. Diodorus calls the Egyptian king Ketes, which may be a Greek form of the name Sekhi, but this is improbable, as is the whole story.

Rameses III. has been not inaptly compared to the Hebrew King Solomon, from his riches and powers, and for the luxurious appointments of his household. He seems, however, to have more closely resembled Dareios Hystaspis of Persia. His first care on coming to the supreme power was to arrange anew and classify more distinctly the civil service and the military departments. No mention is made of the other population of Egypt that was engaged in all the different avocations of peaceful industry. Indeed, in the dynasties of the Later Empire, the Court and the people were distinct bodies, as they were not in the earlier days.

Egypt was thus again placed upon a military footing. Rameses, the "last of the great kings" of Egypt, was threatened with war on every side. Every province and tributary state had thrown off the Egyptian yoke and united with the hostile parties. The Shasu or Bedouins ravaged Egypt on the East, and Libyan tribes had entered on the northwest and driven back the former possessors of the soil to establish colonies of their own. "The hostile Asiatics and Tuhennu robbers showed themselves only to injure Egypt. The land lay before them in weakness since the time of the earlier kings. They did evil to gods as well as to men. No one had an arm strong enough to resist them in their hostile movements."

Thus beset on all sides, Rameses had prepared himself for conflict. He first made a campaign against the invaders from Arabia, the Sahir or Senites of Idumæa. (See Genesis xiv., 6, and xxvi., 20-30.) He defeated them utterly, destroying their tents and cabins, taking their cattle and massacring those that resisted. He carried a vast number of them into captivity and delivered them to the several temples for servants.

He next turned his arms against the Libyans. They had undertaken to establish a permanent settlement in the Delta and become masters of Lower Egypt. Their forces were massed in the district lying between the Kanopic and the Sebennyitic branches of the Nile. Rameses was attended by the Council of Thirty. The battle is described rather as a massacre than as a conflict. Probably it was analogous in some degree to the destruction of the Cimbri by Caius Marius, or of the Nervii by Julius Cæsar. The Egyptian troops gave no quarter, but slaughtered till they became weary. Twelve thousand and five hundred Libyans were left dead on the field, besides an unknown number that had been driven into the water to drown. Only when the Egyptians had exhausted their fury did they consent to accept the surrender of those who survived.

The sculptures at the great temple of Medinet Abu are memorials of this battle. The mutilated parts of the slain are depicted piled up in heaps to show the number, while thousands of captives stand ready to be branded, and assigned to servitude. The men were placed on the ships as mariners; the chiefs were imprisoned within fortresses, and the women and children taken for servants. The all-powerful hierarchy of Amun-Râ received as their booty the cattle that were captured a multitude "too numerous to count."

There was rejoicing all through Lower Egypt. The land was now rescued

from the invaders and restored to the former inhabitants. Three years were passed in further adjusting the affairs of the kingdom, and then Rameses was called to encounter other adversaries. A storm had gathered in Asia and now precipitated itself upon Egypt. Tribes and hordes from the unknown regions of the Asiatic Continent had driven the Karians and Kolkhians from their homes in Armenia to seek new abodes and to subsist for the time as freebooters and pirates. They infested Asia Minor, the countries of the Levant and the eastern waters of the Mediterranean. The Khitans, Cypriotes and Philistines co-operated with them. They had arrived so far as the region at the southwest of the Dead Sea. Their attention was now directed to Egypt. They determined to obtain a foothold and new abode in the fertile Lowlands. The state of affairs long disorganized and the lost hold on the tributary nations of Asia were to them as an indication and an opportunity. They were ready now to seize the advantage. "These nations had leagued together; they laid their hand on the double land of Egypt to encircle the land."

Rameses foresaw and anticipated their movements. He placed an army of soldiers from subject peoples at Zaha on the Philistine frontier and assembled a fleet at the mouth of the Nile. The two forces of the invaders, the one by land and the other by sea, reached Egypt at the same time, in buoyant anticipation of an easy victory. Rameses, however, had been quietly awaiting their approach. Four of his sons were with him. He had fixed the place of meeting midway between Raphia and Pelusium. The Pelusata, "Pelasgians," advanced first with a long train of bullock-carts, loaded with their wives and children. They came into the midst of an ambush and more than twelve thousand were slain. Their camp was taken and the survivors consigned to servitude. The fleet came into the lagoons at Pelusium, where they were met by the Egyptian flotilla. The whole scene is depicted in a sculpture at Medinet Abu. Rameses had no sooner vanquished the Pelusata than he hastened to Pelusium for the new engagement. His best troops lined the shore, and when the invaders attempted to land they were driven back.

The sculpture depicts some of the Egyptians attempting to rescue the sinking crews of an enemy's ship, an act of humanity unparalleled among the other nations of the ancient world. Never again did any of the nations thus overcome appear in arms against Egypt. Rameses followed up his victory by a campaign of vengeance, and the record covers one side of the pillar at Medinet Abu. He set out with both an army and a fleet, traversing Palestine and Syria, lion-hunting in the Lebanon, and in short establishing anew the Egyptian authority over the countries that had been conquered before by Thôthmes, Sethi and Rameses II. The kings and rulers of the Khitans, Amorites and Idumæans were made prisoners; and among the places of note that fell into his hands were Patara, Tarsus, Salamis in Cyprus, Idalium, Soli, Larissa, Kolossæ, Karkhmos.

In the record are also descriptions of further successful wars against the Libyans, and against the negro tribes of the Sûdan.

Manethô has related the story of a king "Sethosis, who is called Rameses,"



Rameses III—The last Great King of Egypt.

that may refer to this monarch. Going on a military expedition into Palestine and Phœnicia, he left the supreme authority in the hands of his brother Armais. While he was absent the brother took possession of the government, made the queen his consort, and exercised royal functions. The king, hearing this, returned to Pelusium and soon recovered his kingdom.

Professor Ebers supposed that this occurrence took place in the reign of Rameses III., and not, as his romance describes, in that of his great namesake.

The history of the event as given in the Papyrus of Turin is somewhat different but more explicit. There was a conspiracy against the king, which had been plotted by Queen Thi and other women of the royal household, together with Boka-kaman, the Steward; Mestersuror of the royal council, and numerous other members of the council and other officers. It is described as a project to destroy the mind or more probably the life of the king by magic arts. As Pen-ta-ur, the Queen's son, was a participant, it was evidently the purpose to place him on the throne.

The plot was divulged to the king, who immediately appointed a Commission of Twelve to adjudicate the matter. They were instructed to institute an inquiry, to bring all accused persons to trial, and to see whether they deserved death. The individuals who were convicted were immediately thrown to the ground and required "to put themselves to death with their own hands."

In the later years of his reign Rameses married a foreign princess from Asia. Her name, Hemalozatha, and that of her father, Hebuanrozanath, may suggest their nationality.\* The king gave her the title of Isis and placed her with him on the throne. A picture in a monument which exhibited him when engaged with her in a game of dice became the foundation of a story which is related by Herodotus that he actually went while alive into the world of the dead\* and played at dice with the Great Goddess Isis, sometimes winning and sometimes losing.

When he had established peace through his dominions, Rameses found opportunity for promoting the welfare of his subjects. He built a great wall over fifty feet high with strong defenses in the country of Ayan near the Gulf of Suez which the Aperiu inhabited. He also equipped a fleet in the harbor of Suez to sail to Punt and the "holy land," and bring thence incense and other precious wares. A caravan trade was also opened and direct intercourse by land and sea was maintained with all the countries of the Indian Ocean. Greater attention was also given to mining. Wells were driven where wanted to facilitate working, and copper, which was procured in the peninsula of Sinai, was smelted and transported in bricks by mules from the furnaces into Egypt.

Rameses acquired an immense treasure from the booty taken in war, and he now employed it like a king. The temples were generously endowed, and he was diligent in his endeavors to be on good terms with the hierarchy of Thebes.

He was ambitious also of distinction among the kings of Egypt, and built numerous "Ramessea," or sacred structures bearing his name, in the sacred cities. One of these was erected in Philistia, in the city of Khana to Amun-Râ. But the Ramesseum at Medinet-Abu was most lavishly treated of them all, and to the profusion of its inscriptions, sculptures and ornamentations, we are in-

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\*It is hazardous to attempt a guess, yet the name of the princess suggests the Norse term, Amal, denoting a royal descendant of the gods. In such case we should suppose the designation Ise or Isis which Rameses gave her was its Egyptian equivalent. The name of her father contains the term Anath, which belonged to the Great Mother in Skythia, Persia, and Armenia.

\*The fact of the picture being in a tomb was probably the occasion of the historian's undertaking that he went while living into Amenti, the Egyptian Sheöl, or Hades.

debted for what is known of court-life and the customs of Egypt under the Later Empire. It is probably the treasure-house concerning which the story of the thieves is recorded by Herodotus. He began the work in the fifth year of his reign, employing three thousand men. The God Amun-Râ had no reason to complain of his munificence. "Thou hast received gold and silver like sand on the seashore," says Rameses, "what thou hast created in the river and in the mountain, that I dedicate to thee by heaps upon the earth. I offer to thee blue and green precious stones, and all kinds of jewels in chest of bright copper. I have made for thee numerous talismans out of all kinds of precious stones."

This temple contains not only inscriptions describing victories over the Libyans, Ethiopians, nomadic tribes, Arabians, Philistines, Amorites, and the Nations of Asia Minor and the islands, but also the various festivals and holidays for which Egypt was celebrated. Herodotus said truly that the Egyptians were religious to excess, far beyond any other race of men. Indeed, the religious titles and dogmas, and even the customs and titles now largely accepted and employed in Christendom, many of them bear the unmistakable evidence of having been derived from Egypt.

It was not the policy of Rameses III. to bestow honor and wealth upon one divinity and to slight another. He, of course, recognized the Mystic Sun-God Amun-Râ as having made him a king of kings, before whom the people of Asia were "prostrated for all times even to eternity." Yet he built a temple of Sutekh at Ombos, a temple of Khonsu at Karnak, a temple of Khem with Horos and Isis at Koptos, a special sanctuary of Osiris and his associate divinities at Abydos, a sanctuary of Anhur at Thinis, a sanctuary of Sebek at Ptolemais, also in the Island of Mosa, likewise temples of Num, Thôth, Hathor, Anubis, Bast, at other places where they were the tutelaries. Most of his buildings in Lower Egypt were sanctuaries on the eastern side of the Delta in the very region that was most exposed to the incursions of enemies from the East. Though the Egyptians were not warlike, their tenacity in religious matters would make them resentful of acts of impiety. Besides, the non-Egyptian population of Delta would be sensitive to any sacrilege toward the divinities whom the king had so liberally honored.

Rameses was truly a father of his people. He had expelled the Libyans and Arabs, who had seized the districts of greatest fertility, and after reducing them to subjugation had enrolled them in the army and placed them in his fleets. Their tribes now remained quietly in their cities, and the warlike peoples of Ethiopia and Palestine were at peace. He had restored safety and tranquillity. "But," Mr. Birch\* remarks, "the people are described as receiving their daily sustenance from the Pharaoh in return for their labor, as if the land entirely belonged to the monarch."

In his provident care, Rameses had planted trees and shrubs everywhere to

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\*This seems to have been an archaic arrangement, as it still is in some countries. It came, perhaps, from some conquest. See Genesis xlvi., 20, 21: "And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptian sold every man his field, because the famine prevailed over them; so the land became Pharaoh's. And for the people he removed them to the cities from one end of the borders of Egypt even to the other end."

give rest and shade to all,—a boon which in that torrid climate can easily be appreciated. Not only could it be said in the poetic terms of the Hebrew writer, that every one sat under his own vine and fig-tree with none to make him afraid, but it was the boast of the monarch that the weakest woman could travel unmolested on the highways. “The land is like a birth without pains,” says an inscription; “the woman may go forth where she likes, she may adorn herself according to her taste, and boldly walk where she chooses.”

Finally, in the thirty-second year of his reign, the king made his son Rameses IV. joint king with himself and appealed to his subjects to acknowledge and obey him. The prince had already commended himself by his courage and sagacity as a military officer, and his disposition was such as to promise a fortunate period to Egypt.

Like the kings before him, Rameses had prepared for himself a tomb, an “orbit of light,” in the valley of royal sepulchres. It was a long tunnel in the rock, divided into rooms and halls. It was less imposing in style than the famous sepulchres of former monarchs. Indeed, he was less showy in the proportions of his buildings, while he strenuously adhered to his claims. There was an array of side-chambers in which were colored pictures as fresh as when first painted, of his weapons, household furniture and other possessions.

The scientific research of modern times has invaded the precincts of this “eternal abode.” The lid of the granite coffin has been carried to a museum at the University of Cambridge, and the papyrus-roll, declaring the endowments of the numerous temples, is in the British Museum.

Such was the career, such the end of the last great king of Egypt. “Till his death,” the priests said, “Egypt was excellently governed, and flourished greatly, but after this all was changed.” Historians do not condescend to say much about those who succeeded. Manethô describes the Dynasty as consisting of twelve Diospolite kings, but does not name them, evidently considering them unworthy. They all bore the title of “Rameses,” as desiring to embellish their rule by the glories of their predecessor; but they neither maintained the prosperity of Egypt nor arrested the approaching calamity.

In an absolute monarchy, everything depends on the energy and ability of the ruler; and when these fail, except a new force is introduced or an upheaval takes place, the nation is likely to disintegrate and perish. A new era came to Egypt.

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## COLUMBUS.

By F. M. PIERCE.

(Concluded from *February issue.*)

Deceived by his maps and the reports of gold further on, Columbus cruised about and explored Cuba, believing it was a reputed rich island situate opposite Cathay, in the Chinese Sea. He determined that a reputed great ruler living in his inland capital was the Grand Khan, and he was not undeceived until his envoy messengers returned, after finding a local Indian chief.

One of the gold-searching parties in Cuba discovered the now world-famous potato. They also found the natives smoking an herb which "put their flesh to sleep and killed fatigue." This herb, "tobacco," now unstrings the nerves and impairs the health of the world.

The life and general condition of the inhabitants of the islands, especially Hayti, as found by Columbus is interesting and most suggestive when contrasted with the present so-called civilized life of their white destroyers.

They are described as living in peace and love, surrounded by Nature's blessings, untormented by artificial wants. They lived frugally and temperately in all things, hospitable and warm-hearted, their firesides were open and welcome to the stranger. Leading moral lives, the land was as common to the people as the Sun and water. Mine and thine had no place among them. They dealt truly without laws or judges. They took him for an evil or mischievous man who found pleasure in doing hurt to another.

Again, speaking of the inhabitants of Hayti, after the wreck of his ship, the Santa Maria, Columbus says: "So loving, so tractable, so peaceful are these people that I swear to your Majesties

there is not in the world a better nation. They love their neighbors as themselves; their discourse is ever sweet and gentle and is accompanied with a smile; though they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."

As an illustration of their government and rulers, "the Cacique or ruler of a large portion of Hayti, Guacanagari, has a native delicacy of feeling which is a surprise to the Spaniards. His table manners are remarkably nice, and his deportment toward his attendants is gracious and princely. The sovereignty is hereditary, and on the decease of a childless Cacique the offspring of the sisters has precedence over the brothers. The government is despotic, the Cacique having absolute control of the lives, fortunes and movements of all his subjects, but it is a matter of history that nearly all of the rulers have governed with mildness and were beloved by their people."

In contrast, what a parody on life, what a horrible nightmare is modern civilization. Whither are we tending, yes, blindly rushing?

Owing to the wreck of the Santa Maria and the supposed desertion of Penzon with the Pinta, Columbus was left with but one small, unsafe vessel, the Nina, which, if lost, would leave his discoveries unknown.

The discovery of gold in Hayti, its fine and healthy climate and spontaneous products, combined with the kindness of the people, and the friendship and devotion of Guacanagari, who was yet hardly persuaded that Columbus was not an immortal—it is a suggestive fact that the mythological god, or great teacher of all

so-called savage races, is represented as being a white man who came to them from across the great waters—determined Columbus to establish a Colony. Acting with his accustomed promptness, he fortified the storehouse containing the supplies from the wrecked Santa Maria, and, leaving thirty-nine picked men under Diego de Avana as governor, he prepared the small and crowded Nina for early departure for Spain.

The all-comprehending foresight and justice of Columbus is shown in the fact that he built a fort and ordered that strict military discipline should be maintained, largely to prevent the men from wandering about and misusing the gentle and confiding natives.

Assembling the colonists, the now beloved commander enjoined them to faithfully perform their duties, to avoid disputes, to treat the high-minded Cacique with respect and gratitude and the people with fairness and courtesy.

January 2, 1493, Columbus, after embracing the noble Guacanagari and his chieftains, and an affectionate parting with the loved comrades, sharers in his trials and perils, set sail for Spain. On the third day the lookout watch sighted the lost Pinta. Pinzon's apologies and excuses for his unwarranted desertion were listened to quietly, though with disbelief, for Columbus knew that a quarrel might be disastrous. Later he learned the full details of Pinzon's treachery.

After a most tempestuous voyage Columbus, compelled by his necessities, landed at Rastello, in Portugal, on January 21, 1493. His ability and versatility enabled him to avoid and escape from the assumed authority and snares set by the envious and unreliable King John, who had betrayed the plans of Columbus in their past negotiations.

When the admiral again stepped on shore at Palos the people looked on him as one returned from the dead, as all

hopes of again seeing the voyagers had long since been abandoned. When Columbus announced his arrival to the sovereigns it created the greatest excitement at Court and throughout Spain. The royal summons was addressed "To Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies." His journey was a perfect ovation, and on approaching Barcelona, about April 15, he was met by a vast assemblage, including the courtiers and people of rank, who thronged to see the great discoverer and the six Indians he had brought from the New World.

Following the Indians came Columbus mounted and escorted by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish Chivalry. The majestic and venerable appearance of the Admiral lent dignity to the showy pageant and harmonized with the grandeur of his achievement. The King and Queen, to further honor Columbus, ordered their throne placed in a large hall in the Palace under a rich gold brocade canopy. When he entered they rose to their feet, as when receiving a person of great rank. Columbus fell upon his knees, kissed their hands, but they bade him sit in their presence while they listened in breathless silence to his glorious story, simply and forcibly told, and to his confident promises that the presented evidences were but the harbingers of still more important discoveries to follow.

When he had concluded, the sovereigns and the noble assemblage, their tears of joy and gratitude for the time obliterating rank, making them one in a common humanity, knelt reverently while thanking the Giver of all good, their minds and souls blending in a high aspiration as the inspiring tones of the chanted "Te Deum Laudamus" filled the vast hall and circled heavenward.

How fitting the whole scene and ceremony to the reverential, lofty, harmoni-

ous, aspiring nature of the simple, resolute, indomitable-willed Columbus!

His fame spread over the world. At the English Court the discovery was pronounced "a thing more divine than human." Columbus, still believing that the discoveries were merely the terminus of the Asiatic Continent, named the lands he had explored "The West Indies."

The greatest discovery in the annals of the world's history an accomplished fact, and standing out in solitude and grandeur as the sublime accomplishment of a single "willful," determined man, why weary ourselves with further details of a life the broad, general scope of which it is attempted to compass and present? Moving rapidly to the end past pomp, gratitude and the reverence, deception, hypocrisy, honesty, and the complexity of human character, we find the world's greatest discoverer again sailing for the land of the New Empire, with a fleet of eighteen finely equipped ships, manned by experienced, eager seamen and crowded by an adventurous nobility. The fleet sailed from Cadiz about June 1, 1494, and after an uneventful voyage reached the colony established by Columbus, only to find it destroyed and the men scattered or dead, as a just reward for their misdeeds among the natives.

Many new islands were discovered and taken possession of. Gold washings were found operated by the natives. A new colony-city, named Isabella, was built. Cibao, the country of the cannibal Caribs, was invaded and its people, the terror of the surrounding islands, were subdued.

On the island of Jamaica was found a people who are best described by a speech made by an old chief to Columbus: "This which thou hast been doing is well, for it appears to be thy manner of giving thanks to God. I have heard that thou hast come to this land with a

mighty force. Know that according to our belief the souls of men have two journeys to make after departure from the body; one to a place dismal and foul, prepared for those who have been unjust and cruel to their fellow-men; the other pleasant and full of delight for such as have promoted peace on earth." This and the lofty oratory of our own Indians stand out in a simple sublimity of truth, in marked contrast with the hollow, veneered oratory of the misnamed civilized man.

Dissensions, treachery, ambition and selfishness had begun to disintegrate the expedition and have foul effect against Columbus at the Spanish Court through returning ambitious nobles. Broken in health, due to exposure and hardships which Columbus shared with the humblest men, care, responsibility and age, all combined to make his return to Spain imperative. Leaving his brother Bartholomew in command, Columbus set sail and arrived in Cadiz June 11, after an absence of two years and nine months. He was rejoiced to find that the evil reports of jealous rivals had not shaken the confidence the sovereign reposed in him. On May 30, 1497, Columbus sailed from San Lucas on his third voyage of discovery. He reached land in the vicinity of the Oronoco River and found gold and furs in abundance among the natives. Sailing northward, he reached San Domingo, where he was welcomed by his brother Bartholomew, who had faithfully carried out his instruction in the face of rebellion on the part of prominent and selfish colonists, headed by one Roldan, whom Columbus had befriended in his distress and poverty. Such is the gratitude of the average man. At this time a ship arrived from Spain, on board of which was a Florentine merchant, Amerigo Vespucci, which fact settles his claim as a discoverer.

The constant stream of calumny, lies

and abuse which poured in against Columbus had for some time affected Ferdinand, and finally Isabella's mind became poisoned. Don Francisco de Bobadillo was appointed to supreme command, and Columbus was ordered to turn over to him all property and authority, and to obey his commands. Bobadillo reached San Domingo August 23, 1500. He seized the unresisting, giant-souled Columbus, put him in irons and imprisoned him in the fortress. As soon as charges could be formulated against Columbus he, in company with his brother, still in irons, were shipped to Spain. Arriving at Cadiz, the indignities which had been heaped upon the great discoverer aroused the whole country as being a disgrace upon themselves, and the sovereigns were not held blameless. In his broad sense of the foul wrong which had been done him, Columbus did not appeal to or even write to their Majesties. In this alone he proved himself a man superior to all rank or title.

In a letter of noble defense, written to a friend, giving a full account of all his transactions, he said: "The slanders of worthless men have done me more injury than all my services have profited me."

This letter, reaching the Queen, roused her indignation at the gross abuse of the royal authority, and she at once sent him funds to rehabilitate himself, and requested his immediate presence. His services, sufferings and benign patience moved her to tears, and, cheered by the sympathy of his beloved Queen, this great man fell on his knees, speechless with sobs and tears.

It is to the credit of the King and Queen that they did not need his spoken vindication; he stood before them a deeply wronged man. The immediate dismissal of Bobadillo was promised, and the restoration of property, rank, privileges and honors. But this was of little

moment to him so long as suspicion rested upon his name by his remaining out of employment in his former position of authority. Here the not over-strong Ferdinand failed, opened his probity to legitimate questioning; nor is there evidence why Isabella did not forcefully interpose her authority. Columbus was old; short-sighted expediency, if not self-interest, led to the appointment of one Ovando to supersede Bobadillo and to succeed Columbus for two years when the latter was again to resume his self-created duties.

From bitter experience he had learned not to put his "faith in princes," and, remembering a vow once taken, that within seven years of his discovery he would set on foot a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, he prepared a "Book of Prophecies," in order to enlist the sovereigns. In the accompanying letter he says: "God works his purposes through the unlearned. He reveals things to some by mystic signs in the air and heavens." Was he not himself a mystic? He worked like one on common-sense lines. The royal promises of restored revenue had not materialized, as he writes: "I have not enough of this revenue with which to buy a cloak." The Crusade spirit was a prominent feature of the times. Ecclesiastical domination of sovereigns was subtly used to foment whatever would increase the power and revenue of the Church. But the time was not ripe.

Inaction was torture to Columbus, and in spite of the bitter opposition of his old enemy, Bishop Fonseca, he at the age of sixty-six obtained royal aid and launched his fourth expedition of four caravels from Cadiz, May 9, 1502, to find the straits leading into unknown seas, and enable him to encircle the globe, avoiding speculative enterprises. Touching at San Domingo for repairs, he was refused entrance to the harbor by Ovando.

In return, he warned the homeward-bound vessels carrying Bobadillo, Rodan and the most persistent foes of Columbus, with their ill-gotten riches, against sailing until a coming storm had passed. His kindly warning was unheeded, and the fleet sailed, to be utterly destroyed and swallowed up in a terrible hurricane with all on board.

Sailing into new waters toward Yucatan, he found among the natives sepulchres containing embalmed and mummified bodies of the dead perfectly preserved. Cruising in search of the straits, he struck the mainland near the River Verugna, in Brazil, where gold was found in such quantities that Columbus thought to return to Spain to report and get reinforcements to further explore this country for gold. But greed for gold on the part of his subordinates led to mutiny, separation and a crippling of vessels which entailed years of delay, misery, treachery and death. Columbus arrived at San Lucar on November 7, seventy years old, sick and worn out, seeking rest. He found Isabella his true friend, broken in health and spent, standing at the door of death, which she entered November 26, 1504. His star—linked with hers in some strange but natural way—rapidly declined when that noble heart ceased to pulsate.

Unrestrained by her ennobling influence, Ferdinand showed his true ungrateful, unreliable and selfish nature. He

not only gave Columbus no consideration, but took from him what colonial property he held title to. He counted on the early death of Columbus to relieve him of an annoyance. Old, decrepit, heart-sick and in poverty, the mind of this colossus of ability, energy and devotion, will and accomplishment remained strong, resolute and busy, arranging the settlement of his fame, honor and rights in equity, and love, among those to whom they rightfully belonged.

Every detail completed, he, on May 20, 1506, voyaged out into another mentally unknown but soul-explored sea of the one eternal life, with the same calm fearlessness and hopeful expectancy as had characterized his visible voyages.

His work, more glorious than that of any historic warrior, more beneficial to humanity, in its time, compassing results greater than that of any other historic personality, is his highest eulogy.

He alone in all the world was the one man through whom the divine force, ceaselessly working for the betterment of the human race, could act with marked power. To this fact, coupled with his willingness and activity, is due his greatness.

Lamartine stated the simple truth when he said: "Columbus advanced, far beyond all that had been done before his time, the work of God—the SPIRITUAL UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE."

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"The light of all flesh is the sun; the light of the soul—truth everlasting."

"The road to sin is a wide highway; the way out of it, a steep and rugged hill."

"The fault of others is easy to perceive, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive."

"That man alone is wise who keeps the mastery of himself."

"Musk is musk because of its own fragrance and not from being called a perfume by the druggist."

*Gems from the East.*

## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

I have often heard it stated by Theosophists that the theory of evolution as generally accepted by modern science is only half the truth. Will the Students' Column please state what is the other half?  
C. E., NEW YORK.



THE main idea of the evolutionary theory is that there is a progression and development from lower to higher forms throughout all the kingdoms of nature and from kingdom to kingdom. The general truth of this idea appears to be well upheld from a scientific standpoint by observation and research, but there is not sufficient evidence to support it in all its details and especially in its most interesting particular as to the immediate ancestor of man in the animal kingdom and the so generally accepted statement that man was descended from the monkey.

It is supposed by many that the evolutionary theory is a product of modern thought, but the fact is that it is one of the teachings of the remotest antiquity. It was expressed in the Kabbala (though taken from a much older teaching) in the following way:—"The stone becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, and man a god."

Modern science does not offer any theory or explanation of the process whereby the life principle became locked up in the stone, nor does it give any satisfactory solution to the development of the powers of feeling and thinking and egohood; indeed, it ignores the mainspring of all, namely this, the soul. The fault has partly lain in the futile attempts to divorce what is called "science" from philosophy and religion, and by a majority of scientists, metaphysics also is forbidden, even in the study of the mind.\* So much has this been the case that it has been said of modern psychology that it is the science of the soul with the soul left out. In fact, science has been able to deal satisfactorily—and that to but a limited extent—only with external phenomena, and the theory of evolution is on firm ground only when applied to the evolution of form; the subjective world is still an almost altogether sealed book, a realm for speculation, but of little knowledge.

Yet even in its wider scope, evolution is but half the story and without the other half incapable of full demonstration. It is impossible to adequately state this other half of which evolution is the sequel; but a very brief outline can be given, and the student is referred to H. P. Blavatsky's monumental work, "The Secret Doctrine."

Evolution is the sequel and the complementary process of involution. Life is essentially free, freedom is a part of its own nature, yet modern science in its study of life begins at the point where it is least manifested and most locked up.

\*How widely this has been the case may be seen in "The Philosophy of Mind, an Essay in the Metaphysics of Psychology," by Prof. Lloyd, in which he openly and avowedly enters the realm of metaphysics.

Ancient science as shown in "The Secret Doctrine" teaches that as many stages as there are in the unfoldment of life and consciousness, attended by the development of form, ascending from mineral to plant, to animal, to man, and beyond, to God; so many are there on the descending side, through what are called the elemental stages of nature, two of which it is taught are closely allied to sound and color.

The arduous research and study of modern science may be likened to the study of music with a knowledge of only three out of the seven notes of the scale, and with no knowledge of the keynote or the principal chords. Yet so strong has been the desire for knowledge, so ardent the pursuit of truth, that the results achieved have been many and great. How great then will be the progress in the future when the soul is acknowledged as the keynote, and all investigation of life's problems, even on this material plane and in the realm of physical science, is seen to revolve around it as center; when the existence of other planes and spheres of being is known and their relation to this understood.

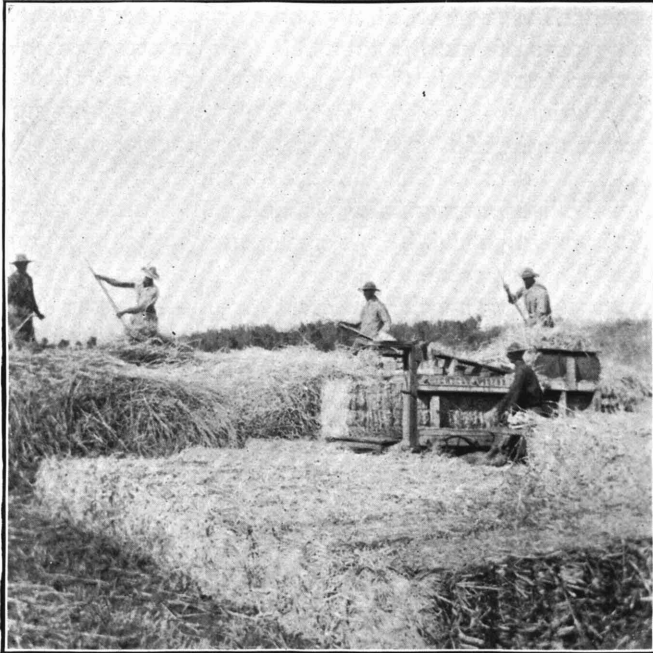
The problem is much more complex and yet at the same time much simpler than modern science has regarded it, and can only be understood when the existence of other planes of being is granted. The processes of involution and evolution are co-existent, but in that stage which has been called the "descent into matter," involution is dominant; there is a gradual locking up, and an increasing quiescence of the life forces, while matter becomes more and more concrete until the greatest density of the mineral kingdom is attained. Then begins the unlocking of the life forces and the gradual refinement and greater plasticity of matter. This is evolution and the principal cause of it is the inherent power of the life force which has become so locked up. Involution has not, however, ceased, but continues in a somewhat different way, which may perhaps be described as absorption of intellectual and spiritual energies, through which these same energies lying dormant in the material vehicle are awakened to life and activity.

For evolution does not take place simply from the inherent power in the individual, since the individual has no inherent power as an isolated unit, but only in relation to the rest of nature and to all other units. One of the most important factors in evolution is the existence of beings on higher planes of nature whose influence is shed more or less consciously upon the beings of lower planes. One of the most interesting teachings of "The Secret Doctrine" is in regard to the emergence from the animal into the human stage of evolution, which is accomplished directly through this influence of the higher beings upon the lower, and more than that, is brought about by the actual incarnation of beings who had previously passed through the human stage, in the bodies of the now human animals, these acting as the guides and rulers of early humanity. It is because of this in part that the missing link so called has not been found, and the attempt to find that missing link in the ape or monkey will be forever a failure for the reason as given in the ancient teachings that these creatures are the offsprings

of degenerate man and not his ancestors, but the result of his crime in the early days. Furthermore, and as the main reason for not finding the missing link, "The Secret Doctrine" states that man, in the present stage of the Earth's evolution, appeared first, before all the other animals.

When scientists begin to study the ancient religions of the world, not simply from a religious, but from a scientific standpoint, the key to which Mme. Blavatsky has given in her "Secret Doctrine," they will find a new light and that many of the deepest problems over which they have wrangled so long were known to and solved in remote antiquity. When this is seen, the new realms of knowledge that will open out before the student of life will be incalculably vast. Such a step must be taken before long; without it science will become hopelessly lost in the labyrinth of speculation.

J. H. F.



HARVESTING AT POINT LOMA.



# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



## THE PRINCE OF THE STREAMLAND.

By CEINYDD MORUS.

### I.

#### HOW PRINCE PWYLL WENT TO ANNOON.



SOMEWHERE or other there is a beautiful country called the Streamland, and in that country the mountains are always purple, and the hills are as green as hills may be. If you get out a big map of the world, and search it very carefully indeed, and then can't find it marked, you may be sure that the person who made that map has forgotten all about it, or has never been there to see. And it's often the way, children, that they don't mark the real nice places on the map.

Well, in the time of Prince Pwyll, it was a lovely place to live in, with the woods all full of birds the whole year round always singing, and the towns and the villages all full of people who were generally singing, too, and always happy. And, indeed, I shouldn't a bit wonder if they are always happy still, for I never heard that Prince Pwyll died. Only I do know that he changed his name after the story was told, and what he changed it to, I won't tell you, except that it is something which you yourselves will all be some day.

A wonderful land is the Streamland, for it is always full of music, and no one knows whether that music is made by the streams that come down from the mountains, or if it is the fairies that are singing, or whether it is the blooming of the flowers that puts it into the heart of the Wind to sing, or whether it is that the country is so near to the Stars that you could hear the Sky-bees buzzing their honey-song in the shining star-blossoms that grow all over the sky. But there it was, and I have heard somebody say that all the beautiful music that

ever was comes from that country, and I dare say you will find it is quite true, too, when you go there.

Well, one day it came into Prince Pwyll's mind that he would go a-hunting. So the next morning when the hills and the valleys were cold with the dawn, there were the men of the court all mounted on their horses in front of the palace, and their hunting horns hanging at their saddles, and the dogs running about around them, and they all waiting for Pwyll to blow his great horn for the hunt to begin.

Then he did blow it, and off they went, and all the morning they were riding on, over many a lonely mountain, and through many a green valley where the fields are all soaked and full of tumbling streamlets that went down to the little rivers that were singing on their way down to the sea; and over many a hillside covered with woods, and the ground in the woods all blue with the bluebells—until at last Prince Pwyll's horse had taken him far away beyond any of the others.

Every now and then he could see a great stag running on before him. The swiftest stag in the whole world it must have been, for neither he nor his swift dogs could catch up with it. On and on he rode, not knowing that he was alone; all the morning, and all the afternoon he rode on, and only stopped when the trees were dim with the shadows, and a star or two out in the sky, and only a streak of red and gold and pale yellow in the west to show where the sun had set. And then there he was with his dogs by a wide, dim lake in a great valley, and the clear water lapping against the sand and the pebbles by his horse's feet, and a few birds flying and calling over the water where it was bright with the sunset, and it came into his mind that he had never seen that place before.

He lifted his great horn, and three loud blasts he blew on it, and between each he listened for the answering blasts that any of his men who might hear him would be sure to blow. But each time the sound went forth, and up the mountains, and the elves on the mountains heard it, and just shouted it back at him and not once could he hear the horns of his men. So there he was sitting on his horse's back, and not knowing what to do one bit.

Then as he sat there listening there came a strange sound which seemed to be the barking of dogs, and he wondered where in the world those dogs came from, for he had never heard any dogs barking like that (nor have you).

While he was wondering, he looked up the side of the mountain, and there he saw a great stag come dashing out of the woods a little way above where he was. As soon as he saw it, of course he called to his dogs, and they ran, and he rode after it as fast as they could. And while he was riding he could hear that strange barking above the barking of his own dogs. And once he heard the sound of a horn, only it wasn't a bit like the sound of any horn he had ever heard before.

Just as he had crossed two wide fields, and was coming up over the soft wet ground to the wood, and the stag only one field in front of him, he saw a

pack of dogs coming out of the wood. Curious dogs they were, and it was they who had been making the strange barking. Their bodies were white and shining like clean snow with the sun on it, and their right ears were as red as their bodies were white.

Pwyll could not think whose dogs they could be, nor how they came to be hunting in his country. He was angry, too, that strange dogs should be after the stag he had been hunting all day. So as they were coming up to the stag just before his own dogs were, he called them back and told them to lie down, and sent his own dogs on instead. But just as they were about to catch the stag, he heard his name called, and coming out of the wood there seemed to be a cloud of light that was coming slowly toward him. As it drew nearer he saw that it was a man whom he thought was a great king. The man was sitting on a gray horse, gray clothes were on him, but it seemed as Pwyll looked at him, that purple light was shining through the grayness of them. If you had seen his two eyes, you would have said at once, "This man must be a kind of cousin of the Lotus Mother's," and I think you would have been quite right, too.

For, you know, children, the man that Pwyll saw was a very great king, indeed. He is one of those who were called the Wise Ones, and that is why he seemed at first to be a cloud of light. In those old days they used to call him Arawn, but he has got a lot of names besides that. I believe that the great Mother and Queen of the Fairies and Men is his sister, and that it is through his power she is able to reign over her children and to be always teaching them strong and wise things. But however that may be, I know that nothing can happen without King Arawn has something to say in the ordering of it, and that we could never get on without him one bit.

Well, when Prince Pwyll heard his name called, and turned round, and saw the gray-robed and purple and silvery shining king riding toward him between the dusk-dark mountain and the quiet lake, he called to him:

"What dogs are these with which you are hunting in my kingdom?"

"It is not I who would be hunting in your kingdom, Prince," said the king.

And then it came into Pwyll's mind that although he knew every hill and mountain and field and wood and lake and valley in his own Streamland, he had never seen those mountains, nor that lake before, and he wondered how he could have left his kingdom in one day's ride. Then he began to wonder which was the way home, but that he could not tell; and he could not even tell whether the Streamland was in front of him or behind him, or on his left or on his right hand. And then he looked at his dogs, that had left chasing the stag when King Arawn called, and they were running about here and there and smelling the ground and then running back, and he saw that they did not know the way home either. And a strange thing was that, for there were no better dogs in all the world than those dogs were.

All the while the King was riding slowly toward him, and watching him, and calling tiny fairies from somewhere and sending them to Pwyll, and they

were whispering in his ears and telling him what he ought to do. Then King Arawn said:

"I am called Arawn, and a great king in this land of mine am I. You have ridden into my kingdom. It is called Annoon, and it is in the world below the world you left to-day. You have called my dogs away from the stag I was hunting. For this you will not be able to go back to your own kingdom at once, for no one who comes into Annoon may leave it without doing some service, and I could not show you the way to the Streamland now. But if you are willing to have me for your dear friend, you must do what I shall ask you to do."

And then a great gladness was in Pwyll's heart, though he did not know why it was there, and he told him how glad he would be to have so great and noble a king for his close friend, and that he would with joy do whatever King Arawn wished. So the king said:

"In Annoon there is a man named Havgan, who has made a kingdom for himself by gathering together silly and wicked people, and many times he has made war on me. You cannot go back to the Streamland till this man is killed, and no one is allowed to kill him, but you, not even I myself. But before you can kill him, you will have to be as strong and wise as I am. You will have to wear my armour, and to be able to strike with my great sword. A blow from that sword there is no doctor who can heal. And to be able to do this, you will have to seem to be myself, and to reign in my kingdom for a year and a day without any one there knowing that you are not myself."

And all this Pwyll said he would gladly do, and as he said it, it seemed to him that the valley and the lake and the wood and the sky and the king were growing dimmer and dimmer all the time, and he thought that there were fairies dancing, at first slowly, around him; but as they danced they became quicker and drew nearer to him, and he could feel their cool breath on his face and in his hair as they went round, and it seemed to be drenched with a dew of sleep and dreams and through it and their quiet song he could hear the voice of King Arawn telling him that at the end of a year and a day he should fight with Havgan, and he heard him say: "Do nothing that he may ask you to do," and then he was fast asleep.

For those tall fairies came from the mountain beyond the lake when they knew that Arawn wished them to come, and began to do the work they are for doing. They are always in that valley. Some people call them the Sleep-Fairies, and some people call them the Birth-Fairies; but whether those names are the best for them, children dear, or whether by rights they ought to be called the Death-Fairies, I am not knowing. But they are all the subjects of the great wise King of Annoon, and they are always dancing their stately dances over the lake and in the valley on the borders of his kingdom. And I think that we all see them moving around us and feel their breath many times, many hundreds of times maybe, and shall, till the Story of All Stories is told, and the last of all Silent Moments is with us.

## II.

## THE SLAYING OF HAVGAN.



ELL, as soon as Pwyll was fast asleep, the king turned his horses, and called Pwyll's dogs and they went to him, and he rode off toward the Streamland, and the dogs after him, and there it is said that he reigned for a year and a day, and no one knew that he was not Pwyll.

But if you had been in the valley that evening, it is a curious thing you would have seen. For as soon as Pwyll was asleep, and those strange fairies dancing around him, his face seemed to be changing, and his clothes, and the horse under him. Instead of the blue cloak he had been wearing, and the splendid saddle of his horse, and the rich, four-cornered saddle-cloth of purple velvet with an apple of gold at each corner, it was the gray cloak of the king that was on him, and the plain saddle under him, and he on a great gray horse such as the King of Annoon had been riding. And then his face changed, and became like Arawn's face, and no one would have known that it was the Prince of the Streamland he was, and not the King of Annoon, which, as you know, is in the world below the world Prince Pwyll came from. Only there was no purple shining around him at that time.

Well, when those fairies had finished their work, they all went away, and Pwyll woke up. And there he was on his horse, and the last of the sunset light gone out of the west, and the moon pale on the lake and in the sky, and all the stars out, and everything as quiet as it could be, except now and then for the splash and rippling rings on the lake when a fish jumped up to see what was going on. If you had called him Pwyll then, he would no more have known what you meant than if you had called him the man in the moon. And that was because he had forgotten all about the Streamland, and all about his being the prince of it; and all that was in his mind was that he was Arawn, King of Annoon, and that he had been out hunting all day long, and he supposed he must have gone to sleep in that valley, and then he was wondering why and how he had come to fall asleep, and then he began to feel hungry, so he stopped wondering, and whistled to those strange, white dogs with red ears, and they came to him; and then, as if he had ridden that way every day of his life, he turned his horse's head toward the capital city of Annoon and rode straight to Arawn's palace.

When he got there, all the people called him "King" and "Arawn," and it never seemed a bit funny to him, as it does to you and me. For he just remembered the things that Arawn remembered, and he knew everybody's name at that court as well as Arawn knew them himself. Not that he was as great and wise then as Arawn was, or that he knew the real lovely things that Arawn did. No, indeed! How could he when he had not got the purple shining like the king? What he did know was the names of the people, and just enough to prevent himself or any one else ever guessing that he was another person than the true king. He could not become as great as Arawn, you see, until he had killed Havgan.

And that was why Arawn had put him there—that Pwyll might grow strong and wise enough to be his own equal and friend.

And that is always the way with King Arawn, and you may be sure that some day or other he will be finding out that there is some dreadful enemy for *you* to fight, and then he will be seeing if you are strong enough to do it; and if you are not he will be putting you into all kinds of training; and it may be he will make you a king, and it may be he will make you a dustman, as he thinks fit, and whatever it is, he will wait and teach you, oh, so patiently, until that enemy is killed or that work is done.

There are some people who say that these things cannot happen, or perhaps that they only used to happen in the old, old times. But don't you believe it, because they are all just as likely to happen now as they were two or three thousand years ago. Aye, and now it is the New Century you cannot tell what may come any day. Indeed, if you manage to go right to the end of your life without seeing or hearing anything of Arawn the great, wise king—all I can say is, it is a funny child you are, and a funny man or woman you will grow up to be, so mind you that!

Well, a year and a day was Pwyll in King Arawn's palace, and no one dreaming that he was not the real king. One day he would be hunting in the woods and the forests, and another day he would be playing chess with one or another of the princes of Annoon, and often he would be feasting with the great men of that land, and at those feasts he would sing noble songs and tell splendid stories as well as the best of the bards and princes. And there was never a day in which he did not help some one, and so learn something himself; and if there had been I shouldn't wonder if he would have had to stay longer away from his own land. And so every day he grew stronger and wiser and more like the King. As the months passed by, too, you would have seen that the purple glow which was always around Arawn began, at first ever so dimly to shine around Pwyll. At the end of ten months there was no one who would not have seen that light, and when the year was at its passing, I do not think it was any less bright with Pwyll than it was with King Arawn himself.

Well, one evening at that time, while he was sitting in his place at the head of the great hall of the palace, there came a messenger from Havgan to say that in a few days' time the peace which was between him and Arawn would end, and that on the next Tuesday he would lead his army to the ford of the river which flowed between their two countries. Pwyll knew quite well about Havgan, and the peace that would have lasted for a year and a day, and he knew that he would have to be leading his army against the false King when that peace was over. So he was not a bit surprised, but just told all his princes to get their men together; and on the Tuesday he led them all to the ford.

And there were the two armies facing each other, and the river between them, shallow and full of stones, and great trees on the banks, and the sun shining down on the water between the leaves. When Havgan's princes saw Pwyll's army, it came into their minds that it would be well for their lord to fight alone

with Arawn; and not to have any battle, for they had no quarrel with Arawn's men. So they sent a messenger out from their camp; a man dressed in blue, and with a little golden harp in his hand. You see they used always to carry harps in those days when they went on messages like that, because there was peace wherever a harp went.

So this man went out, and across the river, and the trout that were sun-bathing in the shallow water did not stir, but stayed quite still in the water, because they saw that he was a messenger of peace. And he went to the great royal tent where Pwyll was, in the middle of his army, and told the man who seemed to be Arawn what Havgan's princes thought. So Pwyll turned to his princes, and it seemed to them, also, that that would be the best thing, and it seemed so, too, to himself.

So that afternoon Pwyll put Arawn's golden breast-plate on his breast, and took his shield of strong hide studded over with nails of gold, and Arawn's great sword, a blow from which no doctor had ever healed, and went down with his princes and great lords to the ford. And what with the sun gleaming on the gold of his armour, and the purple light of his heart that was shining out through his breast and the green of his clothes, those lords and soldiers thought that they had never seen so bright a King as he was. As he went there were strange thoughts coming into his mind; and every now and then he could hear music so strong and sweet that he was wondering where in all Annoon was any one who could make it. And all the time it grew stronger and sweeter, and he could hear less and less of anything else, so much did it fill his heart and his mind.

When they came to the ford there was Havgan waiting, and his lords with him, and those two were for fighting in the middle of the shallow river, with the water playing around their feet. Havgan lifted his long spear as they stepped into the stream and threw it at the man who seemed to be Arawn, but it flew over his shoulder and stuck quivering in the brown bank on the other side. As it whizzed past Pwyll's ear, he seemed to hear the words of the strange music between the sound of the spear and the rustling of the young leaves and the song of the water, and the words that he heard were: "*Prince of the Stream-land.*" Then Havgan drew his sword and they met in the middle of the ford. The sun was shining on Pwyll, but Havgan was always in the shade of the trees. Fierce was the attack of the false king, but all his sword blows fell on the shield or the sword of Arawn. While he was attacking there came into Pwyll's mind a wild, lone valley and a lake and strange fairies dancing round him, and the music that he heard grew more distinct.

Then he lifted Arawn's great sword, high in the air it flashed in the sunlight, and with it he struck Havgan. The false king lifted his sword to meet the blow, but it was beaten down and broken. Into the water he fell, and his broken sword flew from his hand and splashed into a deep pool by the bank a little way below the ford. As he struck that blow, Pwyll knew that he was not Arawn. Then Havgan said:

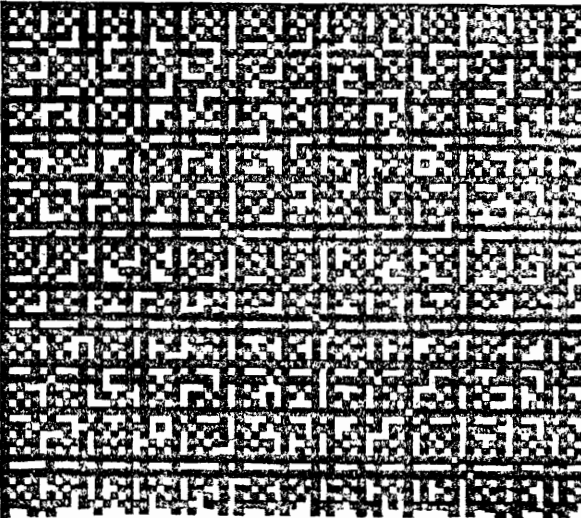
"I do not know why you should seek my death. Yet as you have begun to kill me, finish the work you have begun."

But the music seemed to be telling Pwyll not to do anything that Havgan asked, so he just answered:

"Not so, and if you are to die, you are to die without any more help of mine."

So Havgan knew that he had no more hope, and two of his princes carried him away and he died. So through that victory all Annoon came to belong to Arawn once more. And as soon as Havgan was killed, Pwyll came to remember everything.

And the next day he got on his horse and rode out alone to the wild valley, and there by the lake was King Arawn waiting. The king gave him back his own form and told him many things. It was a great thing for Pwyll to know such a king as Arawn. For ever afterward he was a dear friend and brother to the prince, and in the Streamland there was greater beauty and happiness than ever before, and people could go from one country to the other whenever they liked, and Pwyll was wise, and wise, and wise, and the purple shining never left him. And, as I told you, he changed his name in time. What he changed it to I won't tell you, only it means something you all will become when, like Prince Pwyll, you have killed the false king whom Arawn may put you to kill. And strong and wise you will need to be before you can do that and earn the new name that Pwyll had.



## A CURIOUS PATTERN.

DESIGNED BY V. A. H.

Here is a curious pattern, like a Chinese Puzzle for the Young Folks to puzzle over. If you number all the little squares from left to right; 1, 2, 3, &c. and then number them from the top downwards in the same way, you can find out if any two numbers have a common divisor. Where two rows cross, a horizontal one and a vertical one, if they cross at a white square, then their numbers have a common divisor, but if at a black square, they do not. If you will draw the pattern on a large piece of paper which is ruled into little squares you will be able to see more clearly how it works.



## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

### NEW YORK.

On February 25th application was duly made out for a charter for a new Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood, to be situated in New York, on the East Side, with thirteen signatures, ten of which were from new applicants. The new Lodge is composed mainly of enthusiastic young men, students in art and medicine. Many of them have for some time past been attending the Sunday evening meetings at 144 Madison Avenue, and were particularly interested in the debate on "Theosophy and Christianity," and the subsequent course of addresses on "Theosophy and the Bible." Besides the signers of the application for the charter, other of their friends are much interested.

During the past month the main subject of the Sunday evening meetings at 144 Madison Avenue has been "Theosophy and the Bible;" addresses have been given by Mrs. C. F. Ober, C. L. Carpenter and J. H. Fussell. The subjects taken up at the Sunday morning meetings of the Aryan Theosophical Society have proved to be of more than usual interest, among recent ones were: "Need of Leaders," "Dangers Menacing Humanity," "Causes of Insanity," "Success and Failure."

The H. P. B. Lodge, No. 10, U. B., gives further evidence each meeting of its new vigor and life. All the Lodge meetings in New York and Brooklyn have taken on a new aspect and a harmonious home-feeling that are evidenced throughout the whole proceedings. One of the results is the natural and easy flow of thought and the facility which even the heretofore timid speakers are acquiring in expressing their ideas.

On Saturday evenings a singing class is conducted at the Headquarters by Bro. W. A. Raboch, and is proving to be one of the most delightful evenings of the week. At the meetings of the Aryan T. S., Bro. E. A. Neresheimer always gives us a treat by his singing and the evening meetings are greatly aided by Miss Kate Fuller and Miss Helen Fuller, who provide music on the piano and violin.

At East Fourteenth Street, the continuation of the work begun several years ago by our Leader, under the name of the "Do Good Mission," a Boy's Brotherhood Club has been started and is making good progress. The Lotus Group has increased to such a size that it had to be divided and two meetings held on different evenings. The U. B. Lodge is doing good, steady work and its various activities are a great power for good in that district which is one of the poorest in New York.

We were delighted last Sunday, March 11, to receive welcome visits at our meetings from Mr. and Mrs. Sederholm, of Chicago; Miss Miller, of Macon, Ga., and Mr. Prugh, of Sioux City, Ia. In the latter part of February we had a brief, flying visit from Bro. Walter Box, of London, England, who stayed but one day in New York on his way to Point Loma. We were glad to see him, and to have him present at a meeting of the H. P. B. Lodge. Dr. Herbert Coryn left at the same time as Bro. Box for Point Loma, and has since been greatly missed at Headquarters and in the meetings. Other faces that we miss from New York are those of Mr. and Mrs. Lundberg, who have gone to Point Loma, and Mr. and Mrs. Synge, who are now in Providence, R. I. We are glad to have Mrs. Ober, recently of Chicago, with us, and are glad to hear that she expects to stay in New York for some time.

By the time this issue is in the hands of the readers, we shall be looking for reports from Cuba of the great celebration of the "Cuban Liberty Day" by the children in Santiago. The children of the Lotus Groups throughout the country presented a beautiful banner to the Cuban Children, a photograph of which is reproduced in this number, and many and many a loving message has been sent by the American children with their little contributions, showing how truly they realize the Brotherhood of all the Children of Earth.

From Olympia, Wash., comes the following letter:

"Inclosed find money order from Olympia Lotus Buds and Blossoms for the Children's Cuban Banner, which they send with loving thoughts to their Lotus Mother and their little brothers and sisters in Cuba. And they also wish to remem-

ber Miss Fabra, and hope to see her some day. Dear Comrade, what a privilege this is to be able to do the little that comes our way to help the work of our dear Leader! How grand the work she has done for the Cubans!

"As a Cuban, and all my people for generations have been Cubans, I can keenly realize and appreciate the grand work of our Leader for my people, and especially for the Cuban children

"Our Lotus Group here is growing fast, and send love to all the Lotus Buds and Blossoms in the world. LUCIA TORRES OSTRANDER, Supt."

One of the most noted lecturers of the Society for Ethical Culture recently lamented the fact that though parents professed themselves interested in that Society and its aims, they still brought up their children with the selfish ambitious ideas of the world. How great the need of the new education, whose keynote has been struck by the Leader in the Lotus Group work and in the second object of the International Brotherhood League: "To educate the children of all races upon the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and prepare destitute and orphan children to become workers for humanity." The work of the Lotus Groups all over the world is full of the greatest promise, and the reports, almost without exception, speak of a large increase in membership. "Ideas rule the World," and the ideas of Brotherhood being instilled into the minds of the up-coming generation are the great hope of the future of humanity. J. H. FUSSELL.

### BOSTON ACTIVITIES.

The most important event that has occurred in a very long time in this vicinity, is the transfer made by the New England Theosophical Corporation, of its property at 24 Mount Vernon street, to the New Century Humanitarian League for Free Education, a corporation formed on January 17, 1900, and holding a charter under the laws of the State of Massachusetts, for literary, benevolent, scientific, charitable and educational purposes, and more particularly to further the objects of the International Brotherhood League. The new corporation includes the general objects of its predecessor, and particularizes special humanitarian objects which are the natural unfoldment of the work begun in 1893. The members of the new corporation comprise nearly all those of the old, together with a number of new ones, among whom are Katherine Tingley, F. M. Pierce, and Clark Thurston, its President.

It is a matter of congratulation to the New England Theosophical Corporation, that it has been able to establish, hold for nearly seven years under most trying and disadvantageous circumstances, and deliver to The New Century Humanitarian League for Free Education, whose directorate contains such towers of strength as those above named, this important landmark of the Movement—the theatre of the historical Convention of 1895, and vindication of William Q. Judge, and to have made possible this further expansion of practical humanitarian work.

It is almost needless to say that this most desirable consummation was made possible only through the continued encouragement, the loving care and guidance, and the wisdom of our beloved Leader.

It is felt by all here that the Spiritual and practical influence of the movement, in ever expanding degree, will diffuse itself throughout the Eastern States through this centre, and that all will take advantage of this period of rejuvenescence to further the good work.

Much is being done in the way of internal improvements in the house itself, and a week or ten days will see a great change for the better wrought in the way of beautifying and brightening our surroundings.

Notwithstanding the temporary disorder and inconvenience caused by these changes, the public lectures, lodge meetings, E. S. meetings, and Boy's Brotherhood Club meetings, have been kept up with the usual spirit and attendance.

The Malden, Cambridge and Somerville Lodges hold their regular Lotus Groups, and public meetings every Sunday.

The New Cycle Unity Congress is at present the important matter on hand, and lodges are resolved into committees of ways and means to best carry out the ideas presented by the Leader's circular.

ROBT. CROSBIE.

## MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

It is some time since word was sent you in regard to the general activities of our Lodge, No. 5 U. B. I have not even had the opportunity of making some "remarks" that events and circumstances might warrant or excuse my making. The marching phalanx of warriors for brotherhood are not to be swerved from the Path-direct by those who claim superior light outside the ranks. They recognize that the apotheosis of Mentality is not spirituality, or growth. They recognize that, while a broader, humaner view will not reject the Intellect, that has had the greatest scope and opportunity, it will insist on the education of the Heart that has been dwarfed until in its dwindled state its considerations go no further than its own little desires, and its true function is well nigh lost sight of. The education of the Heart, its growth and development, are not attained by chasing its personal loves. Its ideal is to work as the gods work—unseen. Without personal recognition or favor, without appreciation—under even the fire of the "contumelious stone." They recognize this for they know the Intellect, being exclusive, would choke the Heart; while the Heart, being inclusive and giving sustenance, in motives, to the Intellect itself, excludes nothing—no one.

These remarks are made *apropos* of the I. B. L. and its work. Here, one, by devotion, may expend all the complex forces contending for mastery in his make-up. And then, too, the finest and freest opportunities are offered in this very humanitarian work, for that education of the Heart, of which I was speaking, and for the correction of such abnormal growths as great ambitions and other forms of selfishness. If those whose intellects are polished until the true metal is liable to be seen, care to undergo the training, I am sure, in the end, they will think it worth their while. It is the babies in the Lotus Home, or the Cuban Crusade, or the Newsboys' Home, or the Cuban Colony, that might take up the mind and heart, instead of the paltry nothings of self. Baby Edith Garland is the Milwaukee Lodge baby, and the Lodge is congratulating itself upon her removal to Point Loma. The great opportunities open for our baby are such as we, in our generation, were unable to have, and we rejoice in the dawn of a new day when men and women shall come forward who have had brotherhood taught them from the cradle up. Reader, has your Lodge a baby? No? Then see what you can do and immediately adopt one.

Bro. C. W. Denicke is flying between Chicago, where his work is now located, and Milwaukee, where his home and heart are. He is able to do brotherhood work in both places, and will be until May 1, when he will remove permanently to Chicago. We are loth to lose him, and have prayed the gods to reconsider their seeming determination to change his working base; but they are obdurate. At the annual election Dr. Hill was made President, and I question whether any Lodge has a more forceful speaker. In the coming New Cycle Congress, he, of course, will be the one to present the teachings. In passing, I will say these teachings of brotherhood were subjects for his discourses away back in the early 90's, when most of the Lodges were talking "Manas," "Upadhis," and "Gupta Vidya," the "Moon of the Intellect," etc., etc., to a startled, wondering, and finally subdued and sleepy audience. The work of the Lodge is going along finely, and the opening for the year appears to be good.

I wish to close with a description of the children's entertainment given Saturday evening, December 30th, which was, perhaps, the happiest season of the year for Milwaukee Lotus Buds, when they had the opportunity of presenting to the public, in dramatic form, the true principles of brotherhood. The play, called "Christmas at Grandfather Gray's," was designed, elaborated by, and presented under the direction of Miss Isabel Hayden, and is rich in the fundamental teachings of Theosophy. "At half after seven," as Grandpa and Grandma Gray (Gerhard Mohr and Miss Isabel Hayden, the Superintendents of Lotus Groups Nos. I. and II., respectively), sat enjoying the peaceful quiet of their home and old age, their grandchildren, thirteen in number, burst in upon them, covered with snow, shouting, "Merry Christmas, merry Christmas." The children spent the evening at the old home, and such an eventful evening it was! They gladdened the hearts of the old folks with songs, recitations, dancing and conversation; the whole drift of which tended to express their unselfish desires and wishes that "other children, also, might have a Grandpa

Gray's house to go to on Christmas day." Grandma was shocked at the comic performances of the modern cake-walk and Topsy dance; but when the good old Minuet was presented by four little girls, she and Grandpa recalled with pleasure the "Olden time." It was always customary when at Grandma's house for her to tell the children a story, and the children lost no opportunity of begging for a Christmas tale. At last Grandma "could not get out of it," and a most picturesque scene it was when, as the boys gathered about Grandpa at the fireplace, and the girls about Grandma in the old arm-chair, she told them "a true fairy tale," known only to herself and Grandpa, yet involving a truth common to the experience of all humanity. She told in poetic fancy, while "Traumerei" was softly played in an adjoining room, how the Angel of Light had, in times past, come to herself and husband and taught them the sorrow of selfish ambition, and the joy of even a kindly thought. She called the Angel, Fairy Snowflake, because of her purity; but what do you think! Just as the imagination was all aflame with her vivid portrayal of the wonders of the fairy Snowflake and her band, Fairy Snowflake herself appeared, accompanied by her little black brother, and followed by her fairies, all in beautiful white, flaky draperies. What a dainty picture they presented as Snowflake, the Fairy Queen, stepped forward and delivered a message, this time from dear old Santa Claus. She said that she knew their hearts, and that they were pure and that she had heard them express all their good wishes for other less fortunate children of the world.

Then, wonder of wonders, when in flocked all the other Lotus Buds and Blossoms of Milwaukee, even to the tiniest Bud of all, little Dana Denicke (who took in the entire performance with great glee). To cap the climax, Santa Claus, whom, it seemed, could not resist being present himself, appeared on the scene. In the twinkling of an eye, the old fire-place of Grandpa Gray's was taken down, brick by brick, and given to the children, who found, in amazement, that the bricks were filled with candy and nuts. The entertainment closed with the "Circle" song, and probably never before had the children joined in so truly united a circle.

March 11, 1900.

LUCIUS H. CANNON.

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### CHICAGO, ILL.

Lodge No. 70, of the U. B. has, through Brother Wittrup, placed in the public reading rooms, hospitals, social settlements and various institutions, forty-seven subscriptions of the New Century, and twenty-one subscriptions of the Universal Brotherhood Path.

The other day a letter from an inmate of the Joliet Penitentiary was received, asking for some "inexpensive reading material such as too often finds its way to the waste basket." He wished to know if those confined within such walls were included in the term "Universal Brotherhood." Who knows but that in the near future the Great Cause may have as firm a root there as in many other of the large prisons in the country.

Ten subscriptions (that means 100 copies as soon as the whole series are out), of the "Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings" are placed in the Loaning Library, and a record is kept of each person to whom a copy has been loaned, so that other literature may follow.

The Lodge has just taken the opportunity to support one of the precious babies at the Buffalo Lotus Home, the work of the sewing being given the various ladies to do at home.

The Lotus Group is gaining some new buds. A little play representing the four seasons is being practiced, and we hope good results will follow.

The last meeting of the Boys' Club, which I attended, was very harmonious. The boys are rehearsing a "Kinder Symphony" and other songs preparatory for an entertainment.

The Sunday evening meetings have many interesting questions brought out—sometimes more than there is time to answer.

March 13, 1900.

Secretary U. B. L. 70.

## YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

Youngstown U. B. L. 55 is drilling Theosophical holes into the hard, conventional customs in our locality with a vim, vigor and victory—determination born of the realization that there is no great progress without great effort. Where we formerly desired ease and wished that the time would come when strife would cease, we now realize that in the present great unrest lies the potency and promise of a great progress into the spiritual condition of love, joy and brotherhood, which once attained, spiritual unfoldment will become as natural and easy as is the growth of the flower of the field.

Over 100 copies of the January Universal Brotherhood Path were distributed in this city with telling effect, the echoes of which are still resounding. We have heard of single copies being loaned as many as five times.

Some of our members recently made a visit to Cleveland and Pittsburg Lodges for the purpose of friendly greetings. We were splendidly received, thus strengthening both them and ourselves. It is about seventy miles to either place from here, and we wish to say that we are very happy to have visits from members of the Lodges. It does us so much good as was evidenced by a visit recently from Brother Smith, of Easthampton, Mass., the home of that staunch worker, Mrs. Richmond Green.

We are moving strongly in the Lotus Group work. Commencing in November with ten children, under the able superintendence of Mrs. Alice L. Acheson, the success of the work has been phenomenal; we now have enrolled sixty or more little folks, who respond so readily to our efforts to let their real selves unfold naturally, and who help to bring in new members to the Lodge.

The teachers of the Lotus Groups have weekly meetings for study, and the I. B. L. committee of thirteen members have visiting committees who make monthly calls upon the mothers of the children. The I. B. L. committee also holds monthly mothers' meetings, where the mothers of the children are instructed in the objects and methods of teaching and where they all, and among them some of the poorest of the poor, sit down to a table nicely laden with refreshments and flowers.

Another thing that Youngstown members are doing, by permission of the Leader, is propaganda in other cities. One of our members has made visits to Erie, Pa., Wheeling, W. Va., Canton, Alliance and Warren, O., getting 120 names of broad-minded residents in those places, and we have sent to each a copy of "Echoes from the Orient" by post, and in a short time will send a copy of the Universal Brotherhood Hand Book, after which other visits will be made to bring about a further interest in the work.

Now we are one and all looking forward to the "New Cycle Unity Congress," which we are determined shall be a memorable success. We will tell you about it later, for it is the feeling of us all that it must and shall succeed, so that Truth, Light and Liberation shall enter into the people's hearts and fill them with joy. We are coming to realize more and more that the work of the Leader has for its scope the uplifting of the whole Earth and all Humanity.

N. B. A.

March 12, 1900.

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#### ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF FOREST GATE LODGE, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Forest Gate Lodge held its anniversary meeting in Earlham Hall, Forest Gate, on February 28th. "The East Suburban and Forest Gate Weekly News," in giving a report, stated in full the objects of the Universal Brotherhood and its various departments, the Theosophical Society, International Brotherhood League and the Isis League of Music and Drama, and speaks of the meeting as follows:

"On Wednesday evening the anniversary meeting of the Forest Gate Branch of the above organization was held at Earlham Hall, which was very well filled with an audience which evinced much interest in the doings and work of the Society.

"Mr. W. Jameson took the chair at the meeting at 7.30, and after a few brief remarks about the objects of the Brotherhood, the programme of music commenced

with songs by the Lotus Children. These were dressed in white, with petals of green and white around their necks, from which their fresh faces emerged like flowers. The effect was very pleasing, and they were heartily applauded for their songs 'Young Crusaders,' 'Tiny Buds Are We,' 'Happy Little Sunbeams,' and 'I Am the Spirit of Love.' Two little boys also sang a duet, for which they received well deserved approbation. Miss Swannell then delivered a brief address upon the work of these Lotus Groups, which, she said, had been formed all over the world, but especially in America, Australia, and in the countries of Europe. Their object was to train the children in the way they should grow. She then gave a very lucid description of the work with the babies, who were especially taught how to work together in harmony, and went on to talk of the instruction of the older children, to whom much was told about the power of thought. There were also industrial classes, where wood-carving, etc., were taught. Work of all kinds under the right conditions was, they believed, the best means of gaining physical health. As an instance of the influence which the good work done by these groups exercised, she mentioned the fact that people who came in merely to look on, often felt compelled to help, and became willing workers with them. Lotus groups were wanted in every street in the large towns, and sooner or later they meant to have them. She concluded a very interesting address with the words: 'Come, let us live with our children, so that all things may be better here on earth.'

"A symbolical play was then presented by the children, entitled 'The Dawn of a New Day,' based somewhat upon the lines of Beauty and the Beast. A procession of children bearing flags of all nations concluded the little production. Mr. Sidney G. P. Coryn then made some instructive remarks on 'The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings.' There were other sacred writings and Bibles, he pointed out, belonging to nations besides our own. Works of stupendous majesty and beauty had been found in India and China. They had always been taught that there was only one true religion, all the rest were false. He wished it were possible to place some of the other Bibles into their hands. All the books said the same thing. There was no higher religion than doing one's duty towards one's fellow men. Let them suppose that they had never read the Bible before, but were perusing it for the first time, and comparing it with the Christian religion of the present day. Could they find that religion in the Bible? If Jesus Christ came to earth again, if he came to London, wherever he looked he would see great cathedrals, churches—and outside starving men, weeping children, sorrow and desolation. In every Bible of the world only one thing was taught: 'Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' Everyone had his ideas of God, but was it likely that God had smiled upon one people only? If the sun could shine over all the world, so could the inexhaustible love of God. Wherever they went, the Bibles only told the same story: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself.' Whoever was carrying out this was putting his foot upon the first rung of the ladder leading to eternal life."—*The East Suburban and Forest Gate Weekly News*.

## DEBATE.

### CHRISTIANITY OR THEOSOPHY!

#### WHICH IS BETTER ADAPTED TO THE NEEDS OF THE TIME?

A debate lasting over four evenings, took place on this subject between Mr. J. H. Fussell, speaking for Christianity, and Dr. H. Coryn, for Theosophy, at the Aryan Hall, 144 Madison avenue, New York. Much interest was aroused, all the meetings being crowded. The following report is from shorthand notes and will be continued in next issue:

Mr. Fussell:

To speak in a debate on the subject of Christianity is in one sense very difficult, even for one who is such a lover of Christ as I am. It is difficult because we find so many people professing so many beliefs and each one claiming that the one which

he upholds is the true one. But true religion is for all time and I believe that every age has had its great religion. I believe, furthermore, that just as we have seen in the history of mankind a great development and progress along material lines, so in the thought of humanity, and that this, the last religion, is the greatest of all religions and that more than any other it contains the truth adapted to the needs of the people; and even more adapted to the people of to-day than it was adapted to the people to whom Christ spoke.

As this debate is to be continued for several evenings, I shall make my remarks this evening more or less introductory.

First of all it is necessary to define what I consider to be Christianity, and I shall not turn to the Church of England in which I myself was brought up, nor to any of the Protestant Churches, nor to the Catholic, nor to the Greek, nor any of the other sects or divisions into which we find Christianity divided. I do not think, rightly speaking, that any one of these can be called Christianity, though in so far as they follow Christ they may be called Christian. I make the distinction that finally Christianity must have as its foundation the words of Christ and that though you or I or any one else may uphold this or that doctrine or may agree upon this or that interpretation of the words of Christ; yet the final appeal must be to Christ's own words and not to our interpretation. At the same time we shall find a connecting link which makes us call all the followers of the Christ—Christian, and which binds together all the various doctrines commonly known as Christianity.

In the course of my remarks in this and subsequent evenings I shall bring up some of these doctrines and endeavor to show that they are founded in truth, though in many, perhaps, the truth may have been obscured and almost lost. Specifying at present no particular doctrine, we find that Christianity was no new thing at the time of Christ. We find that Christ's words were not uttered then for the first time, but we find that true religion is for all time and that Christ gave out simply universal truths by which men might guide their lives aright. But so far as we look upon Christianity as a great body of doctrine and compare it with the various religions of the world we find that though primarily based upon the words of Christ, yet it is to be found as the result and outgrowth of Essenism and Gnosticism, and through them allied to Buddhism and to Greek and Egyptian teachings, and yet I maintain that in one sense this is the greatest argument in favor of Christianity as being adapted to the needs of all time in that it is the essence of all the great religions of the world and that in it is to be found the Pearl of inestimable price.

Now, if we were to turn to Christ's words, to that which he himself said was distinctive—what new thing do we find that he brought to the world? I do not know that there is anything at all that he claimed to be new except this one thing: "A new Commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." And I would ask what more is, indeed, needed in the world to-day? Has Theosophy any newer message than that? Has Theosophy any greater message than that? If my friend, Dr. Coryn, says that that is Theosophy, then I say that Christ also must have taught Theosophy and that the Theosophists must also be adopting Christianity and adopting this one distinctive feature, which Christ himself gave as distinctive: "This new commandment of love one to another."

Turning now to what the upholders of Christianity, and rightly I think, claim as the distinguishing feature of Christianity, the divine incarnation, here I think we see the superiority of Christianity over all the religions of the world in that in the divine incarnation it links God to man and reveals to him his own divine origin and possibilities and in this fact is expressed and realized the culmination of the aspirations of all past ages, in that Christ was verily God and man.

Prof. Max Muller, who is certainly one of the greatest students of comparative religions, in a recent work "Pferdeburla," claims that Christianity contains the eternal verities to be found in all the great world religions, these being the different vehicles and as such being secondary to the truths they embody. He looks upon Christianity as the highest of such vehicles. And that position, I think, should be taken to-day when studying religion, to distinguish between the essence and the doctrinal interpretation, which we find changing in the mind of every man, changing with every new expression of them and according to the standpoint taken.

There is another quotation by another noted scholar that I would like to refer to: Prof. Rothe considers Christianity the greatest of all religions because it is the most mutable, undergoing frequent rebirths. I maintain that this statement is true and in accordance with facts. And again we may say that because Christianity is the most mutable it is the most adaptable and furthermore that it is capable of meeting the needs of the times and has proven itself so throughout the 2,000 years since its birth. It has proven itself capable of assimilating truth from all sides and as being adaptable to whatever realm of thought man may reach out into, and this, in my opinion, is one of the great arguments of its being adapted to the needs of the people to-day.

Dr. Coryn:

In the beginning I ought to define the standpoint that I take during this and subsequent debates, a standpoint that I see no reason to think I shall change. This standpoint is that Christianity has totally failed, that it is in no sense adapted to the needs of the times, and that we should do best by pushing it off the board and finding a new start. Would that it did now contain, as no doubt it did at its source, the essence, the cream of all beliefs that are rooted in truth. But it is a question whether that source is now recoverable.

First, let me say that I agree with Mr. Fussell altogether that in *essence* Christianity and Theosophy are identical. I believe that utterly. Only I would go still further than he, and say that not only were their teachings the eternal truths, but that Christ was one of the line of world-teachers of the unchanging Doctrine, a branch of that sacred tree of divine life that has always been in the world and from whose same trunk all the real Teachers have come. Moreover Christ was an Essene, and through that was related to some of the forms of mysticism of India. He had been initiated in Egypt and thus made a link with the secret wisdom of the priests of that country. The very name by which he is known, *Christ*, was a name used in the Greek Mysteries for an initiate. So he drew his roots from the theosophies of his time, and his doctrine could not have been otherwise than thus derived.

I would ask how it is that if Christianity be best adapted to the needs of the time, after eighteen centuries of it the world is as it is, a vast military camp; so that on every hand the cream and surpluse of the energies of the Christian nations of the world are spent in heaping up vast military armaments? Let every one picture to himself the world as he sees it, and then ask whether it is not time to try a new move of some sort.

During the last few years we have seen a movement in the Christian pulpits toward finding some common ground of unity. As every one knows, the number of sects is almost past computation. There are, at any rate, some hundreds. These claim that they are right on some point or points on which the others are wrong. And their disputes have been and are marked by exceeding bitterness. It used to be the rule for all of them to hold that those who mouthed shibboleths other than their own particular one were doomed to damnation. This is still quite common; it is the contention of one of the largest of the sects to-day, the Catholic Church. It is natural therefore that men should begin to think of saying: To the deep sea with all your noisy contentions and wrangles; we will sweep the board of the whole of you and start afresh; your quarrels are responsible for a great part of the bloodshed and misery of centuries, and after all these centuries of them the world is no better than we see it!

It is natural therefore that we should think that the Movement to unity is as much as anything a mere device for heading off this comment and attitude, and not at all a real honest yearning for union. It is a mere defensive device, and would depart if the danger departed, while the bitterness of the sects would then instantly reappear.

But now go back a few years behind this movement to unity. Note that the further back you go the bitterer are the quarrels and the separative spirit. Each sect claims the whole truth; the others are only rushing to damnation. The keynote is the spirit of separation, of demarcation from all the rest. That spirit it was which animated Christianity in any form in which we know it from the very



first. First the Councils marked off the four Gospels which they elected to be inspired from the odd forty or fifty which remain. That was because these rejected Gospels made it clear that real Christianity was closely linked to the systems of Theosophy or Mysticism that were then in the minds of men. It was desired to have it thought that Christianity was entirely distinct and separate; the usual sectarian spirit. Moreover the four Gospels that we have were heavily and repeatedly edited, so as probably to be exceedingly distinct from their original forms. We have, in fact, no original manuscript dating earlier than the third century.

The separative spirit probably took origin as a purely political move in Rome. This spirit remains and its fruits are the sects. Nearly all traces of the real inner teachings of Jesus must have disappeared since the second or third century from the ferocious mass of the scrimmaging sects. This attempt at unity is now useless; for the only thing on which they can unite is the bare ethical nucleus. And this is no more Christian than it is Buddhist or Taoistic. The moment they tried to introduce anything beyond that nucleus, any such great teaching as that about the soul of man, or the meaning of life, to go an inch beyond the bare words of Christ into the least comment on them, the war of sects would reappear in its original fierceness. So Christianity is paralyzed by its own black Karma, and must remain useless to that enormous mass of mankind who want a reason and a light on the mazes of life, and who, already accepting the ethics of life, see no gain in labelling those ethics Christianity. They know the ethics; they are prepared to practice them if a reason is held up in teaching.

Theosophy is wisdom capable of illuminating the intellect. Why call it by another name; one almost connoting hate, rancor and bloodshed; one that means such utterly different things to all the sects under its banner? You can only unite the sects by suppressing all teaching, thinking and comment. This is recognized in public schools attended by scholars of different sects. But if Christianity is not Theosophy, then you cannot say what it is. There is no sort of agreement, and the original records are lost. So I maintain that its mission is ended. Its history is too evil for pardon.

Mr. Fussell:

I shall not attempt to combat the statements of Dr. Coryn as regards the faults of sectarianism. In fact, I spoke of these myself, but I would say that the very fact that these faults have become so patent, that there are such efforts making to overcome them; in that fact is the true essence of Christianity shown.

Regarding the errors of churches and sectarianism, I do not know where you will find a man who will defend them. But we should indeed be making a grave mistake in turning to these instead of to the underlying principles, and the life and teachings of Christ.

Emerson said: "Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. . . . Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates Himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of His world. He said in this jubilee of sublime emotion, 'I am divine! Through me, God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me; or, see thee, when thou also thinkest as I now think?'"

This is the essence of Christianity, and I think because of that, that Christianity, though covered up by all these creeds and dogmas, is still a living verity, and that the teachings of Christ will stand out in future years more glorious than ever before. I think that Christ spoke no new message, though He gave a new commandment.

What higher ideal is presented anywhere in Theosophy or anywhere else than the ideal of Christ's life and of his teachings? And I would like to say here that it matters not if Christ's teachings were in two words instead of being able to be contained in two columns of a newspaper, according to Dr. Coryn, so long as those two words are true and contain the essence of all. They are sufficient to show the pathway of life, and to reveal to man, himself, his nature and destiny.

We need not speak volumes of words to show that Christ's teaching is true, for it is in the essence that it is true, and the essence may be found in a look, in a touch, in a single word; and when we can *become* it, then we can build upon that and go forth ennobling our lives, attaining ever to greater and greater heights and to further and further knowledge.

Now as to the ideal which is placed before us, not in sectarianism, but in Christ's life, the essence of true Christianity—what is it? It is in the fact of the divine incarnation, and I wish to give you two quotations to illustrate the position that I take in regard to that. One is from Schelling, the other from Fichte.

Schelling declares: "The incarnation of God is an eternal incarnation. Christ is only the historical, physically perceived pinnacle of the incarnation."

Fichte says: "The absolutely and eternally true position is that at all times and in every one without exception who vitally perceives His unity with God, and who really and in deed devotes his entire individual life to the divine life within him—in him the eternal Word, quite in the same manner as in Jesus Christ, becomes flesh and is embodied in a human form." Those, I think, are the true expressions of Christ's own words when He said, "Ye are Gods," and speaking again to His disciples, and through them to all men: "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

And so while Mr. Coryn may be speaking of the warring of sects, I for my part prefer to look back of all that to the example of Christ's life, to Christ's words, and in them we shall find the truer Christianity; and so far as the failure of the churches is concerned, what do we not find in life, in all the religions of the world? that the followers of them have always fallen short of the great example of the Teacher and of the teachings which they profess; and is not that one of the most hopeful signs that there is, that we recognize that we *have* fallen short of these, and many who have lived the *best* lives—they, too, have fallen short. But though the ideal is so high, and though we may fall and fall and fall, we will still climb and climb and climb, and even then still see beyond us the perfection to which we aspire; and this very difficulty, so fully exemplified at the end of 1800 years, is one of the great promises for the future, for we have found out that difficulty, and recognizing it, have gained strength to overcome it, and in spite of it we can look behind it and see the essence and the great living example, for Christ *is* a living example, a living reality to-day, which is to be found in the hearts of all His true followers.

Dr. Coryn:

I cannot say that my attitude has been changed by anything that my friend has said. Let me put my case once more in a nutshell. Christianity is either identical with Theosophy, or it is not. If it is identical with that eternal wisdom, then why use a name which fixes men's attention on a point in time eighteen centuries ago, as if then for the first time real wisdom manifested on the earth? It is a profound distortion of perspective which has grave consequences on men's conceptions of the order of things.

If it is not identical, then in order to find out what it is we must push aside the discordant interpretations of the sects, examine Christ's educational antecedents and connections, study the meaning and origin of the name Christ, discount the repeated editings of the four accepted Gospels, place them in a level relationship with what we can find of the other forty-six or so Gospels, and study all together. It will then be surprising if we do not find that there is, after all, a probable identity, one, indeed, which we might have suspected from the identity of the legends surrounding the birth of Christ with those attached to the birth of so many other of the world-redeemers. We shall say that that Great Teacher has been hideously libelled by his (verbal) adherents for at least sixteen hundred years, and that the best respect we can render to his memory is to discard the name of the blood-stained banner under which for so long they have carried on their warfare.

Some unhappy curse has rested on Christianity from its start. We are told that Christ taught two doctrines, an inner and an outer. Where is that inner? Where, for the matter of that, is the outer? We are told that his teachings were exceedingly

voluminous. Where are they? He taught that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," and men have commented on that by making in his name a kingdom of hell outside them. Who shall interpret that phrase so as to please five per cent. of the sects, or any other of his phrases?

Yet we want a message for the people; there is no one here who does not. Where are we to find it?

This is a preliminary discussion, and to-night I only want to ask you to take a preliminary view. But look back, and back, and back, through history. Take Christianity as you pass, but as one only of the pages of human inspiration, not as the sole or chief. There rises to view a long vista of religious myth and legend. Myth is not now a very dignified word; but I am here using it as meaning a story conveying deep philosophical truth; simple, because it is a story. Then Christianity will stand in its true light as related to one of these stories. Begin with the teaching of Theosophy to-day as we had it from H. P. Blavatsky; go further back to the story around which Christianity centres; from there to Greece; thence to India, and behind there to Egypt; as far as we can let us look at what indications we can find in that land of prehistoric America from which, as our present Leader has told us, the civilization of hoary Egypt was itself derived.

I am calling your attention to one only of the many myths or legends which might be selected, but one which will best serve our purpose in helping others and ourselves to a true understanding of life. In Greece, as also elsewhere, the initiates were often called Children, and also Christ, the anointed. The child-Christ, the redeemer, was born in them. In the full form of the story he was born of a virgin, and his father was the all-brooding spirit. When he came of age he slew the serpent or dragon and was crowned. In one Grecian form it was the foretold child of Io and Zeus, who was to deliver Prometheus. In Egypt it was Horus, child of Isis, who was to deliver Osiris, his father, and slay the dragon Typhon. In India, and among the Gnostics, are many variants of this story. It is the inner warrior, the son of Light, son of Life, slowly born amid the struggles and pains of men, who becomes at last the redeemer of his father. He is the son of the man; and he is also the son of the Spirit, which is Life. And so he is sometimes represented as the redeemer of man; and again as the redeemer of Spirit, for life, even degraded, is spirit; and he is born to be the redeemer of life back to its spiritual glory by triumphing over the enemy of spiritual life, the serpent of flesh. So in Egypt, Horus releases his father, Osiris. He redeems his own imprisoned father—spiritual life. His mother is the, at first, divine sentient substance, pure physical living nature, like life, degraded. So we always find these four in their many forms. The redeemer, the warrior of Light; the child, the Christ; the Mother, nature-stuff, the at first untainted root of our sentient being, the soul's vehicle of contact with the world; the father-spirit of life in all its forms of energy; the demon, the serpent that deceiveth, the dragon, flesh, Apophis, etc.

In a thousand forms this myth has been taught to men; many of them of extreme external beauty. And in some of those forms they were able to receive and understand it. They learned that out of their pains and struggles was born at last another self, a self of Light, their constant Companion and helper, never to be appealed to in vain in their hour of need, the source of that peace and quiet joy which even the worst man may feel come over himself as a benediction after the least effort on the right path; that if they cultivated that companionship it would become a power before which all the evil, all the causes of pain and sin, in their natures, would go down like snow under the sun; that in the END they would find that this Warrior was indeed their very self, freed, triumphant, perfect, rejoicing evermore.

Reflect on the permutations of this noblest of myths, in all times, among all peoples, and then think of the truths which each of those permutations conveys; of its appealing beauty; of its flexibility; of its pregnant suggestiveness; of its majesty and poetic color. Then think on what the Christians have done with it! Of the Dragon, the Old Serpent, they have constructed the grotesque horned and hoofed figure of Satan. Of the sublime Father-Spirit they have made the figure of the God who demanded the blood of his own son as a ransom for offences committed

by his own creatures in powerless ignorance, and who has been appealed to by both combatants before every bloody battle for centuries. Of Mother-Nature they have made the Virgin Mary. The Warrior-Redeemer in the breast of all men they have turned into an objective and incomprehensible man-God, without whose words the pre-Christian billions of men must have lived and died in unlit darkness. And the words of the teacher whom they think they follow they have almost blotted out of accessibility. Even such of his words as they have got they have put aside, and instead of holding that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you (and therefore inferentially the Kingdom of Hell) they have made both into conditionally obtainable places.

It is useless for some of them to appeal for a stay of verdict on the ground that their particular sect or shade has not done these things. The majority have and do. And they can only separate themselves from such by discarding all that goes beyond in their teachings, that bare nucleus of ethical impulse that is in the breast of every man and that needs no name. So I must conclude by what I began with; that Christianity has utterly failed and should no more cumber the ground. *In any accessible form* it is in the way of the truth and the light for which men are hungering. This is the only reparation we can now make to the sublime memory of the sacred Founder of what he must have hoped would be a Light to mankind; but whose fate he may yet have sorrowfully foreseen.

(To be Continued.)

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#### PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT.

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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,

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## A U M

TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"Intelligence is not shown by witty words, but by wise actions."

*Gems from the East.*

## Universal Brotherhood Path.

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MAY, 1900.

No. 2.

## NIAGARA'S VOICE AND LESSON.

By RAMESES.

1.

"I, like the soul of man have patient waited:  
 "But now in league with it, in potent urging  
 "We raise the halt-compelling voice, in warning.  
 "The time has come for man to utilize our matchless powers  
 "For common use, and work for man's redemption!"

2.

On shady bank, by Erie's emptying mouth, I sat  
 And watched the forceful moving waters  
 In heaven of peaceful thought and reverie.  
 The passing mighty flood compactly ran in gathering strength  
 For mighty rush, and superb leap below.

3.

The green and stable shore cut here and there, for sluicèd streams  
 To give their force and energy of love to flower and lawn,  
 And mirthful fountain, leaping high  
 In graceful curves of radiant sunlit globes of light,  
 To cool and energize the overburdened air;  
 That weary man and beast, and leaved and wingèd brotherhood  
 Might feel its vitalized caress, and resting,  
 Thank the ever-thoughtful, loving, universal fountain of all good.

4.

Another willful, independence-loving stream shot off from parent flood  
 With rush and shout of "Freedom and Autonomy;"

To devastate its banks, and flood the bordering swampy lands,  
 And wander far, in devious, crooked ways  
 Through barren land, and shady glen, o'er boisterous Lilliputian waterfall;  
 Till, weary, dwindling and ashamed,  
 It homeward turned to join the sweeping mother flood,  
 O'erjoyed again to mix its puny strength with potent parent might.

## 5.

A third and larger stream led off to laboring water wheels:  
 Bound for the time to use of man,  
 Its hidden energy let loose and manifest  
 In fabrics coarse and fine, in wares and implements:  
 In chained lightning captured from the ample earth and air;—  
 Twin nature giants thus subdued by man,  
 Transmuted by the alchemy of human thought to coming universal use and  
 service.  
 Wire-led to light his devious selfish ways:  
 To draw his warriors, merchandise and fighting, bartering self about  
 In quest of brothers' life and character, his lands and gold.

## 6.

Their willing work performed through human master's self-perverted, god-like  
 power,  
 These chained giants 'scaped his selfish satan bonds  
 And homeward rushed to universal storage place of nature's energy,  
 Awhile to rest and cogitate, away from separateness  
 And towering pride, and love of power, and greed.

## 7.

Their well-done work they learned to love,  
 Not for themselves, but for the universal parent's sake,—themselves a part—  
 Now manifest in greater good expressed to man—his wayward offspring—  
 Groping in selfish, lustful, earth-bound mental realm  
 In search of Spirit Light.

## 8.

Thus wiser grown, and strengthened by the Truth  
 Revealed through labor, pain and work accomplished,  
 These conscious, elemental gods stand eager, waiting  
 Their human master's call, again to labor  
 To aid him in his ceaseless search for Truth;  
 And point the way to him through nature's realm,—himself unconscious  
 master—  
 To God, the Infinite, the Good in all;  
 To demonstrate that *all* in time and place *is* good, and therefore God expressed.

That man when acting right, unselfishly, by golden rule,  
 Has found his Soul, the loving, patient, long lost—crucified;  
 His ancient barter price for bitter, poisonous mess of pottage.  
 Has found the inner heavenly kingdom,  
 The within dwelling God, Father of all that lives on earth;  
 Has found himself, the Master,  
 Dragging all in sorrow downward into darkest night of spirit death;  
 Or leading upward into joyous, earthly heaven of peace and love,  
 Where men as brothers live  
 Like gods, in harmony of common service.

9.

So nature teaches man his origin divine, and mastery of himself, and it,  
 Till, conscious of his god-like powers, he takes his long deserted place  
 As Master over earth and its inhabitants,  
 The elements and elementary things,—his mind-born progeny.

10.

Then all that lives, and is;  
 The eager waiting universe,  
 The air, the mystery hiding deep,  
 The earth and all its visible and shadowy denizens,  
 Hearing the once thought dead, now found and living Master's vibrant resurrec-  
 tion "Word,"  
 Shall spring to joyous life, and formed in grand processional  
 Will follow Him with trust and loving pride,  
 By light of ever widening consciousness of life's evolving, mighty purpose,  
 To compass all-embracing, re-embodiment, ever change-presenting, changeless  
 Truth.

11.

Awakened man now conscious of his rightful power and God-hood,  
 Sounds back this answering challenge to his waiting, prostituted mate:  
 "Resistless power of nature's basic elements;  
 "I'll woo and make you mine by force of all-compelling love,  
 "To utilize your wasted energy for use divine,—  
 "For common benefit and good of all that lives."

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## THE DEATH OF THE SOUL.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D.

Although it has been clearly demonstrated that the soul is immortal, yet this immortality is but a potentiality, inhering in it because of its origin in unmanifested, eternal Being. As must be the case in all manifested attributes of the One Dark Source, the soul must make this potentiality of immortality an actuality upon the manifested side of life in order to ensure eternal individual self-consciousness as an ego or entity. Until it has become immortal in manifestation, it cannot be sure of individualized immortality, and this most precious gift of the gods to mortals may be lost.

This is an all-important fact. Existence is not a semi-automatic functioning, nor evolution merely a mechanical process through which the soul passes, without danger of extinction, to an assured immortality. The soul in entering upon its "Cycle of Necessity," or cycle of evolution, has set before it the goal of self-conscious immortality, which must be won by hard and strenuous effort, for immortality in manifestation is a conditioned state, dependent upon the right use of the impersonal and eternal Kosmic Will. Manifested, personal, cyclic will can only win immortality for the cycle involved; the soul must learn to recognize and to command WILL in its eternal state. It must become "one with its Father in Heaven" in its ability to direct the divine will—which is the esoteric meaning of this saying. Thus the soul which only recognizes the personal will, lapses from incarnation to incarnation, with no feeling of having ever lived before during any one of these lives in the body. This is the present state of most souls, and none such are immortal in the true meaning of the term; they have yet to win this state of consciousness. For immortality, to be truly immortality, must know no lapses or interregnums, however brief. While death or sleep interposes these the soul is not immortal. Waking or sleeping, "dead" or "alive," consciousness must be absolutely continuous to fulfill the requirements of eternal self-conscious existence. This self-consciousness may widen infinitely, but it must remain the self-consciousness of the I who now feels itself to be. The personal I may widen into the individual I; this, into the Cosmic I; this again, into the Universal I, until one feels his one-ness with the entire Universe, but whole process must be an addition; not a subtraction.

It becomes, then, of paramount importance that the nature of the soul, the method by which it secures immortality, and the process by which its death may

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\* A new chapter to the Author's recently published book, "Some Evidences of Immortality."



be brought about (even after having advanced far on the path towards its goal), should be carefully studied, that we may make our "peace, our calling, and our election sure." The loss of the soul is hinted at in all religions, and only in the Christian is it distorted into the dogma of eternal punishment, instead of the solemn fact of the possible annihilation of its self-conscious existence.

The soul, as has been shown, is a center of consciousness which recognizes itself as an inner I and excludes the outer universe as not included in this self-recognition. It even excludes its own body as not its real self; thinking of it as "my body;" not as "my self." This soul-center has undoubtedly infinitely varying faculties and attributes as potentialities; but at present it has made but a few of these potent, or actualities, upon the manifested side of being—with which side we are alone concerned in considering immortality, as unmanifested immortality is, for a manifested being, unthinkable.

Among such manifested attributes which the cycle of evolution has permitted to appear are reason, imagination, emotion, instinct, and others which have been briefly studied in this essay, and their permanent or transitory nature inquired into with a view to deducing therefrom a basis upon which to predicate mortality or immortality. We have seen that the faculties which belong solely to the body perish with it, at least temporarily, or until the soul by incarnating builds for itself new organs which permit of their reappearance. Practically, they have been annihilated during the death of its body, and if these were the only faculties of the soul no immortality could be predicted for it. Fortunately, it has, as we have seen, others which safely bridge the abyss between any two earth-lives.

But the loss of the sense-faculties at death furnishes the clue to the whole question under examination. A complete man requires sense organs; and the complete man is, therefore, not immortal until he shall have so united his higher with his lower nature that sense-perception is preserved as certainly as imagination and feeling now are. This is not to say that the body, as such, must become immortal; that idle fancy may be safely left to people sensuous "heavens." But the means to contact and examine, to reason upon and to know, external nature must always be at the command of the immortal and perfect soul. So that while the soul is immortal as an entity, its immortality is at present limited to certain of its faculties, among which is *not* found that which man considers the most important to this life, or reason, for reason is still subject to interregnums or lapses.

It follows, then, that man as we now know him, incarnated in a body, has to win immortality for a large proportion of his faculties—the senses and reason being among these. As a matter of fact, he has no senses at present, but depends upon those of the animal form in which he has incarnated, and which have been evolved during long ages of geologic time by the animal-man destined to furnish a physical vehicle for the soul. They are as yet the senses of the body and not of the soul, or death would not leave man to pass such long intervals between incarnations in purely subjective states as it now undoubtedly

does. Let all those who long to be delivered from a troublesome, imperious, or vicious body, reflect that until this body shall have bestowed by emanation, or in some other manner, the faculty of which its senses are as yet the soul's only vehicle, all *post mortem* existence must be subjective.

There is no purely one-sided transaction in all the phases of consciousness; if the ego bestows a higher, the body repays the debt by adding a lower, state to the faculties of the soul, and which in the economy of nature may be just as essential and necessary as the higher. The universe is not only embodied consciousness, but embodied *wisdom*, and we must avoid taking a distorted view of a relation which, from our standpoint, seems to be unequal. It may be far from this. The body certainly affords the necessary resistance to compel the evolution or exhibition of the qualities of the soul; it is rewarded by having bestowed upon it a higher (as we think) state of consciousness, but if the account is not already balanced, this certainly is fully accomplished by the bestowal, through the association of the soul with the body, of the sense-perception of the latter. By its contact with the body the soul is not only strengthening its own qualities and faculties through the effort which the body compels, but is developing an absolutely new faculty—that of sense-perception. The tail of the serpent is ever in its mouth; the most high and the most lowly are equally spiritual; and must from the very nature of justice play an equal part in the economy of the universe.

It is no doubt the work of the soul to, throughout the eternities, evolve faculties lying within its own infinite nature, and as these are perfected, one by one, each becomes immortal, or, rather, the soul becomes assured of its eternal possession. However it may be at future stages of the Cycle of Necessity (about which it would be folly to speculate), it is certain that the making immortal of those qualities and faculties which are essential to a recognition of the bliss of self-conscious immortality is at present attended with risk and danger, and requires the putting forth of the very highest and best qualities which the soul has at its command.

*Demon est Deus inversus.* Man is surrounded by perfectly impersonal laws and forces, which at last merge into and become one with the great law of cause and effect—or Karma. Harmony is the law of life, of existence; nothing inharmonic can exist for long. Evil is but inharmony—the working against the law of life. That Wisdom which brought this Universe into being has decreed that harmony must be restored whenever and wherever it has been disturbed, or the cause of the disturbance will be removed by disruption and disintegration to less and less evolved spheres until all ability to choose the inharmonic is beyond possibility.

Man is not only a compound being, but all his faculties must be equally developed. Any faculty developed out of proportion to the others becomes a menace, because it necessitates an inharmonic nature. To preserve the exact equilibrium is as difficult and more dangerous than any tight-rope walking, though this be stretched across the Niagara. In our Western civilization, the

lower faculties of the soul have been cultivated out of all proportion—especially, intellect and sense-consciousness. The higher qualities of compassion, unselfishness and altruism have been so neglected that their possessor is contemptuously dubbed a “crank,” and looked upon as unwise to the last degree. And truly, if wisdom only embraces the knowledge and ability to get wealth, as our Western civilization has defined it, such a man is a fool.

We have said that the I, the feeling of egoity, may (and must) widen from the personal I of this incarnated life into an individual I, and then into a Cosmic or Oversoul I, and finally into an Universal I, or an egohood which feels its oneness with the entire Universe. The death of the soul consists in the interruption of this process. That is to say the personal I may fail to unite itself to and to widen into the Individual I, or the Individual I may lose its hold upon the Oversoul. In the first case, the result would be the death of the ordinary human soul, such as we all are at this embodied stage of our existence. In the second, the result would be a black magician, living throughout vast cycles of time, but eventually overtaken by one to which even his imperious will must yield. For the worlds come and go in obedience to law much higher than even the Will of the Oversoul, and if a unit-soul have trifled away the period in which it ought to have so perfected its faculties as to have enabled it to still maintain its individualized existence when the “heavens depart as a scroll,” annihilation can but await it.

Harmonic progression towards an inconceivable perfection constitutes evolution—that magnificent “process of the suns,” which weaves the woof of manifested existence into the warp of the divine, unmanifested, inscrutable WILL. Truth, Right, and Justice are embodied in this Omnipotent Being—whom so many conceive of as weak, blasphemous widenings of their own imperfections into personal deities. Its will as regards manifested being is embodied in the Law of Cause and Effect. It has decreed that any cause, whether physical, mental or spiritual, shall be followed by its just effect, which effect cannot be evaded or set aside because, in some way, incomprehensible to mortals (we being under the illusion of time) the effect is bound up in, and exists in, the apparently antecedent cause. But in the unmanifested the two are coëqual and coëxistent, for there time as we conceive of it is unknown.

With this provision to insure perfect justice, the soul is launched upon the seas of mortal life. By setting up harmonic causes, it may cross these seas with perfect safety, and reach the blissful shores of eternal, individualized existence—which is its reward for the Herculean effort. If it wickedly or foolishly fails to comprehend the plan of the Most High, and so loses its opportunity, it can but lapse back into the ocean of undifferentiated, unmanifested Being. This danger awaits those who sin and those who teach untruths equally. The priest or preacher who paints a Jehovah or Brahm from the outlines of the shadows of his own imperfections, magnified by being thrown upon the background of his own ignorance; who pictures Divinity as being revengeful, fickle and unjust, is injuring humanity by his teachings more, perhaps, than the moral

monster whose vices affect but a comparatively few. And when such reject all philosophy, and teach and believe that this short life will be followed by a never-ending eternity of either bliss or suffering, they are setting up causes which tend to and must keep them upon the subjective side of existence during such vast periods that they run no small danger of awakening and finding that the march of evolution has passed them by forever. Moral goodness will not atone for willful misdirection on the part of those who assume to act as guides for the race. And however much excuse there may or may not have been in the past for teaching ignorant dogmas of everlasting heavens and hells, of devils, imps, and lakes of fire and brimstone, of the necessity of accepting any one personal view and damning all who disagree, and so on, such excuse no longer exists. The absolute identity of all great religions as to Source and essential teachings has been proven so plainly by the Teachers of the great Universal Brotherhood Organization that even he who runs may read. The sinner and the teacher of untruths under the self-assumed sanction of the Eternal, are equally in danger, and both will have to repent, and proceed to diligently set up such causes as keep them nearer to the ark of safety.

To understand the process by which the loss of the soul is brought about, it is necessary to re-state, briefly, the theosophic philosophy concerning man's relation to deity, and to nature. This is: that a host of monads or unit-souls differentiate themselves, or are differentiated, by some unknown process, within the great Sea of Being, at cyclic intervals. These unit-souls are colorless, so far as manifested attributes are concerned, and only become individualized by the differing coloring (so to speak) they receive through their experiences in matter. They pass through an immense cycle of time, known in the East as a "manvantara," or "man-bearing period." As above so below; so during this period all these monad-souls are actually "born" into manifested life in a manner analogous to that in which they are born into physical life. But the throes of their birth is a cosmic process, and extends throughout immense cycles of cosmic time.

Few souls among humanity are yet born—strange as the assertion may seem. The tail of the serpent is ever in its mouth, and soul birth is the exact counterpart of physical birth among the lower orders of nature, in that it is brought about by a kind of fission, for emanation, which is the term when applied to the soul, is nothing more nor less than fission when applied to the body. The Universal I, or the Infinite Power to manifest itself as "I" at any point in space or at any period of time (and which Hegel sensed but confused with Jehovah) emanates a definite number (for a cosmic system) of Cosmic I-centers. These may be termed Oversouls, and in turn emanate again a definite (by definite is meant not infinite) number of Individual I-centers, known in Brotherhood technology as our Higher Egos. Each of these again emanates a portion of itself which incarnates in physical bodies until the emanation, which is our personal I, has so profited by its experiences in incarnation that it has become "like unto its Father in Heaven," when the process is complete, and the true MAN is born. Just as the fission in the lower kingdom produces two equally

perfect individuals, so does the emanation in the spiritual kingdom produce two perfect men. The philosophy postulates the man, so born, becoming first a Cosmic, and then an Universal I. but this takes us too far afield for our present purpose.

There is no danger of the death of the Higher Ego. And we are our Higher Egos in so far as the process of separation, or birth, is yet far from complete. Between each incarnation we return to the safety and peace of the "bosom of Abraham," the "heaven" of all religions. It is simply the indrawing by the Higher Ego of the "ray," or portion of itself, which is undergoing the process of cosmic birth, and is exactly analogous to the indrawing of that portion of itself which a protozoön has temporarily projected.

Now, our Higher Egos are divine and spiritually pure beings. They can not take into their pure essence that which is coarse, vile and impure. It would be attempting to make fire and water exist together. So that it becomes at once apparent that degrading that portion of the Higher Ego which is incarnating in animal bodies is a most dangerous process. If blinded by matter, and drowned in the illusion of the senses, the soul so incarnated deliberately chooses the evil, life after life, it can so taint and change its originally pure nature that reunion with its source after death becomes an impossibility. Under the mere laws of physics this would be so, how much more, then, must it be the case in the higher realms of motive?

A soul which has by evil acts separated itself from its parent soul prematurely must eventually perish; but this perishing is under the law of cause and effect, takes place in orderly but inexorable sequence, and often occupies a long period of time. The soul has sinned because of, and for, sensual gratification. All its appetites and desires are those of earth-life and its karmic tendencies are towards immediate reincarnation. If it is permitted by the law (parents to whom such a lost soul can justly come are essential) it reappears upon earth as an utterly conscienceless being. Jack-the-Rippers and Jesse Pomeroy are examples of these dreadful beings. Being incapable of setting up any but evil causes, such souls plunge lower and lower at each successive birth, until their last one may be as a gibbering idiot.

If unable to reincarnate, they then haunt the uncanny borderland between physical and astral life, and from them come many of the "messages," and much of the moral depravity which so often overtakes those who seek out and accept them as "angel guides." If the Higher Ego incarnates in a new personality, which is usually, but by no means invariably, the case, then the lost personality of the last life is irresistibly attracted to the new soul, and becomes for it a dreadful "Dweller on the Threshold," seeking to unite itself to and to strengthen all the evil to be found in its victim's lower nature. Such cases mean a long life of active conflict; the exhibition at times of qualities of good, by the most startling relapses into evil, until at length death interposes the peace and safety of rest in the bosom of its "Father in Heaven" for the budding soul, while its evil associate undergoes the "second death" of the inner spheres.

Such are a few glimpses which are permitted at the dark by-ways and no-thoroughfares of life. They reveal to mortals the LAW working in the mysterious "Eighth Sphere," and are intended to fitfully, but sufficiently, illumine the gulfs and abysses which imperil the soul if it wanders from the path of brotherhood and selflessness. They show the necessity for eternal watchfulness and unceasing effort. If eternal life were assured to all souls, we would be but automatons, and truth, brotherhood, and right, but hollow mockeries. Justice would be chimera, and the universe a blacker hell than even Dante painted.

Souls such as we are now can die in the manner, and from the causes, indicated. There is no external influence or authority acting in the matter at all. The soul is its own judge; its own executioner. It is amenable only to the law of cause and effect; but this law is inexorable, and knows no forgiveness nor vicarious atonement. It deals out the exact effect to the cause set up, and the account is cancelled. Evil and Good are eternally opposed; one or the other must conquer. The soul is the battleground; its freedom to choose either evil or good is infinite and awesome. It must know this, and realize what life and evolution mean; it must cease to rely upon shallow philosophies and crude faiths, and look fearlessly into its own divine depths and recognize the GOD within. Then will it "cease to do evil, and learn to do well." Then will it recognize that its body is the dwelling place of God; a Temple, not made with hands, which must be kept pure and holy; out of which the money-changers of vice, sensuousness, ambition, rage, and all kinds of selfishness must be whipped with scourges until they flee its sacred precincts forever.

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## THE GREAT LAW OF LIFE AND PROGRESS.

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Reincarnation being the great law of life and progress, it is interwoven with that of the cycles and karma. These three work together, and in practice it is almost impossible to disentangle reincarnation from cyclic law. Individuals and nations in definite streams return in regularly recurring periods to the earth, and thus bring back to the globe the arts, the civilization, the very persons who once were on it at work. And as the units in nation and race are connected together by invisible strong threads, large bodies of such units moving slowly but surely all together, reunite at different times and emerge again and again together into new races and new civilizations as the cycles roll their appointed rounds. Therefore the souls who made the most ancient civilizations will come back and bring the old civilization with them in idea and essence, which being added to what others have done for the development of the human race in its character and knowledge, will produce a new and higher state of civilization.—W. Q. Judge.

## THE LESSONS OF A LIVING ROOM.

By COROLYN FAVILLE OBER.

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The particular Hall of Learning of which I am about to write did not obtain its title through the ordinary appellation of a family sitting room, nor yet from the fact that it is inhabited by any one, but for the more impressive reason that the room itself has life. Not the organic life that pulsates through the open, creating in us an exuberance of physical buoyancy as we indraw the vital elements of the always living out of doors, but a subtle force of its own, potent and far reaching.

Our eminent scientist, Dr. Draper, whose photographic experiments led him to so many interesting discoveries in physics, declared that even the passing shadow must leave a trace that could be reproduced did we but know the proper processes. If this be so, what of the psychological tracings which all feel, but few realize, and fewer yet have ever analyzed? Are we satisfied in the most elaborate apartments? Has the decorator really pleased us when he has exhausted his ingenuity to produce high art effects? Or are we sensible of disappointment; of inadequacy; of a paralysis of the feeling that induces a desire for trees and flowers, and the living things of the outer world?

An American lady, conversing with a Japanese, is said to have congratulated that gentleman on his being a resident of a country where works of art abounded; "The beautiful bronzes! the carvings, etc." "Madam," the gentleman seriously responded, "happily in Japan we have passed the bric-a-brac age." A remark worthy of attention. An instant of thought will enable any one to admit that the wood, stone, metal and fabrics of our houses are but lifeless matter in different stages of decay; but the important fact, that these dead things are negatives, receiving and transmitting impressions which are perceptible to many other faculties than those of physical sight and touch, is far more difficult to appreciate. When the pictures, statues, grill work and hangings, approved by connoisseurs, leave us longing for we know not what, it is because the potent force of a high organism has not galvanized them with a meaning. Significant then are the rooms which we describe as cold, for it becomes apparent that they in reality are but tombs of the living dead—of those who yet are dead because their lives are purposeless, or occupied with worthless, deteriorating purposes.

Beginning just a little to realize the vital import of all existing things; awakening just a little to the high privileges and duties of a living being in a living world; thrilled a little by nobler resolves and loftier aspirations, I find, to my surprise, that the nook I call my home has many living words for me, and these, in their own progressive order, I gladly pass along.

Probably nearly every one has found it difficult at times to discriminate as to what benefits to accept and what to refuse. History is full of tragic incidents

of both self-denial and self-gratification—travesties more often, either way. This problem my room solved for me, the solution becoming clear to my understanding with the initial lesson.

Securing quiet and pleasant accommodations after a trying experience that has aptly been called "herding," I allowed myself to indulge, during the first days of my occupancy in repeated sighs of gratulation and relief. Indeed, being decidedly of a luxurious temperament, I fairly revelled in the comforts of my new surroundings. Suddenly, with a start, I took myself to task. "What!" said some sickly ascetic, resident in my composition; "are you then only a selfish voluptuary that you take such delight in the gratification of the senses?" Influenced momentarily by the suggestion I bowed my head in confusion and inclined to do penance by trying to cancel the coveted lease and perchance even move into some forsaken attic. Then spoke the other incumbent, the pleasure loving æsthetic, whose present satisfaction vigorously resisted the influence drawing me atticwards. "Come, come. You have been deprived too long. Enjoy the situation or your unsatisfied longing for these fine things will cause you harm." So then temporarily I followed this advice; but the first imp would intrude, and then the second fiend would interfere again, and so I found no peace and followed neither, and the war waged hotly between the two, preventing all possibility of harmony between me and my habitation. The contest ended when that great equalizer of opposing forces, Common Sense, came to my relief with the command: "Accept all and consecrate all." I obeyed and at once became adjusted.

And then I soon discovered how a right thought vitally assists right living, for the whole apartment wherein the sacrifice was made reflected back the impulse. Returning to it sometimes weary and broken, jarred and irritated, a check was placed upon me. "Not here, this place is consecrated," and discords were left outside. So then it came about that to pass its threshold was to feel its peace and to cast aside all care. The next step of realization was therefore easy of accomplishment. It was this:

Our habitations are as much an expression of ourselves as are our bodies; lifeless of themselves, but animated by, and capable of participation in, the thought of the indwelling and inspiring entity. Only the quick can quicken inert material, and only those who recognize themselves as souls are quick. Impelled by a knowledge of its own sublime destiny, the soul, acting through a responsive body, causes all that comes within the radius of its influence to vibrate with the story of the divine in everything. Instead then of encasements for corpses, each home may become the temple of its living God, whether four walls narrowly encompass it, or the dimensions of a palace spread it broad.

How can gifts be consecrated except by truly consecrated beings? How can a great temple be erected, and of service to the world, except it may be placed at the center of many lesser temples? And is not each one whose life is dedicated to the welfare of the race already in the service of the Temple of Universal Brotherhood, although the Sacred Edifice has not yet been reared in stone?



And each such consecrated home, being truly a department of the central structure, should not the home maker strive to pattern after the Great Example as the enlightening imagination suggests the way? Assuredly I think she should.

Although the geometrical proportions, the outer and the inner courts, and the grand symbolism of the Temples of our ancient days, are, of course, unknown to us at present, yet the impulse to conform once more to that which we have known and loved, and which is soon to be restored to us, gives the fancy play enough to suggest many ways in which even now we may begin to imitate.

First of all it is but natural to conceive that from the Temple's center, the Holiest of Holies, there issued forth a great tone of joy, for Life was the subject of our worship in the ancient time, and Joy is Life. Pealing from thence its wondrous message of salvation to all that lived, its notes were heard alone within the sanctuary of the heart and, awakening there responsive echoes, each who heard gave forth in deep, glad tones its vibrant waves again.

Surely it is primarily essential that the genius, the ruling spirit of the Temple Home should be this note of joy; else there can be no light, no sweetness, no operative faith, for is it not the witness of the presence of the Lord of Life Himself?

Then it is easy to imagine that every line and curve of a structure—emblem of Universal Brotherhood—served, by its vital meaning, to elevate the consciousness far above the level of ordinary ways; a presentment in its architectural entirety of an ideal of the destiny of man and his divine possibilities of progression and perfection; a living magnet, calling all things to higher forms of manifestation.

Long time doubtless will be needed to change the prevalent commercial and pretentious style of architecture into closer conformity with this thought, but even now the common furniture of a room may become a little symphony of a life of devotion. All music, poetry and art depends upon the relation of component parts to each other, therefore the most ordinary articles may be so arranged as to convey beautiful lessons in proportion. Accepting the general definition of art as expression, we readily understand that the first requirement of the artist must be the possession of something to express. And as the attainment of an ideal compels words to assist the poet, pigments the painter, and any instrument the musician, so the noble impulse and clearly defined purpose of the true home maker will charge inanimate things until it almost seems that of themselves they find position, and stand in attitude of ready helpfulness, waiting to fulfill their part of a common scheme of work. When the present monotony of incongruity becomes thus broken, and each piece of furniture appears to be especially fitted to the particular work it occupies, then picture poems will be created in our habitations, musical compositions, what you will.

Again it will readily be admitted that the living influence of a great seat of spiritual learning depended upon its vital connections; its close touch everywhere with individuals and events, without which it could not have been established in separate existence. An expression of the collective self of the humanity of its

time ; at once a focal point and radiating center, it must both have fed and been sustained by radiant home centers that were integral parts and miniature reflections of itself. This great and universal benefaction it is our instant privilege to reproduce, and for it we must learn to live sympathetically, intelligently and with world-wide breadth.

And last it must needs be that the atmosphere of rest within the Temple's walls pervades the consecrated Home. An atmosphere which only can be created where all is unison with the central harmony ; where perfect adjustment produces a grand repose of activity and all sense of effort loses itself in the sublime consciousness of power. . .

To such an ideal as this we may aspire. The possibility of its achievement is even now within our reach. In harmony with the Temple thought ; its note of Joy resounding in our hearts ; with singleness of purpose to dominate our lives, we ourselves become a self-centered point of adjustment with which all that belongs to us must accord.

Among the posthumous writings of a weary, high souled friend I found these lines :

“Recruited now and strong,  
I'll bear my load.  
Although the way be dark and long,  
I'll tread the road.”

Such a haven of rest as the Temple Home shall be will attract and send forth an innumerable company of these recruited ones, into whose lives a sustained calm has entered carrying refreshment, invigoration and inspiration for mightier effort.

As to the Temple Fire—emblem of divine, eternal life—without it there could be no Temple Home. Consecrated to the highest destiny of which we can conceive, we seek and find that source of energy, the Soul. Such recognition is the vital spark which ignites the Sacred Flame, and its potential powers expanding, all that it contacts awakes to its own creative life. The “Sacred Woman,” who thus knows herself, enters the Temple Home as its High Priestess and the Guardian of this Fire. Regarding nothing as insignificant, she prepares all things for the coming of the yet unborn, and then, self-reverent, awaits before the Altar the wondrous advent. Later, when her cares increase, she forgets not for one moment the high place to which she is assigned, and so she fails not to guide aright the immortal ones committed to her care. Nor do her benefactions stop at this. Dominated by her influence all lesser things must naturally find their own and proper place, that order and equilibrium may provide the channels for the dispensation of that mighty force she knows is resident in her. And so, transforming all she touches, her home becomes a center to attract, a point from which to radiate, in ever widening circles, that golden glory which causes all sterile places to blossom as the rose.

## RIGHT THOUGHT AND RIGHT ACTION.

By HELEN DOUGLAS.

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ANY have regarded Theosophy as an abstract philosophy, valuable only to those who wish to indulge in mental gymnastics or lose themselves in a labyrinth of speculative thought. Those who thus judge Theosophy show a very superficial knowledge of it; and those who make such a use of it have failed to understand its deeper teachings. Far from being only theoretical, it is eminently practical, and only as the students of Theosophy find expressions for its teachings in their lives has their study been of any value.

One who earnestly desires to do right, to fulfill his obligations to his fellow-men, is very much handicapped if he is ignorant of the laws that govern the life of the individual and the race and their reciprocal relations. In its teaching of the divinity of man, the unity of all souls with the Oversoul, man's evolution under the laws of reincarnation and karma, Theosophy sets forth the highest law of conduct. To know that the soul reincarnates, or that brotherhood is a fact in nature, is of little value, unless one bases his conduct upon that knowledge. But equipped with such knowledge, one who really desires to fulfill his highest possibilities finds his field of usefulness broadened and is able to work effectively for the benefit of humanity.

His field of usefulness is broadened, for he finds that his work lies on the planes of thought and feeling as well as that of action. Right thought is too frequently ignored or valued merely as a prompter to right action. Thoughts have a value of their own. Not all of them find expression in action and that expression is of necessity limited. The acts of by far the large majority of people fall outside the criminal and civil law. One may keep all the ten commandments, but if his thoughts are not pure, if he is selfish or revengeful, he is certainly not doing his whole duty. There are many who conform to the accepted standard of conduct, but very few fulfill their highest possibilities. If we are seeking to lead a higher life than the world around us, we cannot accept its standards as our guides. We sin not only when we transgress some civil or religious law, but every time we do not live up to our highest ideals in thought as well as action.

“As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” No one will deny that a man's thoughts build his character, but more than this they help to build the character of others, as they find expression in word and act, and by the influence of example, and in a more direct and real way. There is no rigid wall that divides your thought from my thought. The world of thought exists as an ocean. We harbor such thoughts as find congenial lodging place in our minds, and then send them forth charged with our consciousness and vitalized by the force with which

we have intensified them. I think the law of physics that applies to bodies of water may also be applied to the ocean of thought; that pressure exerted anywhere on the mass is transmitted undiminished in all directions. This may sound somewhat fanciful, but there is ample proof that it is true. It has frequently happened that men of science working along the same line, but in different parts of the world and unknown to each other have made the same discoveries almost simultaneously. Great poets of all nations and ages have reached up to the same truth. Often when one of two speaks after a short silence, the other says, "that is just what I was thinking."

The effect of a mass of thought is seen in what we call atmosphere. It is pleasant to be with one whose thoughts are pure and ingenuous. His presence is restful and ennobling, while the presence of one in whose character there is an excess of jealousy, revenge or deceit is often disagreeable. Who has not felt the depressing effects of the slum portions of a great city! The criminal districts are where evil thought is congested, but their inhabitants are not alone responsible for them. The evil thought of the entire city finds expression there, where the restraining influence of a respectable home and friends is not felt. It is the respectable element of society that makes the criminal classes possible, and these always will exist in spite of all preventive measures as long as the mass of humanity remains lustful and selfish. Thought is the motor power of the world. Thoughts, set in action, are sure to have their effects. You may as well try to stop a steam-engine by pressing on the piston rod as to abolish crime by punishing the actor. Reforms to be effective must deal with the cause of crime. You may say "here we are perfectly helpless, for these people have been raised in an atmosphere of crime." But we are not helpless. There is one portion of humanity over which each one has influence. If he really desires to help the world he has the power to do so. A firm determination to choose the right and to follow it in spite of all circumstances, consciously pursued for the benefit of mankind, is a powerful potency for good. Although he cannot point to any special instance and say, "I have done this or or that," he will have raised the level of humanity.

Humanity must be saved, not from some future place of torment, but from its present torturing conditions. He who would work for its salvation has a very real battle to fight. This battle is on the plane of thought and feeling. The result of his successes or failures will strengthen or weaken the force along the entire line. How do we overcome darkness? By idle exhortation or by bringing light? In this battle for humanity we are fighting doubt, ignorance and selfishness. The only way these can be successfully opposed is by meeting them with a strong force of trust, based on knowledge, and a steady flow of compassion.

This is the task we have before us. It must be accomplished first within ourselves. For one pure soul consciously fighting for the right, bringing truth to this plane by living it, then sending it forth, vitalized by his own life force is a more powerful factor for good than a library of disembodied precepts. We

believe in the divinity of man; we must live as divine souls; we must have confidence in ourselves and in humanity to overcome the present state of blinding ignorance and claim our birthright of divinity. We believe that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; we must live in that belief until the thought of humanity outweighs the thought of self, and brotherhood becomes a fact in our lives. This can be done only by diligently striving to change our old habits. This is difficult, but there is a great incentive. When we reflect that every evil, selfish or desponding thought is a blighting breath that makes the wretched more wretched; that every genuine unselfish, loving thought lightens the world's woe, there is no choice. One cannot sit, as did Hecate, and glory in the thought that he is the most wretched person in the world; but must take a mental inventory, recognize the parts of his nature that are to be overcome, and those that are to be developed. There is no need of being discouraged if we find the very thoughts we are trying to kill, recurring again and again. This is because the mind has formed a habit of bringing up the things we used to call for. In meeting this we can make use of the very law which gives it force.

Everything that is evil, useless or ignoble has its counterpart in something that works for good. If, when we recognize a thought whose tendency is downward, we consciously build up its opposite, and force the mind to dwell on it we set up a habit in the other direction. Soon the good thought will always come up to counteract the bad one, and after awhile it will have crowded the other out altogether.

Thought may be divided into two kinds; verbal thought and real thought. Verbal thought is the kind that is gleaned from books, conversation, etc. It is held by an act of the memory and easily finds expression in words or on paper. Real thought springs from one's consciousness. It is the result of having lived. It abides, for it is part of one's self. It seeks expression in action oftener than in words, although thoughts are more far-reaching than actions and have to do with the world of causes instead of effects, actions are by no means to be overlooked. It is a very good test of the genuineness of a thought to pursue it until we have realized it in the plane of action. Thoughts which do not prompt to action we may be sure are only verbal. Often when one earnestly tries to make his actions conform to his ideals he is horrified at the discrepancy between them. But if his motive is pure and he still persists in spite of repeated and unaccountable failures, he is winning a victory on the thought plane that will find expression in glorious action when the Karma that binds him is exhausted.

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“Harmony is the law of life, discord its shadow, whence springs suffering, the teacher, the awakener of consciousness.”

“Through joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, the soul comes to a knowledge of itself.”

## THE PATH OF DUTY.

By E. E. O.

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Some one looked, once, and to him this picture was presented :

There was an army being organized to reach the great heart of humanity. Such a singular, ill-matched, ill-mated army it was, too ; poorly equipped in the first place ; coming from all manner of occupations, like Jesus' disciples of old, but bringing their tools with them, such as they were. Some were workers by nature, you could see, with muscles strong and well developed by constant use in the ordinary occupations of life. They brought with them these tools with which they were familiar, and so apt were they that obstacles disappeared before them like dirt under a shovel. Others played by the way, idle from habit, with no concentration of attention upon the work in hand, indifferent because not comprehending, not comprehending because not accustomed to seeing—the tool of spiritual insight not being theirs. But they worked as they could, and gradually found a place where the onward sweep of the army took them along in spite of themselves, for their desire was to belong to the army.

There were all grades of equipment, as I say, for they came from all classes of society and were accustomed to all sorts and methods of work. Some brought a fire from heaven that melted rocks and made a road bed right into the heart of the enemies' country. Others had the lightning at their command and Jove's thunderbolts were hurled with accuracy and telling force. Some had more common means to work with and found a place where their tools were needed and none others—the ordinary tools of life which they knew how to use because they had loved and searched before and were accustomed to this kind of work. These people made up the largest part of the army and it was surprising to see how they fell into their places, fitting in and losing no time. Like fine cabinet work, what they did dove-tailed together as though done by one person.

It was strange how some people would search in the right spot for the heart of humanity. There seemed to be a little electric bond between them and it, and all they had to do was to press the button and the sparks would fly. Looking closely, you could see that these little electric wires were being laid among all the army of workers and all who could connect themselves became efficient. You knew there must be a great dynamo somewhere that furnished them with this power. Perhaps you have seen electricity applied to modern household occupations, but you never saw it applied so effectively as it was applied here. The thought current brought out every faculty in unison with the whole. Sometimes there would be a flash-light—I will not attempt to tell you what happened then, but I can see their faces and the lights remain.

And how about the great heart of humanity that was being uncovered?

Great, indeed, and Oh! so beautiful! How it shone when the light reached it! The colors were so deep and rich, and yet it was so transparent and clear.

These workers even found hidden treasures in the breasts of their fellows, and when they were brought out, it made the army shine with a wonderful radiance and gave the workers a joy incomparable. So as time went on the joy of the army grew until those not in it said, "What is this thing that makes these people glad to be alive? Humanity, as a whole, is sorrowful and wishes it had never been, but when this army touches it, it, too, is lighted as by some hidden fire." And the world began to long to join the army. Its gaze was turned toward it with a new hope that was spreading rapidly till none were left without it. The miserable saw it, and turned dull eyes appealingly, and the army moved as one person to their relief. Oh! the transformation which that army made! Woe fled before it. The radiant light shone into all dark places and transformed the earth. And the one who was looking began to ask himself how this thing originated. And he saw a path by which the whole army had come one at a time—a path by which the whole earth must come, when it comes. The path he saw was *duty*, and in the hearts of each one who had become a living light, he saw devotion to that path.

The path of duty all could see *in its beginning*, but only love could see its culmination. The path began in the distant past of each one. The child entered it and learned to love it, and that love and devotion grew with every step, till the feet were buoyant and the eyes bright with what they saw. These children were taught to be brave. Those ahead of them taught them that there was nothing to fear. So the children laughed at the stones under their feet and their limbs grew sturdy as they made play of the rocks in their way and tumbled and scrambled together, trusting to those ahead, and to the strong heart within; the child heart that loves and trusts and is so fearless.

The one who was looking saw that this path was as old as the world, and the feet of the Great Helpers of Humanity had passed thereon. And the one who was looking saw these Helpers leading the army, and he knew the world was safe.

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"It is, perhaps, necessary, first of all, to say that the assertion that 'Theosophy is not a Religion,' by no means excludes the fact that 'Theosophy is Religion' itself. A Religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together—not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se*, in its widest meaning, is that which binds not only *all MEN*, but also *all BEINGS* and all *things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our Theosophical definition of religion. . . .

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"Thus Theosophy is not a Religion, we say, but Religion itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck—from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom—can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name [and true to its name] must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD."—H. P. Blavatsky.

# EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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## XIII.

Decline of the Monarchy—The Ramessids—Usurpation of the Priest Harhor—Sheshank—Eclipse of the Moon—Era of Confusion—The Priest-King's Return.

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“The Twentieth Dynasty opened brightly, and under it the ancient glory of Egypt seemed to revive,” says M. August Mariette; “but the timid successors of the hero of Medinet-Habu did not know how to keep intact the treasures bequeathed to them, and the brilliant victories of Rameses III. were in vain to arrest Egypt from the downfall which she was so soon to experience.”

Rameses IV. was already seated upon the throne when the embalmed body of his father, who had been justified at the Assize of the Dead, was placed in his sepulchre at Biban el Molokh. The country was at peace, and prosperous, and of course the annals in such a condition are barren of exciting incident to make history enlivening. The principal event of this reign that is noted in the memorial tablets was an exploration of the valley between the eastern hills and the Red Sea, in the third year, to find a suitable site for a temple, and “the creation of monuments of granite for his father and his ancestors, and for the gods and goddesses who are the rulers of Egypt.”

So far as it appears, it was a fruitless undertaking. No trace of any important monument bearing the name of Rameses IV. has been found; and it has been suggested that the real purpose was to get rid of disaffected subjects.

Other inscriptions purport to have been made in the eighteenth year of his reign, but they are not significant of anything of importance.

A revolution of which no particulars have been obtained placed his successor, Rameses V., a prince of a rival family, upon the throne. A tablet at Silsileh is the principal monument of the new monarch's reign. He appears to have been dethroned by the sons of Rameses III., who also took possession of his tomb. The Alexandrian chronologists place the war of the Greeks against Troy at this period.

Rameses VI. was most noted for the inscriptions in the tomb which he had seized and appropriated at Biban el Molokh. On the ceiling are tables of the hours, with the times of the rising of the stars, which formed the “Houses of the Sun” in his course of thirty-six or thirty-seven weeks of the Egyptian year. Among them is that of the Dog-Star, Sothis or Sirius. Biot made a calculation from this which fixed the date of the inscription at 1240 before the present era. Lepsius, however, set the number as 1,194.

Rameses VII. also styled Amun-hi-khepeshef, and Rameses VIII., with the



official name of Meiamun, succeeded their elder brother, but we have little record of them.

Whatever rivalry had existed in a previous dynasty between the kings and the pontiffs of Thebes was finally determined by the subordination of the monarchs to the hierarchy. Henceforth it is to be noticed that the high-priest was in the foreground. As though to signify the religious change which has been commemorated in the mystic tragedy of "Isis and Osiris," there was recorded upon a sepulchral tablet at this period, the ascension and reign of a prince named Horos. It was also reported that he was succeeded by Meri-Tum, the High-Priest of Memphis, and he by Rameses IX.

A sculpture on the wall of the Great Temple at Thebes, with the inscription accompanying bearing date of the twelfth part of the reign, illustrated distinctly by the relative positions of the king and Chief Pontiff. In the forecourt stands Amun-Hetep in full dignity, "the hereditary prince and chief priest of Amun-Râ, king of the gods." Before him in deferential attitude was the king with the treasurer, the interpreter, and two Abs or Councillors. The interview was begun with an invocation of the god Menthu, together with Amun-Râ, Horemakhu, Ptah of Memphis, and Thôth the lord of sacred speech for witness. The object of the conference was to bestow upon the priest "rich reward and much recompense in good gold and silver, and a hundred thousand fold of good things on account of the many splendid buildings at the temple of Amun-Râ to the great name of the divine benefactor, Rameses IX."

After the king had rewarded him, Amun-Hetep replied, styling himself "the teacher of the king, and the chief priest of the king of the gods." He then describes the work which had been performed. It bore date, he said, since the time of king Osirtasen I., of the famous Twelfth Dynasty.

From this time the high priests of Memphis began the double part, assuming authority equivalent to that of the kings, and, in fact, superior. The easy manners of Rameses III. had operated to diminish the veneration which had made former monarchs the subject of worship as actual gods. They were now regarded as men only, who might be deposed, ridiculed, and even robbed without the incurring of any guilt or sacrilege.

This reign became memorable accordingly for the operations of a Society of Thieves regularly organized for the purpose of plundering the royal tombs. It included priests among the members. The robberies first came to light in the sixteenth year, but they had been already carried on for some time.

The violations continued three years longer. The king finally appointed a royal commission of six persons, afterward increasing it to twelve, to investigate the matter. The high-priest of Amun-Râ and the superior officers of the Royal Court were selected. The persons who were accused were all acquitted. It appears that the priests of the Commission were not willing to condemn members of their own Order at a secular tribunal. The king, however, learned of eight of the offenders, members of the priesthood, and they were summarily punished with the bastinado and death.

Rameses now associated his son Rameses X. with him in the royal authority. Neither this prince nor his successor, Rameses XI., have left any record except their names on the monument.

In the fifteenth year of the reign of Rameses XII. in summer time, he was at Thebes to celebrate the Feast of the Coming of Amun-Râ to Egypt. An ambassador arrived from the king of Bakhatana, with gifts for Queen Neferu-Râ. He had come on account of her sister, the princess Benat-Resh, who was ill, and his master desired for her a physician from Egypt. Rameses collected the College of Scribes, and the Rekht-get-Amun, those skilled in mystic learning, and asked their counsel. They made choice of Thôt-em-hebi as "a man of intelligent heart and skilful with his fingers." \*He found the princess "possessed with a spirit that he was not able to exorcise.

Eleven years passed and another embassy was sent to Rameses. He was asked to send the god Khonsu himself; or, in plainer words, the effigy or simulacrum of the divinity that was in a temple at Thebes. The prophet or superior was of course to accompany the image to interpret the divine will. Rameses accordingly "gave command to cause Khonsu, the oracle-god of Thebes, to embark on the great ship (the ark in which he went in processions). Many barks and many carriages and horses were on his right hand and on his left. The god reached the city of the land of Bakhatana after the space of a year and five months."

When the god had come to the place where the princess was abiding, he caused his talisman to operate upon her, and she became well immediately.

There is in this account some resemblance to the story of the demon Asmodeus or Aeshmadeva as given in the Apocryphal book of *Tobit*. But the sequel is hardly congruous. The spirit is represented as acknowledging to the prophet attending the divinity that his lord was supreme in Bakhatana. It asks, however, before going away that a great feast shall be celebrated for it, and for the god, together with the king. This was done, and "then the glorious spirit went thence whither it pleased him." But the king would not permit the prophet to carry the image back. Three years and nine months passed, and he was warned in a dream to change his purpose. The god and prophet came again to Thebes in the thirty-third year of the reign of Rameses XII.

This story is plainly part of the folk-lore of Egypt, on a plane with the account of the "Two Brothers." No country was tributary or in alliance that might require seventeen months, even in those days of slow locomotion, to journey from one capital to the other. The power of the kings of Egypt had dwindled to a nominal sovereignty, and the affairs of state were under the supervision of a high priest of Amun, who was then holding every superior office in the country. Yet from the little knowledge that is in our possession of Oriental Magic and ancient learning, it may be surmised that there was somewhat of actual truth in the account.

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\*This is usually interpreted to mean expert writing, but it more probably signifies a man expert in mesmerism. The Egyptian priests who were physicians were skilled in that art as sculptures show.

The succeeding monarch, Rameses XIII., was chiefly famous for the building of the Forecourt of the temple of Khonsu with the colonnade.

THE PRIESTLY USURPATION.

Har-Hor, a native of Tanis, was now high priest of Thebes. He had been entrusted by Rameses XIII. with the highest dignities of the Royal Court. He was "hereditary prince," bearer of the royal fan, "king's son," Chief Architect, commander-in-chief of the army, and administrator of the granaries of the kingdom. Only as king of Egypt was Rameses his superior. Whether the fact that the king had recognized Ptah of Memphis instead of Amun-Râ as his "father," was suggestive that another might supersede him, or whether the adoption of the Crown Prince Rameses XIV., as colleague on the throne portended his relegation to a position of less influence, or whether he was simply ambitious and unwilling to remain even nominally subordinate, are questions to be solved.

The Pontiff was able to organize a party in Northern Egypt, as well as to control the whole body of priests and prophets in the South. When he found the time ripe for his purposes he laid aside the mask of loyal obedience and seized the royal power, proclaiming himself by the several official titles of "King of Upper and Lower Egypt, High-Priest of Amun-Râ, Si-Amun Har-Hor."

We can hardly suppose that all this was accomplished without resistance. Coups d'Etat are generally characterised by scenes of violence. Indeed, the members of the royal family and their adherents who were not put to death were banished and found a refuge in the Great Oasis. An inscription gives the number of the exiles as a hundred thousand. A multitude so large could have been evicted only by a revolution set on foot by a conspiracy which had been carefully laid. And this is confirmed by the fact that the sacerdotal usurpers found these exiles to be a constant source of peril.

According to the monumental record, Harhor reigned sixteen years. He is also described as winning a victory over the Ruthen or Palestinians, but this must have been the repelling of an invasion. Syria and Palestine had ceased to be tributary to Egypt, and all that this king could hope was to be permitted to occupy the throne in peace. His wife was of Semitic parentage, and was named Netem. Their children received Semitic names. Semitism in language and customs had thus generally perverted the Egyptian court and wealthier population.\*

Pi-ankhi was invested by his father with the priesthood of Amun-Râ, and was succeeded many years afterward by his son, Pi-netem. The son of the latter became king upon the death of Harhor. He contracted marriage with the princess Ra-ka-maa of the Ramessid family, and held the royal court at Tanis.

Meanwhile the exiled family of Rameses had maintained communication and formed marriage alliances with the princes in or around Egypt who were

\*A change in the sound of letters appears to have been introduced. The aspirate kh was superseded by the sibilant, and Kheops from Khufu became Sufu.

opposed to the new state of things. A great-grandson of Rameses XIII. took to wife a daughter of Panu-res-nes, the Sar-a-Mat or prince of the Mat, a people whom Brugsch-Bey considers to be Assyrian, but whom Mariette-Bey, Professor Sayce and other Egyptologists believed were Libyans. Another chieftain of rank, Sheshank, also married Mehet-en-usekh, a princess of the royal family. Political disturbances took place, and open revolt. Pinotem found it necessary in the twenty-fifth year of his reign to send the Crown Prince Menkheper-Râ, who was also high-priest of Amun, to Thebes to propitiate the disaffected population. The Thebans demanded a general amnesty, and the recall of the families that had been exiled to the Oasis. The prince complied.

The throne of Tanis was now occupied by Susenes I., Psiankhan or Pi-Seb-Kan, and after him by the other kings whom Manethô has enumerated. There were several intermarriages which tended to complicate the relations between the several monarchs, and afterward to afford a pretext for their violent solution. Psiankhan married a Theban princess, perhaps of the Ramessid family, and their daughter Kar-am-hat became the wife of Sheshank, the son of Nemroth. The discrepancies of the accounts given by different writers are inexplicable, except for the reason that no two writers read names alike. Pineten, the son of Menkheper-Râ, succeeded him as king of Upper Egypt, and by his second wife he was the father of Men-kheper-Râ, the last king in Egypt of the lineage of Harhor. This prince married Isiemkheb, and the sun-dried bricks of the fortress of Khebhavé preserved their names.

The Hebrew monarchy is reputed to have been established during the period of this Dynasty, and several curious conjectures have been made respecting its alliance with the king of Egypt. Professor Sayce names Hor Psiunkha II. the successor of Psiunkha I., the Susennes II. of Manethô, as perhaps the king who sought to strengthen himself against the growing power of the Libyan mercenaries (of Bubastis) by marrying his daughter to King Solomon." Mr. Birch and R. S. Poole concur in this opinion. As the next Dynasty is recorded as harboring conspirators against the Hebrew monarch this conjecture is plausible. Professor Rawlinson, however, leans to the supposition that Pineten II. was the king who formed the alliance, which he remarks, "had advantages and disadvantages."

He attributed to the Egyptian influence both the corruption of manners and the development of commerce and the arts. "The excessive polygamy which had been affected by the Egyptian monarchs ever since the time of Rameses II. naturally spread into Judea," he declares. "On the other hand, commerce was no doubt promoted by the step taken, and much was learned in the way of art from the Egyptian sculptors and architects. The burst of architectural vigor which distinguished Solomon's reign among those of other Hebrew kings, is manifestly the direct result of ideas brought to Jerusalem from the capital of the Pharaohs. The plan of the temple with its open court in front, its porch, its Holy Place, its Holy of Holies, and its chambers, was modelled after the Egyptian pattern. The two pillars, Jakhin and Boaz, stand-

ing in front of the porch, took the place of the twin obelisks, which in every finished example of an Egyptian temple stand just in front of the principal entrance.

. . . Something in the architecture of Solomon was clearly learned from Phœnicia, and a little—a very little—may perhaps have been derived from Assyria; but Egypt gave at once the impulse and the main ideas of the forms.”

These suppositions are rather strong in terms. They are based on Hebrew tradition and not on monumental inscriptions or the records of papyrus-rolls. The accounts of the Temple at Jerusalem, as well as the Tabernacle in the Desert, exhibit more Phœnician than Egyptian characteristics. There is no evidence of a conclusive character that the architecture employed by the Phœnician builders that were hired by Solomon was Egyptian at all, although the Brazen Serpent that was said to have been worshipped there at that time was an Egyptian symbol, and described as having been fabricated by Moses in the region of Sinai, where were mines of copper. Indeed, the temples of Northern Egypt were likewise constructed by Phœnicians who quarried and fashioned the stones and erected the structures. The origin of the Hebrew monarchy as an offshoot of the Tyrian is briefly passed over by the sentence that Hiram the king of Tyre, “was ever a lover of David.” No mention is made of the conditions which developed that friendship; but from that period the Rutenu, or Canaanites were never mentioned. They had been absorbed into the Israelites, and became one people with them, and like the Normans of England the dominant Israelites became assimilated with the Canaanites, adopting their commercial habits, religious customs and other peculiarities. But the disturbed condition of affairs in Egypt hardly favored the conception of an alliance which could greatly influence the new monarchy.

Sheshank, the son of Nemaroth, succeeded his grandfather at Bubastis. He, like Pepin, of France, had no disposition to play the part of Mayor of the Palace to a Dynasty whose history had given him an example. The government at Thebes had confiscated the possessions of his wife, the daughter of the King Miamun Pi-seb-khan. Sheshank marched to the south with an army. On his arrival at Abydos he found that the temple of his father had become dilapidated through neglect, and that the revenues for its maintenance as a shrine had been embezzled and squandered. He summarily punished the delinquents, and established anew the regulations for stated worship.

The king and royal family of Thebes escaped into Ethiopia. There they established an independent kingdom, making Napata their capital, and became in later years a formidable power to which Egypt was compelled to yield.

It was not difficult for Sheshank to procure from the priests at Thebes a full restitution of the property of the queen. He was now sole monarch of all Egypt, under the manifold designation of Hat-Kheper-Râ Sotep-en-Râ, Meiamun Sheshank I.; and the family of Rameses did him homage. All these occurrences were officially reported.

The Twenty-second Dynasty marks more distinctly the subjection of the

Egyptians to rulers from another people. It has been generally supposed that the monarchs before this except the Hyksos, were native princes. It may yet be learned that they were likewise quite frequently of extraneous origin, and brought from abroad those arts and ambitions which had from their very antiquity, been considered as indigenous. It is certain that with the innovations which were introduced, the people of Egypt became less free and prosperous, and that the seeds were thus sown for the fall of the country from its high eminence.

The origin of this Dynasty has been a subject of controversy. Brugsch-Bey and others maintain that it was Assyrian outright, and that the kings employed the title of *Ser-en-Mat*, as denoting the king over nations. Sir Gardner Wilkinson also states that Tiglath Pileser I. of Assyria is said to claim the conquest of Egypt about the year 1120 before the present era. Mr. Poole also cites the names of the princes of the Dynasty, Sheshank, Osorkon, Takelot, and Nimrut as being all of them either Assyrian or Babylonian.\* But we do not find in the Cuneiform Tablets any mention of kings at that period bearing those designations. Indeed, if the Hebrew records are to be regarded as historic it would be impracticable for the Assyrians at that time to invade Egypt. Mariette-Bey explains the matter thus: "It is surprising," he says, "to find how many members of the royal family bear Assyrian names, such as Nimrod, Tiglath and Sargon; also that the regiment whose special duty it was to guard the king's person was composed, not of Egyptians, but of Mashuasa, a Libyan tribe, whom Rameses III. had so often routed from the frontiers of the Delta." It is probable, therefore, that the family of Sheshank was actually of Semitic origin, and had been long settled in Egypt. It made its way into distinction, and its leading members received appointments under the kings of the Twentieth and Twenty-first Dynasties. It is not necessary to make account of Semitic forms of name, for the Phœnicians and other colonists had long established their language in Lower Egypt.

Sheshank and his descendants made it a rule to entrust all positions of importance, religious and military, to princes of the royal family. This policy was evidently adopted as a safeguard against usurpations like that of Har-Hor. Aunpath or Uapath, the Crown-Prince, was accordingly appointed High-Priest of Amun-Râ and Commander-in-chief of the "whole body of great warriors of Patoris." The prince died before his father, and his brother, Usarkon, or Sargon, succeeded to the throne.

The reign of this monarch was marked by no achievement worthy of mention. The power and prestige of Egypt were now decaying, and the policy of his administration facilitated disintegration. He had two wives, and the rivalry of their sons laid the foundation of later controversy. The older prince, Takelath, or Tiglath, was the son of Queen Tashed-Khonsu, and became king upon the death of his father.

Takeloth was succeeded by his son Usarkon II. The two sons of this mon-

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\*The Semitic form of these names would be Shishak, Sargon, Tiglath and Nimrod.

arch were duly invested with the sacerdotal offices. Sheshank the elder was the son of Queen Keramat, and he became High-Priest of Ptah at Memphis.

The next king of Egypt was Sheshank II., a grandson of the priest of that name, whose claim had been passed over. Little is known of him beyond his name, and the fact that he was succeeded by Takelath II., the son-in-law of the priest Nimrato. The reign of this king is chiefly famous for an eclipse of the moon and certain events which this was supposed to portend. Usarkon, the son of the king, was High-Priest of Amun-Râ, and commander-in-chief of the army of Egypt, and likewise of a province. He is extensively described in the inscriptions at the Great Temple. In the eleventh year of his father's reign his mother died and the next year he entered upon his office as high-priest, and proceeded at once to put everything in order. In the fifteenth year, on the twenty-fifth day of the month, Messori, the day became dark; "the sky could not be distinguished, and the moon was horrible." It was a sign of calamity coming upon the country, and it also happened that the children of revolt (the Ethiopians) invaded with war the Southern and Northern districts.

Usarkon is recorded as reigning twenty-eight years, and Sheshank III. for about a similar period. The chief record of the reign of this latter monarch is the birth of an Apis in the twenty-eighth year and his reception in the temple of Ptah by Pe-ti-se, the high-priest and chief prince of the Libyans, and also by Takelot, the son of the high-priest, and by the royal princess Thes-Bast-pir. "The full lifetime of this divinity was twenty-six years." He died in the twentieth year of Pi-mai, the next king, Sheshank IV., succeeded Pimai, and reigned twenty-six years. During his reign three of the sacred bulls died. Whether the authority of this monarch extended beyond the Delta is very doubtful. His dominion over Egypt was in name rather than in fact.

The Twenty-third Dynasty left little to record beyond the names of the kings, and it is not altogether easy to determine whether they were much else than rulers of circumscribed districts. Their authority was little more than nominal. No Apis is recorded as dying or being born during their reigns. Manethô has named them as four, Petubastes, or Pet-se-Bast, Usarkon or Khonsu, Psamos or Pi-se-Mut, and Zet. He also affirmed that the method of computing time by Olympiads was begun in Greece during the reign of Petubastis. This was seven hundred and seventy-six years before the present era.

Meanwhile Upper Egypt had come again under the suzerainty of the descendants of the Priest-Kings of the Twenty-first Dynasty, whom Sheshank I. had supplanted. They had retired to the Soudan and there founded the kingdom of Kush or Ethiopia, which was afterward so formidable. Their capital was at Noph or Napata, "the City of the Holy Mountain," Barkal, and the government and religion were the same as they had been at Thebes. The kings bore the name of Pi-ankhi, the "ever-living"; the mother, sisters and daughters were held in honor, bearing the titles of "Queens of Kush." Amun-Râ was worshipped as the Supreme God and the Egyptian language and writing were

preserved. A large part of the population was similar in race to the inhabitants of Upper Egypt.

The kings were waiting their opportunity to recover their former power. This was afforded them by the disorganized condition of affairs, which the monarchs of the Twenty-third Dynasty were unable to remedy. "From causes yet unknown to us," says Mariette-Bey, "Egypt was completely divided within herself. In the North, instead of becoming a separate kingdom as in the days of the Hyksos, we find her split into several States, and domineered over by a handful of petty kings—veritable Janisaries—drawn for the most part from the ranks of the Mashuasha (Libyan soldiery employed in Egypt), who probably by slow degrees scaled the steps to the throne. In the South a state of affairs still more unforeseen betrayed the internal discords which prevailed in the unhappy country. The Soudan, which till now had been submissive to the Pharaohs, suddenly arose as an organized and independent kingdom. No longer were these 'Governors of the South' and 'Princes of Kush' to carry out above the Cataract the orders issued from Thebes and Memphis; the land of Kush was free, and Upper Egypt as far as Minyeh, was a province of the Soudan."



SHESHANK HOLDING HIS ENEMIES BY THE HAIR.

(FROM THE HALL OF THE BUBASTIDES.)



# THE MIRACLE OF LOVE.

By BARBARA ADAIR.



P on the height a hermit stood  
 Under the purpling sky alone,  
 Sending his soul in search of God  
 Out to the infinite, dim Unknown.

Up from below there came a cry—  
 A peircing, pitiful, long-drawn wail;  
 It came from the throat of Humanity,  
 Groaning and struggling down in the vale.

He covered his ears and his head sank low.  
 "Oh, God! shall I never escape that cry?  
 It haunts me forever, wherever I go;  
 It tortures the soul I would lift on high.

"In vain do I climb from steep to steep—  
 It still pursues me; and when I kneel  
 In prayer to Thee, it becomes more deep  
 With passionate pain and with wild appeal.

"How can I mount to the gates of Light,  
 Tear the veil from my longing eyes,  
 While this mad moan from the realms of Night  
 Drags me down as I seek to rise?"

And, lo! as in anguish of soul he knelt,  
 Battling the cry, which grew louder now,  
 And praying for mercy, the hermit felt  
 A burning, imperative touch on his brow.

He dared not look where the Radiance stood,  
 But he heard when it spoke in tones divine:  
 "I am the Messenger, sent from God  
 In response to this prayer of thine.

"Poor fool, dost think thou canst reach my throne,  
 Or ever escape that cry of woe?  
 Dost hope to climb to the gates alone,  
 And leave those suffering souls below?"

“Go back! climb down yon dizzy height,  
 Make thy way to the haunts of men;  
 Love and serve and teach them aright,  
 Nor think evermore in thy heart again—

“Neglecting the pain of others, to come  
 Forth in thy selfish search of Me.  
 If thou wouldst know Me, go make thy home  
 Deep in the heart of Humanity.”

The darkness shrouded the earth and sky,  
 The Radiance faded, and toward the plain  
 The hermit, glowing with purpose high,  
 Followed the downward path again.

From that time onward, the hermit dwelt  
 In the midst of sorrow-stricken men.  
 Each pain, each joy of theirs he felt,  
 Nor shunned the common world again.

There was no man so sunk in sin  
 But that, with tender pity, he  
 Would stop to lift him up, to win  
 His soul by loving sympathy.

He soothed their aching hearts with balm,  
 He fed their souls with holy food;  
 He taught the beauty and the calm  
 Of universal brotherhood.

And lo! the miracle! That wail,  
 Which sounded harsh from up above,  
 Became, deep down within the vale,  
 The sweetest, tenderest song of love.

Thus in the lives of humble men,  
 Toiling along life's common road;  
 Through human passion, love and pain,  
 The hermit found and knew his God.

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## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

What becomes of the lower forces when overcome, and what do we get in return?

In the first place, force *per se* is neither good nor bad, it is good or bad according to its use and the motive back of it. The lower forces when conquered, become instruments in the progress and evolution of the soul, just the same as the energy and strength of an unruly horse become means whereby the traveler may reach his goal, or as the power of steam or electricity when harnessed and intelligently directed becomes an instrument in the service of man.

The lower forces are the forces of nature applied to low ends. In the lower kingdoms we find the natural powers and functions all subject to Nature's harmony and control. But in man there is a power by which he can apparently set aside for a time the laws of Nature and act contrary to them. The reason of this is that in man is awakened in varying degree, depending on his development, and this awakening constituting the distinguishing feature of the human stage of evolution, the knowledge that he is one with Nature, and that her powers are his to use,—in other words, he awakes to the consciousness of himself as a Creator. Just so soon as this happens, he becomes in a measure free from the guiding hand of Nature, for the guiding, controlling and compelling power is now his in part. Consequently he can turn this power against Nature and retard—though it may be to but an infinitesimal degree—her evolution; he cannot, however, prevent the attainment of her ultimate purposes.

Because of this awakening, Man becomes a dual being—the higher divine nature, one with the soul of the Universe; the lower nature, physical body with the appetites and desires, the outcome of material evolution. The one from above, the other from below. On the one hand are the promptings of the Soul to a divine life, and on the other the inherited tendency of the lower material nature to continue the life of sensation, which because of the incarnation of the soul is heightened and more alluring than before.

When this stage of evolution is reached, then begins the conflict and the possibility of evil. Up to this stage the forces of Nature *compel* progress, but when conscious man appears on the scene, they appear then to oppose his further evolution, but the fact is that the higher power, the power of the soul, now incarnated in man, implies the possibility of intelligent co-operation with Nature. Nature does not really oppose the progress of man, she desires and seeks it, but his progress depends on his asserting his divine right and becoming a conscious worker with her. This cannot be brought about save through the exercise of the divine will. And is it not in the very nature of things that this can only be

acquired through the overcoming of obstacles? The soul can only so find and know its strength. If it succumbs to these obstacles and will not exercise the divine will, the road downward seems very easy at first, but it grows more and more rugged; there are obstacles on the downward path as well as on the upward, and the greatest obstacle of all to a course of evil at the beginning is the voice of the Soul. The path of good and of progress requires the exercise of will and determination and therefore calls for effort, but every effort made in this direction is a step toward a higher development—that of godhood.

It is not that the forces with which man is endowed are evil, but that by becoming man he becomes responsible for their use on a higher plane; also that the *new* powers, which as man he acquires, should be used on this higher and true human plane. In the true man the powers of the soul are in control and the powers of the lower nature in subjection—the result is progress. But if the higher powers are prostituted for the sake of the lower life, the result is evil, for this is contrary to the purposes of Nature.

It is man's duty and destiny to control the lower forces. If he fulfills this he acquires new powers, but the fulfilling can only come through his acting *with* Nature and that is by seeking the good of all. Nature herself, then, "makes obeisance and regards him as one of her Creators." J. H. F.

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The termination of the world in a man appears to be the last victory of intelligence. The universal does not attract us until housed in an individual. Who heeds the waste abyss of possibility? The ocean is everywhere the same, but it has no character until seen with the shore or the ship. Who would value any number of miles of Atlantic brine, bounded by lines of latitude and longitude? Confine it by granite rocks, let it wash a shore where wise men dwell, and it is filled with expression; and the point of greatest interest is where the land and water meet. So must we admire in man, the form of the formless, the concentration of the vast, the house of reason, the cave of memory. See the play of thoughts! what nimble gigantic creatures are these! what saurians, what palaeotheria shall be named with these agile movers? The great Pan of old, who was clothed in a leopard skin to signify the beautiful variety of things and the firmament, his coat of stars,—was but the representative of thee, O rich and various Man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain, the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart, the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong. An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen. The history of the genesis or the old mythology repeats itself in the experience of every child. He, too, is a demon or god thrown into a particular chaos, where he strives ever to lead things from their disorder into order.—From "The Method of Nature."—Emerson.



A CORNER OF POINT LOMA HOMESTEAD.



Prince Eugen Napoleon Nikolaus is the fourth and youngest son of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway. He was born August 1st, 1865, and is an artist and an idealist. He has an amiable and charming personality, is very popular, and has done much in drawing the younger artists towards the newer school of painting and idealism.

PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.



## THE STORY OF MAUI.\*

RANGI AND PAPA. A MAORI LEGEND. TOLD BY R. N.

### I.

In the beginning was the night.  
 After the night followed the light.  
 The light became the light-long-standing.  
 The light-long-standing produced the nothing.  
 Next came the Nothing abounding.  
 From the Nothing abounding came the Nothing made beautiful.  
 Out of the Nothing made beautiful grew the Nothing made Something.  
 The Nothing made Something was the origin of the Something the First.  
 And the Something the First was the father of water.  
 The water married the Strait, the Vast, the Clear, which is the firmament.

And they had two children who were Rangi, the heavens, and Papa the earth.

Rangi and Papa had six sons.

Taumataunga was the father of men and he was very strong: He was a great warrior who knew not fear.

Haumiatikitiki was the father of every kind of food which grows by itself; wild fruits; vegetables and seeds such as are eaten by men.

Tangaroa was the father of the fishes and the reptiles, snakes and frogs and toads and the lizards whom they call Ngarara, and the Tuatara of the three eyes.

Tawniri-ma-tea was the father of the winds and storms. He makes the wind and on stormy days it is he who whistles in the air.

Rongo-matane was the father of food which grows in the fields and gardens and which is cultivated by man.

\*Abridged from "Polynesian Mythology," by Sir George Grey (London, 1855), by permission of Messrs. Murray & Sons, Albemarle street, London, England.

And Tane-Mahuta is the protector and father of the forests and the birds which live and nest therein.

But Rangi and Papa, the heaven and the earth, lived so close together in those days, for it was a long, long time ago, that there was no light on the earth and none could see anything at all.

And Taumatauenga and Haumiatikitiki and Tangaroa and Rongo-Matane and Tane-Mahuta grew very tired of the darkness and they said:

"What shall we do to find the light?"

"Shall we kill our father Rangi?"

"Shall we kill our mother Papa?"

"Shall we tear them both apart?"

"Darkness, darkness, light, light, the seeking, the searching, in chaos, in space;

"The multitude of thoughts and the length of time,

"We have thought a long, long time."

And Taumatauenga, who was very strong and very fierce, said to his brothers:

"Let us slay them!"

But Tane-Mahuta, the lord of the forests and the protector of all things which live in the forests and of the birds which dwell in the trees, said:

"No. Rather let us tear them apart, and let us push the sky high up above our heads away from us, and let the earth remain under our feet. Let our father, the sky, be a stranger to us, but the earth will remain close to us as our mother to nurse us, to nourish us."

And all the brothers agreed to this, except Tawhiri-ma-tea, the father of the winds and the storms, for he thought to himself:

"If Rangi, the sky, and Papa, the earth, are torn apart, then I shall die, for I shall have no kingdom where to reign, either in heaven or on earth, and I shall be homeless."

But the brothers agreed and Rongo-Matane, the father of gardens and fields and of foods which are grown by man makes the attempt. He puts his shoulders to the sky and plants his feet firmly in the earth. He heaves and strains and struggles, but he cannot push the sky away, nor rend apart his father and mother, Rangi and Papa. Then Tangaroa, the father of the fishes and the reptiles, rises up and struggles with all his might to separate the earth and sky, but he cannot move them, and it makes him very, very tired. After him Haumiatikitiki, the father of foods which grow by themselves and of the fruit trees, tries to do what his brothers Rongo-Matane and Tangaroa had failed to do. He struggles and strains with all his strength, but he cannot lift the sky from off the earth.

Next the fierce Taumatauenga, the father of men and the mighty warrior makes the attempt, but even he cannot do it, although he is very, very strong.

Then at last, slowly, slowly rises up Tane-Mahuta, the king of the forests and of the birds and the little things that fly; and he pushes, slowly, slowly, but

strongly in his great might, but he cannot separate the earth and sky nor move them apart. He rests awhile from his mighty labors. Now he firmly plants his head on his mother, the earth, and puts his feet up against the sky. The veins stand out on his body like cords as he strains and struggles with his enormous strength. He pushes with all his force until his muscles are as hard as stone, and now at last Rangi and Papa are slowly torn apart and a little ray of light streams in through the opening between the sky and the earth.

The earth cries out and the sky cries out:

"We are your father and mother, and you will kill us! Why do you want to tear us apart?"

And they cry and cry, but Tane-Mahuta knows that he is not killing them and he makes no reply. But far, far below he presses the earth with his head, and far, far above he pushes the sky with his feet. For as he pushes he can see the light growing stronger and he can see men increasing on the earth; and he knows that in the light he will live and not die in the darkness and shadow of Rangi and Papa. And that is how darkness was separated from the light and men could know whether it was day or night and began to live and increase on the earth.

Now Tawhiri-ma-tea, the father of storms, never consented to his brothers' plan, and when Tane-Mahuta had torn Rangi and Papa apart, Tawhiri-ma-tea was angry with his brothers, nor did he wish to leave his father forever and cling to his mother Papa, the earth, as they did. So Tawhiri-ma-tea fled to the sky and talked long with his father Rangi and together they formed plans as to what he should do.

Meanwhile Tawhiri-ma-tea had many sons and they grew up; for it was a long, long time that he talked with his father Rangi. His eldest son he sent to the Westward and he is the West Wind. One he sent to the Eastward and one to the Northward and they are the East Wind and the North Wind. Besides these, who are the mightiest of his sons, there were many others. Also there were many daughters.

With his sons and daughters Tawhiri-ma-tea made war on his brothers, who were on the earth. He sent fierce squalls, and whirlwinds; dense clouds and massy clouds, dark clouds, gloomy clouds and thick, fiery clouds; clouds reflecting red light, clouds drifting, drifting, across the sky; clouds bursting on the earth, clouds of thunder, and flying clouds; lightning clouds and scud. And in the midst of this mighty army Tawhiri-ma-tea himself flies and whistles and screams and howls in his wild rage. The proud trees of the forest are caught in the blast of Tawhiri's breath and are broken while yet strong and unsuspecting. They are torn to pieces by the cyclone, they are uprooted and thrown to the ground; branches are broken and boughs bruised, scattered and beaten and the mighty trees of Tane-Mahuta are laid low; Tane-Mahuta who, in his strength, had torn Rangi and Papa apart.

Tawhiri-ma-tea attacks his brother Tangaroa and conquers him also. The seas are lashed to foam by his wrath, waves as steep as mountains rise up and fall, one moment a vast unending wall, then a yawning gulf of troubled whirlpools;



ah! that was a great fight. Tangaroa flies through the seas before Tawhiri's wrath. And Tangaroa's children, Ika-tere the father of fishes and Tute-wehiwehi, the father of reptiles, consulted together.

And Tute-wehiwehi and his sons and daughters, all the little snakes and frogs and toads, said, "Let us run away to the land, and so we shall be safe from the storm." But Ika-tere and his sons and daughters the great fishes and the little fishes, said, "No, no, let us run into the sea where we can all swim deep down, and hide ourselves from the storm."

And they could not agree with one another, so Tute-wehiwehi ran with his family to hide in the earth and Ika-tere swam away into the sea, away from the storm. And there they have remained ever since, the lizards and the reptiles on the land and the fishes in the sea, until they have forgotten that they once lived together.

Tangaroa the ancestor of the reptiles and the fishes was angry that some of his children had run away and had left the sea, seeking Tane-Mahuta's protection in the forests.

And Tangaroa made war on Tane-Mahuta, so that when the sea swallows up ships and boats and the trees are washed away into the rivers and when floods take away the houses down to the sea, men say that Tangaroa is fighting with Tane because Tane took his children from him. And when men make big ships and canoes out of the forest trees; when they take the forest creepers and vines to make fishing nets; and when they go out to fish with these boats and these nets in the sea, they say that Tane is fighting against Tangaroa for the little lizards that once came from the sea. And Tane protects the lizards so that no man ever hurts them or frightens them if he can help it.\*

So Tawhiri conquered his brothers Tane-Mahuta and Tangaroa, the forests and the sea, and he rushes on in his wrath to attack Rongo-Matane and Haumiaticitiki, the fruits of the field, and the roots which are used for food. But Papa, mother earth, caught them up and hid them in a place of safety under ground so that her other children should not lose them. And Tawhiri looked among the trees and between the rocks and in the caves, and he whistled and moaned and shrieked, but Rongo-Matane lay safe in the earth with his brother Haumiaticitiki, where their mother had hidden them; and Tawhiri could not find them, so he left them where they were, and that is why they lie so deep in the earth to this day. The roots are hiding from Tawhiri and his wrath.

Now, Tawhiri-ma-tea, the storm, with his clouds and squalls and winds had conquered all his brothers except one. That one was the mighty Taumatauenga, the father of men, the great warrior, the fierce, the strong. Tawhiri-ma-tea rushed toward his brother Taumatauenga and the battle was the fiercest of all. For Taumatauenga was the only one who was brave enough and bold enough to advise the death of Rangi and Papa, and he was as strong as Tawhiri, stronger than the storm.

\*All Maories are superstitiously afraid of lizards and do anything rather than approach one.

Tane-Mahuta was broken and torn; Tangaroa had fled to the sea; Rongo-Matane and Haumiatikitiki had hidden themselves deep in the earth. Alone and undismayed before the wrath of Tawhiri, the father of men, Taumatauenga stood firm on his mother earth and faced the storm. And the storm remembered the damage he had done to his four brothers and Rangi his father was satisfied with what had been done. And they looked at Taumatauenga and saw that he was strong. So they were pacified for a time and the storm was calmed, but the father of men remained unconquered.

Then Taumatauenga, after he had so successfully opposed his brother Tawhiri, thought how he should punish his brothers for deserting him, for they had been afraid of the storm and had not helped him. And Taumatauenga thought that his brothers had now behaved very badly to him, and that if they should grow strong again they would grow jealous of him and would fight against him and overcome him by treachery.

Even now Tane-Mahuta was growing strong once more. The forest trees were growing up again, the birds were in the branches and the forests were regaining their strength.

So Taumatauenga took the leaves of the whanake tree and twisted them into snares, which he hung up among the branches of the forest trees. And when the birds came again to their friends the trees they were caught in the nooses and the forest was no longer safe for them, but man had conquered them.

Then he thought of Tangaroa, and he cut leaves and stalks of the flax plant, and he made nets of linen cords with which he caught Tangaroa's children, the fishes. So he conquered Tangaroa as he had conquered Tane-Mahuta.

Afterwards he sought his brothers Rongo-Matane and Haumiatikitiki and he found them by their leaves, for Rongo-Matane means "sweet potato" and Haumiatikitiki means the wild fern root which men eat.

And Taumatauenga made a little hoe and plaited a basket so that with the one he dug up the roots and gathered them into the other. And when he left these roots above the ground in the sunlight they grew no longer. But he ate them for food and he ate birds and fishes also. And he took their names to himself when he had conquered his four brothers and that is why man eats these things. And these are the names he took: Tukariri, Tukanguha, Tukataua, Tuwhakaheketangata, Tumatawhaiti, and Taumatauenga. And these names mean that he conquered all his brothers in the earth.

But this youngest brother Tawhiri-ma-tea he did not conquer, so that the storm father attacks him in hurricanes and fierce gales and ever seeks to destroy him by sea and land. Thus the war goes on for ever and ever until one or the other will conquer in the end. Sometimes one is successful for a time, sometimes the other. At one time when Tawhiri-ma-tea fought against his brothers and conquered all but one he so far overcame that a great part of mother earth disappeared beneath the water which he brought on to the earth, so that only a

small portion of land remains and the land is very small now compared to what it was before. How Maui-tikitiki-o-taranga recovered a portion of it from the sea we shall learn later.

And the names of those who helped Tawhiri to submerge the earth were Terrible-Rain, Long-Long-Rain, Fierce Hail, and their sons and daughters Mist and Light Dew and Heavy Dew and Fog.

From that time light increased upon the earth and heat and the sun's rays were very strong. How Maui the Baby caught the sun and made him go slowly through the sky in later times we shall learn. As the light increased on the earth the sons of Rangi and Papa grew many. The first of these were not like men in shape, only Taumatauenga and his sons and brothers, for there were many before them and man has continued in his present shape from the time of Taumatauenga and his children, Ngainua and his children and Whiro-te-tupua and his children, to this day. After them came the generation of Maui-taha and Maui-roto and Maui-pae and Maui-tikitiki-o-taranga.

Rangi has ever remained separated from Papa until now, but their love still continues—the soft, warm sighs of her bosom still ever rise up to him from the mountains and forests and valleys, and men call these mists; and the great sky as he mourns through the long night for his beloved Papa sheds tears on her face, and men, seeing these, say the dewdrops are falling on the earth.

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## II. THE FINDING OF TARANGA.

Every night the four Maui's used to dance in the large hall of assembly. There were Maui-taha, Maui-roto, Maui-waho, Maui-pae and all their friends and relatives, so that the hall was filled with dancers.

Before the dance began the mother of the Maui's, who was called Taranga, made her sons sit down in a row so that she could count them to see that they were all there.

But one night a beautiful little boy crept in at the door and without being noticed hid himself behind Maui-taha. So when Taranga began to count she said, "Maui-taha, that's one; Maui-roto, two; Maui-waho, three; Maui-pae, four. Hullo! here's a fifth one, and he looks like one of my sons, too. How can that be?"

Then the boy, who was little Maui, said, "Yes, I'm your son, too."

So the old woman counted over again.

"Maui-taha, one; Maui-roto, two; Maui-waho, three; Maui-pae, four. That is right. There are only four of my sons. So you cannot be my son also. I never saw your face before."

But little Maui said, "Really I am your son and you are my mother."

And Taranga grew quite angry with him.

"You are not my child, but you belong to somebody else; so go away at once and don't bother us any more. We want to dance."

Maui replied:

“Well, then, I will go, since you say I am the child of some one else, but really I did think I was your little boy when I said so, because I was born by the sea, and you threw me into the sea after cutting off your hair and wrapping me in it. After that, as I floated on the water, the seaweed caught in the hair and covered me so that I was protected from the sea. Then the wind blew me in my cradle on to the sandy shore and the jelly fish came and clustered on the seaweed which surrounded me. Then the flies came and buzzed all about, and the birds came to peck at me and eat me and I was unable to move. Then an old man who was walking on the beach saw the flies and the birds flying round and he ran as far as he could. And this man was my great grandfather, Tama-nui-ke-te-Rangi.

“When he found me wrapped up in seaweed and hair and covered with jellyfish, he stripped these off and picked me up in his arms. So he took me home to his house and he hung me up in the beams of the roof so that I was lying there in the warm smoke and the heat of the fire, and I was very happy living with the old man.

“But he told me a lot of stories about the dancing in this hall of assembly and I came to see for myself what it is like.

“When I was very small, I used to hear you calling over the names of my elder brothers as you have done to-night, and to prove to you that I am speaking the truth, I can repeat their names quite easily. They are Maui-taha, Maui-roto, Maui-waho and Maui-pae, and I am little Maui the Baby.”

When Taranga heard all this she cried out:

“You dear little boy, you are really my baby and I shall call you Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga, Maui that was wrapped up in Taranga’s hair.” So that was his name.

After the dance was over Taranga said, “Come here, little Maui, and kiss me and I will kiss you because I love you ever so much, and you shall come and sleep in my house to-night.”

And his brothers were jealous. They said, “Our mother never asks us to come to her house now we are big boys, and she never kisses us or puts us to bed, as she used to do when we were little, while now she pets this little waif of the sea, who may be anybody for all we know.” Then Maui-taha and Maui-roto said to Maui-waho and Maui-pae:

“Never mind. Let him be our dear brother. It is much better for us to be brotherly and friendly to others instead of being disagreeable, because these are the ways men can do good in the world and can be useful. By working hard for others, and by giving others what we can, so everyone in the world is made happier and there is peace on earth.

“If we are not careful we shall be like the children of Rangi and Papa who separated their father and mother so that Tawhiri-ma-tea fights with Taumataurangi to this day, and even the children of Taumataurangi fight among themselves and man kills his brother man. We will not begin quarrelling amongst ourselves.”

And Maui-waho and Maui-pae said, "You are right, brothers. Let us murmur no longer against our brother Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga." So they all went to sleep, because it was late at night and they were tired with dancing.

But early in the morning Taranga rose up out of bed and put on her belt and apron and, when none of her sons were looking, slipped out of the door. She disappeared so quickly that they looked for her immediately they awoke, but they could not find out where she had gone. The four elder brothers knew she had gone and they knew she would come back because she left them like this every morning but came back in the evening, so they did not trouble about her disappearance.

Little Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga was not so easily satisfied. He had only just found his mother again and did not like to lose her so soon.

"Perhaps she has gone out to get us some food," he thought. But when the day grew on and she did not come back he knew she had gone far, far away.

Still she came again in the evening and after they had all danced and sung she said, "Come, little Maui, and sleep in my house." So Maui slept in the house as he had done before. But when he woke up in the morning Taranga had gone again, and little Maui wondered where she went every morning.

One night he pretended to go to sleep, but lay awake until all the others were fast asleep and snoring. Then he quietly got out of bed and hid his mother's belt and apron; then he went round the room and covered up all the windows and stuffed clothes into the cracks and crannies of the walls and the door so that no light could come in and wake his mother before he himself awoke.

So the night passed slowly and his mother still slept. The sun rose high above the horizon, but still she slept, for no light could get into the room, because all the doors and windows had been stopped by little Maui. Then Taranga turned over in bed and she said, "Surely it is a long night! It is time for the sun to be shining in through the window," and she dropped off to sleep once more.

At last she awoke and lay there thinking, thinking, for she could sleep no longer. She jumped out of bed and began to look for her apron and her belt, but she could not find them anywhere, for Maui had hidden them. She felt round the walls, and presently her fingers felt something soft. "Ah! here is my apron," she thought, and she pulled it away. It was the old dress which had been stuffed into the window to keep the light out. So you can imagine how she cried out when she saw the sun high up in the sky.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! there is the sun. I shall be late." And snatching up her clothes she ran out of the house, crying to herself because she thought she had been badly treated and because she had lost her belt and apron.

Little Maui was watching and as soon as she opened the door he jumped out of bed and looked through the window where he could see his mother running in the sunlight. But she did not run very far, for she suddenly reached down to a tuft of rushes and pulled them out of the ground, showing a little

hole underneath. She popped into this hole and then drew the tuft of rushes over it again after her, so that it looked as if they had been growing there all the time.

Then little Maui jumped up and ran as hard as he could go to the tuft of rushes. He pulled it up and found a beautiful cave running deep down into the earth, so he covered it up again and running back to the house woke up his brothers.

"Come along, you lazy rogues, it is daytime, and mother has run away again."

And his brothers saw the sun high up in the sky and they wondered how they had slept so long.

Then he asked his brothers another question.

"Where do you think our father and mother live?"

And they answered, "How should we know? Though we are her sons, we never saw the place and we are quite sure you will not find out what we have failed to discover."

Rangi the Sky, must be our father, for he sends his messengers down to us; Hauwhenua, the gentle breezes to cool the earth and the tender plants; and Haumariringi the mists to moisten the earth, and Haumarotoroto the fine weather to make the plants grow, and Touarangi the rain to water them and Tomairangi the dew to nourish them, and he gave all these his sons to make our food grow, and then Papa-tua-nuku the earth provided seeds and so we, her children, live on this world which will grow very old, very old.

Little Maui said:

"Yes, that is right. But I think I should be the one really who would not care where she lives and who she is, while you ought to care very much, for she nursed you when you were babies, but she never nursed me, and the sea was my cradle. Yet I love her very, very much, because she is my mother, and because I love her, I want to know where she lives and who she is."

His brothers liked little Maui because he spoke so lovingly of his mother, and they told him to try and find out these things if he could.

So little Maui said:

"I think I ought not to find this very hard to do, because I have already done one task which seems harder still, yet it was an easy one to me. Remember how, when you first saw me in the dancing hall, I changed into all kinds of birds, the kiwi, the Huia, the Lakoakoa, the kakariki and many others, but you did not like any of them. But I can do more than that now."

Because he had the belt and apron of his mother and with this magic belt he could change himself into almost any bird he liked; but he did not tell his brothers that he had the belt.

Then Maui changed himself into a beautiful little pigeon and the belt he had hidden away from Taranga made a beautiful white ring round his neck and the fastening made the black feathers on the throat, while the apron changed into the soft feathers of the breast. And his brothers clapped their hands. They

said, "Ah! now you look really beautiful, far, far more beautiful than you did before." The apron was really made of the hair from a dog's tail. So the little pigeon flew about and spread his wings so proud of himself. And he hopped about from spray to spray and called "coo, coo," to his brothers so that they were all very pleased.

After he had changed himself back to a man again little Maui said, "I am going on a long, long journey to-morrow morning, and although I am the youngest of you, you will see that I know more magic than any of you.

"But it is possible I shall lose all my magic where I am going and perhaps become old and feeble before I have finished the long journey I am about to make."

But his brothers said:

"That might be so if you were going to make a warlike expedition, but as you are going for such a good purpose, to find the parents we all long to see, it is worth all the trouble and danger you may risk. For if you find out where they live we shall all be happy and never have any more suffering in the world, but we shall go to them and they will come to us and there will be no more sorrow at all."

Maui said, "Yes, I am doing a good work, whatever the result may be. If it is a nice place I shall be pleased, but if it is not a good place I shall have had a hard journey to no purpose. But I will go."

And they said, "Yes, go your journey, little Magician."

And Maui turned once more into a pigeon and said "coo-o-o-o-o" so prettily as he turned his head on one side that they could do nothing but clap their hands and say, "What a dear little bird our brother Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga has turned into!" And they were very pleased.

Then Maui flew away on his journey. He pulled up the tuft of rushes, flew down into the cave and, as his mother Taranga had done, pulled the grass down over the hole again so as to hide it. He flew very, very fast, but twice he was nearly stopped because the cave was so narrow that his wings almost touched the sides. He nearly reached the bottom of the cave when it grew narrow again and twice more he dips his wings as he flies along until the cave began to get wider and he flew straight on.

At last he saw a number of people walking along in an orchard of manapau trees, so that when they sat down on the grass under one of them he saw that among them were his father, Makea-tu-tara, and Taranga. Then the little pigeon, which was Maui, perched on the branches of one of the trees just above their heads where they could not see him without looking up. He hopped from twig to twig until he stood just over his father's face with a berry in his beak, then he dropped the berry right on his father's forehead, and his father said, "The berries are falling!" but he did not look up into the tree. The little pigeon picked some more berries and dropped them down on his father and mother as hard as he could so that he nearly hurt them.

Then they all jumped up and looked into the tree while the pigeon began

to coo, so that they saw who it was that had dropped the berries, but they did not know that it was really little Maui.

And they all threw stones at the pigeon, but none could hit him until he chose to be hit, because of his magic. At last, after they had been throwing stones at him for a long time, he put his leg in the way of a stone and let it be broken, because it did not really hurt him. So he fell down to the ground fluttering his wings, and they said, "Poor little bird, his leg is broken," but suddenly the little pigeon turned into a fine, strong man who was Maui. He looked so fine and splendid and so strong that they were afraid, and they said:

"No wonder we could not hit the little pigeon, if it was a man, for he is the finest man who has ever been seen since Rangi and Papa were torn apart by Tane-mahuta."

But Taranga said, "I used to know a beautiful boy who looked just like this man. I used to see him every night when I went to visit my children. I will tell you the story.

"I was wandering along the seashore with the little baby when I cut off my hair and wrapped him up in it like a cradle. Then I threw him into the foam of the sea. After that he was found by his ancestor, Tama-nui-ke-te-Rangi," and she told them all the story of little Maui the Baby.

Then Taranga asked Maui who was standing there under the tree:

"Where do you come from? From the Westward?" "No." "From the Northeast, then?" "No." "From the Southeast, then?" "No." "From the South?" "No." "Was the wind which is now blowing towards me the one brought you here?"

And when she asked this he said "Yes!"

And she said, "Oh! you are indeed my child. Are you Maui-Taha?" "No." "Are you Maui-tiki-tiki-o-Taranga?" And again he answered "Yes."

Then Taranga was very glad, and she said, "You are indeed my dear little Maui, who was nursed in the sea. And in time to come you will go to the house of Hine-nui-te-po, your great ancestor, and will conquer death itself, so that there shall be no more sorrow in the world."

Then his father took him to the water and taught him all the things that man can know, and all the secrets of the world. Nearly all, that is, because after it was all over and Maui had bathed in the water Makea-tu-tara, his father, remembered that he had left out some things which it was now too late to tell Maui. And Makea-tu-tara knew that, because he had not told Maui everything at the right time Maui would die.

So, after all these things, Maui returned to his brothers and told them that he had found their father and mother and knew where they lived.

And they were all very glad.

*(To be continued.)*

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# MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

## THE NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS.

Everywhere great preparations, intense activity, enthusiasm! The New Cycle Unity Congress will be a glorious success.

Let us think for a moment what it means: "That every Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood throughout the world shall hold a Congress, to begin on the evening of April 13th, the anniversary of William Q. Judge's birth, and to be continued on April 14th and 15th." \* \* \* "A Universal Congress in which every Lodge and member throughout the world can take part."

Such was the announcement sent to members by direction of the Leader and the name given by her to this Congress—"THE NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS"—how much does it mean! Are we not beginning to understand a little more clearly the work of this great movement, awaking to a fuller recognition of our Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and our present Leader, whose life and example continually inspire us to "render noble service."

Beginning on April 13th, the anniversary of William Q. Judge's birth, the Congress is peculiarly commemorative of his heroic life. Let us go back in thought to the early days, when H. P. Blavatsky first came to America, alone and unknown—with this task, "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood." Let us look at the "Chief," William Q. Judge, a little later, to whom the task of caring for the infant Society in America was entrusted by Mme. Blavatsky when she left this country to establish the movement in other parts of the world. Meetings were held in New York by him, and time after time he was the only one present. And the result of their work is to-day the New Cycle Unity Congress held all over the world. The seed they sowed twenty-five years ago, and whose early shoots they tended and guarded with their lives, has grown to a great tree and has been brought to this glorious fruitage by our Leader.

All the Lodges report great preparations being made for the Congress. Special congresses will be held at the following places by the Leader's direction:

The International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood, Point Loma, San Diego, California.

The American Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, New York.

The European Headquarters, 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London.

The Swedish Headquarters, Majorsgatan 9B, Stockholm.

At New York the activities in preparation for the Congress have been unprecedented. The public meeting April 15th will be held in the Carnegie Chamber of Music. A beautiful souvenir programme has been printed, similar to the one used at the Brighton Congress, in England, October, 1899. By permission of Katherine Tingley, one of the symbolical pictures from the Point Loma Congress programme of 1899 is used on the outside cover. On the back of the cover are pictures of the European Headquarters, at 19 Avenue Road, London, and the Lotus Trust Home, at Buffalo. The programme of the meetings and general announcement of the Congress is on the inside of the cover and within is an account of all the activities and departments of the organization.

The Children's Entertainment and also the Public Entertainment on Saturday, (April 14th) afternoon and evening, respectively, will be given in the Aryan Hall, 144 Madison Avenue. It is reported that there are delightful surprises in store for the audiences in both cases. The UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH has to go to press on the 12th of this month, and therefore it will be just too soon to get in any reports of the meetings, which will therefore appear in the next issue.

J. H. FUSSELL.

## POINT LOMA HOMESTEAD.

ANOTHER SIGNIFICANT EVENT.

The following clippings are from *The New Century*. The weekly Homestead letters from which these are taken should be read by every one:

*Point Loma Homestead,  
Point Loma, Calif.*

DEAR COMRADES IN THE WORLD: One more link in the Leader's chain of operations is let out, one more strategic position obtained and fortified, one more most important move has been taken, another little turn of the kaleidoscope cylinder, and the tinted bits of Nature that are here—children, grown-ups, animals, flowers, plants, buildings, landscape and stones—take on a different *ensemble*. It is, almost, as if the place were builded anew, so much renewing of energies, and animation.

On February 28th Point Loma Hotel and its real estate became an integral part of the plan of the Movement, in direct relation to the S. R. L. M. A., and is now Point Loma Homestead.

The House will continue, for some time, to serve the public, but will ultimately become a students' home. Under the new order, Dr. Wood will remain, adjacent, to carry on the excellent professional service he has been rendering. He is eminently fitted, by natural qualities, to the work, as the really remarkable cures he has effected attest.

The Homestead house is filled with guests and students, and is under superior discipline; and to the members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization who are here, it affords especial advantages. Opportunity is given to identify oneself directly with Brotherhood work, and to attach himself to the discipline and executive features, already established. Thus the rare chance, that comes only in milleniums, is with us and the visible Temple is once more in process of erection.

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The infusion of life and meaning by our Leader, to every detail of the vast improvement work going on, is tremendous, and every item is under her personal supervision. *Measure this fact in connection with her having, at the same time, to keep in close touch with the Movement in all parts of the earth.*

The Music-Hall, with all its appointments, is expected to be finished, and the new work established, when the musical season opens, late this year. There are already being trained, under the new method, pupils who are beginning to realize that music is a "part of life itself." One pupil, an expert violinist before coming here, tells me that the first effect the method produced in him was a conscious awakening within himself, of a something which placed him in complete rapport with the soul of the melody he was playing, and enabled him to so render it that the listener loses sight of technique, and is rapt in the rhythm of the music awakened in his soul. Is not this the true function of music, and do not these rapid acquirings indicate that it is possible we are at the entrance to a new royal road to knowledge, under the direction of the Leader?—*The New Century*.

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#### NURNBERG, BAVARIA.

The Annual Report of the U. B. Lodge No. 3, Nürnberg, Bavaria, has just been received, and shows most encouraging signs of steady growth and a bright future of usefulness. The success of the Lodge has been almost entirely due to the devotion

of Bro. Conrad J. Glückselig, and many earnest members are now coöperating to forward the work. The following are extracts from the Report:

"We look back upon a year of growth and are thankful for the help given to carry on the work. Results have proven that the Universal Brotherhood spirit is the right one and has the holy power of uplifting the hearts and minds of men and women, and our enemies find themselves baffled, thanks to the wise suggestions and aids of our dear Leader and the help of the Great Helpers of Humanity. Until the writer returned from Brighton Congress the members met in private rooms, but we had always flowers and good music. After the Congress we tried to get our own home for the Lodge, and after a while found it by sheer accident. This was our Christmas gift, for we dedicated and opened the Lodge room on December 25th. Now our work goes on as follows: Thursday evening: Public meeting, to which friends and strangers are invited. The topics are of a general nature. We also have some translations from *The New Century*. Saturday evening: Study class for members only. Sunday morning: Boys' Club. Tuesday evening: English class. The aim is to read *The New Century*, etc., so that as many as possible may study in the original, English Theosophical literature. I take the want of a sufficient knowledge of the English language and consequently a natural ignorance of the real Theosophical teachings, with many otherwise very sincere persons, as the main cause that the hearts are not fixed and that it was so easy for would-be teachers and leaders to drag them away from their own intuitions and make them follow hollow expositions of the philosophy of life.

"At every one of our Lodge meetings the influence of Brotherhood is felt. We are preparing now for the New Cycle Unity Congress.

"CONRAD J. GLUCKSELIG."

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#### CELEBRATION OF THE "CUBAN CHILDREN'S LIBERTY DAY".

*Santiago de Cuba, 20th de March de 1900.*

DEAR SIR: With a true pleasure I answer your letter of 9th of this month. Owing to several circumstances, by common consent, Miss Fabra and I determined that the "Liberty Children's Day" should be held on the 18th, instead of the 12th. The principal reason for this was that the 12th was a work day, and in Cuba on a work day it is not possible to obtain what we desire, and our desire at this time was to show again to all the Cuban people the purpose of the International Brotherhood League. Acting on this determination it is fixed now, for the future, that "Liberty Day" will be celebrated every year here, on the Sunday after the 12th of March, if the 12th is not Sunday.

This arrangement was providential, because the gift from the American children, the "Cuban Children's Banner," arrived just in our hands. The steamer arrived at midday, and showing your letter to the Post Office, the Banner was delivered to me immediately.

The Festival was disposed in this manner. In Aguilera Square (before the name of the square was Dolores) at 5 o'clock were congregated all the children of the public schools and of the Board of Public Education. The Fire Brigade Band came to play and several of the men also attended the Festival. Two large palms were ready to place near the others of last year, still small, and this was an idea because a palm alone has not the splendor as when it is in groups. At half-past five Miss

Fabra, with the "Lotus Children" and Banner, entered the square and were received with music, the band playing the "Cuban Hymn." Miss Fabra arranged the "Lotus Children" around the palms and they helped to plant them and with sprinkling pots they sprinkled the palms. After this two children gave a short speech, and Miss Fabra, I, and other ladies and gentlemen then gave every child of the schools a small packet of *confits*, in the name of Mrs. K. A. Tingley, and one programme (as the enclosed), showing the aim of the International Brotherhood League. The schools were marching in this way before the "Lotus Children" and received their gifts—while the music was playing during the time. Two balloons were flying for the people.

The Festival lasted until 7 o'clock. No less than 4,000 persons, perhaps more, in the street and the square were present. There were also 2,000 children who took part in the Festival.

Afterward I will send you photographs and you will find enclosed the newspapers speaking of the Festival.

We have done whatever we could, and we are satisfied for the sake of the International Brotherhood League, and for Mrs. Tingley, and for our people, that the feast has been splendid.

In every one in Cuba, you will find, a perception of the Brotherhood League, and the name of Mrs. Tingley is on the lips of everybody for her kindness and great heart.

On the programmes I quoted the words signed Katherine A. Tingley, as you will read: "Wherever there be a tear to dry, wherever there be a grief to mitigate, there we will be"—

I believe I know the sentiments of Mrs. Tingley, and I thought that writing these words it was for me a duty to make everybody in Cuba know her goodness and her love for destitute humanity.

A great quantity of these papers will be distributed in the countries when we will go with the supplies you sent us.

Excuse always my English language. Give an account of my letter to Mrs. Tingley.

With sincere and true consideration,

EMILIO BACARDI.

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*Newspaper Report.*

A Festival, extremely sympathetic, was that given in "Aguilera Park" on the first anniversary of the Children's Liberty Day.

Arrangements were made for this Festival among us by Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley, president of the International Brotherhood League, a branch of which is now established in this city with the humanitarian design of helping those who are in need.

Children from all schools took part in the Festival.

They entered the park in military order, with Señorita Fabra, who has been sent here expressly by the International Brotherhood League to organize the Festival, and more than twenty children, dressed symbolically, and representing fraternity and innocence, raised a beautiful and precious gray silk banner bearing the following inscription:—

"From the Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the International Brotherhood League of America, to the Children of Cuba," and a beautiful Cuban banner, under which,

when the children were finally assembled in the centre of the Plaza, a beautiful and graceful child, four years old, Altagracia Emilia Colon, recited the following verse:

"I love thee with a love profound, since thou appearest to me the most beautiful of all banners of the world; to freedom, thy folds so beautiful and so elegant, invite us; is there, indeed, a banner more beautiful than the *Cuban Banner*?"

Afterwards another child, Marco Antonio Dolz, recited also a beautiful poem. Then the children marched to a certain spot and were treated to refreshments, consisting of sweetmeats, etc., by Señorita Fabra. Prospectuses of the League were also distributed among the people. When the children of Orphans' Asylum marched away, the band struck up the march *Maceo*, which was greatly applauded by the assembled multitudes.

Then they proceeded to plant again two palms.

We went thither, accompanied during the afternoon by Señorita Fabra and popular Emilio Bacardi, who have been commissioned by Mrs. Tingley to co-operate in order to achieve the success of this Festival, which lingers in our grateful recollection, and to which we shall look forward annually.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF SUPPLIES SENT BY THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE TO BUBA.

Señor Emilio Bacardi, former Mayor of Santiago, writes as follows:

*Santiago de Cuba, March 30, 1900.*

DEAR SIR: I wrote you last week and with pleasure I write again to give you a report of distribution of supplies in "Dos Caminos" and "Cobre" villages.

I knew that near the two villages many persons were without clothes and several nearly naked, and so I prepared barrels of clothes and biscuits (these were sent by the International Brotherhood League from New York the last week in February), and appointed Mr. Bartolo Portuondo, Proprietor, in "Dos Caminos," for the distribution in this place. The election of Mr. Portuondo was with so good luck that Mr. Fernando Velez Danies, native of Colombia Republic, who is in business with Mr. Portuondo was present at the time of distribution in Dos Caminos, and distributed on his own account more than fifty dollars to the poor who were receiving clothes and food.

To the "Cobre" we went yesterday, 29th March, in two wagons laden with supplies and one wagonet for the helpers. The carriages were kindly granted by Mr. C. Whiteside, Military Governor of Santiago, as soon as I asked him for this good work. The distribution of supplies at "Cobre" village began at 10 o'clock and finished at 1 p. m. Miss Fabra was indisposed and could not come with us with a great regret. Mrs. Bacardi and Mrs. Molina, Miss Rosa Yero, Maria Villasana, Carolina Molina, and my daughters, Maria and Carmen, Mr. Buenaventura Cruz, Daniel Fajardo and I made up the party.

The supplies were distributed in the home of Dr. Louis Carbonell, where were also the Cuban General Agustin Cebrero, the Major Colonel Arrate, Fahon and other Cuban chiefs. This was a blessing feast for the "Brotherhood League" all through the day. The first stone is placed and the work is beginning; step by step we will advance in this country—a country full of indifference and weariness.

## DEBATE ON CHRISTIANITY AND THEOSOPHY.

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"WHICH IS BETTER ADAPTED TO THE NEEDS OF TO-DAY?"

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*Concluded from last issue.*

Mr. Fussell:

I was more than interested in the remarks of Dr. Coryn in his address last Sunday evening, especially as all that he said was really in support of my position. Particularly interesting was his recounting the various myths of the Christos and the conflict with the Dragon which is to be found in the religions of all ages. But the very fact that those myths, so-called, found an exact expression in the life of Christ and culminated in him, is one of the strongest arguments for the truth of Christianity, as I defined it last week. Dr. Coryn also combated vigorously the position which I had expressly said I did not take. I had hoped and do hope that this evening he will not content himself with simply combating anything that I may bring forward, but may present something of the position and some of the doctrines of Theosophy, making a more definite statement than he did last week, or rather making his *first* statement in regard to Theosophy. And I think that in nearly everything that he may bring forward I shall be able to show that what we shall accept as being fundamentally true is also to be found in the teachings, the life and example of Christ.

He made the statement that Christianity had no philosophical basis—but I maintain that there can be no conscious right action without a philosophical basis. By Christianity I am not referring to any sect, though to the extent that a sect follows and upholds the teachings of Christ it is Christian, but it is not Christianity. Christianity I take as being exemplified in the words and in the life of Christ, and so far as the philosophical basis is concerned I will give you one of his short statements which to me is the soundest philosophy, and it can be paralleled also (and therefore an argument of its impregnability), in all the great religions of the world. The statement I refer to is: "He that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the Doctrine." Christ's teachings are essentially the teachings of work, of act; it is essentially a religion of living and not of theorizing. Take Christ's words—he did not go into metaphysical subtleties, but he laid down practical injunctions; he made broad statements of life, and if only those bodies who call themselves Christian had followed them as he gave them, then we might say that Christianity, in the very sense—the sense as ordinarily understood—of being the body of doctrine that has clustered around the teachings of Christ—was not a failure, as Dr. Coryn contends, and as, indeed, from that standpoint, I think with some truth that it has been. But in spite of all that, I maintain that in the words and example of Christ we have to-day exactly that which is adapted to the needs—and satisfying to the real needs of to-day.

I would ask which is better—to teach by theory or by example. I do not think there will be two opinions in regard to that. Mind, I am only speaking for Christianity, I am not inferring that Theosophy does not teach by example; but Christ's teaching was not by theory, but by example. Last week I referred to what I think

was stated in the words of Christ as being the only new thing he brought to the world: "The new commandment,"—"that ye love one another." And I would like to say another word about that. Was it a new commandment? We have to-day that increasingly numerous body of which Dr. Coryn is a representative this evening, which comes with the message of Universal Brotherhood and claiming that in a sense it is new. Is it not exactly the same message that Christ preached nearly 2000 years ago—love one another? and I am sure if we look into the words of the other great Teachers of humanity, we shall find they also brought forward this new message of Brotherhood. If Dr. Coryn says that this is the rock Theosophy builds on, then I say that Theosophy builds on the same rock that Christ built on—the rock of Love and Brotherhood. I would like to give you the two great commandments given by Christ summing up all the Mosaic Law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Is this a philosophical basis on which to build? Apparently it is only an injunction, but it contains the very deepest and soundest philosophy. It contains the very statement of the origin of man and his relation to his fellowman, and, coupled with another statement of Christ, "Ye shall become perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," we have given us in a few words the deepest philosophy of man's origin, nature and destiny.

I shall take a rather different line. What have those men and women done in the world who stand out as *men* and *women*, and to what have they attributed the power to do what they have done in the world? They have stood up as Christians and have been proud to point to Christ. I can think of no grander example than this country of America, though it may not be all we wish. It had its beginnings in those who loved Christ. Although they may not have known how to exemplify His teachings fully in their lives, yet they had trust and the idea of striving to do it. And the men who not only made the beginning of the great civilization of this country, but who also fought for its independence, were also with very few exceptions avowedly Christian. Many, many of the world's heroes have been Christian, living according to their idea of Christ's life. We must believe in the power which controlled their lives and gave them inspiration. Are we not to recognize the inspiration of their lives, and if the Christian churches have made such a sorry failure as Dr. Coryn has said, is there no other contributing cause besides the alleged desire to push forward simply one little dogma as against another little dogma?

I think that the failure, which he asserts has been that of Christianity, is more to the outcome of other causes. It is true that men have been blinded, and not blinded only in matters of religion, but we know, too, they have been blinded in many other matters—in science, in philosophy, and what not. It would be easy to show how theory after theory in the scientific world has been thrown down. The whole world has been going through a period of darkness. And when we see to-day people looking back more than they have for 1,500 years to the words and life of Christ, does not that show that true Christianity is still a power in the world? I do *not* think that the desire for unity which is expressed by the greatest minds of all the churches arises from a sense of fear, as Dr. Coryn suggested, but I think that it is the evidence of an utmost trust—of an approximation toward the Christ ideal. I would like to repeat that the very fact which he himself has admitted (that the teachings of Christ are to be found all through the ages) is the strongest argument for the divine mission of that man.

Let us refer to some more of Christ's sayings. Christ said: "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." St. Paul: "Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." Have we not something here that is an absolute guide in life? Do we not find more or less of the truth of this philosophy in our own experience, and do we not thereby prove its truth in greater measure and as a whole? I think so. Out of that and out of the statement of the perfectibility of man which I have already quoted, what do we get in Christianity? We get eternal progression. That also is a Christian teaching. If we reap what we sow, and if we have before us the ideal of becoming perfect, then we have held out before us this teaching of Christ—eternal progression. Are these teachings adapted to the needs of the day than the teaching that we have our destiny in our own hands, that there lies before us endless progression? And if we have found so many in the past thousand years who have not understood Christ's teachings, is that a reason why we should not try to understand them? Christ's teachings have not failed. Strive as we may, the best of us fall short. And because we have been passing through a dark age, and because many of those professing His teachings have failed to live up to them, should we say, therefore, that Christ's teachings have failed? Not if we can recognize them now. If we can recognize them now, then Christianity has not been a failure, but is well adapted to the needs of to-day.

Last week Dr. Coryn brought forward one argument that at first sight might seem to be a strong argument against the opinion which I took. He said that the acceptance of Christ destroyed historical perspective. I do not think that that is at all a good argument. Granting, as I think all of us must, that different ages of the world have had their great religious teachers, their saviors, yet in Christ we find as it were all the teachings of the past summed up and brought to a focus. In him we have the most perfect example of the divine incarnation. He was the synthesis of all the past. Then Dr. Coryn also said that accepting Christ as he is accepted by his followers, meant that all those who lived before him had no chance of salvation, and those who in the world to-day who have not heard of Christ have lost their salvation. I do not find Christ saying that all those before him, the millions of previous ages, were lost. We find on the contrary when he was asked about certain people he said: "Not he who saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, but he who doeth the will of the Father, who is in Heaven."

If we look at history, we will see what has been the teaching of all the Teachers of the world, and then look at the teachings of Christ we shall find that at the time Christ came the world was in deeper darkness than ever before, and when the need is greatest the greatest help is given. Every man must become perfect, even as the Father in heaven is perfect. Taking that and looking back at the saviors of man, who were divine, we have there the perfect incarnation because there the need was greatest. That does not mean that God had never incarnated before, but it means if there had not been this special means of grace, humanity would have gone down in darkness. So that from this standpoint we see that history does not lose its perspective; but we are able to understand the summing up of the various periods of humanity; how from a state of innocence and purity humanity had sunk into degradation, until at last there was no means of saving it except by special, divine interposition, and if God be the Infinite it is not contrary to the purposes of nature. For from our experiences we know that in our darkest times we have found the greatest help, apparently from outside of humanity, but not in reality outside, but from one



who was in very truth the Son of man. Unless Theosophy has something better to offer I uphold Christianity as being adapted to the needs of the times. I have found in my study of books which profess to treat of Theosophy much mention of Buddhism, and the statement that the repetition of certain words and names and mantras, as they say, will give one divine insight and bring one in rapport with God. I have seen it also stated in so-called "Theosophical" books that by breathing in a certain way one may induce divine consciousness. Is this adapted to the needs of the time? Dr. Coryn has said that the basis of Theosophy is brotherhood. I said when I started that all through Christ's teachings is the one of brotherhood: "The commandment to love one another; to love one's neighbor," etc. But I do not see any mention of brotherhood in the Upanishads or the Gita. Shall we then take these works and say that they are adapted to the needs of to-day? Let us look at India, China, Thibet and all the East. Have they what is adapted to the needs of to-day? Shall we accept all those things which they accept and so bring our civilization to the state in which theirs is? Shall we sit in meditation while we have our work abroad in the world? Shall we follow what is laid down in the Upanishads in order that *we* may develop personal power and gain salvation? They do not teach that we should work for the human race, but that we should strive to pass into a state of bliss and into a state of omniscience. Are we then to accept the various teachings of the East and apply them to everyday life? What will become of all our industries; of all our work, etc.? How comes it that the East has sunk into the position into which it now is?

But if we turn to the teachings of Christ and apply them in everyday practical work, we shall find that they are adapted to the needs of the time.

Dr. Coryn made the same statement that he made last week that Christianity has no philosophy. I could refer him to many people who believe in philosophy and who are Christians. For instance, the old Rosicrucians. They had philosophy which, I understand, agrees perfectly with Theosophy. But is it necessary for any man who comes with a message to the world to reiterate all the philosophies of the ages? How can you sum up all the past? How do you sum up all that you have studied? All your training?—in life! And if Christianity has been of no avail during the past 2,000 years, what of all the philosophy of all the ages that Dr. Coryn speaks of? Has it been of avail? But I maintain that Christ's teachings have not failed, and I would maintain with Dr. Coryn that the philosophies of all the ages have not failed; and moreover I assert that Christ's teachings, his precepts, his parables are in no way at variance with true science, with true philosophy.

I am quite willing to say that sectarianism has failed. And those who may be said to be the heirs of sectarianism are, many of them, beginning to recognize this. They are, I believe, in all honesty, seeking to break down sectarianism, and I think that Christ's words are becoming more alive to-day than they have been during the last 2,000 years. Dr. Coryn said he was surprised that any one defending Christianity should quote Christ's words. If we are going to defend Christianity, what shall we quote but Christ's words? As a matter of fact, I believe that the foundation of all the sects, without exception, is not to be found in the teachings of Christ, but in the teachings of Paul, so that which is commonly called Christianity to-day ought to be called after the name of Paul and not after the name of Christ. If we take the words of Christ we shall find not that which divides man from man in the *deepest* sense, though it will divide in another sense as he himself said: "I came not to bring

peace, but to bring a sword." It will divide those who wilfully follow the dictates of the lower nature from those who seek to follow the Higher, and we find the dual nature of man clearly taught in his parables and sayings.

In the minds of most people Christ is associated with being only meek and mild. So many hymns express this: "Gentle Jesus," etc. So many think that this is the picture of Christ, when it is not. Christ was gentle certainly, but at the same time he was stern. He was heroic. He was strong. He denounced evil. He was very different from what the majority of people who call themselves Christians think he was. He was not by any means goody-goody. He was not what is generally called meek and mild, though perhaps in the highest sense of those words he was. And are not his denunciations adapted to the needs of the times? If he came would he have to change his message or his words? I ask you to read the words of Christ and imagine him coming here to-day as he came to the Jews nearly 2,000 years ago and let each one judge for himself whether the words and the denunciations that he made against the people of that time he would not make to-day and make them probably without changing one word. The teachings of Christ would be found adapted to the needs of the times in more senses than one,—not only in giving help to the fallen, to the degraded; but adapted to those who are in high places; to those who follow the shams and the shows of the world. "Woe unto ye Pharisees and hypocrites!" Would you go to the man in the street with your philosophy and so help him; or would you remember the words of Christ and give perhaps only "a cup of cold water." There would be more philosophy in that, I think. And we need something besides philosophy. We have had philosophy on every hand and what we need and what Christ taught is "living." If you go to a man with the spirit of Christ in your heart, then you will be able to help whether you know of the philosophy of all the ages or not. The man or woman that has fallen does not ask for philosophy, but asks for something that is life-bringing to the soul. I claim that every man can find what that is in the teachings and in the example of Christ.

I would like to refer back to Dr. Coryn's address of last week because there were several points there that are both interesting and valuable. I was much interested and edified by his beautiful description of the cup of cold water to which I had referred, but I fail to see that it is purely Theosophical and not entirely in accord with Christ's teachings. I made a brief statement of certain points which I had read in Theosophical books as to what is held by the majority of the people of the world as distinctive of Theosophy, but have not heard from Dr. Coryn whether correctly so or not. I have endeavored to show that Christianity—the teachings of Christ—are adapted to the needs of to-day and until it be shown by Dr. Coryn or any other upholder of Theosophy that Theosophy is as well adapted as, and can go further than, Christianity or Christ's teachings, why not accept the fact that Christ's teachings are adapted to the needs of the time. And also it will be necessary, I claim, that any one who desires to show that Theosophy is adapted to the needs of the time must show that Theosophy is not contrary to, but accepts all of Christ's teachings. The tribute which Dr. Coryn gave to Origen, one of the early church fathers, one of the most noted Christians, was valuable in the extreme, and was entirely in support of my position. He said that Origen made the statement that Christianity must be taught from two standpoints; one exoteric and the other esoteric; but in this Origen was doing nothing more than following the teaching

of his own Master—Christ. For Christ himself makes the statement that there is one teaching for the multitude and one for the disciple.

Then he told a story of the sad-faced Sunday school superintendent. I have known many sad-faced Theosophists. I have also known many joyous, intelligent, bright Christians, also bright, happy Sunday-school superintendents. It is necessary to mention these things, as the mind has a tendency to impute such small things to Christ's teachings. It gives a wrong impression. Christ was a man of many sides. He was we know in the truest sense, the meek and the gentle—but he was also a stern denunciator, and he was in other aspects also the joyous, bright teacher. He says: "But whereunto shall I liken this generation," etc., and spoke of himself as coming "eating and drinking" and partaking of the life of the people. This is the side of Christ that is often overlooked,—that he did enter into the life of the common people. He partook of the simple joys of the simple people. He was able to speak to them of their own experiences. In order to understand the character of Christ we must look at all sides. We must see how he represented himself and what teachings he gave out for he did not speak simply to one class, but to all classes. We can find in the different parts of his teaching something that will fit every walk of life.

Now, the main question, which I think seems to have been presented pretty much in my favor, is this.—is Christianity adapted to the needs of to-day? What are the needs of to-day? What is the *great* need of to-day; and in order to answer that question we must look at the whole trend of modern civilization. It has been entirely in the direction of the external, the outer life; in the building up of a marvelous material civilization; in excursions into the realm of thought; but as for the inner life there is nothing in the great mass of the people but a heart hunger; nothing but a great cry, the cry of the soul crying out for light. It was very much the same in the time when Christ came and perhaps you will ask this question or perhaps you will make this statement—If Christ gave out a message to the world, how is it that after 1,900 years we are confronted with the same problems, only greatly accentuated. I do *not* take the position that the great majority of the people who have professed to teach Christ have presented him in the true light. See what he said to those who were then in the high places as teachers of the people. And that class of people—those scribes and Pharisees have had a long line of descendants, and to-day in a great many places, perhaps in the majority of the churches, are the descendants of those scribes and Pharisees. There is the same spirit that the scribes and Pharisees had in the time of Christ. But surely we are not going to confound the preachers of to-day with Christ. When we look back to Christ we do not confound Christ with the scribes and Pharisees. We are not going to confound hard and fast dogmas with the teachings of Christ. If the question were: "Are the church dogmas and the church sects adapted to the needs of the time?" I would say, No! they are not adapted to the needs of the time, but they are an *index* to the needs of the time and I would say also on the other hand that the teachings of Christ now, as then, and as has been the case for ages before Christ came—for I maintain that he taught no new message—the *true* Christianity is adapted to the needs of the time and can answer the heart's needs.

Dr. Coryn:

I must admit that, as Mr. Fussell says, I have hitherto been occupying myself more with what seems to me the inadequacies of any modern presentation of Chris-

tianity than with a constructive exposition of Theosophy. That omission I hope to do something to remedy, so far as my abilities permit, in the concluding remarks which yet remain to me. But there are a few final words of another kind to be said to clear the way.

First, as to Origen. His point was that there was an *inner* Christ in men, as is taught in the quotations I made last Sunday from the Gospel of St. John; and that in order that this fact might be in some sort comprehensible to the people, the facts in the life of the *Teacher* Jesus Christ were made use of as a pictorial and objective drama to symbolize the subjective mystery.

Secondly, as to the many things which in the public mind are so often confused with Theosophy. I refer to Spiritualism, Mind-healing under its many names, various forms of what might be called parlor-occultism, and the practices of Fakirism in India. In the last case, the confusion arose partly from the fact that in the early days of the Theosophical Society people more or less connected with it published some books, pamphlets, and articles relating to these things, sometimes in the journals of the Society. Because some people in the Society were interested in the abnormalities of consciousness is not to say that those states and their production have any real connection with Theosophy. Theosophy is the guide to the highest normal life.

There is much in common between Theosophy and Christianity; but in the accessible source of the latter, it seems to me that you only get, so to speak, in index-brevity what is written out full in the former. And in the Bible, the usual source of all that we know of Christianity, and especially in the purely Judaical part, the Old Testament, which, in the minds of most Christians, even to-day, is equally with the New the root of their faith, you get wholly different elements. Suppose we take a few of them.

There are at least two wholly discrepant accounts of the Divine Principle in nature, one Theosophical, one not. God is variously said to be "A Spirit;" "Love"; "A Consuming Fire." I do not know that Theosophy would do anything but welcome these ideas, although it adds very much to them. But in other places God is "A jealous God"; "burning with fierce anger"; and with the most completely blood-thirsty and unintelligent character.

Another doctrine in the Bible is that of reincarnation. What have the Christians done with this? Made it a heresy!

The Bible teaches the idea of Karma; "that which a man sows, that also shall he reap." What have they done with that? Substituted the idea of the forgiveness of sin.

Christ summed up the practical Law of Right Life as loving your neighbor as yourself (Brotherhood), and love of God. To this the Churches have ventured to add mountains of dogmas to which assent is also necessary.

Much more might be added if one did not mind a seeming discourtesy to the ideas of Christians who may be present, or an apparent irreverence toward things that to them must be sacred. It may be enough to say that though there is much in the Bible and even in current Christianity that is Theosophy, yet it is so incomplete and so admixed with other matter as to be almost or quite undistinguishable.

The majority of Christians do not seem to have grasped the fact that a great fight with materialism is still going on; that materialism is a *system of thought* concerning the universe and man; and that if Christianity is to save the situation, it

also must provide—not dogmas, but—a *system of thought* that is capable of explaining man and the universe. And it will not avail that students, of *e. g.* Hegel, shall import their results, gathered beyond Christianity, into Christianity, and so label the whole product. Christianity *had* its own philosophy, capable of maintaining its own in any court. The early Councils labelled most of that philosophy “*heresy*,” ruled it out of court, at last suppressed it almost from the memory of men. Now the Churches are paying the penalty of their barbarism and bigotry. Witness the lament of every pulpit that “our young men are falling away from us.” They will continue to “fall away” till Christianity returns to its primeval roots. Its roots are those of Gnosticism, and it is exactly Gnosticism that must be studied, not in the manner of the curious student of archaic superstition, but in that of the searcher of divine truths into almost forgotten places where he knows them to exist. The theology of Milton’s *Paradise Lost* reigned so long, and has so deeply stained every word of Christian terminology, that it will not be easy to reintroduce even the living waters that have so long sought other channels.

Mr. Fussell:

Dr. Coryn has well stated what was the need of Christ’s teachings to-day. The very fact of the failure of the people to follow those teachings in the dark ages through which we have been passing, shows their need, and I do not think it was quite fair to bring into this debate the old Jewish teachings in regard to God, for as I understand the matter, that is not at all the subject of the debate. I would remind Dr. Coryn that it would be parallel in my case if I took only the popular opinion of Theosophy and the extreme notions which are held by the popular mind as to what is Theosophy. But I do not take the position that we are to ask whether the popular opinion of Theosophy is adapted to the needs of the time. I maintain that it is not. Or if the popular opinion of Christianity is adapted to the needs of the time. I have maintained all along that it is not,—but whether Christianity is adapted to the needs of the time, or Theosophy? It is true that in one sense we have but a little of the teachings of Christ, but I maintain that in that little there is the essence of the true teachings. There is not simply an index, as Dr. Coryn said, but a guide. We have the positive teaching of how to live a true and noble life. And what is the highest of all, there is the example of Christ himself. But I am not aware that there was only the one personal Christ as contended by Dr. Coryn. There was that figure strong and majestic. And that figure stands to-day with but very few who have approached to its stature. *They* have been the great teachers and saviors of other races, all bearing the same message, all showing the same example. I do not find that Christ put forward the idea that no one was like him. I rather find that he put forward the idea that ultimately every one would be like him. That every one shall become the son of God—strong, compassionate, noble as he was. And although there may be the *popular* opinion that there is only the one personal Christ, yet the student of life and not simply the student of words and doctrines will agree with Origen; and therefore I feel particularly indebted again to Dr. Coryn for bringing out Origen’s opinions more clearly. Now another word in regard to the needs of the time. I speak of the great need. The need which has been felt in the heart. The need of something, some way to live the higher life. And because of the false teachers, that need has become a crying need; because the teachers of the people have not given that out which they knew to be the truth. There is not only the need of the great mass of people, but there is the

need of the disciple. There is the need of the man in business. There is the need of the student. Christ's teachings really fit every walk of life, and provide a guide, provide an example that any one may follow. And particularly does he speak to the disciple. Particularly in taking the first step does he show that the great need of the disciple is intense faith and trust. But you may take the whole of that gem of all the sacred Scriptures of the world, "The Sermon on the Mount," and take it step by step, and you will see that every one of the great virtues is called out by the teachings there. Look at the "Beatitudes." They really are spoken to the disciple. Look at the intense faith that is called out if any one would follow those injunctions. Then going right through we can take the parables, those beautiful stories that are not for an age but for all time. Many of them older than Christ. And I think if Christ came to-day his message would not vary. He would be telling the same things, holding out the same light, showing in very truth that there is this light. But to-day there is not simply the need of Christ's *teachings* to satisfy the need of the time, but there is *the need of those who can look into these teachings of Christ, who can catch His spirit, who can look into His life and who can do as He did; who can make these teachings of His not simply a letter which is read day after day from a theological pulpit, but can make them instinct with life and live them as Christ lived them.* It is these things that we need to-day. These same teachings—and the men and the women who will live them. And if Theosophy is going to help in this—is going to show the world that Christ's teachings are not dead, but living, then I say, "Welcome, Theosophy."

There has been but one message to humanity since humanity began. That message has been repeated from age to age by all the great saviors and teachers of humanity. That is what troubles theologians so much. They have had difficulty to explain it. Christ taught but the same message that had been taught for ages to all races. He did not trouble to say that these things were not taught before. His new commandment may still be a new commandment though it was given 2,000 years ago: "Love one another." Christ's teachings I maintain are but another giving out of this message to humanity; this message I understand from Mr. Coryn. Theosophy is also proclaiming,—the message of love and brotherhood, and I think that any true follower of Christ will welcome every presentation that is a true presentation of that new commandment and will welcome every one who endeavors to live it. If I were asked to put into one word the meaning of the whole of Christ's teachings and His life, I would say—it was the New Commandment, and I ask, is not that at least a good beginning on the upward path that leads ultimately to the perfection that Christ speaks of? Or is there any other beginning? Any one who at all realizes the teachings of Christ cannot take the narrow view that there has been no one except Christ who has pointed out the right path. But that which He was others may become, by realizing that the true Christ is within every heart.

Dr. Coryn: To attempt to reply to the eloquent closing words of Mr. Fussell would, I think, be absurd, for I could but express those same ideas, and less effectively.

I have nowhere denied, but rather asserted, that in their essence Christianity and Theosophy are the same thing. I have only questioned whether, seeing what for centuries the Christians have done to their own creed it is now possible to make use of it as a lever for the elevation of humanity. As Mr. Fussell maintained,

to every people all through the ages, a presentation has been made of the same eternal truths of life; and it has been made in a form suited to the conditions of the mind and consciousness of that people. The last Teacher known to the world was Jesus Christ. Christianity in its primal form, the nucleus of Christianity, was identical with Theosophy because it was identical with the teachings of all the Teachers. To-day, and because the conditions of our nineteenth century consciousness are different, the people need a new presentation of the *same* doctrine. It may be admitted that the real undoctored Christianity would be *more* suited to the needs of the time than any other existing religion, for the reason that it is the nearest to us in time; but it is not the most ideally suited, because it is already 2,000 years old, and in that time the conditions of the world of men have so very greatly changed.

What is it which the people now need to have most strongly pressed on their attention?

First, that every man is a soul, an imperishable Light. The reflex of this Light, shining into the body, becomes there the conscious life of the body. This divine reflex loses hold of, and memory of, its source, thinking that bodily life is all the life that is possible to it. It has ceased to feel the beating of the greater life of the Light that lies beyond, with which at death it will be reunited, only to re-emerge when again the hour strikes for incarnation. Then, in that new life, really the continuation of the old, there confront it the effects of all the acts that in the last one it did. Its old friends are there, and with them it strengthens the bonds of love. Its old enemies are there, to forgive, to make amends to, or to hate again till hate wears out in pain. And always, from the beginning to the end of embodied lives, the greater Light from which it hangs, of which it is the pale and partial reflex, appeals without ceasing, strives without ceasing, to make itself known, to call it to the real life in which pain has no part.

Sometimes, for a moment, the lesser Light in the body and the greater Light beyond blend, and in that moment the man knows what love is, what joy is, what is the path of peace, what is the vast purpose to the accomplishment of which the universe moves, and also how great is the darkness in which live the souls of those who have never heard or never understood the Message of Light. THOU ART AN IMMORTAL SOUL, that is the Message. And if we find difficulty in unfolding it, it can only be that we have ourselves not yet learned it so fully that it is an abiding consciousness. Had we done that it would but be necessary that we should look into the eyes of a fellow-man, and say it is as we know it, for the soul in him to come forth and assent in a new joy, a new consciousness of freedom.

Some, the great Helpers of Mankind, have learned this perfectly and forever; and in the conscious power of that knowledge, in the infinite exercise of the compassion that such self-knowledge brings, move and teach among men, of men unknown. Yet at other and fitting times they unveil themselves, teach openly the old doctrine of the soul, are persecuted by men, and thereafter hailed as the Founders of some new creed. These creeds have their day, their centuries of relevancy to the special needs of a special people—and then slowly pass before the need and the arising of a new deliverance of that same unchanging doctrine.

The presence of great Helpers in the world is no new idea; that “the gods walked among men” has been the belief of every nation at some time; but it is

the crying need of to-day that it should be reproclaimed because of the hope it brings. They are men of liberated soul, and the same liberation is the right and the destiny of all men. But men can be ages or days in asserting their right.

As a final word, can we not see that beyond all other necessities, whatever our divergencies of form or of term, the urgent duty lying upon us all is to see to it that we ourselves become so permeated with the ideas, the conceptions, and teachings which we try to hand on, that they are living and burning realities present in our souls at every moment, energizing every word we say, every thought we think? In that strength we can go forth, knowing that everywhere men are hungering for that which we have to give, and that upon the fidelity to their inspiration, of the few, depend the greatest issues that have confronted humanity.

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## All Members Please Read!

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After April 26th, the Central Office of the Universal Brotherhood will be moved to *Point Loma, San Diego, California*.

All communications and letters for the following:

**Katherine Tingley,**  
**Leader and Official Head,**  
**F. M. Pierce, Secretary General,**  
**Secretary E. S. T.**

should be addressed to

***POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CAL.***

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All Editorial Communications for the *Universal Brotherhood Path* and *The New Century* should also be sent to

**Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.**

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NOTE.—Letters, communications and remittances for

**E. A. Neresheimer, Treasurer,**

should be sent to *144 Madison Avenue, New York.*



## TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"Upon human shoulders rests the responsibility for human progress."

*Katherine Tingley.*

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## HYMN TO ZEUS.\*

By KLEANTHES.



HAIL! Great King! Father of the Gods!

Thou who hast many names, but who art One, Sole, Omnipotent  
Virtue!

Zeus! Author of Nature! who governest all things by thy wisdom,  
Grant to us mortals, to call upon thee!

For all that exist are thy offspring, images of thy being, echoes of thy eternal  
voice.

I will sing to thee, and exalt thy power without end.

The whole Universe moves by thy influence;

The infinite variety of souls that inhabit earth, sea, and the ethereal spheres,  
are subject to thy control.

The lightnings are thy ministers; they flash from thy hand and all nature  
trembles.

Thus thunder-armed, thou guidest creation by unerring law,

And through the present admixture of evil thou bringest all to good.

Thou curbest all excess, and thou wilt cause all confusion to result in universal  
and eternal order.

Unhappy are mortals who are ignorant of thy law, which, if they obeyed would  
lead them to a virtuous and happy life.

In blind frenzy they stray from the chief good, tempted by thirst of glory, by  
shameless avarice or voluptuous pleasures.

But, O Great Zeus! Giver of all good!

Who dwellest with the lightnings in the clouds of heaven,

Save mankind from these dreadful errors.

Remove all shadows from our minds, and enable us to understand thy pure and  
righteous laws.

Thus honored with a knowledge of thee,

We shall be fitted to return the gift in praises of thy mighty works;

And neither mortal nor immortal beings can be more blest in singing thy Im-  
mutable, Universal Law, with everlasting hymns.

\*Translation given in "Progress of Religious Ideas," by Lydia Maria Child.

## THE NEW CYCLE.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D.

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THE message of the new cycle is thrilling through the earth. Its keynote is Joy; its chords, harmonic; its measure, action; its theme, Brotherhood! The men of earth feel the new impulse, and, pausing in their mad pursuit of the selfish idols and ideals of the old time, ask themselves the meaning of the unrest and self-dissatisfaction which has seized upon them.

For man is divine, and, bury his divinity as he may under matter, it is ever seeking to manifest itself. If it be crowded out of the larger life by the false business ideals of the age, it will appear in a thousand little ways—the kind word, the charity bestowed with real feeling, the impulse to share one's happiness, are all but the higher self within seeking to impress itself upon the sordid lower life.

And They who sit at the helm, guiding the course of the Hierarchy of Life, can feel the response to the touch of their thought, and give of their help willingly and gladly. Saviours the world has always had, but Crucifixion and death have been their reward until now. Now, in, truth, they may die; worn out by pain and service, but crucified they can never be again—that much have they won during the long Battle of the Ages. For these Helpers of Humanity have awakened and drawn to their service those who in turn are glad to help them, glad to be permitted to “render noble service” in the struggle for the uplifting of Humanity.

So the fight goes on; but with hope, courage, and the assurance of ultimate success. The old sin-darkened earth feels the spiritual glow which is already illuminating her mountain peaks, and leaps forward as though into new Space! And she is entering new space; a space peopled with new thought-currents and purer and more perfect thought-creations. Earth is ever what men make it; and if we have made it a hell, we alone are to blame, and we alone can redeem and make it the heaven which it ought to be.

Unity and Brotherhood, helping and sharing, joy and peace—these are the watch-words of the New Cycle. The New Cycle Unity Congress which has just been held is a type and forerunner of the glorious days which await the full dawn of the Golden Age. It would not—it could not—have been possible even so short a time as five years ago. Glad enough were we to feel the force and encouragement arising from bodily presence at our old Congresses, and the thought that we could reach out in heart-touch and soul-union, though continents and seas divided, seemed an idle dream until it was conceived and actually carried out. Even as Nehemiah rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem by setting to

each the task of erecting anew that portion before his own house, so the Leader set to each Lodge the task of lighting the beacon fires of Brotherhood on its own mountain tops, with the result that the whole world was ablaze with light.

It was amazing, unique, but a grand demonstration of the power and fact of Hierarchal Consciousness. Men are but parts of one grand Whole; they are synthesized and unified in the great cosmic Oversoul. The means of the widowed and orphaned, the cries of the laborers whose wages have been kept back, the shrieks of the wounded and dying in our unholy battles—these are the discords to which the Heart of Being has been compelled to listen for ages. If men could but catch the dreadful, forceful, hierarchal note of all the moaning orphans of this greed-cursed world as it unites and is synthesized in the Oversoul, how would the walls of their Jerichos of pride, ambition, wealth and power, fall into the dust-heap of a common repentance and a common humiliation.

We must recognize this common, hierarchal consciousness; that brotherhood is a *fact* in nature; that the woe of one is the woe of all; that the sin of one is the shame and sorrow of all; that the joy of one is also the joy of every soul on earth—aye, and in the heavens above the earth! We have had an object lesson in this Congress; let us learn and take it to heart. We have felt that time and space were not, when men were united in heart and mind. Each Lodge felt the influx of the force from other centers; each saw the glow of the beacon fires on distant hills; each heard from afar the cry, "To your tents, O Israel!" For a brief time, at least, all felt the underlying unity of life; the protection and peace with which the Oversoul broods over its humblest unit.

All hail to the dawn of the Golden Age! to the days when the Divine Kings of old will again consent to rule over men! Small wonder that the large-hearted are everywhere viewing with growing dissatisfaction the creeds which have blind-folded them and so shut out true spiritual vision! "God is a Spirit," said one of old, "and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth." Men are realizing that this is true. "Mine" and "thine" are giving place to "ours"; the recognition of the brotherhood of man is also the recognition of the Fatherhood of God. "Christ is risen," indeed, for in the hearts of men is the true East, and only there can the Sun of Righteousness arise.

Brothers, all, let us take hope, and fight on with renewed strength. Battling for humanity, what matters to us the regimental colors carried next to ours in the field? Call we our Gods Jehovah, or Brahm; appeal to them in the name of Buddha, Mohammed or Christ, if we are striving to lead men to a higher life we are brothers, and are fighting Wrong, Sin and Darkness. Only one duty we have—to face the common foe; only one common privilege—to fight and to die in the front of the fray. Shame to us if we enshroud ourselves in the grave-clothes of creed; if we babble of "my God," and "thy God," and fail to perceive they are the very same! Let us tolerate each others religious beliefs with all love and charity; they are but the outer robes which conceal the

same divine form. Let us in the West, and who affirm that ours is a Christian civilization, lay to heart the reply of the Master to the Pharisee who asked:

“Master, which is the great commandment in the law?” Jesus said unto

“Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy him:

soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, *and the second is like unto it.* THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.”

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## WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

By PAX DRANOEL.

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Rejoice, we are allied  
 To that which doth provide  
 And not partake, effect and not receive!  
 A spark disturbs our clod;  
 Nearer we hold of God  
 Who gives, than of his tribes who take. I must believe.  
 —ROBERT BROWNING.



THE life of the personality is mainly directed to securing for itself a comfortable easy chair and slippers; a coign of vantage where it may recline at ease and draw tribute from the world around it with the maximum of satisfaction and the minimum of effort. But there comes a time in the life of the individual when the clarion tones of the divine proclamation, “Ye are gods,” rings through his being and the personality starts up affrighted from his petty employment of acquiring comforts, and excitedly inquires the probable effect of the announcement of the divinity of man upon his (the personality’s) future prospects.

At first it seems to us that a life of incessant activity without hope of any personal return must needs be an insipid and profitless existence. “What is there in this for me?” is the first question that rises to our lips when pressed to enter upon any new enterprise, and this eminently prudent and natural question seems to be ignored by the Divine Presence, who has at last succeeded in making his voice heard above the ceaseless clamor of the all-acquiring personality.

I was greatly helped by watching my mother at work in her garden through some months of last summer, and I got, as I thought, some glimpse of the satisfaction which must eternally spring up in the heart of the great Saviours of the race, though from the outsider’s point of view they appear to live lives of ceaseless toil with no apparent recompense.

Beyond a few handfuls of flowers for table decoration, she had no reward for her unremitting labors, and yet, like Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita, she was “constantly in action.” From dawn to dark her leisure moments were devoted

to her flowers and shrubs. At one moment she would be watering a patch of seedlings, at another she would be pruning back an over lusty shoot; she would loosen the compacted soil round a downtrodden favorite or remove a devastating snail to his last long home in the brine jug, and I often asked myself what could be the motive of all this labor, and what the expected end of all this toil.

I think my mother had never considered the question philosophically. She was just goaded on by the divine instinct of betterment and the joy of aiding Nature to produce lovely forms, bright colors, and to freight the passing breezes with perfume.

My observations set me to thinking whether we might not infuse a new motive into our lives, a motive that might dominate our whole being, and though we had completely forsworn ambition and cast it aside as a rotten nut, might force us to work with all the fervid zeal of an aspiring politician or the intense concentration of the would-be millionaire.

A person engaged among plants, intent on providing conditions for the harmonious development of the flowers under his care, does really, I believe, have a foretaste of the joy of the creative gods who sang this world into being.

It is no small thing to be a gardener. It is no small thing to take a sour and stunted crab apple and to produce by wise selection the hundreds of varieties of beautiful apples that adorn our orchards.

And we in the Universal Brotherhood may have a yet greater source of satisfaction in going down into the dark places of the earth and bringing up the stunted flower buds of humanity and giving them the right conditions for their development. We can take a child from an environment where it seems doomed to a life of crime and transplant it to Point Loma among the flowers and incessant sunshine. But this is not all. Each child so rescued is destined to become a world worker, for from his nursery and school he emerges, "radiant, rejoicing, strong," a passionate lover of all that breathes, and goes forth into the world as a focus of health-giving healing streams for the good of all he meets.

The cost of living in this Arcadia is very small, and I think there must be many of us who by a little self denial could maintain a child here.

What a wonderful alchemy that would be, to take dollars devoted to gratification of the senses and transmute them into the life labors of an effective worker for humanity on our lines, which are those of Nature. Imagine a man or a woman, well grown, erect, clean and competent and holding his varied powers in the grip of an absolute control, going forth through the coming century as a light bearer and herald of the coming age of Universal Brotherhood, and all at the price of a few thwarted unhealthy cravings of our vanishing personality. To maintain an army of such workers will not be difficult, for, having food and raiment, they will be content, and as for recompense from the race they will serve, they might reply in the words of a well known Christian hymn:

"And I will ask for no reward  
Except to serve thee still."

# THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.\*

By E. A. NERESHEIMER.



**M**ONG the societies and organizations in this latter-day civilization, there are many who in one way or another aim to improve the conditions of human life. However, when we look into their special fields of operation, we find that they concern themselves mostly with the outward aspect of these conditions and with the appearance of things; not one goes deep enough into the essentials nor takes cognizance of the fundamental truth that Humanity is one and indivisible. Without this concept, and without the realization of the fact that the welfare of one is the welfare of all, these endeavors are but palliatives (if nothing worse), therefore they will never succeed in establishing permanent improvement of these conditions.

The Universal Brotherhood Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; its purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and make it a living power in the Life of Humanity. This platform does not appeal at first sight to the every-day man and woman, who, as a rule, are so deeply engaged in trying to obtain a bit of the universe for themselves that there is no inclination left for the consideration of such things. But the time will come when everyone without exception, must not only become cognizant of these truths, but must bear his share of co-operative work with nature. It is quite a new science that has been born to the world by the advent of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, a new science in this respect that it affirms faculties of human nature which have hitherto been relegated to obscurity and repressed by the desire of individual assertion which was coincident with material development. This new science is the science of the soul; it teaches that the human being is more than what he appears to be or what he thinks he is.

There is an indissoluble link between all humanity, which is expressed in the sympathy of man for man. You need only to consult your own experiences. If anything happens by way of accident to anyone, or if you see a cripple, or an idiot, there is something which at once wells up in your own consciousness that is undeniably akin to fellow-feeling. The tenderness of the heart is active in all human beings, no matter how debased. Physical pains of others, the troubles and despair which they experience, give us a moral shock arousing a feeling of condolence, even compassion, and a desire to help. All this is so universal and absolutely incontrovertible, that in it we must recognize the expressions of the soul and that there is something wonderfully deep in human nature to which we have not yet given proper attention.

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\*Address given at the New Cycle Unity Congress at the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, New York, April 15th, 1900.

There is also the dual aspect of human nature. Each one is capable of high aspirations and at the same time he knows that there is something base, low, and mean in his make-up, and it is according to how one exercises his will and develops the one or the other side of his nature that a person comes to be what he is. But the saintliest person is not without the possibility of the opposite characteristics, nor is the vilest without the divine spark. When we go a little farther, we see that the experience of one is also the experience of all, and if we analyze the operations of our mind and note our feelings with unbiased judgment, we will know what are the feelings of others. They are the same as ours. How, then, if we are all so much alike, all having the same joys, the same aspirations, the same desires, temptations, tendencies, and failings, how can it be otherwise than that we are all a Brotherhood indeed.

Now, when you observe the processes of nature where everything proceeds according to rigid laws and order, everything tending to unfold toward progress, to become more beautiful, more perfect, may it not be that humanity in its present stage is but going through a period or part of its unfolding and progress? Yes. Logic and experience affirm this; it must be so. It is so! We are not the insignificant, silly things that we appear to be; as human beings, we are the apex, the flower of evolution,—each human being has the experience of the ages behind him, even this present life is but a day in the grand period of our existence. There was no time when we did not exist, nor can there be any time when we shall cease to be,—no one unit can be spared from the universal economy,—each one is as necessary as the other, and if it were possible to annihilate one single unit, it would be possible to annihilate the whole universe, God included. If you further observe the processes of nature, you will find that in no department is nature ever quiescent. Nature is never still, but ever changing, transforming, building, progressing, unfolding,—yet never repeating itself. Knowing this, should you venture to assert that it can be different with the human being? It can not be. Man is subject to the same laws as everything else, and having arrived at the height of physical and mental evolution to the point where he is becoming self-conscious and invested with the power and privilege of exercising free will, he has become individually responsible for every act, thought, and deed, and must go on evolving through higher and higher stages toward perfection. We are the creators of our own destinies; we are now reaping what we have sown in times past. The more potent our will, the greater the responsibility; the more power we possess, the greater our trust, the greater our liability for its right use. Every hair on our heads is accounted for; we have not one too many nor one too few. Our physical bodies, our dispositions, talents, genius or the absence of it, have been made by ourselves under the action of inflexible law, and what we will hereafter be depends upon ourselves; we are making the future in the same way as the present has been made by the past. Immeasurable heights of accomplishments are before us, all of which we must attain to in due sequence, event following event; nature does nothing by leaps or jumps, everything goes gradual, natural, correct, as it must.

When considering the absence of co-operation among men; the almost universal prevalence of unrest and dissatisfaction with present conditions of life, you may be able to appreciate the necessity of an organization like this which declares and emphasizes that Brotherhood is a fact in nature and seeks to demonstrate it. It may interest you to know that this organization has centers and lodges all over the world. It is established on the grandest principles the world has ever known, and without it, this civilization would certainly perish like others have perished before. The present period of time is one in which humanity has been going through an intellectual development, and in this one-sided development, man's larger nature is being lost sight of. We can readily imagine that if the general trend of selfishness and separateness is not arrested, dreadful consequences will ensue. The spirit of competition, unaided by attention to the duties that each man owes the other, will not permit Humanity to progress toward a state of happiness and bliss, but instead misery, waste, and ruin will be the result. There is nothing except a recognition and practice of the principles of Brotherhood that will save our civilization from destruction.

In the wise administration of this organization every field of human progress has been considered and provided for. There is a humanitarian department called the International Brotherhood League, whose first object is "to help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life." This development of the Universal Brotherhood carries into practical operation the humanitarian side of the ideals of the organization. There is another department whose aim it is to emphasize music and drama as true educational factors. Another department has for its object the establishment of a world-library and the preservation of a complete system of philosophy of the origin and destiny of cosmos and man.

The philosophy on which the Universal Brotherhood is founded has existed in all ages, and during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, beginning in 1875, it was revived by H. P. Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society in New York in that year. Madame Blavatsky was the author of remarkable works treating on the origin, evolution, and destiny of the universe and man. Among these works are "Isis Unveiled," "The Secret Doctrine," and "The Key to Theosophy," which have laid the foundation to a voluminous literature, all of which has been produced during the last twenty-five years. The fundamental tenets are the unity of all existing things, the essential divinity of man, and rebirth and retribution, or the demonstration of the inflexible law of cause and effect. The consideration of these leads to the invariable conclusion that human existence far antedates the present life, and that the present stage of development has been reached by gradual and successive steps and that the future is without end. A great boon has been conferred upon this civilization by the Teachers in this Movement by making such truths as: "that universal justice rules the world," "that man is essentially divine," and "that perfectibility is within his power," once more accessible to human knowledge in such a way that they can be easily understood. The sting of the fear of death, which has so long hung over Humanity like Damocles' sword, has been removed for those



who can conceive themselves to be integral parts of the great economy of the universe and that they are one with the great body of Humanity.

Humanity has at no time been without its divine helpers who have aided in its spiritual development. H. P. Blavatsky was one of these Helpers. Her works will be known in due course of time, and her mission will be appreciated as being equal in importance with the accepted Teachers and Saviours of the world, like Buddha, Confucius, and Jesus. William Q. Judge, who was her immediate successor, gathered together a number of students from all parts of the world to study the philosophy and to induce them to make an attempt to live it. Under his hand the literature was preserved in its original purity and introduced and expanded to its present importance. The work of these two Leaders represents the incipient phases of the development of the movement. It was reserved, however, for the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, to develop an entirely new phase of the movement. Inasmuch as the philosophy had heretofore taken hold only theoretically, there remained the necessity for making it "a living power" in the life of those who preached it; under this Leader's wise, bold, and fearless administration, it now changed into a most practical way. She showed that no matter how great and true the philosophy might be, it was useless unless it was *lived and practiced in actual life*. It was she who founded the International Brotherhood League, the Isis League of Music and Drama, the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, and the Cuban Colony, and many other activities. All of these undertakings have been enormously successful in bringing the sublime philosophy down into practical life, and each of these furnishes a separate and appropriate vehicle for the dissemination of these truths. At this time there are many workers engaged who have no other aim in life than to work and work in this great Cause which is destined to succeed in spiritualizing the growing intellectuality of the age and to elevate the degraded concepts of the permanency, gloriousness, and blissful powers of the soul.

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"What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally as arduous in actual as in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

R. W. EMERSON.

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"Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern."

EPICTETUS.

## “UNBROTHERLINESS—THE INSANITY OF THE AGE.”

By I. H. FUSSELL.



OUR Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley, has declared that “Unbrotherliness is the Insanity of the Age,” and although most people recognize the beauty of Brotherhood as an ideal and a state devoutly to be wished, yet as a rule they do not look upon Unbrotherliness as insanity.

We all understand to some degree what is meant by unbrotherliness and what by insanity, but the two are not usually connected in our minds. Insanity is non-health, or disease of the mind, and anything that is to us abnormal we class as insane. But there are many things which appear to us abnormal which among others are considered normal and right. Many of the practices among certain tribes and so-called savages are regarded by them as being sacred and right, but which if carried out by any one in our modern civilization would render him liable to be confined in a lunatic asylum. According to the standards of the world, unbrotherliness is considered perfectly normal and sane and the statement, “Self preservation is the first law of nature” is regarded as a proper, and, indeed, the only right basis on which civilization is built. A business man and, indeed, almost every one will say that he must guard his own interests and attend to them first, that later he can attend to the interests of others. This is pretty normal as things go, and by the majority of people is not considered insanity.

But let us look at the little children, when they come fresh and sweet and pure from the other world. It is natural to them to make friends, to make other people happy, to be no respecter of persons, except of those who are base inside—and many a little one knows when this is so; but speaking broadly, the attitude of the little people is one of brotherhood until they are educated out of it. This education usually begins in the family. They are taught to discriminate, not in accordance with the inner character, and most children have keener perceptions in regard to this than the grown-ups, but in accordance with the outer appearance; they are told not to go with this or that one of their little friends with whom perhaps there may be the deepest bonds of sympathy. This education, if such it can be called, is continued in school, where the key-note is competition, and getting ahead of the others; then finally in the broader school of life’s experience it is again competition, each man for himself. Thus it is that the seed of unbrotherliness is sown and nurtured.

It may exist in the child’s own nature, but it is dormant and usually does not become active until made so, and instead of being repressed and checked, it

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is awakened and fostered both by precept and example, and that which is at first abnormal to most children, becomes later the mainspring in their lives, and the result is unbrotherliness.

Unbrotherliness has become normal to our civilization. It has become a custom and the only sane course to pursue, but we must go further back than custom; we must judge by a deeper standard. Is unbrotherliness a part of the scheme of nature or a part of the plan of God? If it is not, then ultimately it is abnormal, it is insanity, and if we were to inquire into nearly all the misery in the world we should find that its source lay in unbrotherliness.

The idea that man must look after himself and guard his own interests comes from the supposition that he stands alone and separate from others and hence, if he does not take care of his own interests, nobody else will. This is a fallacy from beginning to end as it is ordinarily conceived, although paradoxically there is an element of truth in it. To look after oneself and guard one's own interests is to isolate oneself and to become an Ishmael, whose hand is against every man's and every man's hand against him. But man does not stand alone, he cannot stand alone, though he may foolishly base his actions upon the idea that he does. Yet, if he will think about it he will see that no man or community, nation or race, can stand alone, that this very earth itself depends for its very existence upon the sun and other heavenly bodies. Everywhere is there interdependence, and it is only because of this as a fact and basis that it has been possible to open up intercommunication among all peoples and races of the earth, each man and each race contributing something to the general life and receiving an exact equivalent in return. The world cannot live without you or me. The universe could not exist if you or I were not in it. Every one is in a sense the centre, the keystone in the arch. If this is true, then indeed we have a place in the universe which some day we shall find and know. This will be as we realize our interdependence one upon another, that is, brotherhood.

How comes it that there is so much unbrotherliness, that there is such a crying need for brotherhood, that though we may admire such as an ideal, we fail to make it an actuality in our lives? Yet Nature insists that we shall recognize brotherhood either in one way or another. If we will not do it willingly, she compels us to recognize it unwillingly. If we will not recognize the brotherhood of joy and happiness, of compassionate helpfulness, she compels us to experience the brotherhood of pain, of suffering and disease. Nature forces us to recognize that if one of our brothers is suffering from disease we must care for him, otherwise the disease will spread. Just now she is teaching a lesson on brotherhood through the bubonic plague which threatens even the civilized western world in spite of all precautionary, sanitary methods.

If this is true of disease on the outer plane, it is true also on the inner. What is true of the physical nature is also true of the moral. There is but one law that governs all planes alike. Each one can experience this for himself. If we go into certain districts of any great city, simply passing through them, we feel their influence. We rejoice to be near certain people; we are depressed,

even repelled by others, and if we do not recognize this, if we do not care for and aid our brothers who are morally diseased just as we care for and aid those who are physically diseased, the time will come when the moral disease will burst its bounds and as the plague threatens to invade our civilized countries so will moral disease invade our homes. Thus Nature forces this brotherhood upon us because we will not recognize the brotherliness that she herself desires. Brotherhood is a fact from which we cannot escape, and through it we reap joy or woe, according as we give or refuse to give our willing co-operation to Nature and work with her. Brotherliness is in accordance with the purposes of nature. It is health, sanity—unbrotherliness is disease, insanity.

The Universal Brotherhood Organization has for its main purpose to teach that brotherhood is a fact in nature and to make it a living power in the life of humanity.

What is man? Is man merely a physical being with a mind? Is he the outcome of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest? In one sense he is, for only the fittest can survive and that which will ultimately survive in him will be only the fittest and in accordance with the purposes of Nature. But what is the origin of man? Is he simply a product of evolution? Whatever the origin of man, that also is his destiny. Whatever the origin of anything that also is its destiny. Man is not only a physical being, man is not only a thinking being. There is something else higher and deeper than thought. A man is far more than a creature of passions and desires, of sensations or even of thought. Man is a divine being and we may know that he is in essence divine from the fact that it is possible for us to have divine aspirations, divine conceptions, which would be impossible were there not a divine essence within. On the other hand, he has the possibility of the lowest passions and the power to realize the awful depths of sin. At one time he reaches up to the heavens, then at another he finds himself in the deeps of hell. Which is the man? Whence his origin? The man who has the courage, the will, to assert that his origin is in the heavens will find himself slowly climbing from height to height to very divinity. He will know that his own nature is this divinity, and that the hells into which he still may fall are his own making, the result of his own thoughts and deeds.

All the great Teachers of the world have taught this. They have taught the same divine origin, the same divine destiny for all men. Christ's teachings on this are plain: "This is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He commands: "Ye shall be perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." His new commandment is: "That ye love one another." So, too, taught Buddha and all the great Teachers of the world. So, too, in these latter days, have taught our Teachers, for this age has not been left without its Teachers, and again the same message of brotherliness, love and compassion has been taught to the world.

In the light of these teachings and in the light of the processes and methods of Nature, unbrotherliness is insanity. All the great Teachers of the world

base their teachings upon love, upon brotherhood. Their lives are an exemplification of it and if we look at them we can see how far we have wandered from the right way. The sun shines upon all, upon the evil and the good; the rain falls upon all alike, upon the just and the unjust. But there is this important fact, brotherhood does not mean equality.

There are some who ignorantly desire equality. They do not like that others should be regarded, or in fact be, greater, nobler or wiser than themselves. Even societies have been formed for the purpose of reducing all to a dead-level equality. But this is not Nature's brotherhood. There is an identity in essence, there is an equality of possibility, but there is no equality in attainment. There is no equality in Nature; no two men, no two blades of grass, no two stars, are equal, yet brotherhood exists between them all; it is a brotherhood of elder and younger.

Then there are others to whom the idea of brotherhood appeals but who think that the "other fellow" should begin first. Their idea of brotherhood is to get something, but the true brother is he who seeks to give and to help—not unwisely, for brotherhood is not sentimentality, but demands the use of all our powers with whatever knowledge and wisdom we may possess. It demands that we should first of all recognize the divinity that is in the hearts of all, but it demands also that we should recognize our own failings and the failings of our brothers; that we should recognize the duality, the higher and lower natures, the infinite potentiality for good and also the possibility for evil in ourselves and in others.

Brotherliness is not a blind sentimentality that refuses to see the weaknesses and failings of our brother, but on the contrary, it is that which checks and restrains and hinders the evil, not only in ourselves, but in others, evoking and calling out the higher and nobler side. Thus ever is it in our power, both to give and to receive help. We know that we have younger brothers whom we may help, and, too, we may take courage from the fact that there are also elder brothers who ever hold out the hand of love and helpfulness to us as we pass through the dark places in life.

That a man may perform his whole duty and perfect work demands that he shall be in perfect health, not alone physically, not alone mentally, and not alone morally, but throughout his whole being, spiritual, mental, moral and physical,—each part in perfect harmony with the others, guided and controlled from the divine centre and heart of his life. If in one part of his being he is sick or unbalanced, he so far fails in his perfect work. So, too, as long as there is discord, inharmony, unbrotherliness, in the great being, Humanity, Humanity will fail of its perfect work.

Brotherhood is not equality. It is harmony. It is as the harmony of a great orchestra, each player of which contributes to and is sustained by the harmony of the whole, and as the heights of music and of song of a great orchestra, so shall be the achievements and the progress of Humanity, when it recognizes brotherhood as a fact in nature, when it makes brotherliness the keynote of its life, and harmony the pathway of its attainment.

## HEAVEN AND HELL.

By F. M. PIERCE.



F consciousness is existence or life, then whatever exists must be endowed with consciousness adequate to its plane of evolution.

The rock embedded in the mountain-chain helps in its massive stability to build and sustain the towering continental divides. Dormant for untold ages it is finally released by the kindly elements, and as a separate unit or individual stone, it starts on its way to the valley, gaining experience or character, and symmetry and beauty of form, in the grind and turmoil of the dark cañon, the cataract and the swirling pool, with here and there a rest place in the sands of the level stretches, until finally it becomes sand itself, and rich soil from which abundant harvests spring to feed the higher kingdoms, and to become of them a part.—of the plant, the vegetable, the animal, of the brute-man, man, and man-god, even up to the highest God. Through nature's stately moving, divine, alchemical process of evolution, its inner urging principle rises from the one consciousness of infinite elementary matter, to absorption into the one consciousness of infinite deity.

What but ignorance dares dispute this self-evident fact?—the ceaseless, orderly, majestic, compassionate evolution of the self-unconscious embedded soul in atoms, to finally become one with the all-consciousness of the divine. Is man less than the stone? Is the whole less than the part? Is not the evolution or life of one that of the other? "There is but one, eternal law."

Man is the flower and fruitage of the evolution of all the lower kingdoms. His tap root is the central life of all. As he grows straight and strong and god-like *through their proper use*, his entrained life, running down through the nether kingdoms, is made abundant and perfect in himself and them, or they and he are dwarfed and hemmed in by desolation and death, when he uses them ill, or not at all.

As he is master of these, either for weal or woe, so must he be master of the forces or laws governing earth-life.

And what of his rule and kingdom? The moaning ocean, the sighing winds, the groaning earth, and devastating breath of fire give answer.

These manifested elemental gods, in maddening agony from their unused pent-up energy, break forth and devastate their sleeping, selfish, master's home, and swallow whole continents of living things, in rebellious protest, until aroused through terror, anguish and despair, he cries to all *without* himself—to mind-made gods and fiends—to help and save or to annihilate.

He has created hell in this his earthly home, and circumscribed its boundaries to his habitations. Between the upper and the nether millstones of the higher gods and lower elemental chiefs, his shell of selfish personality is, after

untold and self-imposed suffering, ground away, and the pure and chastened soul or selfless man emerges from the chaos as the true and ever conscious master, to command peace and joy throughout his realm, by utilizing every energy of nature—himself a part—for common benefit of all.

He, the man-god, has forced the doors of his mental torture-house and dungeon, to live and reign in earth, now changed by him to Paradise or Heaven.

He sees that Heaven and Hell are states of his own consciousness in this his earthly and all future lives; that he alone, the master soul, makes both for himself and all that lives.

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## THE YOUNG KNIGHT'S PRAYER.

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Lord God of Hosts! Father of all the brave!  
 I stand before thine altar here to-night,  
 Alone, and to thee dedicate my *self*.  
 My weapons I have laid before thy shrine, for they  
 Are thine, not mine, till I have made them so  
 By knightly deeds well done, and battles fought  
 With worthy foemen.

Grant me now my prayer!  
 Let me encounter mighty men, heroic, fearless and strong,  
 Give unto all my foes courage, and hope, and pure nobility;  
 That when we meet in battle we may feel  
 Thy glory round us; and the joy of Life,  
 And joy of Death, and joy of great endeavor  
 Shall make Holy all that battlefield.

GAWAIN.  
 (From *The Crusader*.)

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## MAN'S MIGHTY DESTINY.

By HENRY T. EDGE.



TO HELP the human race to realize its grand and mighty destiny—that is the declared object of the Universal Brotherhood Society; an object familiar to all who have read its prospectuses and are conversant with its literature and phraseology.

To some this may be a mere form of words, an idle phrase, a grandiloquent expression, designed to stand in ornate capitals at the head of a prospectus, or to sound sweet in the mouths of some exotic clique of cranks or dilletanti. Our modern world is so full of gaudy shams and big, swelling advertisements that phrases have lost their meaning and fall ineffectual upon our deafened ears. But let us consider the present state of humanity and the open and declared work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and see how true and real that avowed object is in its bearing upon the problem of human life.

To begin with, let us ask: *What is man's mighty destiny?* And in answering the question, let us invoke the aid of no set creed nor authoritative gospel, but see if we cannot infer our conclusions from the observed facts of human nature.

Looking, then, at man, we find him to be a creature endowed with a restless and ever-aspiring spirit, but surrounded by circumstances and conditions which fetter and limit that spirit, so that man is always striving to alter and improve them. Humanity has for ages been discontented, has not found its circumstances adequate to its aspirations, and has always been seeking and striving after something higher and better. There is in man a *something* which is greater and grander than the bodily and circumstantial environment, a something which demands ever more perfect expression—a *growing* force like that which unfolds the acorn and spreads the ample and perfect tree. This growing force can never be repressed; it makes itself felt in every rank of life. Even the professed materialist, though he would fain secure harmony by trying to stifle this importunate voice and make it move to the slow measure of a humdrum life, is obliged to yield to it when he frames his strange, uncouth theories. It drives him to extremes in his vaunted moderation; he has to be an out-and-out materialist; he must deny *everything*; and his "atom" assumes the proportions of a deity of the first order. Even the selfish recluse is driven by this ever-aspiring, illimitable fire to actions which frustrate his desired retirement; and, taking a partner to his pleasures, becomes the father of a family, being thus forced by nature's laws which he has invoked to undergo the sacrifices and generous toils of parentship. No one can remain still; all *must* move in *some* direction.

Let it be admitted, then, that man is growing; for it is a fact which no



one will be disposed to deny, resting as it does upon no dogmatic sanction nor authoritative dictum, but on the observation and experience of all. The next question that arises is: *Is there any limit to man's growth?*

To this question the members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization answer an emphatic "no." There is that in us which forbids us to entertain for a moment the idea that we have ceased or can cease growing. Man is full of unrealized aspirations and ambitions, restless and searching as ever; not like an old man, who has learnt all he can for one life and is resting on the fruits of the past, but like a man still young and ambitious. All around us are questions and searchings and strivings; we all feel the approach of a more gladsome day; our present condition is not so comfortable but that we can one and all imagine a better. Looking around upon Nature, teeming with its countless marvels of perfection, wherein the Divine Spirit has expressed Itself in endless and unfathomable beauty and variety, we find man the only incomplete and inharmonious being. The greater part of his wondrous nature remains as yet unexpressed; he is like a plant that has so far produced only leaves; the blossom is still stirring and struggling within, awaiting the day of its unfolding. Man's life is not a perpetual joy, even if it is ever a joy in the true sense of the word. Men have asked, "Is life worth living?" Weary bards have sung odes of woe, and pessimistic philosophers have invented marvelous cut-and-dried schemes of materialism. Religion gives up this life in despair and points to death as the gateway to possible bliss of an uncertain character. A "favored" few spend their days in the fever of pleasure or the monotony of cultured ease, and perchance mistake that for joy; while a far larger host grind an endless mill of labor to feed their bodies, harassed by worry and want.

Is this the goal for which Humanity was placed upon earth? To toil and sweat and snatch his uncertain pleasures at the expense of his neighbor, or to die and go to heaven?

Is it not possible that a day will dawn when man can call himself happy, and sing from his heart, "Verily life is joy?" Will he never finish learning his toilsome and tedious lesson, and become serene and joyous and beautiful like the other products of creation? Will he always be a creature of doubt and despair, anxiety and fear? Why is man so unhappy and discordant in so harmonious and peaceful a universe?

Surely it is because he alone of all creatures is endowed with a free will, an intelligent power of choice. It is this tremendous and hazardous power that makes his life such a critical and significant one. It enables him to overleap the protecting and guiding laws that limit other creatures to their proper and safe spheres, and to rush wildly into adventures in his search for a larger and fuller life. Thus he has strayed away from the peaceful and divine life from which he came and has become lost in the darkness of outer regions, where glimmer the fires of selfish lust and low cunning, where self-seeking and cautious expediency replace holy trust and the certainty of knowledge.

But man has lost paradise only in order that he may regain it, for there

is more joy in heaven over one soul that, being lost, has returned, than over many who have never strayed. To quit the joys of an innocent Paradise, to combat evil, and, combatting, to conquer it, and to choose the right—that is man's destiny. He is a divine messenger upon earth, charged with the glorious task of informing and controlling the lower kingdoms of nature. He descends into the nether world, loses for a time his sight of heaven, fights with the lusty dark forces, and finally wins and returns with the spoils of his conquest—a *perfect* man, having dominion over that which is above and that which is below.

Man's mighty destiny, then, is to regain the knowledge of his soul. By doing so he will unite heaven with earth, for he has explored all the regions of the lower creation until he has identified himself thoroughly with earth. Now he has to regain his original divine and spiritual knowledge, so that he may make a heaven upon this earth; not waste his time in waiting for a dim heaven after death and up in the clouds, but make a heaven here whither he has been sent.

He has to remember that the Soul is immortal, eternal, and that the body is as a garment which suffices for the needs of one day's work. Death must be regarded as a sleeping, for the resting of the Soul, before it resumes in another body its task upon earth. Hence the Universal Brotherhood upholds the forgotten truth of REBIRTH, and seeks to dispel that fatuous delusion which assigns to man but a single short life upon earth, and which makes every question of life seem so difficult and insoluble.

He has to remember that the Soul is ONE and not many. Man has strayed into the life of selfishness, and dwells in a narrow prison-house of self, isolated from the limitless and teeming life around him. He shuts himself up in a little world of his own, feeding on prejudices and caprices and personal aims and desires; this narrow life has grown so familiar to him that he can scarcely imagine a wider. The ideal of unselfishness has been presented to him in an unpalatable form—as a painful obligation, a kind of mortification, a penance undergone in view of possible *post-mortem* recompense.

The Universal Brotherhood holds up unselfishness as a *joy*, a *liberation*, a glorious and happy awakening from troubled dreams. For it means the awakening of the SOUL. When the Soul awakens, man will arise with a shout of joy and say that "Life is Joy." There is a heaven for man, and it is here on earth; it will come when he has realized the fact that all Life is One. The selfish man is a fool, for no joy can penetrate into his narrow cell; the warm, bright glow of Soul-life cannot be felt in any single isolated breast, but must find response in a harmony of human hearts. This is the true "fellow-feeling." Lovers know the joy of escaping from self, when for a time they lose their sense of personal isolation in conscious blending with another soul. This is the ever-present reminder of the far fuller life, the far deeper joys, that await us when we throw aside the intolerable weight of personal life and live for humanity instead of for self. Let that one universally known *fact* of the lovers' bliss

be an example to us of the certain joy and freedom that attends the forgetting of self.

The Universal Brotherhood aims at bringing back into humanity the *joy of soul-life*. All its efforts and activities are means to that end, and they can all be explained by that one clue. Otherwise they might seem to be diverse and incoherent. Music, the elevation of the drama, the promotion of community-life, the practice of hygienic living, the training of children, the teaching of Rebirth and other half-forgotten truths—all are carried on with this same object in view, to bring back to forlorn humanity the joy of life and the knowledge of its grand and glorious destiny.

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## LIFE IS JOY.

By HERBERT CORYN, M. D.

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IT IS remarkable that the idea and phrase "Life is Joy" is not a thumb-greased truism. Though every one knows it, nine people out of ten would dispute it. They are confusing Life with the events that occur in it. Yet it is the *man* who has the life; the *events* are only a panorama that unfolds before him. And every one knows that the more life he has the more he enjoys himself. His joy is proportionate to his life. The pleasure or pain he gets out of events is due to the fact that those events do actually—or bid fair to—increase or diminish his amount of life.

Sensation calls out life from its deeps, and then wastes it. Men know, seek, and welcome the first phenomenon; the second they know imperfectly or not at all. They get the joy and forget the reaction. So they make bad habits many, many incarnations old, and cannot get over them without great difficulty; or think they cannot, which comes to the same thing.

The search for joy is really the search for life, and is perfectly legitimate under certain conditions. Expressed in terms of joy, it is legitimate when the joy obtained has no back flavor of bitterness, and does not involve a reaction. In terms of life, it is legitimate when the life is not called out to be wasted—that is, when the process is not in reality a step to death.

Whether physical or spiritual, joy appears to be a burning more brightly of that consciousness which lives at the heart.

The Hindus express the supreme condition by one tripartite word—*Satchid-ananda*, meaning Being-Consciousness-Joy; but I think they did not recognize the possibility of the maintenance of this while in ordinary life on earth.

We need not wait on events to get joy. If we do, we must necessarily have sorrow when the joy-bringing event is departed.

Joy is full of tones, and they must all be sounded; else the vehicle (*man*) gets exhausted. Lighting up joy in the heart begets joy in others; they give answer with *their* note; the thrill passes and repasses, to and fro, and the double overtones make rich chords that ever and ever enrich themselves by provocation in other men.

If a man sounds only the note of his lower, personal nature (*i. e.*, seeks sensation) his bodily vehicle must become exhausted; he is breeding himself in and in, and must become spiritually cretinistic.

It must be a good thing to practice making joy in the heart, independently of events, thinking "Life is Joy." No success may seem to come for a long time, but, in the odd moments of attempt each day, power is gathering, and one day the man will find he has a great measure of it, so that his heart will feel actually as if there were a warm gold flame in it. It may go away in a few minutes, but if he goes on it will gradually become permanent and shine into all his duties. Even for those few minutes he has got beyond personality, got to know something of what the soul (which he is then beginning to become, a god-soul) is like, and what the world-heart is like.

It was said, "The Deity geometrizes." This was the world-*mind*; the world-*heart* energizes in all-productive love; the geometry is the conditioning form of its energy. Study the form last or you wither, but man has ultimately to reach both. Wisdom, Love and Joy must be our trinity of attainment, and they are comprehended in Life.

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"Why is there no end to the emotions flowing out of a devotee's heart? When grain is measured out of the granary of a rich corn-merchant, the measurer himself does not go to bring the grain from the store like a petty shop keeper; no, he goes on measuring unceasingly while the attendant women keep on constantly supplying grain with their full laden baskets. Similarly the secret of the inexhaustible store of a true Bhakta's sentiment is due to the fact that God Himself constantly inspires the thoughts and sentiments that arise in the hearts of his devotees; whereas the wise man who draws his inspiration from books, like the petty shop keeper, finds his thoughts soon exhausted."

—*The Brahmavadin.*

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"Whatever you dislike in another person, take care to correct in yourself."

SPRAT.

# EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.


By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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## XIV.

Revolt of Tafnekht.—His Denunciation of Mena.—Bokkhoris.—His New Laws for Debtors.—Egypt Conquered and Ruled by Ethiopians.—Rise of Assyria.—Wars.

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 THIOPIA was now the umpire in Egyptian affairs. Pi-ankhi, a descendant of Harhor, the priest-king of Thebes, from his capitol at Noph or Napata, in the highland, had, as "The son of Râ," exercised sovereignty over the Sûdan and Upper Egypt. He also claimed dominion over the North. The question was determined by the arbitrament of war.

Lower and Middle Egypt were at this time distinctly divided into twenty or more principalities. In four of these the ruling prince held the rank of king. The names of several of these were the same as those of princes of the Twenty-second and Twenty-third Dynasties: such as Sheshank, Usarkon, Nimrata, Peftat-Bast, Uaputh. We also find several of these names repeated in records by later Assyrian conquerors. Doubtless they were family names given to the children born at later periods; nevertheless, the recurring of such appellations has created difficulties in the unraveling of historic incidents.

The most powerful of these princes was Tafnekht or Tnephakhtos, the king of Sâis and Memphis. He was the "Great Prince of the Holy City of Sâis," high priest of Ptah at Memphis, prophet of Neith, and commander-in-chief of the Libyan mercenaries. He conceived the purpose of freeing Egypt from the Ethiopians and himself becoming king. "The inhabitants of both realms of Egypt, allied themselves to him," says the inscription of Piankhi; "the princes and lords of the city were like dogs at his feet."

Tafnekht with a large fleet and army invaded the South. The princes and generals of Upper Egypt appealed to Piankhi for help, and he sent a large force from Ethiopia to their aid.

The Ethiopian fleet encountered the forces of Tafnekht near Hermopolis at the frontier of Middle Egypt, and defeated them, capturing many ships and prisoners. A second engagement took place near Herakleopolis, which resulted in "a defeat greater than ever and the capture of their ships upon the river." After this, near the city of Pi-pek, "army joined battle with army. Then the warriors of His Majesty slew much people, as well as their horses. No one knows the number of the slain."

The revolting princes fell back into Northern Egypt and organized for a

second campaign. King Nimarata, with an army, recovered Hermopolis, his capital, and all the best territory. A second appeal was made from Thebes to their Overlord.

Piankhi resolved to subjugate all Egypt and not rest content with a nominal sovereignty. "The time has come at last, once for all," he proclaimed, "that I should make the land of Lower Egypt respect me." He marched in person with his army to Thebes, and there celebrated the festival of Amun-Râ. He then put on the serpent-diadem, as king of both Upper and Lower Egypt.

A few days afterward he stormed the city of Hermopolis. Nimarata, finding himself unable to hold out, sent his wife, "the daughter of a king," to solicit the good offices of the wives, daughters and sisters of Piankhi. The Ethiopian monarch graciously permitted him to make submission, and Nimarata did homage to Piankhi with the sistrum as to a divinity. "Then came to him the king's wives and the king's daughters, and they praised the king after the manner of women, but his Majesty did not look upon them."

But Piankhi, though gentle in regard to the hostile acts of Nimarata, was very angry with him for his ill treatment of his horses. He had himself visited the stables and found the horses and colts starving. "I swear," he cried, "as sure as the sun-god Râ loves me, as surely as I breathe the breath of life, it is a viler thing to let these horses starve than all the faults which thou hast committed." He not only as was usual, confiscated the property of the prince and assigned the grain in the storehouses to the god Amun-Râ, but refused to appoint Nimarata to authority as a subordinate ruler.

As Piankhi proceeded northward the several princes hurried to make their submission. Memphis, however, would not submit. The summons of Piankhi for a surrender, reads like imploring rather than menace. "Do not shut the gates, do not fight, thou seat of the god Shu," he pleaded. "I wish to celebrate a sacrifice to Ptah and to the tutelary gods of Memphis. I desire to worship the god Sakar (Ptah) in his own shrine. I wish to be a beholder (or initiate) of the god Anhu-res-nef. After that I will return down the Nile in peace. No harm shall be done to the inhabitants of Memphis. They may prosper and be safe. The children shall not be made to weep."

Tafnekht however, had made ready for resistance. He had strengthened the fortifications till he thought them impregnable. He had also placed there additional troops and abundant supplies of everything necessary. He commanded the garrison to make an obstinate resistance. He would go again, he declared to recover the conquered cities and restore the Under-Kings of the South to their possessions.

"Then was his Majesty furious against them like a panther." He gained the city by an ingenious artifice. He brought his fleet close to the fortifications, and the men on board climbing the masts of the vessels, leaped to the walls and entered. "Then was Memphis taken like an inundation, and many of the people in it were killed or brought away alive as prisoners to the king.

Piankhi displayed the clemency that was usual with him. First of all he

placed guards to protect the temples. "It was a matter of great moment with him, as the inscription declared, on account of the supreme holiness of the gods to offer libations of water to the tutelary divinities of Memphis; to purify Memphis with salt, balsam and frankincense; and to establish the priests in their office. His Majesty went into the temple, purifying himself with the holy water in the Star-Chamber. He performed everything that was prescribed for the king of Egypt."

The inhabitants of the territory around Memphis fled from their houses in terror. The princes who had taken up arms, and the commander of the Libyan mercenaries hastened to make their submission. Tafnekht and Usarkon of Bubastis, remained unsubdued. Piankhi hurried forward. As each city in the way opened its gates he waited to perform the customary religious rites.

Usarkon no longer withheld submission, and the "hereditary lord" of Kemur (Athribis) followed his example, as did likewise the other princes with "the Grand Masters of the Fan-Bearers and the Grand Masters of the king's Grandsons." They were all re-instated as viceroys.

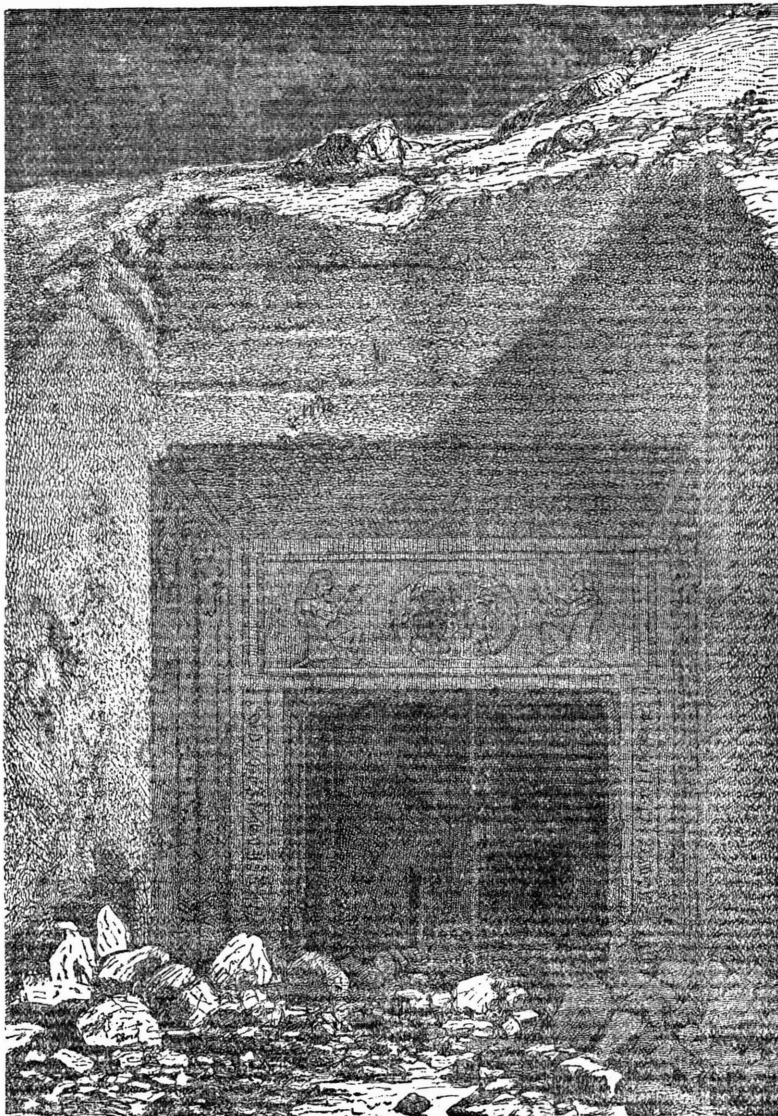
Tafnekht was now alone, abandoned by his allies. His malediction upon the name and memory of Mena, the first king of United Egypt, has been preserved upon a tablet in the temple at Thebes. He denounced that monarch for having corrupted and demoralized the Egyptians by inducing them to abandon that simplicity which had for ages assured to them a pure and happy life. Now, he declared, they had fallen, they had become cowardly, and a prey to their adversaries.

He put forth a last effort. He dismantled his capitol at Sâis, removing everything valuable to a conqueror for booty. He then made a stand at Masdi, an island of the Nile. Piankhi sent Petisi, the Under-King of Athribis against him. Tafnekht found himself unable alone to hold the field. The independence of Egypt was a lost cause, and he had no alternative but to submit. "Then his Majesty sent to him Pet-tani Amun-nes-tasni, the leader of the Prayers, and Pi-uz-na, the general. Tafnekht presented them with silver and gold, with robes and jewels. Then he went up into a sanctuary and prayed to the god. He purified himself by an oath before the god; that he would no more transgress the king's command, nor compass harm to any prince. With this pledge his Majesty was satisfied."

All Lower Egypt was now submissive to the Ethiopian king. The princes assembled to do him homage as their divine lord. There was, however, against any coming nearer, an impediment of custom and religion. "They did not enter the king's house because they were unclean;\* and besides they ate fish which was an abomination to the king."

Nimrata of Hermopolis had now been received into the king's favor. "He went into the king's house, because he was clean, and did not eat fish."

\*It will be remembered that the Apostle Peter is said to have been condemned by his fellow-disciples for going to men uncircumcised and eating with them; and that Paul denounced him for double dealing in this respect. The Patriarch Joseph also set a table apart from his brethren because it was an abomination to the Egyptians to eat bread with the Hebrews.—Genesis XLII., 22.



ENTRANCE TO A KING'S TOMB, AT BIBAN EL MOLOKH.

Piankhi loaded his ships with his booty, "all the good things of Lower Egypt, all the products of Phœnicia, and all the woods of the Holy Land." His voyage up the Nile to Napata, his capital, was triumphant. "His heart was glad; the banks of the river resounded with music. The inhabitants in the West and East took their drums to make melody at his approach."

Egypt was henceforth ruled from Napata, and not from Thebes or any metropolis in the North. The servant had become greater than the master.

Piankhi did not live long to enjoy the fruit of his victories; and with him



the lineage of Harhor, the Egyptian priest-king, became extinct. He was succeeded by Kash-ta,† a native Ethiopian prince. The princes of Northern and Middle Egypt revolted, and Bokkhoris or Bok-en-ranf, the son of Tafnekt, became king. He had succeeded his father in the government of Sâis, and that city was now his capital. Manethô has classed him as the sole monarch of the Twenty-fourth Dynasty. There have doubts been expressed as to whether his authority extended to Upper Egypt, but they seem to be resolved by the fact that his father's famous denunciation of King Mena was recorded on a pillar of the temple at Thebes.

His reputation as a statesman and law-maker was very high and his maxims were familiar proverbs for more than seven hundred years. He was commended as "Bokkhoris the Wise," and Plutarch describes him as a man of very inflexible disposition, whom the goddess Isis overshadowed with her serpent to show him how to determine causes with equity. He was feeble in body, but delighted in everything that related to the welfare of his people. Owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in Egypt, commerce had decayed. Money was scarce and hard to procure, a fact which bore intolerably upon unfortunate debtors. Bokkhoris decreed that no one might be imprisoned for debt, and likewise that no claim of indebtedness should be valid and binding when it had not been acknowledged in writing, if the debtor denied it on oath. The borrower was also permitted to pledge the body of his father as security for a loan; but this permission was accompanied by the proviso that his ancestral tomb was placed under the control of the lender. The debtor was thus inhibited from bringing in it the body of any member of his family, and if he died without having paid the obligation, burial was denied to his own body in that or any other tomb.

A law was also made in regard to the succession to the throne.

An event which was regarded as of greater importance was the death of the Sacred Bull, Apis. This occurred in the sixth year of his reign, and the embalmed body was placed in the Serapeion, in the same chamber in which the mummy of an Apis had been deposited in the thirty-seventh year of Sheshank IV. This indicates that Bokkhoris and probably his father, were related by descent or marriage with the kings of the Twenty-second Dynasty.

Neither wise laws nor efficient administration could arrest the decline into which Egypt had fallen. The nation that Thothmes III. had stigmatized as "the vile race of Kush," had become braver and stronger than the former masters.

Sab-ki‡ or Sabako, the son of Kashta, succeeded to the throne, and proceeded at once to establish anew the dominion over Egypt. He swooped through the Cataracts, carrying all before him. Bokkhoris was made a prisoner in his own capital of Sâis and burned alive. This act of unqualified and unpardonable cruelty, unprecedented in Egypt, was characteristic of a ferocious

\*This name in the Barabara dialect means the "son of a horse;" Nimara-ta, the "son of a leopard;" Pi-ankhi, the "everlasting."

‡The name Sab-ki signifies "a male cat;" Sab-ako-to, the "son of a male cat." Pi-mai also means cat. It will be remembered that the cat was venerated as a divine animal, to injure which was sacrilegious.

barbarian; and he doubtless hoped by it to strike terror into the whole nation. But a cruel punishment only educates others to a like cruelty. Modern ecclesiastical history illustrates this.

Sabako was of the same Barbara race and religious worship as the inhabitants of Thebes; but to the population of Northern Egypt he was an alien as well as usurper. He ruled there with a heavy hand. Herodotus records of him that when an Egyptian of the North was guilty of an offense, he did not punish him with death, but sentenced him according to the turpitude of his crime, to raise the ground to a greater or less extent in the neighborhood of the city to which he belonged. The result of this procedure showed that the rule of the new monarch was acceptable in Lower Egypt, and most of all at Bubastis, the capital of the Twenty-second Dynasty. "The cities thus came to be more elevated than they had ever been before," the historian remarked. "Among the many cities which thus attained to great elevation, none (I think) was raised so much as Bubastis, where is a temple of the goddess Bubastis."

Few innovations were made in the government. Thebes and Memphis continued to be capital cities, and Manethô, who regarded the northern provinces as more essentially Egypt, names the Ethiopian monarchs as constituting the Twenty-fifth Dynasty.

The working of the gold mines of Nubia was suspended. There was other use for soldiers than to keep captives and convicts at their work. A formidable power had arisen in Southwestern Asia to contest with Egypt its dominions and to become the umpire and overlord of the nations. The former conditions passed forever away.

Tiglath-pileser II., a Kurdish or Assyrian chieftain, had made himself king at Nineveh. He waged war vigorously and subjected the Babylonians, Chaldeans and Arabs, and also the kings of Khita, Hamath, Syria, Phœnicia and the northern Israelitish monarchy. Even Judea was involved in the conflicts.

The new kingdom of Assyria now extended from the Zagros Mountains to the Mediterranean and to the very border of Egypt. With the conquest of Phœnicia the half-savage Assyrians were enabled to attain a higher degree of culture. Commercial facilities were extended, and the Phœnician dialect became the language of tradesmen at Nineveh as it had long been in Northern Egypt. Tiglath-pileser adopted the imperial title of a king of Sumir and Akkad. His death took place not long after, probably by assassination, and Shalman-esser IV., one of his generals, mounted the throne.

The tributary monarchs at once declared their independence. Meredakh-Baladan, a Chaldean prince at Babylon, led in the movement

The northern monarchy had also revolted. Hosea, the king, had been first put in office by Tiglath-pileser, and retained by his successor. Shalman-esser discovered later that he was in correspondence with Sabako, but the Egyptian king was too feeble or timid to help his allies. Shalman-esser accordingly deposed Hosea, overran what remained of his dominion, and besieged Samaria.

He was called home, however, by an outbreak, and Sargon, a prince of the old Assyrian Dynasty, seized the throne at Nineveh.

Like other kings at their accession to power, Sargon was obliged to conquer the tributary states anew. He captured Samaria, and carried away the inhabitants, twenty-seven thousand in number, together with others of their countrymen, dispersing them over distant regions of Media and Assyria. The depopulated territory became speedily infested with lions and other beasts of prey.

After this, Ilu-bahid, a Hebrew or Phœnician chief, proclaimed himself king of Hamath and formed an alliance with Sabako, and with Arpad, Samaria, and Damascus. Sargon defeated the confederates at Gargar, and having captured Ilubahid, he with the cruelty characteristic of the Assyrians, flayed him alive. Sargon next marched against Gaza. Hanun, the king, had been a fugitive in Egypt, but had returned to his capital to take part in the revolt. Sabako, who had failed to help the other princes, came now with an army to the aid of his vassal, but encountered a crushing defeat. The account as given by Sargon has been found at Nineveh. "Hanun, king of Gaza, and Sibahe the Overlord of Egypt, met me at Raphia (on the Egyptian border). They came into my presence and I defeated them. Sibahe fled away, but I took Hanun prisoner with my own hand."

In the negotiations which followed, Sabako not only agreed to pay tribute, but submitted to the appointing of Assyrian governors in Egyptian provinces. The seal of this treaty has been found in the archives at Kuyunjik, but the text has not been deciphered. Sabako died soon afterward, and was succeeded by his son Sab-ata-ki upon the throne of Egypt, and by Ta-ha-ra-ka or Tirhaka, the husband of his sister, in Ethiopia.

Egypt had now begun to realize the abject condition so graphically described by the Hebrew prophet—ISAIAH, XIX.

"They fought every one against his brother,  
 And every one against his neighbor.  
 City against city and kingdom against kingdom.  
 The spirit of Egypt had melted within her, . . .  
 "And I have given the Egyptians into the hands of a cruel lord,  
 And a fierce king shall rule over them. . . .  
 "The princes of Tanis are befooled,  
 The princes of Memphis are deceived;  
 The chiefs of her tribes have misled Egypt.  
 They have made Egypt go wrong in every effort,  
 As a drunken man she staggers. . . .  
 "There is a highway out of Egypt to Assyria;  
 The Assyrians have come into Egypt,  
 And the Egyptians into Assyria,  
 And the Egyptians are enslaved by the Assyrians."

Cruel as were the revenges of Sargon they aroused enmity more than

terror. When he went on a campaign in one direction, a revolt was certain to break out in another. Spurred on by encouragement from the king of Armenia, the princes in that vicinity rose up in arms. They were speedily reduced again to subjection, and their people were then removed to Syria and Phœnicia.

Pisiri, the king of the Khitans, who had been loyal to Tiglath-pileser, now became disaffected and formed an alliance with the king of the Muskhi or Meshekh. His capital, the city of Karkhemosh, was the seat of the goddess Anat or Anahid, the Divine Mother, and it rivalled the cities of Phœnicia in wealth and commerce. It was now captured by Sargon; the king and his family were made prisoners, and the inhabitants were dispersed over all parts of the Assyrian dominion.

Thus the ancient monarchy of Khita with the people known to us as Hittites, disappeared from the world. So complete was the oblivion into which it passed, that for twenty-five centuries its very existence was forgotten. Another revolt occurred in southern Palestine. The kings of the countries contiguous to Assyria fomented these revolts in order to divert the conqueror from making an attack upon themselves.

The king of Egypt failed, as in other cases, to come to the help of the allies. Sargon sent his tartan or commander-in-chief to take Ashdod. Yavan escaped into Egypt, and then into Ethiopia. Ashdod was captured and the inhabitants carried away. Sabataki hastened to make peace and Yavan, the unfortunate rebel prince, was delivered to Sargon in chains. "The king of Melihu (Meroë) lives in a distant country," says Sargon. "From the most remote time it has never been known that an ancestor of his came to offer homage to an ancestor of mine, but the immense fear and dread with which my majesty inspired him, obliged him to acknowledge the might of the Assyrian gods, and to bow down before me."

The Hebrew prophet was unsparing in his denunciation of the cowardly behavior of Babylon and Egypt. "The strength of Egypt on which you counted has been to you a cause of shame," he declared to king Hezekiah. "When your princes were at Tanis and your ambassadors at Hanés, they were made ashamed of a people that were of no benefit to them. Vain and empty is the help of Egypt; wherefore I call her 'the Blusterer that sits still.'"

Sabako had not long survived the defeat of Raphia. The reign of Sabataki his successor, was feeble and inglorious. The taunt of the Assyrian vizier or rabsaki was fully justified by him, that to lean upon Egypt was to lean on a broken reed that was sure to wound the hand. "So is Pharaoh, king of Egypt, to all those who trust in him." He instituted numerous revolts in Syria and Palestine, and then left the unfortunate insurgents to their fate, while he made overtures of peace to the conqueror.

At his death Tirhadah became king also of all Egypt, and introduced a more worthy and vigorous administration.

## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.



IN THE light of reincarnation, I can understand in a measure that the sufferings of human beings are just, and the result of past acts. But I do not understand how this can be in the case of animals. How is there justice for them, and what compensation have they? I notice that the Universal Brotherhood Organization is established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures, and shall be glad to hear from the Students' Column what views are held in regard to the suffering of animals.

F. H. New York.

Tradition tells of a golden age, long, long ago, when there was no suffering either of men or animals. Tradition also tells that as man fell through selfishness and sin, causing strife to arise between himself and his fellowman, so, too, strife appeared in the animal world. But although throughout nature we find one part preying upon another, yet the cruelty practiced by humanity and the suffering thereby entailed upon the animals is indefensible.

The very fact that the sight of an animal in pain causes a feeling of sympathy shows how close are the bonds between man and them, and so no brotherhood would be complete unless it also recognized the brotherhood of all creatures. I certainly think that there must be compensation for suffering animals. Indeed, this must be, if life is governed by law. Back of all life is the soul, which seeks expression and experience through the ever ascending grades of being, each higher grade being the instrument for a higher and ever expanding form of consciousness.

We know from experience how great a teacher is suffering, and how it enables the soul to burst through the limits of a lower confining life into a higher, making us realize through the very pain something of the wider life.

Whether or not pain and suffering be part of the original purpose and methods of nature, must it not be that, nevertheless, nature uses them to aid the progress of the soul? Perhaps in this thought we can understand how nature may compensate, not alone animals, but also men, and even plants and the mineral life, for what seems to be unmerited suffering. May it not be that each in its agony, seeking to break away from the chains which bind it, comes a little nearer in touch with the soul, calls down a little more of the soul power into its life, and so henceforth can more fully respond to it and so take another step in its evolutionary progress? Surely there can be no greater compensation than a wider and fuller life, and this is granted—at least, as a possibility—to all who suffer. At the same time, although a measure of progress in greater or less degree may be the compensation which nature gives to suffering, it should not be forgotten that progress also comes through wise and

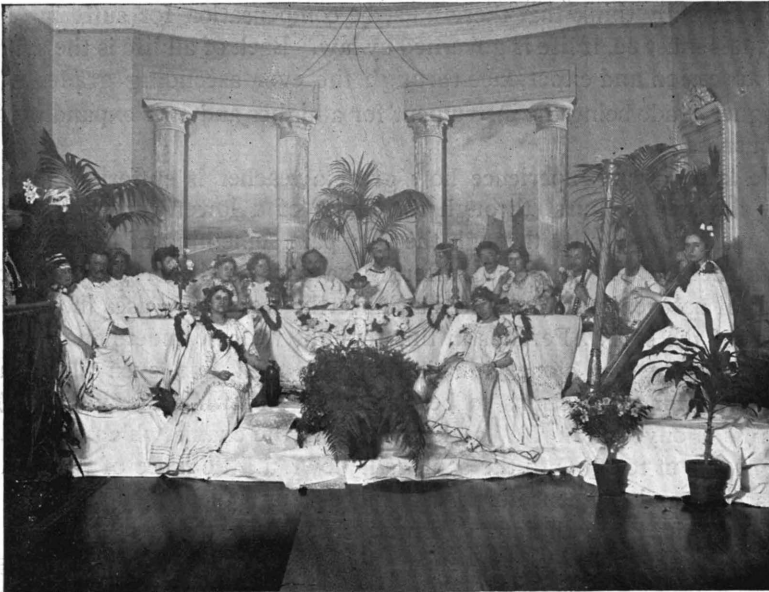
tender care, and that there is no excuse for the needless infliction of suffering which from every aspect is indefensible.

There is another point to be taken into consideration in regard to the suffering of animals: that he who needlessly inflicts it or makes himself callous in regard to it must himself suffer a lessening of his own area of consciousness, and, therefore, to that degree, a degradation in the scale of being, which can only be retrieved through pain and suffering far greater than that which he may have inflicted, and that he who restricts his conscious area by becoming callous to the pain and suffering of others becomes also less responsive to their joys and happiness.

In the present stage of evolution, suffering seems inevitable. We can recognize it as a great purifier and teacher, by means of which we climb from step to step, and so, too, I think it plays the same part throughout nature, and though the poor animals may be as yet unconscious of this, yet the soul behind must surely know and gladly learn its lesson.

As we come to recognize the Brotherhood of all creatures, all cruelty and needless suffering will gradually pass, and we shall learn to progress and to aid the lower kingdoms to progress through mutual helpfulness and service. Thus shall dawn again the Golden Age of happiness and peace, the Herald of which is the Universal Brotherhood, "established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures."

J. H. F.



A GREEK SYMPOSIUM, GIVEN AT BOSTON, MASS.



## POINT LOMA.

(1) SHOWING POINT LOMA HOMESTEAD. (2) LOOKING SEAWARD.



## A GREEK SYMPOSIUM.

The public entertainment at the New Cycle Unity Congress, held in New York, was given in Aryan Hall, 144 Madison Ave., and had for its chief feature "A Greek Symposium", following the suggestion given by the Leader. An original dialogue was written for the Symposium after the manner of the ancient Greek. The scene was laid in the Elysian Fields of the Underworld. The characters represented were (beginning on the left of the picture), Diotima, Phidias, Aeschylus, Priestess of Apollo, Pythagoras, Plato, Aspasia. In the center is Socrates, with Hermes. In the front, Antisthenes and on either side Greek maidens. The Greek Philosophers with Aspasia and Diotima meet in the Elysian Fields as



was their custom on earth to discuss Philosophy and Art. Plato who has just died is introduced to the company and after exchange of Greetings, and being welcomed to the blest abodes of the Underworld, he joins with his old companions and teachers in the discussion. The second picture shows the close of the Symposium when all join with Plato in a vow to work for Humanity whenever they revisit earth. "This we vow!—Our theme, the Good, the Beautiful, the True;—Our life shall one of service be;—Our aim, our joy, the Brotherhood of Humanity—This we vow." SPECTATOR.

"And the secret teachings of all the Oracles is that to all men is this destiny, and this their ultimate attainment; to become one the Gods, and dwell with them forever."





## THE STORY OF MAUI.\*

A MAORI LEGEND.—TOLD BY R. N.

(Concluded.)

### III.—MAUI'S ADVENTURES AND DEATH.



MAUI often now visited his parents. Each time he did this he noticed that some of their people carried food away, and he inquired the cause.

"Who is that you give food to?" he asked.

And they told him:

"To your ancestress, Muri-ranga-whenua."

"Where does she live?"

"Yonder," they replied.

"That will do," he answers, "Leave the food here and I myself will take it to her."

From that time he took the presents of food himself. But he hid them for many days instead of carrying them to Muri-ranga-whenua. At last she suspected something wrong, and she sniffed and sniffed until she thought she smelt something and she grew very hungry. She smelt to the southward—nothing there; to the north—nothing; to the east—nothing; but she could smell no human being, although she would have eaten even a man if one came, since she was so hungry. At last she turned her head to the west and she sniffed and sniffed until she smelt Maui coming.

"I know there is some one there. I can smell him," she cried, and Maui said:

"Yes, it is Maui."

And she knew it was a grandson of hers by the voice, so she controlled her

\*Abridged from "Polynesian Mythology," by Sir George Grey (London, 1885), by permission of Messrs. Murray & Sons, Albemarle street, London, England.

hunger, although if he had come from any direction except the west she would probably have eaten him up.

And when he came to her she asked,

"Why have you served me this deceitful trick?"

And he said:

"I wanted your jawbone, for it is a magical instrument."

She said: "Take it. It has been kept for you." And Maui took the jawbone of Muri-ranga-whenua and returned home.

Maui was always thinking of something new, and he had not been home long before he thought that the day was too short, and the sun sank too soon below the horizon, day after day, because the days then were much shorter than now and the sun was far hotter, and it burnt the earth.

So he said to his brothers:

"We will catch the sun in a noose and we will make him move more slowly so that men will have longer days to work in."

"Why," they said: "no man can go near the sun without being burnt, it is so hot."

But Maui replied:

"Have you not seen what wonderful things I have done already? Did I not change into every bird in the world, small and great, and then did I not become a man again? I will catch the sun by the same kind of magic."

So he showed them how to twist ropes to make a snare to catch the sun, and in doing so he taught them how to plait flax into square shaped ropes, which are called tuamaka, and into flat ropes, which are called paharahara, and also round ropes.

Then they took provisions and ropes and Maui's enchanted weapon and set out on their journey. They travelled all night and hid by day among the rocks, so that the sun should not see them coming. At night they traveled again the same way and hid themselves once more at dawn. At last they came far, far to the eastward to the edge of the place out of which the sun rises.

And here they built a high, long wall of clay, with huts of branches at each end to hide in, and they spread the noose over the place from where the sun rises, Maui being at one side and his brothers at the other.

Maui had the magic jawbone in his hands, and he told his brothers:

"Be careful to hide yourselves so that the sun cannot see you until he has got his head and forelegs into the noose. Then I will shout out and you must pull away as hard as you can while I rush out and attack him. But you must hold him a long time until I have nearly killed him, when we will let him go. Do not listen to his screams and cries."

At last the sun rises like a spreading fire over mountains and forests; he puts his head through the noose and then his forelegs. Then Maui shouted and his brothers pulled, and the sun was caught in the snare. Ah! that was a fine struggle!

Then Maui rushed out with his weapon. The sun screams aloud; he roars;

but Maui strikes him fiercely again and again. At last they let him go, and, weak from his wounds, the sun crept slowly, slowly on his way. That is why the sun now takes twenty-four hours to go round the earth.

And in his struggles the sun revealed to men his second name.

"Why do you beat me?" he cried. "You do not know what you are doing. Why do you want to kill Tama-nui-te-Ra?"

Thus they learnt the sun's second name.

After this the brothers returned home and dwelt there and dwelt there and dwelt there. After a long time Maui's brothers went out fishing while Maui-tiki-tiki-o-taranga stayed at home doing nothing except listening to the grumbling of the wives and children at his laziness.

But he said: "Never mind. I have done great things already, but if I do go and fish I shall not bring home any ordinary little fish. That is easy enough. I shall catch such a large fish that you will not be able to eat it. So Maui prepared his enchanted fish hook, which was made of Muri-ranga-whenua's jawbone, and when he had it ready he made a strong line fast to it.

Next day when his brothers went out fishing he jumped into the boat with them, but they said:

"Come, get out: we cannot let you come with us. Your magic will get us into difficulty."

So he had to go home again while they fished.

That night Maui went down to the beach and hid himself under the bottom boards of his brothers' canoe. So that the next morning they were well out to sea before they discovered Maui. When he popped his head up from the bottom of the boat, they said:

"We had better get back again to land if this fellow is on board."

But Maui made the land seem a long, long way off, a much longer distance than it really was, and by the time they had looked round it was almost out of sight.

Then Maui said: "You had much better let me stay, because I shall at least be useful to bail out the water for you." So they let him stay and presently they came to their fishing ground.

"Let us anchor and begin fishing," they said. And he said: "No, not here; let us go a long way farther out to sea."

So they paddled a long way out to the farthest fishing ground of all, and they say: "Let us fish here."

But Maui says: "Yes, the fish may be very fine here, but it will be much better to paddle right out to sea and fish there. If you go where I want you to go, a fish will take your hook before you can drop it to the bottom of the water. You will have your boat full of fish before you can wink your eye."

So they paddle a long, long way, and they say: "We are now far enough." And he replied: "No, no; let us go quite out of sight of land, and then we will anchor, but it must be very, very far off in the open sea."

At last they reach the open sea and his brothers begin to fish. Lo, lo, they

had hardly let their hooks down before they each pull up a fish into the canoe. Twice only they let down their lines and the canoe was filled with fish they had caught. Then they said: "Let us return now, brother." But he answered: "Stay a little; let me also throw a hook into the sea."

And they said: "Why, where did you get a hook?"

He said: "Never mind, I have a hook of my own."

"Make haste and throw it, then," they said.

And as he pulled it out from under his garments the light flashed on the beautiful mother-of-pearl shell at the hollow of the hook, and they saw that it was carved and ornamented with tufts of hair pulled from the tail of a dog, and it looked exceedingly beautiful.

Maui then asked for a little bait, but they refused to give him any. So he doubled his fist and struck his nose violently until it bled. He smeared his hook with the blood and cast it into the sea. It sank down, down, down, until it touched the carved figure on the roof of a house at the bottom of the sea. Then it descended alongside the carved rafters of the roof and caught in the doorway of the house, finally catching in the sill of the doorway.

Then, feeling that he had caught something, he hauled. Up, up came the hook, then the house and the bubbles. It gurgled and swirled and foamed and made a stir as of an island rising from the water, and his brothers cried out aloud.

But Maui was meanwhile using incantations against their laments as they cried: "See, he has brought us out into the ocean to be devoured by this great fish." Then he raised aloud his voice and repeated the incantation Hiki, which makes heavy weights light.

"Wherefore, then, O Tonganui,  
Dost hold so fast below?"

Then when he said this, up came the fish of Maui, a portion of Papa-tu-a-nuku, and, alas! the canoe was aground. Maui then left his brothers and returned to the village to offer the sacrifices and make the necessary prayers, etc. He said: "While I am gone on this errand, eat nothing and do not cut the fish or harm will ensue. After I have been purified we will divide the fish equally. And if I do this the fish will keep good."

But he had scarcely gone before they began to eat and cut up the fish. So the gods turned on them in wrath, and the fish began to toss his head from side to side and lash his tail and fins and lower jaw. Well done, Tangaroa! it springs about briskly on shore.

For this reason the island is rough and uneven. If they had not done this the island would have remained smooth and even, a model to this day for the whole earth.

Thus was dry land fished up by Maui after it had been hidden under the ocean by Rangi and Tawhiri-ma-tea. The enchanted fish hook became a cape, which is Heretaunga.\*

(\*The Southern extremity of Hawke's Bay?)

Next the hero thought he would extinguish the fires of Mahu-ika, his ancestress. He gets up at midnight and puts out all the fires. Then in the morning he calls: "I am hungry, hungry. Quick—cook me food!"

But they ran from house to house and found no fire.

When Taranga heard this she said: "Some of you go to Mahu-ika and tell her that fire has been lost from the earth and ask her to give us some again."

But the slaves were alarmed and refused to obey the commands of the old people.

So Maui said: "I will get it. But which way must I go?" His parents said: "Follow the broad path yonder. You will come to the house of an ancestress of yours; if she asks who you are, tell her your name and she will know you are her descendant; but be careful to play no tricks with her, for we have heard you are fond of deceit and injury, so be cautious."

But Maui said: "No, I only want to get fire for men, and after that I will come back."

So he went to the house of fire, but it was so grand he could scarcely speak. At last he said: "Oh, lady, rise up! Where is your fire kept? I have come to beg some from you."

Then the old lady rose up and said: "Au-e! who can this mortal be?" and he said: "It is I."

"She said: "Whence do you come?" and he said: "I belong to this country." She said: "No, that cannot be; you are not like the people of this country. Do you come from the North East?" He replied: "No." "Do you come from the South East?" "No." "From the South?" "No." "From the West." "No." "Come you from the wind which blows straight toward me?" And he said: "I do." "Oh, then you are my grandchild. What do you want here?" "I am come to beg fire from you."

Then the aged woman pulled out one of her finger nails, and fire flowed from it, and she gave it to him. Then he took the nail a little distance off and put the fire quite out. He came back. "The light you gave me has gone out," he said; "give me another." She did so, and this also he put out as if by accident. This went on until she had pulled out the nails of both hands and of all but the big toe of one foot. Then she suspected his trickery. So she pulled out that, the last one, and dashed it on the ground. The whole place caught fire. "There! you have it all now," she said, and Maui ran off and ran as fast as he could to escape, but the fire followed after him close behind him, so he changed himself into an eagle, but the fire burnt so fiercely that it nearly caught him as he flew.

Then the eagle, which was Maui, dashed down into a pool of water; but it was almost boiling. Forests were on fire and the earth and the sea, and Maui could not rest anywhere because of the fire. He called on Tawhiri-ma-tea and Whititiri-matakatakata to send down an abundant supply of water. Squalls and gales came, and heavy rain, and the fire was quenched, and before Mahu-ika

could reach her place of safety she almost perished in the flames, but before the fire was all lost she saved a few sparks, which she threw into the Kaiko-mako tree and a few other trees, where they are still cherished. Hence these trees are used for fire sticks

When he returned, Maui's father and mother said: "You heard what we told you. It serves you right," and he said "I don't care. I shall go on like that for ever, ever." His father, "Yes, you may please yourself about living or dying. Attend to me and you will save your life. Otherwise you will die."

Maui seeks other mischief. His beautiful young sister, Hinauri, married Irawaru. One day both Maui and Irawaru went to fish in the sea. Maui caught no fish, but Irawaru caught many. Their lines became entangled. Maui claims the fish and Irawaru does the same. The latter proves it to be his because it is on his hook, which is barbed, while the hook of Maui is plain. Thus Maui finds out the secret of making his hooks barbed. After this they proceed to land.

As they reach the shore, Maui says, "Get under the outrigger and lift the canoe on to dry land." Irawaru does so. Maui jumps on the canoe and almost kills him with his weight. Then Maui lengthens his backbone into a tail and turns him into a dog. After that he goes home alone. His sister asks him, "Where is your brother-in-law?" Maui replies, "I left him in the canoe." "Why did you not come home together?" she asks. "Because he says he wants you to help him to carry up fish. So go to him, and if you do not see him, call out, 'Mo-i! mo-i!'"

She does so, and the dog in the bushes answer, "Ao! ao! ao-ao-o-o-o!" howling like a dog. He follows her to the village, frisking and wagging his tail. He is the father of dogs, and the Maories always hail "Mo-i" when they call their dogs to them. Hinauri weeps and weeps, and taking her enchanted girdle from the house, she ran to the sea, and after repeating an incantation, throws herself in.

Maui now leaves the village and goes to his parents' country. His father says, "I have heard from your mother and others that you are very valiant, and have succeeded in all feats, small or great, in your own country, but now in your father's land you may be overcome."

Maui asks, "Why, what can vanquish me?" "Your ancestress, Hine-nui-te-po, who you may see flashing, and, as, it were, opening and shutting where the horizon meets the sky."

Maui said, "Nonsense. Let us fearlessly seek whether men may live or die." "My child, there has been a bad omen for us. When I initiated you I omitted a portion of the fitting prayers, and that, I know, will be the cause of your perishing."

Then Maui says, "What is Hine-nui-te-po my ancestress like?" and he answered, "What you see yonder shining so brightly red are her eyes and her teeth are sharp and hard as pieces of volcanic glass; her body is like that of a man, and the pupils of her eyes are of jasper; her hair is like long tangles of seaweed and her mouth like that of a barracouta."

Maui answered, "Do you think her strength is like that of Tama-nui-te-Ra, who consumes man and the earth and the very waters by the fierceness of his heat? Was not the world formerly saved alive by the speed with which he traveled? If he had then in the days of his full strength and power gone as slowly as he does now, not a remnant of mankind would have been left upon earth, nor, indeed, would anything else have survived. But I laid hold of Tama-nui-te-Ra and now he goes slowly, for I smote him again and again so that he is now feeble and long in traveling his course, and he now gives but very little heat, having been weakened by the blows of my enchanted weapon. I then, too, split him open in many places, and from the wounds so made many rays now issue forth and spread in all directions. So also I found the sea much larger than the earth, but by the power of the last born of your children part of the earth was drawn up again and dry land came forth."

His father answered, "Very true, last born and strength of my old age; so be bold; go and visit your great ancestress, who flashes so fiercely there, where the edge of the horizon meets the sky."

Maui goes and looks for companions; there came to him the small robin and the large robin, the thrush, the yellow-hammer and every kind of little bird, and the water wagtail, and they started in the evening. When they arrived at the dwelling of Hine-nui-te-po they found her fast asleep. Maui said:

"My little friends, if you see me creep into the old chieftainess, do not laugh at what you see. When I have got altogether inside and am coming out of her mouth again you can laugh as much as you please."

"They said, "Oh, sir, you will surely be killed." He said, "If you burst out laughing at me as soon as I get inside her you will wake her up and she will certainly kill me at once, but if you do not laugh until I am quite inside her and am on the point of coming out of her mouth again, I shall live and Hine-nui-te-po will die."

"Go, then, brave sir, but pray take good care of yourself."

So he twisted the strings of his weapon tight round his wrist, went into the house, stripped off his clothes, and the skin on his hips looked mottled and beautiful, like that of a mackerel, from the tattoo marks cut on it with the chisel of Uetonga, and he entered the chieftainess.

The little birds screwed up their cheeks, trying not to laugh, but the little Tiwakawaka could no longer restrain itself and laughed out loud, with its merry, cheerful note; this woke the old woman up; she opened her eyes, started up and killed Maui.

Thus died Maui, but he leaves descendants in Hawaiki, Aotearoa, in these islands. The greater part remained in Hawaiki, but a few came to Aotearoa. This is the cause of the introduction of death into the world. If Maui had passed safely through there would have been no more death.

As they say, "The water wagtail laughing at Maui-tiki-tiki-o-taranga made Hine-nui-te-po squeeze him to death."

Thus end the deeds of the son of Makea-tu-tara and of Taranga, and the deeds of the sons of Rangi-nui and of Papa-tu-a-nuku; this is the narrative of the generations of the ancestors of the inhabitants of New Zealand, and therefore we, the people of that country, preserve closely the tradition of those old times, as a thing to be taught to the generations that come after us, so we repeat them in our prayers, or whenever we relate the deeds of the ancestors from whom each family is descended, and upon other similar occasions.

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# MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

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## THE NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS.

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HELD SIMULTANEOUSLY BY ALL THE LODGES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD ON APRIL 13, 14, 15, 1900.

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The New Cycle Unity Congress has been a glorious success. From every Lodge throughout all the world came glowing accounts. It is impossible to print all the reports in full, and hence a selection has been made. Other reports will be given in the next issue and also in *The New Century*.

Every week brings news of new work accomplished, new plans laid by our Leader, each one showing how great is our opportunity to aid in the regeneration of Humanity, how much each of us can do and how great is the strength of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. In all of these each of us can share through our devotion, trust and unselfish work, for united in heart and endeavor each may now realize the unity that is the keynote of this sacred Cause. And as chord after chord of the great song of Brotherhood is struck we hail with joy the dawning of the New Day, which is already shooting forth its radiant light in the hearts of men.

Such a new chord is proclaimed in the following telegram received in New York from the Leader:

May 1, 1900.

"The corner-stone of the Isis Temple of Art, Music and Drama was laid and the building commenced at Point Loma at 9 a. m., April 29th. Ceremony was private. To-day we dedicate at Point Loma the International Lotus Home for Children."

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The New Cycle Unity Congress held in New York, which was participated in by all the New York Lodges and the Brooklyn and Newark (N. J.) Lodges, was continued by a very successful meeting in Brooklyn on April 17th, and in Newark on May 2d. Both meetings were well attended. A large party of New York members visited these Lodges on the above named dates and arrangements have been made to assist our Comrades by periodical visits to these Lodges. By special request "A Greek Symposium," part of the Unity Cycle Congress entertainment in New York, was repeated on April 23d before a crowded audience. J. H. F.

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The following reports of the New Cycle Unity Congresses at Point Loma and New York are reprinted by courtesy of *The New Century*:

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### UNITY CONGRESS AT POINT LOMA.

*Point Loma, April 16th, 1900.*

DEAR COMRADES:

On Friday, April 13th, at the meeting of Point Loma Lodge No. 150 of the Universal Brotherhood, our Leader, Katherine Tingley, declared the New Cycle Unity Congress of the World open. In so doing she gave testimony to the union-in-fact of the heart and spirit of the members throughout the world, and averred that every thought sent out and deed performed at this time carried an extraordinary force upon the quickened wave of human thought and impulse. Hers were words of

enheartening power for those who will to do for right, and warning notes to greater guard against insidious evil. Comrades from the East were welcomed in ancient form, and "in line, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart," they joined the force at this "dynamic Centre of the spiritual life of the earth." Greetings were sent to U. B. Lodges throughout the world, and even as they went out was the great spiritual return wave felt, the heart fibre of every one was a-quiver with its divine vibrancy, and the peace of sanction and Unity Strength welled to the uttermost soul of each Comrade.

Saturday, the 14th, was begun by a service at the Corner-stone. Impressive it was in conduct, and inspiring by the words of the Leader, and the noble sentiments "I will not seek individual salvation; I will not enter bliss alone," took conscious form in every mind.

The Children's Festival was extremely beautiful. Dressed in white and carrying purple and gold flowers the bairnies marched in and seated themselves in a model schoolroom. The flowers were laid aside, and classes in recitation, spelling, song, and rhythmic movement were held. Individual recitation followed, with little speeches by the Cuban children. It is joyous to see how quickly these little tots learn English and the grandeur of the Universal Brotherhood work. That the teacher and children are in perfect harmony is evident from the spirit of mutual helpfulness that was shown in every one of the educative exercises.

In the evening our Leader's great new Mystery-Play, "The Travail of the Soul," was presented in the new Conservatory by the students of the Isis League of Music and Drama, and under the personal direction of the author. Each student participating keenly appreciated the privilege of being permitted a part in the new-old drama, and under such supervision.

It is proper to inform you here that the play is copyrighted, and for obvious reasons any publication or production of it should not be attempted. There are certain matters connected with the production here, and that are essential, that could not be imitated, and it is to be given only at Point Loma.

In this first of a series of Mystery-Plays we find embodied, in a segment of a pilgrimage, a recapitulation of the soul's journey thus far, and the perfect type of the drama of all inclusive life. There is need but for small prefatory word. The synopsis and the Play will give the student the key to his own spiritual Temple, and serve as a guide to the solution of every perplexing problem that will confront him. Study it! We find first therein the command to revere and study the wisdom of our Teachers. Then we are bid to verify and learn of our own life the facts in the Law we have been taught, that we may spread the same light in wisdom for those who follow us.

Then comes a period of pause and uncertainty, prior to a quickening of the powers within that are to do battle with the sense world, and at last we see the sorely tried but persistent soul attaining to victory, and at the mere cost of a change of outer garment. Study this synopsis and Play and make it a text for your living.

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### "THE TRAVAIL OF THE SOUL."

#### SYNOPSIS.

In what were called the "Mystery-Plays" of antiquity, the wisest of the times, those who were accepted by the people as their teachers, attempted to present some of the events of the life of the Soul in a series of symbolic representations. Some

of these Plays—for example, the “Eumenides” of Aeschylus, presented last year by the Isis League of Music and Drama (of the Universal Brotherhood)—were given in public; others to students only. In either case the onlookers were mostly left to make their own interpretations.

By this simple means the teaching was graduated to the learner, for each selected for his thought as much as he could understand; that is, as much as interpreted for him the facts of his inner life as far as he had progressed with it; and to understand our past experience is to make a new step forward.

This was the origin of the Drama among the greater nations of the past; but as time went on, an externalizing process set in and lowered the idea.

In the Mystery-Play the Dramatis Personæ were usually Gods and Goddesses, grouped about a central figure, the hero, on behalf of whom or against whom they fought. The hero was the human Soul, and the Gods and Goddesses the elemental forces about the Soul, the desires, aspirations, lights and darkneses of consciousness, forces that make for or stay the Soul’s progress from the divine through the human to the divine again; or, as they phrased it, from the golden age, through the iron, back or up to the golden again.

In the first stage of degeneration of the early Drama the Gods and Goddesses lost their relations to the Soul, and were looked upon as more or less exalted human beings with like passions to man.

Then they lost their divinity, and the Drama became and is now—with some notable exceptions full of spiritual suggestiveness—simply a more or less sensationalized picture of life as we find it. Practically, it is no longer a picture of the inner life, but of the outer; it has ceased almost entirely to convey any worthy lessons even as to that.

So it is time that it came back to its ancient lines, and in the representation which you are about to witness, a Mystery-Play will be revived in a simple form. It will be the first of a series illustrating the steps of Spiritual Light as they are climbed by the Soul.

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## THE PLAY.

### SCENE I.

A little child sits at her grandfather’s knee, listening while he reads out of an old sacred book about the Soul, its destiny, and God in Nature. From his lips she learns the first lessons of the Path to peace and purity, and, unconsciously, the longing to tread it awakens within her and grows as she grows.

### SCENE II.

In the next scene she appears again, now grown to girlhood. The seeds sown in her mind from the old book and from the lips of her grandfather have begun to break into green leaf and to blossom.

Musing, she falls asleep, floating through the gates of dream outward upon the same stream of thought.

Behind her, bending over her on either side to whisper in her ears, stand two figures, dark and light. Each strives to guide the current of dream on which her Soul is borne. In sleep, in dream, and in the world of thought that lies deeper than dream, the key of the acts and thoughts of the day to follow is often set. So the two figures, the Angel-Guardian and the Fiend, strive while she sleeps to guide the poised and dreaming mind—one upward to peace and the Light, the other backward and downward.

## SCENE III.

Many years have intervened, and we see her now a woman of the world. The aspirations of long ago have set into a great longing for the Light, a longing to understand and partake of the perfect life, the Light and Life in the Temple of the inner Soul of all men, and from which the common life of sense continually draws us back.

So she is shown as on her way to the Temple; wearied, for the way has already been long; half despairing, though she can see the Light from the Temple door, catch echoes of the music within. But she is nearing, and will in no long time, if she but persist, attain.

Temptations collect about her path; casual circumstance itself, as is its wont when the Soul is striving to gain the Temple-Light within, becomes purposeful and malign, and seeks to distract her from her way. A band of revellers meet her, and each one according to his bent, tries to draw her aside along some special path of pleasure. Every beguilement, gross and subtle, harmful and innocent, is offered her. In the clamor and intoxication she half yields, steps aside, turns back uncertain and bewildered.

## SCENE IV.

In the next scene she is shown as having regained her way and is still nearer to the portal of the Temple. She has surmounted the lesser allurements; they have lost their hold and if tempting nature is to wean her from her high quest it must be by subtler method.

Another temptation comes, in high, sweet music. Her Soul is seized; hesitating, wondering, she draws near. Can this be the music that she used to hear in the rustle of the trees and in the ripple of the streams as her grandfather read to her of the great Soul of Nature, that she used to feel in the rocks, that but a moment ago seemed to stream from the Temple door; is this the music of Life, after all, that which the youth plays? She, too, is young; the incarnate woman-nature is drawn out; the lower life makes its last and subtlest appeal, taking the guise of—almost playing the very music of—the higher. Yet it IS the lower; and the little dark imps that sputter and pluck behind at the seam of her robe show it. She wavers, staggers to her knees, is about to yield utterly; when from the Temple door the Angel-Warrior, her guardian, appears, waving back with his sword the shadowy demons about her. Her vision is cleared, and she sees standing above her the Master of the Temple. The memory of her girlhood comes back, its hopes, its aspirations, its peace, the early lessons from the old man, her grandfather. The Master's call, intoned from the Temple by those who long before had fought and won their crown, breaks on her ears. She seizes, with a last supreme effort, the proffered sword of the Warrior, waves back the tempting demons, gains the Temple steps, and in this last victory, exhausted but achieving, dies.

## SCENE V.

In the last scene her Soul has taken birth again, and we see an infant, brought to the Temple door by his mother. In old days this was done; the mother who could do little herself gave the dearest thing she had, her infant child. She consecrated it to the service of humanity, renounced her mother rights over it, and gave it to be brought up in the Temple, trained in all the laws of life, and sent forth into the world as a Teacher and Helper of men.

So the child is taken by a priestess, who becomes its godmother. This Temple-

mother is bending over it, looking in its eyes, speaking with her own to the Soul within, and calling it forth to a momentary knowledge of its old aspirations, its old pledges, the long struggles of its closed life, its victory at the Temple-steps—ere it lapses into the current of its new life now opening. Years hence all this will come back, even to the memory of the lessons from the old man, and thence it will gain strength for the great task it has taken up and to which its earth-mother has voluntarily consecrated it because of the Light that was in her and could find no other expression.

The solemn chant is once more heard from the Temple—"I WILL"—and the Temple-mother, bending over the child to give it the sacred kiss, seems to whisper something into its ear; a band of priestesses come forth singing and bear the child away to the City of Athena; Torch-Bearers follow, chanting, and holding aloft the Torches of Light for the world; and the whole procession slowly passes away.

A word should be said of the scenery and costume aids of the Play. When the Leader engaged Signor Operti for the extraordinary task of making a suitable scenic setting for the Greek Play, "Eumenides," given last year, and the Mystery-Plays to follow, she did so with the knowledge that there would result a true type of the old-time settings which sought to harmonize acting and speech, and accentuate the interpretation of the author's spiritual meanings. That this is accomplished is obvious to the student who witnessed this Mystery-Play. There is represented the symbolic sacred vessel carrying in high purpose, the Soul within. There, too, is a maturer body depicted conquering animal nature, under the light of a golden star. Then is wisdom portrayed, filling the chalice of life with Elixir from the vineyard of the Gods for those who will drink. Further, great pillars of strength stand at the Temple-door, and are seen only as an emphasis of some definite expression of Soul vigor. Around the sketches are the most appropriate colorings; those purples and violets which quicken within one the deeper thought and feeling under which the highest and keenest appreciation of Soul-life is felt, so that the larger thoughts of the author and actors are learned, and beneficently used. So, too, the costuming was arranged in complete harmony with the purpose of the Play and so placed the actor in consonance with it and its setting that he could not but verily *live the part*. And added to this was the inspiration of an old-time audience seated *au naturel* on mats in the auditorium which was at the stage-level. Then, too, was added the splendor of the full moon which shone down with resplendent ray upon the faces of the actors, and shed a purple and delicate blue halo around them; and the golden eyes of the blue dome above seemed to twinkle with delight at the part they were taking in the sweet service to a Master.

Thus, free from obscuring features, the simple but great Mystery-Play was given its initial rendition, and it will serve as the perfect type in a coming revival of a really educative drama. In it and others to come are presented in truest dramatic form the initiation of the student into (or introduction to the knowledge of) the laws governing the physical, mental, and spiritual nature; even as they were given in olden times to those true seekers after Truth who would become Master-Builders in the Living Temple of the Gods, commonly known as Sol-Om-On's Temple. If, under trying conditions of crude structure and canvas, this first production is inspiring, try to fancy what the impress on the mind will be when, as the setting for these grand plays, there will be the real marble pillars, resting on the solid floor of a real Temple, and supporting the Templar edifice reared for the Master.

On Sunday evening the general assembly was held. Such a one had not been witnessed for ages. In ancient form was the meeting convened, and in ancient costume the speakers on the programme gave new life to Theosophic interpretation, and new and clarifying aspects of the several subjects were presented.

Greetings by telegraph from the following places were received by the Leader and Congress and suitably responded to: New Zealand, India, Germany, Holland, Sweden, England, Ireland, San Francisco, Kansas City, Portland (Ore.), Chicago Boston, Macon. Among others, the following greetings were sent:—

“To the Hon. Emilio Bacardi,

“Santiago de Cuba.

“The members of the Universal Brotherhood in Unity Congress assembled at Point Loma, Cal., U. S. A., send greetings.

“The elevation of your people stands first among the purposes of your heart; and we all recognize your noble sacrifice for Cuba. We know, that in spirit, you and ourselves are constantly associated. We feel, as must you, that the day of Liberation of humanity, the day when it will feel the Light of Brotherhood, and find within itself the joy of real life has already dawned. It is our hope that you and we may meet in the near future, that we may better express to you our deep gratitude for your hearty co-operation in our work for suffering humanity. We beg to extend through you cordial greetings to your fellow-countrymen, and are trusting that each day will find them in ever increasing enjoyment of liberation and peace.

“KATHERINE TINGLEY,

“(Leader and Official Head.)”

“To E. A. Neresheimer,

“Chairman of Universal Brotherhood Cabinet.

“Comrades of the Universal Brotherhood assembled at Point Loma rejoice with you in the great victory of our work through devotion to the teachings of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood; the glorious service of W. Q. Judge and Mme. Blavatsky has not been in vain. At last here are being reared monumental works to perpetuate the names and labors of these two great servitors of humanity.”

Comrades, the New Cycle Unity Congress will stand forever as symbolized wisdom and strength and an urge to deeper aspiration in the heart of every Comrade on the earth and in all that must come under its exalting influence.

AMOS C. McALPIN.

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### NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS IN NEW YORK.

A NEW KIND OF ENERGY was displayed by the Staff at 144 Madison Avenue, and entirely new and unprecedented co-operation on the part of the members in the vicinity without exception, at the advent of the Congress held at this Centre.

At the E. S. T. meeting, on April 13th, the birthday of our Chief, Wm. Q. Judge, the opening was made before a large gathering, which portended much, all being imbued with a true devotional spirit. The bust of the Chief on a pedestal was decorated and placed in full view. Amidst breathless silence his great work for the Movement was reviewed. It was brought out that the opportunities existing during his lifetime, though immensely important, were not so great as they are now under the present Leader, on account of the small number of helpers which he had among the ranks of the then budding Theosophists. It is very different now, since

those who have stood so faithfully the onslaughts against the Movement with such stability, guided by the example of the Chief's successor, have become more efficient helpers. Meantime, unknown to themselves, they have absorbed a cosmic element; having been given the key they have discovered treasures of permanency within themselves and in the hearts of others. The present Leader has therefore a greater force with which to work; the ties have also been more closely knit by the necessity for resistance which had to be exercised almost without interruption. A wave of gratitude swept the Comrades present for the opportunities which had been given them during the present leadership. A more harmonious gathering where the highest sentiments united all cannot be imagined.

Following a well planned and diligently devised program, the second day of the Congress, April 14, was commenced with a most successful entertainment by and for the children, at which a large audience was present, consisting of parents, friends and guardians of the children, and also many strangers.

The cutest representations of self-possession bore evidence of the efficacy of the methods and teachings under which the Children's Department of the Organization is now being conducted. Here the incipient results of an endeavor to emphasize the importance of music and the drama as true educational factors became undoubtedly apparent. It is certain that the influence of this gathering of the children was to leave an impress on every one that human life may be conceived of as being capable of affording a most unexpected vista of happiness, if the ground thereto be laid in one's own consciousness.

An enjoyable repast prepared for the children ended this most delightful entertainment.

The great expectations which were centered upon the public entertainment on the evening of the 14th were realized to the fullest extent. A musical program of undoubted artistic merit preceded the main feature of the evening, which was to be the Greek Symposium. This was an original dialogue in the manner of the ancient Greeks, composed by three members with the aid of Prof. A. Wilder, the Greek scholar, whose co-operation ensured the classical construction and consistency necessary for so dignified an attempt. The characters were Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aeschylus, Antisthenes, Phidias, Hermes, Aspasia, Diotima, and Cleo, Priestess of Apollo, and two maidens. The scene was laid in Elysium in the Under-world. It was presented on a specially constructed stage at Headquarters, 144 Madison Avenue, with appropriate scenery resembling a magnificent garden with flowers and natural plants, and especially painted scenery in the background painted by one of our Brothers. When the curtain parted before a very intelligent and attentive audience which filled the hall to its last capacity there was expectant silence before the beautiful picture presented. The Priestess at the shrine of Apollo received the offerings of flowers by the maidens and granted them the boon of staying in the presence of the illustrious gathering. The great philosophers of twenty-five centuries ago entered one after another in dignified deportment; they greeted one another with appropriate gesture as they met and proceeded to discuss philosophy in the under-world, as was their custom on earth.

Presently the soft strains of organ music were heard and Plato, who had just died, entered the Elysian fields conducted by Hermes; he was not yet cognizant either of himself or his surroundings, and on being reminded where he was, he gradually gained consciousness and recognized one after another his noble friends. At

this point the presentation was remarkably real, and it was pathetic to see the great philosopher wake to consciousness and to see his surprise at meeting such a famous gathering of beloved friends, teachers and pupils. He joined in the discussion of the "Good, the Beautiful and the True," wherein all the particular qualities which characterized these great men while on earth came out in distinct features. At an interrogation of Socrates, a dissertation on music followed, which was highly instructive and worthy to be studied in detail. Sweet chords of music were heard, and the Hymn to Apollo with the ancient Greek music was sung behind the scenes and listened to in rapt attention, whereupon the discussion continued, touching points of the highest philosophy and the nature of music in its relation to geometry and numbers. The alternate participation in the discourse of all the philosophers was highly interesting and gradually worked up to a dramatic climax when the Priestess was asked by Plato if she had no oracle to declare. She then foretold dark days for humanity (through which humanity has really been passing during the period of the last twenty-five hundred years), but emphatically declared that the thread of the ancient Mysteries had not been lost, will never be lost, and that from the land of the West the Light shall come again, brought by the Messenger of the Lodge that had preserved it all this time against profanation, and that when a number of disciples shall be ready to carry out the behests of the great Lodge, these will be revived and given to the world to guide them in the secrets and mysteries of life. As she proceeded in the unfolding of this great promise, the interest and attention of the great men and women grew apace, and waxing into enthusiasm they declared that they would return to earth to work for humanity. With great solemnity they chanted Kleante's hymn to Zeus, and vowed to serve humanity until all shall be redeemed.

This closed the performance and a burst of enthusiasm followed on the part of the audience, many of whom remained to give individual expression of their gratification. It was a rare treat in every way. The text was replete with clear and highly philosophical tenets, and it conveyed teachings of Universal Brotherhood in an entirely new and acceptable way to the public. The original and artistic designs of the costumes which were blended in beautiful colors were commented upon with much enthusiasm by several artists who were present; in fact, the effect of the whole was so unique and satisfactory that many requests for a repetition were made by strangers, so that they could bring their friends to enjoy it.

Sunday, April 15th, there was a meeting of the Aryan Lodge at 11.15 A. M., which was participated in by ten speakers, and in the evening a grand public meeting was held at Carnegie Chamber-Music Hall on 57th street and Broadway. This meeting was largely attended and was opened by a musical trio, performed by three well-known artists on the violin, violoncello and piano. Mr. H. T. Patterson presided over the meeting and opened with a statement giving an outline and explanation of the New Cycle Unity Congress being held here, and likewise at all of the Lodges throughout the world. After that the "Practical Work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization," "Woman's Work for the Brotherhood of Humanity," "Unbrotherliness, the Insanity of the Age," "The Search for Happiness," "The Philosophy of Life," "Brotherhood in Its Application to Daily Life," were dealt with by the best speakers of the New York and Brooklyn Lodges. The remarks were occasionally interrupted by rounds of applause, and the Congress was brought to a close by appropriate remarks from the Chairman and with music.



Stenographic reports were taken of some of the remarkable speeches which were made, and these, it is hoped, will be made public at a future date.

—E. A. NERESHEIMER.

Two of the addresses on "The Universal Brotherhood Organization" and "Unbrotherliness, the Insanity of the Age" are given in this issue in full.

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### BOSTON, MASS.

The New Cycle Unity Congress in Boston was opened at the E. S. T. meeting on Friday, April 13, at 8 P. M., with a full attendance of members. It was very evident at this meeting that a new and stronger impulse than ever was with us, our hearts beat in unison with the hearts of all comrades throughout the world, and our thoughts were centred on the Leader and the work, and we left the Lodge room to go out into the world with a new determination to work more and more as "Children of Light" for the sake of mankind.

On Saturday afternoon at 2.30 the children's hour came for opening the public part of the Congress, and the way they carried out their part was a delightful surprise to visitors, and indeed to most members. The majority of the children came from the Somerville Lotus Group, of which Miss Mary E. Allen is Superintendent. Miss Allen was ably assisted by Mrs. Geo. D. Ayers in the preparation and care of the children, and in the carrying out of the pleasing and instructive program. Members of the Boys' Brotherhood Club, of Boston, of which Bro. F. A. Fuller is President, also took some part.

The greatest time and energy in preparation was put into the Greek Symposium which was held on Saturday at 8 P. M. The stage was transformed into a scene on the balcony of the house of Crito, a wealthy Athenian, with pillars, through which could be seen a view of the sea in one direction and a landscape in the other, with the sunlight shining upon them. A fountain of running water played in the centre of the stage, on three sides of which were the tables draped in white and garlanded with flowers, behind which were the reclining seats, also draped in white and plentifully supplied with cushions of harmonious colors.

The guests of Crito numbered fifteen, three of whom were musicians with harp, lute and horn. Penelope, the wife of Crito, and Irene, the sister of Glaucus, attended to the wants of the guests, Crito having in honor of his illustrious friends dispensed with the service of slaves. The speaking characters were Crito, Plato, Hypatia, Euripides, Helena, Hero, Socrates, Phryne, Pericles, Diotima and Aspasia. The musicians were Eurydice (harp), Glaucus (lute) and Harmodius (horn).

The scene opened by the entrance of Crito and guests to the balcony. After music on the harp and lute, a letter from Phidias, who was unable to be present, was read by Aspasia.

In this letter Phidias says that he has been pondering of late over some questions affecting his art. He quotes Plato as saying that things as they appear to be on earth are but shadows of things as they are to be perceived on the plane of ideals, and he defines the highest art as the perfect expression of these real forms in the world of the actual. He then asks why cannot all life become a work of art as each one in doing his work in life embodies perfectly the ideal which it is his particular duty to express? He asks that Socrates for this occasion lay aside his function as

propounder of questions and leader of the dialogue and allow him (Phidias) to furnish the subject for discussion, namely, "The Highest Aim and Meaning of Art."

The letter meets with approval, and Crito says that their friends Harmodius and Eurydice respectively will play upon the horn and the harp.

Then Hero says that what Phidias writes suggests to her a passage in the writings of Plato which she cannot distinctly recall, in which men of earth are represented to be in a cave so bound that they do not see the light and the real things behind them, and only look upon the shadows of these things, and of themselves, cast by the fire upon the walls of the cave, and take these shadows for the realities themselves. She asks Helena as one well versed in Plato's writings if she can remember the passage. This passage Helena then repeats (See Plato's Republic, beginning of book VII) and then suggests that as Plato himself is present that he discourse upon "The Philosophy of Life." This Plato does, and says:

"The figure just read to you most truly expresses the general state of mankind. Those things which are perceptible to the senses are never anything but the shadows, or effects, of that which the senses do not perceive. That which the senses do not perceive is the Real world of ideas. If we rely upon the senses for the truth, we are bounded by our personal range of vision, each one has his own little circle of vision as the sole exhibition of the verities, and none know nor can know the world of Reality under such circumstances. To each one the world is different, each one in fact creates his own world. Having created his own world, each then proceeds unconsciously to demand concurrence to his view, and as the central figure in these words is the creator thereof, he becomes the god who requires subservience to his desires. A multiplicity of worlds or conceptions of worlds, with a multiplicity of insistent gods, all built up from appearances only, give rise to personal struggle and selfishness. This series of conceptions may well be termed the Actual, as distinguished from the Real which is the cause of all appearances.

Speaking then of life, we will understand it to be a process of the Soul's development—indeed that the purpose of life is to learn and that it is all made up of learning. Protagoras has mentioned that, as has been said by one of the wise men of the East "The Soul is the perceiver, is vision itself assuredly and simple, and it looks directly upon ideas." Man then is a Soul, possessing a body which is a responsive instrument to the physical world of action.

What is the Good, the Beautiful and True then, but a definition of what the highest art must be, the fullest development of the soul and of the action and the works of the soul in perfect physical form corresponding to the ideals as they are to be perceived in the world of ideals.

Then *Socrates* says in effect that the ideal is beautiful, but how is it to be realized in this world of poverty, misery and intolerance? He dwells upon the general intolerance among men, and finally asks Hypatia how this ideal is to be made actual, adding that she has had experience with the intolerance of men and can speak feelingly upon the subject.

Hypatia speaks of Brotherhood as a fact in nature, and says that in order to bring about the realization of this by all people there must come together a body of tried and true companions inseparably united in the bonds of comradeship, with absolute devotion and loyalty to their ideal. To secure that *unity* a leader is needed such as comes to the world from time to time in the persons of the Saviours of mankind—the messengers of the Highest Gods.

When asked to state the plan of work, she says that this band must not only teach the Philosophy of Life, but must touch the hearts and minds of men by practical Humanitarian work.

*Pericles* then says that Hypatia has made definite some thoughts which had been floating vaguely in his mind. For in carrying out his duties to the State and in going about the city he had often thought that if the artisans and all men, however high or lowly their position, would let go both ambition to go ahead of others and their sometimes contempt for and adverse criticism of others, each one resting on his own individual center and trying to express that completely, they would find that as each man's own center was directly connected with the grand central source of all life and light, each would catch full sight of its real things as they are upon the plane of ideals and could express them fully upon earth. All life then would make up one vast work of art—Nature's highest Conception embodied, and earth and Heaven would be the same.

*Socrates* then says that each man within is divine and that therefore when fully expressed man is the highest individual work of art and that to bring about this full expression men should be taught each one to realize the nobility of his calling and the dignity of his true position in life.

Then *Euripides* after referring to what the rest have said points out that the drama is a great teacher as well as other forms of art. And after some discussion of the drama he says that Hypatia's band of workers should also embody in their work teaching in dramatic form, bringing out the great dramas or mystery plays, as they all really are.

Crito then calls for more music.

*Phryne* then says that what has been said suggests three things to her:

- (1) The uniting of all the fine arts in one great art work.
- (2) That self sacrifice in the truest sense combined with discrimination in action makes the act which embodies it a work of art.
- (3) She asks to join such a band of workers, saying that if absolutely united in devotion to their ideal and loyalty to their leader, they would possess the lever and fulcrum sought by Archimedes with which to move the world.

*Aspasia* then says that Phidias had asked her to write about the Symposium to him, and she then asks Crito to sum it up. This Crito does and at the end of his talk calls upon Diotima the teacher of children.

*Diotima* says that the grown up men and women can but begin the work, and that the children, especially orphan and homeless children who know what suffering is, should be taken and trained up as Helpers of Humanity. At the close she refers to the End of the Eumenides of Aeschylus wherein the Eumenides are changed from avenging deities to messengers of joy.

After more music, Crito and his guests arose and pledged themselves to join together in such an organization as had been outlined, which would bring Truth, Light and Liberation to mankind.

The Sunday evening public meeting was well attended despite the fact of Easter attractions in other directions. In the addresses emphasis was laid upon the spiritual and practical lines of work, and a good outline of the Movement, its inception in this period and its progress, its departmental objects and efforts was given. The stage setting of the Symposium was retained for this meeting and added much to the attractiveness of the occasion.

ROBERT CROSBIE, U. B. L. 28.

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#### CHICAGO, ILL.

The New Cycle Unity Congress held by Chicago Lodges, April 13, 14, and 15th, manifested the strength of Unity and was interesting throughout and well attended. This was especially emphasized in the meeting of April 13. At the Children's Fes-

tival the background of the Stage, was a painted canvas scenery of Point Loma itself, with the clear waters of the Bay in the foreground, and looking out from a beautiful Grecian balcony. Banners of purple and gold and of various design decorated the hall, one with "K. A. T." a heart, and the word "Trust," another with the Seal of the Brotherhood. The Children gave most creditably, a Drama, portraying Mother Nature and the seasons of the year carrying flowers of the season in greatest profusion, clad in Grecian costumes, assisted by the Goddess Isis, who dispensed her favors and flowers at the close of the Festival to all present. The children were so pleased with their costumes and festoons, that they asked at the close if they must take them off. The Evening Entertainment was of a high order, being a MUSICAL, with vocal selections by The Lexington Quartet, and Musical Illustrations from Richard Wagner's Meistersinger, by Instrumental Quartet, with an Interpretation of the Meistersinger, especially of Walther's Preislied, by Grace G. Bohn.

One number of this Entertainment was a Reading by Florine Irving Seymour. The audience was select and appreciative. At the Sunday evening meeting of the Congress the closest attention and rapport was maintained throughout. Good music was rendered and short addresses given on: "The Work and Departments of the Universal Brotherhood Organization," "Universal Brotherhood in Daily Life," "The Education of Children," "Fundamental Truths of Spiritual Philosophy," "The New Cycle and the Golden Age." ALPHEUS M. SMITH, President, U. B. L. 70.

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### BUFFALO, N. Y.

The New Cycle Unity Congress was opened in Buffalo, Friday evening, April 13, with an E. S. T. meeting. This meeting was one of vital interest, and all present felt that they were taking a part in a mighty effort to affect humanity for its well-being.

The Congress was opened to the Public with the Children's Festival, Saturday afternoon, and a play, The "Lotus Triumph," was given by the children of the Lotus Group. This play was written by two members of the Buffalo Lodge and was beautifully and artistically presented.

Ten of the Children, each representing a flower, after setting forth in verse and song the charms of each, all the flowers are won over by the lovely Lotus, whom they made Queen. The fourteen children who took part in the play were dressed in Greek costumes, and wore a garland of the flower they represented. The Headquarters were tastefully decorated for the occasion with white, purple and yellow flowers. The entertainment was well attended, and all expressed themselves as well pleased with the performance of the little ones.

In the evening, the Greek Symposium was held at Lotus Home, whose large and airy rooms made a fitting setting for the program which had been arranged.

Several Greek living pictures were posed, preceded by appropriate readings, followed by a dainty collation and the Symposium proper. A number of ancient Greek philosophers and poets contributed to the entertainment, with a veritable Euterpe presiding gracefully over all. The picture which was presented by all the members, and many of the guests in ancient Greek costume was one long to be remembered.

The Congress was concluded by the meeting Sunday evening at the Headquarters, where addresses were given by the members, following the plan outlined by the Leader.

Great force and unity of purpose were felt throughout the Lodge during all the preparations, and at the time of the Congress.

The great wave of unity—oneness of purpose—and the determination to carry Truth, Light and Liberation to all the corners of the earth, sweeping through all the Lodges, binding us still more closely in the bonds of brotherly love and in devotion to our Mighty Leader, and all-wise Teacher—Katherine Tingley, found its way to every heart here, filling us with strength and hope, and a clearer knowledge of the scope of the work in which we are engaged, and to which we are pledged for all time.

Cor. Secretary, U. B. L. 80.

## MILWAUKEE, WIS.

When word was received from the Leader that we were to have a New Cycle Unity Congress, Lodge No. 5, Milwaukee, set right to work planning what should be done. Our Leader's suggestion that we should have a Greek Symposium from the Saturday evening entertainment, enabled us to put all our force on the carrying out of that idea, instead of taking a good deal of time to think up something else interesting and new. And in spite of the usual hindrances which crop up in arranging any entertainment, the Symposium was an accomplished fact.

On Friday, April 13, the New Cycle Unity Congress opened in Milwaukee with an E. S. T. meeting, largely attended, which carried with it such an amount of force as will not soon be lost. Milwaukee Lodge has one difficulty to contend with, that all working members are wage-earners, and so unable to do Lodge work during the day. Therefore the work of making ready the room for the Children's Festival had to be done Friday night, and it was growing near daylight before the lights were put out. Saturday afternoon the Lodge room was filled to see the children who were to hold a Pink Rose Festival, under the direction of Miss Hayden and Mr. G. Mohr. Soon after three o'clock the children of the two Lotus Groups marched into the room singing "Sowing and reaping," each bringing a flower which was laid upon a table draped in white especially to receive them. A varied programme followed, consisting of songs by the children, a solo by one of the Buds, and recitations by different Buds and Blossoms. Group No. 2 gave a symbol play before which all present joined in the "Silent Moments." This play told in simple manner of the two forces drawing us up and down, the forces being represented by the rainbow colors, the soul, by the white fairy standing between the two groups. Eight little girls of Group No. 1 gave a Pink Rose drill, going through a series of pretty movements with hoops of green sprinkled with pink roses, roses being also scattered over their white dresses. The children had asked to give a special offering, which was taken up, and the grown-ups present asked the privilege of also contributing, which was granted of course. The affair closed with the Circle song and intonation of "Truth, Light and Liberation."

Saturday evening Severance's hall presented a novel aspect, for one end was transformed into a Greek room of most attractive appearance, thanks to the kindly aid of a non-member, Mr Kroes. At first thought it would seem impossible to arrange a stage setting in an immense square room without a stage, but it was done. A room about 18 feet wide and 10 feet deep was partitioned off, the walls being made of white cloth. At the back of this room a triangle raised its point on high. All of this, together with the walls, was gracefully draped with festoons of white, and green smilax interspersed with roses. In the open space of the triangle hung a star of purple violets. In the centre of the room was placed a table set with fruit and flowers and about the room were low seats. A piano being a necessity, the grand piano was pushed behind the scenes until the keyboard was on a line with the walls which were cut to allow of its entrance, and then all the front was draped with white, so that nothing of it showed to the audience. The costumes of blue, green, pink and lavender giving the needed touch of color and setting off the white of those who had "speaking parts." Bach's Quintette opened the entertainment with some fine music. When the last sound had died away the Greeks entered, taking their seats in the places assigned them. (There was no curtain.) Socrates then greeted the friends who were assembled at the feast and discoursed eloquently on the subject of "Music," and in particular, on Harmony. He then suggested silence while listening to some harmonious strains. The Quintette behind the scenes played a Wagner selection. Socrates next called upon Phidias to speak on Melody, to illustrate which one of the members sang a solo. Aspasia was then called upon to discourse upon Rhythm, not only in music, but in Art and Poetry as well. This was followed and illustrated by a recitation of Longfellow's Sandolphin. Pythagoras responded to the request to give an exposition of the Music of the Spheres. The orchestra played again to close, during which the assembled Greeks passed out. After the music had ceased, "Truth, Light and Liberation," "Render noble service," etc., were intoned behind the scenes.

On Sunday the closing meeting of the Congress was held at Mozart hall, a new and very pretty hall in a choice location in the best part of the city. C. W. Denicke spoke to the audience on the Universal Brotherhood Organization and the objects of the International Brotherhood League. O. F. Utesh gave a comprehensive talk on "Brotherhood" and Dr. W. B. Hill followed on the subject of "Our Philosophy." A number of questions very much to the point having been handed in, were answered by Dr. Hill. Those present listened with the closest attention. During the evening music was furnished by Miss Way at the organ.

This ended the great New Cycle Unity Congress, and judging by this Lodge, enough force must have gone out from all the Lodges to definitely affect the whole world.

H. A. ANDERSON, Secretary.

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### SIoux CITY, IA.

The first meeting of the Congress, April 13, 8 P. M. was a very harmonious and helpful one. It opened with the chanting of "Truth, Light and Liberation." The message to all Lodges from the Leader was read, and a message sent to the Congress at Point Loma. The subject for the evening was "Our Teachers and Leaders." Every member spoke with much feeling and sincerity. Some gave personal reminiscences of our revered and beloved Chief, William Q. Judge, whose beautiful spirit had been so benignly felt when he was with us in Sioux City. Nearly all gave quotations from his writings which had been found helpful in their lives. Our great pioneer, the lion-hearted H. P. Blavatsky, and our present warrior teacher and Leader, Katherine Tingley, received a full share of loving tribute. There could be no separation in our hearts of these three great compassionate souls, who are as one. At the mention of each name all arose and stood in reverent silence.

The Children's Festival, held at 3 P. M., April 14, was a great success. The children all dressed in white, the older ones wearing lotus blossom ruches or collars and the younger wearing lotus buds, marched into the room to the music of the "Warriors of the Golden Cord," bearing in one hand the cord and in the other a bunch of the first spring wild flowers. After entering the room they sang the song of the "Warriors," still marching. At the conclusion of the song they stood about a table covered with white, on which stood an Easter lily surrounded by other flowers, and spoke in concert the words, "These flowers we bring as a tribute of love to all beings, and to that Divine Life which is over all, through all and in us all." Then they laid their flowers on the table, and forming in a circle, sang the "Circle Song," after which they marched to their seats singing "Brothers We." Then followed recitations and music, the entertainment closing with "Happy Little Sunbeams," to the music of which the children marched out of the room.

The public entertainment in the evening was greatly enjoyed by those in attendance. An abundance of flowers lent their charms to the occasion. The program was successfully carried out, with responses to many encores.

The court room, in which the public meeting was held on the evening of the 15th, was adorned with large photographs of our three Leaders against a background of purple. Above these were placed the S. R. L. M. A. and the U. S. flags, while flowers and other flags surrounded them. The whole front of the room presented a most beautiful appearance with the pictures, flags of nations and flowers. The meeting opened with music. Then the message of greeting from the Committee of Arrangements at Point Loma was read, the members rising and standing in silence at the mention of the names of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. Then followed an address on "The Universal Brotherhood Organization and its Work," by Miss Alice D. Pierce, and another on "Mind and Thought," by Mr. Charles D. Hopkins. Miss Susan D. Pierce sang "Cleansing Fires." Three short addresses followed on "The Universality of the Law of Cycles and its Application to Life," by Miss Ida M. Good; "The Teaching of Theosophy and the Bible Regarding Christ, and the Practical Application of this Teaching to Life," by Mr. John R. Lamb, and "Universal Brotherhood," by Miss B. Wakefield. The meeting closed with music by Mr. Algot Lind and Miss Minnie Lind.

From beginning to end we feel that the meetings of the New Cycle Unity Con-

gress have been a success spiritually, have accomplished a good work on inner planes, and have given to members an added courage and confidence for future endeavor.

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD, Secretary, U. B. L. 66.

#### U. B. LODGE No. 42, FORT WAYNE, IND.

The *Fort Wayne Evening Sentinel* of April 16 gives a long and interesting account of the New Cycle Unity Congress held by Lodge 42. Following are extracts:

"The gatherings were full of interest, and from the opening session on Saturday afternoon to the closing address last evening the programs were of the highest order of merit. Those who attended were not only charmingly entertained, but received much new light concerning the nature and purposes of the Universal Brotherhood.

"Saturday afternoon's program was given with special reference to children, and many of the features were particularly fine. The songs of the Lotus Group, notably the rainbow song, in which the colors of the bow were represented, were especially pleasing. The rooms were charmingly decorated, and above the stage were large portraits of the three great Leaders of the Society, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. Saturday evening Judge O'Rourke gave a thoughtful address on the subject of consciousness, and the musical contributions added much to the success of the Congress." —*Fort Wayne Evening Sentinel*.

#### U. B. LODGE No. 12, MACON, GA.

The following are extracts from a full and appreciative report given in the *Macon Telegraph*, Sunday, April 15. The report is headed, "The Greek Symposium. —It was a brilliant success last evening.—Had a large audience.—Macon has rarely seen anything so beautiful.—It was the opening of the New Cycle Unity Congress of the Universal Brotherhood.—Charming Music.—The dances of the Greeks were great.

"Macon has never enjoyed a more refined and beautiful entertainment than that given last evening by the Theosophists in their Symposium. . . .

"The entertainment occurred in the Brotherhood hall and was attended by a select audience. The idea chosen as a basis was a Symposium in the house of Agathon in honor of Easter, goddess of spring, and all the characters portrayed appeared in classic costume. The stage was a miniature chapel, the supporting columns of which were beautifully garlanded and interspersed with palms and ferns. Under strong electric lights it presented an enchanting appearance. The curtain disclosed Agathon, the symposiarch, surrounded by his guests, and the program unfolded the plan of the festival. After the playing of Handel's Largo by hidden musicians, Agathon, in a short address, welcomed his guests, each of whom as called on gave voice to some selection expressive of the higher emotion. Songs were rendered, garlands and wreaths distributed, stories told, dances performed, and graceful compliments exchanged. The Brotherhood in Macon contains many artisans, artists, musicians and mechanics, and these gave efficient and enthusiastic service to render this occasion notable. The surprise and delight of the audience last evening were gratifying testimonials to the success of their labors."

"The children's entertainment that heralded to the public the opening of the New Cycle Unity Congress of the Universal Brotherhood was an occasion of rare beauty.

"Children and flowers joined in giving to nature a joyous spring festival. The stage of the Brotherhood hall was a bower of loveliness; palms and flowers were on all sides, and when first strains of the beautiful 'Maidens' Chorus' from Lohengrin were heard through the hall, the doors in the rear were thrown open and a procession of children singing the chorus and bearing flowers entered, marching slowly up the aisle to the stage, where they stood a lovely picture of nature in the springtime. Songs, dances and tableaux made a delightful program. . . .

"The dance of the spring flowers was a joyous dance of nymphs, and for grace and beauty it was unsurpassed. The final tableau closed the afternoon program. Queen Flora with her teams was represented. A more beautiful event has never been seen than was that of this spring's graceful young queen." —*Macon Telegraph*.

## U. B. LODGE No. 62, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

About one hundred children gathered in Universal Brotherhood Hall to open with flowers the New Cycle Unity Congress, and flowers there were in abundance as only sunny California can produce them. Music and happiness were the features of the occasion. The children who took part in the exercises were dressed in white and formed a pretty band of Lotus buds and blossoms as they marched up to the front, and with appropriate verses offered their gifts to the Lotus Mother, a huge bank of gay colors and fragrance being formed beneath the picture of our Leader. The flags of all nations that adorned the walls, the smiling faces of the children, the flowers, the music, the joy and the occasion, made a combination long to be remembered.

Saturday night the people of Los Angeles were treated to the best musical entertainment they have had in a good while. The best talent the city could afford was secured, some of those who took part having a national reputation as musicians, and on this occasion they did their best. Everybody was greatly pleased, and many for the first time came in contact with the Universal Brotherhood Organization. We secured the best music hall in the city and advertised extensively.

Sunday night we became more serious, and in four addresses presented the different aspects of Universal Brotherhood and Theosophy, and told of the work of the International Brotherhood League and the wise and good Leader at the head of all. Flowers and music were also at this meeting essential methods of showing the world that Life is Joy.

L. SCOTT, Secretary.

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Since beginning to prepare the Mirror of the Movement the reports have been coming in so fast that it is impossible even to mention all of them individually, but we hope to give more of them in next issue.

The success of the Congress abroad has been as great as it has been in this country. A report of the Children's Festival at 19 Avenue Road is given in full. Detailed reports of the entertainment and public meetings in London have not yet been received, but one of the comrades writes that they were gloriously successful. At the public entertainment the program was as follows:

Brotherhood Song; Children's symbolical play, "The Triumph of Joy;" Lantern lecture on the tragedies of Aeschylus; Tableau, "Harmony;" Scenes from Greek Life, (1) a Philosophical Dispute, (2) a Lecture by Hypatia. An original dialogue was written for the last mentioned, full of the highest philosophy and teaching. Hypatia's last speech is especially fine. Following are a few quotations:

"—yet know I well the gods have not deserted men, though for a time their voices sounded sadly from the heights—and then were still. I tell you but for gods and all the secret, silent help they bring, holding back fate with hands made strong by love, this earth could not endure the sorrow and the pain of men. But they who love can wait. For the tide turns at its appointed hour." . . .

"There is no other way to live, defying death and change, no other way to praise the gods than this—to live in gentle harmony with all that is." . . .

"There is in you and me and every one of us, bondmen and free, a principle most subtle, most divine, which knits us to the gods, by which we have the power to share their godlike life and light, lifting us upward through their utmost, perfect peace. Had I a thousand voices I would fill the world with this great message, surely it should bring Truth, Light and Liberation unto all mankind. For men love not the Darkness more than Light when once their eyes have seen the Light of Love."

"It is the Law that men should reap where they have cast the seed. None other reaps it for them. Thus we learn to break away the veils which hide the faces of the gods, and thus we learn to still the voices from below, of passion born, and love of self, and hate, so that the gods may speak again, it may be face to face as once they did."

"Friends have I said enough? The gods yet live and wait to welcome those that turn to them. Not in the desecrated temples shall ye hear their voices speak, nor shall ye see their faces in the altar smoke. Within yourselves a temple has been raised, and there pure altars ye may rear with garlands of sweet words to all the world—offering such tribute as the great gods love, in deeds of lowly pity, unto those



who weep in darkness and alone. The gods shall fill that temple with their light, burn away the dross of self which gives to us these heavy dreams of death."

### CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

19 Avenue Road, London, N. W.

DEAR CHILDREN:

Would you like to know what the children of the London Lotus Groups did at their Festival belonging to the New Cycle Unity Congress? I wish I could send you a picture of the pretty sight that there was in the Hall on the afternoon of Friday, April 14, but I cannot do that, so you will have to use your imagination and see it all inside your heads.

Just as the clock was striking three o'clock and the people who were standing round the three sides of the large hall were thinking that they had better be getting ready, in marched four boys carrying banners. They came in all by themselves and carried the banners all round the Hall to the altar, and then stood to guard it throughout the afternoon. They had not got to their position one second before in ran twelve pairs of little girls carrying beautiful arches all made of green leaves, moss and flowers. They made three passages up the centre of the room, and the room seemed to vanish and we got into a garden somehow. Then in came such a long line of buds and blossoms, all dressed in white dresses, and wearing the beautiful collars that you can see in the photograph of the children at Brighton that was on the front page of the New Century a little time ago, and each of them carried a bunch of golden and white flowers. They marched up the garden paths, under the three rows of arches, and round to the altar, where they laid their flowers down in front of the three large portraits.

Then as the long line came round the room the golden cord was untwined and they formed a large circle marching round the room holding onto the "cable-tow" and singing that they were "Young Crusaders." Then they told everybody that they were "Warriors of the Golden Cord," and they looked it, too. Then after the cord was put away again the twelve arches were moved to form a house for some little birds and butterflies that sung as they ran and flew in and out of the house.

Next all the children sat down except the twelve pairs that had been carrying the arches, and they went through a drill; all kinds of drill; with dumbbells, with wands, and sitting down, kneeling down, running, and hopping and you might have thought all the twenty-four of them had been made in one piece, for they all moved together just like a lot of soldiers. After the drill came a story, and after the story the very tiny buds had a march all to themselves, and then there were a lot more songs, that seemed to make the Hall go still further away and the garden come still nearer. All these songs were about the coming of spring, and by the way the weather has suddenly become fine and warm since Easter I think their singing must have sent cold Winter away and made Spring come out of hiding and begin to make the flowers grow and the trees put out buds. Then they all formed into line again and went out of the room singing the Brotherhood Song, and the minute the children had gone the Hall came back again and the garden vanished; no! not quite, there seemed to be some garden left behind and it has been following everybody who was there about ever since.

Some of the children helped the grown-ups in their entertainment in the evening, and I must tell you about that, too. This time the room was arranged like an ordinary concert room with rows and rows of chairs all facing the stage, with its dark red curtains that were at the top end of the room. The chairs were nearly all full with people who had come to see what the children could teach them about the Triumph of Joy. When the curtains parted, and the footlights were turned up, there were some citizens walking about in the courtyard of a castle singing the most dismal tune you ever heard. It made you have creepy-creepies all down your back. They sung "Oh! mournful day, Oh! woeful time. When shall sorrow cease to be." They were still singing this dismal tune when in came a herald who shouted out as loud as to be heard down the next street—"King Misery is dead. Long live Queen Diamond Soul," and all the citizens seemed to wake up out of a horrid dream and shouted,

too, "Long live Queen Diamond Soul," and sung one of the tunes out of the Lotus book, that you know quite well, to show that they were not mournful any longer, but quite full of joy. Just as they finished in came Queen Diamond Soul herself carrying a lily in her hand and wearing a beautiful crown of lilies. She took her seat on the throne and some of her subjects made presents to her. Then in came Princess Sorrow and wanted to know if it was true that Joy was really dead, and it was no use answering her, for Joy himself came in to answer and show that he was yet alive. Then in came more citizens who bowed to the Queen and then sung about the sunbeams and how they could make the whole world glad. And Queen Diamond Soul thanked her subjects for being loyal to her, and said that they would go through the whole world making everybody glad again, now that King Misery was out of the way. And the citizens were all so ready to help that they marched off straight away without thinking of anything else, and began to do good in the world, and they are doing it now, and will go on doing it. If any of you want to help them you have only got to be loyal to Queen Diamond Soul (she comes and see you every night), and then she will let you join her little band of warriors who are fighting Selfishness and Wrong all over the whole world.

Your little brother,            PERCY VERENCE.

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#### MANCHESTER LODGE No. 5, ENGLAND.

Our Lotus Group began this year with three, but has increased to thirty, so the children's festival was a herculean task. However, we determined to fulfill the instructions received and that Lodge No. 5 would take its share in the world-wide privilege. The result astonished us. The festival was a great success, and was thoroughly enjoyed by both children and audience. The entertainment and public meeting were also successful and enjoyed. Never before has our Lodge shown such unity, such real harmony, coupled with a determination to rise ever higher in appreciation and use of our great privileges as members of the Universal Brotherhood. So immediate is the result of obedience and united effort. Truly it was a *Unity* Congress.

Our membership has so grown recently through new seekers of the Truth and transfers from other lodges that we hear whispers of a larger lodge-room needed. We intend to make Lodge No. 5, England, "a living power" in the life of this big and sordid city.

W. J. R.

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#### U. B. LODGE No. 12, WALLASEY, ENGLAND.

At the Children's Festival the lodge-room was crowded and the entertainment given by the children of the Lotus Group and some of the boys of the Brotherhood Club filled every one with delight. The public entertainment was most enjoyable, and also the public meeting. The principal local paper gave full reports of the meetings, and also of the general work of the organization, and we feel that the Congress throughout was most successful. The newspaper said of the Children's Festival, "the whole formed a most delightful picture of harmony in color, form, sound and movement, and every one felt that the end came all too soon."

W. W.

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#### U. B. LODGE No. 2, BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

When the Leader's plan to hold a Congress simultaneously all over the world was communicated to the members of Lodge No. 2, England, steps were at once taken to comply fully, both in the letter and the spirit. A public hall was secured in a most central part of the city. The children of the two Lotus Groups were quickly put into training by the Lodge President, Mrs. Clayton, who for so many years past has been the life and soul of the work at this important center. Sympathetic helpers readily volunteered in the making of the beautiful Grecian costumes and Lotus bud collars. For three weeks there was incessant working, planning and practising. And as though to give an added interest and vigor to the work of Universal Brotherhood in Bristol, new lodge-rooms for the regular meetings were secured, quite near to the public hall that had been engaged. Everything was ready by Friday, the 13th, and

on that day the members of the E. S. T. were able to assemble and hold the first meeting of the Congress at once commemorative of the birth of William Q. Judge and to inaugurate the work of the Lodge in its new and most commodious quarters. Bristol Lodge has ever been progressive with a firm faith and fearless courage, and this first meeting was a perfect re-union among all the members though some were scattered far and wide in different parts of the world. Bristol City had been well posted with the news of our Congress gathering, and the country round about had been advertised for a fortnight, so that Universal Brotherhood was in the air and had been remarked upon in many public gatherings.

On Saturday, the first public assembly of the Congress opened with the Children's Festival in Hannah More Hall. Fifty children of the Lotus Group marched into the hall at the appointed hour, singing the song of the "Young Crusaders," and linked together by the great cable tow, or Golden Cord so symbolical of the tie that binds mankind throughout the world. It was quite a revelation to the fathers and mothers present as well as to some of the talented witnesses who had come to help at other parts of the ceremony. Every child—a Lotus Bud—stepped with a consciousness of being a part of the greater whole, and bright eyes shone with a pleasure and joy that revealed the gladness of the young heart within. The President was urgently requested to repeat the ceremony at the evening entertainment. The Saturday evening public entertainment was equally a happy one. The audience was very appreciative and again the children won golden opinions. The public meeting on Sunday evening was held at the new lodge-rooms. Addresses and vocal and instrumental music constituted the program. Some of the visitors present expressed the pleasure they had in meeting with a Movement of this kind which had hitherto escaped their observation. References were made to the work and lives of our three Leaders and the great needs of the world were pointed out.

HERBERT CROOKE, Secretary.

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#### EVERTON LODGE No. 4, ENGLAND.

Congress a glorious success. From the first entry of the children to the decoration of the hall, the interior of the hall itself, the profusion of flowers, all reminded one of Brighton. In fact, it was a miniature Brighton. The touch of the Leader was through everything. At Brighton the Leader showed us how to hold a Congress. The success of the Everton Congress lies in the fact that it proved the members had learned their lesson.

P. M. M.

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#### STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

April 18, 1900.

I am sure you are interested to know how our Unity Congress has passed here in Stockholm. The secretary will, as soon as possible, send you an account of the proceedings. I will now tell you that everything which was done was borne up by a mighty force, both in the preliminary arrangements and through the proceedings. It was proposed that the children's festival should be held in a public hall and the members enthusiastically subscribed nearly a hundred dollars for this purpose and many offered their services, so that now began a work without rest. Many Lotus dresses for the children were ready, but many more were required to be made. What a splendid organization the Universal Brotherhood is! In its ranks we have all kinds of people, dressmakers, painters, joiners and others, and if we only try to follow the Leader's suggestions, then we all have opportunities to do a splendid work for humanity.

At the children's festival were assembled about three hundred persons and they were all very pleased. The day after we wrote an article concerning the festival and it has been printed in the most fashionable newspaper.

Concerning the public entertainment and Symposium, the members were of different opinions. Some were thinking we could not do it and others that we could if we only *would*. The result was that we determined to try. A committee was selected and met on Sunday, April the 8th. Mr. Nyström took as his part to write the Symposium, and it was ready Tuesday night. The discourse turned upon the

liberation of the soul and the newspapers have spoken favorably of the entertainment. The work went on day and night, and those members who had got an insight into the work at the Congress in 1899, when the Leader was with us, felt the same forces inspiring and stimulating every one. The work united us in heart and mind. We had to give the Symposium twice, repeating it on Monday, because so many asked to see it again.

Our public meeting on Sunday evening was attended by three hundred persons and was a very good one. Mr. Cederschiold opened the Congress and gave the first address. After that spoke Dr. Zander. Mr. Siren, Mr. Ljungstrom, Mr. Nyström, and last, I myself.

Greetings to you and all comrades from Sweden.

GERDA NYSTROM.

#### HELSINGBORG LODGE No. 2, SWEDEN.

At the children's festival thirty-six children, all dressed in Lotus costumes, marched in to the tune of the "Brotherhood Song," each holding with one hand the Golden Cord and with flowers in the other. When all had entered they arranged themselves in a circle and sang "O Flower, Symbol of the Light," and then four of them went to the portraits of the three Leaders and Columbus, and garlanded them with flowers, the rest of the children offered their flowers to the audience. Then the children had tableaux and more songs. The entertainment was fine and harmonious in every way and all were happy and contented.

The public meeting had been well announced in the papers. We had fine music and addresses on the spiritual and practical aspects of the Movement. The hall was finely decorated and lighted, and there were so many people present that many of them had to stand. It was fine. The day after, the Congress was continued in a neighboring town, where Dr. Bogren delivered a lecture on Universal Brotherhood and another on the evening of the same day in Helsingborg.

SECRETARY.

#### TROLLHATTAN LODGE No. 18, SWEDEN.

The Congress has been a full triumph and inspiration to us all. United with the comrades all over the world closer than ever, we now go on with our work with joy and trust. The program was fully executed, so much as it could be in our little place. April 13th we had an E. S. T. meeting, when we stood as one soul around our Leader who worked for humanity. We received much strength and courage. W. Q. Judge was especially in our thoughts this day. April 14th was the children's day. The weeks before the Congress we had made preparations to do this day a full success, and truly it was. Even we and the children were surprised to see the mighty harmonious soul-force that spread all over this day. The room was beautifully decorated with flowers and over the photographs of our three Leaders were golden and purple flags and our Swedish flag. First the children had a little meeting by themselves, for the first time clothed in their Lotus dresses. During the silent moments they sent out their golden boats to their dear Lotus Mother, and then each of them hung a flower on the photographs of the Leaders. They sang a few songs and were at play.

To the public entertainment the children's parents and friends were invited. After music and songs and tableaux, one of the children read one of the Lotus Leaflets with much applause, and then the rainbow series in the Lotus Song-book were executed. Stories were read by the children and the entertainment closed with "Golden Warriors," illustrated by the Golden Cord.

Refreshments were then served and the flowers distributed among the public by the children. After this the President gave an address. The entertainment was ended, but none was ready to go. Tears of joy and gratitude were seen in many eyes, and the warm feelings took form in conversation, stories and play. The children would have such a Lotus Circle every day. They had never been so happy.

The public meeting on April the 15th was harmonious and successful. The New Cycle Unity Congress was ended and the members went each to his place with joy in his heart. It was a true Unity Congress. A great victory has been ours in the effort to send out Truth, Light and Liberation. P. D. FERNHOLD, President.

**IMPORTANT CORRECTION.**

Only remittances are to be sent to E. A. Neresheimer, 144 Madison Avenue, New York. All other correspondence and communications connected with the organization must be addressed to the Leader and Official Head, or to the Secretary General, or to the Secretary E. S. T., as the case may require, Point Loma, San Diego, California, U. S. A.; otherwise, correspondence will be delayed from two to three weeks.

This important correction refers to page 120, Universal Brotherhood Path, Vol. 15, No. 2.

**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.,  
Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

**DO NOT FORGET THIS.**

The Secretaries of the U. B. and 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,  
Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.



"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,  
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it."

**U**NIVERSAL 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."



**T**HIS 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.

## TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"If I were a young man I should ally myself with some high and at present unpopular cause, and devote my every effort to accomplish its success."

*John G. Whittier.*

# Universal Brotherhood Path.

VOL. XV.

JULY, 1900.

NO. 4.

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## BUDDHISM.

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By V. M. F.

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OR this is the message we have heard from the beginning, that we should *love* one another; but how shall we love our brothers if we are content to hold them as heathen and strange, without trying to understand them?

The literatures, sacred and profane, of all countries are illuminated in many places by pictures of noble and lofty characters, of which contemplation *alone* must elevate and purify the human mind. Carlyle has declared that "we cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining *something* by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near. He is the light which enlightens, and has enlightened, the darkness of the world. And this, not as a kindled lamp only, but as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of Heaven—a flowing light-fountain in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them." Among the loftiest of such characters, it seems to me that of Gautama Buddha stands forth as being the perfect, the ideal impersonation or manifestation of Divine Compassion. "Scrupulously to avoid all evil actions, reverently to perform all virtuous ones, to purify intentions from all selfish ends—such is the doctrine of all Buddhas," says one of the sacred books. But of this Buddha it has been said: "Who that has heard of him but yearns with love?"

As nearly as we can determine from varying statements, Buddha was born near the border of Nepal in Northern India about the sixth century before our era. The history of his birth and early life is wrapped in myth and legend, told with all the rich symbolic imagery natural to Oriental peoples, but so difficult for us to understand or interpret. His mother Maya, so the story runs, was a Virgin, most beautiful and perfect among women. When the time came for his birth all Nature lent itself to fitting preparation. The palace where his mother lived swept itself sweet and clean; beautiful birds flocked from all quarters with joyous songs; gardens burst into sudden bloom and fragrance; flowers of the

sacred Lotus floated above the waters of lake and river; magical food, store of which no eating could diminish, appeared upon the tables; fairy music breathed from untouched strings; fountains played with perfumed waters, and an unearthly radiance wrapped the whole palace, while Gods and Goddesses came to adore the new-born child.

The child grew, and grew so beautiful and wise that, when he was presented at the temples, the Images prostrated themselves before him and sang hymns of praise.

Does this all seem but an extravagance of fervid imagination? Many of the same and kindred things are retold in the New Testament, and the books rejected from it, about Jesus, another Avatar. This seems strange! Is there not an inner meaning to all this seeming hyperbole—a meaning which will yield itself only to the unbiased, untiring seeker after Truth and Unity? This Child-Prince grew toward manhood excelling in all manly accomplishments; excelling, in still greater degree, in mental power. Later he was married to a woman, wise, tender-hearted, beautiful,—a very pearl of pearls—in whom he found loving companion, comforter and friend. The king, his father, cherished him as his one great treasure, marking each changing light upon his face, and sought, with all his love and power, to make life pass to Buddha like a blissful dream. But as the years rolled on that great Heart felt *too much* his unity with all to rest in selfish ease while any suffered, and his consciousness embraced the misery of the world. He saw the poor, the sick, the old, the dead, and found that *such* was the common lot and end of all. He saw the instability of things, the ceaseless change, the seeming nothingness of life. He saw that all the joyousness and strength of youth, and happy love, earth's beauty and its brightness, were but like flitting shadows which the sunbeams cast before life's sun has set.

He saw that *none* knew anything of Life, none had an answer to his ceaseless "whither," "whence" and "why." He saw the very Gods they worshipped were un pitying and dumb. Morning and noon and night he sought. *Was* there no answer? *Was* there no light, no rest, no peace, no *reality* beyond?

The sorrows of the whole world beat upon him: not the mighty woes of humanity alone, but of the lower kingdoms, too, where beast and bird and tiny insect preyed upon its weaker fellow. He *must* find answer for himself and them. At length he determined to leave his kingdom and his people, leave wife and father, and bodily ease and luxury and in far solitudes and silent meditation, where were no things of sense to lead his mind astray, seek for some light, some method of deliverance for the world. He said:—

"This will I do because the woeful cry  
Of life and all flesh living cometh up  
Into my ears, and all my soul is full  
Of pity for the sickness of the world;  
Which I will heal, if healing may be found  
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife."

So he left off his princely robes and jewels and journeyed in his beggar



garb away into the forests, where during long years he suffered his temptation and hunger in the wilderness, fought his great battle and won the victory! The books tell how from all quarters of the world, during these years, demons conspired against him, putting on every form and aspect that might allure him or dismay. Finally all joined together in one terrible assault upon this serenely steadfast soul. All was in vain. Buddha had conquered. Enlightenment had come. Then all the dread weapons the opposing hosts had hurled against him turned into wreaths of flowers that hung about his head.

"Then he arose, radiant, rejoicing, strong, beneath the tree, and lifting high his voice spake *this* in hearing of all times and worlds:—

" 'Many a house of Life  
Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought  
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught.  
Sore was my ceaseless strife.  
But now, thou builder of this Tabernacle—Thou!  
I know thee! Never shalt thou build again these walls of Pain,  
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay fresh rafters on the clay;  
Broken thy house is, and the ridge-pole split—Delusion fashioned it!  
Safe pass I thence—deliverance to obtain.' "

And now this soul so pitiful, turned from the forests when his quest was ended, and hastened to bring his tidings to the world. He saw that man's deliverance from the miseries of rebirth, old age, disease and death lay in enlightenment as to its cause, and that through man's advance the lower kingdoms might be raised. Nor was he satisfied to let such knowledge rest with the intellectual, priestly class alone, while the masses of the people in their ignorance and weakness continued to be broken on the cruel wheel of Life. He wished *all* men to share his wisdom, so he began to teach them "The Four Noble Truths":—That sorrow exists; that it grows from and feeds upon desire for things of sense; that sorrow may be destroyed by entering upon the Four Paths, which are Right Faith, Right Thought, Right Speech, Right Act (and *this* is the doctrine of man's perfectibility). The reaching of freedom and perfection, he taught, were not dependent upon set forms or ceremonies or observances, but upon purification of the mind from all unholy passions and desires; that advance toward perfection was based upon self-conquest, self-devotion, self-renunciation. He showed that it was ignorance which led men to take the empty shows of life for real things; to thirst for them, and cling, and clinging suffer when they passed.

Buddha taught these lessons with such power and sweetness it was little wonder that all who heard of him were drawn toward this radiant center of Love and Light, that they sat at his feet and wept with joy, listened and embraced his doctrines as far as they could understand. For it is said Buddha saw men like flowers in a Lotus tank, some just keeping above the mud, some in the midst of the water and some above the water reaching up toward the sunshine ready to burst into bloom, and knew they were not all alike ready for the highest teachings.

Through its code of ethics Buddhism suffers in comparison with none. And for each of the commandments it lays down it gives its reason and philosophy. "Thou shalt not kill," enjoins Christianity; and Buddhism says, "Thou shalt not kill even the smallest creeping thing," because All Life is *One* and *sacred*, and any tiny form in which the One Life manifests is part of a stupendous whole, which rises along its cycles to its destiny after a perfect plan under the perfect Law. In this plan the tiniest, as the greatest, has its place and purpose, hence "do not kill" means do not disturb the relations of the parts, since in their perfect harmony alone can you know *true* life. Thus it is with the whole Decalogue, and if it be complained that the Buddhist Church to-day has fallen below such teaching, we may ask, What church to-day *does* follow in the path the Master showed? No one can rightly claim the Christian Church obeys the precepts of the gentle Nazarene whom it calls "Master." Creed and dogma have come between the Master and the man, veiling in part, and part distorting, the truths He brought again.

Therefore it *is* that sickness again has fallen upon the world. Men in this sickness seek they know not what. They neither know their ailment nor where the healing lies. They think they cannot stand upon the wind-swept heights nor breathe in the celestial air where Christ and Buddha stood and breathed. They wander in the caves below waiting for one to lead and help and prop them where they stand, curing their aches and pains, making them pure and beautiful and strong in some mysterious way by supernatural power. This is delusion, too. There is *no* power can save them from themselves but that which lies in their own unselfish endeavor, but there is healing in their *native* air upon the mountain top which they must climb.

The central core of Buddhism is Nirvana and the Law—"all that total of a soul which is the things it did, the thoughts it had, the self it wove."

This is the Law whose mysterious workings in our daily life we find ourselves so often trying to trace. It is Karma, the Law which leads a man to the reaping of what he himself has sown, as Jesus and Paul taught. A law that *no* man can hope to understand apart from Reincarnation, which doctrine Jesus also taught.

But Nirvana—who of us can grasp the real meaning of Nirvana? The Encyclopedias, the Missionaries, the Orientalists, with a few happy exceptions, declare it means annihilation, nihilism, entire negation. They use many learned arguments to support this view, but to me it seems opposed to common sense, to all influences drawn from Buddha's life and actions and to all his teachings. The goal of all high endeavor and attainment to be oblivion! A very little insight would, I think, show that with the Buddhist Nirvana stands for a state of consciousness beyond anything we are yet able to conceive. There *are* no words to express it or describe it, and if such words *were*, to us they would mean nothing. The idea is too high, too far beyond. The Buddhist only tries to tell what it is *not*. "In Nirvana," says one, "there is no longer either birth or death, only the essence of Life remains."

The Books tell that Buddha entered Nirvana before he came back from the forests to teach the world. They also speak of Para-Nirvana—a state beyond Nirvana—still more unspeakable, more inconceivable. Even this is not the end, for in Buddhistic philosophy there is *no* finality. In Edwin Arnold's words, Buddha says:

“If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,  
And no way were of breaking from the chain  
The heart of Boundless Being is a curse,  
The soul of things fell Pain.  
Ye are *not* bound: the Soul of things is *sweet*.  
The Heart of Being is Celestial Rest.  
. . . That which was Good  
Doth pass to better—best.”

Nirvana is surely this inconceivable Celestial Rest, the Heart of Being from which we pass on to that still more inconceivable *better*. Buddha continues:

“Ye suffer from yourselves, none else compels.  
None other holds you, that ye live and die  
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss its spokes of Agony,  
Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.  
Behold, I show you Truth.”

If we believe that this *is* truth, it seems to me there is but one question in the world worth asking and studying over, that is:—*How* can we break away from this whirling wheel toward that center of Celestial Rest! General directions have been given again and again to different peoples at different times in sacred books, by Krishna, Buddha, Jesus and by our Teachers in these last years, but each man must find his *own* way himself by realizing his unity with all. Krishna has said: “Some time *all* men shall come into my path,” and this is the only plan of Salvation which seems broad enough to content the heart of man. This appears to mean by natural process of evolution, but Buddha and other great compassionate Souls on reaching Enlightenment have sought to aid man and to save him from long ages of self-inflicted torture. They have returned from Bliss to be the Helpers of the Race. They have sought in every possible way to show him that the only true path to happiness is the service of humanity, love to all creatures, purity of life, right thought, right speech, right action—and this was the teaching of Buddha.

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“I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not: but unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,  
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:  
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!”

From *Paracelsus*.—ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE WORLD OF MIND.

By ZORYAN.



WHAT a wonderful entity is a thinker!

What possibilities of flight, of certain freedom, it suggests.

What enjoyment of the power of this *ideal* locomotion!

What open space! Is it empty?

Not by any means. The space is filled with light. Its skies are blue with endless hope.

Have they any sun? They have;— the sun of heart. A moon?—the mirror of the lamp of day? They have it too:—it is the reflective power of the mind itself.

It wanes, it grows. Sometimes, full-orbed and clear, it contemplates the glory of the Heart-Sun; sometimes it is lost in dark eclipse, in umbras and penumbras of the earth of senses.

It has its sunset-colored mists, the clouds of passion, the reflected fire of the earthly vapor. It has its world of air, and its ever-flowing ocean with bright fairy creatures, and the caves of stone, and the dark wells of gloom. It has its burning climes and frigid poles, one at its feet,—indifferent to all; another at its head—the coolness of the selfless peace wrapped in auroral glory.

It has seven planes—there ideas are things, but how different are they!

Let us look at the lowest plane, the hardened, the sense-bewitched dream. How it recalls to mind the sleeping city in a fable! Every object here is a cold fact, and a hard fact,—and beware to make a step with slippery foot! And jump not high, for harder will you fall. No sound is heard here, no word exchanged, the breeze is dead. It seems as though no spectres would e'er come here to watch the marble sleep. Yet spectres come, with cameras, note-books and recording pencils. And the result of their investigation is materialistic science.

How curious are their note-books. They see one apple falling; they call it an apple. They see two, three, a hundred apples fall. They write instead a symbol—*Gravitation*. And then they forget that it means simply a hundred apples, and talk mysteriously,—even so mysteriously that all hope is lost of ever seeing beyond.

One stone for them is a stone, but many stones are *matter*. And when they roll from mountain top, then they are *force*. Another vapory word for scientists, as long as they are not hit by that which it represents. But being so vapory on the mental plane themselves, they are not hit, except by cold, hard facts. And then the circle begins over again. Thus dance the dwellers of the rocky bottom.

But some there are who do not care to write down symbols of symbols.

This is too complicated. They begin to see that the facts, no matter how cold and hard, are themselves symbols, signs, expressions on the waves of space, of something more real and more vital. But as they cannot control their movements in true co-ordination, they stop a moment. Then they find that their own *life* can be made a clear and beautiful symbol, in co-ordination with their own *inner light of soul*. It is then that their symbols take on a halo.

It is then that the symbols of all nature begin to thrill with life. And it is then that the symbols left by the great Teachers of the human-kind in countless ages past begin to shine and hum with sound.

But, what a wonder! When the night came for the world of forms, when sorrow, disappointment took our sight away from those appearances, and for a moment gave us rest in darkness of material eclipse;\* when even symbols disappeared, and temples, books and priests—the light and sound of symbols still remains. For being of the soul, how then can it be separated from the soul?

Lo! it looms in darkness of the introspecting soul, that soul which tries to find rest in her own depth.

Lo! it sings a song in the heart, that loves so well. It is the soul of symbol and a part of our own, and it is the soul of a temple, book or priest, and a part of our own. And it opens the second world of mind.

There is a veil of dark clouds between this world and that left below.

The dweller of this higher sphere is no more a physicist. He is a *metaphysician* now. He deals now not with facts, but with the soul of facts. That soul of facts he takes from his own soul. That is why he is called a dreamer by his friend below, and his thoughts are called shadowy, thin, void of hardness and solidity.

And so let it be. If gravitation is the shadow of a hundred apples on a note-book, why cannot those hundred apples give another shadow, this time on the soul itself? Why cannot they touch the soul on the common spot of their existence?

Is not the soul itself gravitating to its own luminous centre where all is love and harmony and peace? At least the infinite sensitiveness of gravitation of both in their own spheres are here attested. How then should the small lives of an apple be devoid of joy in the performance of their duty, and of their loyalty to the centre of the planet, which they ever wish to approach;—if all nature for the perception of the soul is one grand song of gladness?

As the chrysalis of flesh sets free its winged guest, Psyche, so do the facts of nature break their stony shells of the senses and liberate simply another world for Psyche, wherein she may move, and live, and build. Thus Psyche, who gave her own sympathy and light to things of nature, receives as a truly royal present, the soul of things for her own kingdom.

Then having now conquered this second sphere of mind, Psyche lifts her eyes in utter gladness to the great Heart-Sun shining overhead upon herself, and from herself upon all her treasures. She rears an altar of her sacrifice to

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\*Eclipse for matter, on which soul-rays cease to fall for a time.

her lover and her Lord. She discovers that his light, and his only, is reflected in the soul of symbols. Even be it through herself, as bright transmitter, yet it is so. It is his light, his love, his harmony, his joy, as wide as the universe is wide. Now she dreams only of him, the only one, the bright Eros.

What refreshing rain! The symbol-stars are merging into dawn. Many meanings and many lights are pierced with auroral shafts of the one Love divine. The stars disappear, all seems to vanish, Psyche faints and sleeps sweetly as a child in the divine embrace.

What wonderful awakening! What thrill of life! Psyche opens her eyes in this third world, and all that was dear to her is now with her. Or rather not only now, but always with her! Or, indeed, always was, and is, and will be with her. For it is a part of the light of her Lord, and a part of his love; her own love is a part of his love.

Her smallest thought thrills and scintillates and *lives*. Her thought takes glorious forms, as true as love is true; as bright as the life of the heart is bright; as real as the fulfilment of our best hopes is real. At last her ideas are *alive*.

She gave her life itself to the Lord of Love; the Lord of Love returned that life to all the Universe of hers. Now this Universe is truly hers. It sends her a thousand kisses in the wind; it smiles in shining wave; it fans her cradle-sleep of childhood with the hands of hosts of fairies; it sprinkles cooling dew in her heat of labor of the middle day; it opens portals on her dying bed. But, what is best and sweetest, it greets her through the hearts of men. She knows now that the hearts of men are forever hers. She can feel and see through the thickest cloud. She basks in the glorious realization of Brotherhood. She gave her life itself to the Lord of Love, and her life now returns to her.

If she be a poet or an artist, she is not afraid now that her dreams will vanish. For she knows now that her dreams are not hers, but of her Lord, of him who dreams this Universe to be. Love links her dreams and the Universe together, as daylight links the beholder and the scene, and all the objects which were separate at night. For her to think and to exist is now the same.

Though her thought takes many forms, yet she feels that the source of their sun-lit glory is only one. She lives now in the fringe of her immortal Lord, of her Higher Ego, of him who gives her mind to embrace the Universe. And all the Universe trembles with life in that embrace.

The skies are smiling because of her embrace and of her love; the day is warm, the flowers are bright, the water is playful;—yea, she sees farther,—the summer lightning flashes back her thought, even the small lives reflect in gravitation her own loyal nature. In the whole Universe there is no place for a single idea which is devoid of life. In that infinity of life her finite part faints in joy and ecstasy to pass beyond to the higher world.

There she enters into her due inheritance of power. All this Universe is hers and she will rule it. The Lord puts the sceptre in her hand over all Na-

ture. But as to man, so dear, and so unruly, so high, and so illusioned,—what will she do with him in sweet compassion? She even bends to his mistaken and familiar ways, that she may obtain a *conscious* hearing, in a manner nearest to his understanding.

Ah! that understanding! will it ever bind heaven and earth together? Sweet is it to rule the earth, but sweeter still to have of her a dear and self-conscious comrade! Where is that thought which will appeal to the hidden God in man so he awakes and claims his own? She speaks to men as if to Gods.

This breaks another barrier, for that divine understanding seems to emerge from everywhere. Men and their shadow-nature become God-transparent. The wonder of it lifts her into the region the fifth,—of that of God-ideas.

And above that the glory of the Universal Heart, where Christs and Buddhas dwell, which leads to THE ONE,—THE HIGHER SELF OF ALL.

## THE SHINING HEART.

By GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT.



HERE was once a radiant being, full of life and happiness, enjoying its power and freedom in the Land of Light. But a time came when it heard a deep and imperative voice,—so deep that it seemed to come from the very center of its being—saying: “Destiny leads thee to the Land of Shadows. Work for thee is there.”

This creature of light recoiled not, but stirred with a noble resolve, presented itself at the entrance to the Land of Shadows. Near the gate stood a majestic form, with a countenance expressing power and compassion so profound that even this creature of the air bowed low in reverence. In rich and penetrating tones again that same voice sounded, playing, as it seemed, upon the strings of an instrument within the form of the beautiful being who stood at the gate. All the air took up the sound, so that none could tell from whence it came, and the sound became light, and played through all the scale of colors, and the light took the form of a shining heart, which enveloped this free and fearless spirit. The air was filled with music, and the sound seemed to say, “There is work for thee in the Land of Shadows. Enter it in this form.”

And presently there was a great stillness, and the shining heart had vanished. Into a narrow chamber it vanished, as the gate opened and closed. On it moved, through a dark and winding passage, and came to a dimly-lighted chamber where sat three sisters weaving a garment, dark and opaque. To the shining heart they looked and said, “Thy coming has been heralded. This is

now prepared for thee." And they clothed the shining heart, saying, "In the land thou art entering, thou shalt be called woman." As the garment enveloped and concealed the radiant being, a strange lethargy and forgetfulness stole over her. The remembrance of the past faded as she left the winding passage, and, bewildered, moved by a force she now understood not, she emerged slowly into the half-light of the Land of Shadows.

Again the majestic form was beside her, but now she could not see, and the voice seemed muffled and distant. It said, "Child, thou art now in the Land of Shadows, and thy work will be to lift them. Here, too, are thy sisters and brothers, whom thou lovest, and who love thee, and yet whom thou canst not know, for their garments conceal them, as thine conceals thee. But, remember, they are about thee, and meeting thee at every turn. Many have lost their way, many are covered with mud, many will appear as foes, for the poisonous vapors of this land delude them, but beneath all this they are brothers and sisters. These blinding vapors lie heaviest in the valleys. Linger not there, or they will o'erpower thee and thou canst not work. Learn to climb the mountains, and fill thy being each day with the pure fresh air which envelops them. So only canst thou work in this land. For the shadows scarcely touch those heights. There thy garments will grow thin, and the light from thy shining heart can mingle with the air around. Begin now, even while thy feet are tender, to learn to climb. It will be easy for thee now, and the Path thou markest now will ease thy feet in later years, when thou art weary in thy work. Everywhere wilt thou see companions, in the valleys, on the heights, and in the midlands. But seek to recognize them on the heights alone. For there is magic in thy touch with them. In whatsoever region thou dost join, thou dost multiply whatsoever dwells therein. In the valleys, even if thou touch them closely, thou wilt not recognize thy friends, and the shadows will grow thicker and thicker about thee, and the land itself become darkened, and thou and thy brother will grope about in anguish and despair. But if on the heights thou dost mingle, the light of that region will grow lighter, a glory will surround thee, and the air itself will tremble with happiness. Thy shining heart will expand, and its light reach even to the valleys, and dissolve the shadows as they form. And the companions thou there dost meet, thou wilt not lose. Once thou hast seen their faces there, like a vision of content, it will rest within thee, wheresoe'er thou goest. Seek to remember ever the purpose of thy coming, and find thy rest in fulfilling it."

The voice ceased, and a stillness as of the night rested over all. The child stood immovable, poised between two worlds, neither seeing nor hearing. A gentle breeze stirred the air, and the holy quiet of the dawn was broken by the gentle notes of birds. A wonderful light slowly grew, transforming the formless into form, and a golden haze clothed all Nature in loveliness and mystery. The child stirred not, but slowly the memory of the resonant voice died away, and her gaze rested upon the vision of beauty before her. She started forward entranced, and the freshness of the morning was over all.



Three times seven years she wandered, and the sights once strange were now familiar. The memory of the voice was lost, but its influence was with her still. She had learned to climb the mountains, but the power to hold their sweetness in the valleys was not yet with her. She entered these by compunction, forgetful of her motive. No companions had she found as yet; often had she thought she saw their faces, and the picture was snatched away by an unseen hand. Loneliness possessed her.

One day the roads were hot and dusty. The valleys which lay before her seemed easier to tread, and in weariness of spirit she entered. Unheeding and indifferent, she descended deeper and deeper, inhaling the poisonous vapors without caution. Then she mingled with others, forgetful of her destiny and theirs, and the shadows grew, and the clouds thickened, until pain and suffering stirred her *heart* to action, and suddenly old memories returned. In horror she retraced her steps. Heavy were her feet, and tired her limbs, but the old power to climb returned, and her strength and firmness grew.

She was alone now, but she cared not. Slowly, she toiled up the steep and winding path. Once she passed just over the valley she had left, and looking down, beheld forms groping about in the shadows she had made. A terrible pity entered her heart. An anguish of suffering yet unknown took hold of her, and a mighty resolve was formed within her. "These shadows I will dissolve," she uttered, "yet more, I will throw a light over the path that those forms may follow," and a love for them mingled with her pity, and she buried her pain and turned her face forward.

On she climbed for years. Pitfalls there were, but she escaped them. Obstacles there were, but she surmounted them. And though the mountains rose higher and higher, the air grew purer and sweeter as she mounted. And suddenly she came to a place where she saw her companions, and she knew them, and they reached out their hands to her in welcome. A great light radiated from them joined together on these heights, and as she touched their hands the light grew brighter and she saw it reached even to the valleys.

In gratitude she raised her eyes, and in the air about them voices seemed to chant, "Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name."

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"We have driven the operation of that mystery called Life out of the objective universe. The mistake made lies in imagining that by this process they completely get rid of a thing so driven before them, and that it disappears from the universe altogether. It does no such thing. It only disappears from that small circle of light which we may call the universe of scientific perception. Call it the trinity of mystery: mystery of matter, the mystery of life and—the mystery of God;—and these three are One."—*The Unseen Universe*, p. 84.

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"By the fall of water-drops the pitcher is gradually filled; this is the cause of wisdom, of virtue, and of wealth."

"Shun him who secretly slanders, and praises openly; he is like a cup of poison, with cream on the surface."  
—*Gems from the East*.

## ASKLEPIAN DIALOGUE.

(ASCRIED TO HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.)

Translated by ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.



RT thou ignorant, Asklepios,\* that Egypt is the image of Heaven, or what is more true, a translation and descent of all things which are governed and performed in heaven? And, if it is to be said more truly, our land is the temple of the whole world. Nevertheless, as it is proper for the prudent to foreknow all things, it is not right for you to be ignorant. A time is about to come when it may appear that the Egyptians in vain have served the Divinity with a pious mind and unceasing devotion, and that all their holy veneration shall become useless and of no effect. For Divinity is about to return from the earth to heaven. Egypt will be forsaken, and the land which was the seat of Divinity shall be bereft of its religion and deprived of the presence of the superior races.

For strangers shall fill this region and country, and there will be not only a neglect of religious rites, but what is worse, a prohibition with prescribed punishment will be enacted for religion, piety and the divine worship. Thus this land, the most holy seat of shrines and temples, will be very full of sepulchres and of the dead.

O Egypt, Egypt, fables alone shall remain of thy religious traditions, and these incredible to their successors, and only work engraved in stone shall survive narrating thy pious deeds. The Skyth, the Indian or some such people will dwell in Egypt. For the Divinity shall return to heaven, and all the people will die, and so Egypt will be bereft of god and human being.

River truly most holy, I call to thee, and predict to thee what is about to take place. Thou shalt break forth with a torrent of blood, full even to thy banks, and thy divine waves shall not only be polluted with blood, but all shall be destroyed and the dead shall be more in number than the living. Whoever shall be remaining shall be known as an Egyptian by his language only, while he shall seem an alien by his actions.

Why art thou weeping, Asklepios? Greater things than these and much more grievous shall Egypt undergo, and with far worse evils shall she be afflicted; and she that was anciently holy and most beloved by the gods in the earth for her religious merit, the sole leader of holiness and chief in piety will be an example of the greatest cruelty.

And then, through the very weariness of men, the order of things in the world shall seem no more to be admired nor a thing to be adored. The entire good, a better than which never was nor is nor will be seen, will be in peril, and

\*Asklepios or Esculapios is virtually the same as **Hermes**.

will be burdensome to human beings. The whole order of things, the immutable work of God, a glorious structure, a good composed of a multiform variety of images, a mechanism of the will of God, who in his work did voluntarily all things as one, will be held in contempt and be no more esteemed. It is a many-formed mass combined together, to be revered, praised and loved by all who behold it. For darkness will be preferred to light, and death will be judged more useful than life. No one will look up to heaven. The conscientious man will be thought insane, the unscrupulous one wise, the blusterer brave and the wickedest one will be held the good man. For the soul and all about it by which it is by its nature immortal or is conceived to be able to attain immortality, as I have explained the matter to you, will not only be a subject to be laughed at, but it will be considered a frivolous affair.

But believe me likewise, that a capital danger will be impending for him who shall give himself to the religion of the Soul. New statutes, a new law, will be made that nothing sacred, nothing religious or worthy of the celestial beings, shall be heeded or believed. There will take place a wœful departing of the gods from human beings; only messengers of harm will remain, who being commingled with human nature will compel the wretched ones to war, to rapine, to fraud, and to all things which are contrary to the nature of souls.

Then the land will not be stable, nor will the sea be navigated, nor will the sky be accordant with the course of the stars, nor the course of the stars accordant in the sky. Every divine voice will be mute by a necessary silence, the fruits of the earth will be corrupted, the soil will not be prolific, and the air itself will languish with gloomy torpidity.

Then shall come these events, such an old age of the world, irreligion, disorder, and want of reason about everything good.

When all these things shall befall, Asklepios, then the Lord and Father, God first in power, and the One Governor of the Universe, giving attention to the morals and voluntary actions, by his own will which is the divine benignity, resisting vices, and recalling the error arising from the corruptibility of all things, either washing away all evil by a flood or consuming it by fire, or bringing it to an end by disease and pestilence scattered over different places, will call back the world to its ancient form, that the order of things may be seen to be itself to be adored and admired, and that God the Creator and Restorer of so great a work shall be celebrated by all who shall then exist with frequent invocations of praise and with benedictions.

For this generation of the world is a forming anew of all good things and the most holy and most sacred institutions of its very being, the course of Time having been accomplished which is sempiternal and was without beginning. For the will of God is without beginning, is always the same and is everywhere sempiternal.

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## THE FADDISM OF THE AGE.

By H. T. EDGE.



THE word "fad" is defined by Webster as "a hobby, a trifling pursuit!" Truly this age may be described as an age of pettiness and trifling pursuits, and it is fortunate indeed that it has been able to bring forth one or two great men like Carlyle and Ruskin to remind the "mostly fools" of their own pettiness.

Regarding Man as a God descending into the world of Matter in order to inform it and raise it up to the divine perfection to which it is destined, we shall see that human history has consisted of a descent into materialism and darkness, to be followed by a re-ascent to spirituality and enlightenment. Starting as a grand and noble being, Man has gradually pursued the path of independent self-will and invention, relying ever more and more upon his cunning and the fire of his passions, until he has lost touch with the divine spirit within him and become the highly complex and self-reliant individual we find him today. Then, having reached the acme of materialism and selfishness, he will strive once more towards the spiritual and divine.

As he recedes from the light Man grows smaller and smaller, pettier and pettier; his life leaves the centre of his being and shrinks into the circumference. His aims cease to be concerned with the interests of the Soul and are confined to those of the body and its needs and desires. He forgets that he is an immortal being, enduring throughout the ages, and laying aside one body merely for a rest before taking on another; and he lives and acts as if the life of his present body were the only life. He loses the sense of his oneness with all creation and confines his interests to the sphere of his own trumpery personality.

Is it then to be wondered at that Man has become trifling and faddy in his aims and pursuits, when we consider how far his ideals have receded from what they once were and what they ought to be now?

How did the great men of old achieve their mighty works, whose remains last even unto this day in the monuments of antiquity?

First, they knew that Man's life on earth is as enduring as the stars, abiding as the time-worn rocks; that, as day yields to night and night again to day, so the brief life of the body is succeeded by the greater sleep wherein the weary Soul regains vigor for the new earth-life that will dawn upon it. They knew this, nor needed to learn it, since Man had not as yet succeeded in unlearning it. They witnessed the same law of ebb and flow, of successive birth and death, in all creation; nor had it yet dawned upon any philosopher that Man alone could be exempt from such a law. To them the single earth-life was but as a day, in which a man may accomplish a little of his allotted task. The mighty purpose of human existence could not be accomplished without æons of

time. They did not mistake the act for the whole drama, nor imagine that Man existed for any such trumpety end as personal pleasure or sensual gratification, or that he was here only as a kind of passing probationer for some distant and alien paradise or inferno. They realized that Man was the greatest manifestation of the divine universal wisdom and power, and that his purpose is to bring the glories of heaven down upon earth and make a paradise out of his material surroundings.

Second, the great men of old knew that no being is separate from any other being, and that there is ONE great life throughout the universe, in which all creatures share and partake. They FELT this oneness, and so had no need of altruistic theories to restrain them from acting selfishly. They acted, thought, and felt as a unit and lived as Man—not as men.

But with us works are done for the moment, because we have lost the sense of our immortality and live for the present. We cater for our bodily existence, which is the only one about which we feel tolerably certain. We no longer have the sense of oneness with all that lives; we shut ourselves up in our own little prison-house of self, and try to live in the dim, airless space within. Is it wonderful that our works are small, and that we are faddists?

Fads are the paltry makeshifts wherewith the hungry spirit tries to satisfy itself, in the absence of any worthy object for its ambition. For the great God-given Fire within our breast cannot be wholly quenched and stifled out by our narrow ideals, but gnaws at our vitals like a worm, sooner than let us petrify altogether. Take the divine-breath and confine it within the mental sphere of an up-to-date skeptic or fashionable ignoramus, and it will breed fads, just as surely as any other form of life-force will, if denied sun, air, and space, breed fungi and pestilential ferments.

If fads are to disappear, we must enlarge our ideals—enlarge and ennoble the mental sphere in which we dwell. The bringing back of the grand knowledge of *Reincarnation* will do this, for it will remind us that we are Souls, engaged in an age-long pilgrimage, of which our present life is but a short stage. Then we shall have the comforting sense of plenty of time and no hurry, and it will seem worth while to begin great works. Brotherhood—the realization that all life is one and not separate—will do it; for then we shall escape from the prison-house of self and live in the free air and sunshine of the common life. We shall be able to entertain thoughts that no *single* human breast can entertain, and feel joys that can resound only in an orchestra of hearts. Our self-absorption prevents us from experiencing these greater joys, these grander harmonies; for it likens us to an orchestra of instruments all playing different tunes. Ye Gods! what a Babel of noise must ascend to the firmament; and if God is deaf, as some complain, it's not ourselves that should be blaming him.

And now a few words on Theosophical faddism will not be out of place, for faddism has not been absent from the ranks of Theosophical and Universal Brotherhood members. The children of this generation have gotten their souls so encrusted with private and personal growths that the spirit of light and life cannot find room to grow straight in them. When it enters, it sets in motion some rusty crank and the mechanism creaks round and grinds out some old familiar tune with enhanced volume and dissonance. We are all faddists, for we retain old habits of thought that were planted in us as children and have become second nature. They seem to us to be eternal and inevitable truths, though they are really quite personal and exclusive. It is not easy to transcend these limits, and, getting outside ourselves, to look down upon those ideas and memories which we have come to regard as our very selves. It is not easy

to tolerate the fads of some one else, yet this difficulty may help us to realize how unreasonable are our own.

Our movement has from time to time witnessed the secession of those whose fads were too strong to let them keep pace with the exigencies of the work. The work could not stay for them; it was not tied to those fads; and so the people were left behind. Every day we feel some of our fads injured by the broad and ever-widening sweep of the work. Our Leader follows the path laid down by the Law she serves, and, when that path leads her uncomfortably far from our familiar moorings, we are apt to shrink back and fear that we are being led astray. Yet these same fads that we deem eternal truths may have been instilled into us by our nurse when we were in short frocks. What have they to do with the eternal activities and energies of the Soul? If we could remember our past incarnations, think how many different sets of incompatible fads we should have!

A fad is just like any other besetting demon or elemental force, in being so small yet so persuasive for its size. It darkens our whole horizon, holds us in iron chains of habit, colors our every thought, takes the chair in all our mental councils; and yet, in turning over the leaves of an old picture-book, we are startled to discover its absurd origin in the nursery. Did we not exist before this life? Have we not, perhaps, been one of those mighty ancients whose works we contemplate with awe? Then let us get back to the Soul that is ourself, and slough off this suit of clothes that has grown into our flesh. It is just about as hard to do as getting up in the morning; and, when it is done, the old state will seem as undesirable as bed seems after breakfast.

Fads, when persisted in, become ingrained in the substance of the physical body, and so harden into habits. Diet fads and other health-fads are good instances of this. Some cannot eat this, others dare not drink that; some must have all the windows open, to others a draught is fatal. Some swear by phosphate of soda, some by hot water, some by onions. Our mental fads are just as trifling and cumbersome, compelling us always to think in certain grooves and to color every new idea with our own preconceptions.

When we have an able Leader, like our present one, who is anxious to extricate us from our fads and so leave us free to do the work we have undertaken under her guidance, we are apt to get our fads interfered with; especially when we chance to be in the near neighborhood of that Leader. It is often *fear* that hinders us from letting go a fad or habit, and striking out boldly upon untrodden paths; fear, like that which besets a would-be swimmer when he lets go his supports. We are afraid the waters will not support us, and not until we have mastered that fear shall we learn how free and joyous is the movement and how buoyant the new element to which we have intrusted ourselves.

Let us study the fads of ourselves and our friends, till we see how ridiculous yet how irksome they are; and then let us determine to rid ourselves of such a toilsome servitude, and become free to move, adaptable, and "free from anxiety about the event of things." Let us try to *realize* that we are immortal and age-long Souls, not to be tyrannized over and held down by the mushroom growths of a single earth-life. Let us remember how infinitesimal is our own paltry personality in the vast ocean of being, and how little the world reckons even our most magnificent foibles. If we could but realize that our habits and fads are bits put into our teeth by the little monkeys that sit on our backs and drive us, we should not be so proud of them.

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## THE PLENUM.

By EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.



THROUGH the long day the sun has burned the plain,  
 Now evening dims my uncompleted way;  
 Here on this stone I find a welcome rest,  
 While one by one the far-off lamps appear,  
 Streaming along the highways of the sky.

Thou rising moon, ye points of steady flame,  
 And ye that tremble deep within the blue;  
 How many times your fires have beacons me  
 When, save for them, the vault was chill and bare!  
 But now, I know not why, a clearer sight  
 Comes to mine eyes, the quickened ear doth catch  
 A sound of universal, throbbing life  
 Filling the inter-planetary space.

I see what seems a vastly winding stair  
 That bridges the abyss from star to star.  
 Downward it turns to primal worlds which knew  
 Of man the small beginning, from our globe  
 It mounts and mounts unto a purer sphere,  
 Still winding, winding till my sight doth fail,  
 My mind, a bird presuming to out-fly  
 His kind, with feeble flutter backward falls.

Ever the giant stairway teems with life,  
 Ever th' evolving throngs move slowly higher;  
 Each sphere, its use fulfilled, then yieldeth up  
 Its hosts unto the next. The humble shape  
 Of crudest mineral becomes a plant,  
 That sluggish, un aspiring, to the rock  
 Doth cling and now reluctant leaves its home,  
 Onward impelled by some deep inner urge  
 That draweth all things to their hidden source.

Hark! Yonder world doth palpitate with life  
 In shapes diverse and manifold but still  
 Manu, the thinker, graces not the scene;  
 Our green-robed earth that daily turns to meet  
 Her Lord on high, cradled her own fair child,  
 The fitting consummation of the past.  
 His birth the higher spheres rejoiced to see  
 And sounded forth the glad harmonious notes.

Man moveth on the upward steep, the hosts  
 Of light, those earlier climbers, stooping low,  
 Fain would make smooth the well known way, guide him  
 To safety through the perils dire which stay  
 His bruised feet; but strange contrariety

Is his to spurn full oft the proffered hand.  
 So toileth man and many needless woes  
 He wears upon him, yet I see him stand,  
 As after weary ages of ascent,  
 And know the topmost stair. And now behold!  
 He bendeth down to strive with souls perverse.

## THE TEACHERS OF THE SOUL.

By PHAETON.

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HAT means this recent awakening of interest, among all classes, with regard to music, art and the drama? Do these really assist one in the understanding of truth? Do they really serve and teach the soul that is struggling upward on the Path?

The ancients believed so and it is significant that the most advanced souls of the present age believe the same, those who, united in a bond of holy service under the guidance of a World Teacher, are really building the matrix for the civilization of the future.

About two years ago the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood Movement founded the *Isis League of Music and Drama*. Its objects are:

1. To accentuate the importance of music and the drama as vital educative factors, and
2. To educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high order and the influence of the grander harmonies of music.

This means very much more than the world dreams of or, in fact, would be willing to believe, for we are only just emerging from that interesting period of materialism when faith was considered a sign of mental weakness and skepticism a sign of mental strength.

The ancient schools of philosophy always required of their students a knowledge of music. The great mystic dramas of Ancient Greece were the synthesis, the union, of music and art in the service of philosophy. Written by philosophers, teachers and initiates, their object was always the same, "to educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy," to lead the drifting mass of men into some consciousness of truth.

For spiritual truths can never be expressed in exact, bare, literal words. It is impossible, as impossible as that we should put the sun itself into a bureau drawer. Spiritual truth can only be brought to the mind by symbolic presentation, of which the great symbolic drama is the highest type we know. For the symbol travels no long and devious route as do the processes of the intellect. No, once the soul is, in a measure, free, once the intuition is aroused, the spiritual truth for which the symbol stands bursts upon the soul like a flood of light. Elaborate literal "reasoning" speaks only to the mind. The symbol speaks to the soul, and the ideal, symbolic drama therefore becomes a torch bearer of the Absolute Truth itself. When we understand this, then we will faintly realize the Master purpose behind the founding of the Isis League of Music and Drama, behind the production of "The Eumenides," behind that greatest of all mystery-plays, recently produced at Point Loma, "The Travail of the Soul."



But when Greece passed the light failed for a time. The Dark Ages came, bequeathing to us, among other pleasant notions, a firm belief that the only method of gaining truth was to cultivate the intellect. And so, for centuries, we fed our children on Greek and Latin, Latin and Greek, with a sort of nightmare, called mathematics, for variety. But at last the time came when the few that somehow survived this process awakened to a realizing sense that they were *souls*, hungry souls, too, not a rag-bag collection of so-called "mental faculties." And they fled to those things which, of all the externals of life, alone could feed the soul—music, art and the symbolic drama.

If we stop to think, we will see that the real glimpses of truth that have come to us have come not through our thinking processes, the intellect, but through the intuition. Widen and cleanse that channel, pour into it the floods of the Infinite, and "education" will take care of itself. Then we shall travel on the Path, because we shall have become that Path itself. And it is to the intuition directly, to the soul itself, that poetry, music, art and the true drama always speak.

I once stood with a friend before a little painting of a bit of roadway near her home in the country. It was painted by an artist friend, fresh from a period of study in the *Beaux Arts* in Paris; and she said, "The little sketch is so pretty. I can hardly believe that it was painted from that road near the marsh. Of all places, that is uninteresting." She looked at the sketch a minute longer and then said, with a little quiver in her voice, "Strange, but the place itself will always be beautiful to me now." Love sprang up in her heart, instead of indifference, her insight was deepened, her soul was fed. And the artist had done a far greater work than she knew.

It is just because we cannot look upon nature and life with our soul eyes, that we need the painter and musician and poet. They look deeper than the surface, translating, as it were, the mystic message of nature into a language that we can read, the drama, or the sculpture or the musical composition. We get glimpses of the truth not so directly, perhaps, but these things at least place our feet upon the Path, and light us on our way. The very fact that every great work of symbolic art, whether done in paints or terms of philosophy or the music of vibrant strings, has a different message for each soul, is clear proof that at its heart and center is the Eternal Truth. For these things teach because they expand the soul. They lift us, and we verily "ascend into the hill of the Lord," that high state of consciousness where alone we can drink in the divine inflow from higher planes still.

But, you are asking, if this be true, how do you account for the fact that, in all times, some artists and dramatists have led dissipated, selfish lives?

Do not forget that all knowledge is a two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. If these things have a high aspect they have also one that is very low, and there have always been men who were willing to sell their gifts, if not for money, then for some other coin which would buy personal gratification. As a result, we have to-day the pure, symbolic drama at one pole, and the low

vaudeville at the other. We have the Ninth Symphony at one pole and the sensual rhythm of the *danse du ventre* at the other; the Greek temple paintings at one extreme and the saloon fresco at the other. Many an artist who would not sell himself for money, does so year after year for the sake of a possible "Hors Concours" in the Salon or a paragraph in a London daily on "the latest sensation, a startling picture by so and so." It is the curse of modern art, this itching for fame, and the sin of separateness lies at the root of it all.

Yet, leaving out of the question music and art that is debasing, there is still a danger point. Under the spell of pure art we are lifted, filled, as it were, with the currents of divine life. At that point the inner motive, of which we may or may not be conscious, decides whether the ways shall go up or down.

If our motive is selfish, if we visit the theatre or concert in order that we may converse wisely about things which we do not understand, or for the sake of revelling in sensations more exquisite than those induced by the dish-pan or the milliner, be sure that we are on the edge of a chasm that may engulf us. For the spiritual currents which, at times, seem actually to flow into our souls are not to be walled up within ourselves. They must flow out to the world or they will destroy us. "*Wouldst thou thus dam the waters born on Sumeru? Shalt thou divert the stream for thine own sake, or send it back to its prime source along the crests of cycles?*"

It is not enough to expend this inflow of soul in a debauch of the emotions, or even in a newspaper critique or a club essay. It must flow out in the helpful, loving word and deed, compassionate service. Then we become co-workers with the Law itself.

For times and ideals have changed. The test to-day is not how much we know, but how much we love. Not how many symphonies we have analyzed and criticised and, perchance, spoiled for ourselves in doing so; not how many birds we have shot and stuffed nor how many cocoons we have torn to pieces in the name of science, nor how many beautiful butterflies we have killed and impaled on long pins and placed in glass covered coffins with other dead butterflies, all neatly labeled in Latin. Not at all. The real test is—and music and art and the drama are potent factors in lifting our consciousness to the plane where we realize it—*do we love*,—do we see in all life and all nature the divine, do we feel that kinship which exists between our own souls and the soul of the world, do we see on everything that exists the seal and signet of brotherhood?

As Goethe expresses it:—

"Doth not the All  
 Press on thy head and heart.  
 And weave itself around thee, visibly and invisibly  
 In eternal mystery?  
 Fill thy heart with it till it overflow,  
 And in the feeling when thou'rt wholly blest.  
 Call it what name thou wilt!  
 Happiness! Heart! Love! God!  
 I have no name for it.  
 Feeling is all. Name is but sound and smoke  
 Veiling the glow of heaven."

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

By AN OMARITE.



WRITING in a recent number of the *New Century*, Mr. Maurice H. Held states that the poet Omar has nothing to preach but the "doctrine of the body"! Speaking of the Ruba'iyat, he says: "The philosophy is wholly false—just another disappointed hymn to the God of sense-pleasure. Why do they fascinate?"

That is the question. Omar lived some nine centuries ago, yet his work has not been forgotten, and he is read more now than any poet of the old time. Whence his lasting and supreme fascination? It may spring from the badness of human nature, but then no bad thing can last very long. Persian mystics hold that he was *not* bad. He spoke in their own language; he used the symbolism they knew. And they say that he was a spiritual poet, a saint in his life. We have heard of the Grail, of the Wine of Divine Life; we know, too, who said "I am the Vine," and in what capacity he said it. Wine, then, is a symbol that the Persians were not alone in using.

Let us, then, attempt an analysis of these Ruba'iyat, verse by verse, as nearly as may be; an interpretation as the Persians interpreted them. It is better to understand than to condemn. Let us in doing so ask forgiveness for spoiling a work of art.

This is the understanding that many of Omar's admirers have of the poem:—

1. Awake! for the day is here.
2. Ere dawn a voice from the Holy of Holies called me: "The Temple is ready; why do the worshippers slumber still?"
3. Then cried those who waited without, "Let us in, for we have not long to live, and if we die undrunk with the Wine of Divine Life we may have no conscious hereafter."
4. The New Year is with us, and now the healing spirit of the prophets is budding out on the trees and breathing up from the earth. It is well to go into the solitude for meditation now.
5. Lost indeed are the Mysteries, but still the gem of Spirit-power burns in the holy Wine.
6. Silent are the olden poets, but still the nightingale sings.
7. Oh, take the Grail Cup and cast away doubt and hesitation! No long time is before you.
8. Wherever you are your life is slipping away. *Now* is the only time.
9. You say that each day brings its opportunities? Yes, but what of yesterday and its lost opportunities? In June the rose comes, but with its coming there is an end of telling stories of the heroes.
10. Well, let there be an end! What have we to do with the past?

11. Let us come to that place (which is neither too high nor too low) that is between the sown land thou knowest and the desert of the unknown.

12. There shalt thou sing truly, for there thou shalt drink of the Wine. There is the only Paradise to be sought and found.

13. Some seek for the glories (and pleasures) of this world, some for the Paradise to come. Take thou the only Paradise, which is *here* and *now*.

14. Consider the rose, that heedeth not the future nor the past, but is full of beauty *here* and *now*.

15. What of wealth? Those who seek or squander it cannot turn themselves into gold.

16. Men's worldly hopes may fail or prosper, yet the fruit of them passeth away like snow on the desert.

17. Powerful and glorious kings have lived—and died.

18. And now wild beasts roam through their empty palaces.

19-20. But for all that, the Earth draws half her beauty from her noble dead. Men's lovely deeds live on, I think, and give their loveliness to herbs and flowers.

21. The past is dead; the future not yet born. Drink the Wine of True Oneness, that you may live in the Eternal Now.

22. For many loved ones in our ranks left us.

23-24. And we, too, may leave the ranks and sink down to a depraved state (*i.e.*, unless we drink and drink and drink this Wine).

25. To those who prepare for the future in this life or in the next, a voice cries, "Fools! Heaven is neither here nor there" ("not in time, but in Eternity").

26. What has become of all the learned? Where is the profit of their discussions and debates?

27. I myself when I was young (and foolish) used to go in for their intellectualities—but I was none the wiser for them.

28. I sowed the seed of learning (*not* wisdom, please!) with the doctors and professors, and myself I studied diligently, and the conclusion I arrived at was:—"I came into the world, and shall go out of it, by chance."

29. The fruit of all my intellectualism was that I became a fatalistic agnostic.

30. What! leave the grand problem unsolved? remain contented with ignorance? The more must I seek now after the Divine, that I was such a fool and blasphemer then!

This is one of the most conclusive verses. On the hypothesis of "Omar the Wine-bibber," what sense on earth can be gotten from "What? without asking, whither hurried hence?" and following three lines.

31. I concentrated my being in intellect (the Throne of Saturn), and with my brain I unravelled many a scientific knot—but not the Master-Knot of human fate.

32. *That* is beyond mere intellect. Up to a point there is a personal consciousness; then we merge into the impersonal.

33. There was no answer to the problem in visible nature.

34. But a voice came to me from the Thee in Me who works behind the veil—the *Me* within Thee blind (*i. e.*, destroy sense of separateness).

35. Then I went to the Wine of One-ness, and learned that without It there was no eternal existence for me.

At this stage Omar has shown how he became a materialist through trust-

ing only in the brain-mind. Not content with that for long, he reaches out into the super-personal for light—and receive it. “The Me within Thee blind”—that is the key to it all. He has not yet learned the secret, but he has the key to it. In Ruba’i 35 he applies the key and drinks of the Wine, the One-ness Wine emphatically (for there is no other wine that could or that any man could dream had the power to reveal it), and learns the Secret. After two verses he begins to show what the Secret is. Meanwhile these two are humorous—and untranslatable. Omar is laughing—at the man who will not or cannot see his meaning, at the man who cannot see through his wine-bibbing pretences. But it is the laugh of a holy man, not of a drunkard, a laugh that should have, to some of us, a very recognizable ring in it!

Drink then! for

38. Ancient stories say that man is a clay-clod saturated with Spirit.

39. And not a holy thought goes forth from us, but it is bound to bring some little measure of hope and light to those who are suffering in the lowest hells of the world.

Ah! Omar, there is the mark of holy Compassion with you! Shall we call you a sensualist now, when you are teaching what we teach our children to do in their Silent Moments? When was a sensualist compassionate?

40. As the Tulip is always looking to Heaven, do you be always looking towards the Higher Self.

41. Let no more problems vex you, but affix your consciousness to the Highest.

42. And even if you are to die, and forget all, you shall not be without the good of it when you live again. (Or, and even if in this life you fail, the foes you conquer now shall not be yours in the next life.)

43. You shall not fear death then, for this Wine maketh free the Soul from the trammels of the body.

44. And if the Winged Soul can be made free, is it not a shame to allow it to be evermore hampered by the flesh consciousness?

45. What is the body but a tent where the Royal Soul resteth for one day upon its journey?

46. And fear not that when one body dies it shall know the like no more. It useth myriads of forms.

Then Omar seizes the opportunity to laugh at vain and ambitious persons who have not learnt, through the Wine of Meditation, the duality of their nature. 46 and 47 are, so to say, bifurcate; he goes off on some of the imagery he has been just before using and with it teases those whom he wishes to tease.

49. Hasten, if you would know the secret.

50, 51, 52.

The writer has not the irreverence to alter or comment on these most sublime verses. They are as obvious as they are grand.

53. But if in this life you puzzle your brain-mind over the secret, what about the next life, when you will have another brain-mind altogether?

54. Then do not waste your time with vain puzzling. The One-ness Wine that can teach you is at hand. Life is Joy.

55. You know how joyfully I put away old barren reason and took to the Higher Life and Mysticism (the daughter of the Vine).

56. For though I was famed as a mathematician, I never made anything a "living power in my life" but—*Theosophy*.

57. Yes, they say, but what of my computations that resulted in the rectification of the calendar? Well, I certainly have *rectified* the calendar—by striking from it every day except *to-day*. (The Eternal Now is the only Time.)

58. It was a *Messenger* who bade me choose this mode of life,

59. Who bade me choose that One-ness Wine that sets at rest the disputations of the jarring sects, that transmutes the lead of the lower into gold of the Higher Life.

60. The Warrior, that Mohammed within whose whirlwind sword scattereth the evil hordes that beset the Soul.

61. And am I to forsake this truth because orthodoxy forbids it?

62. Because the creeds threaten me with hell or lure me with promises of heaven?

63, 64, 65.

These are an attack on, or rather sneer at, orthodox Moslem ideas of heaven and hell. The creed of the day was formal and opposed to Sufi Truth. H. P. B. made attacks on Christian orthodoxy that caused some people to imagine fondly—and might reasonably cause it, if uncontested—that she denied the existence of any Supreme Spirit. Omar attacks in much the same way the narrow orthodoxy of *his* time.

66-67. As to heaven and hell, we make them for ourselves. Heaven for each one is that which he longs for; hell, that which he fears.

68. These personalities are but shadows cast on a screen by the "sun-illuminated lantern held in midnight by the Master of the Show."

69. Pieces in a game of chess that God plays.

70. They do not understand, but He knows about it all.

71. And the causes of their moves are things done; action is followed by reaction, nothing can bend the Law.

72. Lift not your hands, then, for help to the sky. It is bound by the same Law as we are.

73. The first germ of the Universe contained everything that ever was to be. All are parts of an unbroken chain of cause and effect.

74. Yesterday you sowed the seed, to-day you reap the fruit. Drink! for the Wine of One-ness alone can show you the meaning of it all.

75-76. Let the beggar-priests of orthodoxy flout at me! The Vine hath struck a fibre in my being, and therefore I shall pass through doors *they* howl without.

77. And whether the One True Light kindles me to love or to wrath (with orthodox shams?), one flash of it in my own heart is better than its absence in all the mosques in the world.

78-81.

In these verses Omar puts himself into the place of a "True Believer" and addresses the imagined personal God in such a manner as to prove the falsity of the crudities of Semitic religion. But they are not his own words to his own Deity.

"Whose secret presence through creation's veins,  
Running quicksilver-like, eludes your pains,  
Taking all forms from Mah to Mahi, and  
They change, and perish all, but HE remains."

With the 82d Ruba'i begins the Parable of the Pots, which needs no explanation. It is a discussion between certain pots in a potter's house as to the nature of their maker, and in this way many views about the Deity are brought forward. Omar's humor is never far away in this parable. Thus he speaks of "One of the loquacious lot, I think some Sufi pipkin, waxing hot"—a sly laugh perhaps at a former self of his own, or at any young follower of mysticism in the stage when he must be talking and talking and talking about the holy things, and that regardless of time and place. The last pot that speaks is the one after Omar's own heart:—

"Well," whispered one, "let whoso sell or buy,  
My clay with long oblivion has gone dry.  
But fill me with the old familiar juice,  
Methinks I might recover by and bye."

This is the man that is not concerned with things irrelevant to the present need of the soul.

Continuing at verse 91 we have this aspiration, veiled though it is in the sensuous words of Persian poetry:—

91. Let my life be so permeated with the Divine Spirit  
 92. That even when I am dead its aroma may lure people away from the material to the spiritual things.  
 93. No doubt my mysticism has injured me in the sight of the world; it has drowned my fame, but in the Grail-cup; it has sold my reputation, but given me to be a poet instead.  
 94. And no doubt I have been tempted many times to give up this path for the way of the world; but each time the recurring cycle of the influx of spiritual life has swept the temptation away.  
 95. And indeed mine was the better choice. What could be so precious a thing as that I chose?  
 96. Yet, alas, that there are and must be seasons of darkness!  
 97. Would that on our journey along the path we could always see the goal!

As for the last four Ruba'iyat in Fitzgerald (98-101) I can make nothing of them. They may have no other than a surface meaning, *and still* (for we may doubt it without fear) be genuine verse by Omar Khayyam of Naishapur; but Fitzgerald let the Art-for-art's-sake sense overcome him when he put them at the end of the book. A poet has a right to sing of sad things, for they, too, have a part in life. But he has no right, if he is a poet of the true order of the Bards or Teachers, and not a mere singer, to let the last word of his song message be sorrowful, because the deepness and finality of all things is not sorrowful, but full of golden joy. And therefore I think that out of the many hundreds of Ruba'iyat attributed to the Tentmaker that remain in various MSS. in Iran, Fitzgerald might have found more excellent ones for the end than those with the sad note in them. But be that as it may, even a careless and inadequate interpretation like the above (wherein the connection with the text may seem far enough fetched in many cases) does abolish, for mystics, the idea that the Mighty Bard of Naishapur taught the "doctrine of the body"—does it not?

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## MUSIC.

By JULIA HECHT.



TO-DAY on dear Point Loma we are observing the sacred ceremonies of the laying of the corner-stone of the Isis Temple of Art, Music and Drama.

On this chosen spot, which will be a great seat of learning, will now be reared the first building of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, which is destined to illumine and uplift Humanity.

The Arts will be taught in their higher forms, for the benefit of all the peoples of the earth, and here will be demonstrated their proper place and power in the world.

The Foundress and Directress of this great institution has told us of the "importance of Music and the Drama as vital educational factors," and that "Music is not only one of the refinements of life, but part of life itself."

The Spirit of Music is Love. It is the language of the Soul, the expression of the heart. It is universal, and has been cultivated in some form from time immemorial.

Every age and clime has its variety of musical idiom, and is suggestive of its history and stage of development. Every one should cultivate the knowledge of love of music, for as Shakespeare truly says:

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted."

That music is a living force and power is shown in every phase of life. It adds solemnity and dignity, or inspires hope and courage, or brings new life and joy on any occasion. There is nothing like a familiar strain of melody to revive old recollections. It softens and purifies the depths of our natures, where often nothing else would, and it has been proven, as Shakespeare says, that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

For it arouses emotions latent and undivined and attunes our souls to the harmonies of the Universe. It embodies the inner feelings of which other arts can but exhibit the effect. It suggests still more than it displays, and stimulates the imagination of both witness and performer. "Its privilege is to delight, refine, enlighten and ennoble, suggesting the beautiful, the ideal and the perfect."

By the magical spell of sound we are, for the time, liberated from earthly bounds, and, entranced by its wondrous harmonies, we feel the unity and concord existing in all things, and something of the divine love which is everywhere manifest.



The laws governing musical harmony correspond with Nature's laws of Universal Brotherhood. In a perfect musical production, each note blends in purest harmony, and so in the grand Symphony of Life must we each play well our part, and sound our tones in unison, making them sweet and clear and true.

Thus by being in perfect accord with all that lives, we shall be united in the loving bond of Brotherhood. Then will "Truth, Light and Liberation" be established, and we shall attain to our heritage of divine wisdom and Eternal Peace and Joy.

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## NATURE AND MAN.

By R. W.

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**S**EATED on a high bluff overlooking the sea and dreamily following the cliff-line until the solid wall of rock gradually merges into sand-dunes and beach, I become conscious of the relation of things. Out and beyond, the boundless deep, while o'er its panting bosom rush the rolling breakers, dashing themselves wildly against the projecting rocks, covering the ledges of rock with billows of foamy white bubbles. Strange handiwork of Nature! For some extent a floor of solid rock suddenly buried in a sandy beach. Looking about, pillars of granite of varying form and size projecting far out into the sea, form a bulwark to this land of the Gods. As they range themselves in tiers, sky, sun, sea and majestic bluffs show their relation to each other and to man.

Sky, sun, sea and earth. Four basic principles. The blue sky—the Higher Mind; the Sun—the spiritual and physical life; the Sea—the world of human thought and emotions, besieging us, wooing us with its illusions, and if we succumb—Ah, me! The white guards at the threshold of the soul are o'ershadowed by the dark forces of the Lower Nature, the citadel to the heaven within besieged, and the demons of the lower nature allowed ascendancy, only to be followed in time by darkness and death.

This rock-bound coast! These ledges and cliffs! Symbolic are they of the guardian wall of human Souls about the sacred Temple of Humanity. Above, the blue firmament, with the adorable life-giving sun pouring at times upon the water a sun-burst of rays through a rift in the clouds, appearing to the weary pilgrim as a lighted path over the sea of human experiences. Solemn thoughts are interrupted by the whirr of a flock of pelicans, whose strong broad wings extended, hover like a benediction over one's head.

Ah! what joy, what peace, what bliss, to steal away from agitating emotions, to lay one's weary head in the lap of mother nature and let the great undertone of the Sea sing its harmony into one's inmost heart until responding in perfect harmony with the pulsations of eternal life all around! The joy of the in-pouring Life and Peace and Love! The ecstasy of the responsive soul within, as it breathes forth in rapturous strains its hopes, its aspirations, its love

of God in man and all creatures! Truly it is the balm of Gilead upon the troubled nature within.

Yet one more glance at the rocks, symbolic of the steadfast soul. The first tier wooed by the sea as she winds herself about the feet of the bluffs like the arms of children about a dear old father's neck, tempting them in their hoary age to stoop and partake of her kisses, corresponds to the tired warrior who learns to stand and resist the illusory charms of human passions. The tiers of rock and cliffs, *the living wall* of defense to the stronghold of the Gods, altar-protecting shrine to Hellas Deities! And as I sat and thought of the countless ages of resistance offered by these Guardian Stones to the never ceasing allurements of the sea, protecting mankind from its merciless inundations, my troubled soul became filled with a great joy and peace, and resolution after resolution formed to live a pure and more selfless life. On my homeward way, the example set by Nature impressed itself deeply and for many days, to become passion proof, invulnerable as the rocks to the enchanting sea. Had the rocks stooped to partake of the sea's temptations, in that moment would they have been wrested from their thrones, built by myriads of little lives through the ages, and sent whirling with the ceaseless ebb and flow on its endless journey.

Never lose anchor!

To do so means to have to climb anew the cyclic stairs to perfectibility, to learn again the lessons of resistance, to recognize the true from the false. When the personal self offers entrance to the sea of deluding elementals, the stronghold of the gods becomes the seat and home of the Lower Nature instead of the Higher, and Humanity's heartrending woe a much longer drawn out agony, by succumbing to the allurements of the senses.

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"Be sure that God  
 Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart!  
 Ask the geier-eagle why she stoops at once  
 Into the vast and unexplored abyss,  
 What full-grown power informs her from the first,  
 Why she not marvels, strenuously beating  
 The silent boundless regions of the sky!  
 Be sure they sleep not whom God needs! Nor fear  
 Their holding light his charge, when every hour  
 That finds that charge delayed is a new death.  
 This for the faith in which I trust; and hence  
 I can abjure so well the idle arts  
 The pedants strive to learn and teach; Black Arts,  
 Great Works, the Secret and Sublime, forsooth—  
 Let others prize: too intimate a tie  
 Connects me with our God! A sullen fiend  
 To do my bidding, fallen and hateful sprites  
 To help me—what are these, at best, beside  
 God helping, God directing everywhere,  
 So that earth shall yield her secrets up,  
 And every object there be charged to strike,  
 Teach, gratify her master God appoints?  
 And I am young, my Festus, happy and free!  
 I can devote myself; I have a life  
 To give; I, singled out for this the One."

From *Paracelsus*.—ROBERT BROWNING.

## EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

XV. Tirhakah.—Wars with Assyria.—Esarhaddon.—Sardanapalos.—Thebes Destroyed.—Psmatikh I.—Twenty-sixth Dynasty.—The New Egypt and “St. Luke’s Summer.”



IRHAKAH had succeeded Sabako as king at Napata. The right of succession in Ethiopia appears to have been controlled by a primitive law of descent by which a brother or sister might take precedence over a son. He also ruled at Thebes while Sabataki was restricted to the northern territory.\* He was soon involved in hostilities to Assyria.

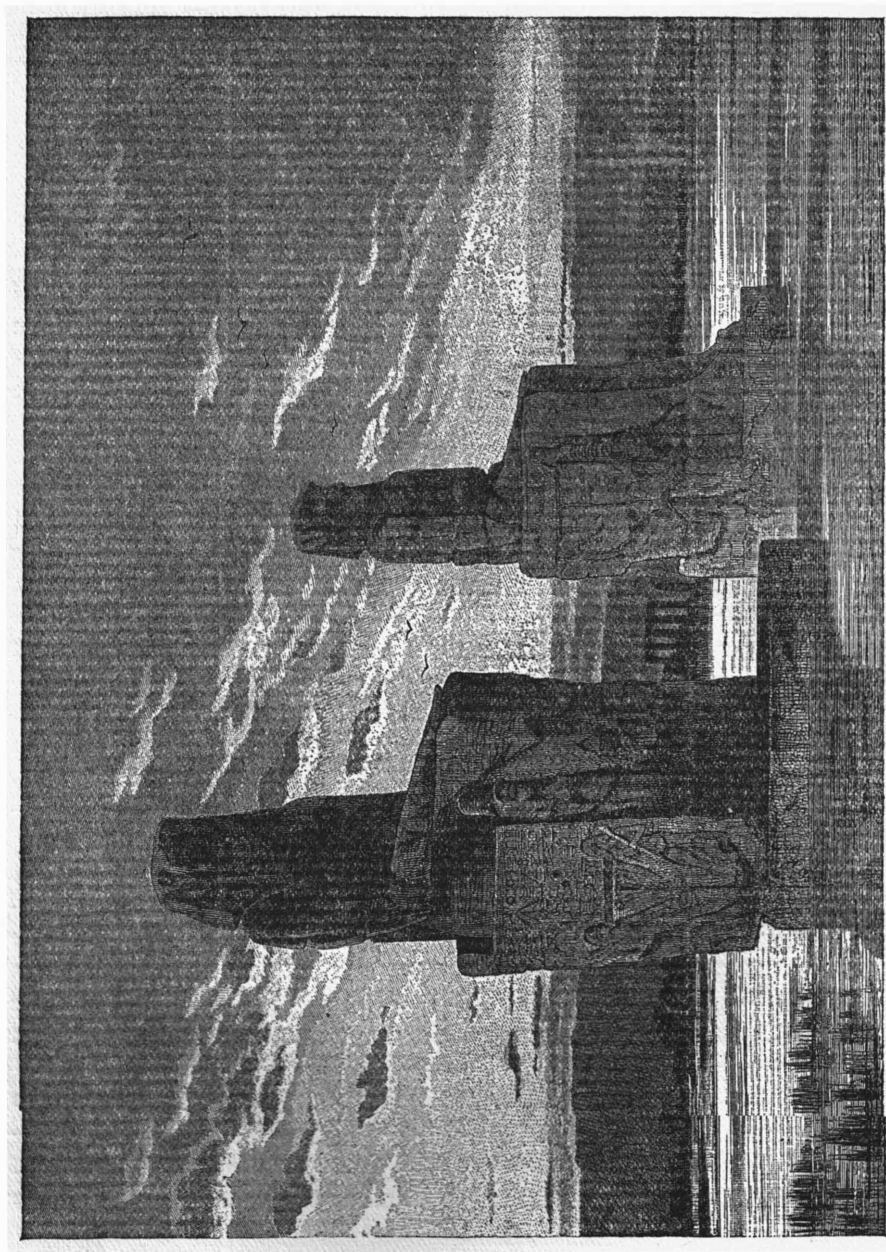
Sennakherib, upon his accession, had made Ninevah again the capital. He built it anew, adding, as he had opportunity, to its embellishments. As had been the case with the kings before him, his accession was characterized by a general revolt, which he proceeded immediately to suppress with all the savage cruelty characteristic of the Assyrian monarchs. He first made a campaign against Kar-Dunia (Babylon) and Susiana; and then turned his arms against “the kings of the Khatti or Hittites, all of them of the coast.” The Khitan dominion which lay upon the river Euphrates had been already overthrown, and the description indicates these kings to have been simply Phœnicians. They were in alliance with Hezekiah of Jerusalem, and with “the kings of Egypt and the king of Meroë”—the under-kings of the Lowlands and the king of Ethiopia. As he marched into Palestine the cities in his way quietly returned to their allegiance. The city of Ekron held out. The inhabitants had deposed their king, Padi, and sent him in chains to Hezekiah at Jerusalem, who now refused to set him at liberty. A battle took place at Èltekeh in southern Palestine, and according to the boast of the Assyrian monarch, the allies were defeated, and the Egyptians and Ethiopians went home in disorder. Instead of following them he turned upon the revolting vassals. A savage revenge was taken upon the chief men of Ekron. They were now condemned to death and impaled on stakes† all around the city.

Sennakherib next overran the western territory of Judea and annexed it to the contiguous Philistine principalities, also carrying away two hundred thousand of the inhabitants into captivity. He afterward invested Jerusalem. Hezekiah, acting by the advice of his chief minister Shebna, hastened to make submission.

Tirhakah renewed his preparations. An army was dispatched by him into

\*The name Egypt or Mizraim as it is given in the Hebrew text of the Bible, denoted only the northern part of the country, and was distinct from Pathros in the South.

†The stauros or “cross” was a stake for impaling. The Assyrian kings impaled prisoners taken when besieging a fortress.



STATUE OF MEMNON AND ITS COMPANION AT THE TIME OF THE HIGH NILE.

southern Palestine and he came with another from Ethiopia. Hezekiah rallied from his alarm, dismissed the timid Shebna, and put Jerusalem into a state of defense. Sennakherib marched his forces to meet the Egyptians at Lakhish, and sent his vizier, chamberlain, and commanding general with a detachment of his army to besiege Jerusalem. They demanded a parley and they called for an unconditional surrender, jeering at the notion of help from Egypt and assuring them that Sennakherib on his return home would remove the remainder of the people to another region. Neither Hezekiah nor his God, the rabsaki added, was able to deliver them; the king of Assyria is stronger than the gods of the nations. Hezekiah made no answer, and the Assyrian envoys returned to the main army.

The fate of this expedition has been told in several forms. There has no record of it been found at Kuyunjik, but this is easy to explain. It was not the practice to make a statement of dishonor or calamity occurring to a reigning prince. Even the defeats of Azariah and Hezekiah are not mentioned in the books of the *Kings* and *Chronicles*. But the inscriptions of Tirhakah at Napata, Thebes and Memphis indicate that that king met the Assyrians in battle and inflicted on them a total defeat.

The Egyptian record as preserved by Herodotus withheld all credit from the hated Ethiopian sovereigns. The "Ethiopian," it was affirmed, had been warned by a dream and abandoned Egypt, and Sethi the high-priest of Ptah at Memphis became king. This sovereign had offended the soldiers, and they refused to obey him. He was at a loss how to repel the invaders. He invoked the image of the god, and was instructed to go boldly out against the Assyrians. He raised a force of volunteers, resembling that of Falstaff, of persons engaged in common pursuits, and led them against the enemy there at Pelusium. Before they had engaged, there came a multitude of mice by night and devoured the quivers and bow-strings of the invaders, thus rendering them utterly defenseless. The Egyptians fell upon them, inflicting a terrible slaughter.

The mouse in Oriental imagery, is a symbol of calamity or pestilence. This suggests the explanation of a story which would otherwise be improbable. Disease naturally incident to camp-life, like typhoid or smallpox, or perhaps the deadly simoom, may have enfeebled the Assyrians.

Sennakherib returned immediately home. He was assassinated some years afterward by the Crown-prince and his brother, while celebrating a festival at the temple of the Nis-Rokh, the Bird-god.\* His younger son the best beloved Assur-akhi-adon or Esarhaddon, then king at Babylon, came to Nineveh with his army, drove the parricides, Assur-melekh and Nergal-Sar-asar, into exile, and succeeded to the throne.

Tirhakah took advantage of the opportunity to establish his authority over

\*Ancient religions had their sacred birds. We may note the Garuda, or man-bird, of India, the Simurg of Erán, the Rokh of Assyria, the dove of Babylon, and the peacock of the Oriental Secret Rites, analogous with the cock of China, which is sacrificed to confirm testimony and obligations. The god Nisrokh was eagle-headed, as is noticed in pictures of Assyrian priests. The eagle of the Roman standard, and of European and American ensigns, is a survival of this divinity.

all Egypt. He put Sabataki to death, and brought the other princes and underkings into subjection to his government. Then followed a period of quiet and prosperity which lasted for twenty years. Tirhakah restored the public worship where it had fallen into neglect, repaired the temples, and strengthened the several capitals. He was also in friendly communication with the kings in Arabia, Idumæa, Moab, Judea, Palestine and Syria, who all regarded him as their protector. Among them were Baal of Tyre, Abi-Baal of Samaria, Manasseh of Jerusalem, Ahi-melekh of Ashdod, Kavis of Idumæa, Hazael of Arabia, besides ten kings of Cyprus.

Esarhaddon was a statesman of ability, and possessed ambition to increase his power and the prestige of his two capitals. He invested Tyre, but found it impossible to reduce the city that was mistress of the sea, and supported by the forceful help of Egypt. He resolved accordingly to make the conquest of Egypt and Ethiopia.

Tirhakah collected his forces at the northeastern portion near Pelusium. Esarhaddon thereupon marched at the southward through the Desert of Shur, in order to turn the flank of the Egyptian army, reach Pithom or Heroöpolis, and move upon Memphis. The Arabian chiefs brought water to his army in skins carried by camels. The route was tedious, and the soldiers were terribly alarmed by the numerous "fiery serpents" that abounded there.†

Tirhakah immediately crossed the delta, and met the Assyrians, only to suffer a complete defeat, which dispersed his army. Memphis was captured and pillaged. The temples were literally stripped of their ornaments and the wealth with which the piety of kings had enriched them. All were carried to Assyria. The family of Tirhakah fell into the hands of the conqueror.

Tirhakah himself fled to Thebes. The Assyrian king followed close behind, sweeping the country with his cavalry till he reached the capital of the South. Tirhakah retired into Ethiopia, but Esarhaddon did not pursue him beyond the border of Egypt. His own health had given way, and he now devoted himself to the establishing of his authority over his conquests. He divided Egypt into twenty principalities, placing a governor in each with the title of king, and putting an Assyrian garrison in every capital city. Most of these underkings were Egyptians, and we find their names similar to those of former princes such as Nekho, Pimai, Petubast, Sheshank, Nimarata, Tafnekht, Bokenranf or Bokkhôris.

A detachment of Assyrian troops had overrun Judea, made Manasseh the king a prisoner, and carried him and others to Babylon. He was also restored to his government as a vassal of Assyria.

Assur-bani-ral, or as he is named in classic history, Sardanapalos, had conspired to seize the supreme power. Esarhaddon, however, anticipated this by adopting him as his colleague and placing the imperial authority in his hands. His own death occurred not long afterward, and the attention of the young monarch was speedily called to quell a general revolt.

†Deuteronomy, vii., 15; Numbers, xxi., 5

Tirhakah meanwhile collected a new army, and coming from Ethiopia, expelled the vassal princes in Egypt, and took possession of the country. Sardanapalos came to their help, and routed the Ethiopian troops at Kar-banit, a city in the Delta. Tirhakah made his escape from Memphis to Thebes, closely pursued by the Assyrian rabsaki, who had been re-inforced by the forces of the returning fugitive governors. Unable to continue the conflict, Tirhakah retired again to Ethiopia. Sardanapalos reinstated the princes, garrisoned their capital cities anew and returned to Assyria.

Affairs soon presented a new phase in Egypt. The under-kings became impatient of the supervision of foreign military officials, and opened negotiations on their own account with the Ethiopian monarch. The Assyrian generals discovered this and arrested Nekho and the king of Pelusium, who, together with Pi-kerera, the king of Pisaptu, had been foremost in the movement. The two prisoners were sent in chains to Nineveh. This hastened the uprising and Tirhakah came to the aid of the insurgents. The Assyrians captured Sâis Mendes, Tanis and other cities, and massacred the inhabitants without mercy. This, however, did not in any degree check the revolt. Tirhakah defeated the Assyrian forces and drove them from Upper Egypt. He then proceeded down the Nile from Thebes to Memphis and was welcomed by the inhabitants all the way.

Sardanapalos finding it impracticable to rely upon military force to retain possession of Egypt, had recourse to other measures. Nekho, his prisoner, might be employed again against the Ethiopian king. His kinsman, Bokkhôris, had been put to death in a cruel manner by Sabako, and he, therefore, could not be heartily engaged in behalf of Tirhakah. The conjecture proved correct. Nekho was set free accordingly, and honored by Sardanapalos by costly presents. He was also restored to the government of Sâis as before, with the title of Bel-maté, lord of the two realms. His son Nebushasbani was also made king of Athribis. Nekho then returned home and his authority was generally acknowledged by his countrymen. Tirhakah withdrew from Egypt with his army, disappointed and disgusted at this betrayal, and died soon afterward, bequeathing a legacy of vengeance to his successor.

Ru-t-Amun, the son of Sabako, was the next heir to the Ethiopian throne. He was of warlike temperament and set himself to the recovering of Egypt. He promptly occupied Thebes, and marched with his army into the Lower country, defeating the Assyrian forces at Memphis. Nekho was taken prisoner and put to death, while his son, Psametikh, fled into Syria. Egypt was thus once more a possession of Ethiopia.

Sardanapalos, however, came thither himself with an army. He encountered Rutamun at the frontier and defeated him. He pursued him relentlessly to Memphis and afterward to Thebes. He soon effected an entrance into the southern metropolis, and inflicted upon it all the cruelties incident to Kurdish and Assyrian warfare.

From this period, however, the power of Assyria waned, and the history of

Egypt was for a time very obscure. The under-kings were able to regain much of their influence, and the Ethiopian monarch was again acknowledged in Upper Egypt. A new king, Nut Meriamun, succeeded to the throne of Napata. A memorial stone which is found in the ruins of that city describes his conquest of the Northern realm. "He had gained possession of the land of Ethiopia without fighting; no one dared to resist him." He was ambitious to copy his great predecessors, Piankhi and Tirhakah, and reign over all Egypt.

He saw himself in a dream, the inscription declares, standing between two royal serpents. On consulting the interpreters, they told him that as Upper Egypt was already his, he should also take possession of Lower Egypt. "Amun-Râ," said they, "beside whom there is no other god, will be with thee."

The king set out accordingly with a force of one hundred thousand men. He performed religious rites sedulously at every capital city in his way. At Napata the statue of Amun was brought out in a procession, and sacrifices offered. Similar worship was rendered to Num-Râ, the god of the inundation at Elephantina. "He propitiated the river in its hidden cave." Again at Thebes, the chief priests and ministers of the temple of Amun-Râ "brought flowers for him whose being is hidden." All the way down the river to Lower Egypt, great was the rejoicing. The inhabitants sped him onward with blessings, asking him to dispense life, to restore the temples, to set up anew the statues of the gods, to bestow again revenues for public worship and offerings to the dead, to establish the priests anew in their office and to "cause all to be performed according to the Sacred Learning." "Even those whose intention had been to fight him were moved by the joy."

At Memphis he found the army of his enemy. He put them to flight and gained possession of the city. He commanded to enlarge the temple of Ptah, and made a generous provision for his worship.

He then marched on in quest of the princes, but they did not venture upon a battle. He returned to Memphis, where a conference took place. The king received them graciously and entertained them many days. The chief spokesman at this conference was Pikerara, the king of Pisapta, in the Arabian district. He had been concerned with Nekho in the project to bring Tirhakah again into Egypt and was probably the leader in this movement, in behalf of the Assyrian rule.

Neither of the Ethiopian monarchs Rutamun and Nut Meriamun is mentioned in the lists of Egyptian kings, and Piankhi II. was actually king of Upper and Lower Egypt. He married the beautiful princess Ameniritis, whose statue bore the inscription setting her forth as sister of Sabako, daughter of Kashta and wife, or priestess, of the Divinity. Her monument at Thebes portrays her in glowing terms as a benefactress. "I gave bread to the hungry," is her testimony, "drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked."

Herodotos has related the fanciful account of the evacuation of Northern Egypt by this monarch. He had been directed in a dream, they said, to invite the priests to a conference and massacre them. He regarded this command as



the purpose of the gods to induce him to do a sacrilegious act which would make him detested by his subjects. He then, in order to accomplish the real will of the divinities, without being guilty of heinous crime, withdrew peaceably to Ethiopia. The parable may be more rationally explained in another way. The under-kings, being appointed to office by the Assyrian king, made his government in Egypt insecure, and he unwilling to imperil everything by war, chose to resign his authority.

#### THE TWENTY-SIXTH DYNASTY.

For fifteen years the under-kings who had been appointed by the Assyrian monarch ruled in Lower Egypt. They were allied by marriage and family relationship and met often for religious and political purposes. Psametikh, the king of Sâis, presently became obnoxious to the others. He was of Libyan ancestry and a great-grandson of Tafnekht, who had contended with the first Piankhi for supreme power. It was not unlikely that he was the prince whom Saradanapalos appointed over Athribis, by the Semitic name of Nebushasban. When Nekho, his father, was put to death by Rutamun, he made his escape into Syria, but came back afterward under an Assyrian commission, to occupy his father's throne.

The dependencies of Assyria everywhere had begun to revolt. Babylon and the neighboring kingdoms maintained successfully their independence. Gog or Gyges had wrested the throne of Lydia from its Hittite lords and became a vassal of Assyria, in consideration of aid against the Kimerians. He now renounced allegiance to the "Great King of the nations." Psametikh found the time ripe for him to grasp the crown of Egypt. He allied himself to the Ethiopian Dynasty in the South by marriage with the princess Sebnapata, the daughter of Piankhi II. This fact explains satisfactorily the peaceful withdrawal which Herodotos has recorded of the Ethiopian monarch from the government.

The realm was the dowry of the Princess. The other princes, Pakrura, Pima, Sheshank and their fellows had been virtually independent of Assyria, though nominally vassals, and were alarmed at the claims of Psametikh. They immediately flew to arms to resist him, and drove him from his principality. He procured from Gyges an army of Karian and Ionian volunteers and joined battle with them at Menuf, or Momemphis, on the border of the Libyan Desert. He was victorious and immediately followed up his success by attacking the several cities and dethroning their rulers. The different governments which had so often been instrumental in promoting disturbance were now abolished, and Psametikh I. became the sole and independent king. He took the name of Ka-ua-eb.

The first care of the new monarch was to strengthen his frontier. He stationed the Egyptian troops at Elephantina to guard the South, and at Daphne and Marea at the east and west of Northern Egypt. The Karians and Ionians were placed in nearer proximity to his own capital city, and lands were given them near Bubastis. This was the first introduction of an Aryan and

Greek-speaking population as permanent inhabitants of Egypt. Psametikh further disregarded the hereditary prejudice and exclusiveness of the Egyptians in regard to foreigners. He made the new subjects welcome at the royal table and court in Sâis, and committed native youths to their charge to be instructed in the Greek language. These became the beginning of a new class of the Egyptian population, the dragomans and interpreters.

The defection of Gyges and the success of Psametikh were fatal to Assyria. Sardanapalos, on hearing of the loss of Egypt, raised his hands to the gods of Nineveh and invoked a curse upon the head of the perfidious Lydian. The Kimerians or Gomerites† pressed forward by a general movement from the wilds of Skythia, overran his kingdom, and Gyges was killed in battle.

Sardanapalos was constantly at war to recover Egypt. Psametikh transferred the seat of conflict into Palestine and besieged Ashdod, the "strong city." Its Assyrian garrison held out long; Herodotos gives a period of twenty-nine years. During this time the death of Sardanapalos took place. He had been a civilian, rather than a soldier, but he was successful in his numerous wars. He lost Egypt, but he conquered Susiana and held his other dominions. He was fond of shows and pageants; he excelled in hunting; he filled the library at Kuyunjik with the entire literature of Babylon and archaic Akkad,\* and embellished Nineveh beyond all former monarchs. He is described as sensual and effeminate, but this was only qualifiedly true. The numerous kings whom his generals subjugated were obliged to send their daughters and favorite servants to Nineveh. That he was cruel even beyond the extremes of savagery cannot be questioned or extenuated. His sculptures depict him in the act of inflicting the most appalling tortures with his own hands. It is no matter of wonder that men who had been worsted in battle committed suicide that they might escape barbarity so atrocious.†

His successor, as designated by Greek writers, was Sarakos, but after a reign of several years, his general, Nabu-pul-asar, revolted and formed an alliance with Viskara or Kyaxeres, then king of Media, by which his famous son, Nebu-kadar-asar or Nebukhadhezzar, married the daughter of the prince. The two kings then joined their forces against Nineveh. They were interrupted, however, by another event that put everything in peril.

An immense multitude of Skyths had burst through the Caucasos and swooped down upon Asia. It was one of those movements of population from the unknown North which had occurred at almost regular periods for centuries. It was described by the Hebrew Prophet Jeremiah as "an evil out of the North

†Gomri, hordes.

\*A Royal Library appears to have been maintained from very early periods for free consultation by scholars. Sargon's Library at Agaua or Akkad was catalogued and numbered, Dr. Sayce informs us, "so that the student had only to write down the number of the Tablet, and the librarian handed it to him." Later, the Assyrian Library was begun at the city of Assur, and afterward removed and established by Assur-nagir-pal at Kala or Nimrud. Additions were made in subsequent reigns. Sargon caused the whole to be written over, and early literature became a study at the capital. Sardanapalos however surpassed all the kings before him. He caused all the literature of his empire to be collected at Nineveh, over 10,000 different works, belonging to every department of learning, and they were methodically arranged and catalogued. To all intents it was a free public library.

†Like King Saul—Samuel I., xxxi., 4, 5.

breaking forth upon all the inhabitants," and he sneered at the notion of Judea receiving any help from either Egypt or Assyria. All military operations were suspended. The hordes overran Media, Assyria and Syria, ravaging the whole region and disseminating abject terror everywhere.

Psametikh was engaged at the siege of Ashdod. He was embarrassed by a general defection of the Egyptian soldiers that he had set to guard the frontiers of Egypt. Herodotos gives their number at two hundred and forty thousand. They were exasperated at his partiality for the foreign troops who had placed him on his throne. They now abandoned their posts, and leaving their wives and children behind, marched into Ethiopia. He followed and appealed to them not to forsake their gods, their wives and their country. It was of no avail. Finally the kings of Ethiopia settled them in a region beyond Meroé, far away from Egypt.

Psametikh was no longer able to take part in the war against Assyria. When the Skyths had come into Palestine and taken Askalon, he met them with rich presents and persuaded them to turn aside and refrain from advancing upon Egypt. Thus he saved his country. The inroad lasted twenty-eight years. The historians simply add that they perished from excess, disease and massacre; and with their destruction, the kings resumed their warfare. Ashdod finally capitulated, but Psametikh was too much weakened by the defection of his soldiers and the infirmity of age to prosecute the conflict any further. He died after having ruled over all Egypt fifty-six years.

But he had regenerated the country, creating an order of affairs such as had never been known. The Egyptians had before supposed themselves the oldest of nations, but he made them conscious of their fellowship and relationship to other peoples of the world. He had come to the throne when Egypt had long been subject to foreign domination and incessant wars. It was in a deplorable state of misery and degradation. The cities were impoverished, the lands deserted, and the country depopulated. The Assyrian overlord had actually colonized districts from the East. Psametikh set himself to create Egypt anew. He applied himself to the task with energy during his long reign. Lands and roads were restored, agriculture encouraged, the towns repaired and rebuilt, the temples enlarged and beautified, the rites and observances of worship strictly maintained. The entire valley of the Nile was like a huge workshop where the population belonging in every department of industry was constantly employed. Science and literature assumed new importance. The hieroglyphics, so long the vehicle of preserving the knowledge of events and discovery, were divested of their exclusive importance, and the demotic art of writing, the art of the people, was generally adopted.

"With the Twenty-sixth Dynasty," says Professor Sayce, "the St. Luke's Summer of Egyptian history begins." The expulsion of the Assyrian vassals, the consolidation of the monarchy in a single hand, and the broad policy of the new government had occasioned the revival of peace, power, and prosperity, and with these the resuscitation, likewise, of art. Sâis, the city of Psametikh,

was adorned by him with buildings that almost rivaled the monuments of Thebes; Memphis, again a political metropolis, resumed her former importance. A new gallery was constructed at the Serapeion for the enshrining of the Sacred bulls, slabs of stone were placed in the temples to hide the interior from the profane gaze of the multitude, and now a new cursive system of writing was adopted for common use, the demotic or popular, showing that the literature was no longer exclusively in the control of the sacerdotal class; "But," adds Mr. Sayce, "the government had ceased to be Egyptian; it had gained its power by Hellenic aid, and from this time forward Grecian influence began to prevail. The king's person is protected by a Greek body-guard; the native soldiers desert to Ethiopia, and the oldest Ionic inscription that we possess records the pursuit of them by the foreign mercenaries of Psammetikhos."\*

"Trade with foreign countries was now maintained, as had never been the case before. There existed novelty in ten thousand shapes. The cities formerly active chiefly with pilgrimages and religious processions, became busy marts of commerce. Indeed, as judgments are commonly formed, Psametikh I. must be regarded as one of the noblest of Egyptian kings. He combined profound political sagacity with military talent and exhibited an enlightened love of the arts which, by transmitting to the Future a knowledge of the irrevocable Past, thereby make the Present immortal."

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\*This inscription at Abu Simbel, contains the later Greek double letters psi, phi, khi, etc., theta (ps, ph, kh, è, and th), but not the long o, omega.

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## THE CURATE'S LECTURE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By W. HAMMOND.



T was a warm day in June. My office windows were open, admitting fresh air bearing the perfume of flowers and murmur of voices from the busy market close by. Two young lady pupils, eager to engage in the "fierce race for wealth," were industriously striving to master the art of typewriting under my tuition.

There was a knock at the door, and in response to my "Come in," a gentleman entered with a heavy volume under his arm.

It was the Reverend Alpheus Smart, who had on one or two occasions called for the purpose of obtaining transcripts of sermons composed some fifty years ago by a relative of his, long since deceased.

I courteously invited my visitor to be seated, and inquired in what way I could be of service to him.

"Do you write from dictation?" he asked.

I replied that I did, and insinuated that I preferred that mode of working to laboriously deciphering indistinct manuscript.

"I have been asked to lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association," said Mr. Smart, ignoring my remarks, "and have selected for my subject 'Brahmanism.' I have here," laying his hand upon the book, that now rested on the table, "Professor S——'s recent work on 'Comparative Religion,' from which I propose to quote."

"Do you think that you can write accurately from my dictation? I mean with regard to correct spelling."

I meekly thought that it was possible, and fed a machine with paper ready to begin.

"Will you permit me to close the windows?" inquired my client.

I consented, and this done, the reverend gentleman commenced to speak, as into a phonograph.

The burden of his discourse was that Modern Christianity had attained to such a degree of impregnability that churchmen could now fearlessly present to an audience such as that he had the honor of addressing, a comparison of the truths of our holy religion with the erroneous conceptions respecting the Almighty that the unenlightened heathen had in the past long groaned under, and which, he was grieved to say, still enthralled vast numbers.

The central doctrine of the Christian Church was Salvation through the blood of Christ, in which we had but to believe and our sins would be forgiven. Whereas, the poor Hindoo had no such glorious hope, but was the victim of a horrible superstition termed Metempsychosis. He imagined that at death men's souls passed into some animal form, and so on from life to life, until finally complete annihilation ensued.

The lecturer had continued in this strain for a considerable time, when at length he ejaculated:

"Brahma taught."

At this I looked up and said, "I beg pardon."

"Brahma taught," he repeated.

"You mean Buddha," I suggested.

"No, Brahma."

"But did any man of that name ever live?" I questioned.

"I will show you the passage," said Mr Smart, and he turned to a page in Professor S——'s book.

Following the direction of his finger I read, "According to the 'Brahmanas,'" then came a lengthy disquisition with which I will not weary my reader.

"Ah, yes! The Brahmanas, that is very different!" I exclaimed.

"What are they?" cried the churchman.

"They are treatises explanatory of the Vedas," I replied.

There was a pause.

"This room is very warm! Shall I do wrong if I take my coat off?" he

asked timidly, then added quickly, "I mean will these ladies object?"

Beads of perspiration covered his face. I thought of the "sweat-born" and wondered if I was actually witnessing the birth throes of a later second-race entity upon its entry on a New Cycle.

I assured Mr. Smart that the ladies would not mind his removing his coat, and suggested the opening of a window.

"Have you studied this subject?" said he, when he had composed himself, and again taken a seat.

I modestly confessed that I had acquired a slight idea of the system.

"Then, what was Brahma?" he further inquired.

I gave him a short exposition of the metaphysical aspect of the religion he had essayed to lecture upon, and expressed my surprise at his crude notions of metempsychosis. "For," I went on to say, "the whole religious thought of enlightened India is permeated with a philosophical conception of the ultimate realization by each human soul of its divinity and oneness with God. Launched upon a cycle of incarnation, the soul, pursuing a pilgrimage through racial types, is ever mounting an evolutionary ladder culminating in Buddhahood, or the state of Man-God on earth. And," I added, "the teaching that the Professor has dealt with, but only imperfectly understood, refers to the failures of Nature and her efforts, by reabsorbing into her laboratory the effects of her mistakes, to restore to the Law the harmony that has been disturbed."

When I ceased speaking the apostle of the Church lugubriously exclaimed:

"Then I think I'll leave out that last bit. And," he added, "I fancy the rest of the matter you have written will be enough for one lecture. I will resume the subject later in the year."

Upon taking his leave, the Reverend Alpheus was profuse in thanks for my correction.

"Some one in the hall might have arisen and asked for the date at which Brahma lived," he whispered.

"That would have been awkward," I laughingly replied.

"Well," said he, "I should have referred him to Professor S——."

One morning, about a week later, I met Mr. Smart in the street. He showed me a letter he had that day received from the Secretary to the Association named, congratulating him upon the success of his lecture. The young men had warmly expressed their appreciation, and it was the unanimous opinion that it would be well if many such lectures, by philosophic gentlemen like our friend, were given to Y. M. C. As.; for it illustrated the great need for missionary labor in our vast Indian Empire.

I opined that the real need was in another direction.

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"A chariot cannot go on one wheel alone; so destiny fails unless men's acts co-operate."

"All good fortune belongs to him of contented mind. Is not the whole earth leather-covered for him who wears shoes?"

—*Gems from the East.*

# THEOSOPHY.

By DOUGLAS HUNTER.



WHEN Madame H. P. Blavatsky brought Theosophy to the Western World, she clearly stated that it was not new. She had not discovered various phenomena and invented ingenious explanations for them; she had not seen visions and constructed from them a theory of the pilgrimage of the Soul after its exit from earth life. She frequently repeated that the teachings of Theosophy can be found in all the sacred scriptures and are carved in glyph and symbol on the ancient ruins. But Theosophy was not gathered from these. The archaic truths which are the basis of all religions have been preserved by the Helpers of Humanity who have existed through all time. Mme. Blavatsky but re-states these truths which were taught her.

Her teachings are not fragmentary; she did not teach Ethics only; she did not ignore Science or deny reason, though as an outcome of modern life and thought she found Science and Religion divorced, and Ethics left without a basis. She taught a consecutive philosophy of life; the life of the Universe. Her great work, the *Secret Doctrine*, is a synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy. Life is a whole. Different phases and aspects of it have been dwelt upon and classified by Science, Religion and Philosophy, but only when these three are united in harmony can a correct conception of Life be grasped. The physical, mental, spiritual life of man and the Universe are closely interwoven and interdependent. Perfect life can be evolved only when these are properly correlated.

Although Mme. Blavatsky brought nothing that was new to the world, she taught truths that had been long forgotten and which, in many instances, differed greatly from what is generally accepted by dogmatic Religion and materialistic Science. Before one can understand the philosophy he must grasp a few fundamental conceptions that underlie and pervade the entire system of thought.\*

The first is the existence of the One Absolute Reality, which antedates all manifested and conditioned being. It is the "Rootless Root" of all that was, is, or ever shall be. It is beyond finite conception, for it is absolute consciousness. It was this the Greeks worshipped as the "Unknown God." Some Eastern schools left it unnamed and referred to it as "That"—That out of which all things were made and which will exist when everything has ceased to be. It is the omnipresent and eternal God. This eternal essence, which exists without relation to conditioned being, is the basis of the manifested Universe.

At the dawn of creation it manifests under the dual aspect of Spirit and

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\*See "The Secret Doctrine," Vol. I., Proem.

Matter; not Consciousness and Matter as we know them, but Pre-Cosmic Ideation, which is the root of all individual consciousness, and Pre-Cosmic Substance, which is the basis of all grades of matter. It is evident that a contrast of these two aspects of the Absolute is essential for manifestation and evolution; for Matter furnishes the substance through which Spirit may work out its evolution, and Spirit supplies the guiding intelligence for the evolution of Matter. This duality is reflected in every part of the Universe. In the lower kingdoms of Nature it is seen in the impelling force moving Matter on to higher forms of life; in man is the cause of the struggle of the Soul with its earthly tendencies.

Another basic teaching of Theosophy is that this Universe is the scene of periodic manifestation, life and its forms continually appearing and disappearing. There was a time when this Universe was not; there will be a time when it shall cease to be. But the same flow and ebb which gave the outward impetus to this Universe and which shall withdraw it again into the darkness of that "Causeless Cause," has been and shall be the cause of numberless periods of manifestation followed by equivalent periods of rest. This law of the recurrence of periods of activity and rest is also mirrored in every form of life, as indeed are all the fundamental processes of Nature.

This is easy to understand when we think of the Universe as a whole; the impulses given it by pre-cosmic ideation pulsate through every part of it even to the last extremity. The tendency of everything to reproduce, in its own form of life, the laws of the Universe, may be illustrated by the growth of an elm tree. The trunk divides into three principal branches; each of these separate into three smaller branches. Whenever these divide it is in groups of three, and no tiny twig appears without its two companions. The recurrence of cycles may be seen in the succession of the seasons, day and night; in the periods of rest and activity of plants and hibernating animals. It is especially illustrated by insects that pass through the chrysalis stage. In man it is seen in the cycles of birth, maturity and old age, death and rebirth; in the days of activity and nights of rest, and the longer days and nights of life and the state of rest entered upon after death.

The third fundamental truth is the identity of all Souls with the Over-soul and the obligatory pilgrimage of these rays of the One Reality through a series of incarnations which last throughout the whole term of manifestation. Pure Spirit can gain individual self-consciousness only after it has passed through every form of life, from elemental nature through mineral, plant and animal kingdom and man up to the highest intelligences of the Universe. This pilgrimage is accomplished first, by the onward impetus given it at its start, which carries it through the lower planes of Nature; but when in man it awakes to self-conscious intelligence its evolution must be carried on by "self-devised effort." The double evolution of Spirit and Matter begins at the dawn of creation; there are no skips or gaps; every step that is taken must be preceded by the steps which lead up to it.

The law of Re-incarnation does not apply to man only, but to every form



of life; the Monad enters every phase of existence again and again, until its lesson has been mastered. It would be utterly impossible for a ray of pure Spirit that had no experience in matter to incarnate in bodies of as complicated organism and as dense material as our own; and it would be equally impossible for blind Matter to construct these bodies without the guiding intelligence of Spirit. The obligatory pilgrimage of the Soul is sometimes called the "Cycle of Necessity," for the Soul is forced by virtue of its own nature, by the impetus given it to work its way onward and upward until it at last finds reunion with its source. There can be no such thing as giving up the struggle. What is not accomplished now will have to be done at another time. The Soul is compelled to wander, as was the "Flying Dutchman," until it has found its release and earned the privilege of conscious re-uniting with the Over-soul which gave it birth.

But the incarnations of the Soul are guided by the strictest law and governed by the most rigid economy. The Soul is drawn by the ties that are most binding; these are the ruling passions, the dominant ideas and the unappeased desires of the previous life. An occasional longing for a better life or a general dissatisfaction with the things of this world are not enough to counteract the effect of the thought of a lifetime or to immediately transplant the Soul into a higher realm, though each must have its due effect. Each life is the outcome of previous lives, but it will be no higher than its predecessor, unless the thoughts that bind are cancelled and replaced by nobler ones.

In the "identity of all Souls with the Over-soul" lies the basis of Universal Brotherhood. The unity, and therefore inter-dependence, of humanity is the foundation for all the teachings of brotherly love and, since it is the law of the universe, ignoring or transgressing it is followed by confusion and suffering. The inharmony in the world, from the warring of nations down to individual quarrels, is due to the fact that mankind has ignored this fundamental law of life and proceeds on the principle of every man for himself. The school-boy who violates the laws of the school room, imagines that he has gained something, quite blind to the fact that the rules are for his benefit. When later he is punished and has an unpleasant time, he fancies that the teacher has a grudge against him.

The laws of the Universe are for man. When he violates them and finds his life a miserable tangle, he is too apt to blame his Creator or say that he is a puppet of fate. The only hope of man's salvation lies in strict conformity to law, the law of the Universe as reflected in the laws of physical, mental and spiritual growth.

Mme. Blavatsky exhorts everyone, be he Christian, Jew, Buddhist or Mohammedan, to study his own religion by the light of these truths, and he will find it truer, dearer, and more full of meaning, for the laws of nature are the only basis for Ethics.

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"He who does not recognize bread and salt is worse than a wild wolf."

—*Gems from the East.*

## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.



NOW is it that Theosophy seems opposed to the supremacy of reason? When we look at the emancipation of man from the thralldom of creed and dogma which has come about through the development of the reasoning faculty; when we look also at the great progress in science and philosophy as a further result of this development, it seems indeed right to follow reason as a guide, and I do not understand the position taken by some Theosophists in regard to it. Please explain what grounds, if any, they may have for their views. T. C.

To say that Theosophy is opposed to the supremacy of reason is very different from saying that Theosophy is opposed to reason—and this latter it certainly is not, any more than it is opposed to any other part of man's nature, when acting harmoniously and in its right sphere. Theosophy, as I understand it, is opposed to the supremacy of reason just as it is opposed to the supremacy of the physical body and its appetites, or to the supremacy of other passions and desires. But it does not reject or despise any one of these.

The matter may be looked at in this way, that to make one instrument or any combination of instruments, in an orchestra, supreme, would be to destroy the harmony and balance of the whole. The conductor or leader of the orchestra is and must be supreme, and to him every member must respond. The same is true of an army or a factory or any great institution if it is to do effective work. There must be the supreme harmonizer.

An incomplete analysis and study by man of himself has led him to place this supreme power in the mind, the seat of which is the brain or head. He has been impelled to this through the selfish propensities of his lower nature which loves to dominate and rule. That which feeds and sustains and is the root of this love of power is the reasoning principle. It gratifies man's idea of his swelling self-importance which seeks the recognition and homage of others.

But the study of man which has led to this idea of the supremacy of mind is, as said, incomplete. Even physiologically has a mistake been made and facts overlooked, and more particularly so from a psychological and spiritual standpoint. There is a perfect analogy between the powers of man as a mental and spiritual being and the organs and functions of the physical body. The physiological fact which has been overlooked is that the brain, for its perfect action, depends upon the heart. It is true there must be mutual interdependence between all the organs, but these organs are, as it were, on different planes of action and, as is known, operate in different spheres. We may in part express the relation between the heart and the brain in this way—that the heart is on a higher plane and has a more interior sphere of action than the brain and so should stand to the latter as controller, inspirer and guide. Who is there has not experienced that quality of heart-force that is communicated through a simple

grasp of the hand before the mind has had time to act, but which even a child may understand and which is a true index to the character? But let us turn to further experience—Who are the greatest in the world's history? Whose names are the most revered? Shall we speak of Sir Isaac Newton, Huxley or Spencer; shall we mention Alexander or Caesar; or William Pitt, Gladstone, Jefferson; or our heroes, Christopher Columbus, or George Washington? All of these were great, each in his own way and to each must honor be given. But the world's homage and love is given to those whom we call the Saviors of Humanity—to Jesus, and Buddha, and others who have been like them. If we inquire what are the distinguishing marks of these last, we find that their power was not that of the head, though in this they overtopped all others—their great power lay in the heart. It was not in the love of power, in the dominance of intellect, the seeking to be first—but in the love and service of others.

So, too, with the other names mentioned; those whose work was pre-eminently for others and not self or fame will remain in the loving memory of men, their deeds will live after them, the harvests of the seeds they have sown shall be reaped year after year and be a lasting memorial to them when the memory of the greatest soldiers, statesmen and philosophers whose work was not so characterized has passed into oblivion, however great their mental development may have been.

To give supremacy to the reason is to separate oneself from others. The heart-supremacy unites. The one is analytical, questioning, doubting, having no certain foundation, swayed by argument, sure one day and doubting the next, dreaming unreal fantastic dreams. The other is synthetic, trusting, compassionate.

There is a class of people—thinkers and reasoners, so-called, who say—“Prove to me and then I will believe and do, but I must know first.” There is a second class who live on the thoughts of others, who read books and books, depending on the reasoning of others, not looking into their own life for the purpose of life but ever ready to quote this or that author; who count their knowledge by the number of books they have read, and so are often perplexed when authors disagree, whose mind therefore never sees clearly, but is confused, no matter how orderly the thoughts of others may be pigeon-holed away in the brain. A third class there is—not large, yet whose faces are turned toward the light, who say—“I know but little, yet this one thing I do know, that it is within my power—the power of my heart—to help, if ever so little to bear my brother's burden; to trust to the law of life, that ultimately all will be well; I have love to give, I have faith and trust—I will both love and trust.” Thus is made the first step towards true knowledge, that knowledge of which Christ spoke when he said—“He that *doeth* the will of my Father, shall *know* of the doctrine.”

The thirst for knowledge can become as much a craze mentally as the thirst for drink may be physically, and as much or more disastrous to the perfect health and balance of man.

The end of knowledge is use. Thus knowledge for knowledge's sake, which is the natural outcome of the supremacy of the reason, is subversive of its true end.

As we express and act out that which we already have and are, using our store of knowledge—which each, however ignorant, still possesses,—so do we make the acquirement of further knowledge possible. The mind is, as it were, a lens upon which the divine light of wisdom may shine when adjusted and focussed to receive it. Or, it is like a river bed into which ever new streams flow as the old pass on.

But let us turn again to experience. Theory after theory has been built

up by Science only to be found worthless as some newly discovered fact comes within the range of observation. This is because reason has been enthroned as supreme. Reason can never pass from the known to the unknown. Its operations depend upon the supposition of fixed relationships; yet because the Universe is a Universe of Life there are and can be no fixed relationships, but growth and an ever varying adjustment. Take, as example, the relation between the Earth and the Sun and planets, the knowledge of whose interaction may be rightly called one of the triumphs of observation and reason. But the Sun and Earth and planets are living entities through whom act the Cosmic Intelligence and Will. The theories which through reason, based upon observation, Science has put forth in regard to the Solar System and the Universe may be true to-day and to-morrow because of the stupendous order, permanence, and stability of the heavenly bodies, compared to the life of man and the grasp of his comprehension. But as new factors continually come into the life of man, completely changing his course of action and his relationships in life, so it must be also in the life and growth of planets, suns and systems. Modern science has investigated the heavenly bodies as though they were of dead inert matter and whose orbits were eternally fixed. It is as though one should compute the relation between two men, one big and one little, solely on the basis of their size and without reference to their intelligence and heart force, or should say that because a man has pursued a certain course of action for a number of years, therefore he will continue in that course throughout life. In the case of the man as in the case of the planet such a course may be perfectly harmonious for the time being, but it should be remembered that harmony leads on to new harmonies, that the seed develops into the plant, the plant blooms and seeds, that back of plant and man and planet is an incommensurable divine directing power. But the Science of Astronomy knows no other than physical gravitation, so-called, and tacitly assumes there are no other than physical relations existing between the heavenly bodies.

As another illustration, it is as though science had observed the growth of plants from the time they appeared as young shoots above the ground, but knew naught of blossom or fruit or seed. Where these are not known, no amount of reason will lead to the knowledge of them as a natural process of the development of a plant.

But why multiply instances? It must be clear to any intelligent person that reason is a secondary thing to "knowledge" and may be often even the means of obscuring it.

For, there is "knowledge" and sight, and clear apprehension of the Truth; the soul is heir to all knowledge and through that which in them is kindred to its divine nature it can come into an understanding and clear seeing of the relationship of the things around it.

Knowledge comes through service, through use of those powers which each now has, for the good of all. The hindrances to knowledge are the thick screens of selfishness, pride, ambition, with which we have surrounded ourselves. As these are removed that the light of the Sun may shine in our hearts, that light we shall find to be not alone light, but beauty and knowledge.

To reach that light we must even now let the light that is within our hearts shine out on others, then will come the answering light from the hearts of those others and from that great Luminary which is the Source and the End of all Light.

It is not by reason that this can be attained, but by the heart's love and service, and hence that man who bows down to Reason as the supreme god is surely deluded.

J. H. F.



## PICTURES IN JOY'S DAY.

By LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

Joy is in her flower garden and is looking very happy. Smiles are playing about her lips and making dimples in her cheeks. The honey bees are buzzing about her, but she is not afraid of them in the least. She is gathering marigolds. The brightest, biggest and freshest of them bend their gold-crowned heads to her hand to pluck. There are sweet-peas, phlox, nignonette and roses a plenty in the garden; why does she not gather them? Surely they are preferable to the marigold, which has no fragrance. But Joy knows what flowers she wants.

Those who have eyes to see Fairies may see many of them floating in a cloud of beautiful colors all around Joy. When she has gathered all the flowers she wishes, she binds their stems together and ties them up with a soft twine, and looks satisfied with her bouquet. Then she sets out on a walk down the road and all the Fairies go with her, singing songs sweeter than the sweetest nightingales one ever heard. Joy is not noticing them, but she is happy, sweet and good enough for the company of these beautiful Fairies.

Soon she comes to the cottage of Grandma Snowden. She finds her in the garden, which has in it many beautiful flowers, but not one marigold is to be seen. Grandma Snowden hears the clik of the garden gate and turns to see the beaming face of Joy looming up above the great bunch of marigolds she carries.

"Why, Joy! Joy!" exclaimed Grandma Snowden. "What have you brought me? A great bunch of the flowers I love the very best; just the very best! Why, Joy! You honey sweet! What put it into your dear young head to bring them to me?" Then Joy breaks into a laugh as merry as that of the rippling brook which hurries over its pebbly bed just outside of Grandma Snowden's garden.

"Why, Grandma Snowden," says Joy, "I heard the girls laughing at you in school to-day, because they heard you say that you 'loved marigolds', and they thought they were '*just horrid*.'" Then Grandma Snowden laughs and Joy laughs, and Grandma Snowden smells the marigolds and says she likes them, their scent and golden color, and that they always give her "pleasant thoughts". Then Joy says she likes them too, and they laugh together again—Grandma and Joy.

When Joy goes home she has some of each flower that grows in Grandma Snowden's garden, which she and Joy have plucked together, chatting all the time like the best of comrades. On the way she meets her brother Jay, who is very glad to see her, for he says: "Why, Joy, I have been looking everywhere for you!

"Now I want you to do something for me, Joy, and I'll tell you. Rob has been up to the house and we have made it up between us to go off to-morrow for a day's fishing. He is coming up to stay with me to-night, so that we can make an early start. Mother says we must have a warm breakfast before we go, and I can't get Molly to promise us anything before the regular breakfast time. Now, Joy, won't you, like a dear, dear girl, get up early and fix us some coffee and eggs, or anything like that, you know. I've been to Rob's house and he has had a good breakfast for me."

Here Jay looked earnestly in Joy's face to see how she was going to take his proposition. Just here, eyes for seeing Fairies could see a commotion in the ranks of the bright troop which had been all along with Joy. They seem struck, taken off their feet, as it were. They begin to grow weak and fall like rose petals from their stem, and in place of the beautiful cloud they lived in, there comes on a dark mist, and looking out of it here and there in the mist are disagreeable imp-like faces, and this mist begins to envelop Joy so that her red lips and laughing eyes go out of sight.

Jay does not see all this, of course, but he sees Joy hesitate and not look pleased. The fact is, happy-hearted, good natured, generous, loving Joy has one fault—she is lazy, and never so lazy as in the early morning. And now the thought of getting up perhaps as early as 5 o'clock is a very distasteful and disagreeable one, and comes like a dark cloud over her spirit of good temper.

Jay sees this and tries to call up a rallying force: "I say now, Joy, I will call you, and when you are awake you will never know whether it is 5 o'clock or 7. If you will just do this for me, Joy, I'll promise to bring you the biggest bunch of cardinal flowers I can get."

Now Joy admires the cardinal flower very much, and has many a time risked getting wet feet and muddy dress just to secure a few sprays. When the cardinal flowers are mentioned by Jay, those with eyes for the Fairies see a break in the dark mist and a revival of life among the bright Fairies which have been so smitten with the dark mist. They begin to get up on their feet again, and to shake out their rumpled dresses, and when they hear what Joy says, they just bound up and sparkle again like dew-drops in the morning sun.

"You know, Jay", says Joy, "I love the cardinal flowers better than any others in the world, and I do hope you will bring some to me. Yet I would not

get up so early for a cart load of cardinal flowers, but I mean to get over being so lazy in the mornings. I have been intending to make a start all along, and now I will give myself the first lesson to-morrow morning, if you will call me. Say *Fire!* and that will start me. I will get up *sure* and get your breakfast."

Jay laughs loud and merrily. "Good idea! I will start the range fire first and then I'll cry you up with *Fire!* You are a dear girl, Joy, and I thank you a lot for this—I knew I could count on you. Joy."

The dark mist by this time is all gone, and Joy speeds along home as happy as when she went out with the marigolds. She goes up on the porch, where she finds her father and mother sitting. She shows her pretty bouquet with great delight and tells them all about her call on Grandma Snowden. "Have you got your lessons, Joy", asks her father. "Yes, papa", says Joy, "all but a little copying which will take me about five minutes." "Very well, do it now," said the father, "and then will you play for me my favorite?"

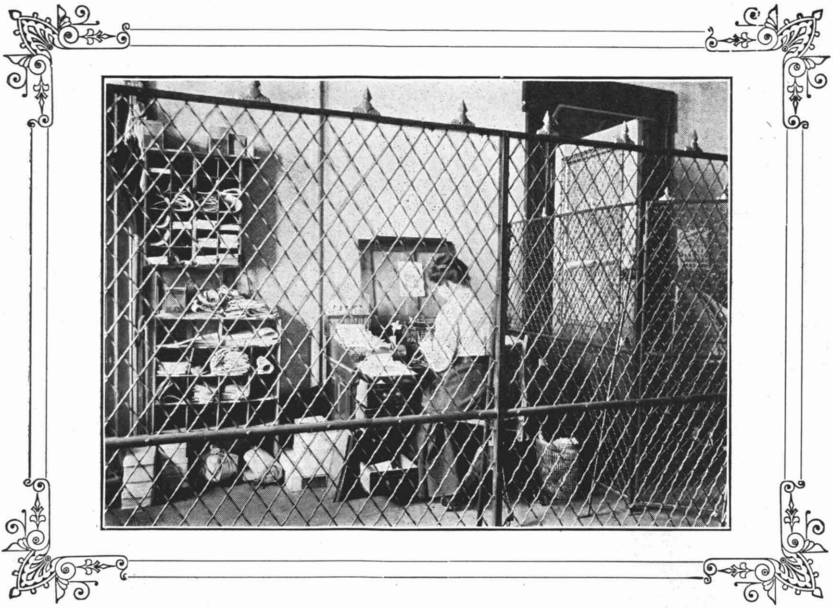
Here another little dark cloud begins to form and little imp faces peep out, but they are almost immediately swept out of sight and hearing by a song the bright Fairies strike up, which cannot be here written down but it meant just this: "Isn't it nice that Joy knows her papa's 'favorite' so well? She will have no bother in hunting the music and making a light, and then if her mamma asks for *her* favorite she knows just as well. That is the good of having our persevering Fairies in service."

Joy is just going to ask her little sister, who is rocking her dollies to sleep, to run in the house for her school-books, but she thinks just in time and gets them for herself. While she works at her copying, a little black mist gathers and drifts right across her face as she is thinking: "It is a great deal nicer to sit here under this honey-suckle vine, than in the dark parlor playing even papa's 'favorite'." But the light Fairies are on guard and through them she gets a whiff from a spray of late blooming honey-suckle, which makes her think: "How lovely that I can play it so easily. If I had not kept *at it*, I never could have done so."

"Now, papa", she says brightly, "I am all ready to play for you your 'favorite'", and skips into the room as blithely as a bird. In the midst of her playing she hears a carriage stop, but she does not stop her playing until her father calls her. Then she comes quickly out on the porch. Close up to it on the carriage-drive is a shining carriage and prancing horses, and in the carriage is her aunt and uncle and her best-beloved cousin Fay. "O isn't it glorious!" And cousin Fay is saying, "We are going to stay at the Point for a week, and we have come to get Joy to go back with us and stay over night".

Down goes Joy's heart and on come the dark Fairies again. "O mamma! I promised that I would surely get an early breakfast in the morning for Jay and Rob, and I *must*", says Joy, and the tears in her eyes are almost ready to drop. And the thought is in her heart that this is just a *little* too hard a trial for her to bear. For a minute the dark Fairies acted as if they had won the day, for they take a wicked delight in seeing people unhappy; but mamma comes to the rescue. "Why will you not leave Fay here for the night, and drive over for her in the morning? Then Jay can see her and Rob too, and they can all have a happy time together." "Yes, yes," echoed the girls. "O papa! O mamma! let us do that." And so it was. And the dark Fairies just shriveled up like burnt leaves, and the shadows flew away like smoke, and the beautiful Fairies floated all around everybody. But they hugged Joy the most because they knew her best and had become used to fighting off the Fairies of the dark mist for her.

The early breakfast was a grand success. Joy and Fay, Jay and Bob and all the sweet gay Fairies breakfasted together.



OFFICES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION  
AT 144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.



## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

### A GLIMPSE OF POINT LOMA.

Out of a hot and dusty city, full of bustling, rushing life: everywhere houses, houses and offices and factories and workshops, and people with anxious looks, with weary feet and careworn faces, hurrying to get rich or to earn the pittance that would keep body and soul together—out of a city of sadness and gaiety, of poverty and vice, of untold wealth, of hollow mockery and sham and stern necessity, of multitudes herded together—out into the free air, along great rivers, across prairies and wheat fields and farm lands, passing through other great cities where was the same turmoil and hurry and poverty and riches and vice and shams and multitudes of people—passing through quiet hamlets and peaceful villages, pushing across the great sandy desert through choking dust and burning heat—a five days' journey on a rushing train,—and the goal, a Paradise, the new found Home of the Gods, the site of the City Beautiful, that sacred spot whither turn all our hearts—Point Loma!

Our Comrades have written and spoken of it, we have both read and listened, we have seen pictures and photographs, even fragrant flowers that bloom perennially in that land, and iridescent shells from the caves by the sea,—yet no description, no picture, no token of flower or shell, though telling a wondrous story, can reveal the beauties of Point Loma.

No words of our Comrades have been overdrawn, every day some new beauty that is beyond words is shown in sea and sky and landscape. The clear atmosphere, the invigorating and fragrant air, the blue dome of the sky with fleecy clouds that sail within its depths, the glorious tints of sunrise and sunset, or an occasional gray morning or evening, each with its peculiar charm, the placid ocean bounded by a line of foam where it kisses the rocky shore and reverberates through its mysterious caves, the beautiful Bay and the City, the foot-hills and the distant Mountains, flowers ever blooming, birds ever singing, and, sweeter than all, the little children, Lotus Buds and Blossoms, and the ever echoing harmonies of the love of Comrades—all Nature conspires to aid the wise and loving hand that points the way to a realization once more of man's highest, though long forgotten, powers as a radiant Son of Light.

It is a new world that is being opened out at Point Loma. The conventional hollow mockeries of modern life can find no place there. One feels that he must leave behind his mask, whatever its nature, when he sets foot in this sacred land. If not, every circumstance seems to be in league to reveal and uncover his real self to himself and his fellows and to show him as he is. Life here is not easy, it is strenuous, for we all, earnest students though we be, have difficulties of habit, disposition, tendency, built up and ingrained and fostered through past years and past lives, to combat and overcome; but the combat has a new element in it, the soul is awaking and knows that all the forces of Nature are arrayed on its side; there is a new courage, a new strength, a very joy in the struggle, that brings light into the darkest hours.

What a promise is this—a promise for the future welfare of humanity! Here are gathered business men, lawyers, physicians, writers, musicians, artists, me-

chanics—men and women whose great and chiefest aim, as said by a comrade, is not to enter upon great business enterprises and amass wealth, not to practice law or medicine, to write, to study music, to paint, to build houses, but first and foremost to make Brotherhood a living power in their lives, that it may become a living power in the life of Humanity. And if in so doing there is work to be done, such as building a house, tending flowers in the garden, carrying food for the Lotus Buds or caring for and helping the little ones or addressing envelopes or office or household work; each one fits into his place, performs his allotted task, is no more business man, lawyer, physician, writer, etc., but a man or woman with a glad heart and willing hands ready to serve.

Thus, following the guiding hand of our Leader, under her directions is being prepared the nucleus of a new civilization, a seed that shall grow and blossom and regenerate the life of the world, it is the "leaven that shall leaven the whole mass." And, too, each student, each worker, whatever his occupation, is thus fitting himself to act in his own proper sphere in life, and developing his noblest power and capabilities for perfect use in the Cause of the Brotherhood of Humanity. Then will be presented to the world the spectacle of business conducted on Brotherhood principles; law practiced that all may receive Justice and Compassion and Aid; medicine which regards not alone the physical, but the spiritual nature; writing, art, music, not for fame or honor, but for the uplifting of the soul; mechanical work, whether building a house or sweeping a room, dignified and ennobled; all given with joy as an offering on the altar of self-sacrifice for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

A mere cursory glance fills one with amazement at the work already accomplished and at the near fulfilment of this promise of a new day. As one is driven over from San Diego to the center of all these activities, verily the dawn of a new civilization reveals itself to his astonished gaze. The writer had beforehand learned of the site of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, of the Point Loma Homestead, which later will become a home for students, and the Colony Houses, and these came into view one after another, each on a high hill—the distances from the Homestead to the Colony being about one and a half miles to the north east, and to the site of the School of the Mysteries about half a mile to the south, the position of the Corner-Stone being indicated by the flag of the School waving on its high mast to the breeze during the day, while at night is to be seen from far a beacon light ever burning, a lamp of hope in the darkest hours, and near by the picturesque water-tower.

As said, the writer had heard of these, but what is that wonderful building, nearly completed, high on the hill, near the Homestead, fronting the mighty ocean, and the very sight of which is an inspiration to a harmonious life? Circular in plan, rising in three tiers, surmounted by a dome of perfect proportions, crowned with a sphere and turret—the whole, so it appeared to the writer, typical of what human life should be, as man, though with his feet resting on earth, develops all his powers harmoniously, his thoughts purified, all his passions subordinated, finding his true center in the heart, lifts himself into the free air and lives the perfect life, his very soul in all its divine nature, typified by the sphere, emblem also of the radiant sun, dwelling in the spiritual realms, yet touching, crowning, inspiring and guiding his being on all planes of activity.

In such a dwelling life will become sanctified, it will be a glad worship, a peace, a joy. As each room partakes of the nature of the circular plan, all harmo-

niously fitting in to complete the perfect circle, so every power and activity will become adjusted and circumscribed by the law of the Higher Nature. This unique and beautiful building is but the first of many that will be erected from the original plans and designs of the Foundress-Directress of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. It has already been said of these that "in style and character they are absolutely new to modern times, reviving the beauty and chasteness of ancient periods, anterior to those of which we still have a few remaining examples, and so different from anything now in existence that they cannot be comprehended, much less appreciated, until seen. These buildings and their appointments will be conducive to the greatest simplicity of life, and yet will be more beautiful and utilitarian than the most expensive modern dwellings. They are in themselves object lessons, at once educative and ennobling."

Looking from there toward the sacred spot where is to be reared the Great Temple, the wonderment increased; for on the intervening rising ground, near by, are seen in process of erection six small circular buildings similar in construction, and on inquiry from the Leader, the writer is informed that these are the beginning of the white "City Beautiful" for the little ones, with its dwellings, school-house, play-house, little gardens and such marvellous things that the telling was like a wonderful fairy story. But that, he was told, will be written for the children by "Spots," who will send them a long letter soon, and so no more must be said about it here. The Leader spoke of it with a great joy and truly it is a harbinger of joy to the world. Nowhere do we read of a life so beautiful, so simple, so healthy to body, mind and soul. Nowhere in the whole world is such a "City Beautiful" as this.

The road leading from San Diego to Point Loma is sandy and dusty and the Comrades who attended the great Congress here last year will remember it; but now turning from the highway into the grounds of the Homestead, beneath a wide archway, is a beautiful, firm, hard road; the slope up the hill is graded; the road winds around the house, in one direction being continued past the School site, in another passing over the brow of the hill and descending down to the ocean crossing a deep cañon by means of a newly constructed bridge.

How were these roads made? is the constant inquiry of visitors. There are no hard roads in all the wide neighborhood. But here they are—an accomplished fact—the magical work of but a few weeks. As the writer walked along them he thought of almost incredible stories of the engineering marvels of the ancient Egyptians and what must have been their skill and knowledge; and it seemed to him that the same *skill and knowledge* was working now on Point Loma.

It is a magical land! Many other wonderful things remain to be told—the meetings of the students, with a touch so new to-day, yet reviving the memories of ages long gone, that a new world is entered, men and women take on a new dignity, their thoughts reach to new heights, the hollow shams of the world find no place in their assemblies—the harmony of high aspiration, earnest thought and endeavor, the music, the tones of the voice, the surroundings, the apparel of the students, all unite to give a foretaste of the possibilities that life holds for all men, not alone in their sacred hours but in their every-day activities, when again they shall recognize and follow the Helpers of Humanity and shall live the "Life Beautiful."

In thinking of all that is now here, an accomplished fact, and all that is to

be, one can surely feel that there requires no waiting for the world to recognize not only the grandeur but the utility of this ennobling work. True, there may be some reformers, some real lovers of humanity, who stand at a distance and judge and condemn without knowledge. But to those who take the broader view, who have seen the failures of organizations and institutions established for the benefit of human kind; to such will come the conviction that the Foundress of these wonderful institutions has a series of systems on educational lines that will change the whole aspect of human life wherever they are recognized and followed. Think of the thousands and millions of dollars given by humanitarians to projects for the betterment of their fellows which succeed only to a degree and temporarily; but do they bring out the noblest qualities in those whom they seek to benefit, have they awakened again such souls as adorn the pages of ancient history?

Every day adds to the unfolding of this new life. Who of the members of the Universal Brotherhood has not heard of the wonderful Colony House erected by the loving and faithful service of some who remained with the Leader at Point Loma after the Congress of one year ago, and of the brotherly work of some of those members who stayed and cared for the Colony? Well, a visit there was a part of the writer's plan and he found many interesting features that convinced him that verily this was a Colony on new lines and that the workers were imbued with a spirit of unselfishness and of love for Humanity. Here there are what the world would call old people, and people in the prime of life, and young people and little children from all parts of the world—all busy with their special duties or attending to the general work of the Colony and all radiant and happy. The visit was made one afternoon with the Leader and some of the Comrades and in the large hall of the Colony Building were found many Lotus Buds hard at work at their lessons. During the recitation they sang and recited and spelled and marched. School life for them was a joy. One little Cuban girl, three years old, sang alone one of the Lotus songs in beautiful English and with the sweetest voice; Ricardo, the little Cuban boy, both spelled and recited in English; the tiny buds who a few months ago came here from the Lotus Home, in Buffalo, watched the first part of the proceedings from their high chairs but took part in the marching holding the hands of the bigger children. The effect upon the audience is indescribable, the whole purpose of life seemed filled with a new meaning, it was a glimpse at the true education and to be there was as much a lesson for the grown-ups as for the little ones, a new spirit pervaded the proceedings, it was the promise of noble lives of work for the good of the Race. Shall I be forgiven if I say that such was the effect upon some of the on-lookers that their eyes filled with tears? Oh! the pity of it that children in the past might have had all this! But oh! the joy of it, that the real, happy, joyous life is now begun. Oh! the joy to think that these little ones with hundreds, thousands more, shall grow up into the sweet pure life of noble men and women who will bring again the Golden Age on Earth!

And here the thought comes,—What part have we in this, some of us here, others, the greater number, still living in the busy active life of the world and in its great cities? We know whence has come the inspiration, whose hand it is that plans and guides and adjusts, but that hand alone could not accomplish the work. It is Nature's own law, that no hand alone can accomplish her purposes which are the purposes of the soul. The work we know is for all Humanity and all

creatures and hence it calls for, nay our own souls demand our co-operation; our part it is to aid our Leader and Teacher to accomplish this glorious and mighty work.

Comrades, be our occupation what it may, be our dwelling in the great cities—or in a hamlet, in America, Europe, Australia or any part of the globe, our calling is, as men and women, to aid this work, and aid it we can and will. Each can so aid, all true Comrades by their unselfish devotion do so aid, and in so doing are we hastening the time when the Great Temple shall be completed and be a beacon of Light to all the earth.

J. H. FUSSELL.

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One of the first greetings to the Universal Brotherhood Organization in its new offices at Point Loma was a large number of applications for membership from both America and Sweden and also several from England.

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White Lotus Day was celebrated May 8th by all the Universal Brotherhood Lodges throughout the world. The sadness which we felt at the seeming loss of our first Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, has been turned to a great joy at the crowning of her heroic life and the ever-nearing fulfilment and actual accomplishment of her dearest hopes. All the White Lotus Day celebrations had this new touch and more and more do we realize the grandeur and nobility and compassion of that great Soul.

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From Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, comes a brief notice, as follows: "We had a beautiful White Lotus Celebration last night. Twelve of us took part in readings and addresses. The flower decorations were very artistic and appropriate."

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## THE NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS.

NEW YORK.

(Continued.)

NOTE ON ADDRESSES AT THE CONGRESS.

### WOMAN'S WORK FOR BROTHERHOOD.

BY MRS. M. M. TYBERG.

The new keynote for human life is "Come let us work together for the whole world." Humanity is one, and if the peoples comprising it unite in their thought and work, human life will rise a degree and new joy, possibilities and power shall come for all. *All* work will be glorified when the least thing is done for the benefit of all.

Women must make this new ideal of life their own, must aspire towards it and foster it with their daily thought till it bursts forth into actual deeds of helpfulness for mankind as a whole.

Another way to work for brotherhood open to all women is to look upon all as souls working to perfect the whole nature, to face unflinchingly the lower nature and strengthen by love and trust the higher. This would be to love more wisely than many love at present.

These two means of working for brotherhood carried out by all women would soon free great helpers for the race, and make it possible for the great purposes of the Helper at present with us to become an actual wave of compassion, passing over the whole world reaching the needy in every land. The objects formulated by the Foundress of the International Brotherhood League are noble and inspiring, and embody the new ideal of helpfulness for men *and* women.

A new form will be given the legend of the Holy Grail in time to come. We shall hear not only of Knights, but of brothers and sisters of Compassion, going forth from the Mother's house to fulfil her promise that wherever there is a grief to heal or a sorrow to mitigate there we will be.

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY MRS. COROLYN F. OBER.

In this age of general calamity, when disaster affects the individual, the nation and the relationship of all nations, the real difficulty, in fact the cause of all our difficulties, lies in the fact that modern civilization has no philosophy. To a vast number of beings therefore, life has no meaning. It is but drift. Naturally then consciousness must become absorbed in a sensuous life; and the one impulse to secure as much as one can for oneself must prevail with discord as the inevitable result. The word philosophy is derived from the Greek words *Philo* and *Sophia*, meaning love and wisdom. Science means merely to know. Now knowledge of itself may be of very little benefit, but the knowledge of the laws of our own being, combined with philosophy, or that love of wisdom which means adaptation to the law, opens a vista of radiant possibilities. And yet love of wisdom has become lost in love of self. That there once was a philosophy of life, universal in its application and universally accepted is easily proved. Examine the ethical codes of every great race religion. They will be found identical in their presentation of the dynamic law of being. Then discover the philosophy that has been for long locked up in the myths and allegories of every nation. They also are identical in the evolutionary story which they tell us.

Let us examine, for instance, the very simple legend of the sleeping princess—little else than a common nursery tale to all appearance, but full of wonderful meaning. We will take the version given us by Tennyson.

The princess represents the soul. The story tells us the profound truth that when the spiritual nature sleeps, all the powers in the realm of the soul must also cease, though the powers of the material life outside the hedge, remain active, but cannot reach their full attainment because separated by the "hedge" from the soul. The hedge represents the obstacles that separate the lower from the higher life. The one hundred years indicate the cycle of time most propitious for a possible reunion of matter with spirit.

This story is told in many different forms in the ancient myths, and it has a special significance for us now. At the present moment every possibility is within our reach. We must once more awaken the spiritual nature. We must dare to face and overcome the difficulties of the lower life. When we do then disappearance will become assured and we may find our own. It is useless to try any other method of bringing order out of present chaos, but, the higher life awakened, all that is below it must yield obedience to its mandates and fall into line. The auspicious moment has arrived to seek to recover our lost knowledge of the law of being, and to once more learn the love of wisdom. A great ocean of affluence surrounds us. We miss its benefactions because of our lack of adjustment, for the law of all laws, the law of adjustment, of adaptation, of appropriation, of divine harmony, is Unity, or Universal Brotherhood.

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## THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF BROTHERHOOD IN DAILY LIFE.

BY C. L. CARPENTER.

This is a very practical day and generation and we take just pride in it. If a new invention is presented, a new project or process, we straightway settle back on our heels and ask, what can it do? and if perchance it is something that can dig down a hill that stands in the way of a railroad, or a process that can melt iron ore a little quicker and cheaper we at once syndicate it and put it on the market.

Now some twenty-five years ago, Brotherhood, new because we had forgotten it, was brought to the notice of the world, and a few wise souls who could see, and who knew a real thing when they saw it, took brotherhood in faith and trust and syndicated it and it is on the market today, and its bonds paying a hundred, a thousand, or a million per cent., just as you choose to figure it, are free for the asking, the only restriction placed on the cutting of the coupons is that we must know how to use them. But we must get down to the practical. What is this Brotherhood? Is it a theory, or is it a something that can go to bed with a man at night, and get up with him in the morning, and sit down with him at his breakfast table, lending an air of harmony and gentleness; is it not the thing to follow him to his office, or place of business, making the morning greetings precious. Shall it not come home with him after an anxious day and help to smooth the frowns out of his face. Shall it not make him deal fairly and evenly and considerately with all his fellows.

I believe in the stars that are said to sing together in the morning, but I also believe that those same stars shall not make perfect music till we stars of the earth shall learn to sing our parts truly and join our voices to theirs and so make the perfect harmony. That is Brotherhood for every day, and when we wake to that sense of it, the roll of drums in the armed camps of the world shall cease and all the armies and all the peoples of the earth shall march to the steady throbbing of Brotherhood, Brotherhood, Brotherhood.

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The following reports are printed by courtesy of the *New Century*:

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., U. B. LODGE No. 7.

U. B. Lodge No. 7 is still heaving a long, satisfied sigh over the celebration of the inaugural New Cycle Unity Congress, which is admitted to have been an unqualified success by both members and outsiders. The hall in which the exercises were held was bright with the flags of all nations, beautiful with flowers and Nature's green, sweet with the breath of acacia, and alive with the force of the New Cycle. Every chandelier had its burden of flags and flowers, every window sill its bed of green stuff, and, best of all, every seat its pleased, interested occupant. The entire front of the raised stage seemed like a bank loaded with Nature's coin, from the center of which rose the Leader's picture framed in a purple heart, below which stood an offering of purple cinerarias so large as to suggest that the earth itself was making special efforts to recognize her noble work for all that lives. Perhaps the most striking decoration was the screen at the back of the stage, which is thus described by its designer:—

"The background consisted of a large screen in three leaves, eleven and a half feet high, covered with blue cloth, having in the center a heart-shaped opening, pointed at the top and terminating downward in large spiral scrolls, colored pure white above and shading to deep blue below, the opening being inclosed with a band of gold. Over the heart stretched the well-known Egyptian winged-globe, resplendent in red and blue and green and gold. Above, the flags of America and the S. R. L. M. A. were gracefully draped. A curtain hung behind so as to show a white center to the heart, through which the performers passed on and off the stage. Long gilded torches divided the three panels of the screen, two more showed from behind where they supported the white curtain, and along the top was draped red bunting.

"The figures composing the tableaux were posed on low, white pedestals in the heart and on each side, and when not so occupied a harp standing on its column formed both a symbol in itself and also a part of the symbolism of the whole. It

was a seven-stringed lyre, having a blue flame at the top and a heart at the base of the strings, the column, which rested on a dark blue sphere, representing the soul connecting heaven with earth."

The modesty of the artist did not permit him to add that this screen was a beautiful evidence of the great assistance the art of combining color in symbolical design can be in teaching the real wisdom. Those who came to scoff—if any such there were, which is doubtful—caught by its beauty, remained to inquire as to its meaning, and its image will dwell in their minds for many a day, a seed of Universal Brotherhood. Much more could be said as a labor of love in describing the surroundings at our Congress, but doubtless every other center is equally enthusiastic and demanding a hearing, so, without further preliminary, is presented the account of the Children's Festival by the Superintendent of the Lotus Group:

The children from both Lotus Groups assembled at the appointed time. Girls, attired in white Grecian robes, carried large bouquets of flowers, while the boys performed the office of standard-bearers of the flags of all nations, the American and the S. R. L. M. A. flags being borne in advance. As all marched in double file down the middle aisle of the Academy of Sciences Hall, dividing at the rear and then coming singly down the two outer aisles, they thus formed a heart inclosing a large audience. At the same time the children were told to fix their minds on the Perfect Heart which encompasses the whole world.

The march being over, the flags were stacked in front of the stage, the American flag and the flag of the School being draped over all the others. Then all marched to the stage, taking their places on either side of a large, decorated picture of the Leader, over which had been placed a white silken veil. Two of the older children unveiled the picture, after which three minutes were devoted to silence. So still was it during that time that only heart throbs could be felt. The song, "We Are the Flowers" was next rendered as only children could who had been accustomed to put their hearts in every act performed as a loving service to mankind. The "Floral Dance," a suggestion from "Eumenides," was presented by eight members of the Young People's Club attired in Grecian robes and bearing garlands of roses, dancing graceful figures and depicting the symbolical emblems of a cross, ladder, triangle and unity.

The Children's Festival concluded with tableaux representing various states of the Soul's consciousness, to which the scenery added great charm in its symbolical emblems and array of color. Thus the success of the children's portion of the programme marked a bright era for the Unity Congress and San Francisco Lodge. So we are forced to see that the words of the Teacher are fast coming true: "And a little child shall lead them."

SUPERINTENDENT.

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Nothing so impressive as the opening of the public entertainment on Saturday evening is recorded in the annals of the public doings of our Lodge. The lights in the hall were extinguished, and the clear notes of the bugle-call sounded out as the curtain in front of the stage went up, disclosing four heralds in white robes, with long trumpets at their lips, standing in front of the heart, before described, sending the message of "Truth, Light and Liberation" to the four corners of the earth. This swelled up from behind the screen, first chanted by bass voices, then taken up by the tenors, passed by them to the childish treble, and, finally, rolled out by the whole chorus. Then the President read a Proclamation of Universal Brotherhood, after which came a programme of vocal and instrumental numbers, interspersed with tableaux.

Of the music, it is sufficient to say that it was of the very best, the artists contributing being noted for their ability, and performing up to their high standard of excellence. But the tableaux cannot be so disposed of. That depicting "The Awakening of the Soul" deserves particular attention. Here girls in Grecian costumes were arranged on graduated pedestals, three on each side of the heart and one in the center. As the curtain opened these figures were disclosed with arms folded and heads pillowed thereon. Gradually they awaken, and with graceful movements turn to the central figure with arms extended, while the first two play



on the harp, expressing their recognition of their Soul's divine origin and their relation to the Oversoul. Every number was enthusiastically received.

At the Sunday meeting four addresses were given on the "Practical Aspect of Universal Brotherhood," "Karma, The Law of Cause and Effect," "Reincarnation" and "The Spiritual Aspect of Theosophy." By the time the last speaker mentioned the names of the three Leaders the great audience was so with us that it rose as one man and stood in silence to honor these World's Saviors.

A. D. ROBINSON, Secretary.

The following is the Proclamation read at the Public Entertainment:

"In opening this entertainment, which is a portion of the New Cycle Unity Congress of the Universal Brotherhood for the year 1900, it is desired to emphasize the principal purpose of the Organization, which is 'to teach Brotherhood, to demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and to make it a living power in the lives of men.' The Organization affirms and declares that Brotherhood is a FACT in Nature, and it has been established 'for the benefit of the peoples of the earth and all creatures.' It therefore repeats and re-proclaims the old angelic message of 'Peace on earth and good-will toward men.' It declares itself as an organization to be in sympathy with every effort to uplift Humanity and to make men realize their divine nature and glorious destiny. It clasps hands with all who desire the good of their fellow-men; it urges unity of action for the common good, tolerance for each other's religious beliefs, and pity and helpful compassion for the weak, ignorant and sinning. It appeals to all men to hope and work for higher, purer, more beautiful ideals in this, the dawn of a new century and a New Cycle! It proclaims 'Truth, Light and Liberation' as its watchword and rallying-cry; it but desires to make all men helpful and compassionate, and therefore happy.

"Believing that life should be at all times joy, and joyousness and gladness in all innocent ways promoted and encouraged, it offers you this entertainment to-night as an illustration of one of its many methods of exemplifying its philosophy of life, and its dissent from all forms and doctrines of pessimism and despair. Said the wise men of old, 'There is a time for all things,' and to-night is a time to be happy."

#### LOUISVILLE, KY., U. B. LODGE No. 119.

Members in Louisville, Ky., conducted their New Cycle Unity Congress with great success, all, the local press included, pronouncing it such. The Greek Symposium feature, which proved of such universal attraction wherever produced, was no exception in this instance, the papers mentioning it especially, as the following extracts show:—

"An entertainment in Louisville, which will be largely unique in introducing the ancient classic drama, is the New Cycle Unity Congress Greek Symposium, which will be given under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 119, April 14, at 8 o'clock, at Library Hall. The stage setting and costumes will be unlike any modern designs, and will closely adhere to the old Greek ideal.

"The first scene will be a banquet hall, with opening music by the orchestra, and will introduce an assembly of noted philosophers, statesmen, musicians, poets and artists. This will be followed by the introduction of guests, discourses, music, songs and poems, and an imposing closing ceremony. The original Greek Symposiums were gatherings for mutual benefit and enlightenment, as well as enjoyment, but later degenerated into drinking debauches. It is purposed to reproduce the Symposium in its original purity, with ancient Greek costumes, stage settings and appropriate music. As a feature of the Symposium the personifiers of these ancient masters will present some of the philosophy of this old school. The proceeds will be used by the International Brotherhood League to help discouraged humanity."—*Louisville Post*.

The stage was set as the interior of a Greek dining hall; *i. e.*, white paneled walls, the center of each panel having a mythological picture painted thereon. This hall possessed three screen sets. In the center of the stage was set a table eighteen inches high, open at the base and facing the audience. This V was filled with

potted plants in blossom, purple, white and yellow predominating. The table was draped in white, the top cloth covered with flat ferns, cut-flowers, fruits, nuts, figs, oranges, dates, candies, apples, bananas, flowers, cut-ferns and ropes of smilax being used in profusion. Along either side of the table and three feet from it were arranged couches eighteen inches high. These were first covered with white draperies reaching to the floor, then fancy Oriental rugs were thrown over them and pillows of bright colors were placed three feet apart for the guests to recline on.

At the apex of the triangle sat the host's chair. All along the sides, back of the couches, were large six-foot palm trees, and others three feet in height were scattered here and there among the higher ones. At front end of couches on either side stood two large purple and yellow pedestals holding jardinières of blossoming plants and ferns. On stands on either side of the door at the rear of the stage stood immense growing ferns fully five feet in circumference, and in the hallway seen through the door were other palms and ferns. Three large hanging baskets of trailing ferns and flowers were suspended over the table at the angles of a triangle. All characters were dressed in Greek costumes of white cashmere, trimmed in purple, yellow or blue, in Greek patterns.

The curtain rose as the second musical selection was rendered and as Pythagoras, followed by two slaves dressed in white, entered; the slaves at once disappeared to usher in Colynthia and Helen, two students of the "Beautiful" along the lines of painting and sculpture. They were followed by Biogenes, then Lydia and Diotima, Socrates and Plato, Pausanias and Æsculapius, and others, until six lady and six gentleman guests were welcomed, the host making thirteen, and with the two slaves there were fifteen in the cast. After the general greeting, the guests were seated and Pythagoras addressed them in a few words as to why he had invited them to his home, and announced that the subject of the evening's discussion was "The Beautiful, Good and True." Then, while sweet music soothed their hearts, the slaves placed laurel wreaths on the heads of all present. The guests were then called upon to express themselves on the subject of the evening. Some did so in verse, some in song, some in recitations or speeches,—the words of Diotima being the key-note of all: "True it is, my friends, that we as human beings are ever in search of that which in the end proves but mirage. . . . The poet, the artist, the sculptor, are ever in search of greater heights to climb; but *you*, my friends, could ye but cease to look *without* and look *within*, you would there find the 'good, the beautiful, the True,' all three in their perfection, and 'peace that passeth human comprehension.'"

The newspapers and all in the audience pronounced the Symposium a "great success." Before the curtain rose, three little Lotus Buds, dressed in white, sold the "New Cycle Unity Congress Issue" of the *New Century*, and from dainty baskets carried on their arms presented each purchaser with a purple or yellow flower. The Boys' Brotherhood Club and the Lotus Children attended in a body. COMMITTEE.

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#### PITTSBURG, PA., U. B. LODGE No. 56.

The members of Wilkensburg and Pittsburg U. B. Lodges joined hearts and hands and held the New Cycle Unity Congress on the three days appointed, opening with an E. S. T. meeting on the evening of the 13th. Saturday evening, April 14, a public reception and the opening of our new Hall, 4700 Penn Avenue, was observed with a fitting program. Sunday evening a public meeting was held. There were, among the interesting numbers on the program, synopses of the work carried on at Lotus Home, the Boys' Brotherhood Clubs, by the Woman's Exchange and Mart, the War Relief Committee, the Cuban Crusade, and the Cuban Colony at Point Loma, departments of the International Brotherhood League, that organ of the Universal Brotherhood for practical humanitarian work.

The meetings were well attended, many inquiries being made and general interest manifested. The members feel that the New Cycle Unity Congress held in their midst was a grand success which the future work of the Lodges will prove; for they are satisfied that good seed was sown in good ground and will bring forth fruit in due season.

H. W., Secretary Lodge No. 56.

"Duty has the value of making us feel the reality of a positive world, while at the same time detaching us from it."

# Universal Brotherhood Path.

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## SIGN-POSTS ALONG THE PATH.\*

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"SCIENTIFIC frontier' must be drawn. Theosophists who supinely sit down inactive while fellow Theosophists are slandered and the cause itself dragged through the mud by scoffers are only paper and straw Theosophists: the mildew of self will destroy the paper, and the straw will be blown away by the wind, and those others who, while in the Theosophical Society, try to exalt themselves and misrepresent the Society are much less Theosophists.

"Yet all these things will do the Society good, and will tend to separate the wheat from the chaff in readiness for the closing cycle."

*Peace with Honor.—Editorial, p. 116.*

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"Then again, there are some important cycles which begin and end wholly within the limits of larger ones, and, in fact, it is these smaller cycles that we notice most, for they are more quickly felt. All of this relates to physical cycles; there are others of a higher and more spiritual nature very difficult to trace and comprehend. It may be partially understood by any one who has observed a man working for several years at some occupation in itself not particularly elevating, but who at the end of the period has altered his mental attitude in such a degree as to vastly change his entire life and development. In his case the occupation represented a cycle of debasement or expiation, and all the while another cycle of a higher character was running its course in his mental and moral nature quite unknown to anyone else and perhaps also to himself. There are also great cosmic cycles that proceed slowly to our comprehension because they cover such stupendous periods, but they powerfully affect mankind and can only be faintly imagined by students. \* \* \*

"To me the cyclic laws are full of hope and eminently just."

*The Stream of Thought and Queries.—HADJI FERINN, p. 142.*

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"Several questions have been received on the subject of the best method

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\*Extracts from "The Path," Vol IV. The italics are mine. Katherine Jingley, Editor.

to be pursued by members of the Theosophical Society for the development of occult powers.

"This desire for such development cannot be commended. Such a desire, standing by itself, while seeming to the questioners to be of great importance, is really of the very least consequence for beginners or to the present state of the Theosophical Movement. The Society was not organized for the purpose of teaching the practice of occult arts, and it has been distinctly stated in a letter from one of the Masters, who are themselves fully acquainted with all the laws of occultism, that our body was never intended to be a hall of occultism or for the training of aspirants to chelaship. *But in the face of that declaration and in spite of all that has been said and written in the magazines of the Society, there are numbers of members still thinking that they will be helped in such sort of study and practice, and who have for some time used what leisure they had in endeavoring to cultivate their psychic powers to the exclusion of work upon the lines laid down by the Founders of the Society.*

"Further than this, some of these devoted students have been reading such works upon practical yoga—or Hatha Yoga—as they could procure, and trying to follow the rules laid down, notwithstanding the distinct caution in all such books that the practices should not be pursued by the student unless he has a competent guide and teacher to help and protect him on the way.

"All these practices and studies, so long as they are pursued merely for the powers to be developed, will lead to trouble only and greater ignorance. This is not because there is no truth in practical yoga, but solely from the method adopted and the pure selfishness of the aim before the mind.

*"What, then, is a sincere Theosophist to do? Shall he or not practice yoga?"*

"We answer by saying that the sincere study of Patanjali's Yoga System may be taken up by any Theosophist—on one condition. That is that he shall, as a Theosophist, try to carry out the fundamental object of the Society—Universal Brotherhood. In no other way can he receive assistance from any source. Altruism must be made the aim of life, or all the practices are absolutely void of lasting effect. We do not speak from a mere theory but from experience; nor do we claim to have perfected altruism in ourselves, but only that, as far as possible, we are trying to make altruism the rule of life.

*"The occidental mind is not fitted for yoga."*

"This may be stoutly denied, but what matters it? \* \* \* Altruism has been for so many centuries a dead letter, and individualism has been so much cultivated, that the soil has become almost barren. \* \* \* The practice of altruism as far as we can is the only way in which to avoid suffering in the future. \* \* \*

"While we are endeavoring to understand and practice altruism, and while spreading broadcast the doctrines given out respecting man, his status, future fate, and right way of living, each Theosophist can devote some of his time to daily meditation and concentration, and all of his time to extirpating his faults

and vices; when he has made some progress in this, the good Karma he may have acquired by working for the Cause of Humanity, which is the same as Universal Brotherhood, will help him to get ready to *begin* occult practices.

\*\* \* \* While there are some initiations surrounded by such solemnities as these, the daily one, without success in which no aspirant will ever have the chance to try for those that are higher, comes to the disciple with almost each moment. It is met in our relations with our fellows, and in the effects upon us of all the circumstances of life. And if we fail in these, we never get to the point where greater ones are offered. *If we cannot bear momentary defeat*, or if a chance word that strikes our self-love finds us unprepared, or if we give way to the desire to harshly judge others, or if we remain in ignorance of some of our most apparent faults, we do not build up that knowledge and strength imperatively demanded from whoever is to be master of nature.

"It is in the life of every one to have a moment of choice, but that moment is not set for any particular day. It is the sum total of all days; and it may be put off until the day of death, and then it is beyond our power, for the choice has then been fixed by all the acts and thoughts of the lifetime. We are self-doomed at that hour to just the sort of life, body, environment and tendencies which will best carry out our Karma. This is a thing solemn enough, and one that makes the 'daily initiation' of the very greatest importance to each earnest student. But all of this has been said before, and it is a pity that students persist in ignoring the good advice they receive.

[And it is a pity that the Editor sees the need of impressing these thoughts on the minds of some few students again. KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor.]

"Do you think that if a Master accepted you He would put you to some strange test? No, He would not, but simply permitting the small events of your life to have their course, the result would determine your standing. *It may be a child's school, but it takes a man to go through it.*"

*The Stream of Thought and Queries.*—HADJI ERINX, p. 186.

"Why not, then, call one of our present cycles the cycle of the Theosophical Society? It began in 1875, and, aided by other cycles then beginning to run, it has attained some force. Whether it will revolve for any greater length of time depends upon its earnest members. Members who enter it for the purpose of acquiring ideas merely for their own use will not assist.

[Evidence of this has been most markedly given by some who, not satisfied to *work* according to the rules laid down, sought places of honor and tried to establish small organizations for themselves—a few of which are still gasping in the throes of death. KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor.]

"Mere numbers do not do the work, but sincere, earnest, active, unselfish members will keep this cycle always revolving. The wisdom of those who set it in motion becomes apparent when we begin to grasp somewhat the meaning of cyclic law. The Society could have remained a mere idea and might have been kept entirely away from outward expression in organization. Then, indeed,

ideas similar to those prevalent in our Society might have been heard of. But how? Garbled and presented only here and there, so that perhaps not for half a century later would they be concretely presented. A wise man, however, knows how to prepare for a tide of spiritual influence. But how could an everyday Russian or American know that 1875 was just the proper year in which to begin so as to be ready for the oncoming rush now fairly set in? To my mind the mere fact that we were organized with a definite platform in that year is strong evidence that the 'heroic tribe of heroes' had a hand in our formation. *Let us, then, not resist the cycle, nor, complaining of the task, sit down to rest. There is no time to rest. The weak, the despairing, and the doubting may have to wait, but men and women of action cannot stand still in the face of such an opportunity.*"

Cycles.—WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, p. 281.

"\* \* \* We should all be able to give a reason for the hope that is within us, and we cannot do that if we have swallowed without study the words of others.

"But what is study? It is not the mere reading of books, but rather long, earnest, careful thought upon that which we have taken up. If a student accepts Reincarnation and Karma as true doctrines, the work is but begun. *Many Theosophists accept doctrines of that name, but are not able to say what it is they have accepted.*"

[It is such people who, in different parts of the World, calling themselves Theosophists, have egotistically pushed themselves before the public and have disgusted many earnest seekers after Truth. Such have helped to cause strong prejudice and bring about the many misconceptions of the criticizing public. All faithful Students must agree with me that the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood has not within the last two years had attached to it many of this erratic kind. Hence there is less prejudice, a kinder criticism, an increasing attention on the part of the public and an ever growing membership of those who are an honor to the Organization. We can no more cover up and support the weakness of the former class referred to than we could encourage the plague in our homes and households. Every true Theosophist feels a deep pity for these unhealthy types of Humanity, and knows that time will bring to them the necessary experience to lift them out of their degradation into a consciousness of their divinity and their responsibility to their fellow men. But it would be a crime to endorse them as exponents of our philosophy when they have not yet learned the first lesson as helpers to Humanity. All ennobling work must be based on pure thought and action.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor.]

"They do not pause to find out what reincarnates, or how, when or why Karma has its effects, and often do not know what the word means. Some at first think that when they die they will reincarnate, without reflecting that it is the lower personal I they mean, which cannot be born again in a body. Others think that Karma is—well, Karma, with no clear idea of classes of Karma, or

whether or not it is punishment or reward or both. Hence a careful learning from one or two books of the statement of the doctrines, and then a more careful study of them, are absolutely necessary.

*“There is too little of such right study among Theosophists, and too much reading of new books.*

“Another branch of study is that pursued by natural devotees, those who desire to enter into the work itself for the good of Humanity. Those should study all branches of Theosophical literature all the harder in order to be able to clearly explain it to others, for a weak reasoner or an apparently credulous believer has not much weight with others.

“Western Theosophists need patience, determination, discrimination and memory, if they ever intend to seize and hold the attention of the world for the doctrines they disseminate.”

*Of Studying Theosophy.*—WILLIAM BREHON, p. 320.

[A place has been found at Point Loma to prepare teachers to go forth at the proper time. They will be trained in the understanding of “the laws of physical life, and the laws of physical, moral and mental health and spiritual unfoldment”, and a great spiritual wave will touch the World through their efforts in this direction. Not until then will the deeper and grander teachings of Theosophy be grasped and lived by the now discouraged members of the human family. For not only must Theosophy as a philosophy be well understood, but human nature and its needs and the one great secret of knowing how to touch the human heart. Evolution is a fact in Nature and because of the gradations in the development of the human mind there must be gradations in the application of the philosophy. Consider for a moment a so-called Teacher attempting to impress upon an ignoramus the teachings of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood using a phraseology which without close attention would confound an educated man. I call to mind a student’s once writing me, regretting her inability to go on with her Sanskrit lessons and fearing that therefore she never would gain spiritual knowledge. Her letter was most pathetically written with small “i’s” and misspelled words. This also calls to my mind a Western lecturer on Theosophy some years ago whose unkempt appearance and unclean practices were a flat denial of the clean Truth he was therioizing about. His individualism, love of power, enormous conceit and lack of moral force obscured the light from his mind, and he thus failed to manifest in his life that order and harmony which is the essence of Theosophy and the basis of all true life. It can be easily seen that if this man had followed the proper system of training and had regarded the rebukes and admonitions of his teachers, he might to-day be one of the most useful workers now in the Organization. And still another who lectured in many of the principal cities in America and Europe as a Theosophist, demanding a certain sum for the lectures given, trying to teach to suffering humanity a philosophy of “aura”. A great teacher once said: “Who among you, if his son ask bread, will give him a stone?”—but this self-styled teacher and lecturer on Theosophy, professing to aid Humanity, fed them with

the chaff of metaphysics and dissertations on auras and the grandeur of the philosophy as presented by her.

With such examples as I refer to, it is important that Theosophy be taught on rational lines and in such a way as to feed the human mind with that quality of food which can be digested and result in everyday helpfulness on the three planes of being—Physical, Mental and Moral—preparatory to sowing the seed of Spiritual Life.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Editor.]

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“True independence we believe in, but not in that sort which, merely from the influence of ideas of political freedom based on theoretical equality, causes a man to place himself on such an equal footing with others that he will not accord to beings infinitely beyond him in degree the highest marks of respect.”  
—*Editorial Note*, p. 23.

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“It is true enough, as Jesus said, that ‘it is difficult for the rich man to enter heaven’, but there are other possessions of the man beside wealth that constitute greater obstacles to development, and they are punishments and may coexist in the life of one man with the reward of wealth or the like. I mean the obstruction and hindrance found in stupidity, or natural baseness, or in physical sensual tendencies. These are more likely to keep him from progress and ultimate salvation than all the wealth or good luck that any one person ever enjoyed.

“In such cases—and they are not a few—we see Karmic reward upon the outer material plane in the wealth and propitious arrangement of life, and on the inner character the punishment of being unable or unfit through many defects of mind or nature. This picture can be reversed with equal propriety.


“Every man, however, is endowed with conscience and the power to use his life, whatever its former circumstance, in the proper way, so as to extract from it all the good for himself and his fellows that his limitations of character will permit. It is his duty so to do, and as he neglects or obeys, so will be his subsequent *punishment* or *reward*.

“There may also be another sort of wealth than mere gold, another sort of power than position in politics or society. The powerful, wide, all-embracing, rapidly-acting brain stored with knowledge is a vast possession which one man may enjoy. He can use it properly or improperly. It may lead him to excesses, to vileness, to the very opposite of all that is good. It is his reward for a long past life of stupidity followed by others of noble deeds and thoughts. \* \* \* The possessor thus given a reward may misuse it so as to turn it, next time he is born, into a source of punishment. We are thus continually fitting our arrows to the bow, drawing them back hard to the ear, and shooting them forth from us. When we enter the field of earth-life again, they will surely strike us or our enemies of human shape or the circumstances which otherwise would hurt us. It is not the arrow or the bow that counts, but the motive and the thought with which the missile is shot.”—*Is Karma Only Punishment?* HADJI ERINN, p. 334.



## THE NEEDS AND WANTS OF HUMANITY.

By G. V. P.

OWARD the close of a quiet summer day I was half sitting, half reclining, beside a simple cottage perched on a hill about ten miles from one of our large cities. For some unknown cause, the confused life of the multitude had left untouched this quiet spot, sheltered by the hills, and the innocent rural life of earlier days was undisturbed. In the valley before me a river was peacefully pursuing its appointed course. On the more distant hills were masses of foliage, softened by the dreamy atmosphere into beds of velvety purple and blue. And on one of the nearer slopes, a shepherd was carelessly following his flock of sheep. Not far away, a few cows were lazily responding to the homeward call, grazing now and then by the way. The air was still and laden with perfumes.

Slowly the distant hills began to deepen their purple, and the shadows lengthened rapidly before the golden light in the western sky. All the picture was suffused in its radiance for a moment, then gradually the tints of the opal replaced the glory of the summer sunset, and a uniform gray light of peace covered the scene. No whisper of discord was in the air, and in my soul was mirrored the image of repose before me.

With an indescribable sense of satisfaction I lived a time not measured by the Sun-dial, until I was rudely aroused by the sound of an explosion in the distance, and turning my head I saw a lurid flame in the midst of the heavy atmosphere of the neighboring city.

The peace was gone, and the tumultuous, unsatisfied, undiscerning life of humanity rushed over my memory like a wave of despair. A hopelessness so great took possession of me that I felt unable to move. Then sleep gently drew the curtain, and I became conscious that I was in a free and open space. Beside me I felt a presence which I could hear but not see. And it conducted me rapidly through the air and afar off, until I could see this planet rolling in space. I watched it with a fascination that was all absorbing, and I seemed to see it in detail and in general at the same time. It was teeming with life of every variety, but my attention was held to what I recognized as human life, though to the penetrating eyes which then served me the human beings were greatly changed.

Within each one I could see a wonderful light buried deep, and vibrating with such intensity that it seemed as if it must burst the shell that surrounded it. And as it bubbled up through the various media that made up each being, it produced a marvellous play of colors, with now and then a spot so black that no light could pass through. And I saw that the light was held because of the many personal desires which wrapt themselves around each like impenetrable coverings. When occasionally, in certain beings not so heavily

clothed, the pure light burst through, an expression of supreme happiness transformed the face, and the pained, unsatisfied look gave place to one of peace. Except when this happened, the faces took the expression of the dominant covering.

I saw myriads of such beings in a state of constant motion. In a large number the features were strained and pinched. A fiendish desire to grasp something evidently had possession of them. Each moved in one direction for a time with intense persistency and an evanescent look of pleasure, which suddenly passed as they changed their course without reason to pursue some phantom with feverish eagerness, and attained this only to chase another. "Surely, this is hell!" I thought.

Many others were travelling with unvarying directness on a road which led nowhere. With wonderful patience and perseverance they were overcoming obstacles which threatened to overwhelm them, and my heart was filled with pity as I beheld the disappointment before them. Around these was the dense covering of ambition. Many others wore an expression of content. They were wrapped heavily in a covering of ease. A small area of prosperity encircled them, and they saw no further. A large company were chasing pleasures of the senses. Their faces were dull and coarse, and the light was almost concealed in the heavy coverings of sensuous selfishness.

Many, many others, whose coverings were far less dense, were troubled for friends, and in their wish to serve them were hurrying them along the various roads they had themselves already chosen to travel. And as they saw them no nearer happiness, they looked about in helpless misery.

Still others, although they knew not how to find it, were beginning to suspect that what all were searching was within each, and this they showed by a certain poise and expression of calmness and power not seen in the others. Still many more I saw, and strange as it may appear, I perceived that all these beings, even those whose acts were evil, were moved by the urgings of the light within.

"Powers of Mercy!" I exclaimed, "these people are walking in a sea of blackness which they create by their own stupidity. They are ever turning away from that which they are ever seeking. By what miracle are they to be helped?"

And as I gazed, lo! a great light appeared among them, answering to that within each one. With joy and thanksgiving I watched the earth. "At last!" I thought, "by seeing the one, they will now find the other." But alas! their eyes were more blurred and dimmed than I had imagined. Only a few could see this light, and they saw it imperfectly, for they constantly questioned it and sought to put their *will o' the wisps* in its place, and even at times tried to exterminate it. I could seem to hear them heralding this light with joy and declaring they understood its coming and would follow it, and then saw them suddenly turn and cast upon it mud and pitch. My amazement knew no bounds. "Are these maniacs I see before me?" I impulsively asked of my

silent guide. And as the mass gave no sign of recognition nor changed their steps, I saw that they were blind.

“Great God!” I exclaimed, “is there no help? The light is within and without, but what does it avail? For the terrible need still exists that humanity should know what it wants and where to find it. These coverings must be removed, I see, but how shall the process begin? Surely some terrible convulsion must arouse these sleepers and so shake their natures, that for an instant, at least, the clouds enveloping them must part and show them what they need to know. This alone can save them.”

I turned to my guide for answer, but no answer came. Yet as I gazed upon the light without, it grew, and in the same proportion I saw the lights within begin to penetrate these coverings, and a hope was planted in my heart where the blackness of despair had reigned. The method was not revealed to me how this deepest need could be filled, but I saw that the process had begun.

After this I knew no more till I opened my eyes upon the peaceful valley now shrouded in darkness. Instinctively I turned my head to the East in the direction of the city. Its lights were burning brightly, and over it, like an emblem of Hope, was Venus—the morning star.

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## TO MY SON JOHN.

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O you, standing on the threshold of manhood activities, I would give somewhat of my more extended observations of men and things: the more matured deductions of a mind and soul made keen, awake and justly compassionate through suffering from deception, hypocrisy, and lack of discrimination; this, due to my weakly sentimental view-point or position of moral cowardice, which I did blindly mistake for kindness.

My endeavor in the series of letters I hope to pen, will be to save you from similar sufferings and from inflicting them on others through ignorance or intent: to the end that you may at all times manfully perform your highest duty in educating the ignorant, in helping to render hypocrisy, ingratitude, deception and willful wrong impossible, by arousing in men the divine qualities of discernment, fearlessness and love.

In doing this Godly work among your fellows, you will more quickly evolve out of yourself the Perfect Man, through the self-mastery you will acquire, and so become a noble man and true helper. Nor will these letters necessarily be dry and smileless reading, nor alone for your young friends.

To me, an ancient man, who have grown old and young in diverse lands and climes so many times that I am neither old nor young, but always in my prime, in thought, for all life is one: I therefore seek to look on youth, and prime and age: the past, and now, and all eternity with Equal Vision. I

see the good, the foolish, humorous, ludicrous, pathetic, despairing; the ignorant and wise, the knave, the hypocrite and human fiend; the weakly good, the earnest trying soul, the hopeful climber and those grown strong; the joyous Victor, winner of the White Stone; the great Compassionates who have laid aside the blood-won prize, to turn again and gladly suffer untold woes from those they work to save from misery and death of soul.

You, and each of us partake somewhat of all humanity, with its birthing, teething, growing, acting, decaying, dying and recovering, its pains and joys, as it evolves eternally.

Thus sketched, the unfolding picture can be accounted both interesting and instructive, and the time will not be ill spent, if my words arouse you to *right-useness* of all things as the basis, constitution and life of full fledged godliness.

First; to prepare your mind to realize the truth, empty it of that which you *think* you know and endeavor to eliminate from it all thoughts that serve as limitations, all thoughts that make you boast yourself superior to others, and hold it unruffled by the lower mental qualities of anger, spite, jealousy, fear and controversy; unclouded by doubt, suspicion, selfish ambition and egotism—all phases of ignorance—and like a child, keep it an open window, that in all things the broadly spiritual pictures of right action or equity may be plainly reflected on its placid surface, so that the soul—yourself, the Knower—may clearly see and act with rare discrimination.

Through this habitual practice you will escape the snares of deception, hypocrisy and the devil within and outside yourself, and stand well-balanced in the Light of Wisdom. For how can you see the mud, and golden sands, and jewels at the bottom of your water-pail if you ruffle the water's surface with the fingers of disturbance and discord? Be like the flowering shrub and sturdy oak, ambitiously content to grow heavenward, and put forth leaves and flowers while rooted in earth. Aspire to be a broad and constant lengthening ladder to higher heavens, for men and angels traffic 'twixt the terminals. Seek truth in the simple, common-place and near-by: for in the far remote and complex it is lost to you; make home on your life's wheel hub or self-centering point of perfect rest and motion. From this harmonious depth move outward along the spokes of opportunity, and onto its ever broadening rim of consciousness, to aid your careless, blind and frightened fellows, who, having lost their centre and spiritual compass are wandering in the night of soul eclipse, and peering into outer nothingness in search for home and God.

The truth alone is simple, and is captured by the simple, pure and robust mind. There is no finality, nor permanent stopping place, as you will learn by studying nature; we all are subject to the one law of eternal growth! This thought if granted hospitality will lead you on to nobler life and more courageous effort.

Remember this my boy! the central magnet of yourself—your soul—and character, its offspring, have, with all things else, no death, but ceaseless life

eternal. So nourish both with milk of human kindness, gentleness of heart and fearless love compassionate for all that lives and is. This done each day, naught else in hell of earth, or heaven can stay, and all will aid your rapid growth to equal stature of the Perfect Man, Nature's flower of evolution.

So, plain and straight and withal easy is the path of life and truth, with kindly God-voiced nature for your heavenward guide. The basic heaven-reounding thunder tones, its orchestral lightning comrade; the ocean's roar of fierce attack on giant headland, and soothing murmur on the pebbly beach: the raging storm on mountain God-seats, the soft caress of Nature-perfumed breeze on modest maiden's-cheek; the sweeping commerce-laden river gladdened by boatman's songs, the flow of tiniest brook through shady glen and lurking in the meadow grass; the torrent's pour, and gentlest heaven-wept dew; these are the scattered and forgotten notes in God's great universal Nature-song of praise and joy unspeakable.

Search not for these in books, nor institutes, nor pate-crammed auto-speaking oracles of egotistic lore! The best of holy books are only fingers on Time's way-posts pointing *towards* the truth! An *understanding practice* of the teachings in God's Nature book alone wins his sign manual on your record book of life, and heavenward passport.

God is your utmost consciousness, or upward luring soul, concealed by mental veil! Aspire to God—the Good—the Universal Law, and in yourself will you find the Light—your soul—engaged in acting right in business, farming, doctoring, literature, art, government, peace and war, ever for the right; the same in pain and joy, ne'er doing ill, and greater far than any thought-out God.

With mind athletic and unfix'd, *except on Truth*, I counsel you to well revolve and exercise these thoughts, which are the outpouring of my heart for you, till I may write again some day or year if these do interest enough for you to importune me. Meanwhile, an all pervading love is thine and mine for us to converse through.

RAMESES.

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Of't in my brain does that strange fancy roll  
 Which makes the present (while the flash does last)  
 Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,  
 Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul  
 Self-questioned in her sleep: and some have said  
 We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.  
 O my sweet baby! when I reach my door  
 If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead  
 (As sometimes through excess of hope I fear),  
 I think that I should struggle to believe  
 Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere  
 Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve;  
 Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,  
 While we wept idly o'er thy little bier.

—COLERIDGE.

## THE NECESSITY FOR THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION.

By E. H.

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In order to be more fully convinced of the urgent need of such an organization as we propose to make of this, it is only necessary to read the daily papers and popular periodicals to realize that the whole world is awakening to the fact, that something is wrong and crying out for help. They all point out very distinctly the necessity for a change, but so far none have offered a suitable remedy for the dangers that are staring us in the face.

In a recent number of one of the most widely circulated fashion books is a page entitled, "What the American Girl Has Lost", by an American Mother. I would like to quote some lines from it. She says: "with all of the enormous real gains of scholarship, of chances for public work, chances to win money, fame and position, what has she lost? It is a question which every American Girl should ask herself. It is more important to the future well-being of the American nation than any question of imperialism or free silver. For if the women of the present generation are making themselves unfit to be mothers, what will become of the race? She has lost, among other things, the strength of repose. Her life is a headlong current. In losing this certainty of calm, she has lost force in the world. Duller women, who have surer foundations, have more actual power than she. Because of this incessant struggle she has lost her health. The cities are full of private hospitals, and Europe, as we all know, is a huge rest cure for hysterical American women. And the new girl has lost something out of her life which is worth far more than either health or repose. She lives in the blaze of vulgar publicity."

Then the article goes on to speak of the loss of personal modesty and the fact that the New Girl deliberately and openly buys indecent books, and fills the theatres when immoral plays are acted. "All classes of American Girls, who are striving for what they call emancipation, have made the same gains, suffered the same losses, and stand in the same danger. Not the least among the losses of the Emancipated Girl is the inability to make a home. Is it lost to our women forever? Is the New Girl to be the lasting type of the American Woman? I do not think so. After all, decency, modesty and purity of thought are good things in life and no good thing is ever lost from life as the ages go by." The article ends with this paragraph: "There is a protected class of girls in every rank of life brought up according to the old, fine, true traditions. They perhaps will convince us all presently, that these traditions, though old, are fine and true."

This shows the conviction that somewhere there must be a class of people

who "will come over and help". Are not our girls going to be "protected girls"—Protected and Protectors? What we must strive for is an all-round character. The world is tired and worn out with one-ideal people—faddists—, with those who teach that music is *all* that is necessary to elevate the race, with the woman's-rights woman "who is as good as any man", and has gone from one extreme to another. This last type has been held up to endless ridicule, and much of it deservedly so, for neglecting every other duty that helps to make life sweet and helpful for the glory of speaking her opinions in public assemblies. At the other extreme, the woman who thinks that her whole time and brain must be devoted to the petty affairs of a household is just as incapable of lofty ideals and noble deeds. The middle line between both these extremes is good, but we must combine them both and more besides.

Put your whole energy and intelligence in the learning of practical everyday tasks, as well as in mental and moral training. In the task of trying to help and uplift humanity, there is just as much need for the woman, who can go into the homes of the humbler class and by practical demonstration show how the most nutriment can be derived from simple food and with less time and expense; and how, with very little money and some thought expended, the whole air of the household may be changed by a little pot of flowers, a cheap curtain, for instance, of harmonious colors, etc. This class of people, especially, requires something more than theory and beautifully worded lectures. Yet if we do not learn the best and most efficient way of doing this work, of what will it avail us to have ideals of how best to serve a despondent humanity?

In addition to this practical knowledge, we must all study the laws of health, so as to be able to stand the strain and present to the world worthy pictures of physical womanhood—not with the sallow complexion and drooping shoulders of students, but erect, firm, glowing with energy and the vital force of perfect health.

A short time ago in the San Diego *Union* was reported a lecture entitled, "America's Uncrowned Queen". The lecturer said he "would rather have the combined influence of womanhood than every legislative act of a century." "Give me womanhood", he declared, "and I will shape the world. Her standing in many instances is superior to man's." "If a man can stand on yonder mountain top, gaze into the starry heavens and measure the planets, woman can stand there. She, too, looks, and then sweeping upward with a heart so tender and true, she touches the golden circle of the infinite." Woman also stands on the mount of Beauty, and where man has never gone, he said.

Think of what is expected of us and what we can do, and then burn with shame to read an article from an eminent surgeon in South Africa, who has raised a storm in London by declaring that the plague of women at the Cape is worse than a plague of flies. In justification of himself, he declares that no living man has a deeper sense of the splendid work which many large-hearted, unselfish women, professional and amateur alike, are doing in South Africa. He says: "I was the only consulting surgeon that took out a staff of

nurses. I did so because I know that women are indispensable to that important branch of hospital work. But the hotels are crammed with the 'smart set' from London who came for new excitement. If a sick or wounded soldier came down from the front in search of accommodations, he had not the slightest chance of getting into a decent hotel. This was not the worst side of their presence. When tired of dinner parties, they turned to the hospitals, and their frequent visits caused an incalculable amount of interference with the work of the medical staff. There were cases when wounded men, aroused half a dozen times by these meddlesome intruders, turned from them at last, saying, 'Shall I ever get any rest?' These are the women who are making the scene of war and suffering a place in which to satisfy morbid curiosity. For the women who are giving everything in the cause of tenderness and compassion, I have the most profound admiration; for the others, disgust."

This of course is rather an exaggerated case, but it seems that nearly *all* of the cases are getting to be extreme! So it behooves us women of the Universal Brotherhood Organization to help our sisters to learn to preserve the balance. We must try and cultivate tact and "rare discrimination" along with the practical pursuits and the mental and spiritual training, so that we can be helpful along all lines of human progress.

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"After Osiris, therefore, was initiated by his father into the royal Mysteries, the gods informed him \* \* that a strong tribe of envious and malignant dæmons were present with Typhos as his patrons, to whom he was allied and by whom he was hurled forth into light, in order that they might employ him as an instrument of the evil which they inflict on mankind. For the calamities of nations are the banquets of the evil dæmons. \* \* \*

"Yet you must not think that the gods are without employment, or that their descent to this earth is perpetual. For they *descend according to orderly periods of time*, for the purpose of imparting a beneficent impulse in the republics of mankind. But this happens when they harmonize a kingdom and send to this earth for that purpose souls who are allied to themselves. For this providence is divine and most ample, which frequently through one man pays attention to and affects countless multitudes of men.

"For there is indeed in the terrestrial abode the sacred tribe of heroes who pay attention to mankind, and who are able to give them assistance even in the smallest concerns \* \* \* This heroic tribe is, as it were, a colony from the gods established here in order that this terrene abode may not be left destitute of a better nature. But when matter excites her own proper blossoms to war against the soul, the resistance made by these heroic tribes is small when the gods are absent; for everything is strong only in its appropriate place and time. \* \* \* But when the harmony adapted in the beginning by the gods to all terrene things becomes old, they descend again to earth that they may call the harmony forth, energize and resuscitate it when it is, as it were, expiring. \* \* \* When, however, the whole order of mundane things, greatest and least, is corrupted, then it is necessary that the gods should descend for the purpose of imparting another orderly distribution of things".

From *The Wisdom of the Egyptians*, by SYNESIUS.



## FORCE WHICH ENDOWS THE STRONG.\*

By KATHERINE TINGLEY.



HE divine laws which govern the manifestation of the vibratory forces of nature cannot be for ever stayed. At a certain epoch there come forth forces which break through all limitations of whatever kind they may be.

We are, in this cycle, in close proximity with this new solar energy, this force which endows the strong with fresh courage and removes the timid gently from its course, to be no longer weights on the wheels of the chariot of life.

These forces at work to-day cannot be brought down and enshrined within the limitations of the past. Humanity is reaching out to receive them as something dropped on its travel down the ages. Men are beginning to realize that their divine birthright is no dream. The utterance of the statement brings with it a living power reviving the embers in the heart. It is possible to reach to-day a higher plane of thought than could be reached yesterday. All nature is evolving forward rapidly to a higher civilization.

Students who have reached a certain point sometimes wish to have full explanations given to them so that in some way they may derive personal benefit from the knowledge; but without the stimulus of effort, without trust, without faith, nothing is possible. We go to sleep with full faith that we will arise the next morning. We sow a seed with full faith that Nature will perform her part, and the seed spring up to bear fruit.

\* \* \*

We need to-day a larger faith and trust, and in this we find ourselves living in a condition where everything is possible; where everything we touch will blossom forth and bear gladness and joy to others. Receiving ourselves unstintedly, ungrudgingly of that large and ample life which animates everything throughout universal space, we shall give freely with open hearts, so that no impoverished life shall ever flow from us.

In the true condition of mind and heart there arises a sweet peace which does not descend upon us from above, for we are in the midst of it. It is not like the sunshine, for no transitory clouds obscure its rays, but it is permanent and ever-abiding through all the days and years. Nothing can move us when that condition is reached. We have but to take the first step in the true spirit of brotherliness, and all other steps will follow in natural sequence. We have to be warriors and fight the old fight unceasingly, but leagued with us in this ancient fight are all the hosts of light. Behind man, back of all things, broods the eternal spirit of Compassion.

\* \* \*

We should not become so absorbed in the little achievement of to-day as to

\*Reprinted by request of an old student of H. P. Blavatsky from "The Crusader" of Feb. 27, 1898.

render it impossible for us to receive the key to the wider knowledge of the future. If we began to realize the voice of the soul working behind the ordinary mentality, we would consciously become receptive to higher influences and more spiritual realities, we would bring about that condition within ourselves where we should hear the divine melodies, restoring harmony throughout all Nature. In this way, we should become pioneers, opening up the vision of men to the vast and unexplored regions of life, and, being conscious of this possibility, so stimulate every energy that the very atoms in space, the atoms composing every organism, would change and begin to respond to the divine impulse.

Look at the simple fisherman, throwing his line into the sea, bent on catching a fish, yet struck with awe at the great blue depths stretched out before him, the wide horizon bringing him into touch with the sweep of that universal life pulsating everywhere. Look at the sailor fired by that peculiar influence which arises from his outlook upon the Great Waters, seeing them in their varying moods of sunshine and of storm. He, too, unless brought under degrading associations, unconsciously reaches out to higher planes of thought, and feels that gentle touch which seeks to envelop humanity in that air, which is native to it.

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## THE METEOR FLAG.

By NAUS.

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SHORT history of the Union Flag of Great Britain may be interesting, as showing the reason underlying the apparently fortuitous assembly of crosses which has well merited the appellation of the "Meteor Flag." To begin with, the original national flag of England was the red upright cross of St. George on a white ground—the banner of the patron saint of the kingdom. Scotland similarly bore the white diagonal cross of St. Andrew on a blue field.

By a royal proclamation of 12th April, 1606, shortly after the union of the crowns of England and Scotland in the person of the son of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, it is decreed that "all our subjects of this Isle and Kingdom of Great Britain . . . shall bear in their maintops the . . . St. George's Cross and . . . St. Andrew's Cross joined together; and in their foretops our subjects of South Britain shall wear the red cross only, as they were wont; and our subjects of North Britain in their foretops the white cross only, as they were accustomed."

One hundred years later, to a month, viz., on the 17th March, 1706, the Privy Council ordered the Kings-at-arms and the Heralds to consider the alterations to be made in the ensigns armorial and the conjoining the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, to be used in all Flags, Banners, Standards and En-

signs on sea and on land. One year after this, on 17th April, 1707, the Queen in Council approved of the design formed by the superposing of the red St. George's cross on the Scottish flag, but with the addition of a narrow border of white surrounding the red, the latter being a concession to the etiquette of heraldry, which demands that no color may be placed directly upon another without this "fimbriation", as it is technically termed.

On the 5th November, 1800,—nearly a century later—the King in Council approved of the addition of the diagonal red cross of St. Patrick, to symbolize the reception of Ireland into the Union.

But here the two crosses of St. Andrew and St. Patrick occupied the same ground and were made to share the space of one cross only by reduction to half their original width. Again the objection of color upon color was obviated by a further "fimbriation", a separation of the red half of the diagonal cross from the blue field by a thin line of white, thus making it appear that the red cross was placed upon a white cross of rather more than full width, which was not really the case. To emphasise the equality of the white and the red and to balance the whole, the two white arms are placed uppermost in the two quarters next the staff, and the two red in the quarters farthest away—the fly.

Described in heraldic language, the Union Flag of the 1st day January, 1801, and of the present day is, "field azure, the crosses saltires of Saint Andrew and Saint Patrick quarterly per saltire counterchanged argent and gules; the latter fimbriated of the second surmounted by the cross of Saint George of the third fimbriated as the saltire."

It is curious to observe that the symbolism of flags and heraldic devices is by no means a modern conception, if we are to believe, as some say, that the leaders of the tribes of Israel in their wanderings bore heraldic banners, each of his own tribe, the devices of which are declared to be indicated in the forty-ninth chapter of Genises. Also it is worthy of note that the various crosses of the three Saints are not limited in their origin to the times of those whose names they bear, for the sign of the cross is far older than the civilizations of two thousand years ago. These points may prove of interest to students of symbolism who have not yet turned their attention to the meanings—superficial and symbolical—of the triple banner of the patrons of England, Scotland and Ireland. Wales, being but a mere principality, takes no place in the combination.

Such is the history of the British flag. Of its inner symbolism—of its references to St. George, who overcame the dragon on earth, as did his prototype Michael in heaven; of St. Andrew, whose cross appeared to Achaius and Hungus, Kings of the Scots and Picts, the night before they overcame Athelstane in battle; of St. Patrick, who banished the serpents from Ireland, the old home of learning;—of these things another pen may write with wider knowledge.

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## FAITH IN THE STABILITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

By E. A. NERESHEIMER.

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THE science of the relations between cosmos, or the macrocosm, and man, the microcosm, is considered by Theosophists to be occultism. So fascinating and desirable is a knowledge of this that all manner of short cuts have been tried to obtain quick advancement therein, and the main reliance has been placed on the well established methods of purely intellectual investigation; however, the result has not been satisfactory. While one may obtain a grasp by this method of one of the aspects of this all-embracing science, it does not lead to the Wisdom whose conclusions are universally applicable, that is to say: final, synthetic judgment or absolute knowledge on universal problems. More diversified methods are needed for essaying these relations. Occultism demands, besides intellectual, also moral, psychic and spiritual attainments; the result of investigation will be limited or one-sided according to the particular faculty or method which is being employed.

Man's spiritual nature is yet an unexplored field to the majority of mankind. The first step toward its recognition is an intellectual affirmation. There is so much in the kingdom of life lying near to experience that every person is easily able to observe for himself; a superficial knowledge even leads to the certainty that man is endowed with unlimited possibilities. There are higher qualities in him than those which relate to the merely sensuous part of existence. However, to become truly cognizant of one's own inner depths and to attain to the faculty of correctly viewing one's condition as well as the conditions concerning Humanity in its racial, sociological and moral developments, it is quite certain that much more than the most exquisite training in the intellectual gifts is required. It needs the application of all faculties with which human consciousness is endowed.

There is a place in the heart of man where contact is uninterrupted with the eternal source of life. Therein resides an agent that comprehends the highest consciousness. Even the physical heart outlasts the mind and all the other functionaries of the body. During the period of a normal span of life the mind may become a complete blank, as is the case in insanity, and still the heart can beat for years, sustaining life; whereas, when the heart stops, everything is at an end. The heart, therefore, as a vehicle of life is superior; it corresponds to something in the superphysical world which is more enduring than mind. The heart is also wiser. Insane people are capable of uttering great truths. All impulses come from it: the ceaseless activity of the life force, the desire for knowledge or dictates of conscience, and all else that incites to thought and action. These impulses are translated first by the mind and then by the brain.

Man is a dual being with two contrary avenues,—one leading from the soul downward,—the other from the sense consciousness upward. The Soul, the higher Ego, constantly tries to reach the lower, but on account of the latter's density, the divine promptings are not transmitted correctly, all the impulses becoming tainted with the accumulated idiosyncrasies of the personality.

It must be remembered that the lower man with his mind has been built up from antecedents which took aeons of time going through all the kingdoms of nature below man, during which the mind has acquired tendencies and predilections entirely its own. Consequently it can not be expected that the promptings of the soul will be received in their purity unchanged. These are tainted always according to the mind's own established characteristics. The mind at present is the master in authority, but the heart is the King. The heart holds the key to the relations with universal Mind,—God. The development of the mind and the conscious participation of these relations with the universal mind depends upon the ability to go inward in search of that wisdom.

At the present stage of development mankind stands at the height of materiality, both physically and mentally; individualized spirit is completely involved in mind and matter; the truth is veiled and divinity obscured, consequently the power to cognize the intimate relations with nature and cosmos is practically latent. However, the spiritual faculties are gradually coming back with the progressive manifestations of the evolutionary wave, and the hopes of mankind for better days and things will be realized in the ratio as civilization is able to recede from materiality.

“The heart must thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes.” This is universal sympathy.

It requires faith in the reality of the ideal constitution of cosmos to know anything about life. Along with it comes the knowledge of one's own divinity and perfectibility. It may be initiated by intellectual inquiry, but this is a slow and unreliable process, because it leads more often into error if not accompanied by intuition. But, if the intellectual power is brought into service in connection with intuition, it acts like a bridge over which one can cross to a knowledge of one's interior nature and of universal problems. The proof will come in due time. The sympathy of man for man is founded on something real which must be recognized some day by all men. No one can escape the burden of coöperative work in the economy of the cosmos. There is no state of feeling equal to the joy that a realization of comradeship or soul-union brings to any human being; this feeling must expand from the sympathy which is felt for individuals to include the whole human race. Questions concerning the interior soul-life of humanity become illuminated from the plane of universal consciousness by flashes which pass from the heart to the mind.

Pure intellect alone could never fathom any question to its ultimates. All that intellect devises can be contradicted and argued away by the same process.

Much error as yet exists regarding self-evident truths based largely on ratiocination, entirely the product of the mind. Such false notions, for instance, "that charity can breed evil", could never have emanated from the heart. With respect to this, let it suffice to assume that so long as charity is done in the right spirit, it is of the right kind. Whatever the appearances may be, the law will take care of the consequences to the last extent. The fact is that the bestower of charity is the real beneficiary in the end. To conceive of any proposition concerning human life and cosmic relations correctly, that is to say with any degree of certainty approaching truth, one must have immovable faith in the ideal cosmos, universal justice, eternal harmony.

Man is a composite being who has many vehicles for reflecting God, or the highest principle in nature. One may be constituted so as to be like a centre of radiant beauty of mind and soul; another may be less so, and still others impenetrable, reflecting next to nothing of divinity. Many a person comprises in himself all these stages at different times. According to the degree of equilibrated state of mind, one may reflect forth the sublimest truths during one period, and in another period be as dense as a rock, and so forth in all gradations. This is due to the veil which interposes from the lower propensities brought over and belonging to the differentiated kingdoms. Still, as human being, he stands midway between the highest and the lowest forces of nature, and therefore he is the only point of contact. The spiritual forces can only reach the regions of matter, likewise the minds and hearts of men and organized intelligence of any sort, through such vehicles as stand on the planes which are to be reached.

Man's usefulness as a vehicle for the unfoldment of the universal plan is measured by his ability to reflect and diffuse the forces and consciousness from higher planes. With every success thereby attained, he lifts himself and becomes better able to receive more and give out more. At this stage his progress is different from what may have been considered the process of growth before. Up to a certain point progress means *accumulation* which pertains to the personality, but as a universal vehicle, growth means *assimilation* pertaining to individuality, which keeps growing till its identity is that of the cosmos itself. All that has been assimilated remains from life to life; it constitutes man's individuality, serving as a vehicle for divine reflections. Whatever men have given to the world that was of great value was what of infinite wisdom they had assimilated. To be able to bring these pictures, thoughts and experiences down to the plane of cognition by others, is genius. It is builded up from faith in oneself, faith in the stability of nature and faith in the ideal cosmos.

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## A MEDITATION.

By MRS. VESPERA FREEMAN.

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“Lower than hell,  
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,  
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,  
Before beginning, and without an end,  
As space eternal and as surety sure,  
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good.  
Only its laws endure.”



ONCE in the years past I spent a vacation time in the foot-hills that surrounded a great wide lake. Forest trees grew down almost to the water's edge, and beyond the edge for many a yard floated a green fringe of yellow lotus and white water lilies. This lake was deep and very dangerous because of treacherous pitfalls in the bed where the safe shallows gave sudden place to unknown depths and ever shifting sands. It was well known about the country side that many a young life had been forfeited among those tempting lily pads, and yet the beauty, the sweet silence and the shady coolness of the lake made it a favorite resort.

One early evening I was rowing with a friend upon the lake. A young moon, horned and brilliant, shone in the west, and the lilies nodding above their glistening leaves filled all the air with subtle fragrance. The waters lapped in rhythmic cadence around the gently swaying boat. Silence and Peace enfolded and brooded over us. I lost myself in aspiration and in meditation on that Reality of which all the sweetness and beauty must be but an expression, a passing shadow or reflection.

Suddenly I saw that black clouds were crowding round the dying moon and a fierce wind springing up that broke the peaceful waters into surging waves. The whole face of Nature put on a changed and threatening aspect. The moon hastened to hide her shining face in clouds. The lily pads reached long and clinging arms to seize us. The water seemed but a wide black mouth opening to engulf us. Strange phantom shapes formed in the air about us, and seemed to mock and chase us toward the entangling fringe of reeds and lily pads that ran swiftly over the black waves to meet and seize upon us.

A strange unreasoning terror invaded and possessed my mind. My hands shook helpless on the oars. I could not row. I could not think even of coming death. I was already overwhelmed. Soon I was conscious of a voice speaking. It seemed outside of me, but even then I knew it for my own voice—the voice of that higher part of me that sits serene above the storms of life. The voice was saying to me, “This is *fear*. Why should you fear? Of what are you afraid? Be master of yourself, for if you do not rise above this fear and weakness there is no rescue for you. You will be lost, you and the friend depending on you.”

Instantly like a dream the turmoil passed. My hands closed coolly and

firmly on the oars. I rowed strongly and steadily out from the threatening shadows into the open lake. There I soon found my lost bearings and caught, outlined against the sky, the welcome figure of the lofty elm that marked the landing place. Thus guided I rowed serenely to the happy shore.

“He jests at scars who never felt a wound.” And it is only through study of our own experiences that we can come to understand what our brothers, the “other people”, feel and suffer. Through study of that one experience has come an understanding of many an effect, the cause of which lay hidden. It has a habit of presenting itself to my mind’s eye at certain critical times and bringing with it some small degree of illumination upon whatever question engrosses me.

In this way I have come to feel with a new keenness the weakness and helpless misery of those in whom fear has overwhelmed the Soul in such degree that it cannot hear the voice within. That voice, whether we listen or not, which is crying ever, “Take refuge with me alone”; “Why fearest thou this phantom which thine own imagination forms and strengthens?” Looking at my mind-picture I grow into a new sympathy with all who suffer and a new perception of what that compassion is which surrounds us like a sea.

The Primitive Man, as far as we can learn, loved Nature, rejoiced continually in her beauty, reached back through Nature to the informing Deity. Men worshipped and made grateful offerings, lived simple lives in peaceful quiet ways, were linked together like one family, shared common fortunes, were free from fear and had no dread of death. They had an abiding faith and trust in “Those Above” who ruled all things wisely and well. But black clouds gathered before the sun, and Nature seemed to frown and cease to be a loving Mother. In the growing darkness Man lost his bearings and drifted helplessly into still deeper shadows. Many causes united to his undoing. A student of the “Secret Doctrine” can trace them out, but even without this clue we can see easily that in the latter centuries the leading cause was the false teaching which the people had. Through misconception or willful perversion of the Truth was taught such doctrines as Original Sin, Eternal Punishment, Vicarious Atonement, a God moved by revenge and wrath. These formed the clouds that shut Man from the ever shining light of Love Divine. These brought on ignorance and fear, which working hand in hand, have kept Man deaf and blind, so he can neither hear the voice within nor see the landmarks beckoning on the shore. All through this time of darkness there have been some who never lost trust in the Eternal Good; some who could always see the Sun shining behind the clouds and hear the inner Voice.

These have seen all the danger and the misery of other men; have suffered with and for them. Always there have been voices crying in the wilderness. Always have there been Prophets, Poets and Philosophers who, from some loftier outlook catching glimpses of the Light, call cheering messages to men below. Always have there been Saviors and great Teachers, Elder Brothers of the Race, giving themselves in one unending sacrifice to aid and guide man-



kind. It is true that the result of all this sacrifice and labor *seems* pitifully small, but we cannot see below the surface. "In the twinkling of an eye", said St. Paul, "all things shall be changed." The sudden change is the effect of long effort and self-sacrificing labor. It *seems* Man only climbs to freedom by the path of pain. Through suffering we come to sympathize with sorrow. Through having been blind we know what blindness means to others. And having won through to some degree of freedom we long unspeakably to share it with all others. The inward Monitor urges unceasingly, "Thyself delivered,—deliver. Consoled,—console." Now though our efforts seem so small and weak and of so little worth in "lightening the miseries of the world", still having perfect confidence in the Eternal Power of Good we must believe there is a force behind each little thought or word or act of ours that gives it weight and meaning beyond our hope. Reliance on the Self, Faith in the Law, unceasing Aspiration, Unity, Purity; these have a mighty power to dissipate the clouds that shut Man from the sweet Sunlight—these clouds of ignorance and fear that blind him to his own nature, to the guiding hands and to the nearness of the happy shore. Let us then with confidence begin this moment to lead the "Life Beautiful." Let us sing daily hymns to "Zeus, Father of Light", and invoke his aid. Let us make perpetual offering of the *selfish* self upon the altars of Brotherhood. Let us give continual voice to our profound conviction that no Ideal we can form, in our moments of highest exaltation, of Beauty, of Bliss, of Harmony, of Eternal Good, can approach the Beauty, Bliss, Harmony and Good which is the Eternal Reality; that as we advance toward our Ideal by our own labor, love and aspiration that Ideal itself only becomes a clearer reflection of the ever "flying Perfect" which is still beyond.

"Alas that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the Great Soul and that possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them."

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The First good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk  
 In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence;  
 In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate;  
 In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will  
 To all that lives, letting unkindness die  
 And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made  
 Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips  
 As they were palace-doors, the King within;  
 Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words  
 Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behavior*. Let each act  
 Assail a fault or help a merit grow:  
 Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads  
 Let love through good deeds show.

—*The Light of Asia*, EDWIN ARNOLD.

## EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

XVI.—Twenty-Sixth Dynasty, Continued.—Suez Canal Again Attempted.—Africa Circumnavigated.—Conquests in Asia.—Expulsion.—Nebukhadnezzar and His Conquests.—Apries.—Egypt Subjugated.—Aahmes II.

**N**EKHO II. came to the throne of Egypt at a critical period. He was bold and far-seeing, and he cherished ambitions which were abundantly worthy of a descendant of Tafnekht. The future of Western Asia was in suspense. Whether Media or Babylon should be its master was the issue in question. Nekho set himself accordingly to carry into effect the purpose which his father had entertained, to seize the prize once more for Egypt. It was his aim to realise for his country also all that the Ptolemaic dynasty afterward accomplished for Alexandria.

He contemplated accordingly a plan for the combining of the two fleets—the one that navigated the Red Sea, and the other that sailed in the Mediterranean. To effect this he attempted to open again the Suez Canal, which Sethi I. and Rameses the Great had constructed from Bubastis to the Great Bitter Lake at the head of the Gulf. In vain the priests, adhering to the exclusiveness characteristic of their order in Egypt, protested that he was working to promote the ascendancy of alien peoples. Nekho, however, found the task itself too difficult to be easily performed. A sand-bank had accumulated between the lake and the head of the gulf, which his workmen failed to remove. The death of a hundred and twenty thousand laborers from epidemics finally compelled him to abandon the project.

He next prepared to carry out his purpose by bringing his fleet around Africa into the Mediterranean. The continent had not been circumnavigated for unknown centuries, but Nekho was confident that it was surrounded on all sides by the ocean. Accordingly he sent a fleet manned by Phœnicians from a port of the Red Sea with instructions to follow the coast of Africa around to the Pillars of Hêrakles and the mouth of the Nile. The feat was accomplished, but the necessity to stop each year and sow a crop of grain for subsistence required such delays that three years were employed to complete the voyage. The extraordinary fact was reported, and generally disbelieved, that the mariners always had the sun at their right hand.

Nekho had determined upon the recovery of the countries which had been subjected by his predecessors. Having found it impracticable to combine his fleet in the Red Sea with the other, and that only the ships navigating the Levant could be of use in his operations, he increased their number and employed them as transports for his soldiers. He had landed them in Northern Palestine, when his progress was disputed by the King of Judah. In vain he

protested that he was not seeking to invade the realm of Josiah, but was only marching against Assyria. The former kings, Ahaz, Hezekiah and Manasseh, had been tributary to the Eastern monarchs, and Josiah had not repudiated this suzerainty. An engagement took place at Megiddo in the very field where Egyptian kings had won so many victories. Nekho placed the Karian archers in the front of his army, and the Hebrew King was mortally wounded by their arrows. This ended the battle. In gratitude for the service of the Karians, Nekho presented the armor which he wore at Megiddo to the oracle-temple of Apollo at Brankhidæ.

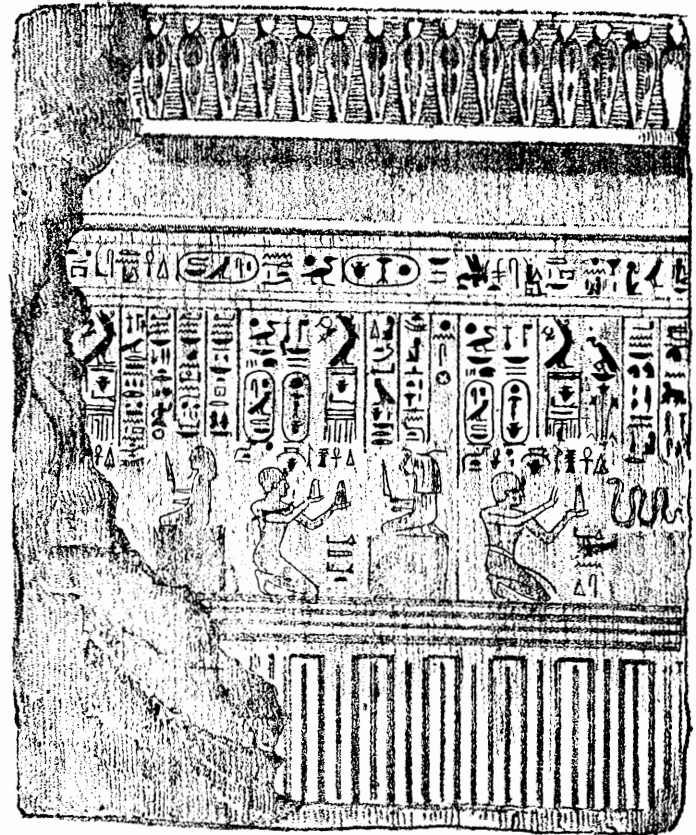
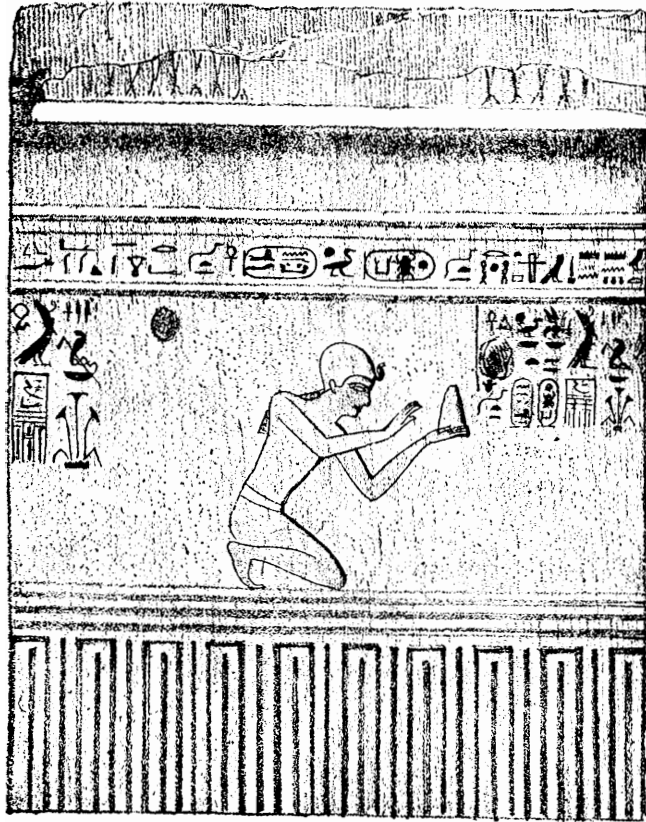
He continued his march through Phœnicia and Hamath, winning a battle at Kadesh on the Orontes, and finally routing the Assyrians at Karkhemosh. He had now become master of the countries which had been conquered so many times and held tributary by Egyptian kings of the former dynasties.

Nekho was able to retain his conquests no more than three years. The Crown Prince of Assyria, Nebukhadnezzar, was sent by his father to recover the lost provinces. Nekho came from Egypt to arrest his progress, but was overwhelmingly defeated at Karkhemosh. He retreated, and was followed to his own frontier by the conqueror. News came of the death of Nabopulasap, and Nebukhadnezzar, apprehending contention in regard to the succession, made a truce with Nekho and hurried back to Babylon. Several of the tributary countries revolted, Judea with the others, but Nekho gave them no encouragement. "The King of Egypt came no more out of his land, for the King of Babylonia had taken from the river of Egypt (the Sihor) to the river Euphrates all that pertained to the King of Egypt."

The war between Egypt and Babylonia was not renewed. The new monarch of Babylonia was too much engaged with refractory vassals to attack other countries. Nekho, meanwhile, devoted his remaining years to the promoting of the prosperity of Egypt. The temples were embellished, and the country rejoiced in peace. The Sacred Bull having died in the sixteenth year of his reign, was embalmed and buried with unparalleled magnificence. Nekho himself died in the same year, and was buried at Sâis. His mummy with the scarabæus over the heart inscribed with his official name, Va-em-ab-Râ, was carried to Paris and placed in a convent, where it was destroyed about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The reign of Psametikh II., or Psammis, the son of Nekho, was brief and uneventful. It was recorded that he received an embassy from Elis, which had been sent to ask whether the Egyptian priests, who were then regarded as the wisest among the nations, could suggest any improvement in the regulations of the Olympic Games.\* The King assembled the Egyptian

\*The origin of the games at Olympia belongs to the period antedating "ancient history". They were instituted in honor of the Olympian Zeus, as distinguished from the Pelasgian divinity of that name, and so indicate a religious revolution in the Peloponnesus. Olympia was the religious and political centre of the Poloponnesian states, where their Amphiktyony or Federation held its meetings. The festivals occurred every fifth year in the month of June, and from them dates were made, beginning at the year 776 before the present era. What is called "ancient history" began at that time.



Intercolumnal Plinth, with the names and titles of Psametikh II:—"The Hor", the living Sun, the great heart of the world, the gracious god, lord of the two worlds, the Sun, . . . the heart, the son of the Sun, lord of diadems;—Psametikh, giver of mercy, like the Sun, forever". The kneeling figures represent the King.

savants accordingly, who gave their judgment that as the Eleans were the umpires in the contests, no inhabitant of Elis ought to participate in the contests. The umpires would be disposed to favor their own countrymen and deal unfairly with the other Greeks.

A revolt took place in Ethiopia, and Psametikh led an expedition into the country, accompanied by the generals Aahmes and Apollonios. His death took place, however, before the insurrection was suppressed.

Apries, or Vah-ab-Râ, the Pharaoh-Hephra of the *Book of Jeremiah*, displayed the energy and ambition which had characterized his family. Herodotus describes him as the most fortunate monarch that had ruled Egypt since Psametikh I. He brought the Ethiopian war to an immediate conclusion, and then set himself to regain the countries in Asia that had been formerly tributary to Egypt. The native princes of Palestine and Perea had formed an alliance with Zedekiah, the vassal-king at Jerusalem, and he sent an embassy to Apries to obtain his support.

Apries accordingly set his forces in motion by land and sea. An expedition against the Assyrians in Cyprus succeeded in driving them from the island, and the Syrian fleet was defeated with great loss. Sidon was taken, and all Phœnicia was now in his possession. He also captured Gaza, and received the submission of the other Philistine cities. The Chaldean army immediately raised the siege of Jerusalem.

Apries was elated beyond bounds at his success, and boasted that no foe, not even a god, could stand against him. The King of Judah, and more especially his princes and the priests who had urged him to the revolt, set no bounds to their exultation. The thousands of exiles at Babylon began to expect deliverance, and the prediction was confidently made that the captive King Jehkoniah would come back to his own. The God of Israel would not forsake the temple where sacrifices were daily presented.

The Prophet Jeremiah, himself a priest, at the peril of his life, opposed the general voice. Placing himself at the entrance of the temple, he declared that it would be destroyed like the temple at Shiloh; and that God did not command or desire sacrifices. But it did not avail; the hour was ruled by besotted madness; and now, not only Judea, but Ammon, Moab and Idumea, participated in the revolt.

The King of Babylonia came with a new army to subdue his rebellious vassals and punish their abettors. At "the parting of the ways" at the north, he cast lots to decide whether to attack first the city of Jerusalem or the capital of Ammon. The augury directed him against the Hebrew metropolis. Remaining at Riblah in Hamath, he sent his chief officers to besiege Jerusalem. It proved as Jeremiah had declared: Apries was too busy with troubles in Egypt to come again to the aid of his ally, and Jerusalem was taken and destroyed.

The destruction of Jerusalem and the removal of the Hebrew population had no effect to end the war. Thirteen years were required to complete it and

make ready for the invading of Egypt. Meanwhile Apries had made Aahmes, or Ammassis, his associate upon the throne. The new prince was a native of the province of Sâis, and a veritable adventurer of loose principle. He gained the favor of Apries by pandering to his inordinate vanity. On the birthday of the King he sent him a garland in which the flowers were entwined in the manner of the garlands that were placed on statues of the gods. Apries at once invited him to the court, where he so far ingratiated himself into the royal favor as to be permitted to marry the Princess Ankh-nes Nefert, a sister of the late king, Nekho II. This alliance removed all question of legitimacy, and he was made the colleague of Apries.

The priests of Sâis told another story to explain or rather disguise the matter. They related that the King of Libya offered the crown of that country to Apries on condition that he would dislodge the Dorian colonists from the Kyrenaika. He accordingly sent his Egyptian troops for the purpose, keeping his Greek-speaking soldiers at home. The expedition was unsuccessful, and the Egyptians mutinied. Aahmes was sent to pacify them, but like Jehu of Israel, became himself leader of the revolt. Apries was dethroned and was afterward murdered. In fact, however, the two Princes ruled conjointly.

The storm burst finally upon Egypt. Nebukhadnezzar came into the Delta with his army. He did not march directly against Sâis, but proceeded by Bubastis and Heliopolis to Memphis, and thence up the Nile toward Ethiopia. This was in fact his objective point. Apries remained at Sâis, while Aahmes marched against the invaders. It was impossible, however, to arrest their progress. Not till the Assyrian army had reached Elephantina at the frontier of Nubia did it meet with impediment. There it encountered Hes-Hor, the "Governor of the South", who opposed it with such energy that Nebukhadnezzar abandoned the purpose to invade Ethiopia, and returned to complete the subjugation of Lower Egypt. He remained at Daphne for a long period, to "deliver to death those who were adjudged to die, to captivity those who were allotted to captivity, and to the sword those who were for the sword". Of the former number was Apries the King, who had been his inveterate enemy, contending with him in open war and fostering the revolts of his vassals. He was accordingly put to death, and Aahmes invested with the kingdom. The hostile Egyptians were executed or carried into captivity, and the temples in the principal cities were stripped of their treasures and images. He then returned to Babylon. In the retinue there appears to have been a Princess Neitakar, or Neitokris, who afterward figured conspicuously in the warlike operations of the Babylonian kings; but whether as the bride of Nebukhadnezzar himself, or of an officer, no record has been found. Henceforth the prediction of the Hebrew prophet was realised, that Egypt would be a subject kingdom and not become again superior over other nations.

It is not probable, however, that Aahmes II. was long held in any strict subjection to the Babylonian overlord. The death of Nebukhadnezzar had been followed by the disorganization of his empire, leaving distant princes in com-

parative independence. Aahmes devoted himself to the strengthening of his position at home and abroad, and he had few of those religious scruples which barred the Egyptians from intimate relations with other peoples. Unlike his predecessor, Apries, he exhibited none of the arrogance of a pretender to divinity, but cultivated familiarity with his associates and subjects as one of themselves. He gave his mornings scrupulously to the transaction of business, but after that was over he indulged freely in joking and mirthful sports. He compared men to bows; those who gave themselves to serious work and did not indulge in pastime were sure to lose their senses and become insane or moody.

He did not abate diligence, however, in matters of religion. When he was crowned, he adopted the official name of Si-Neith, "the son of Neith". He was sedulous in attention to the temples and worship of the patron divinity of Sâis. Her temple was included in half a square mile of land, and was the largest in all Northern Egypt. It was surrounded by a wall of brick, and lavishly adorned with obelisks, colossal statues and sphinxes. On one side were the tombs of the Sâitic kings, and on the other the sacred lake and shrine where the mysteries of Isis and Osiris were celebrated. Sâis was one of the places where was a tomb of the murdered divinity. The Thesmophoria, or festival of the Institution of Laws, were also observed there, and the priests affirmed that the daughters of Danaos carried them thence to the Peloponnesus and taught them to the Pelasgic women.\*

Aahmes also caused a stone to be quarried near Elephantina, and a chamber cut out in it twelve cubits by nineteen in dimension, and brought to the temple at Sâis. It required two thousand boatmen three years to bring it down the Nile, but it was not taken beyond the temple-enclosure. Upon the wall of this temple was the famous inscription: "I am the All, the Past and Present and Future, and no mortal has ever unveiled me."†

A colossal statue of prodigious dimensions was also brought to the temple of Ptah at Memphis, but never set up. It is probable that the severity of these labors produced exasperation among the people, for Aahmes found it necessary to leave the work uncompleted, and the Karian troops were brought from Buisiris and placed near Memphis.

Aahmes, as has been remarked, pursued the policy which had been adopted by the Sâitic kings before him, and set aside in a still greater degree the barrier of exclusiveness which the Egyptians sedulously maintained toward the people. He contributed a thousand talents of alum to aid in rebuilding the temple at Delphi, which had been burned, and also made liberal presents to other temples of Hêra and Athena in Greece and Asia. He likewise gave a charter to the city of Naukratis, ten miles from Sâis, making it the sole port for foreign shipping, and in addition permitted the inhabitants to elect their own magistrates

\*These rites, which were celebrated exclusively by women, would seem to imply that the sacred customs actually originated with women. They were widely observed, and even appear in Hebrew time—Exodus, xxxviii., and Samuel, I., ii., 22. Their profanation by men was esteemed sacrilege. The worship of the Bona Dea, the Amma or Mother at Rome, was probably of the same category.

†Neith at Sâis was regarded as essentially the same with Isis.

and officers, and to build temples to their own divinities, Zeus, Hêra and Apollô. They reciprocated by taking part in the Egyptian worship, the Karians cutting themselves, after the Asiatic fashion, at the commemoration of the death of Osiris.\* Whatever was the form of the legend of the drama in more remote periods, it was now analogous to the Great Dionysiak Myth of Asian and Grecian countries.

The prosperity of Egypt during the reign of Aahmes II. exceeded that of any former period on record. He encouraged enterprise and industry in every department, and summarily punished idleness and unthrift. It was a law of his reign that every Egyptian should appear once every year before the governor of his canton and show his means and manner of living. If he failed of doing this and did not prove that he was obtaining an honest livelihood, he was put to death. The result of this strictness was that the land was more productive than ever, the period of this reign was more prosperous than any former time that had been witnessed, and the population increased till there were not less than twenty thousand towns.

The Wise Men of Greece and Ionia availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the country and receive instruction from the priests of Northern Egypt. Thalés had already ventured upon the journey. Solon came to Naukratis as a merchant, and was received by Aahmes with distinguished attention. He copied here the law requiring honest employment from every individual, and learned from Si-ankh, the priest of Neith, the account of the lost Atlantis which his illustrious descendant had preserved. Kleobulas repaired hither to study philosophy, and Hekataeos of Miletus sailed as far as Thebes to learn of Egyptian antiquity. Pythagoras, tradition informs us, came also to Heliopolis to make himself acquainted with the occult knowledge and mystic rites of the Egyptians and Phœnicians. He was there, it was said, when the Persians conquered the country, and was carried a captive to Babylon, where he was instructed in the religion and philosophy of the Zoroasters. Xenophanes also came, and was bold to dispute with his teachers. God, he affirmed, is spirit, infinite and of eternity. He was puzzled at the lament for Osiris, for a god, he insisted, could not suffer and die. Nor could he have two natures: if he was a man it was wrong to worship him; and if a god, they had no need to commemorate his sufferings.

Aahmes II. was a warrior as well as a statesman. He made complete the conquest of the Cyprians, and for the first time united all their cities and governments under a single administration. He also prosecuted a war in the Kyrenaika, extinguishing all the parties there that were contending for the mastery of affairs. Then the king, Battus the Lamè, sent his mother and grandmother to sue for peace. Aahmes, afterward, upon the death of his queen, married Ladiké, a lady of that country.

Polykrates was at that time the Tyrant of Samos, and held his dominion

\*Herodotus, ii., 61; Kings, I., xviii., 28, and also Jeremiah, xvi., 6, and xii., 5.



accordingly by a tenure analogous to that of Aahmes in Egypt.\* He had made a treaty of amity and alliance with the Egyptian monarch, but Aahmes protested against his unjust treatment of subjects, and when there appeared an impending storm in the East, it was dissolved.

With Lydia, the former amicable relations were preserved. Soldiers from Karia had placed Psametikh I. upon the throne of Northern Egypt, and from that time had been an important contingent of the Egyptian army. When, therefore, Kræsus was engaged in war against the Eastern powers, Aahmes was summoned to assist with his troops.

When the Assyrian dominion was partitioned after the overthrow of Nineveh, the king of the various tribes that were afterward classified with the Medes† had received the award of suzerainty over the countries of Asia Minor. Gyges, who formerly superseded the Amazon and Khitan dynasty in Lydia, had, when in peril from the Kimmerians, pledged allegiance to Sardanapolos to obtain his help. He afterward declared independence, but this was not recognised. There was for many years an incessant war between Lydia and the Medes. During a battle in July, in the year 585 before the present era, there occurred a total eclipse of the sun, and both parties accepted it as a warning from heaven.

Nabu-Anahid, the King of Babylon, who was present as an ally with the Median forces, now mediated for peace. The Crown Prince Astyages, or Istavega,‡ accordingly married the daughter of the King of Lydia, and his father acknowledged the authority of Alyattes over Asia Minor west of the river Halys. Kræsus, who succeeded the latter, was able by the conquest of the Ionian cities to extend his dominion to the Archipelago. Sardis, his capital, was the meeting-place of the commercial caravans, and the most opulent of cities. The wealth of Kræsus has been a proverb till the present time.

There came, however, another change of masters in the East. Aryan colonists under leaders of the Akhæmenian tribe had established themselves in the kingdom of Anzan, or Western Elam. Their chieftain, Cyrus, or Kuru, was ambitious for greater honor. He made war with Astyages and dethroned him. It has also been stated that he followed the ancient custom and took the wife of the conquered king. Kræsus had supported the cause of his brother-in-law, and became the next object of attack. Cyrus marched against him, and a campaign was fought without definite result. Winter came, and Kræsus withdrew his forces, expecting no further conflict till the next season. He then

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\*A tyrannos, or despotes, was not so denominated because he exercised arbitrary authority in disregard of justice, but because he was neither a priest nor a ruler consecrated by a priest. On the other hand, a rex, or basileus, was a sacred or sacerdotal person, to kill whom was sacrilege which "had never forgiveness". When bold chiefs or "commons kings" obtained supreme power, as at Rome and Athens, these sacred personages retained simply their rank and functions as priests.

†Kyaxeres was styled "King of the Tribes", and the designation of "King of the Medes" was not acquired till afterward.

‡This name, which was written Aj-dahaka in the Avesta, has been supposed to be the same as that of *Zahak*, the *Serpent-King* of Persian literature. History was veiled in the myths and sacred dramas.

summoned his allies, the Lacedæmonians of Greece, Napuanahid of Babylonia and Aahmes II. of Egypt, to bring their armies to his aid.\*

He then proceeded to subjugate Lydia, Ionia and other countries, and afterward besieged Babylon. Neitokris, the Queen-Mother, had put the great city in a state of defense that baffled the ingenuity of the assailants, but enemies inside of the walls enabled the invaders to get within. Cyrus captured the city, and after participating in the worship of the Babylonian divinities, Bel-Merodakh and Nebo, he installed his son Kambyses, or Kambuzhaya, as King of Babylonia, and assumed for himself the title of "King of the World". He died two years afterward, leaving to Kambyses the task of punishing Egypt as the ally of Lydia.

Kambyses began his reign in oriental fashion by marrying his sisters, the assassination of his possible competitor, his brother Bardya,† and the suppression of several uprisings. He then prepared for the invasion of Egypt. There was a story told by Persians that he had demanded that Aahmes should send him his daughter, as was often required of vassal and conquered kings, and that Aahmes had deceived him by sending only a daughter of the dethroned king Apries. As, however, that king had been dead for forty years, the story carries improbability on its face. There were other causes of war sufficiently valid for an unscrupulous politician; such as lust for extended dominion and cupidity excited by the great wealth of Egypt under the beneficent rule of Aahmes, besides the relations of that monarch with Kræsus. Xenophon states that Aahmes sent a hundred and twenty thousand men to aid that king against Cyrus.

Before Kambyses could complete his preparations, Psametikh III. had succeeded to the throne of Egypt. He lacked the ability of his father, as well as his foresight and sagacity. It was of this prince that Strabo has related the legend of Rhodopê and her slipper. She was bathing, it was said, and an eagle snatched the slipper and bore it to Memphis, dropping it at the feet of Psametikh. He was deeply impressed at its smallness, and, having caused her to be sought out and brought to him, married her. It is probably a form of the world-old tale of Cinderella.

Phanes, the commander of the foreign troops employed in Egypt, deserted to Kambyses and aided him in the conducting of his army through Palestine and the Arabian desert. A battle was fought at Pelusium, and the Egyptians were defeated. Kambyses followed the fugitive enemy to Memphis and captured the city. He reinstated Psametikh as his vassal, and confirmed the subordinate officials in their several positions. He strove further to conciliate his new subjects, and, repairing to Sâis, he was initiated into the Mysteries of the Goddess Neith, and also visited the tomb of Osiris, receiving the two sacred names of Sam 'Tauî, or "uniter of two worlds", and Mastu-Râ. He also expelled foreign intruders who lived in the inclosure. It does not seem that he

\*They were about to comply, but Cyrus anticipated them. He marched upon Sardis, captured it, and made Kræsus a prisoner.

†See Judges, ix., 5, and Chronicles, II., xx1., 4.

or his father, Cyrus, were strict Zoroastrians, or had scruples like later kings against participating in religious rites of other nations.

Kambyses also received the submission of the kings of Libya and the Kyrenaika, and gave orders for the sailing of an expedition against Carthage. He then marched with the Persian forces southward to conquer the King of Napata, and on arriving at Thebes dispatched fifty thousand men to reduce the Oases. Ill fortune attended all the expeditions. The marines, who were all Phœnicians, refused to attack their countrymen, and the men who had been sent to the Oases never returned. Kambyses himself marched into Nubia, but soon found it impossible to supply his army with provisions, and was compelled to turn back.

The accounts of his return journey, though conflicting, ascribe to him a cruelty almost insane. His route from Assuan to Thebes and thence to Memphis was a line of ruin. He destroyed the temples, broke the images of the gods, robbed the tombs of the kings, heaped indignities on the bodies of the dead, and broke in two the colossal statue of Amunoph III., known as the Vocal Statue of Memnon.

An insurrection in Lower Egypt speedily required his attention. Psametikh III. was found guilty of countenancing and conniving at it, and was put to death. Kambyses then took the administration of affairs into his own hands.

The Sacred Bull Apis died about this time, and he participated in the funeral rites, defraying the expenses of preparing the tomb. M. Brugsch Bey found a sculpture representing him in the act of kneeling and adoring the sacred animal. His official names, Sam-Tauî and Mastu-Râ, were inscribed upon the tablet.

After having spent several years in Egypt, he made Aryandes Satrap and left for home. A revolt had taken place, and the Magian prince, Gaumata, had seized the throne. He was supported by the nobility and leading men of Media and Persia. "When Kambyses had gone to Egypt, the state became apostate", says the Inscription of Behistun. "Then the lie became abounding in the land, both in Persia and Media and in the other provinces. \* \* \* There was not a man, neither Persian nor Median, nor any one of our family, who would dispossess Gaumata, the Magus, of the crown."

Kambyses, while on the way home, learned of the defection, and in despair that all was lost committed suicide.

And so the land of the gods, the country of Senefru, of Pepi, of Amenemha, of Thothmes and Rameses, had become a dependency of Persia.

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"He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into loving peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords and kings of the earth—they and they only."

## WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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### I. BY ALLEN GRIFFITHS.



SHALL never forget the last day I spent with dear W. Q. Judge. It was soon after the eventful Boston '95 Convention. He was in New York and, not expecting to see me again before he went away, had left a message. But I came down from Boston May 8th, and spent the greater part of the morning with him in his office at 144 Madison Avenue, New York. Many things were talked over, and he was in good spirits because of the great results achieved at the Convention, by which the Theosophical Movement had received an immense impetus, and leaped forward. His election to the Presidency for life he regarded as evidence of triumph over opposing forces which threatened the destruction of the work, and not in any way as a personal matter. He was possessed of a great joy and hope, but containing it all was a greater calm and peace and reliance on the Law.

A decided change had come over him. There was a dignity and majesty of bearing about him that, at first, was rather overawing. But I soon realized that his heart remained unchanged and that his outward bearing was due to the heavier responsibilities—for underneath it all, he was still the Great Soul who daily gave his life for his comrades and for the Cause that had indeed become his own very life.

He spoke of many things and persons, sometimes in a reminiscent way, and again in the way of counsel and warning. I remember these words: "I have to go away for a time, now", and, although they were spoken cheerfully enough, there came upon me the feeling that there was more in them than the outside meaning, and I realized that he was really saying, "Good-by!"

It was true, for I never saw him again. But there was the great Power in him—the Power of Heart and Soul that lifts the world! As we shook hands, his face took on a beaming radiance. I seemed for the first time to fully realize the infinite sacrifice of "The Exile", as he has been called. In the glory of that Compassionate Presence, the heart beat with a greater joy and was again laid upon the altar of Service and Renunciation. And because of him, and of H. P. Blavatsky, and our third Teacher and Leader, the Power is in the world to-day, increasing, invincible—the LIGHT of the New Century!

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### II. BY C. J. LOPEZ, M. D.

A hearty hand-shake, fifteen minutes of private conversation, and three or four letters of the kindest and wisest advice—such is my humble share of the brotherly help constantly irradiating, far and near, from our late Chief, William Q. Judge. Insignificant as it appears when so briefly summarized, the help thus received was of immense value to me; of more value than years of teaching from purely intellectual professors, because such help contained, as a germ, a

marvellous substratum of selfless good-will and impersonal brotherliness that was positively invigorating and almost catching.

What was there in this man to attract so much attention from the world at large? Modest, unaffected, he never courted fame nor sought publicity; he never made Theosophy a pedestal on which to stand aloof from his fellow-creatures, nor a sign to attract attention to himself. On the contrary he devoted himself constantly, incessantly, with all his energy and with all his capabilities, as writer, teacher and organizer, to the mighty effort of keeping the attention of the masses on his one life-ambition—THEOSOPHY and BROTHERHOOD.

Underneath a calm, passionless, unpretentious outward appearance there was such intensity of devotion, such firmness of conviction, that no unprejudiced thinker could come in contact with him without feeling an irresistible attraction.

He was a constant embodiment of Theosophy, steadfast to its principles throughout. In the remarkable make-up of his character, this unity of purpose, this rare consistency with himself at all times, this unswerving faith, this absence of mental fluctuations, is one of the most wonderful traits; wonderful indeed in this age of ours, in which the lack of atunement between brain and heart keeps our mind swinging like a demented pendulum from doubt to belief, from uncertainty to conviction. Another notable trait of his character was his marvellous activity. Few of the members realized the enormous amount of actual work that he performed.

The crowning attribute of his character, the key-note of his very being, was, however, kindness—he was the “friend of all creatures”.

If I wanted to synthesize his character in a word, I would select “Selflessness” as his verbal symbol—Selflessness in the sense of active devotion to all other creatures and absolute forgetfulness of the personal self.

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“Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities, if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with the soul.”

R. W. EMERSON, in *Self-Reliance*.

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“Of all attainable liberties, then, be sure first to strive for leave to be useful. Independence you had better cease to talk of, for you are dependent, not only on every act of people whom you never heard of, who are living around you, but on every past act of what has been dust for a thousand years. So, also, does the course of a thousand years to come depend upon the little perishing strength that is in you.”

JOHN RUSKIN.

## TRUTHS FOR TO-DAY AS FOR YESTERDAY.

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T is well for students of Theosophy and for such people as criticise Theosophy to read the following two articles written in 1889 and 1890 and published in "The Path", Volume IV., of which William Q. Judge was Editor.

At no time since the foundation of the Theosophical Society have these been more applicable than now. The members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization have learned through severe struggle and bitter experience useful lessons, and the knowledge gained therefrom should blend with these ideas and better fit the student to meet attacks and public criticism at the present time, made by the ignorant and the prejudiced. The enemies of our Movement, failing in open attack, now veil their schemes under more subtle disguises. The continuous efforts made by them to undo the glorious work of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and all that has been done since the latter's death is a fearful rebuke to the selfish, ambitious and hypocritical. The progress that it is making in all directions points plainly to the fact that the thinking, honest, earnest men and women of to-day are making a determined effort to know the Truth and are coming into the atmosphere of Theosophy, and, finding it, they push on, working with enormous courage for their weaker brothers and sisters.

May the Gods speed the day when all human kind shall feel the power of this great Theosophic life and live in the joy of self-sacrifice and god-like endeavor.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR.

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### THE PRESENT SITUATION DISCONNECTEDLY CONSIDERED.

#### I.

From now on, the advancement of the Theosophical cause depends largely upon individual work in one or more directions. Concentrated action in this respect is at once desirable and necessary. The ENEMIES of the Society are at present active as never before, and their professed determination to create dissension in its ranks must be met and overcome. The silent defensive policy should be succeeded by positive aggressive action.

#### II.

A true Theosophist is never a bad man or woman. This axiom is beyond controversy. A pure mind and far-reaching influence for good are part and parcel of the Theosophic character. But ability to do good is frequently allowed to lapse into inactivity, and the well-meaning Theosophist merges into the *average person*. The rule of averages, it is fair to say, is not conducive to the advancement and healthy growth of the Theosophic cause. The *average person* moves in a rut—travels in a path previously pointed out by the custom of precedent. By simply making a detour and coming back to the old way at the same or another point, a trifle of intelligence may be grasped of what is going on in spheres outside of the accustomed common round. The greatest

progress will be made and the largest degree of enlightenment secured, however, in boldly branching out and bidding farewell to all preconceived ideas as to utility, aye, even pseudo respectability; in proclaiming the social outcast, the criminal, the rich and the poor as of one family; in seeking to raise all to the common level of Universal Brotherhood. That is radical Practical Theosophy.

### III.

Every walk in life contains elements that may be Theosophically solidified. Wealth, position, or attainments are not a bar that need be considered in the Theosophic arena; they are ephemeral, personal. On the other hand, theosophic thought and theosophic teaching are for all mankind and are eternal. It has been mistakenly said that Theosophy is not for the masses; that intellectuality is the open sesame to the camp of Universal Brotherhood! Monstrous idea! Even a child can grasp with perfect understanding the wholesome truths and noble teachings of Theosophy—those truths and teachings that appeal to the common sense of the multitude rather than to the intellectuality of the few.

### IV.

All great movements have, of necessity, leaders and teachers of high attainments. It is not designed to belittle intellect or wealth of learning. But these possessions go for nothing without charity, truthfulness, right thinking, right living and right action. The path of PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY is wide; it is narrow; it is straight; it is crooked; but it is never without good. Expect nothing; work without thought of or desire for reward; share your happiness with others; be upright in your dealings with your fellow-laborer on life's highway; work for the good of humanity; speak ill of no one; judge the act and not the actor; and last, but not least, strive for consistency as a member of the Theosophical Society. Then will be realized the basic idea of Practical Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood.

EXETER.

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## H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THEOSOPHISTS.

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In a late number of the *Revue Theosophique*, H. P. Blavatsky says:

“‘Love one another’, said Jesus to those who studied the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

“‘Profess altruism, preserve the union, accord, and harmony of your groups, all you who place yourselves in the ranks of neophytes and seekers of the *one Truth*’, say other Masters to us. ‘Without union and intellectual and psychic sympathy you will attain nothing. He who sows discord reaps the whirlwind.’

“Learned Kabalists are not wanting among us in Europe and America. What good does that do us and what have they done for the Society? Instead of getting together to help each other, they look at each other askance, ready to criticise.

“Those who wish to succeed in Theosophy, abstract or practical, should remember that want of union is the first condition of failure. But let ten determined Theosophists unite themselves; let them work together, each according to his own way, in one or another branch of Universal Science, but let each one be in sympathy with his brother; let this be done, and we can answer for it that each member would make greater progress in the sacred science in one year than could be made in ten years by himself. In Theosophy what is needed is emulation and not rivalry.

“In real Theosophy it is always the least who becomes the greatest.

“However, the Society has more victorious disciples than is commonly supposed. *But these stand aside and work instead of declaiming.* [Italics mine. K. T., Editor.] Such are our most zealous as well as our most devoted disciples. When they write they hide their names; when they read garbled translations of sacred ancient books, they see the real meaning under the veil of obscurity that western philologists have thrown upon them, for they know the mystery of language. The few men and women are the pillars of our temple. They alone paralyze the incessant work of our Theosophic moles.”

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Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay  
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none  
By greed, or force or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;  
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;  
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.


Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit  
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

—*Light of Asia.*



## WHAT IS LIFE AND WHAT ARE WE?

By A. H. P.

ROM the time of old Egypt, yes, from time that penetrates far beyond the conception of humanity, there has continued to loom up, and alike disappear beneath the sods of oblivion, untold phases of religious sation. Beginning with the Vedic philosophers, many thousand years before the Christian era, and ending with Herbert Spencer of the Nineteenth Century, all the greatest minds had but one object that engrossed their attention, and that object was then, as it is to-day, the unveiling of the mysteries of man and nature. Ages ago, as now, there was unbrotherliness, misery, war, pestilence and selfishness in the world; for ages good and evil, sorrow and happiness, poverty and wealth have been in deadly conflict for supremacy; then, as now, the question was asked, "Whence, Where and Whither?" Throughout history man's inhumanity to man, the unequal social conditions, the great diversity of mental powers, the great disparity in the physical constitutions of men, and the seeming unjust distribution of wealth have formed the basis for legislation, while the mysterious processes of being, life and death have busied and perplexed the philosopher.

I can imagine the artist-philosopher painting a panoramic view of life. "First, we see on the canvas as it flits by, the fresh sweet face of a babe, wrapped in its white robes of innocence, sleeping away the passing hours. Soon he becomes a towering man, with the glitter of wealth in one hand and the records of selfishness and disgrace in the other, and as he scans the western horizon with its lowering sun, there comes swelling up in his bosom a sad and mournful sigh of regret, for life is closing, and that man must die. Now, he is an old man, tottering on the verge of an impenetrable sea of gloom; the dark and turbid waves are eagerly lashing about his feet, and his white locks are blown to and fro in the angry winds of dissolution. Lastly, a frame, leaning towards that land of shadows, the unexplored mysteries of the future."

The poet says that "Man is but a moving shadow that frets its hour upon the stage and is seen no more." It spreads its white wings, like a far-off sail on the distant sea, and then, like a ghost from an unknown land, it vanishes amidst the mists of eternity. And so the world continues to roll on, events come and go, time changes and the course of things move by with the subtlety of an ever-moving Drama. Man stands aghast as he beholds this grand and glaring phantasmagoria of nature! He looks out into the immensity of space, and there, revolving in silent majesty, are both solar and sidereal systems of innumerable millions! He looks at the earth upon which he stands as it revolves with inconceivable velocity through the realms of endless duration, and then in agony and disappointment he cries out: "OH, GOD! WHAT IS LIFE, AND WHAT AM I!" To which no reply comes but the hollow mockery of bitter silence.

And I ask you, my readers, in all seriousness, "Oh, what is life and what are we?"

Do we go to our present day religious teachers and ask them this most important question, and what do they tell us?

Most illogically and without the least warrant the orthodox religious teachers tell us that all humanity is cursed; that man is hopelessly steeped in the mire of total depravity; that every soul is an independent and miraculous creation by God, with the curse of its creator upon it. Like lash-carriers, we are thrust through the pneumatic tubes of existence, bounded by the iron walls of fate, predestined to travel the marked out path regardless of any inherent virtue or passing aspirations. But, God in his infinite goodness and boundless mercy has kindly sent his son, Jesus, to the rescue, so that all who believe on Him will be saved. For, did he not die on the cross to save sinners? And did not his blood wash away all our sins, no matter how vile, how atrocious, how bloody the transgression?

Now let us see what materialism, the very antithesis of orthodoxy, has to say. What comfort, what excuse, what reason does it give for existence, life and death?

Here we find an hypothesis as hopeless as the one life and vicarious atonement theory, and as surely doomed. For according to these *soulless* beings (the materialist insists that he neither is nor has a soul), man is but a mere complex, intricately arranged system of organs, an automatic animal machine into which, as Ingersoll once said, we put food and drink, and this food and drink in some blind manner is transmuted into thought. With him conscience is but the result of the chemical combustion of a piece of cheese and a glass of beer; with him the charitable act of subscribing to an orphan asylum is but the result of the digestion of his clubhouse luncheon, and the forgiving of an insult but the sure indication of a healthy liver. Here we find no intelligence, all is matter, and all forms are but aggregations of atoms, fortuitously thrown together by blind force. A little protoplasm and blind force, together with heredity and environment, is all he needs to account for the beautiful flowers, the songs of the birds, the merriment of the children, the earth, the solar system or the whole universe! With him life is all chance, a bore and of no consequence, and suicide the enviable means of quickly ceasing to exist.

Neither of these systems gives to the thinking mind any rational explanation of the existing state of things, neither do they account for the wonderful complexity of phenomena seen all about us. Without the perfectibility of man and the gradual attainment of Universal Brotherhood on Earth as the object of existence, through Re-incarnation and Karma, they cannot reconcile the existing horrible state of affairs with an Infinitely good and merciful Father and God. It is only by admitting that man is an immortal soul, living many times in human form in the attainment of perfection, that he creates each succeeding condition and environment by the character of his thoughts and conduct in his previous lives, under the Immutable Law of Cause and Effect we call Karma,

that MAN CAN KNOW THAT THERE IS JUSTICE AND DESIGN IN NATURE, and that the intelligence or power behind phenomena is OMNI-PRESENT, ETERNAL, BOUNDLESS and IMMUTABLE. Whether we call it God, Parabrahm, the Unknowable or the Absolute, man has no right to consider himself the special target of God's vengeance or favor, unless he has merited it by breaking the law, either in this or in previous lives. This fact admitted, and we can easily vindicate the ways of God to man. Deny it, and we have the most cruel, fitful and capricious Deity man can conceive.

Now let us consider the question from another aspect. In looking over history you will find that in all ages there have existed great teachers, sages, such as Krishna, Buddha, Pythagoras, Plato, Apollonius, Jesus, Ammonius, Nestor and scores of others. All these great sages have taught the same doctrines, and among them that of the perfectibility of man, Universal Brotherhood and rebirth. It is inconceivable, to me at least, why our Christian brothers refuse to believe in Re-incarnation, for it is taught in the Bible, and Jesus and his disciples believed in it. In the Bible Re-incarnation is not only *not* refuted, but declared and taught. The early Jews believed in it, and many Jews do so now. During the time of Jesus it was currently understood that John the Baptist was Elias re-incarnated, and Jesus affirmed it when he said, "Elias has come already, but they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed."

Another incident which goes to prove absolutely that the disciples believed in Re-incarnation is found in the second verse of the ninth chapter of John. Here the disciples bring a blind man to Jesus and demand to know, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents that he was born blind?" This question proves that the disciples really believed that man could sin before being born, and the answer Jesus made is the wise answer of a Teacher. In Revelation is the statement: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out"—declaring, as plainly as language can, that unless we overcome our lower nature, we shall continue to go out, to re-incarnate, until we do overcome. Again, in the Bible, the Psalmist says: "Lord thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Thou turnest man to destruction, again thou sayest come unto me ye children of men." And this also is of interest: "For a thousand years in thy sight is but as yesterday, seeing that it is passed like a watch in the night." Pythagoras held that the interval between re-births was exactly one thousand years for the majority of humanity. Again, one of the Apocryphal books says: "Being good I came into a body undefiled", raising the question, Where was the scene of this "good conduct" to merit a body undefiled? Besides the answer Jesus gave to Nicodemus, "You must be born again", there are many other passages which teach the old, true doctrine which has been obscured, but could not be entirely destroyed.

But why quote further? Re-incarnation would be believed in and taught by all Christians had not scheming priests and ecclesiastic vandals cut it out

at the Council at Constantinople, and exiled the defenders of the doctrine. Even the great Nestor with all his wisdom could not convince his greedy, degenerated forgers and interpolaters.

All this degradation and substitution of the Christ doctrine was clearly and truly prophesied by the illumined Paul, for in his letters to Timothy he says: "The time will come when they will no longer endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts will they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and they shall turn away from the truth and be turned unto fable." Eighteen hundred years after the prophecy, we find over three hundred sects of Christianity! So much for scriptural evidence. Now let us look at the scientific and logical evidence as deduced from nature.

It is an axiom dear to science and to ancient Wisdom as well that matter is indestructible. The ancient Wisdom goes a step further, and, reasoning by analogy, adds that neither can there be any annihilation of consciousness. Science also asserts that nature is a vast animated laboratory, an arena for the struggle for existence, in which the weak are forced to succumb to the stronger under what is known as the law of the "survival of the fittest". Ancient Wisdom agrees to this, but adds that over, above and within all there is both intelligence and design, and that the destruction by nature of her products is but the orderly and wise carrying out of that design. Pope has most beautifully and correctly expressed this great law in his "Essay on Man" when he said:

"All Nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood;  
A partial evil, universal good."

Nature is continually operating. She produces, preserves for a time and then destroys all her products. Man himself is subject to this same general law, for his body, too, like that of all other creatures, returns to the dust whence it was taken. But the intelligence behind that form *cannot* be annihilated—it simply seeks new expression.

This process in Nature is marked even in the vicissitudes of the seasons. Spring, like the jovial, playful infancy of all living creatures, represents childhood and youth; for then the plants spread forth their flowers, fishes play in the waters, birds sing and universal nature rejoices. Summer, like middle age, exhibits plants and trees fully clothed in green, fruits ripen, and everything is full of life. But Autumn is comparatively gloomy, for then the leaves fall from the trees, plants wither, insects grow torpid and many animals retire to their winter quarters, or die. The day proceeds with steps similar to the year. Thus the age of man begins with the cradle, pleasing childhood follows, then sprightly youth, afterward manhood, firm, severe and intent on self-preservation. Lastly, old age creeps on, debilitates, and finally totally destroys our tottering bodies. Thus each soul has its own succession of cycles, bound to earth by Karmic ties of the past, to learn the lessons of Brotherhood, which alone can rob existence of its bitterness and pain.

This process, being denied by no one, the only question that can arise in

the mind of the skeptic is, "Does the same individual soul Reincarnate on earth in another body of flesh?" The great sages of the past have taught it. The wisdom of Antiquity affirms it. It is found in some form in nearly all religions, many ancient, mediæval and modern poets knew it, and over one billion inhabitants of the earth believe in it to-day. It is the only system of immortality that is scientific, it is the only logical conclusion, and an absolute philosophical necessity. Even if considered as an hypothesis, it is the only theory that can satisfy the thinking mind why one man is born blind, another deaf and another perfect; why one is a genius, another an idiot; why one is virtuous, another a scoundrel; why one man is lucky, another unlucky; why one is favored by nature and every thing he touches turns into wealth, while his brother's touch turns everything into loss. It shows how every event is justified and why. It explains cataclysms, floods, famines, plagues, wars and all the unlooked-for fortunes and misfortunes of life. It accounts for every abnormal development and every phase of mental, physical and moral phenomena.

The object of life is the attainment of perfection and the realization of Universal Brotherhood. Everything in nature is evolving towards that goal. We are to-day what we have made ourselves. If the heart be impure all actions will be wrong. Krishna said: "Pain is the outcome of evil, happiness is the outcome of good." Buddha said: "By one's self the evil is done, by one's self one suffers, by one's self evil is left undone, and by one's self one is purified." The Burmese say: "As the potter produces from a lump of clay whatsoever he wishes, so a man obtains the destiny *prepared by himself.*" Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "The desire of the soul is the prophecy of his fate." Whatsoever we sow, that shall we also reap. It is for man to evolve still higher; to raise the self by the Self, which is the Christ within. There being no such things as "chance" or "accidents", according to Prof. Huxley, "these names are simply aliases for ignorance", how can we help but conclude with Hume, that "Reincarnation is the only system of immortality that philosophy can listen to"?

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As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood  
 And ebb into a former life, or seem  
 To lapse far back in a confused dream  
 To states of mystical similitude,  
 If one but speaks or hems or stirs a chair  
 Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,  
 So that we say, all this hath been before,  
 All this *hath* been, I know not when or where;  
 So, friend, when first I looked upon your face  
 Our thoughts gave answer each to each, so true,  
 Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—  
 Although I knew not in what time or place,  
 Methought that I had often met with you,  
 And each had lived in other's mind and speech.

## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

## HABIT.



CONCERNING those acts of the lower nature which have become habitual, H. P. Blavatsky writes :

“The molecules of the body have been set in a Kamic [pertaining to desire and passion] direction, and though they have sufficient intelligence to discern between things on their own plane, *i. e.*, to avoid things harmful to themselves, they cannot understand a change of direction, the impulse to which is from another plane. If they are forced too violently, disease, madness or death will result.”

When a bar of steel is treated with a natural magnet, it acquires a magnetic polarity in itself, and may be used, for example, as a needle in a mariner's compass. The magnetized needle may be separated into fragments, and each fragment, however minute, will exhibit all the phenomena of polarity. From this and other reasons physicists have adopted the theory that every molecule in the steel has become polarized, and that the magnetic character of the needle is merely the sum of the magnetic character of its molecules. And as the constant use of a magnet increases its strength, it has become customary never to lay aside a magnet without its armature.

We may consider men as susceptible to the influence of magnetism of several kinds. Saint Paul's analysis of man as body, soul and spirit may be assumed to be justified by the facts of being; and either faculty may have the predominating influence. If the body controls, man may be said to be polarized in the plane of mere animal appetites and propensities. When we remember how every fiber of our being thrills with the demands of hunger or thirst, it hardly needs argument to show that this polarity is present in every molecule of our body. H. P. Blavatsky has taught us, and science is beginning to admit, that the molecules of which the body is made up are not dead matter, and the polarity which they exhibit is not blind force, but every molecule and atom is an invisible but actual life, having its own intelligence and consciousness, appropriate to its own plane or condition of being. This instinctive tendency of the molecules, and therefore of the body, to act in a certain way under given circumstances, is one of the definitions of habit; and the longer this tendency has been enforced by the repetition of certain acts and the persistence of certain conditions, the stronger become the chains of the habit thus established.

Take, for example, habits of eating and drinking. If food and drink are chosen carefully with reference to the maintenance of all the faculties in their best estate, a very different magnetic condition will be set up in the molecules from that which exists where the choice is made with reference to the gratifica-

tion of the palate. In the latter case the body and all its organs and atoms will be polarized in the direction of pleasures of the table, and this polarity will day by day become more intense by the power of habit, which, as we have seen, is the result of repetition. It is well known that when a kind of diet has been followed for many years, a sudden change produces great discomfort, if not disease. If one has lived past middle age on a meat diet, for example, a sudden change to vegetarianism will, if persisted in, ordinarily set every molecule of his body in active rebellion against what must to it appear an inexcusable affront. Neither the molecules nor the organs which they constitute will know what to do with the unwelcome intruder, and they will miss the accustomed stimulant.

So, too, in the case of a change of climate, a change of dress, or any other change which reason or circumstances may make necessary or desirable. Man is a bundle of habits. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. The astral and Kamie lives [those of the passional and sensuous nature] as well as the merely physical organization are influenced by this law of iteration; and the Skandhas or Kamie tendencies thus generated or strengthened carry the impulse over into successive lives. In childhood the pace is set by parents and teachers; so that it is only after man reaches the age of discretion and choice that he can by strong determination and persistence change the evil polarities of his past and add new strength to those that are good. G. A. MARSHALL.

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What answer do Theosophists give to Cain's question, "Am I my Brother's keeper?" In what sense and how far is this true?

The answer to Cain's question is contained in the question itself—in the very fact of the acknowledgment of the relationship of Brotherhood. And although an apparent stress and particular meaning is laid upon the word "keeper" he might as well have asked: "Am I my Brother's Brother?"

Apart from the incident related of Cain and Abel, the question of being a Brother's "keeper" seems to be a quibble and as though it were demanded "Is he a baby, that I should tie him to my apron string; is he an irresponsible infant and I a full grown intelligent man; is he a slave and I his master, that I should be responsible for him?" It also implies: "Can he not look after and care for himself; has he not intelligence and freewill; if I attend to my business, is not that my whole concern; can he not attend to his own affairs; why should I interfere?"

But knowing the incident, that Cain had killed his Brother, the question is seen in its true light as a subterfuge and excuse; and the thought arises, is not the incident which gave rise to the question a type—even though extreme in a somewhat marked degree—of what is back of the general question: "Am I my Brother's keeper" wherever and by whomsoever asked?

Could this question arise in the mind of any one who realized what the relationship of Brotherhood meant, and had sought honestly and zealously to fulfil that relationship? Could it arise in the mind of any one save of him who had wilfully violated his obligations or neglected to perform them?

Looking at the matter in this light, recognizing the difference in development in different men, and that all have a certain measure of opportunity, free will and choice, we see that the relationship of Brotherhood is that of elder and younger Brothers throughout the scale of being.

Thus to be a Brother's keeper does not mean that we have all the responsibility and that he is irresponsible, but that each has a responsibility towards his Brothers both elder and younger and the measure of responsibility is limited only by one's knowledge and opportunity;—I think opportunity implies responsibility, and also that as responsibility is realized, the opportunity for its fulfilment may be found.

The question is entirely that of one's responsibility towards and for others and can be answered fully only when Universal Brotherhood is seen to be a fact in Nature. Just as in a family circle—a true family in the highest sense—it is seen that all are so intimately linked together into one harmonious whole that the welfare or suffering of one member affects the whole family and each other member, so in the great family of a Nation, and the family of Races and of all humanity. The greatest bar to human progress is the non-recognition of the fact of Universal Brotherhood, and the false idea that individual progress may be obtained at the expense or suffering of others, or at least with disregard of others.

Each one, from the standpoint of the Soul, his higher nature, is his own keeper and is responsible for his thoughts and acts. The family is but a larger self, the nation, race, Humanity are one's self in greater and greater degree.

The harmony of a great Orchestra depends on two things, first on each instrument's being in tune and second on the united action of the whole, the whole orchestra becoming for the time one great complex instrument, obedient to the Leader's bâton as the complex nature of man, the soul's orchestra, should be and in the case of the perfect man has so become, perfectly obedient to the Soul.

Am I my Brother's keeper then? I am responsible for keeping myself, my own instrument, in tune, and secondly I share with all my Brothers the responsibility of greater harmony of the whole. By my own life, by thought and word and act, I help or hinder my Brother, and therefore I am his Brother, his keeper.

The human mind when controlled by the lower nature is very prone to neglect of duty and to making excuses. The lower nature, when unfettered, cares but for itself, and would seek its own ends regardless of others. It asks "Am I my Brother's keeper?" This is its excuse. But it is not the true nature of man, and each one's own experience teaches that to follow it does not bring happiness. The true nature, the Soul, *knows* its oneness with all Souls and that as it is its own keeper, its own Master in the Temple, Man, it too in the wider sense partakes of the nature of the World Soul, the "keeper" and Lord of the Temple, Humanity.

ORION.





Point Loma, June 18, 1900.

Dear Lotus Buds:—

Did you think I was dead because I had not sent you a letter for a long time? I have wanted to do so, but you know a small dog like myself, moving around so much, going from one country to another, has much to do for Brotherhood. This is why I have been silent since my last European trip.

I had a terrible time in Europe, but in Germany some of the people believe in Brotherhood and even in the Brotherhood of dogs; in Sweden they do too, but the law of the country would not let me travel as I do in America. The only way I could get through Denmark was by being locked in a satchel, and my Mistress had to spend nearly a day in getting permission from the Officials of Copenhagen for even that. When I reached Sweden, I loved the people so much that I almost forgot what a terrible time I had had in getting to see them. Next I went to England, and there was more trouble for me; I had to be inspected by two English Officials (so I think you call them); then a big paper was given my Mistress, and I heard her say, "Poor Spots, you are only permitted to breathe the air of London for eleven days."

I fell sick at 19 Avenue Road, London, just at a time when I had a big garden to run in and many little Lotus Buds to play with. Everybody expected I would die—I know my Mistress did; but I made up my mind that a real Brotherhood Dog had got to have a kind of courage that would prevent Mr. Death coming in and cutting off his career.

Now during all these terrible times there was considerable sunshine to be found, for I met many lovely little children in Sweden and England, and if I live to be a thousand years I shall never forget the lovely little ones that went to Brighton from London to hold the Lotus Children's Festival. Every one of these little dears came up and shook my paws, and they sent no end of messages to the little ones in America and Cuba.

Well, when the eleven days had passed, my Mistress and the Brotherhood

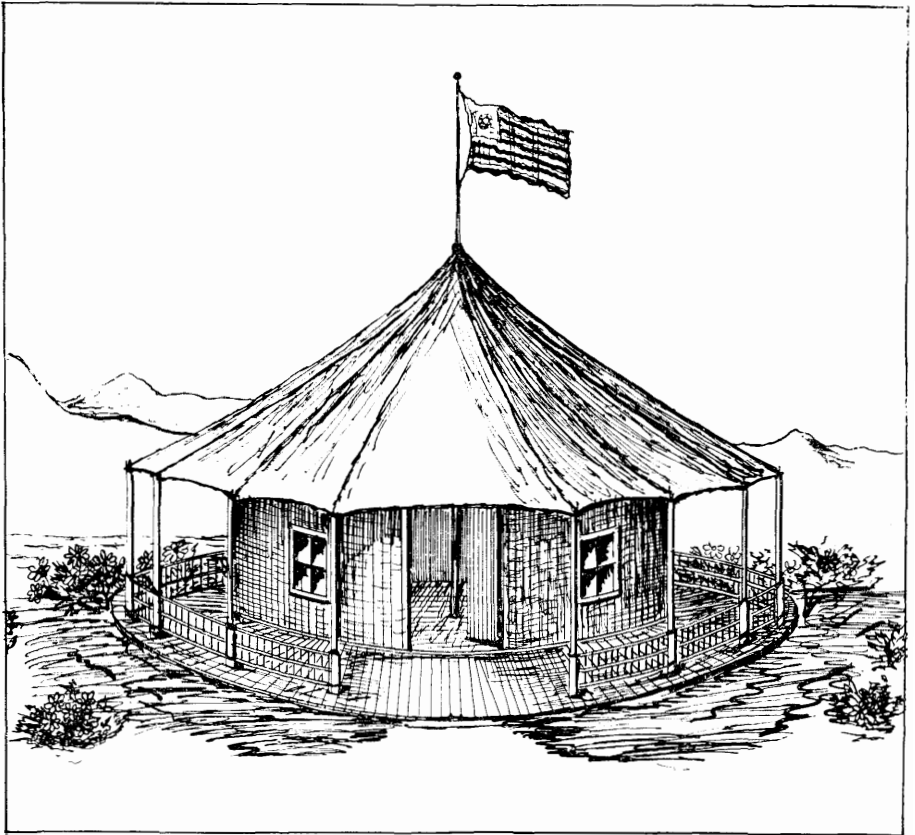
workers started on a big ship for America. Nearly all the time the wind blew like a hurricane, and the water swashed over the deck so that I could not get out of the cabin in which my Mistress and Señorita Fabra and myself lived. One time when I was going to sleep in the cabin, I heard an awful noise as though the big ship was breaking to pieces. Before I could get another thought I found myself away in under one of the berths where I had been thrown, and scattered on the floor were satchels, books, and broken glasses. Besides that I heard an awful scream from Señorita Fabra, who said afterwards that she thought the world had come to an end. Just at that time I commenced to feel that if ever I got on dry land again I would never, never, take another ocean trip.

After spending many days on the ship and meeting lots of nice people from many parts of the world, and some nice little children, we arrived in New York safe and sound and very happy. From that day until this I have not had time to take a long breath. First, I was hustled up to the Headquarters where Mr. Judge lived for so many years, and was met by big folk and little folk who wanted to welcome us home; then I went to my Lady's house, and oh! the work that was going on there! Trunks were being packed, and people were coming and going and talking Brotherhood, and all were working day and night. Sometimes I had to get away off into a corner and get a quiet breath to myself.

The great talk among the Brotherhood people then was about Point Loma, and the way they described it I thought it was a fairy-land; when I heard I was going there I jumped about and barked and wagged my tail, and made up my mind that as soon as I got there I would write you a nice long letter. But, oh, dear me, after we arrived I could not get my paw to write, I found the place so beautiful, just like a real fairy-land. And everything here is moving so fast, houses going up, beautiful grounds being laid out, fences being built, flowers and fruit-trees being planted. I have found out that everybody, from the grown-ups down to the tiny buds, are getting ready for some great time; and some one has told me about one place here that I know you would rather hear about than any other, that is, the City of Promise or the Little City Beautiful. Now this is on a high hill between the great Homestead House, where the workers live, and the School of A-N-T-I-Q-U-I-T-Y—well, I am glad that I could spell it. From the top of this hill you can see the great broad blue ocean for miles and miles on one side, and on the other side are the smooth waters of San Diego Bay, the City of San Diego, and high up, back of all this, the great Sierra Madre Mountains, extending down into Mexico; you can find them on the map in your geography.

The houses that the Lotus Buds are to live in are built partly of wood—the flooring and wainscotting—; the roof and walls are of canvas stretched over the frame of the house. In each of these houses there are six windows, and there are two big doors that have handles and locks on them just as the grown-ups have on their houses. Around these tented houses are verandas where the

children can go out in the morning and march 'round singing Lotus Songs without going away from their homes. Every house is named from some flower, and inside of the houses are curtains, pictures and pretty screens in color like the flower which the house is named for. The houses are round; some of them are large—30 feet across; others are only 25 feet; you can get your mammas to measure this for you, and then you will see how large are the rooms for these groups of children. Each house will have a certain number of children, and a godmother to care for them and teach them. There are six houses of this kind almost finished. One is to be the Lotus House, where the children are to meet every day to sit in silence, study and play. Oh, just think of this, and the darling little buddies singing, all singing "Happy little Sunbeams", dancing around and sending their golden words of love to the little children of the world! Some of the other houses will be used for the children to live in; and then there is a large house right in the centre, called the Mother-House, where the children will meet for another kind of work which I cannot tell you about now. I was up to the houses this morning and saw a man put in a bath tub; it



ONE OF THE TENTS FOR THE LOTUS BUDS AT THE CITY BEAUTIFUL OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA.

did seem funny to see that bath tub going up on to the hill with all that water in the ocean close by; but I find there are to be some tiny bath houses down by the shore as soon as the steps are cut in the rocks; then the children can bathe and swim in salt water. Now don't commence all to think about swimming to Point Loma at once, because you would not want to leave your mothers and swim the big rivers and oceans that lie between your land and this; but you can swim in love and helpfulness at home; that is the kind of swimming you can do, and you will not have the papas and mammas crying all day because you have gone to Point Loma without taking them. But put your ears close:— I know you are coming here some day—that is a secret!

Now I want to tell you about the garden at the Lotus House. It is a big one, and the gardener to-day planted big palms which he says will be in five years as tall as the tent houses and will make sufficient shade for twenty children to play under. All around the grounds will be a little cable-tow fence, and inside will be flower-plots, the shape of stars, triangles and circles. You know the flowers here are the most beautiful in the world, and there is one kind of rose which has purple-tinted leaves, and the florists say that in no other part of the world can such a rose be found. The hills are covered with wild flowers, beautiful grasses, and many kinds of cactus that bloom in a variety of colors. These will all be in the Lotus garden, and just as soon as the little tots are big enough to hold a hoe and rake they will be taught to love and care for the little flowers. Now before I finish telling you about these flowers, I want you to know they are going to have flowers inside the tents, little growing plants in tiny, pretty-colored pots on the window-seats, and hanging on the walls will be beautiful painted pictures of flowers.

There are two workers here at the Homestead that love little children very much, and they want to paint pictures for the Lotus Buds all the time. When my Mistress called them one day and told them she wished to have painted flowers on the walls of the House they clapped their hands as little children do when they are happy and said, "Won't it be lovely!" I can see in the next room to where I am sitting, twenty beautiful painted pictures all ready to be hung in the Children's Homes; the frames are as pretty as the pictures, and were made by a Swedish Brother (he is a great Brotherhood worker). The flowers look so real you feel as if you could almost pick them up and smell them. Our Mistress says that we must not be personal, but I am going to tell you the names of the dear ladies who painted the pictures; one is Miss Edith White, a real painter who has a big studio in a place called Pasadena, where she paints pictures all the year 'round; the other is Mrs. Walter T. Hanson; she has several little children here at the Lotus Home, and her mother-love made her paint very beautifully a lot of lovely pansies.

Now with the flowers in the garden and the flowers in the house in the paintings and on the pretty screens that are to be used, and the shining light of Lotus-Flower Love that will be sent out by the little tots of promise, the little human flowers of Point Loma, the world will be the happier. You can see I

am not telling you a fairy-story, but a real true story, and if you think I have made a mistake and fibbed a little bit, all you have to do is to hurry up and finish your Lotus Bud work where you live and come down here and see this beautiful place and work with us.

Dear me, I have just found out there isn't room in the great big Universal Brotherhood Path Magazine to tell you all I want to about Point Loma, but next time I shall have a chance to tell you some more.

Now you must not forget that the Little Lotus Buds will need shoes and stockings, because they are humans; and also dresses, food, books and many things to help them to grow out their souls; and so you must, when it is right to do so, have your papa and mamma help you to help them so that they will not suffer for want of anything.

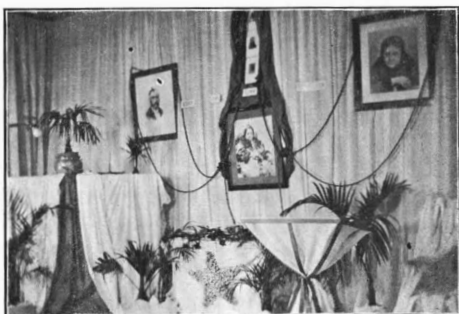
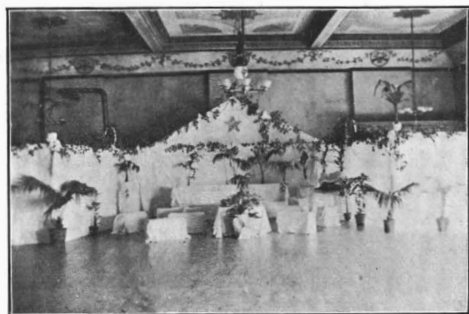
Now just when I was going to say "Good-bye" I thought of the Cuban children that have just now arrived here from Cuba. I know they would feel badly if I did not give you their love and tell you they arrived safely and are very happy. They will soon be living in the City Beautiful with the other children.

Here are fifty million bushels of love, dear Lotus Buds, for you all. My Mistress has thrown in a lot for you, too.

SPOTS.



CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL BY THE LOTUS CHILDREN OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE,  
ON THE OCCASION OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS,  
HELSINGBORG, SWEDEN.



THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS AT MILWAUKEE, WISC.

A GREEK SYMPOSIUM.

LODGE ROOMS DECORATED FOR THE CONGRESS.

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

### AMERICA.

#### POINT LOMA.

The International Brotherhood League Colony at Point Loma is a Theosophical Home in the true sense of the word. All the members there take up their duties with great enthusiasm and devotion. To spend an hour in this place is a great privilege. The grounds are planted with beautiful and rare flowers growing luxuriously—planted only one year ago, yet they now look like the growth of many years to one who has come from the East—so wonderful is this climate.

The Colony School for Cuban children and others—among these being the little ones of Mr. Walter T. Hanson, one of our most devoted Brotherhood Workers—is unique in its character and conducted on lines that tend to make the children blossom out as souls. The discipline is of such a nature that the children find joy and not fatigue in their work and have caught the spirit of the new time. Miss Ethel Wood who only two years ago was a young Miss in short dresses, is an ideal Teacher. Her love for the work and the Leader has made it quite easy for her to grasp the new system of education for children which has been given her to carry out. At the Colony are people from all parts of the Country. Dr. Herbert Coryn, formerly of England, is one of the residents and two recent arrivals are Mr. Robert Crosbie and wife. Mr. Iverson L. Harris, formerly Superintendent of the Colony and so well known to most of the members in America is still at Point Loma working for Brotherhood. Recently his wife and two children have joined the Organization.

Although the room occupied at Point Loma by the offices of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is much larger than at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, it does not in any way meet the demands of the work, but as new buildings are reared, there will be large and spacious accommodations provided. Somehow the spirit of this great work has broadened immensely since the change of Central Office from New York to Point Loma. The very fact of bringing the properties of the Organization from that great City to the Pacific Coast seems to have started new currents of force and attraction in the work.

The Isis Conservatory of Music has stepped out from its infant life of a year ago and is now spreading its influence in all parts of the world. No one has done more to advance this than the Directress, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer, whose tireless efforts in previous years for the work made her so well fitted to be trusted in this. Mrs. Mayer on June 23rd was married to an old friend of her childhood, Mr. Albert C. Spalding of New York, fulfilling a sacred promise made long before she became a member of the Theosophical Society. This dear and beloved comrade is not lost to the work, and although absent for a few months in Europe, she is anxious to return and continue the work of the great Isis Temple of Art, Music and Drama. It is the belief of those who know her best that there will be found in her life and that of her old comrade an example of right performance of life's duties. While all the members at Point Loma in a sense regretfully saw her go out into the world, they had the conviction that she would again soon be with them. With the two travellers on the Path goes the love of their faithful friend, the Leader, and that of all her

old Comrades. Thousands of little children throughout the world revere the name of Elizabeth Churchill Mayer, and their love is indeed a benediction to her.

The Isis Conservatory of Music is splendidly equipped with the best of Teachers. Among them is Miss Ellen Bergman, for some time a teacher in the Royal Academy of Music, Sweden, and to whom a medal of honor was recently given by the King of Sweden. Miss Bergman is one of the Directors of the Conservatory and in her special department, that of vocal instructor, she is very successful. Miss Hecht, the head teacher of the Piano, although quite young is most gifted in her art.

The Art Department of the Isis Temple, while under the supervision of our Leader, is conducted by Mr. H. W. Watson recently from England. Mr. Watson's extensive knowledge and love of his work makes him a most competent teacher in his special department. He has already a large class and has under way some extensive preparations to enlarge the work as soon as the Isis Temple is built.

One of the busiest of men is Mr. Frank M. Pierce, Secretary General of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. His thorough business education and his devotion to the work have placed him so that he renders invaluable service to the Movement.

Mr. J. H. Fussell, whom most of our members have known as one of the tried and trusted, even as far back as the time of William Q. Judge, is busily engaged with the duties of his office. His health is better than it has been for years, thus rendering him able to undertake many of the arduous duties of Point Loma work. His long training at 144 Madison Avenue has made him a most valuable helper; he has the happy faculty of appreciating the true and the beautiful wherever it is found, and so in his daily avocations one sees him happy and joyous in the enthusiasm of his efforts.

Space will not permit of going into detail in regard to the progress of the work for the S. R. L. M. A. The grounds are being beautified and preparations made for future work. The Superintendent and his good wife, Mr. and Mrs. Neill, came to Point Loma at the right time and have held their post faithfully, deeming it the greatest privilege of their lives to help on the work. His knowledge of the Theosophical literature and the philosophy and his literary ability make him a most useful member at the Point.

#### NEW YORK.

Reports from the American Headquarters at 144 Madison Avenue show the Universal Brotherhood department there going on steadily and with but little outward change. There is the same outward appearance and its doors are open to the public just as before, save for the absence of a few of the old workers. Miss Ray Bernstein, a faithful worker of long standing occupies the position there formerly held by Mr. J. H. Fussell. In spite of ever increasing duties, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer is still as actively busy as of yore. In a recent letter from him he states that the meetings of the Aryan Lodge are being continued with great success through the summer and that as many as twelve speakers often take part in the proceedings. The Theosophical Publishing Company is doing increasing good work and paying dividends on its stock. The Superintendents of the Home, Mr. and Mrs. Kramer and their son, are most useful and vigilant workers and all who have the opportunity to visit the old Headquarters, if on the right errand, are sure to meet with a hearty welcome.



BOSTON.

Boston is going ahead rapidly under the Presidency of its new President, William H. Somersall. Several of the active Boston members are now at Point Loma. Mr. Robert Crosbie and wife are staying at the International Brotherhood League Colony. Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, a physician, though busy in a professional capacity among some of the new-comers and in other departments, yet always finds time to favor our publications with articles of value and interest. Brother Sjogren and wife are here, steady, faithful workers. Madame Olivia Petersen whom many of our European friends know and Miss Georgiana and Miss Sallie Adams came here last year confirmed invalids but such is the magic of the climate and the work that now they are busy from sunrise till evening and are well and happy. One other of the old Boston members is here, Mrs. M. Ella Paterson, who did such splendid work at the Colony. Boston is thus well represented at Point Loma and has close ties with this sacred spot that must be an inspiration to its work.

### CUBA.

It would take pages to give a description of even a small part of the work in Cuba since the first Cuban Crusade of a year ago. Señor Emilio Bacardi who so courteously cooperated with the Leader at that time and especially at the inauguration of the Cuban Liberty Day has ever since shown the most brotherly spirit. The splendid service he rendered at the time of the disposition of the supplies sent by the second Cuban Relief Expedition with Señorita Antonia Fabra was invaluable. Señorita Fabra, the International Brotherhood League representative has brought, on her return to America, many pathetic and interesting stories of her experience in the International Brotherhood League work. One can easily see that the Brotherhood ideas are well grounded in the hearts and minds of thousands of Cubans to-day.

The coming of some of the young sons of the great patriots of Cuba to Point Loma to receive their education here is in itself a sign of promise to all who love the work—a sacred tie binding the hearts of Liberty-loving Cuba to those of America. In a few years we shall have hundreds of teachers where now there are only a small number. It will interest our members to know that these young boys are delighted with their new home and are adapting themselves well to the discipline of our Institution. Señora Prèval, the Cuban mother of Ricardo and a family of small children who returned with the Leader to New York after her visit to Cuba is an active worker here at Point Loma. Sick almost to death she came to us bringing memories of the hardships and sufferings of the war. To-day, well and happy, she rejoices to have the opportunity to work in the International Lotus Home. Most admirably does she discipline and care for her little group of children, Katherine and Edith and Grace, who formerly were at the Lotus Home in Buffalo. The little Cuban boy Ricardo, whom hundreds of the members have met, is in splendid health and progressing well in his English studies. He is able now to take part in the children's entertainments and recite his little English pieces. The oldest one of the family, Carmen, 12 years of age, a pale little sickly consumptive child one year ago, is now in perfect health and the result of the Brotherhood training for one year is astonishing. She lives with the Leader and has obtained so thorough a grasp of the English language that she often acts as interpreter. She has shown marked talent in both music and drawing, and the only time she ever

shows any unhappiness is when she thinks she may be taken away from the Brotherhood work.

We must not forget to mention Señor Bartholeme Fabra, the young Cuban soldier, 26 years old, whose service in the war has shown him to be a patriot of a rare type. The interest he manifests in the Theosophical teachings is remarkable. Already he is spending many hours a day in the study of English and when he talks of what he will do when he has gained a comprehensive grasp of our Teachings, it is inspiring to listen to him. His refined nature, his love of the true and beautiful and his rare devotion to Cuba, make him a most helpful companion to the members at Point Loma.

### ENGLAND.

We have recently welcomed to Point Loma Mr. E. P. Jones who was formerly the Vice-President of the San Francisco Lodge but has been living for some years in Australia. He returned to America by way of England and brought over news of the steady growth and new life that is shown in the work in the English Lodges, and at the European Headquarters, 19 Avenue Road, London. At the latter place Miss L. Atkinson is in charge and her devotion and energy are an inspiration to all the English Comrades. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are now on a visit at the Point, having come to see the Leader and Comrades.

LIVERPOOL, U. B. L. NO. 4 (ENGLAND).

Mr. William H. Griffiths, Secretary of the Liverpool Lodge, reports "members working together harmoniously and well. Attendance steady and good. Interest of outsiders increasing since Congress."

### HOLLAND.

In Theosophical activities Holland still holds her place. Since the Congress at Brighton a new life has entered into the work. The "Great Sifter" made a few changes which have resulted in better things for the Country. True workers generally grow stronger under difficulties and that has been so with Holland. The members there are losing no time in making possible great things for the future. All the American Comrades most heartily wish for them the greatest success.

On July 9th the Leader received from them a cable message as follows:

"Hope, Love, Joy, Greeting.  
Dutch Convention."

To this the Leader replied:

"Grasp your opportunities, work with greater zeal, my love sustaining.  
Katherine Tingley."

### IRELAND.

Ireland keeps up a never ceasing effort. Mr. Fred J. Dick and his wife and Comrades are keeping the fires burning and are spreading more and more the true Brotherhood ideas in that country. The work done by Brother Dick alone is of far reaching effect. Dublin is the center for the publishing the International Theosophist which reaches a class of people that could not otherwise be reached.

### FRANCE.

The work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization still continues in Paris, and the fire has not been permitted to die out. The Leader after having built up the fortress of education here will help in Paris and also in India.

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We regret to hear of the passing of one of the oldest California members, Mrs. Alice C. Thomas of San Diego, a faithful worker for many years, who will be much missed by her Comrades.

We have also just heard of the recent death of little Peter, one of the protégés of the Lotus Home, Buffalo, N. Y., who was not brought to Point Loma.

The last few publications both of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and *New Century* have contained such full and splendid reports of the Congress held simultaneously by all the Universal Brotherhood Lodges throughout the world that they tell their own story. Some additional reports are added here. OBSERVER.

### THE NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS AT MACON, GA.

#### (Additional Report.)

The Congress of Lodge No. 13 is a thing of the past, a beautiful memory, full of color and hope and harmony. The deep note of Brotherhood which was struck at its beginning is still sounding in the hearts of those who helped to make it. And in the hearts of others, for the influence of the Congress in our town is seen in the disappearance of old prejudices and the higher conception of the purpose of our Organization. The Leader's plan was followed throughout. The Congress was publicly opened on Saturday afternoon, April 14th, by the entertainment of the children of the Lotus Group and their friends. A short description of this and of the Greek Symposium was given in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH for June.

[A photograph of the Symposium is reproduced in this issue as the Frontispiece.]

One of the chief beauties of the Symposium, which was held in honor of Easter, Goddess of Spring, was the host's greeting to his guests, written for the occasion by one of the Lodge members, who caught the spirit of the beautiful that the Symposium was intended to express. In words whose melody suggests the poet Keats, he created an atmosphere that brought back the charm and poetry of classic Greece. [For the benefit of the readers of the Magazine, we give the poem in full:]

"Thrice welcome, friends, unto the house  
 "Of Agathon! Thrice happy he that thus  
 "Are met to-day beneath his humble roof  
 "So much of youth and grace and loveliness  
 "In Eastr's name, sweet Goddess of the Spring.  
 "Wait not to sound the joyous festival,  
 "For where these youths and maidens do convene  
 "Lo, Spring already is arrived in state.  
 "Thou, Themis, art her rippling laugh,  
 "Where runs the rill among the waving reeds,  
 "Her wind flower looking for the first time skyward,  
 "Wearing the morn, the moon, the dewy eve  
 "On cheek, in eye and under lashes dark!  
 "And thou, Ismene, a silent night in May,  
 "Where stars look out of shadows deep and cool  
 "To hold us fast with dreams and mysteries  
 "Folded in the hours when Time was young.  
 "The song-bird thou, Asteria, blest treasurer  
 "Of our dear Eastr's loved and rapturous voice,  
 "Bestowing largess from a boundless purse  
 "When her awakening smiles kiss all the hills,  
 "Thy grace a pleasure to our fond and wondering eyes  
 "What time our hearts respond to thine in heavenly thrills.  
 "Said I not well, Laertes? Is not Spring here?  
 "Would'st thou roses? Stretch out they hand! Or lilies fair?

"Behold our Iras, Daphne, Clyte sway  
 "In graceful dance and bend to Zephyr's kiss,  
 "Whose twinkling feet caress the moonlit sea.  
 "Old friend, I'll warrant thee that thine own heart  
 "Bears witness to our Lady's presence here;  
 "That quicker pulse doth fill thy veins; that  
 "Thou hast dreamed to-day of distant hills  
 "Set in the crown of years thine own youth wore  
 "When good Pan piped and thou, too, danced and sang.  
 "Is it not true?"

*Laertes.*

"Aye, true! I do recall

"How in that long passed time the mother of  
 "Sweet Themis sang to me. 'Twas always Spring  
 "When Themis' mother sang, and I rejoice  
 "The grateful Goddess stole that wondrous voice  
 "From out the tomb and blew it in the throat  
 "Of yon dear girl, an infant in those days.  
 "Would she but sing again her mother's song!"

*Agathon.*

"And so she will. Old friend, we'll make a Spring

"For thee, indeed. Asteria the Sun shall praise;  
 "Daphne, Iras, Clyte move in graceful dance;  
 "Ismene, tell of hero and of sacrifice;  
 "Pausanias render us a Hymn to Venus,  
 "Priestess of love as deep as Time. And good  
 "Phædras will follow with a song of that  
 "Eternal love."

*Pausanias.*

"Agreed. Thus welcome we

"The Spring! Sing, Themis, sing! The waiting hours  
 "Unfold for thy sweet voice as April flowers."

The Congress closed with the public meeting of Sunday night. Speeches upon Brotherhood, its deep purpose, and the three Leaders were made by Brothers White, Milner and Jorgensen. The music was unusually beautiful and inspiring, and filled the hearts of the listeners with "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

B. W. E. B.

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#### NEW ORLEANS, LA., U. B. LODGE No. 86.

If success is to be measured by the size of the obstacles surmounted, then the U. B. Lodge No. 86 had a phenomenal success in the celebration of the New Cycle Unity Congress, and with devotion and good will we have succeeded in carrying out to the letter the instructions of the Leader. On Friday, April 13, we had an E. S. T. meeting in perfect harmony. On Saturday, the 14th, we held a public entertainment and Children's Festival combined. The children of the Lotus Group entered the Hall throwing flowers to the audience, and marched upon the stage, where they sang "Warriors of the Golden Cord" in costume and with appropriate gestures. Then Brother Buscowitz, who is a professor of music, gave a select vocal and instrumental concert, the performers being his pupils, and among them some children, who did truly wonders. The audience was a good one, and appreciative, although the public interest in this community had many other attractions at the time; among them, the opening of the State Fair and a municipal election. On Sunday, the 15th, it rained fiercely and persistently, day and night, but a satisfactory audience was present. Brothers Brand and Lopez were the speakers. The leading daily paper published in full the address on "Practical Brotherhood" with very good headlines. The spiritual key-note of the whole celebration was: A cheerful obedience to duty, regardless of results; and the same attitude of mind that the French Knights of olden time expressed by their motto: *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra!*

C. J. LOPEZ, M. D., *President.*

## SWEDEN.

## STOCKHOLM.

Since our last report, containing descriptions of the ways and means by which our different Lodges of the U. B. tried to follow out the suggestions of our Leader as to the New Cycle Unity Congress, nothing especially important has occurred, and what I have to say could be told in some few words: The work is going on in peace and harmony—and what better could indeed be said! It is a blessed feeling, this, after all turmoil and troubles, that throughout our ranks here in Sweden, among our members, in the different Lodges, some lying far between, all over our big country, there is *one* thought and *one* will to serve our grand Cause, each one in proportion to his gifts and powers, on one or another of the many different lines of activity laid down by our beloved and inspired Leader, and generally to follow her advice and suggestions.

Now one of those suggestions, made to us here in the old country, is that we should try to keep up an exchange of thought and feeling with our Scandinavian brothers and sisters in the new country, the great American Republic, which, having adopted them as her own children and taken them to her heart, has given and gives them abundant food for body and mind, and educates them to be worthy citizens and workers for progress and liberty. Now one important means of keeping up this intellectual and mental intercourse would evidently be if such of our countrymen in the U. S. A. who are members of the Universal Brotherhood and consequently readers of the *New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, would please subscribe to one or both of our theosophical magazines in Swedish, "Theosophia", published at Stockholm, by Dr. G. Zander, and "Nya Seklet", edited in Gothenburg by Torsten Hedlund, and published in Helsingborg by Erik Bogren. [As to prices and other details see Advertising Section.] Both magazines are carefully edited, and will keep our brothers in America acquainted with the work and the progress of the Movement in Sweden and Finland.

Our membership in Sweden is increasing steadily by the addition of earnest and energetic members, so that a strong nucleus of Brotherhood is now firmly established in this country. And like the acorn which grows into the mighty oak, so do we see our work growing. And as the acorn must keep sound and not permit any nasty worm to eat itself into its heart and core, so do we realize that by harmony and solidarity can the attacks of all enemies be frustrated, feeling and knowing that help and strength shall never fail us so long as we strive to do our duty and remain true and faithful servants in the work for humanity. Fraternal Greetings,

C. S.

## AUSTRALIA.

## U. B. LODGE No. 1, (AUSTRALIA).

## NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS.

Sydney, 23d April, 1900.

Our part in the proceedings of the New Cycle Unity Congress was well advertised in the Sydney morning and evening papers, as well as by hand-bills and the sale of tickets for the Public Entertainment held on Saturday, April 14th.

The Congress began with an E. S. T. meeting on Friday, April 13. Of two absent members one sent a telegram to the President: "Greetings to all. Love to children. Success and joy." Another sent: "Hearty wishes for successful Congress. Love to all Comrades."

The Children's Festival was a grand success, and it was a joyful treat to see their laughing eyes and happy faces, both while they were preparing and when they went through their various parts. The entrance passages and stairs showed touches of nature everywhere, for willing hearts and hands of the "grown-ups" had invaded the "bush" and brought back branches of evergreens, while others contributed

beautiful garden flowers with which to decorate our rooms. Cakes, sandwiches and sweetmeats were sent in abundance by members, and everything wore a festive appearance. The children were prettily and emblematically garbed in dresses of various hues, prepared by the Lotus Group Superintendent, Mrs. E. I. Willans. A table was draped in purple, on the front of which was a large royal purple Heart bearing in bold letters of shining gold "THE GOLDEN AGE". The table stood conspicuously on the platform before the audience and was overlooked from behind by the large photos of our three great Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Brother Willans called the meeting to order, and a piano solo, "La Paloma", was played, after which he gave a description of the ceremony, and the symbology and a few words on the Congress. The children had been prepared in their singing by Bro. Smith, and as he struck the opening chords of the song they marched in singing "The Young Crusaders", and laid their floral tributes of love to the New Order of the Ages upon the table, and stood in a semicircle around the table facing the audience. Mrs. Willans then gave them the Golden Cord, the symbol of their Order, and they sang the song, "Warriors of the Golden Cord". The curtain dropped, to be pulled up on a change of scene, for they had been transformed into gnomes and fairies, having spades and hammers, and on their heads pretty caps of all the rainbow colors, each surmounted with a bright golden star. They then performed their little play of "The Pilgrims", journeying through the mineral kingdom, illustrative of the power of helping and sharing in unity and harmony in life and work. They had been carefully instructed in the meaning and manner of speaking and acting the parts, and there was a crispness and brightness that caused genuine appreciation and applause on the part of the parents and visitors and their children, who greatly taxed our room accommodation. The task of the little performers was to find "Diamond Soul". In the centre of the scene was a Dust-heap, on which sat a number of Coal fairies. Around these were seen, sleeping and dozing, Emerald, Ruby, Purple, Amber, Topaz, Sapphire, Turquoise, Amethyst, Opal, etc. Emerald was awakened by the power of music, and in a well spoken call awakened Ruby, who sang to the others that now was the time for sleepy-heads to awake and work. Then Purple and Amber got up and sang of the work, of "Building and Building". Then Topaz and Sapphire sang how

"All must work, with no one to shirk,  
"To feel the beautiful glow."

Then came a general awakening, and the old Dust-heap was seen to be all aglow, and all were working with spade and hammer, while the Coal fairies sang. Suddenly Diamond Soul appeared, and the eyes of all were opened and brightened, and amid general joy they marched off singing "A Melody of Sound and Color". The parents, visitors and children all had tea together, during which a Chopin nocturne, a Schubert serenade and Schumann's "Traumerei" were played. The Festival closed with two songs by the Lotus Group, "Our Golden Boat" and "Tiny Buds Are We".

T. W. WILLANS, *President.*

*[A report of the rest of the proceedings of this most interesting Australian Congress will be printed next month.]*

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## TWO ARTICLES OF VALUE.

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Will all Presidents of Lodges please specially note the two articles, "The Present Situation Disconnectedly Considered" and "H. P. Blavatsky and Theosophists", reprinted from the Path, Vol. IV., in this issue of the magazine, and arrange to have them read by some young member of the Lodge in public meeting? This will be an excellent opportunity to young members to gain platform experience.

KATHERINE TINGLEY,  
Leader and Official Head of Universal Brotherhood Organization.

# Universal Brotherhood Path.

VOL. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

NO. 6.

## "THE LIFE."

By STUDENTS AT POINT LOMA.

### I.



HIS subject recalls to mind the sayings of Jesus,—“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life”, and, “No man cometh to the Father but by me.” Now what does it mean to say,—“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life”? Does it not mean that in our very bodies, minds and hearts there flows that river of conscious being which proceeds from the Eternal to the Eternal, incessantly coming and going, and we standing as the watchers and controllers of the tide-gates, regulating that flow of force which passes through us and is in reality ourselves, as we flow in and out and through this body? It is the stream, the way, the road, call it by what name you will, which connects the bodily life and its consciousness with the higher consciousness and divine soul-existence. It is only by the regulation of the traffic of the mind and the body, of the thoughts and desires, of the aims and aspirations, that the roadway of the soul may be kept free and open and easy to travel. This constitutes being the Way.

The Way, as it appears to me, is the soul itself; it is that mysterious Being which connects the known with the unknown, as thought connects the thinker with the thing thought of, as also speech and action, and as all the senses; for when I say that I see you, is it not an expression of the divinity of my own soul in the terms of my own triple consciousness, an expression of the unity and immortality of myself and of all other selves? For what is this thing which we call sight, or for the matter of that, any of the other senses which are so commonly though erroneously called physical? How do I see; and what mean Here and There and Sight, and You and I and It? The ordinary and so-called scientific explanations of these things are utterly inadequate. A far deeper line of thought must be pursued ere the true and wonderful meaning of the phenomena which we call Life can be remotely understood and its lessons learned. Much might be said upon this point in order to demonstrate that in these everyday and ordinary things there lies the revelation of the soul, and in these things,

the perfected expression of the true Philosophy of Life, the demonstration and the proof of more than man has dreamed possible of proof or demonstration. Suffice it however, now, to say that in ourselves there is more than ample demonstration to be found, that in ourselves and all the realms of Being, in all the emotions and the mechanism of that wonderful and marvelous machine called Man, there lies sufficient evidence to show beyond all doubt that Man is a soul—the Way, connecting the finite with the infinite, a wonderful triune entity, a being whose parts so play and interblend that it is hard to tell unity from diversity. But Soul he is, and the greatest problem of “the Life” is how he may regain his consciousness divine and rise above the small and petty things of the lower, outer and material life.

This is the great problem and many there have been who tried to solve it and regain their lost inheritance of Light and Love and Life. Many have been the trials and many the failures, but the record of success is blank. Here we find ourselves face to face with a silence and secrecy impenetrable. What successes there have been and these how great, we do not know, and neither would it least avail us if we did lay hands on a perfect list of those who, from time to time, have risen above the mists and fogs of earthly sensuous life.

Sufficient now for us to know that here we are surrounded by a world full of sorrow and sin and strife, and face to face with problems which each himself must solve by personal action and personal experience, until he finds the Way the Life. But although we are unable to perform another's deeds, we each can aid by thought and speech and act, and thus help clear away some of the obstacles which bar the feet, obscure the path of those who struggle towards the Light.

As thought precedes act, so theory precedes practice, and thus awhile we may consider ways and means of finding Light and Freedom for the world and for ourselves. Thus in the matter of the Philosophy of Life may we show it is not so difficult to understand as many presuppose, for it is common in this age to say, “You cannot know!” “ ’tis impossible to tell!”—then “questions rise that urge an answer”, insomuch as these deep things “are not for us to know, they being beyond man's finite comprehension, and that God's good pleasure must be waited in order that he may reveal to us what we are not designed to know”—a strange and inconsistent tale, a jumble of superstitious ignorance and hopeless logic which cannot stand the test and light of reason and investigation.

But here we face the issue squarely, and having thought, and our thought found vent in speech, now let us act that in our actions we may prove correctness of our reason and show the world in plain and tangible results, the superiority of truth to lies, of light to darkness, which it now so rigidly denies. We have thought and we have spoken, and it now remains for us to act, or turn upon our thought and speech and brand ourselves as hypocrites and liars, or ignoramuses and fools.

Now in the question of our lives, much may be said and mutual help be given; and in the statement of belief and thought, there lies no claim of higher



thought or act, but merely an expression of an individual view, that thus the mutual interchange may help to mould the current of our lives more true than heretofore to that Ideal which we have set before us to attain. Now in the matter of the Life which all true students try to live, it is the motive deep that prompts the deed which counts, and not so much the deed itself, which latter rather marks the progress of the head and hand; though skill in action true shows forth the power of Soul yet *Motive* towers high above the act, for in the soul there lives that dual force of Light and Dark, and both may act and show results of skill in deed. But in the one, the Dark, the deed is stillborn, dead; but in the Light, the heart lights up and breathes the breath of life in all it does; and whatsoever it does lives on and benefits mankind and forms a stepping stone along the actor's path, a beacon light to show the way for other souls who follow on; whereas if done in dark and evil mood, or with reluctant speed and zeal, it does but serve to cut away the ground from underneath the feet, and form a stumblingblock for all who pass, a millstone around the actor's neck to weigh him down until he learns the lessons of the Life, that living for the benefit of all mankind is far the best and lighter road to take and free from ill. 'Tis living for oneself which brings the darkness of the mind, the faltering step, tottering and blind and lone.

But the other way, the way of heart and light, brings joy and peace and comradeship, ability to help the feeble and the weak along the way, blessing himself and blest by all. The first is chained to evil deeds to grind them out or be ground out by them, as case may be, and be an object lesson to the rest.

Of labor there are many kinds—of heart, or head, or hand, it matters not the kind of work so long as hand and head and heart unite to do it well. There's no such thing as called inferior labor or degrading work. All work is noble and refines the worker in proportion to his purity of motive. The only work to which the term may be applied is the useless and superfluous work which does not serve to lighten or make more beautiful the world we live in. But so long as necessity demands an act, an angel may enjoy the task and keep his hand unsullied, his heart pure, and mind free from taint or stigma. 'Tis false to say that any useful needed work can be degrading; no degradation is save in the mind that deems it so; unfortunate the man and feeble he who cannot turn his hand to any kind of work necessity demands—a helpless grown-up babe, tended and fed and housed and clothed by those his infinitely superior, the Heroes and the Workers of the world.

But though all kinds of labor are worthy and ennobling, it does not follow that a man is born to every kind, but rather that in consonance with the law of unity and organization, he naturally is born along the lines of law and justice and the artistic sense of harmony and fitness in all things, into his true and proper sphere of life, and thus finds to his hand his right and proper occupation. Thus it is in our Philosophy that we can see the law of Karma, ruling Caste, a true and proper thing if rightly understood. For if that which we call Life or Nature is the One made manifest, then all the parts of that great

whole must bear relation and proportion to each other, and there must be difference in the parts, both in outward show and inward purpose, though all interiorly are united in one harmonious whole; and so we find as in a tree there must be roots and trunk and branch and leaves.

So in the human tree there must be found similar relations of parts which blend and harmonise, and as we find the universal law reflected in the part, so in the part we find the symbol of the whole. And thus in man are many members governed by one head, one heart, and thus and only thus can man become a unified harmonious soul. Then take this law and see its application to the human race. If unity underlie diversity, then members many, but of head and heart there is but one. If there be truth in our Philosophy, if the external be, as it is said, the manifestation of the internal, then a Solar system can but have one Sun and only one, and more than one there cannot be, as there can but be one center to a ring; and as a Solar system turns about one Sun, and all the parts and lesser parts obey the law, Unity, Harmony, Leader, and led, order and discipline in all the parts, or else deformity. All are free to choose either to obey and be a unified harmonious part, happy and useful and free to live the life of Soul, or free to go his way and try to be a Solar system to himself, to bask awhile in the home-made sunshine of his own smiles, until he finds such pastime rather dull, and perchance his sunshine rather warm. Then at last like crawling insect under a burning glass, he is again drawn back to the more kindly beneficent light of Universal Brotherhood and tries to be a little law-abiding part, obedient to rules of morning and evening, of speech and food, steadily learning little by little, and day by day, that the laws of life are obedience and truth.

Such I take *The Life* to be, and in living that life from deed to deed, from day to day, the Life of the Soul is sure to grow and in the end bring back the knowledge and love of the kingdom of heaven, here upon earth. W.

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## II.

Life itself we never see; we can only note forms of life. In those kingdoms which come under our observation, the mineral, vegetable, animal and human, there are many modes and ranges of operation, and all these are phases of life.

We do not consider the larger measure of life to be that which shows the greatest physical activity, for we find that intelligence rules and guides life in all its phases. Most especially is this so in the human kingdom, which by reason of its greater intelligence, rules, and is constantly in greater and greater measure ruling, all the lower visible kingdoms. It is also seen in the human kingdom itself, that from the lowest savage to the highest civilized man, there are many grades of intelligent life, and that among them is found the fact, that a high grade of ruling intelligence is oftentimes connected with a very small power of physical activity, and which by reason of its intelligence, controls forms endowed with greater physical power. So we have to conclude that intelli-

gence or consciousness is a higher form of life than that of mere physical activity.

We note that the operation of physical life is limited by its form and conditions, but that the operation of consciousness has no determinable limits; therefore we may speak of physical life, as the *effect* of conscious life or intelligence, and of all life as expressions of knowledge and power on the mental and physical planes.

But here again we are confronted with the fact that mental activity may be wide or circumscribed in action, and we are compelled to place mental activity together with physical activity, in the category of effects; and the great causal life still eludes us.

Here it is that most enquiry stops, it being considered that human knowledge has reached its limits, and the great mass of humanity, ignorant, careless, or despairing, lives on in the ever changing circumstance of mental and physical existence. Some in their suffering pray in blind faith to some unknown power to relieve them; and others, careless of what may come, so long as the present moment is free from care and gives them their desires, trample upon their weaker and less favored brethren, in order to maintain their desired condition. Yet they know, that to all comes pain and sorrow and death, with nothing in the range of their so-called science or religion, to give them a reason for it all, nor show the way in which real life lies. To all such, life is a blind struggle—a dark enigma incapable of solution—a round of circumstances, of which they are the helpless victims.

But they need not so live; the Messengers of the Gods are again holding out to Mankind, the Crown of Life—the power to truly live—to know—to Be. It is the realized consciousness of the oneness of humanity, and of all creatures and beings—and of their essential divinity which opens the portals of the Temple of Knowledge, and leads to that Divine Thought and Divine Action which is Life itself. From this One Life spring all the Universes, all beings, all conditions and circumstances, under the great Law which will not be denied, but ever operates for equilibrium, harmony, and progress. This knowledge shows that Man is immortal—divine—a creator, preserver, and destroyer, or regenerator, in his own essential nature; that his present form, condition, and circumstance, are his own creations, the progeny of his own desire and will; that although all life teaches Unity, yet each man in his power has attempted to create and preserve a world for himself alone; and myriads of creators, working selfishly, have made the world we see—a world of sorrow, suffering, pain, and death.

The cure lies in Man's own hands. He must realize that Divinity is Life itself—that all forms of existence, are but temporary aspects of this inner immortal Life; that the Path and Goal of all is the same in reality; that birth, human life, and death, are but winding and recurrent steps, along which he may ascend to the Temple of Knowledge; that on none of these steps may he stay, nor may he hope to hold for himself the events of his journey for any

length of time; that it is with Man, the Divine, and his inner immortal life that we have to do, and not with the mere events of travel which bring us into more or less close contact as human beings; that the progress and happiness of the Unit, is bound to, and limited by, the progress and happiness of the Mass, and that consequently, the true happiness of the individual lies in the direction of service to the highest welfare of humanity. This service means an ascent and a descent; an ascent into nobler, better, higher conditions for those who would serve; a descent into the ordinary life of humanity for those who have attained, so that they may meet and assist those who as yet but dimly see the way, and are held down by their own conditions and those of the Race to which they belong.

Life then is Spirit, and Soul, and Mind, and Body—Creator and Creature—Being and Action on every plane.

True Life is full knowledge and conscious service; and true and full service is Conscious Life. C.

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### III.

All that is derives its life from the Breath of the Great Spirit.

The Great Spirit passes everywhere, is everywhere, as a boundless, unfathomable ocean, within whose depths are mighty circling currents, and tides that ebb and flow.

The wind shapes the clouds and the ocean carves the unyielding rocks upon the shore into battlement and turret; so the Great Spirit by its Breath and a Song fashions the Universes, wheeling the star-dust into glittering Suns and systems of a thousand radiant Suns, with lesser stars and planets, and forms thereon that dwell in earth and sea and sky and in the ethereal spheres.

Out of the womb of Infinite Silence, comes forth the Great Breath. With a Song and a Chant of wondrous harmonies it robes itself with rainbow colors of a thousand hues, proclaiming the New Day. As a mighty tide it sweeps on and on, through all the seven spheres, weaving for itself ever denser and darker garments—and lo! a Universe!

The tide ebbs, the resistless current passes on, the forms sleep, they dissolve into nothingness, the colors fade, the song dies. Night descends,—the Universe is no more.

Yet the Life *is*;—it ceases not, it but leaves the old forms and entereth into new. The Universe dissolves; a new Universe is born. That which passes not, which dies not, which is not born and knows not change, though it causes all growth and change, is the Great Spirit, the Life.

As with the great, so with the small; as with the Universe, so with each Sun and planet, so with each form in each realm of all the three Worlds. Each plant and flower, each crystal and stone, each bird and beast, and man himself—each is a little world, a Universe, each with its own life. That life and not the form thereof, is itself, whose very essence is divine, which step by step passing to the outermost bounds of existence, takes form in the lowliest, thence return-

ing step by step in infinite progression, it slowly circles through the worlds and climbs to godlike power and perfect knowledge.

Both great and small, each of a greater is a part, each the container is of lesser lives. Each of its own life to others gives, and all in one stupendous Unity are linked.

Of all the manifested worlds stands Man, the perfect Man, as crown. In him the three worlds blend, in him the Life awakes to consciousness of self, he knows himself as one with Nature, and his own being as Divine.

Alas! that in his circling path, he, whose life, his very self, has journeyed out and down until it sleeps in stone, by slow ascent through plant and beast awaking in his heart, through aid of radiant Elder Brothers, to consciousness of Self, potentially divine as they,—alas! that he in folly and in blindness, the twofold path confronting him, should live again the life of beast and seek the shadows of debasing sense.

Yet the Life, once throbbing in his breast, no peace, no rest will give, but urges on to ceaseless striving; and if he take the lower path, leads him to weariness unutterable and joyless toil, until in agony of despair he knows that death, not Life is there.

The lower path leads downward into slavery; the upper road, though steep and rocky, demanding strength and strenuous fight 'gainst obstacles of luring sense, 'gainst subtle self that outwardly makes sacrifice before the world for hidden vantage' sake that men offer sweet incense of praise, leads on to Freedom and to Joy—to Life. For, as in modern city's stifling atmosphere the pure sweet breath of Nature scarce has part, but tainted is by whirling streams of smoke and dust, laden with disease and death, and the city's life filled with subtle thoughts of greed and lust, breeding poverty and hate; but on the mountain top are Heaven's breezes and the glad free life of Sun and sky of blue, where out at night the stars ray down their points of light, awaking in the climber's breast that answering star which is himself and claims its kindred with the Sun and all of Heaven's hosts,—so must Man climb the heights of his own Soul to know the Freedom and the Life.

Yet how shall he climb and find again the Life—he whose feet have strayed to the very gates of death and who has lost all knowledge of the Life? To him the only life seems to be that of the senses; to give up which he thinks would be to give up all, and thus sinks he deeper in the mire. Will he ever turn again to climb the heights? What power, what aid is his?

Two-fold is this power, yet in essence one. Within, unless it has been consciously, persistently, denied—unless the evil has been seen for evil and followed for its own dread sake—within his breast, deep hidden is still the spark of a divine and radiant life, though slumbering, hidden, lost to knowledge, incapable now of self-awaking. But, without, there too is the Divine, in hearts of Elder Brothers, compassionate, strong, seeking to lift and save.

These are they who, leaving the hollow, empty, mocking life of sense and self, through aid of Brothers Elder still, have climbed and won their place

upon the glorious Sun-bathed Mountain Heights; these are they, the Warriors, Conquerors of self, resurrected, become one with the Self Supreme, the perfected, radiant and radiating Sons of the Sun, Lords of Life, who having climbed, descend again for sake of weaker, lost and erring younger brothers. And, as they descend, chanting the Song of Joy and Liberation, the sleeping, hidden life of weary, sin-entombed Humanity stirs, shoots forth an answering ray and lights again the fires of hope and courage to turn from out the dismal gloom of lower, lowest death, and mount the rugged pathway toward the Light.

To him who does so turn, though oft he falls again, to him is this "the Resurrection", a rising once again to Life. First, the Resurrection, the re-stirring, re-awaking of the Life within—then the Life. And, for each, there is a new Life ever beyond, and for each step gained, each new height climbed, a higher further still is seen. From height to height, from glory to glory the pilgrim ever mounts.

But further let us ask,—How presses he forward, is it solely that he has the will to climb, is it that he may gain new powers, is it because he sees the effulgence of the Light beyond, and through love of life seeks the Life? Nay. not so! How first did he awake? Was it through his own inherent power, separate, locked up deep within his breast? Aye and No! The power was his, inherent yet not separate, but because of its brighter shining in breasts of Elder Brothers, in his own heart it too shone out arousing him. Through Elder Brothers' aid was the first step taken, through their Compassion, that he might rise and live the Life with them.

So ever is it that not for sake of climbing not for love of life for self, can the heights be gained and the Life be known; but by stooping down to raise the fallen, by service of the lowliest, by bearing even the sin and shame of the out-cast, by self-sacrifice, by love to all that lives, by staying even of the steps that would mount higher, descending again to the valleys of woe—thus seeking not to climb, but clean and pure and strong the heart and raying out its Light—reflection of, and one with the Light of Life—thus *unsought* are new heights gained. Thus descending into hell, bearer of Heaven's light, thence with younger Brothers resurrecting, enter he and they together into Life. F.

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"Great intellect and too much knowledge are a two-edged weapon in life, and instruments for evil as well as for good. When combined with Selfishness, they will make of the whole of Humanity a foot-stool for the elevation of him who possesses them, and a means for the attainment of his objects; while, applied to altruistic humanitarian purposes, they may become the means of the Salvation of many."

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II., p. 163.

## TO MY SON JOHN.

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THE question writ by you in answering my first letter is full of hopeful evidence that you have caught my theme, and key, and melody of Nature's universal song. Yes! learn to well define, to analyze and understand the nature of the Soul. *Soul* is the Key that opens wide the door to realms of earth and heavenly joy; or, better put,—unites the two in one, and saves a long and weary journeying, and passage paid in blood and agony, to far off unknown land, where Death stands guard as ghostly sentinel on foot worn bridge; when there, you find that you must journey back and learn to live and act aright in earth, to find the object of your quest.

By wish, I would that I could only speak this single, living word, *Soul!* but that so loud, and long, and strong, that mountains with the saving tone would quake, and sleeping man awake through energizing fear or questioning or reasoning or anything, so that he hear and understand.

God does himself so speak to man through Nature's many voiced organ pipes. The thunder tones by lightning's deadly shaft are heralded. Through earthquakes, Nature finds relief from pent up energy which man, her idle, ignorant master has forgot to use; and shakes him into momentary headlong race for life which he has failed to fairly utilize. In his great fear, he prays to God for help,—then lays himself again to drowse and sleep in lazy, selfish, lustful self-content.

That everyone's a soul is evident to thoughtful minds! but how made up, combined? Through education false we're taught, that the soul is apart from us,—the body, man—and, losing conscious hold on it, through this, have placed this holy part remote, and throned it there, and made of it strange Gods, each man to suit his mood. This leaves the lower self or matter-part, with its own baser life—the devil, ignorance names it—alone in dark material realm unguided, uncontrolled, except by sky hung Heliograph whose pictures few can see, or seeing, do not understand. Your Higher Self or Spirit-Soul is one; your lower self or human soul is one: each separate, but chained to common pillory, the human mind, their battle-field: the fiend—because untaught and uncontrolled—within, attacking the higher, patient acting soul, attached; till weary, suffering, baffled over battles never fully won, the lower some day sees its kindly master's guiding hand, and kissing it in thankfulness, the two are wed in Christ, the resurrected Son in you and me and everyone, whom we have crucified till then.

Perhaps you'll question this? Your "well read", creed- and dogma- analyzing, thought-bound friends will say—"He is insane, blasphemes!" "He seeth not his Lord!" Dear Son, I know my soul!—"He fears not devil, man nor God",— Quite true! I love to help them all too well.—Pray ask yourself and them, what then of holy writ all quote so glibly and claim to take as rule and

guide, then thoughtless dream and sleep upon? Not so! a smoke-dimmed burning bush they make of holy thing to hide and sneak behind; to settle back upon—like stubborn mule—when lashed to thought of what these books do say and mean.

God never wrote, nor put in form nor substance single thing, or more, so sacred, circumspect and high, which we may not know. Who says, "'tis false!" blasphemes against the Holy Ghost, his Higher Self, and prostitutes his own and your intelligence.

Clasp hands with God; the holy things, the true, the infinite. Invite them home to dine with you, and these, who serve for sake of universal life, will be your unwaged trusty servers.

The man who says "you're not a soul in body, working at your daily task", declares what Jesus, Buddha and yourself and even a child prove false. What is it leaves the active vibrant body cold, a sodden clod, when it has gone? What stirs the life within the dormant seed, that starts the subtle pump-works of the heart? Whence springs the thought that brain and voice express? What thrills the Heart when touched by finger tips of heavenly sound, incites the weakest man to hero's deed? What is it in you *always* knows the right from wrong, and bids you live in higher thought and act?

May not it be your soul? this subtle, knowing thing, beyond the power of mind to reason out, or words to frame a proper verbal substitute? Yet all the time it is the thing, the thinker, knower and the known, you know and apprehend. Whence comes the wisdom of the schoolless child to ask the priest or parent questions which they back against, and take on self-exposing airs of knowing wisely what they do not know and cannot safely talk about? May it not be the child's mind-unfettered soul, trying to help unbind a comrade soul captured, bound and gagged with mental swaddling clothes of custom, form and creed? Sometime, I beg you ask this little knowing child,—who, knowing little, somehow knows enough to formulate a poser question which confounds—what its fresh baptized soul conceives to be the answer: and likely, answering, may make you wiser, and show you what the Master meant by "Children owning heavenly kingdom."

On these and other holy matters do your thinking for yourself. My wish is only to suggest some straight cut thoughts for you to meditate upon. If leaning on a crutch makes you a physical cripple, then, too, in mental realm you're proven. Lean on yourself, and falling, learn to stand more firm and true on manly feet which the good law has furnished ample substance for, and use. Can you athlete become, and strong, if I instead of you go into training?

Consider well, then act as right appears to you, right counsel taking from the *proven* wise and pure of heart. From such well-tilled and water-moistened soil will spring a self-reliant, self-respecting, calmly daring, Godlike man, with heart compassion filled. There is no other way than using these soul qualities to rise from hell, to heaven, and God.

Read soul-inspiring books, if such you need to open deep within yourself



that crystal fountain-spring of thought, which heads above and purifies all books from steeped-in dregs of brain-mind reasoning; uncovers moss-grown banks imbedding gems of truth.

Beware of way-side grove-shrined pools, high signed, "The Truth for Sale or Hire". Polluted, stagnant waters trickle from their weed-grown vents. From such, delusive mirage emanates and, mirrored far in misty clouds, it lures the thirsty soul on sterile, sand-swept plain of human life to spirit death.

Truth is for use in equal trade!—a true earned increment for justice given and won; a medium of fair and equitable exchange. 'Tis priceless, common, universal, free; like air and sunshine. So do not pay your gold for what is yours to freely take and give; for otherwise you help to prostitute a holy thing, corrupt the minted gold, yourself and all it contacts. The truest debt it pays is to some lonely, ship-wrecked traveler who has lost his way. Give him a lifting hand, buy him a chance to work, and, copying nature, pay him what he earns and no-thing more. This tests and shows you what he really is, what he needs, and how you most can help him.

I urge you with my soul compelling,—search out yourself and comprehend! Con nature's boundless book: Knock loud! *Command* her trusty guards to open all her secret doors, as YOU'RE PREPARED to enter. There you will find the Light, with guarding Deity at every forward step, a loving guide, examiner, who freely gives to *worthy* seeker for the light.

"Know thoroughly thyself", as Key to all; then, as on polished surface of an all-reflecting mirrored globe will you see all, and understanding, rightly use all things as part of your own knowing, growing self. With eye on highest, reach down to lowest in this boundless interlocking warp and woof of universal life and brotherhood. Live for to-day, and all its duties well perform; make every moment pregnant with Eternal deeds for good. Like sacred fig, bud, blossom and fruit within yourself, that in giving of your sweet life to others, you will be food, drink, and a perfect offering, from budding to budding.

I will, a common, universal, kindly thought,  
 By lowest to the loftiest phase of nature taught.  
 A shoreless, heaven-bent, human love,  
 Sky-lured by white, descending, heavenly dove  
 Between us two, and all, dear John.  
 Con well the world's real, hidden, secret, saddened life,  
 Till strength, and peace, and joy, you find in right's stern strife.  
 My soul is on the wing; I'll write you more anon.

RAMESES.

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"Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living ever-working universe: it is a seed grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says one) it will be found flourishing as a banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years."

CARLYLE.

## THE SPIRITUAL THREAD IN OPERA.

By WILLIAM A. DUNN.



HE usual meaning of the word "Opera" is—"a dramatic composition, set to music." A "dramatic composition", therefore, being a play which unfolds a series of events in life, and "music", being a manifestation, through the sense of hearing, of the inner World-Harmony which interpenetrates and binds into one whole all human and natural lives, it follows that the union of these two arts—drama and music—in Opera, gives to the latter a deep and vital significance.

Opera, considered in the broadest and truest sense, is the outward representation of the whole inner life of man. Correctly speaking, the "inner" and "outer" are but two aspects of one reality, for no outer can be perceived by any man except that which is in vibratory unison with his inner conscious perceptions. The law of sympathetic or corresponding vibration, establishes the identity between "inner" and "outer", and the adjustment between subject and object.

In Opera, the Soul may witness the action of, and interplay between, all human faculties and attributes; and discern that interpenetrating Spiritual Reality in which the faculties move and are synthesized, and through which the Soul shines upon the mind it illuminates and informs.

The "Spiritual Thread" is not to be found in particular characters or incidents. We should rather look behind and between the incidents of an Opera, if we would contact the golden ray which first inspired the composer, and around which he wove the details into form for outward representation. Light from the Soul always precedes artistic form, whose creation it directs.

Behind every creation of Genius, whether it be a Gospel, a Drama, a Painting, or an Opera, there is embodied within the artistic form an unseen Trinity. It is Idea—Light—Cohesion, and the three are one. A familiar commonplace will illustrate the truth of this. In language there are but twenty-six letters, yet these few elements answer for all literary forms, for all degrees of expression through language. That which marks the difference between a flimsy novel and a Drama by Aeschylus, is immediately sensed by any one of average intelligence. All life in words arises from the power within the man that classifies and combines them, and this power is conveyed through language as light is through varying transmitting media. All classical literature has behind it Idea—which radiates light with its many colored meanings, and Cohesion, that stamps the work as enduring. Glass is not the Light which it transmits; neither are words anything in themselves. They only momentarily live when the Soul makes use of them as a medium for expression. Therefore Spiritual meaning must be looked for in "That" which classifies the particular elements used—whether of sound, color, or language. This classifying power is

the unseen Trinity which builds around itself, and determines the degree of, every form in life, nature, and mind. A magnet placed beneath a sheet of paper upon which are strewn loose iron filings, beautifully declares this truth. The unseen magnetism determines the form into which the filings are thrown, which form is not in the iron particles so arranged. The same truth underlies all the works of Nature, varying degrees of cohesion, form, etc., corresponding to the "Status" of the incarnating Soul or Entity.

The Spiritual Reality embodied in an Opera is just such an unseen power, that becomes a Trinity in manifesting through the appearances of brain consciousness represented by the details and incidents of the play.

Let us, in imagination, consider the question from the point of view of the Genius, within whose Soul Opera first had birth. An audience must begin with the external, and first grasp the details, then the form, and finally the "Idea" or "Thread" which ensouls it all. Genius, on the contrary, begins at the other pole—within the Soul. An Idea of Beauty and Power there has birth. It is "The Logos" of the work about to be created. Under the guidance of its light, the composer then erects a stately temple from the elemental world of sound, upon the ideal etheric form within his mind. This palace of sound, held together by that cohesive power, which stamps a work as classical and eternal, enshrines, and is illuminated by, the light which radiates from "The Logos" or original inspiration—the light and cohesive power being always relative to the spiritual idea, which could only have had birth in an ennobled heart and mind. Such Souls are inspired types of what the whole of Humanity will attain in the course of evolution—nor will it rest there—but pass to mightier ends. But for the present the "Sound Temple", erected by Master-Musicians, is our guide and refuge.

In the outer Courts of this Temple—not made with hands—Humanity worships, and witnesses the divine "Mystery-Play" which the characters of Opera, officiating as Priests of the God of the inner Sanctuary, display before them. The people may only see the "Lesser Mystery" of outward representation—but that which unites player and people alike, is MUSIC—the Harmony of Spiritual Life. In it the "Greater" and "Lesser" Mysteries of "inner" and "outer" life are united as one, for Humanity finds therein momentary release from the discords of earthly existence. Music Universal and divine—is the World-Mother,—the first sheath of the Soul. It is the basis and sustaining power of all manifestation, and the mind that bathes in its pure streams finds itself upon the highway which leads to Wisdom and to God. Too often, alas, has this beautiful Art been made to subserve some sensuous theme, but since the Great Goddess—all beautiful and supreme—revealed herself through Beethoven, the redemption of Music is assured.

It is a grave mistake to imagine that music begins and ends with the limited scale sensed through the organ of hearing. The human octave upon which at present are received partial impressions of the Universal symphony, is an extremely limited keyboard, only capable of receiving that minute aspect of music

to which it, as receiving instrument, is attuned. This sense octave, is but one step on the Universal ladder up and down which pass the "Heavenly Singers". Man catches but an echo as they pass through his sphere of hearing and perception. On either side extend innumerable octaves beyond the scale to which our minds and ears are as yet attuned. As pearls upon a string, the "Spiritual Thread" unites all these octaves as one, and its shining path lies open for all Humanity. To find this thread within a great Opera, is to contact a beam of light from the living Soul of the World, which, in its passage through the mental darkness of the race, carries a message that the parent source has yet more light—inexhaustible and boundless—to pour forth upon humanity when aspiration has become sufficiently intense to cleave aside the darkness of contented ignorance. The music of God never ceases—it is only our immature receiving organs of mind and sense that limit its manifestation to consciousness.

A few words with reference to sound, from whose elements music is constructed, will aid in this direction; for it is possible to suggest some truths which underlie expression through harmonized sounds that will be found identical with those that vitalize and ennoble all expressions of true life. The exact mathematical basis upon which music is constructed provides a sure foundation from which the ideas suggested by it may be easily grasped. The sound elements wrought into musical form are so crystalline in their purity, and the law which governs their harmonious ratios and cohesions so beautifully exact, that the teaching of the Brotherhood of Sound is unmistakably clear and obvious.

All "Sounds" are but different "appearances" of one underlying vibration—detailed subdivisions of, and within, the universal key-note. Any single note of music is as a molecule made up of atoms, for it contains within itself a minute universe of sounds, which proceed from the low one sensed by the external ear up through a ladder of mathematically related degrees of vibratory motion, to the vibration of the *one* ethereal medium, that sustains *all* "Sounds". Hence all notes of music, in their highest subdivisions, coalesce and become identical in essence and vibration. It is upon these higher planes of unity between "sounds" that the Soul impresses its creative ideas, which, as cohesive power and Spiritual meaning, remain behind the rays of light that are attached to, and illuminate, the notes built into a musical composition.

Difference of pitch in music is caused by difference of wave-length, and the combination of different sound-waves resulting from three or more notes sung or played in harmony is geometrical form floating upon the Akasic ocean. Following, in imagination, the forms of each chord as they succeed and superimpose one another in a master-piece, the mind can picture the erection of a most beautiful ethereal temple, into which the Soul may pass as its natural home.

It can now be seen that the notes of music which appear to the outer ear as separate, are really "fingers upon one hand", and it is obvious that the Soul which constructs and illuminates a master-piece is beyond the etheric sea that it overlooks classifying and moulding the vibratory ripples for the purpose of

transmitting its light and love to the under-world of sense and darkness. And yet it must not be thought that the Soul is far from our minds and hearts. It is closer than aught else in life, for it is ourself—that uses the body as manifesting instrument. The human body is the most perfect musical instrument on earth, but the different organs have got out of tune with *each other*. We may find the Tuner within the heart and conscience, ready to adjust every discord. As the inner and outer are in reality one, loyalty to a spiritual leader implies *corresponding* polarization of mind and heart to the God within. These two poles are strictly relative and interdependent.

This then is the divine mission of Opera—to *act as intermediary between the Soul of Humanity and its blind Lower Self*.

The old Grecian priests, knowing the true nature of their duties, personified, in their music-dramas, the forms of the gods, which really represent high states of Being in man. Being able, through their pure lives and deep spiritual wisdom, to inwardly affirm identification with the Powers they personified when performing ritual, they poured forth into the hungry hearts of the people the vibrating energies their mental and physical forms were trained to convey.

The relation that the world of form bears to the ocean of formless life is here indicated. Sunlight—as everyone knows—is conditioned in its manifestation (as color) by the organism which absorbs and reflects it. In the same way, light from the Soul is conditioned in its manifestation through human life by mental and emotional forms that exist in the mind of the race. When the atmosphere about the earth has heavy clouds floating within it, the sunlight is broken up, some of it being absorbed, and what remains, reflected. But beyond the clouds, all remains bright and radiant.

So is it with Humanity. Its Soul is always pure and radiant, and never ceases to be so, even when storms and passions darken the intellectual heavens and shut out the light from the lower mind. To conquer the lower self is to transmute the sidereal contents of consciousness into such pure transparent thought forms, that the Soul may find a fit medium through which to shine in all its white brilliancy upon the lower self.

Pure music provides these impersonal forms of thought, and to subject the mind to its influence renders it easy to direct the faculties towards God; for it loosens the polarity the faculties have toward objects of lower thought set up through long exercise in that direction.

Spiritual light is forever about us, only hidden from sight and feeling by impure thought clouds and chaotic emotions which spring up from uncontrolled sense impressions. For spiritual light to illuminate the consciousness, it is as necessary to have a transparently pure heart and mind through which it may shine without obstruction, as it is necessary to have a clear atmosphere through which the sunlight may pass to paint the flowers on earth with its wonderful color-tints.

Man has within him such seeds of knowledge and power that thought of the greatness of coming races dazzles the mind; for is there not locked up

within the human form the essences and memories of all past evolution, through every form of life unfolded within the world-soul since it began its evolutionary career? These memories but require the sunlight of the Soul to reawaken from the long sleep of "Kali Yuga", the Iron Age. The over-soul of Humanity *eternally is*—only its sidereal contents change through countless disassociations and reconstructions, from the lowest form up towards the form of perfect man—"The Temple of God."

The Spiritual Thread in Opera (Opera being, let us remember, the outward representation of forces within human consciousness) ever tends to shine more brightly, and it carries to the heart the assurance that the sun from which it streams is surely rising, to disperse the mists and darkness which now envelope the heart of Humanity. The great advance made with Opera during the last two centuries removes all doubt that the time is quickly approaching when Master-Musicians from old civilizations will create works of Art that will ensoul the spiritual energies they are the ministers of.

That day may be hastened by increased effort towards the establishment of conditions through which they can work—by intense purity of thought, and by a love for Humanity which spreads like a stately tree with roots ever sinking deeper into the soil of practical work for Brotherhood. This is the root and branch of Occultism, and each depends on the other. Like the oak tree, which superbly withstands all storms of nature, because of its deep-rooted hold of earth soil, man may stand erect in the kingdom of God *because* he is rooted in compassionate service to the human race.

The inner faculties are capable of infinite application between the extremes of low sensuous servitude and identity with Universal forces. They become *servants* of that aspect of life towards which they are continually polarized. They cannot be chained to the Soul and to the personality at one and the same time. The acquirement of Spiritual knowledge and power depends entirely upon a compassionate attitude of mind and heart—fixed and unalterable—towards Humanity.

"The Past" exists to-day in all its fullness. Within the heart and Soul is the *original* inspiration of all world Religions, Philosophies, and Arts. The work of the "Universal Brotherhood" is to again impress upon outer life the same energies that brought about all past triumphs, and revivify the Spiritual Thread around which the old masterpieces were constructed.

Success is certain, for "The Leader" directs.

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"If any man wishes to go where I go, he must renounce self, take up his cross and follow me. For whoever wishes to save his life will lose it, and whoever, for my sake and for the sake of the Good News, will lose his life will save it."

—MARK, viii, 34, 35. (*The Twentieth Century New Testament.*)

## CHILDREN OF ONE SWEET MOTHER.

By PHAETON.



*BEAR love to men as though they were thy brother-pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother."*

As there is a birthday of the body, so also is there a birthday of the soul. As there is a motherhood of the flesh, so is there a motherhood of the spirit. Do we realize the significance of this?

There is often a tendency among those who have awakened to the delusions without and the enemies within, to dwell upon their own trials. The pangs of the birth into a higher life, the ache of getting adjusted to the new environment in which spiritual regeneration places us,—all this seems hard to bear. The real philosophers have always told us, "as above, so below". If analogy will teach us anything, let us apply it to this case. It is true that the babe suffers in the birth, but what are its puny pains compared with the unspeakable agony of the mother? Think for a moment of our spiritual Mother, of her to whom many of us owe our very existence as far as the higher life is concerned. Think of her joy as she first saw the light of spirit descend upon the tiny germ, hidden deep in matter. Think of her anxiety as she saw its growth, now and then retarded by some evil tendency or other, until at last, as it lay close, close, to her heart she felt it quicken with the inflow of the Breath. Then more anxious, brooding, nourishing care, until at last came the supreme hour when the spirit, incarnate, leaped from the womb of the finite into the ether of the Infinite.

Whose the pain, think you? What comparison between the unconscious suffering of the child, forgotten as soon as it is passed, and the pain of the mother, anticipated long, suffered in full consciousness of its meaning and remembered,—alas! incapable of being forgotten? What comparison, think you, between the sufferings borne merely for ourselves, and those which we cannot bear though we would, those which we must endure to see borne by the child whom we love better than ourselves, for whom we would willingly bear all?

When we feel the scorch of the flame and begin to pity ourselves and chafe just a wee bit under our Karmic load,—let us reflect for a moment what the greater life that we have been born into has cost the Mother. Our own sufferings will, like poor Mephistopheles, shrivel into nothingness. But at last the time comes when some of our debts to the Law are paid and we stand upright once more. Then how we long to help the Mother who has guided us all the way. And so we begin "helping" her, in a spasmodic fashion, and perchance risk to drown ourselves utterly in self-satisfaction at our own usefulness.

Do we ever stop to ask ourselves how much of the help which we take so much pride in is spelled "h-i-n-d-r-a-n-c-e"? A little reflection, in the light of analogy, will do no harm. But three days ago a mother I know was in the kitchen making muffins, when out came her four-year-old with the usual peti-

tion: "Mamma, may I help you cook?" "Yes, dear", replied the mother, "you may stir this batter for me." So he climbed upon a chair and began to stir, calling out in a minute: "See, mamma, how much I am helping you. I am putting in some nice flour." And the mother turned to discover that the little fellow had poured in enough soda to neutralize at least a gallon of sour milk!

How many of us help the Mother, at first, in much the same way,—and yet she is patient, for she knows that we must learn, though always, of course, *at her expense*.

We have a spiritual mother. Humanity owes her much; some of us owe her all. She has suffered as we are incapable of suffering,—and for us. She calls to us to help her work in the world, and we learn to help at the uttermost cost to her. And so when foes assail her, as they assail our truths, let us rise up and protect her. It is our duty, ten thousand times our duty. Is she not our Knight of the Holy Grail? And we know that the true Knight, like Parsifal, may never unsheathe the sword of his purified will save in the defense of others.

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## BROTHERHOOD.

By J. D. H.

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STOLE out to rest in the woodlands,  
 And I saw long silvery threads  
 Floating in breeze and sunshine  
 From branch to branch overhead.

Endless they streamed toward the hilltops—  
 A sign of fair weather, I knew,  
 For the spinners who spin in the day-time  
 Belong to the ranks of the few,

Who work to send hope and gladness  
 To those who are weary and worn,  
 And sound again the glad tidings,—  
 Once more a Messiah is born.

Spin, spin, ye vigilant toilers;  
 Dart out your radiant gleams;  
 Let love, liberation and knowledge  
 Go forth on the morning's first beams;

Loyalty winds from the mountains  
 Her triumphant clarion call;  
 All over the earth hear the echo,  
 Brotherhood, Brotherhood, all.



## GLIMPSSES OF OLD AND NEW.

By J. H. FUSSELL.



OW time flies! The years pass one into another with a rapidity that is marvellous. And yet, looking back at the past few years, the work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization has been stupendous. It is but four years ago, on June 13th, 1896, that the great Crusade around the World, bearing its message of Truth, Light, and Liberation to Discouraged Humanity, started from New York. Four short years ago, each passing so quickly, but fraught with events marking an epoch in the History of Humanity!

Emerson has some very fine thoughts in his essay on "History" which appear peculiarly applicable to and illustrated by the development of the Theosophical Movement, and the daring genius of its three Leaders—daring, so it has often seemed, and daring in reality, yet with all the prudence and foresight of far-seeing Wisdom, as demonstrated by the never-failing accomplishment, step by step, of the purposes of the Movement and the plans of the Leaders.

Are we not beginning to learn that the mind with its reasoning and argument, its calculation and caution, its wariness and fear of consequences, has become the greatest obstacle to the progress of Man? From the standpoint of the mind, the dictates of the Soul often appear impossible of execution, impracticable, a wild Utopia which no sane man would accept as within the reach of attainment. Such is the verdict of the mind on many of the injunctions of Christ and others of the great World-Teachers, and such has been the verdict of the World at large in regard to the aims and objects of the Theosophical Movement and the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and the promise of the Future held before us by our Teachers.

But the Soul is its own Vindicator, naught can stay the accomplishment of its divine purposes. As the tender shoots of plants burst the bonds of confining earth and rock, reaching to the sweet air and the sunshine, that the power of the inner life may manifest itself in stem and leaf, in bud and blossom and fruit; so the Soul, its divine life stirring within the heart of Humanity, bursts through the adamant walls of ignorance, prejudice and bigotry, and tears asunder the closely woven meshes of custom. Once that the longing for the pure air and the sunshine of the Spiritual Life has awakened in the Soul of Man, not any power in hell or earth, or in the whole vast Universe can permanently stay its progress, for the Soul's power is the Supreme Power.

Emerson says:

"Who hath access to this Universal Mind, is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

"Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his

history. Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion, which belongs to it, in appropriate events. But always the thought is prior to the fact, all the facts of history pre-exist in the mind as laws."

Have we not found this true? Is not this Movement, "which has been active in all ages", the expression of the Universal Mind and the means for the accomplishment of its purposes? Is not the genius of the Movement, as shown in its present phase in the effort of the last quarter Century and now continued on into the new Century, more and more fully illustrated as the series of days passing into weeks, months, years, gradually unfolds not only the plans which existed from its foundation, but brings forth to light their marvellous fulfillment?

Are we not beginning to realize in part that our lives did not commence a few short years ago; that we, the real Self, did not then first come into being? To us, Members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Students of Theosophy, the words of Emerson are far more than a figure of rhetoric: "Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history." And as of Man, so also of this Movement, it is explicable by nothing less than all its history. More than that it is the very epitome of all history, the focusing of all the Ages, the crown and flower of a long line of successes and failures and of successes again.

"Always the thought is prior to the fact", so do we find in this Organization with its different departments, the embodiment and actual realization, already begun, founded upon a sure basis, progressing with rapid strides, of the deepest longings of the human heart for æons. Already more has been accomplished than the human mind has dared to think within the range of possibility, more even than in its ignorance it has dared to hope. The impossible has not only been conceived and planned, but is being fulfilled. "Without hurry, without rest", this mighty work goes irresistibly onward, guided by a Master Hand, from the beginning embodying "every faculty, every thought, every emotion, which belongs to it in appropriate events".

One of the most valuable lessons in all the marvellous philosophy which our Teachers have again presented to the World is the practical object-lesson of the history and development of the Theosophical Society and the Universal Brotherhood Organization. It is the most forcible example of the reality and power of this great Cause; and, if so, surely we should all study and keep ourselves in touch with its unfoldment. If we will do this, we shall find, I truly believe, a key to all history and, further, a key to the understanding of our own lives.

Who, indeed, save one "who hath access to the Universal Mind", could have thus planned and wrought and successfully accomplished? Let us study this history; let us study and emulate more and more the noble self-sacrifice of our three Great Teachers, and by our lives engrave their names indelibly first in our own hearts and on the pages of the Universal Records.

Past epochs and great events live and are real to us today because of the living souls of the great actors in the World's Drama, the heroes and heroines. All the Past is our heritage which we are continually re-entering upon and adding to, as the cycles turn in their appointed course. The past beauty of Greece and the stupendous glory of Egypt, and of those still more ancient but unrecorded and unremembered civilizations of antiquity, wait to be unfolded again in the new beauty, the new glory, the renewed knowledge of the divinity of Man, of the now dawning civilization which heralds the advent of a new Golden Age. The mighty Past with its rises and falls is our heritage, because we, each one of us, helped to make that past; and it will live again for us, for weal or woe, as we now each day choose, because we then lived in it and aided or retarded it by aiding or retarding those who stood in the forefront, ever upholding the good and right—the Saviors, Teachers, the Divine Kings of the traditions of all races, the noble-hearted, wise and compassionate of all times. It is they who have made resplendent the glorious deeds of the Past and, aiding them, we helped to record the bright pages of the History and progress of Humanity; but opposing them we helped to plunge the World into darkness; and the record of our faithlessness and opposition is one of persecution of these Helpers, and for the World oppression, bloodshed, famine and pestilence.

Thus it is that to-day our lives are marked by so fierce a contest between the higher and the lower natures, and that the World to-day is convulsed by wars and rumors of wars, and pestilence, famine, poverty and vice. But yet there is one bright, soul-inspiring beacon light, penetrating the black darkness with rays of hope and courage. For to-day is the focal point for all the Past; the ancient battle of the Ages is being fought again between the powers of Light and the powers of Darkness; and thus it is that in the life of each and of all Humanity, all the past beauty and glory and knowledge, and all the past degradation await at the threshold to repeat themselves again in answer to our will and desire. But no longer is the result of the conflict uncertain, held in the balance. The choice has been made, the cyclic point has been passed, the tide has been taken at the flood, and all our days go forward with ever increasing hope and joy.

Yet the contest still rages fiercely, but in answer to Humanity's appeal, the invincible Hosts of Light have echoed back by their Messenger the battle cry of Truth, Light and Liberation to Discouraged Humanity—already the shout of Victory resounds in the air and a glad song of Joy in the heart.

Let us then read again and again the history of this the pivotal point in the progress of Humanity. Let us go over again and again in thought the great and "little" events of the past twenty-five years, in which ages of effort have been accumulated for final adjustment.

Do we realize the titanic struggle of these years with the powers of Darkness for the liberation, or enslavement and extinction, of Man's Soul? Do we realize that the Lion-hearted, Soul-Invincible Pioneer, H. P. Blavatsky, gave

up her life—not once, but many times, in this age-long struggle of the past quarter Century? With her fought William Q. Judge, Hero and Chief of a thousand fights for Humanity's sake. To him she passed the Torch and Sword; to him she entrusted the Sacred Word, in defending which he too gave up his life. Four years ago our Hero-Chief passed from us, but neither Torch nor Sword nor Word has been lost. To a third he handed them on. In the stress of fight, hard pressed, wounded by the shafts of calumny and treachery—not from the open foe alone, but from those who had spoken the smooth words of friendship—persistently persecuted and maligned; thus he died, but died victorious, as too died H. P. Blavatsky; for that third Leader, our Warrior-Teacher and Helper has lifted up the Torch, a living, ever-burning signal of Hope to all Humanity. She has encircled the World with the Sword of Victory over the powers of Darkness; and reverently, with hushed hearts, we may as we strive loyally, trustfully and devotedly to fulfill the sacred charge laid upon us—we may hear the echo of the Sacred Word, though we cannot frame it with our lips. But we know it to be the Word of Power, the Word long lost to Humanity though ever cherished, handed on from age to age by the Messengers of Truth—now found, echoing again in the Hearts of the Faithful.

Four years ago came our Leader to lead us in the fight, in the stress of battle but with the Song of Victory. The history of these four years is in part recorded—to fully tell the story would require volumes, and even then there would remain untold that which cannot be put into words but is recorded only in Heart and Life. But much there is that lies open to all, and the onward march and progress of the Movement all may see in its various activities and departments,—The Universal Brotherhood Organization, The International Brotherhood League, The Theosophical Society, The Isis League of Music and Drama, The International Lotus Home for Children, The School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, and other activities ever increasing and being added to. All these may be seen, and are the branches of the great tree, putting forth leaves and bud and blossom and fruit which shall be for the healing of the Nations.

All these things stand out before the World as the visible result and crown of the mighty labors of the three Great Ones and of our trust, steadfastness and devotion, in rendering noble service. But the full value of the already glorious outcome of the past twenty-five years' struggle cannot be known if the result only is looked at apart from the struggle, the conflict, the obstacles to be overcome, the enemies' plans to be frustrated and the steep and rocky path leading up to the heights on which we now stand, and from which we can see still greater and more glorious heights to be attained. The whole story must be followed and studied, and the lessons of the Past recognized, if we would fit ourselves to march onward with those who still climb higher.

The *whole* history must be studied—the dark side as well as the light, that both may be known, and that the student may come to know the possibilities that lie within the heart of Man and learn to act wisely and fearlessly for the

eternal welfare of all that lives. Yet not one tenth, hundredth, thousandth part can be told of the conflict, attacks of foes, the treachery, base ingratitude, of those who masked themselves as friends, who were self-pledged to aid and guard the Sacred Cause, calling themselves disciples of the Good Law, professing loyalty and love to her whom *they* called Teacher and Leader, and to the Comrades in the warrior band. Alas! that through ambition, through spite for thwarted selfish plans of self-advancement, through lust and love of sensuous ease and luring hidden vice, they denied their own soul's promptings and wilfully chose the downward, darkened path and set their hearts to aid the powers of evil. How sad their Karma which they, who once had seen the Light, must bear—not for themselves alone, but for those others to whom they might have been as beacons in the darkness, fore-runners and exemplars for the weaker ones who looked to them for noble service to pattern after. Some, forgetful of their task and their high privilege, not for themselves but for others' sake to strive, others, consciously refusing—and theirs the greater blame, because they knew that younger brothers looked to them—renounced their sacred obligation, self-imposed and freely taken, and joined their forces with the foes of Man, working even to their own destruction;—the snake of selfish pride up-reared its head, ambition's curse and vanity long slumbering, or till now with care concealed, awoke within their breast and stood revealed. And when the Teacher still strove to help, and sought to light once more the spark within their hearts, and, for the sake of Brothers and of their own true selves, appealed again that they should turn and fight the demon of the lower self, encouraging them once more to take the upward steep and arduous path and stretching out a helping hand, yet as in the days of old ever refusing to prophesy smooth and easy things and gratifying of the senses,—they, self-willed, self-worshipping, cried loudly, "We need no teacher, we ourselves can know", and then as if to cloak their own now glaring sin, with false malicious lies they sought destruction of the Teacher and her work.

Such is a glimpse of the dark side of the picture, and such have been the obstacles along the path, greater far than obstacles of bigotry and selfishness and ignorance and prejudice of men. But Darkness has yielded to Light, and around the Leader are warriors true, whose joy it is to aid her, and, inspired by her great example, to render noble service of loving deeds for the uplifting of all Humanity.

Let us turn, then, to the bright side and see the hope that is and increasingly shall be for all the World. Four years ago was given the hope, nay the positive promise, by the Leader, of the building of a Temple, and the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

The building of a Temple to some, to the great majority not caring to think deeply, sounds perhaps a matter of small moment. "Temples" are being built every year; but go back to the ancient times, search the records of antiquity, read the account of the building of Solomon's Temple and read between the lines, study the scanty references to the ancient Mysteries of Greece

and Egypt; turn to Egypt and see the ruins of her mighty Temples, and from them learn the part they have played in both the inner and the outer life of Man. For the building of a Temple, which shall be a Temple in very truth, is not the mere uprearing of a structure of stone and marble, but the welding together, in eternal bonds of love and self-sacrifice, of the hearts of men, and, only as this is accomplished and the inner Temple upreared, can the outer Temple as perfect symbol thereof be built. That we have this promise of the building of the Temple, perfect symbol of the living Temple "not made with hands", is, I think, the keynote to the future joy and happiness and true progress of Humanity on all the planes of being. And surely it must have meant then, and now, that the foundations of the spiritual Temple were already laid and immovably established, and we know and have seen that the new Golden Age has dawned for Humanity.

Four years ago was made this Promise; three years ago was purchased the site for the Temple on Point Loma by the great Pacific Ocean, chosen for this stupendous work by the direction of the Teacher. The land was then a wild moorland, covered with stubble, a home for wild rabbits, gophers and rattlesnakes,—unused for centuries, kept sacred for ages for this high purpose. To-day the land is cleared, roads are made, and in preparation for the Temple of stone there has been given to us—and as each day passes the accomplishment thereof comes nearer—the opportunity of living with one another the divine life of the Soul.

Look at the achievements of the past two years, since the great Universal Brotherhood Congress of 1899 on this sacred spot. After the Congress, to a few devoted workers was given the privilege of staying and working at the Colony of the International Brotherhood League, which had just been founded, a short distance from the site of the Temple. Then go forward a year, to the beginning of this present year. In the month of February, 1900, the Leader again came to Point Loma bringing with her several Cuban children and also some of the little ones from the Lotus Home in Buffalo. Then the Point Loma Homestead was purchased to further enlarge the work. Already here are many students, from many parts of America, Europe, Australia, and Cuba, members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Several other children are now here, a Cuban Colony of grown people and several young people who are being educated on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, with the inspiration and the hope in their hearts of working for the uplifting of their Country and all Humanity.

The little City Beautiful, which has been recently described, is now occupied by the children. One of the beautiful structures, on the plan of which will be reared the buildings of the City of Esotero by the Sea, is now almost completed, and the extensive grounds are being laid out, artificial lakes being built, enhancing the beauty of the place and serving also as reservoirs for the irrigation of the miles of vegetable growth, olive and fig and other trees being planted. Other buildings, other work, other hopeful signs, everywhere a beckoning

promise of the Future,—but that work which makes all this possible is, first, the inner work which is being done in your heart and mine, and in order that it may be perfected, it demands our Trust, our Faith, our Will; it demands self-discipline and self-conquest that the Light of the Soul may illumine our lives and the lives of our fellows. But to grow impatient, to try to advance by leaps when alone the lessons of slow experience can make our foothold sure on each new height gained, has wrecked many a traveller on the way who, if he had persevered but a little while longer, would have reached the goal.

Let us therefore not be impatient, knowing that the Soul will work out its own purposes “without hurry, without rest”. Let us learn from the history of the Theosophical Movement and the Universal Brotherhood that Humanity has its Helpers; that “there is a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may”; that we have it in our power to work with that Divinity or against it; that if against it, we work only our own destruction but cannot prevent the full accomplishment of its purposes; that all the beneficent and divine powers of Nature are on the side of the Soul and work with it; and that consequently it is in our power to aid in lightening the heavy load of sin and suffering in the world. Let us learn the meaning and the blessedness of that joy which comes only from helping others.

We have our Guide, our Teacher, our great Example,—let us gladly follow and learn and follow. We have been granted the priceless boon of having revealed to us a glimpse of the design of the inner and the outer Temple which the Master Builder has drawn upon the trestle-board of Time; let us be true workmen, faithful ever in service and devotion; so shall the outer Temple be reared, and the inner Temple of the Hearts of Men be builded on the foundations of Helpfulness, Love and Joy, a fit dwelling place for the purified, radiant, divine Soul.

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“Evolution is an eternal cycle of becoming, we are taught; and Nature never leaves an atom unused. Moreover, from the beginning of the Round [this present great cycle of development], all in Nature tends to become Man. All the impulses of the dual, centripetal and centrifugal Force are directed towards one point—Man. \* \* \* *Man is the Alpha and the Omega of objective creation. As said in Isis Unveiled, ‘all things had their origin in Spirit—evolution having originally begun from above and proceeding downwards, instead of the reverse, as taught in the Darwinian theory.’* (Principles of Zoology, p. 206.)

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“Truly, if we accept Darwin’s theory of the development of species, we find that his starting-point is placed in front of an open door. We are at liberty with him, to either remain within, or cross the threshold, beyond which lies the limitless and incomprehensible, or rather the *Unutterable*. If our mortal language is inadequate to express what our spirit dimly foresees in the great ‘*Beyond*’—while on this earth—it *must* realize it at some point in the timeless Eternity.”

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II., pp. 170, 190.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD IN DAILY LIFE.

By HELEN DOUGLAS.



BEFORE brotherhood can be made a part of daily life, it must first be recognized as a fact. The intellectual conception passes gradually into a feeling of its truth, and this works its way out in action. Universal Brotherhood is not a theory. It is not a mere hypothesis for sentimentalists on which to construct a visionary golden age. It is not a passing fancy. Universal Brotherhood is a reality. It is the expression of the fundamental unity of Nature. The many forms of life are manifestations of the one life, which works its way from the lower kingdoms of nature up through man to conscious godhood. Nature is one; no part is separate from any other part.

The unity of the human race can be seen even on the physical plane, where the delusion of separateness is most deceiving. Divest men of their surroundings, the conditions of their lives, and what have we? Take from the scholar his books; from the general his army; remove the business man from the intricacies of trade, and the society leader from the whirl of fashion; think of the Englishman minus his nationality, and the American less his; cancel the brown skin of the dark races and the white skin of the whites; remove from the Christian his dogmas; from the Mohammedan his forms; from the Brahmin his superstitions and we have—human beings who suffer the same physical wants, whose lives are torn by the same contending passions and lighted by the same loves, whose souls cry out for the same Truth. Only the superficial interests of mankind are diversified and antagonistic. The fundamental interests are identical.

The world is so closely bound together by cable and by steamship line that the condition of one country affects all the others. Fluctuation in London stocks is immediately felt in Wall Street. A failure of the crops in Russia makes a shortage of grain throughout the world. The financial panic of Australia swept this country and Europe. The bubonic plague has its victims in almost every seaport. Daily the world reads the South African war news, and is depressed or elated. If such an interdependence can be brought about by the purely physical cable and steamer, how much more intimate and immediate must be the connection along the subtler lines of mental action and the irresistible currents of feeling; for here every person is a seaport town, a centre of communication. Lust, selfishness and revenge go straight to corresponding centres and awaken kindred feelings in others; trust, sincerity, compassion arouse the highest part of man into responsive action.

Knowing Brotherhood to be this interrelation and interdependence of Humanity, it is evident that to make it a part of daily life demands more than a friendly feeling for one's associates, or a pleasant smile for all we meet.



Outer actions are the result of inner impulses. Only as the motive is pure and the impulse genuine or the reverse is the brotherly act truly or falsely so. We must first awaken a genuine sympathy for our fellow men; accord to each the dignity of being a human soul; grant that each life is as full of cares and trials as our own; that all are journeying towards the same goal.

If we feel our kinship with others we shall not regard them as competitors, but as fellow-workers. What is another's loss is not your gain. Another's gain is no loss to you. The best interests of the individual can be served only by serving the best interests of all. If we shift our field of effort from the plane of competition to that of mutual helpfulness, we shall receive better value for our labor. If another attains success in a line along which we have been striving, or is doing a work we have longed to do, we should not feel envious, nor regard him as a rival. There is work enough for all; the work of each is suited to his ability. If another acquires some degree of perfection in the performance of his duty, rejoice in his strength, for is not the world helped as much by his strong act as by yours?

Universal Brotherhood demands more than tolerance. It is not enough to say, "Brother, I wish thee well; go thy way." Brotherhood, whose basis is that fact in Nature, demands that each should work unceasingly for the good of all. If this end is served by kindly, gentle treatment, let it be tender and loving. But if the occasion demands strength and severity, do not hesitate to deal the blow. The act which causes pain, and which to the superficial gaze might seem unbrotherly, may be the only thing that could awaken another to his failing and help him on to a better life. The friend is unkind who speaks only of the things which please and flatter us, but dares not mention our shortcomings for fear of incurring our displeasure. The parent is unkind who indulges the child in all its wayward whims, leaving it to learn self-discipline when it is thrown upon the world.

The assistance which benefits one's worldly condition or aids in the gratification of desire may arouse gratitude and admiration, but it is of trifling importance compared to that which builds character, gives a truer conception of life, or awakens the soul to its responsibilities.

To be brotherly in the highest sense demands wisdom to discern the proper course of action and will to push it through, whether the process be pleasant or not. To look behind the present sensations of pleasure and pain and work for the ultimate good is true brotherliness.

If we could realize that the welfare of each is closely interwoven with the welfare of all, we should cease drawing the sharp lines of selfish personality, we should cease building for the personal self, and build for the larger self—Humanity. Universal Brotherhood is a part of that life whose guiding purpose is "To render noble service to all that lives".

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"Sentences of studied wisdom, naught avail they unapplied;  
Though a blind man hold a lantern, yet his footsteps stray aside."

*Indian Poetry.*

## MAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

By ROBERT FRANCIS.



BEYOND the uttermost depth of space,  
 Beyond Chaos' turbid reign,  
 There is a Being within whose mighty girth  
 Is all of joy and all of mirth,  
 But naught of grief and pain.  
 A mighty Being; of wondrous lore;  
 Calm, Just, Supreme, Divine.  
 Forth from its heart there sprang a spark  
 Of wondrous light; across the dark  
 Of universe's chaotic clime  
 It leaps, moulds for itself of earthly sand  
 A tenement, and becomes a *Man*.

The spark within the heart of light  
 Knew naught of grief or pain.  
 And thus a flaw in the wondrous law,  
 The law that Moses on Sinai saw—  
*Karma!* that branded Cain,  
 As ceaselessly it labored  
 To round the cycle's girth,  
 It could not find within the clime  
 Of perfect harmony divine,  
 The lost link of discord's birth;  
 Incarnate life is yet untold;  
 It seeks, and finds the Earth its goal.

A while upon the earth it dwells  
 A Man; sowing the seed  
 Of harvests rich, gleans  
 When the high Sun casts its sheen  
 O'er action evil and goodly deed.  
 The Shepherd pipes,  
 The Smithy smites,  
 The husbandman plows the field;  
 And every beast  
 With man's at peace,  
 And all to one God kneel.

In all the earth is joyous life  
 And peace; unknown is strife.  
 But soon a change comes o'er the scene,  
 The Shepherd's pipes are mute,

And in their place the trumpet rings,  
 Of War—a pæan, wild, uncouth.  
 The Smithy smites on sword and sings  
 Then swiftly comes the horrid strife,  
 And grief and pain are born ;  
 The woman weeps, the soldier groans,  
 In agony of flesh o'erborne  
 The God-man gasps and dies; the Norns  
 Sing then of death and birth,  
 Man's future heritage on earth.

And now the Soul, immortal spark,  
 Free'd from its prison clay,  
 Swift wings its flight straight up the height,  
 E'en to the portals gleaming bright  
 Of that eternal Being; but dark  
 And closed to him the way;  
 Bar'd to this soul the light of day.  
 Swift wings he hither, yonder, far,  
 Seeking the cause of the hindering bar,  
 Till soon he sees acrosss the sky  
 In gleaming letters of golden fire  
 These words: "Know ye, all men,  
 That on the earth, within the ken  
 Of human life, was found the link,  
 To fill the broken rink of the circle's brink."

And now the Law a perfect sphere,  
 Revolves through æons, centuries, years,  
 For all—immortal God and mortal man.  
*Karma*, the Law, forever stands.  
 The Law of Justice a record keeps  
 Of every deed; and says to thee,  
 "As ye shall sow, so shall ye reap."  
 And naught can change the law's decree.  
 So wing thy way again to earth,  
 Immortal soul to mortal birth.  
 Take on again the cloak of clay,  
 And labor, learn and live and pray.  
 Incarnate life once thou hast known,  
*Reincarnation* is now thy bourne.  
 On earth thou planted'st deep the seed  
 Of mortal life and mortal deed;  
 On earth the harvest thou must reap;—  
 So saith the Law. It ye must keep,

And take back with thee unto man,  
 This pure religion, simple, grand.  
 Teach through the earth from land to land,  
 From tribe to tribe, from clan to clan ;  
 To earth and sea and shore and sand  
 The eternal *Brotherhood of Man*.  
 The great, the small, the rich, the poor,  
 The White, the Black, the dusky Moor ;  
 Mussulman, Christian, Buddhist, Jew,  
 From one root-stock, one Father, grew.  
 From the womb of one Mother sprang  
 That countless legion, the race of man.

Of one great God each soul's a part,  
 Born from the innermost depth of its heart.  
 And each and every mortal man,  
 Living and breathing on sea or land,  
 Is *thy* brother ; heed it well  
 To feed thy brother, and bid him dwell  
 Within the portal of thy abode,  
 And let him not hence naked go ;  
 Thy hearth, thy board, thy cloak divide,  
 Give half to him who to thee cried,  
 Succor each suffering one whose need  
 Is greater than thine, and heed  
 To the cry of the dog, the motherless lamb,  
 And aid each one with the work of thy hand.  
 Write on thy banner in letters of gold  
 The hope of all, the young, the old.  
 Cry through the land, o'er plain and wood,  
 The slogan of peace, *Man's Brotherhood*.

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## FRAGMENT.

By M. A. OPPERMANN.

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H that the question of Brotherhood were more generally understood !  
 It is better for a human being to defile his body by eating flesh  
 and drinking wine and liquor, than once wilfully to hurt his fellow  
 creature. On the other hand you may destroy the world and be as  
 innocent as a child. Absolute perfect Brotherhood is not to be found among  
 creatures because of the "three qualities" of nature. The *Bhagavad Gita* says :  
 "There is no creature on earth nor among the hosts in heaven who is free from

the three qualities which arise from nature." Thus the ideal of perfect Brotherhood is as far and as near as the Absolute; we may feel it to be, but cannot reach it *while we are not it*.

Thus while we live in the consciousness of creatures we can strive after it, feel its beauty, love it for its own sake, transform our earth into a paradise and clean its sin-laden atmosphere; but there will always rest something still better, still more perfect beyond, and states of existence of which we have not the least idea now, will unfold and show an ever increasing higher life.

From the beginning of her teaching H. P. Blavatsky put Brotherhood first, all the rest after. But knowing well that the race is egotistical she had to give the teaching at the same time and unfold vistas even for those who might later only come back to the starting point. Most of her followers were attracted by a mystical tendency, by thirst for knowledge and some by lower motives. Was there one among her followers who said: "Teacher I will practice Brotherhood, and when I shall have learnt what it is, I will come back and sit at your feet and listen to your teaching"?

Yes there was one, but I think that one only, and if it had not been for him, what would have become of the Movement? Some of H. P. Blavatsky's followers began to understand later, they turned back to the starting point and acted wisely; others went on in their self-made knowledge and the more they gathered of it the further they got from the real starting point.

There is system in the whole Kosmos; worlds evolve in their order, and nothing that wants to be can oppose this law. Thus it is with us, if we want to become real Theosophists; we may waste our time if it pleases us to study and try to understand while remaining selfish, but there is no power in the whole universe which will enable us to skip the first object, viz., Brotherhood. Lucky for the world that at least one of Mme. Blavatsky's pupils knew this, acted accordingly and brought the Movement to the point of sure foundation, and did not leave this earth before having turned over the reins into the strong hands of our present Leader.

Unreasoning churchmen of whatever creed, dry philosophers, dissatisfied theorists,—where are your systems? Is your starting-point Brotherhood? There were and are now good men among them all, but they could not find a system which lasted, but system after system continually changed. And yet the true path has always been in the world. Is not the seven-fold path for liberation given in the oldest book, and does it not begin with Brotherhood? The Book of the Golden Precepts gives the key to open the first portal as Dana, the key of Charity and Love Immortal. Surely unless the first portal is passed none beyond can be reached.

Thus we know that if we really put Brotherhood first, we are on the true way, and whatever help we give, and be it ever so little, will be of real help for all men and for all that is.

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## EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

XVII.—Five Later Dynasties.—The Twenty-seventh.—Revolt of Khabas.—Inaros and Amyrtaios.—Twenty-eighth.—Twenty-ninth.—Egyptian Kings for Fifty Years.—Thirtieth.—Nektanebos I., Agesilaos of Sparta.—Invasion by Okhos.—Flight of Nektanebos II.—Thirty-first Dynasty of Persian Kings.



AMBYSES and his seven successors are usually classed as constituting the Twenty-seventh Dynasty. Theirs, however, was not an undisputed dominion. The Egyptians never ceased to chafe under the Persian yoke. Sometimes native princes came to the front as kings, and several of the satraps as "lords of the province", who represented the "Great King" cherished the ambition to establish an independent throne for themselves.

Dareios Hystaspis, the second of the Persian Overlords, was familiar with the laws, customs and religions of the country. He had been one of the royal body-guard during the reign of Kambyzes, and had profited by the opportunity to learn a theory of governing. Upon his return to Persia, he found a Magian on the throne, and all the nobility abjectly subservient. Even the Mazdean religion which he and his tribe professed, had been interdicted, and the old Skythic Magism was restored to its former ascendancy. He formed a conspiracy of seven princes to assassinate the usurper, and afterward suppressed the numerous uprisings which threatened to bar him from the throne. He then established again the simple Zoroastrian worship, and promulgated the Avesta and sacred laws as the authoritative standard. Afterward he organized the government anew into departments or satrapies, instead of subject-kingdoms, somewhat after the manner of the nomes or districts of Egypt. He also established highways over the Empire, and provided relays of horses and camels to enable couriers and travelers to go forward with promptness and uninterrupted. With this arrangement was established a postal system,\* which seems to have been the origin of the post office of modern times.

He also reformed the coinage, requiring the gold and silver to be of the purest quality. Hence the Persian coins, known by the name of "Darics", were proverbial for their freedom from debasement, which characterised those of Greece and Asia. One of these is in the British Museum, having the Greek name of "Pythagoras".

Two of the Satraps had attempted to set up the rule as independent kings. Orætes at Sardis, whom Cyrus had appointed, had withheld any recognition of the accession of Dareios, and was put to death.

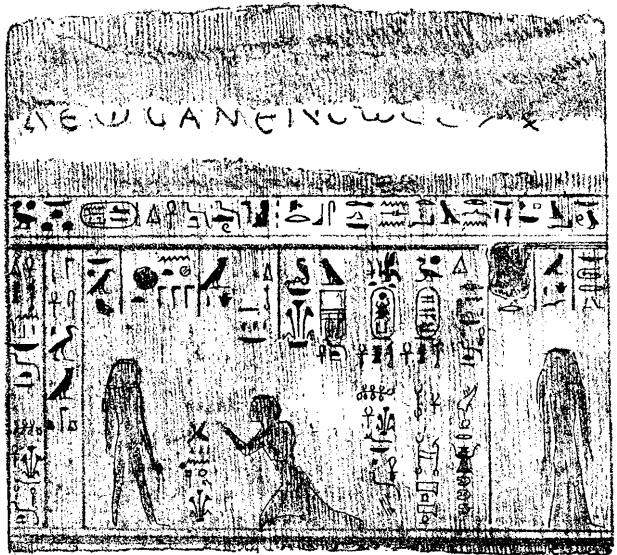
The other uprising took place in Egypt. Upon the conquest by Kambyzes, the nobleman Uza-hor-en-pi-ris, the son of the high-priest of the "Great

\*Esther iii., 13, and viii., 10; also Jeremiah ii., 24.

Mother" at Sâis, had made his submission and been appointed President of the physicians and friend or "grandson" of the king. Under his direction Kambyzes had confirmed the authority of the priests and established religious worship. He had accompanied the Persian army home, and was afterward sent from Anzan by Dareios to assure the continuance of the former privileges.

The conduct of the viceroy, Aryandes, however, gave rise to general disaffection. He had assumed the powers of independent royalty, and was harsh and severe in administration. He engaged in war in the Kyrenaika, but suffered the Persian soldiers to be massacred without any attempt to avenge them. He also issued a silver coinage, the Aryandics, bearing the legend—"Melekh Ari-en-tebt", King Aryandes. Finally, the Egyptians revolted, and Dareios led an army into Lower Egypt to bring them into submission. Having effected this, he punished the faithless satrap with death. He afterward appointed Aahmes, who commanded the Egyptian army and belonged to the royal family of Sâis, to succeed him. This prince and his successors bore the title of *melekh* or king of Upper and Lower Egypt, and also had the official name of Si-Neith.

Dareios made diligent endeavors to promote the prosperity of Egypt, and to eradicate the hateful remembrances of the Persian conquest. He taxed the country lightly, not exceeding the amount of half a million dollars a year, and his viceroys were members of the Egyptian royal family. Although himself a strict adherent and promulgator of the Mazdean religion with all its rigid simplicity, he contributed liberally to the worships of the several realms and districts. He built a temple to Amun in the Oasis, and was initiated by the priests with the name of Sutta-Râ. At Memphis he asked that his statue might be placed before the colossal image of Rameses the Great. The high priest refused, on the ground that he had not equalled the achievements of that monarch; he had not conquered the Skyths. He bowed to the decision, only remarking that he had not had sufficient time. On his arrival in Northern Egypt he found the people in mourning over the death of the Sacred Bull



INTERCOLUMNIAL SLAB OF A TEMPLE, WITH THE NAMES AND TITLES OF NEKTANEBOS.

Apis. He offered a hundred talents of gold for the finding of another animal that met the necessary description.

He ordered the Suez Canal to be constructed which had been begun by Nekho. Afterward however he commanded it to be closed, lest it should expose the country to destructive inundations. Nevertheless, there were two benefits derived; the adjacent region became productive, and the water of the Bitter Lakes was sweetened\* from the contributions of the Nile.

The viceroy Aahmes was succeeded by his son Nefer-Râ. This prince died in the twenty-ninth year of Dareios, and was followed by Manduph. He had ruled three years when the great defeat of the Persians took place at Marathon, and put an end to their conquests.† Dareios had added Afghanistan and the Punjab to his dominion in the East and had likewise obtained the submission of the princes of Thrace and Macedonia, but had failed in an expedition beyond the river Danube. After that misadventure, the latter years of his reign were disturbed incessantly by revolt. The Babylonians began, and then followed the Ionians of Asia Minor. The Athenians had aided their kindred in Asia with a powerful fleet, and Dareios sent an army into Greece to chastise and subjugate them. The defeat at Marathon was so humiliating that he began at once to prepare for a new invasion. It was the opportunity for Egypt, and the plans for an uprising were immediately laid. Three years later the standard of revolt was displayed. The monuments give the name of the insurgent prince as Khabas, with official designations of Senen-Tanen and Setepen-Ptah, but Burton's *Excerpta* state that the viceroy Manduph was the head of the revolt and that he succeeded in establishing his authority as king over the two realms.

Dareios died before he could lead an army again into Egypt, and the Egyptian prince was able to continue in power two or more years. An inscription of Ptölemy I. describes his activity. "The Seaboard", it declares, "had been assigned by the king Khabas to the gods of the city of Buto; but the hereditary foe Xerxes or Sharsha alienated it. But the great king our lord drove out the enemy Xerxes from his palace altogether, together with his oldest son, and so he made himself famous in Sâis, the city of the goddess Nêith, the Mother of the Gods."

There occurred at this time the death of the sacred bull Apis, and the king made provision for the entombing. The coffin of the divine animal was placed in the Serapeion, and the lid inscribed with the date as follows: "The second year, the month Athyr, under the majesty of king Khabas, the friend of Apis-Osiris, of Horos of Kakem." But this lid was never placed upon the sarcophagus. The reason is plain.

Immediately after the accession of Xerxes I. to the Persian throne, no time was lost in sending an army to Egypt. The country was subjugated, and the king's brother, Cyrus Akhæmenides appointed satrap. There was no more lenity of administration. The exactions were increased, and the troops of

\*See Exodus, xv. 22, 23.

†The story was told for centuries afterward that phantom soldiers, cavalry and infantry, were seen on the battlefield at Marathon, each recurring year, engaged in mortal conflict. See Maccabees II., v., 2, 4.



Egypt were drafted into the army and fleet that invaded Greece to be routed and destroyed. Two hundred triremes were manned with Egyptians and their courage was highly praised.

Xerxes had been assassinated and his son Artaxerxes Longimanus had been five years king before there occurred another revolt in Egypt. The prince Inarôs, of Marea, near the present site of Alexandria, the son of Psametikh of the race of Tafnekht, was the leader. He formed an alliance with Amyrtaios or Amun-art-rut of Sâis, and other princes of the Delta, and was supported by the Egyptians generally. The conflict lasted six years. The Athenians aided the insurgents with a fleet of two hundred vessels. A battle was fought near Papremis and the Persians defeated with a loss of a hundred thousand men out of a force of a hundred and twenty thousand. The satrap was killed, it is said, by Inarôs himself. His body was carried to Persia for interment, and the tomb at Murghab bears the inscription which has been translated: "I am Cyrus the Akhæmenian, King."\*

The victory was pursued further, till only the fortresses at Memphis and Pelusium remained in possession of the Persians. The entire Delta, with these exceptions, was in possession of Inarôs and his allies, and Amyrtaios appears to have been recognized as king. The inhabitants of Upper Egypt took little part in the contest. They were of another race, other sympathies, another religion.

During this long period, Greeks were again free to visit the country. Among those who took advantage of the opportunity were Anaxagoras, the philosopher and preceptor of Perikles, and also Hellanikos and Herodotus the historian. The latter visited the battle-fields, and conversed with the priests from whom he learned what he wrote of Egyptian history.

Artaxerxes had learned that in dealing with the Greeks, his gold was more successful than his soldiers. He was pressed hard by Kimôn of Athens and his possessions in Egypt and Asia Minor were in peril. He sent an embassy to Sparta, to hire the Lacedæmonians to attack the Athenians and to draw their attention away from Egypt. For once, however, the expedient failed and the war lasted for years. He then sent his son-in-law, Megabyzus or Bagabusa, with an army to conquer the country. The conflict lasted a year and a half with uncertain results. The Persians were finally successful. They destroyed the Athenian fleet and routed the army. Inarôs then surrendered under the pledge of amnesty. The promise, however, was disregarded, and the perfidious captors carried him to Persia. Here he was put to death by impalement, three stakes being employed in order to increase the torture.

Amyrtaios escaped into the marshes and successfully eluded his enemies. The sons of the two revolting princes were then appointed to succeed them, Thannyras being placed over the Libyan district and Pa-Osiris over Egypt, subordinate to the Persian satrap. Meanwhile Amyrtaios continued to work for the independence of his country. He applied to Athens and Kimôn came to Egypt with a fleet, but he was unable to render any important aid.

\*It seems that the Akhæmenians did not observe the custom of disposing of the dead without burning or burial in the earth. The tomb of Dareios was copied from the Assyrian models, and the figure of the divinity sculptured on them, the man in the circle.

Artaxerxes had now found opportunity to bring the war to an end. Perikles became the supreme power at Athens, the sole leader of a democratic commonalty. A treaty was made in which independence was conceded to the cities of Ionia, and the Athenians left the king in undisturbed possession of Egypt.

Now, however, followed a revolt in Syria, led by Negabyzus himself. Palestine was ravaged and Jerusalem burned. Artaxerxes was able to placate his son-in-law, and afterward gave authority to his cup-bearer Nehemiah, to rebuild the wall of the Judean capital.

Finally, Artaxerxes was succeeded by Xerxes II., and he by his brother Sekydianos. Both were assassinated and Okhos or Dareios II. became king. Degeneracy had come upon the Akhæmenians. The women and officials of the royal palace became the chief powers in the government, and many of the satraps were now virtually independent sovereigns.

Forty years passed thus over Egypt. The Persian yoke was hated, but so long as there was no interference with the worship of the gods, it was endured in silence. But the Persian worship itself became altered in form, from the purer Mazdeism of Dareios Hystaspis, and Magism became interblended. The attempt was made to produce conformity in Egypt. Ostanès, a Median magus, attempted the innovation. He had for an assistant Demokritos of Abdera, who was both physician and philosopher, and a convert to the oriental religion. He went as far as Upper Egypt and employed himself with the priests of Amun-Râ whom he delighted by his proficiency in astronomical knowledge. There was also Mariam, a Judean woman of great expertness in chemistry, and likewise Pi-men or Pamnènes, an Egyptian. Ostanès began an innovation with the worship of Ptah, insisting that the rites and instruction at the temple of Memphis should take the form of the



FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF NEKTA-NEBOS FOUND AT MEMPHIS.

fire-worship of the East. As might have been anticipated, there was a revolt. The priests might be willing to discourse learnedly upon ethics and philosophic dogma, but the people were certain to resent meddling with a worship that had existed from early ages.

#### TWENTY-EIGHTH DYNASTY.

Amyrtaios raised once more at Sâis the standard of an independent Egypt. He was able to rally a force sufficient to uphold his authority. It was the tenth year of the reign of Dareios II. The Persian monarch was not able to suppress the revolution. Amyrtaios made a treaty with the Arabian chiefs, which secured the frontier against invasion and incursions and after a reign of seven years, he died leaving the kingdom to an Egyptian successor. He is classed by Manethô as the only king of the Twenty-eighth Dynasty.

#### TWENTY-NINTH DYNASTY.

The Twenty-ninth Dynasty is generally described as beginning at a date of four hundred years before the present era, with the founder Nefaarut or Neph-erites, of Mendes, a descendant from the ancient kingly line of Egypt. The name of Psametikh also appears as king, and there is an uncertainty whether it was another designation of Neph-erites or belonged to a different prince. Diodoros relates the account of an infamous act of treachery by this monarch. Cyrus, the satrap of Lydia and Phrygia contended with his brother Artaxerxes Mnêmôn for possession of the throne of Persia. Tamos, the governor of Ionia had taken part with him and commanded his fleet. Upon the death of Cyrus, he placed his family and wealth upon a ship and sailed to Egypt. He was originally from Memphis and had aforesaid rendered valuable service to Psametikh. He counted, accordingly, upon his protection. But the perfidious Egyptian murdered them all and seized the treasure.

Neph-erites was able to maintain himself against Persia, and to establish a dynasty. He supplied aid and sent grain to the Lacedæmonians in their war against Artaxerxes. He also began the restoring of temples and public buildings in Egypt, and the monuments which had been silent during the Persian rule began again to have inscriptions commemorating what had been accomplished.

Hakara or Akhôrîs, the successor of Neph-erites, maintained the conflict against Persia with great sagacity and energy. Evagoras also expelled the Persians from Cyprus and with the aid of Athens was holding his ground with every prospect of success. But the Grecian states were incessantly contending against one another, and accepting the "Great King" as umpire, until the overwhelming defeat of the Athenians in Sicily. After that there followed the peace of Antalkidas, which was little else than a command from Artaxerxes to leave him in possession of Ionia and Cyprus. Thirty thousand "Persian archers" helped to this conclusion. Evagoras, however, continued the struggle for independence and Akhôrîs aided him with provisions for his troops and also with fifty ships of war. Gaios, the son of the murdered Tamos, commanded the Persian fleet and reconquered a large part of Cyprus. A year later, however, he

abandoned the service of Artaxerxes and united his fortunes with the king of Egypt. Akhōris was thus able to maintain his throne, and found opportunity to do work on the temples and other public buildings. He died after a reign of thirteen years, and was followed by Psi-Mut or Psammenitos, Har-nek-kha, and Nefaerut II., none of whom reigned longer than a year. Finally, the Mendean dynasty, having continued twenty-two years, was succeeded by a new line of kings from Sebennytos.

#### THE THIRTIETH DYNASTY.

The Thirtieth Dynasty was founded by Nekht-hor-hebi or Nektanebos I. He was speedily required to defend his kingdom against Artaxerxes. Egypt was invaded by an army of two hundred thousand men and five hundred ships of war, commanded by the satrap Pharnabazos and the Athenian general Iphikrates. Nektanebos was diligent in preparations obstructing the entrances of the Nile, and making deep trenches across the country at the East, crossing with them all the roads from Asia. He was outwitted, however, and while he was awaiting the enemy at Pelusium, Egypt was entered at Mendes. Distrust existed between the commanders, however, and Pharnabazos would not permit Iphikrates to march to Memphis for fear he would establish himself as an independent ruler. Meanwhile Nektanebos harassed the invading forces by frequent skirmishes and finally defeated them in a pitched battle. Their annual inundation also came, obliging the Persians to retreat out of the country.

Nektanebos was now able to devote attention to arts of peace. He carried on work on several public buildings, and his name was duly carved on several at Thebes. In one instance the name of Tirhakah was effaced to make room for his. He also built a temple to the goddess Hathor at Philæ in Ethiopia.

The eighteen years of peace left Egypt open once more to travelers from Greece. The Grecian states had then changed their politics; Athens had been the friend before, but the visitors now brought their letters of introduction from Agesilaos, king of Sparta to Nektanebos and the Egyptian priests. Eudoxos the astronomer, Khryssippos the physician and Plato were of the number. Eudoxos remained sixteen months with the priests and shaved his chin and eyebrows. He consulted the bull Apis to learn his fortune. The animal licked his cloak, which was regarded as the portent of speedy death. Nevertheless, he went home, and taught for many years. Khryssippos was an innovator in medicine. He was skilled in the knowledge of his time, and employed procedures like the Reformed practitioners of modern times. Plato came with a cargo of olive oil to defray his expenses. He was at Heliopolis and greatly admired the industry of the Egyptians. How far the wisdom of the priests permeated his philosophy may be conjectured, but the fact that with the building of Alexandria half a century later, a school was established in which his dialectics were a principal feature, will help solve the question.

The reign of Nektanebos was so beneficial that like former sovereigns he was worshipped after his death as a divinity, and a priesthood constituted in his honor, which continued its ministrations till a later period.

- Taher or Takhôs came to the throne when the satraps of Asia Minor, Syria and Phœnicia had revolted against Persia. He at once went into alliance with them, and attracted the attention of Artaxerxes in his direction. An army was ordered accordingly to invade Egypt, and Takhôs procured the services of Agesilaos of Sparta to command his land forces and Khabrias of Athens for his fleet. But he ruined his cause by dissension and bad judgment. The preparations for war emptied his treasury and he resorted to a forced loan of gold and silver and to a tax on the sale of corn. This immediately produced a wide disaffection all over the country. The reception of Agesilaos was also marked by flagrant discourtesy.

The Egyptians had expected the man who might have conquered Persia but for bribery at home, to present an imposing and dignified appearance, and did not withhold ridicule at the diminutive figure, mean dress, and every familiarity of the man with his own soldiers. The old Spartan smothered his displeasure. He had expected to command the whole army, but was only placed over the hired troops. He counseled the king not to go out of Egypt but to leave military operations with his generals and give his attention solely to his government at home. But Takhôs left the administration of affairs in the hands of his brother, and himself took command of the expedition which was made into Palestine. Several towns were captured from the Persians, when word came of a revolt in Egypt. The prince of Mendes, a representative of the previous dynasty, had taken advantage of the prevailing discontent to lay claim to the throne. The regent immediately proclaimed the prince Nekht-neb-ef or Nektanebos II., king of Egypt. The army joined in the revolt and Takhôs who had already quarreled with Agesilaos, hurried to Persia to invoke the favor of Artaxerxes.

He was graciously received and help promised to restore him to the throne. But Artaxerxes had already passed the age of four score and ten years, and his life was embittered by the plots in regard to his successor. He had married his daughter Atossa, and she was aiding her brother Okhos, a younger son, in his ambitions. Bagoas, a native of Memphis, who held a place in the royal household, also took part actively with them. Artaxerxes was able to do little for the Egyptian supplicant and Takhôs died in a short time from disease brought on by luxurious living. The royal princes of Persia were all destroyed by artifices of Okhos, and he finally succeeded to the throne, by the title of Artaxerxes III. Bagoas was rewarded by the office of prime minister. King Log had been succeeded by King Stork in right earnest.

Meanwhile Nektanebos II., by the aid of Agesilaos, had defeated the prince of Mendes and now was fairly seated upon the throne of Egypt. The brave old Spartan now bade him farewell, obstinately refusing all reward for his services. Nektanebos sent after him two hundred and twenty talents, but he distributed the whole amount among his soldiers. He died on his way home and his body, encased in wax, was sent to Sparta.

Okhos had begun his reign by the massacre of all his relatives who might

dispute his claim to the Persian throne. His dominion, however, was none the less in imminent danger of falling to pieces. Phrygia had revolted and was aided by Athens and Thebes. An expedition which he sent to conquer Egypt was utterly defeated by Nektanebos, aided by troops from Athens and Sparta. Immediately, Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Palestine revolted, and declared their independence.

Philip of Macedonia was engaged in ambitious projects in relation to the Grecian states. The Athenian orator Isokrates wrote him a letter pointing out the disordered condition of Persian affairs, and urged him to take advantage of it to conquer Asia. Okhos, however, had anticipated him and made a treaty with Philip, which obviated all danger of such an invasion, and left the Grecian states occupied with their own dangers at home.

Nektanebos, with more zeal than discretion, formed alliances with the Sidonians and sent them four thousand Grecian troops under the command of Mentôr the Rhodian. The others were successful in driving the Persians out of Phœnicia. Satraps and generals were not able to maintain the authority of their overlord.

Okhos then determined to conduct the war in person. He had turned aside all danger from Greece, and could give his whole attention to the work of subjugation. He accordingly prepared an armament which should be adequate to the exigency, including three hundred thousand foot-soldiers, thirty thousand cavalry, and a fleet sufficient for the purpose. He also procured ten thousand soldiers from Thebes and Ionia.

He was able to win the victory over Sidon both by his gold and by the terror of his arms. Tennes, the Sidonian prince, and Mentôr, the Rhodian general, were willing to betray the cause for which they had fought, and Okhos made terms with them accordingly. Tennes, on his part, delivered a hundred of the principal citizens of Sidon to the Persian monarch, and admitted a detachment of his soldiers into the city. The Sidonians were thus placed at the mercy of a conqueror who never knew mercy. He immediately put the hundred prisoners to death together with four hundred others who had surrendered in hope of gentler treatment. The Sidonians in their despair set fire to their houses and to the number of four hundred thousand died in the flames. The ashes of their dwellings yielded a rich booty to the searchers. Traitors are seldom useful more than once, and Okhos, in disregard of his pledges, delivered Tennes to the executioner.

Mentôr seems to have been in many respects like the Grecian leaders, a soldier of fortune like Dugald Dalgetty, or else he had already learned to despise his Egyptian employer. He entered the service of Okhos with perfect cheerfulness, bringing with him his entire command, and to him was due the success afterward won in Egypt. He was richly rewarded by his new master and continued in the Persian service till his death.

Phœnicia made no further resistance. The Persians now overran Judea and a large part of the population was transported from the country to Hyr-

kānia. Olophernes a brother of the satrap of Kappadocia, was the commander of the expedition, and Bagoas, the minister, accompanied him.\* He had an agreement with Joshua, the brother of Johanan, the high priest, in relation to the surrender of Jerusalem. This coming to the knowledge of Johanan he called the delinquent to account and put him to death in the precinct of the temple. The Persians, upon entering the city, massacred a large number of the inhabitants, and Bagoas, with a guard of soldiers, entered the sanctuary of the temple. He was purer, he declared, than a man who was a murderer. He carried away the treasures that were kept there, and imposed a heavy tribute. Fifty shekels were required for every lamb that was sacrificed. These burdens were exacted for seven years till a change of rulers brought relief.†

The fatal blow now fell upon the devoted realms of Egypt. Okhos now hastened thither for a final conquest of the country. As his army came to the Lake Serbonis, the Sea of Suph or Papyrus-reeds, part of the forces traversed the narrow strip of dry sand between the lake and the Mediterranean. Suddenly a strong wind blew and brought upon them a deluge of water from the sea, and a large number perished. The main body of the army, however, went on the other side of the lake, and safely reached the frontier of Egypt.

Nektanebos had made the necessary preparations for defense, fortifying the approaches by the Nile and from the East. He had also an army of a hundred thousand men, Greeks, Libyans and Egyptians. He was largely outnumbered by the enemy, yet in the ancient modes of fighting he had good reason for confidence. Psametikh I., or Rameses, or Osirtasen, would have dared the conflict and with good hope of success. But this was an Augustulus ready to yield all. Immediately upon the arrival of the Persian army at Pelusium a skirmish took place between the Theban troops under Lakrates and the Greek forces of the Egyptian army. The defense was undertaken with resolute determination, when it was learned that Nektanebos had left all to his generals and escaped to Memphis. At once the besieged soldiers left off fighting and obtained a promise from Lakrates that upon their surrender they would be permitted to return home to Greece with their property. Bagoas attempted to break this promise, but Okhos confirmed it, and Pelusium came into his possession with no more fighting.

Mentôr next invested Bubastis, and began operations by notifying the inhabitants that mercy would be shown them if they surrendered, but that the most cruel deaths would be inflicted if they were contumacious. A dissension arose in consequence. The Egyptians, distrusting the Greek soldiers, privately offered to surrender to Bagoas. This was discovered and a great dispute and quarrel took place among the besiegers. It resulted finally in the surrender of the town to Mentôr. But the particulars of the affair showed that with able commanders the Egyptians might have taken advantage of the jealousies and

\*The romantic story of the Book of Judith appears to have been founded upon the events of this invasion. It presents several anachronisms, and names Joakim as high priest, instead of his descendant Johanan.

†Josephus.—Antiquities of the Jews, xi., vii.

conflicts in the Persian army to defend their country with reasonable hope of success.

Okhos permitted no prisoners to be taken, but treated all alike, the inhabitants of the towns and the garrisons, with gentleness. The effect was that the Egyptians quarreled with the Greek troops, and opened the gates of the cities to the Persians without a struggle.

Nektanebos had not the courage to defend his capital. Upon learning that Pelusium and Bubastis had surrendered, and that the way was open to Memphis, he abandoned all attempt at defense. Taking such valuable property as he could remove, he fled away to Ethiopia.\* He had reigned nineteen years, and Egypt had been independent of Persia for half a century. The period had been a twilight in Egyptian history, and it now passed into an unbroken night.

Okhos proceeded to disable Egypt for future rebellion. He garrisoned the principal cities and leveled the fortifications of the others. He is accused of no specific acts of cruelty as was to have been expected. Nevertheless he took occasion to express contempt and aversion for the Egyptian worship. He destroyed temples, seizing the treasures deposited in them, and gave back the Sacred Rolls to the priests only on payment of enormous ransoms. When his first expedition against Egypt proved a wretched failure the Egyptians had derided him. Punning on his name "Okhos" as equivalent to the Egyptian term *aô*, "an ass" they compared him to the ass on which the malignant *dæmon*, Seth or Typhon was fabled to have ridden for seven days when escaping from Horos.

Okhos repaid the taunt by exhibiting an ass as now representing the tutelary divinity of Egypt, and slaying the bull Apis as a sacrifice. Afterward he placed a satrap over the country and returned to Persia with an immense booty.

Egypt never revolted again. The spirit of the people was broken. But the doomsman was on the path of the conqueror. He perished by the avenger of the sacrilege, and under his successor, twelve years later Egypt passed without demur into the hands of Alexander.

\*Athenæos tells a different story. Nektanebos he says, was captured by Okhos and treated with kindness; and when sitting at dinner with his conqueror, remarked that the proverbial magnificence of the Persian kings fell far short of his own; that he had been ruined by his own wealth, and conquered by the other's moderation.

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"Any one who, for my sake, welcomes even a little child like this is welcoming me, and any one who welcomes me is welcoming not me, but him who made me his Messenger. . . . And if any one proves a hindrance to one of these lowly ones who are learning to believe, it would have been far better for him if he had been thrown into the sea with a great millstone around his neck."

—MARK, ix., 37, 42. (*The Twentieth Century New Testament.*)



# THE ETERNAL SONG.

By PHANTOM.



THE eternal song is with us—is with us  
 evermore,  
 'Tis the cry of the soul—life weary, as it  
 Roams this restless shore.

Imprisoned in fleshly casement, perplexed  
 By deep laid mines,  
 Longing for eyes to see clearly, the Light  
 That forever shines—

Shines with a wondrous brilliance through  
 The Ether far and wide,  
 For the soul from whose vision has fallen  
 The dazzling mists by its side.

Glints from the far-off come to us of a  
 Brighter and purer day,  
 When the radiant heights we peep at, shall  
 Be ours for ever and aye;

When earthly illusions vanish, and the  
 Real stands out in sight  
 To claim its own forever, in the Eternal  
 Light of Lights.

It beckons us on forever, with glimmerings  
 True and sure,  
 If only the soul will hold the casement  
 To the good and pure.

So our wandering sun-flecked lives have  
 The true and false to sift,  
 And sometimes the shadow o'er shades us  
 And hides the light that would lift—

Lift to the truer vision where the false  
 Must fall away;  
 Then, enveloped in Light Eternal, we  
 Hail the Eternal Day.

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“To love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, is the height of goodness.”

SHAFTESBURY.

## IN THE SUNSET LAND.

By HESTER FORSTER.



HE writer had only a few hours to spend at a beautiful place in the Sunset Land, but that those who have not seen that sacred spot may travel thither in heart and mind and know the joy of its sunshine and the radiance of its days, these impressions which have been indelibly fixed on the records of her life; have been written down.

\* \* \* \* \*

How many times, when a child, has the writer watched the setting Sun behind waters, hills and forests to the West, and longed to follow it to its happy resting place; and often in dream would she travel thither through avenues of fragrant bloom, across a vast continent, to a happy land, and to a radiant city, where there was all calm, all light, all love; where men were majestic and wise, and women radiant and good. Into a still deeper sleep she sank and knew she was again a child, who has not lost her Mother.

Whence came such dreams while the so-called real world around was so full of sorrow and of darkness. She sat down and mused deeply, trying to find out which was cheating her, whether the reality or the dream. The more she mused the more the dream took possession of her being.

Often was she awakened to reality by physical blows. She tried to realize that it was reality, but alas! she saw only tables and chairs, a bed and a stove, and she cried aloud for help and deliverance. But the deliverance did not come; she had to fight her battle all alone.

Often she cried for help, and then she began to sink into dream again, when suddenly she met an angel in human form. So delicate, so tender, yet she volunteered to help her in the struggle. She suffered in the battle even more than the one she came to aid, and attracted more blows, even so many that she has departed from this world of pain.

Then the writer was left alone, yet not alone, for the memory of the sweet self-sacrificing life of her companion was ever with her as an inspiration. Yet still the writer lived, half in reality, half in dream. Every time she was half forgetful, the world took advantage of it. The remembrance of her life at this period is dim—frightful cities, grinding like machinery all that is out of place; gathering storms which seemed to threaten to convulse the world for the evil it had done; murky oceans of despair waiting to engulf those who refuse to turn to the light; and ceaseless loneliness, as if there was none to come to say but one sweet word, and drive away the cruel forms. Oh! if there be any hell, it is this.

And then the bright memory of her happy childhood seemed to stand out as a mockery and a fancy. Alas! was it forever gone? What love can again be hers like her Mother's love, and yet not love for her alone but for all the world. For she was so long hungry for love that love for her alone would

never satisfy, only that love that went out to all the world. She longed to vindicate every one of life's struggles, and send light on every battlefield. Who will then come and love the whole wide world?

It cannot be described how the light slowly dawned in the writer's life, first breaking through the thickest clouds and wildest commotion of unliving and unloving things, clear as a rising Sun, belligerent and speedy when the Lion-Hearted Soul first came for the deliverance of many; how it grew steady and clear, throwing a golden shaft of radiance above all appearance of learning, in the second Helper's life; and how the whole round orb, the inner heart, so beautiful and so complete, shone in heaven when the third Teacher came.

Who can describe all the shifting changes, all the anxiety, all the commotion of the skies in the wondrous sunrise of ages, and the joy when the complete round orb of the sun emerged? The writer then knew she had found her real Mother and Teacher, found her who had been lost to her for ages, found her who will give the clearest and the softest sunshine to the world.

All know the story, so only the general impression as made on the writer will be given. At first it was as if some one spoke in a dream and about a dream. Then the feeling grew clearer, the faces brighter, oh! how great the surprise! It seemed too good to believe, but grim reaction was ever ready. Then the light for a time withdrew. How gently it oscillated, how softly it shifted, always near, and always far, and yet to be attained by our labor, as a sunny crown of our own deeds,—and all the difference was in the seeming only. Ah! how sweet when at last we shall realize its ever presence.

As a token of this ever presence, there has been found for us a sacred spot, a new home, life-center and school, prepared for the children of the world, a beacon of light for those who shall be sent out to tell the world the glorious news, a place of dove-like peace and refuge for them when they shall return.

Take the best words which thrill the heart of poet; faith realized, hope fulfilled, smile of heaven, brooding peace of spirit, deepest blue of aspiration, golden light of joy and wisdom;—add to them such strange descriptive similies, like Jacob's ladder, bridge of Iris spanning the gulf between earth and heaven, lyre of Apollo, and that other harp Æolian on which the winds sang to Buddha,—take all such similies, fill your thought and eyes with them, and then look into this brilliant electric blinding blue of air and water at this spot, and the skies will seem to tell you: "We have all this and even more."

How has it come about that all this is possible?

There was a time when many Comrades were careless and clouded the light divine in many words and theories, incipient dogmas, so to say; when the battle from being a silent power became like roaring breakers for the ship to strand upon; when pupils began to look for many teachers and to seek them only with external eyes, instead of through their inmost spirit and devoted service—then it was that One gathered around her those who knew that the token of the true Helper's presence was Universal Brotherhood. And we have learned from our Teacher who is leading us out of the dark rooms of our early child-

hood into the broad daylight, that the only token shall be wide and clear and bright as Sunlight.

Then our enemies came and told us and will tell us many times, that we are nothing but a **philanthropic Body** (!) and not at all different from our Christian Brothers. And then we rejoiced, our faces became bright and shone as fire, and we said: "Yes those Christians who really love their neighbors in all lands and among all nations and follow faithfully in the steps of the humble Nazarene are not surely different from us." And we rejoiced for the sake of our Christian Brothers, knowing that many of them are truly so.

And then our enemies came to us and said: "You are not occultists! We can show you how to be such." And without being invited, they spoke things limited and selfish. We answered them and said: "Have you read, 'Neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you. . . . For as the lightning that lighteneth out of one part of heaven, shineth into the other part under heaven, so also shall the son of Man be in his day?' Now it is then so with us. Not by any tricks and processes do we hope to get illumination, but the heart's light is from divinity itself, whose wisdom cleanses our minds and bodies, and whose light is love as wide as all five continents and waters and air, and cycles of past and future. This light cleaves the sky from East to West, thus making the whole world visible to our hearts and our hearts to all the world. With the clearness of this vision may we ever grow; we have no other way than this. What? renounce our divine inheritance and the power of our unlimited and all-embracing Higher Self, the only God man can ever know, our interior Christ, and beg some help and mercy from psychological development and tricks, from the rustling wings of our perishable lower self? Nay! Not so! We can see our development when we see the progress of the world, and we can feel our advancement when we bask in the happiness of nations."

This is the daylight we are led to by our Teacher. It is this feeling towards all peoples and nations that makes them appear on the firmament of our soul, whether those brothers of ours are far or near, known or unknown, past or present, or even future,—and it is they who beckon to us with the holy symbols of their thought and their glorious civilizations from the pure blue skies of this sacred spot.

Here in this sacred place, where stood the Temple of the Lemurians, those divine beings, whose departing wings fanned the land for many ages, and whose hearts, which love in the eternities, warmed it with a wondrous fire, here will stand again a Temple, and live once more a people simple, natural and happy and recovering the sunny power of their heart. The riotous minds will hush here and become as calm as placid Ocean all around, so that they will reflect even far distant stars of the skies of spirit. Then, when that happens, people will learn to read their own minds and create new wonders which their hearts shall bring and their minds reflect from the Realm of the One Soul. This is "The True Raja Yoga", which will be taught on his sacred place.

This is the Teacher's simple programme. If our healthy physical senses work in simple manner, why should not our spiritual senses which are still nearer to truth, work still more simply and directly. The enlightenment of the soul is like a sunrise with its slow and almost imperceptible changes. The swing of planets is not as quick as a flash of meteors. Returning back to our Father is a longer way than crawling into a murky hole. And the space here is not measured in any ordinary manner.

Thus the students are not frightened by any occult mysteries of a questionable kind, and know the way is open for the humblest, be he Christian, Brahman, Hebrew, Chinaman or Agnostic, if he is a sincere searcher for truth and a lover of humanity; it is simple, straight and narrow,—with a wider and wider view around, and only occasional illusory dark passes. Yea! this is the way for all, saints and sinners, who wish to take the path of holy transcendental virtues.

In this spirit all work will be performed here and have success. The greatest worker is our Teacher. The firmament of her soul is lighted up from her continuous thought and her share in the labor of that Universal worker, Spirit. When she stands on one of these hills it seems that in her heart is a glow of sweet compassion for the woes of the world's children and thence pours forth a radiance on wings of love and pity, lighting the atmosphere as a daybreak of an eternally loving soul, spreading like a purple mantle in protection above all this breathing, sleeping, suffering world. Oh! if the sleepers only knew and consciously felt those protecting purple folds, sweet would be their dream, and they would know who is their Helper and Teacher by the right of long, long sacrifice. But as yet they know it not. Some of them only smile in dreams and know not why.

But in this beautiful Land of Wonder protection for the children of the human race will be more easy. Such peace and calmness in the air, that it seems as if all this murky, sad and restless world of mortals has passed away forever and the Gods are reigning in their stead. Streams of bright and cooling freshness seem falling from above and washing off all stains from human memory and thought. Who can tell what those streams are? Even the sky and ocean seem here more blue, than in any other place.

Happy must be the children growing here under such conditions. In this Land of Wonder is a City Beautiful, of dwellings round in form, with tent-like walls and roofs, a constant lesson and inspiration. Some how, circular walls do not separate from Nature as do straight ones. And here is to be a new City by the Sea, a home for those who make themselves worthy in devotion and service and whose love it is to work for human kind, and where they will be taught in practice and not alone in theory, the life which is of Gods. Sweet words like cooling dew will heal the pain of life. The unselfish attitude and resolve will fall like golden rain upon the arid desert of the human heart, and from that rain new thoughts and feelings will spring up and bloom and change into a garden that which before was a desolate spot, a

dwelling of jackals, bats and frightful things of night,—as is any unenlightened mind, resounding with the cries of fancy, more fit for jungle than for human beings. And many a heart, where raged a volcano and spit out death and terror and fiery passion all around, will change from a mount of hell into a crest of paradise, covered now not with cinders, hot clouds and lava, but with sweet running water, shady nooks and groves and sun-kissed flowery meadows. And many a soul which searched for truth and found despair and nothingness and silence of abyss, will renew its search in this wondrous city; and it will find in its own centre of existence, which dares to be divine, a fount unlimited of that truth which is the foundation of the happiness of others. It will find it flowing out, gushing without ceasing, once it is not circumscribed for our own selfish purposes and use, but sent out, without accounting, to all four corners of the world, to the meanest thing beneath and to the Holy Ones who watch above our head.

And what will it be when the children of many nations come to dwell here, each adding their own song and their own beauty to the common joy,—oh! such a great variety of joy,—so many nations, separate, and yet united, as many strings upon one harp, as many colors in a rainbow, as many cluster-stars in one great sky.

Had ever the reader an experience of looking on a most beautiful landscape and feeling the possibilities of supreme happiness, and yet he was not happy? And he wondered what veil was there and what curse was there. That veil was nothing else but himself, the earthly man and the dark shadow of his deeds. But if the reader can imagine there a veil and a curse, he can imagine just as well their complete removal. It may take a long time, but it will be done by a united effort in that happy city. Then the sweet voices which seemed so far above the clouds and behind the horizon and the shining mists of the setting sun will come so near as to illumine his mind, thrill his soul and clarify his body.

The veil will fall away between himself and his comrades and in his comrades will appear the beauty which is more than that of flower, and their mental touch will be fresher than morning dew, brighter than the crystal luminous depth of the bracing upper air; their colors will be deeper than midnight sky, more mysterious than twinkling stars, and though silent, they will be filled with ceaseless song.

The whole atmosphere of the city will become lighted up with presence of MAN, not any personal man, but the realized ideal of all students. And this MAN will be the central flame, in whom all fires merge and through whom may be seen the farthest horizons of attainment and joy. And the more it is so, the more divine will be that MAN, and in him we shall be divine ourselves. And he will guide our actions and give us joy of their high meaning and the communion of his wondrous deathless life, far in the purple depths of the Soul. And he will teach us truth, and our earthly life will not be any more a life in any ordinary sense, but simply a screen for that deathless truth to play upon and mould shining symbols out of clay of matter, until we change that clay into a bright harmonious habitation, a fit dwelling for the Soul.

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“Loma,—dove, place of rest, refuge, peace; the same as ancient Roma, which was called in antiquity Roma—asylum—and was primarily a place of Sybilline Mysteries, probably of Samothracian origin, as was also the old Lithuanian place of the Mysteries, called Romove, which means in Lithuanian—peace.”

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

### TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

By BLUEWING.



LEANING over the side of the verandah of the Point Loma Homestead one day I saw two of the dearest little birds that ever lived. They were little baby birds that had only been hatched out of their shells a day or two before. Their little bodies were covered with the softest kind of down that could hardly be called feathers, though their wing and tail feathers were more fully formed. They were sitting quite close together on the ground, and a little distance off I saw the Mother bird perched on the top of a flower bush. As I did not wish to frighten the little birds and as the Mother bird seemed rather alarmed when I discovered her little babies, I moved away and watched them from a distance. Then the Mother bird flew down to the young ones and then back again to a bush pretending to make a great effort in flying so as to show the little ones how to use their wings. This she did several times, talking and calling to them and encouraging them to try.

That was all I saw of them that morning as I had to go away to another part of the garden, but I determined to watch the little bird family when I was near them again.

The nest was in the roof of the verandah and I thought about the little birdies how a short time ago their little bodies were not grown but were pretty little eggs, and then the eggs broke and out of the shells came such funny little creatures. You would hardly think they were little birds, for they had no feathers at first. The Mother and the Father birds would go and hunt breakfast and dinner and supper for them and what do you think they ate? Flies! for these birds about which I am telling you were "Fly-catchers",—that is their name, because they catch flies. The big birds would catch a fly in their beaks and carry it to the young ones who would open their little beaks wide for it. Well, when the little birds began to grow and get some feathers, I can imagine the Mother and the Father birds having a long conversation and laying their wise bird-heads together, discussing when was the proper time to teach them to fly. And then when the day arrived, what do you think they did? First they poked one of the birds out of the nest and then the other. Now these little birds had never flown before but when they were pushed out of the nest they spread their little wings though they did not quite know how to use them and so they fluttered down to the floor of the verandah; then another push and they fluttered down to the ground among the flowers, and that is where I saw them.

The next time I saw them was in the evening and the little birds were sitting together on a bough of a flower bush—such a pretty picture, I wish I could draw it for you. The Mother bird was near by and presently she flew to them

and then up to the nest, calling to them all the while, telling them it was time to come home to bed. But it was a very different thing getting home from leaving it in the morning, for the Mother bird could not push them into the nest but they must fly there themselves. Very soon they had a good try, first one and then the other. The first time neither of them succeeded for they tried to fly all the way from the bush to the nest without stopping to rest. They very nearly got to the nest but could not quite reach it. I think their little wings must have felt quite tired. So they fluttered down to the floor of the verandah and stayed there for several minutes.

The Mother bird flew around to encourage them and at last one of them had another try and this time flew a little way at a time. At first it flew just a very little way on to the verandah railing, then it flew on to the top of a window screen that came to the middle of the window, then a third try and it reached the ledge at the top of the window. When it got to the middle of the window the other little bird flew up there too and then one after another they flew to the top and there they stayed a long, long time quite close together. The last bit of the journey home was across from the window to the other side of the verandah and just a little way up and finally they reached home safely and went to bed, snug and warm beneath the Mother bird's feathers.

There are a lot of nests on the Homestead grounds at Point Loma and the birds are very tame. Two of them, every morning go to sing just outside the Lotus Mother's window. I think they sing to her and to "Spots" to say that they are Brotherhood birds and want everybody to be happy and to enjoy the sunshine and the flowers. And then they sing to all the little Brotherhood babies that are at the new Lotus Home here in the little City Beautiful.

It is just like a beautiful fairy land with the birds and the flowers and "Spots" and the Lotus Buds and Blossoms and all the grown-up Brotherhood people and the Lotus Mother, and everybody working for all the World, and some day all the World will be like Fairyland and you and all of us must help to make it so.

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It seems to me I'd like to go  
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,  
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs sound,  
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real stillness, but just the trees'  
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees  
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones  
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,  
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,  
Or just some such sweet sounds as these  
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,  
I'd like a city pretty well;  
But when it comes to getting rest  
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must  
Just quit the city's din and dust,  
And get out where the sky is blue;  
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

—EUGENE FIELD.



## NIG'S BROTHERHOOD.—A TRUE STORY.

By L. J. K.

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IG is a pet in the family. He always expects to be petted. He loves to be talked to and stroked. He purrs and talks in cat language a great deal. Whenever he enters a room in which anyone is, he announces himself with a very good-natured "yeow", and unless he is asleep he salutes anyone entering a room where he may be in the same way.

He came into the family one cold stormy, snowy night, last winter. He scratched at the window and asked as plainly as any cat could, to be taken in. When he was hospitably received, he showed his gratitude in a most winning manner and thereby established himself as a permanent member of the family.

He likes his dinner served to him on a platter. He will never touch to eat a single morsel that is thrown to him on the ground, but if it is placed on a clean paper he is satisfied. As soon as possible after he became a member of the family, he applied himself to business and cleaned the house of mice promptly. Soon afterward he captured a large rat in the garden. He wished to bring in the trophy to show the family, but all the windows and doors were closed. Nothing daunted, he clambered up a pillar of the piazza onto the roof, thence up the window shutters from which he sprang to the cornice, then up the slanting shingles to the roof ridge along which he traveled to the end and then let himself down backward into a small air window which opened into the attic. The rest of the way was easy and he soon reached his mistress' room and proudly laid down his captive at her feet.

He has a way of climbing up into a large empty bird house, set up on a high pole and curling himself up in it for a good long nap every day. Strange cats occasionally come around but they are not allowed the freedom of the house like Nig, nor are they encouraged to come around by feeding them.

One day Nig's dinner was placed before him as usual, but he did not begin to eat at once. He examined it carefully, then selecting the best and largest piece of meat, he carried it out and laid it before an out-door cat. Then he returned to his dinner and ate it with a relish.

The one who saw this and related it, would scarcely have believed it unless he had seen it himself. Perhaps he does not yet know that Brotherhood is in the air, and that cats and dogs, and other animals are beginning to practice it. For "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means".

Nig lives in Yonkers, N. Y., beside the beautiful Hudson River. He is as black as a coal and keeps his coat as shining as glass.

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## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

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### AMERICA.

#### POINT LOMA.

As Point Loma is the Promised Land, the place of Joy, of Peace—not the peace of slothful ease, but of intense glad activity and service,—so the children are the Promise, the Hope of the Future. Combine the two—Point Loma and the work for the Children and then say if there is not the dawn of a great Hope, a new Day for Humanity.

The little City Beautiful is now occupied and its tented dwellings full of the busy, joyous life of its tiny inhabitants. The momentous event took place on Saturday, August 4th, in the afternoon. All the tents had been prepared under the loving care and direction of the Lotus Mother. The Lotus Buds and Blossoms were all ready and on the tiptoe of expectation to see their new home. The little babies were first carried over and seated in their little chairs on the verandahs of their tent-houses, to await the arrival of the procession of the older Blossoms and the grown-ups who had been invited to be present.

The procession was headed by a beautiful Palm carried by four of the Craftsmen. Then came the Lotus children, each one carrying an American flag. Following them was another Palm carried by the young Cuban Patriots aided by two Craftsmen, then the other Cuban children with Cuban flags. The rest of the procession was made up of the grown-ups. First the American tree was planted, the children sang "America", and another beautiful song, then a few words by the Lotus Mother, and short addresses by Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home, and by Miss Ethel Wood, the gifted young teacher of the children. The procession then moved on to the Cuban tent and the Cuban tree was planted. The Cuban children sang their National Hymn and the Rev. S. J. Neill spoke on their behalf. Both ceremonies of planting the trees were very impressive and the children standing around made a picture never to be forgotten. During the ceremony the School of Antiquity Flag was hoisted on its pole in the center of the little city, and the Lotus Flag on the top of the school tent.

The children then marched into the large study tent and sang and marched, going through their exercises with a joy and happy-heartedness that was evidence of the loving care bestowed on them and that to them their school life was indeed a joy. This tent, like all the others, is circular in plan and its walls are hung with beautiful paintings of flowers. No one entering it can fail to feel the influence pervading it; the little tables and seats, the paintings, the harmonious colors, the happy children, the music and singing and marching and the interest they take in their lessons—the whole partaking of the perfect circular design of the tented school house with its high central mast from the top of which the canvas roof depends in graceful lines. Looking into the other tents one has a peep of little hammocks swinging from the circular wall of the tent to the central pole and one wishes to be again a child.

And children we shall be again, we know, and the work that is now begun at the City Beautiful is but the beginning of the Life Beautiful for many of the children of Earth in which we all may share when we come again, if we but do our part to-day, and fulfill our high privilege of helping the children now. For here are not only the beautiful surroundings, calling out to fuller and fuller expression the highest natures and powers of the little ones, but also there is the wise discipline and guidance whereby the child learns to overcome and rule its lower nature, developing self-reliance, wise discrimination and that true independence which recognizes and is a part of the interdependence of all creatures. For the education of these children is on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and the first lesson they learn is that "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means." How different from the keen competition, the scrambling for place and prize of modern life, both in the school room and in the World, for the latter is but the outgrowth of the former which in turn reflects its selfishness and greed! Is it not time that education should be on a new basis? Only so can we hope to change the world's life, and this work is now begun and firmly established at the International Lotus Home at Point Loma.

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JULY THE SIXTH was a Gala Day at Point Loma and High Festival was held all day. It was the anniversary of the Leader's birthday and we kept it royally. At sunrise all the students assembled on the grounds of the Homestead and marched beneath the Leader's window greeting her with the Beautiful Morning Song. A bouquet of exquisite white roses was sent to her room at breakfast time with an invitation requesting the honor of the Leader's presence that evening at the festal board in the dining hall. To this the Leader sent a gracious reply accepting the



NORTH VIEW OF THE TENTED "CITY BEAUTIFUL", CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE, POINT LOMA, CAL.

(By Courtesy of "The New Century.")

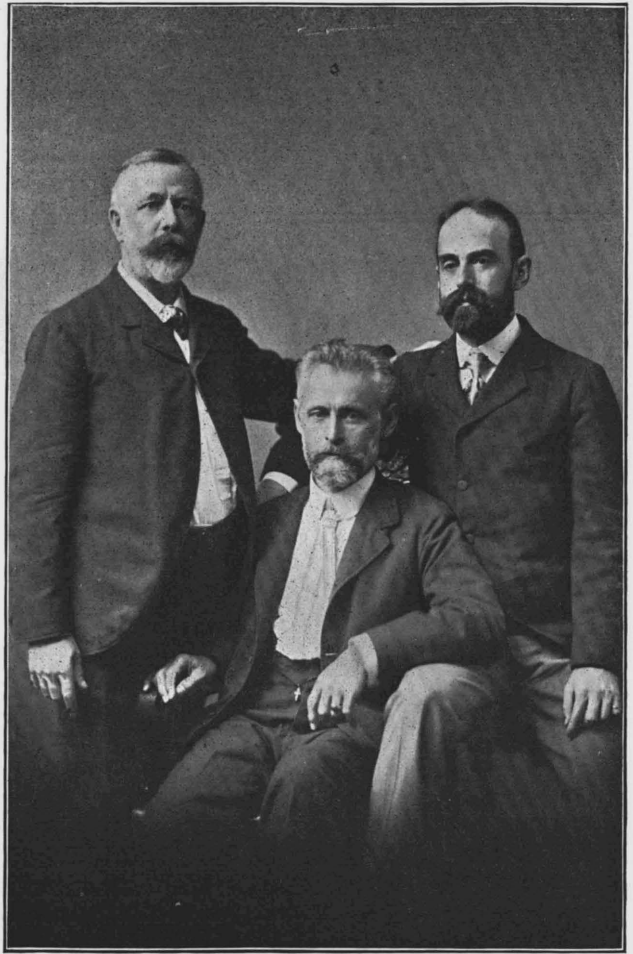
invitation. At 9.30 a. m. the members of the Cuban Colony brought their greetings, Señorita Fabra presented a beautiful bouquet and made a little speech in English, then Señor Fabra, her brother, presented a Cuban Flag "as a symbol of the heroism and suffering of Cuba and of their love and gratitude to Katherine Tingley for her noble work in relieving their distress after the war." The young sons of the Cuban patriots then each presented a little bouquet with a short greeting in English.

The prettiest event of the whole day was in the afternoon when the little Lotus Blossoms came to greet the Lotus Mother with their happy faces and their songs and gifts of fruit and flowers.

In the evening the large dining hall which had been transformed into a bower of flowers presented a beautiful sight. All the students and visitors were first assembled and in their places, then the Leader entered escorted by F. M. Pierce, the Secretary General of the Universal Brotherhood, and Mme. Olivia Peterson, the Mother of the Household, preceded by six Craftsmen in their Craftsmen's costume, while a burst of music came from the adjacent music room. Before being seated, W. T. Hanson, a member of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, read on behalf of all the members at Point Loma a Greeting and also presented to the Leader a beautiful cable-tow girdle in silver.

After the repast short addresses were given by many of the members present and also by the Leader and an adjournment was then made to the Oriental parlor. Here was another surprise awaiting the Leader in the presence of the members of the Colony household who had come over to the Homestead to add their Greeting to that of the others. It was throughout a happy, joyous day, and our wish is that the Leader may have many, many such happy birthdays. May we all do our share, through our love and devotion, to make them happy, for that happiness means added happiness to every human being.

J. H. F.



C. THURSTON, E. A. NERESHEIMER, P. B. TINGLEY,  
PROMINENT WORKERS AT THE AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS,  
144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

## ENGLAND.

U. B. LODGE NO. 6, LIVERPOOL.

Our meetings are progressing well. At the study class we have had as a special feature studies in Ancient Religions which have proved most instructive. We also have a Question and Answer night, which is very successful. Arrangements are being made to give the children of the Lotus Group a picnic in the country where they can have a good romp and enjoy the beauties of Nature. From slums to the glory of lovely dales will indeed be an object lesson which will be riveted in their minds, a foretaste of the fuller consciousness that "Life is Joy" which is gradually being imparted to them. Things are moving nowadays with great rapidity. Individually and collectively we are acquiring knowledge, but we long for the masses to realize what we know.

R. SANDHAM, *Pres.*

## BRISTOL.

THE LEADER'S BIRTHDAY.

At the Bristol Lodge of Universal Brotherhood the Leader's birthday was kept with much rejoicing. The festivities lasted over two days, new friends to the Movement were discovered and new volunteer workers were welcomed to make the

melody more complete. The members of the Lodge combined with the elder "Lotus Buds" and a number of boys drawn from various parts of the ancient city of Bristol to hold the opening social evening of the Boys' Brotherhood Club on Friday, July 6th. Bro. Duncan, whose name is well known to many of the newspaper boys, was present, as also was Mrs. Clayton, the beloved Superintendent of the two Lotus Groups.

The program consisted of music, singing and games and Bro. Crooke explained the object of the Boys' Brotherhood. Some interesting features of the program were a "Skipping Song" by girls who skipped with white skipping ropes in beautiful time while singing; a piano-forte duet "March of the Men of Harlech" by two of the boy visitors and a solo on a Japanese violin (a single stringed one) by Mr. Fred



A GROUP OF ENGLISH COMRADES.

R. W. MACHELL, C. J. WOODHEAD, C. F. RYAN,

AT THE EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS, 19 AVENUE ROAD, LONDON.



“THE SUNBEAMS AWAKENING THE LOTUS BUDS.”

TABLEAU GIVEN BY THE CHILDREN OF THE LOTUS GROUP, MALMO, SWEDEN, AT THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL OF THE NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS, APRIL, 1900.

Smith, a recent visitor to the International Brotherhood League meetings, who also sang some humorous songs. Among the games the "Musical Chairs" gave great fun, and the party was a very happy one. Light refreshments were served during the evening and all parted with happy thoughts of the loving Lotus Mother who has made such gatherings possible.

Saturday, July 7, was the children's fête-day, and a happy party of Lotus Buds with their teacher, Mrs. Clayton, and friends had a delightful time in a large brake New York, when the Lotus Mother gathered the children of the East Side around her at Bronx Park. Among the visitors were Miss Tilley, of Cardiff Lodge, and Miss Wheeler, whose interest is greatly aroused by the Children's Movement. Brother and Mrs. Duncan joined the party at Coombe Dingle, and Bro. Crooke and all his family were there. Swinging, rounders, cricket and several other games were greatly enjoyed, while some of the party had a scramble through the woods and mounted the "devil's steps" from the deep ravine below. Tea was partaken of under the leafy arbors of Rose Cottage and pleasant memories were recalled, by some of the children, of those other kind helpers, Miss Townsend and Bro. Leonard, who are now at Point Loma and who in former times had been with them there. Coombe Dingle was a miniature of Bronx Park and the glorious sun shone across from the western sky and in the evening lighted up the clouds with a rich purple color the children so loved. The same sun that was shining upon Point Loma at the noonday hour was also radiating its happy sunbeams across the Downs as the children returned home "singing the glad little songs they knew." H. C.

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*Bristol, England, July 7, 1900.*

Things here are going grandly, especially the Sunday International Brotherhood League Meetings, at which Herbert Crooke presides, and the Lotus Groups and Girls' Club.

Point Loma seems nearer every day and the feeling of Unity and Brotherhood is gaining ground so fast even in this distant corner that the ideal of all nations as one Brotherhood in about fifty years' time has already become quite realizable. EDITH CLAYTON.

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### HOLLAND.

A recent letter from Gröningen, Holland, states as follows:

"All goes well here. Rotterdam holds meetings every Sunday and we are making arrangements for another meeting of members from all the neighboring Lodges. Rotterdam Lodge is making preparations for a festival in the country. Leyden and Amsterdam continue their work steadily. A new Lodge has been formed at Gröningen.

"It seems a very important thing that Headquarters are now established at Point Loma and the New Order of Ages has begun. We know the Leader is often with us in thought, helping and encouraging us to go on and we also go often in thought to her. All the members here hope to serve our Cause ever better and better, helping to have the Dutch people participate in the Joy of Brotherhood, of the blessing of which every one may partake and shall partake eventually."

ARIE GOUD.

## AUSTRALASIA.

U. B. LODGE No. 1 (AUSTRALIA), SIDNEY.

NEW CYCLE UNITY CONGRESS.

*(Continued from last month.)*

The Public Entertainment on Saturday evening drew a full hall. It was opened by Brother T. W. Willans, who explained the universality of the New Cycle Unity Congress, how it was held that day in every enlightened country in the world, and was unique both in history and the world. He told of the efforts and priceless teachings brought by our three Leaders, and of the wonderful results that are assured to humanity. A programme of music, readings and recitations was then carried out. A microscope and some interesting slides were brought by Bro. F. E. S. Hewiston. A number of copies of "The New Century" were tacked on the wall around the room, and formed a unique gallery of pictures.

Sunday's part of the New Cycle Unity Congress was a public meeting and a series of addresses. A selection was played on the piano, and as soon as the last notes had ceased four of the speakers for the evening successively recited from different parts of the room:



"HAPPY LITTLE SUNBEAMS."—LOTUS GROUP TABLEAU, MALMO, SWEDEN.

1. "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of the living God and the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"
2. "All has an end and will die away. Truth alone is immortal and lives forever."
3. "The selfish devotee lives to no purpose. The man who does not go through his appointed work in life—has lived in vain."



4. "All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws."

Bro. T. W. Willans then spoke on the "Spiritual Basis of Universal Brotherhood Organization," and gave a description of the practical work of its departments. The world owes to H. P. Blavatsky, in the present age, the re-introduction of the purity and universality of Spiritual Truths, to W. Q. Judge the preservation and further elucidation of the Philosophy of Life, and to Katherine Tingley its simplifi-



"WARRIORS OF THE GOLDEN CORD."—LOTUS GROUP TABLEAU. MALMO, SWEDEN.

cation and practical demonstration in universal plans and titanic works for a New Order of the Ages. In speaking of the departments of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, he dwelt on the work of the International Brotherhood League, its objects, its achievements and present fields of operation.

Miss C. E. Dole spoke on "Universal Law," having as a key note "the law that moves to righteousness, that none at last can turn aside or stay; the end of it is peace and consummation sweet—obey!" She brought out the idea of Love with law. Love was at the base of all Law. Mr. E. J. Williams next spoke on "Men Are Souls." His key note was "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of the living God and the spirit of God dwelleth in you." Humanity, he said, had lost the truth, and had thereby lost sight of the fact that they were souls. Here the addresses waited while music was rendered by Bro. Smith.

Mrs. Willans next addressed the meeting on "The Power of Feeling." Her key note was "Being and feeling." She said:

"Many recognize that Thought is a great moulding and guiding power in their lives, but man consists of Feeling as well as thought. As a man thinks, so he will become, but as a man *feels* so he is now; so it behooves those who wish to help themselves and humanity to *feel* their ideals as well as think them, since feeling is such a strong motive power for action."

Bro. A. A. Smith spoke on "Brotherhood," having as his key note "Truth, Light and Liberation." Brotherhood was proclaimed to be a fact in nature. Man could prove its truth by being brotherly and resolving, morning, noon and night, to render noble service to all that lives, doing all he could to help and share. He would ultimately discover that Brotherhood was a force and faculty of his own Love; that it was the faculty which energized all his other soul faculties. The exercise of the faculty of Brotherhood alone would reveal the Truth, enable him to live in the Light and give Liberation from all he clung to and which clogged his progress. The greatest brothers were those who worked to bring Truth, Light and Liberation to humanity.

T. W. WILLANS, *President*.

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*Sidney, N. S. W., July 4, 1900.*

To our beloved Comrades at Point Loma, Lodge 150, Universal Brotherhood.

Greeting:—

We members of Lodge No. 1, Australia, in assembly together in Sidney on the 2d July, 1900, resolved upstanding with one accord to honor and respond to your noble "love token" sent to us by you on the eve of the first New Cycle Unity Congress held simultaneously by all the Lodges of Universal Brotherhood throughout the world. We know with you that Point Loma is the heart center of the Spiritual life of the earth and feel its harmonious power. As the great and glorious plans unfold for true human life, under the hand of our Beloved Leader, a deeper gratitude, joy, and trust fill our hearts stimulating us to give ourselves to truer service. We feel with you the mighty Unity and rejoice in the New Life, the golden bloom of the unconquerable will of selfless souls and loyal devotion of Comrades. So may it be as our Leader says, "Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, we work on".

Faithfully yours,

On behalf of the members of Lodge No. 1, Australia,

T. W. WILLANS, *Pres.*, A. A. SMITH, *Sec'y*.

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## NEW ZEALAND.

*Paera, Thames, June 8, 1900.*

We received notices of New Cycle Unity Congress by last mail. Just by a stroke of luck or one of the happenings that do occur sometimes, our mail arrived on April 12th, rather short notice to fill the program, but we made up our minds that it had to be done in some way or other. So we held our Unity Congress. One of the most interesting features was the Children's Festival. We got together the Lotus Circle children and prepared to hold an entertainment according to the program. Guests were invited and all went off well. The outcome is that the Lotus Group has grown from 3 to 30 children. The audience at our last concert filled our large room and we shall have to find a bigger place. We hope to make good progress in the coming year. Here in Paera the Public Library has accepted the *New Century* and placed it on the table.

CHAS. J. SANDERSON.

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## NOTICE.

Owing to late arrival of the copy for the "Student's Column", it had to be left over for publication until next month.

Subscribers and patrons are requested to kindly bear with us for the lateness of our August and September issues, which was due to great pressure of work at Point Loma.

ERRORS.

"Those alone are dear to divinity who are hostile to injustice."—*Selects*.

# Universal Brotherhood Path.

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 7.

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## COMRADESHIP.

By RAMESES.

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EVERY man, in his evolutionary progress, at some period reaches the stage of Discernment. Here he learns to *mentally* discriminate, classify and arrange all things in their proper and fitting relations, and comprehends the purpose and use of each. But there is yet lacking the self-confidence and grasp of experienced courage to carry these observations and convictions into other than impetuous, spasmodic action.

Becoming sensitive, or true in feeling, but wanting in moral strength sufficient to carry this feeling into continuous action, the soul that is ever seeking to direct the human man retires within itself until it is again aroused to action by an inner urging. With this added impetus, the real man steps forward with increased confidence and reliance onto the plane of discrimination. There he courageously separates and segregates what was before observed but not acted on.

Action now becomes easy and sure, because based on absolute knowledge of the inequality existing between the parts composing the whole, and when in doubt evolution, the ever friendly factor, forces on the traveller to his goal.

First finding his own position in the chaos of human life, as he must, the individual and related positions of higher and less progressed evolutions appear on the horizon of the consciousness, advancing in orderly and clearly discernable procession; all are recognized as brothers in related degrees, segregated or grouped into the hostile and friendly, the good, bad and indifferent; among all are found old comrades, and among the friendly groups many tried and trusted ones. Here and there are discovered a few holding the most sacred tie of Companions, who more deeply feel their sacred obligations to Humanity more binding than all else.

So we find that the discriminating soul, knowing its own position in the general segregation, chooses associates best suited for mutual progress; friends and comrades with whom to work; it recognizes those who can teach and help

it, and those whom it can aid, and the best ways and means by which this help can be applied. On this plane of action the soul must learn to stand and act seemingly alone and unaided, not only in warding off the attacks of vicious and stupid ignorance which it has shocked, angered and aroused in order to help, but more in the daring duty of segregating, placing and holding the variously evolved units in humanity separate or grouped, in the place where by nature and their own evolution they are best fitted to act; in other words, to become their own and their brothers' keepers. A daring duty indeed in the present egotistically inflated condition of the human mind, where not one in a billion is in possession of a compass so minute as to circumscribe his developed capacity, nor large enough to set the bounds to his self-conceit!

Such a one must have developed the comradeship of soul-life, else he will lose his grasp on himself through loss of faith in humanity, and the seeming uselessness of further work to save it from itself. Then must the tried soul reach upward and feel for the touch of hand with the unseen comrades who never fail him, though he may in act deny them.

Stumbling and bleeding, if he still fights onward undismayed by his own failures, by the careless indifference, scoffing and ingratitude of those for whom he gladly suffers and the criticism of his Brothers, he will come to feel the presence and companionship of the true comrades who, never helping while his own strength is sufficient, never permit him to fail utterly so long as he honestly tries; comrades so wise and compassionate that when he momentarily gives way to fear and questions his strength to bear the present load, then lay more weight upon his tensioned muscles to arouse his latent strength and waning courage.

Then will the soul spring up buoyantly with added strength, and kissing the loving comrade's rod, joyously work on and enter a new and grander realm of usefulness and throbbing peace.

Then will the struggling soul find its true companion, the "Warrior-Self," and take its waiting place 'midst holy joyful company of comrades tried and true.

With loving comrades, sternly kind, who know me better  
than I know myself, I'll find abode;

When weariness my soul binds in, they rouse its lagging  
strength with greater love-placed load.

I'll find with them sweet rest, and life in joyous hours of  
work; my strength and solace 'midst the gloom of dark  
and lonely night;

For they do cheer and fortify my sometimes faltering soul,  
engaged in desperate conflict for the right.

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"Great men are distinguished from little men by this—they scorn and condemn all which flatters their vanity, or seems to them for the moment desirable, or even useful, if it is not compatible with the laws which they recognize, or conducive to some great end which they have set before them; even though that end may not be reached till after their death."

GEORGE EBERS.

## FRAGMENTS.

By M. A. OPPERMAN.

## I.



OW easy to be pure good and holy, if you are quietly established at a retired place, have no work to do and enough money to live upon. There is no jarring and worldly trouble, and peacefully you can think and dream and even occasionally do some little good.

If you find peace in such a way, you do not hear the inner voice.

Where do you get your bread from? Of course somebody else has planted and reaped, somebody else prepared the flour and the bread, and thus you got it. What have you given in return? Money? How did you get it? By interest on your capital? And had not somebody else to work and produce something for that capital to carry interest? Have you given something in return? If you have worked for humanity in any way and given as much as you take, you are quit and leave no debt: but if you have not, surely sometime you shall also not get pay for what you shall be obliged to give.

According to present social law a man may give nothing if he has sufficient income, but the real law known as Karma does not say so.

A man being in the turmoil of human affairs, surrounded by trouble and having to work hard, may be more pure and holy than an ascetic, if only he keeps a high ideal before him. He may not always be a saint, but those moments in his life, and be they ever so short, where he thinks deep in the right direction, do count and will not be forgotten. If in spite of daily work and trouble he finds time for doing some really good deeds and think some good thoughts, they will be paid back to him surely.

It is not always when you think that you are on the path, that you are; and sometimes when you least believe so, you are. A man who has, so to say, to steal some minutes here and there for thinking within his heart, will gather strength for his daily strife, while he who has plenty of time all day long will gather no strength because he does not want it, having no strife to overcome.

Some think: We will work hard, make money, become independent, and then we shall not be obliged to work any more. There is not a point in the Universe where change does not take place, and change can only be brought about by force, and force measured in time is work. Can a man think, "stop working"? He may *think* so but he cannot really do it. And there is just the point, that man being a conscious creature, must put thought and consciousness into his work. You do not like to do a certain work, yet if you do it, the sense of duty gives its color to it. You work conscientiously for others, and the work will carry with it the beautiful color of love. Somebody works against you by greed or jealousy, you take no notice and simply do your work, which will then be colored by self-restraint. People menace you and

think of stopping you by fright, yet if you go on with what you have to do, courage will give its color to your work. This is the path in its outer aspect as work, in its inner as elevating the soul.

## II.

### *Assimilation.*

W. Q. Judge in one of his writings declares, contrary to accepted notions, that man dies not by want but by excess of vitality. It is generally thought, that in the morning after a refreshing night's rest, we have more vitality than when fully tired we lay down the night before, but W. Q. Judge says: No, we have less.

If we but consider the nature of vitality this will become clear. The Teacher declares that we live in an ocean of vitality, surrounded by it everywhere. Now vitality is a certain state of matter, physical, astral or of any other form of matter up to *mula prakriti* [primordial root-matter]. This vital pulsation is everywhere and passes across everything. While it crosses our body we may, by certain processes called nutrition, take up a certain quantity of it, and this constitutes our part of vitality, assimilated and worked into our system, this being accomplished by the chemical action of food.

If vitality flows through our body without being assimilated, we do not feel it, and it does not affect us to any appreciable amount, no more than it does a stone; thus when we wake up in the morning we have little vitality. During the day when by taking food we have transformed and so to say fixed some of the vital current flowing through our body, this work of transforming has tired us so much that in the evening we must stop it and lay down for rest. It is just like an electric current of high tension, say 200,000 volts; this will pass through our body without affecting it. But suppose that within our body we had a transformer that would reduce the tension, we should gradually feel the current, that is assimilate it, and if we transformed the tension too low down and assimilated too much, the current would kill us, just as we die by excess of vitality as our Teacher says.

It is all true if we but see it.

## III.

There is a beautiful word in Sanscrit, viz., "netra", the eye. It is beautiful on account of the root "ni", from which it is derived, and which means to lead, to guide. Thus the word "netra" means the leader, the guide.

And as it is with the physical body, so it is on the spiritual plane. A physically blind man must be led by one who has the physical "netra", the guide; and he who wants to enter the spiritual path, and has not his spiritual eye opened, must have a guide who has.

Thus the only leaders in spiritual matters for us, yet blind on that plane, are those who possess the spiritual "netra". Let no one come forward as a leader who has not this spiritual "netra," because he could only be a blind leader of the blind, deceive and be deceived.

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"By their works ye shall know them."

## THE BUILDING OF THE LIVING TEMPLE.

By H. C.

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THINK that the "Living Temple" is, in its individual aspect, the body made into a fit home for the soul; not for one or other aspect or power of the soul, but for the complete soul, full-panoplied, with all its energies and faculties. The body of each of us is too small for the soul; as an instrument, too rigid; as a servant, too self-willed. Those know that best who best try to know themselves as souls, who clearliest see what they might be and will to be. The rare and fleet-winged moments of seeing this are the moments of swiftest growth, and after each of them we are never again quite the same.

How to make these moments of a new morning of the soul more frequent?

It is easy to write a prescription; to take a dose of one's own formula, however well devised, is not so easy; some are even content to write it, to publish it, and to take a public plaudit for the beauty and finish of the writing. They pretend to describe eloquently a noble Temple—and the soul's life therein—whose very foundations remain undug. But the dreams of even such may be useful to some whose strength needs a touch of the dream glory to soften and make it gracious.

Whoever has made it possible for himself to dwell, self-recognisingly as a soul, with undisputed reign, in his body, must have made of his body a Living Temple. Some, having almost so made it, it may be many lives ago, have let it be desecrated; others have made and finished but one corner, often of great beauty, so beautiful as to compel attention, both to it and then to the unfinished remainder. There is an English Peer who writes, in the intervals of extravagant debauchery, music and poetry of exquisite elevation and tenderness; as a soul, he occupies his Temple but a little while, and his sojourn there as such alternates with the desecration of it by a fiend. I suppose that he was once far on in building it, and failed. There are some who, when they take a pen in hand, write as souls, and their words have about them the divine atmosphere of the soul-life; but the rest of their life and ways and thought may be on a level so utterly commonplace as to be even shocking to the expectation of one who has hitherto only known their written expression, and who cannot recognise that here is a case where a corner only of the Temple has been completed and garnished. Many a harp has but one tuned string. I should imagine that the practice of so-called meditation disjoined from works would produce such a result; or that it might manifest in this life from the habit in former lives of attention to and cultivation of what might be called the aesthetic parts of the spiritual life, almost the emotional parts, as distinct from the active and practical.

When is the body a perfect "Living Temple"? When the soul does not have to go out of it to perform the highest and most hidden actions, to experience the highest things. When is a musical instrument complete and perfect? When the musician does not need any other to express the whole music in his soul.

All nature is in the body, divine nature, subtle nature, gross nature, elemental, mineral, herbal, and animal nature. Some of these the soul brings with her when she comes in, as the sacristan brings with him the incense into the Church. The Church might be so dirty that he could only perceive the fragrance of the incense he had brought by going outside. If the body is to be a perfect living Temple, the soul must be able to perceive, while she is in it, the divine things she brought with her. She must not have to leave its noise, by death, to hear her silver bells. With us, it echoes with strident iron jangles. Yet the iron strings must be there, duly subdued, well tuned; the harmony must have its base, the silver melody its deep accompaniment. And the melody is always there, in the heart; with us it lies to tune the iron strings. In pain we often try to do this, but if the soul-life is to be gained, it must be sought as the way out from pleasures as from pains, for it is beyond both.

Men and animals and stones and Gods stand as players in one vast orchestra whose stupendous and majestic procession of chords, not of necessity modulated in pain, is the audible march of life, to whose strains the Earth-Temple is being built; in general we hear of this but the little instrument we ourselves play, taking it away into a little personal corner; we live in a little rivulet of personal feeling, longings, painlets, pleasurelets, as it takes its tiny path through an unbounded ocean; we refuse to let go the small things lest there should be nothing left to hold to; we cannot let go longings, though they are two-thirds painful, because they are perforce accompanied by their satisfaction in imagination, and because they are sometimes satisfied in fact. They arise in, register themselves in, and cyclically repeat themselves in, the body; and by their ripple and toss prevent it from acquiring the form of the Temple that the soul needs for its habitation. For this, an inner stillness is necessary.

What are the marks of the builded Temple? There is a heart life, instead of a head one. When outer things seem intensely real, outer events intensely to be wished or disliked, there is no Temple; when at times they fade down to their proper level of essential colourlessness, the Temple is a-building; when the chattering monkey-elemental in the brain is forever silenced, and the clamour of wishes for ever stayed, the noisy winds that rush over the nerve strands for ever paralysed; then the heart life is for ever entered, the heart light alone allowed to throw its cool light into the haunted crypts and corners of the brain; then the Temple is built.

May we all come in-to the spacious and perfect peace of the builded Temple. Having come in, we "go no more out", for whithersoever we go it is about us; to whomever we speak, whomever we help, him also in that hour it wraps about. Thus shall the world come again into the Great Life, and all longings and pains resolve from their dissonance into the great chord that is at once the close of the old and the opening of the new, rolling out in such vast promise that the heart stands still, and the souls of men learn that at last they are coming by their own.



## THEOSOPHY AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

By M. L. GUILD.



THE Higher Criticism of the *Old Testament* which is still causing so much mental anguish to orthodox souls will eventually be recognised by them as a good friend, since it will make the *Bible* possible of acceptance to many who would otherwise have to discard it. And to the Theosophist the work of these scholars is no less valuable, since it gives him an analysis which, though still almost entirely mechanical, serves as the key to further and deeper search.

For those who may not know in what the Higher Criticism consists, it may be briefly stated as being a critical, literary and philological examination of the *Old Testament*, and thus far more especially of the *Pentateuch*. The *Bible*, "the Book", as we have been accustomed to call it, we have all along known to be really a collection of books; though orthodox Christians rarely bear this in mind and therefore estimate them all as of equal value.

Higher Criticism, however, takes each book separately and, by studying the literary style, the special use of words belonging to different periods, the peculiarities of idiom, etc., further dissects it into the various writings which time and men have collected under one caption. This study is based upon the fact that in the old days all literature was in MS. form and therefore rare and valuable, something to be handed down from father to son with great care even aside from its religious value. The owners of a MS. in studying it and in comparing it with other MSS. would be likely to make comments, notes, additions, all of which he would carefully write upon the margin or in between the lines. When in course of time it became necessary to copy the MS. everything was copied together, so that in its new form the notes and additions ran along as part of the text.

Sometimes the name of the book from which the addition had been made was given, and in this way we know of other and, at present, "lost" books. Such were the "Book of Jasher", the "Book of the Wars of the Lord", the "Book of Enoch". Portions of this last however have been found and translated. But as they do not of course add to Christian Theology, they have not been much used. Yet one of its later translators says that it "consists of a series of revelations supposed to have been given by God to Enoch and Noah, which extends to the most varied aspects of nature and life", a statement which becomes highly significant to the Theosophist who bears in mind that ENOCH means "initiating".

More often though, the quotation was simply inserted and allowed to stand on its own merits. When in time it came to seem necessary to make a connected recital of the beginning and evolution of Humanity, the historian, as is

frequently the custom to this day, simply sat down with his various authorities piled about him and compiled from them what pleased him best, without however trying to make an organic whole. It is thus that we have contradictory accounts of the Creation, the Deluge, the Confusion of Tongues, various genealogies, etc. Even in what would at first sight appear to be necessarily a single narrative we have internal evidence of different authorities. As for instance in the Plagues of Egypt, where the cattle would appear to have had as many lives as a cat, since in the plague of the murrain we are told that "the cattle all died" yet shortly after are shown the same cattle peacefully browsing in the same fields and this time killed by the hail.

One of the main keys employed by the Higher Criticism is the use by the old writers of the word ELOHIM, *i. e.* "creators", translated God, or of JEHOVAH, translated Lord, to designate the Supreme Being. Following this clue there are found to exist two distinct narratives which, though blended almost inextricably here and there, can yet for the most part be easily distinguished. Of the two, the ELOHISTIC is far the more complete and forms the strong warp of the whole *Pentateuch*, the *Grundschrift* or ground-writing, as the critics call it.

All the abnormalities in the book are thus in the view of the Higher Criticism the result of carelessness on the part of the early historians.

Studying the *Pentateuch* in the light of "*The Secret Doctrine*"\* however this conclusion is open to doubt, especially as still further research by scholars is showing them that even the threads of the cloth which they are unravelling are themselves complex. May it not be that the apparent carelessness was really design? for in no age have the Sacred Writings of a people been entrusted to the careless or frivolous-minded. This conclusion makes of these old books a truly occult work, purposely indeed made blind at times, but by no means self-contradictory, were the true meaning known. Such for instance are what appear to be different accounts of the same event but which may perhaps be records of the same event repeating itself in different cycles and therefore under different conditions and with different results. This conclusion is supported by the rabbinical belief that the old Patriarchs are not to be taken as *men* but as *races*. There appears also to be evidence that the *Pentateuch*, like the old Hindu books, jumps without warning from particulars to universals; from human to mundane and even cosmic events, and *vice versa*. These abrupt transitions are easily seen in Genesis, as is also the agreement with the *Stanzas* of the BOOK of DZYAN.

Genesis commences with the statement that "the earth was waste and void" (Revised Version), referring evidently to the remains of a former earth; which fits in perfectly with the ancient teaching that men, plants, animals, universes, are but re-embodiments of their former selves. Otherwise the natural statement would have been that there was no earth at all.

These remains of past and the germs of future manifestations exist in "the

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\*"The Secret Doctrine, the Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky.

DEEP", the Waters of Space, Primordial Substance, Ether, in which slumbers the Spirit of God, the FORCE of the universe.

Then comes the "WORD", the sound, the potency of whose vibrations is but now beginning to be faintly recognized by science. As the Stanzas say:

"THE VIBRATION SWEEPS ALONG TOUCHING WITH ITS SWIFT WING THE WHOLE UNIVERSE AND THE GERM THAT DWELLETH IN DARKNESS: THE DARKNESS THAT BREATHES OVER THE SLUMBERING WATERS OF LIFE."

Thus is produced the first element of manifested life, FIRE.

God, or rather the ELOHIM, pleased with manifestation, which gives them a return to conscious existence after their time of Pralaya, or sleep, call this period DAY or Light, and the inevitably following period of non-manifestation DARKNESS or NIGHT. These two, with the "morning and evening", the two "twilights" which *The Secret Doctrine* says precede and follow each period of manifestation, form one DAY OF THE LORD, or Day of Brahma, as the Hindus say. Here if we remember that a Day of the Lord "is as a thousand years" and further that the Hebrews, a Semitic race, shepherds and astronomers, meant by a "year" not 365 earth days, but the solar cycle of 25000 years we shall then have in each of the seven days a length of time corresponding closely to a geological age, and thus a scientific statement as well as a more valuable occult one.

For, apparently, we also have here a statement of what has been called in *The Secret Doctrine* a "Round", or one of the seven periods of time into which the whole life of the earth will be divided.

The second DAY ushers in another element, AIR, or what in that far off time would correspond to it, since according to Genesis there was created that which served to separate that portion of the "waters of space" which was to form the future earth, from SPACE itself, giving the earth now a form. And in here comes apparently one of the sudden "jumps" before mentioned; but it is one easily followed if we bear in mind that in the ancient teachings each Round repeats rapidly the work of its predecessors before going on with its own task, and further that each Round is itself divided into seven periods.

Mme. Blavatsky several times stated that she gave no detailed description of the first two Rounds, because the conditions then existing differed too much from our present ones for us to comprehend them. But she does give much concerning the third Round, especially to the effect that everything, man, animals, plants, was then given form, though in a more ethereal substance than at present, and that in our own Round, the fourth, all has been reproduced more materially.

The Hebrew writer follows precisely the same course. He gives a brief verse to each of the first two periods, and instead of beginning the second with a repetition of the first and the third with a repetition of the first two, simply lets them stand and now takes the whole thing as relating to the third period whose seven divisions he proceeds to enumerate.

Taking these seven divisions in the order given we have a scientifically correct account of evolution, and one that is in accord with the ancient Wisdom Religion, since the order of appearances of the various kingdoms is that of the third Round when MAN came last.

We have,—(1). Fire, (2). Air or gases, (3). Water, (4). Land, (5). Vegetation, in its proper order be it noted, (6). A true “atmosphere” since it permitted the other planets to *become visible from the earth*, (7). Creeping creatures, fish and birds, (8). The land animals and the true mammals, for the “whales” mentioned in the previous verse are TANNIN, seamonsters, dragons, serpents, etc., (9). MAN.

This is the scientific order of evolution and that in which according to *The Secret Doctrine* it proceeded in the first Round. The same occult authority states that in the fourth, our present Round, all this was changed, and that Man came first to take possession of the kingdom that was to be his.

This change made it impossible for the ancient compiler to continue his system of non-repetition, so, beginning with Gen. II., 4, we have what has been taken to be a second and conflicting account of Creation, but what is in reality a correct account of what took place in this Round. It even begins by carefully stating that “everything was made before it was made”, *i. e.* before it was made again in this Round. Conformably with this idea we also have here an account of the separation of the sexes which took place in this Round, Man having been previously “double-sexed,” as stated also in Genesis I., 27, and V. 2. “Male and female created he them and blessed them and called their name Adam in the day when they were created.”

Of the Fall in the Garden little need be said here. Mme. Blavatsky has written much to the effect that the “Tempter” was really the true friend of humanity and a mystical representation of the “Dragons of Wisdom” endeavoring to give mind and knowledge to the “forms” created by the ELOHIM, an order of beings lower than the Dragons of Wisdom and unwilling that Man by obtaining mind and knowledge should become their equal.

But we find that the mind was given, and at once Man becomes responsible, and his work on earth begins. He is driven out of “the garden of Eden” out of “unconscious bliss”. No longer may he stay in useless happiness. He must take his share in the helping on of evolution. He is driven out of inactivity by mind itself, and is prevented by the flaming of will and consciousness from re-entering the irresponsible child-state of humanity.

It is interesting here to note that the “flaming sword which turned every way” has been identified by Lenormant with the *Chakra* of the Hindus, a disk with sharpened edges which, when flung with a horizontally rotating motion cut like a sword. The *Chakra* is a symbol of a cycle of time and is thus fitly employed to show that Man had entered a new cycle of evolution and was prevented by the Law from forcing his way back into his former state. He has eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. It would not do for him to become immortal in his present state. He must earn the right to eat of the Tree of Life by

*helping onward the evolution of the lower orders through which he has passed.* As Genesis puts it, he must "till the ground from which he was taken."

The early Church Fathers undoubtedly had something of this idea, for we find Origen protesting against these narratives being taken literally, saying, "No man can doubt that these things are to be taken figuratively and not literally, to denote certain mysteries and recondite senses."

In Gen. V. we have "the book of the generations" (more properly translated "ages") of Adam; a long list of names which, according to the Rabbinical view represent races, not individuals, and thus carry us over a long period of time, down to what are called "the days of Noah."

Perhaps, however, these long strings of names served a double purpose and under them lay concealed in cypher a fuller account of what had preceded than it was deemed advisable to give out openly. This idea is based upon the fact that these lists of names have a way of following some important event, as here the story of Cain, and later that of the Deluge, or else are put in without other evident reason, as in Exodus, where such a table is most inopportunistly and irrelevantly interpolated at a most exciting and crucial period of the narrative, when Moses is about to enter into the presence of Pharaoh and plead for the Children of Israel. Such an use of a table of names would be most likely where, as for instance, it follows the story of Cain and Abel, who represent the first true male and female beings, according to Mme. Blavatsky, so that an occult account of cosmic and physiological processes would be fittingly inserted.

In the varying accounts of the Deluge we see in *The Secret Doctrine* that this event may refer to the destruction of a Race and its continent, as in the case of Atlantis, when that Race had proved unworthy and Evolution necessitated its removal, or to the still greater waters of oblivion separating one Round from another. Mme. Blavatsky says that Noah stands for one of the *Manus* or great beings who care for the earth and all upon it during its period of "sleep," and that the "Ark" is that in which the seeds of all life are carried over from one Round to the next.

As the name NOAH means both "rest" and "motion", he fittingly ends and begins the period of manifestation, after which he hands over to the "Enoch" of the time the work of continuing the initiation of humanity. It is thus most suitable that the *Book of Enoch* should be said to have been given by God to Enoch and Noah.

Of the "confusion of tongues" and the dispersion of races which followed the flood two differing accounts are given. One the Elohist, is the more satisfactory to students of the Higher Criticism, since it depicts the various tongues as arising naturally as the inevitable result of the wandering away in different directions of the several families.

The Jehovistic version, anxious as always to point a moral, describes it as being purposely brought about by "the Lord" to punish the evil ambitions of men, who wished to protect themselves from the inevitable penalty of the wick-

edness which they purposed continuing. He therefore "confuses their tongues" that they may not combine for their evil purposes.

But the two narratives appear to be rather complementary than contradictory, since the "blind" laws of Nature are directed by higher Intelligences in such manner as to set a limit to vice, and advance human evolution.

The story of Abraham is too long to be here taken up in detail, though it can be done more fully than one would at first sight suppose. An open-minded reading makes it seem wonderfully like the struggles of a soul upon "The Path," with its trials, temptations, falls, victories, and initiations.

It may be read alike as concerning the progress of an individual or of a Race, since the same Law governs the evolution, the struggle and growth of all. Like the Hindu *Mahabharata*, it may be taken as an historical narrative and therefore symbolical, as is all history when truly read, of human evolution.

The complexities and contradictions in Abraham's nature and actions are thus made clear. Indeed it is hardly possible to account otherwise for his absurd cowardice concerning Sarah (Genesis XII., 11, and XX.), since he has previously shown himself a valiant and generous Sheik.

The battle fought in Genesis XIV., and which reminds us strongly of the warfare of Arjuna, is followed (Genesis XIV., 18), by what is evidently an initiation, when Melchisedeck brings forth *bread and wine*, and "blesses" him, a ceremony which is repeated thousands of years later by Jesus of Nazareth, who is called "a priest after the order of Melchisedeck."

This high personage who blesses Abraham (himself so high that he "talks with God") has been and is the cause of much perplexity to Bible scholars, since he appears from nowhere and returns whence he came. But to the Theosophist, who has heard of the hierarchies of "initiators," the name of this "Priest of the Most High God," Melchisedeck (the King of Righteousness) and his further title the King of Salem (Peace) are full of suggestiveness.

This idea that the *Pentateuch* is a popular, and therefore purposely veiled compendium from the real occult works is further supported by the names of the, to us, unknown books from which it quotes. As has been already stated, the *Book of Enoch* is really "the Book of Initiations," and Enoch himself a High Being who "walked with God" and required no "death" but merely his own will to withdraw from the sight of men. The *Book of Jasher* is "the Book of Happiness"; the *Book of the Wars of the Lord* might easily be, and probably was (we are told such a record exists) a record of the efforts of the Great Helpers of Humanity to help on the Human Race in its otherwise hopeless fight with the Powers of Darkness and "the Spiritual Wickedness in High Places" that St. Paul speaks of.

Abraham, significantly enough, is, immediately after his initiation, confronted with a new temptation. The King of Edom (red) whom he had just conquered, comes to him and asks for the "persons" (the Hebrew reads "souls") that Abraham has just won from him (thus, doubtless, earning the right to his high initiation), and offers in exchange "all else." The temptation is success-

fully resisted, and the word of the Lord comes unto Abraham, telling him to "fear not. I will be thy shield."

When, further on in Genesis, we come to the story of Jacob and Esau, we are again strongly reminded of the *Mahabharata*, with its struggle between the elder and younger sons. As in the Hindu book, so here it is the elder son, Esau, who represents the more material side of Nature which preceded that of the spiritual, represented by the younger, Jacob; and, as in the Hindu version, it is the younger who eventually wins the heritage. The "father" in both cases is "blind."

But in the *Mahabharata* the younger branch is first driven into exile, and after many years of wandering returns to win back its own and enter upon the Kingdom, while Jacob wins at the beginning. Not having fought and conquered the lower nature, however, but having tried to get the better of it by material means, he is obliged to flee from the forces he has aroused, and is driven into exile at the very moment of his apparent success.

Exodus, telling of the going out of Egypt, which stood in the Jewish mind for all that was dark and "unclean"; the passage through the Red Sea, which opens to let the children of Israel pass onward, but closes that they may not return to the "flesh-pots"; their wanderings in the "desert"; their trials and temptations; the "light" that leads them; the many battles fought before they conquer and reach the promised land, where they establish Jerusalem, "the Vision of Peace," is full of suggestiveness of an inner meaning. It is again the story of those who would advance in evolution, and brings much encouragement with its accounts of repeated falls and failures, followed, however, thanks to their "Leader," by as many undaunted struggles onward, and leading therefore to the "Place of Peace."

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"For those who would shirk any moral responsibility it seems certainly more convenient to accept descent from a common *simian* ancestor, and see a brother in a dumb, tailless baboon, rather than acknowledge the fatherhood of the Pitris, the 'fair sons of the Gods,' or to have to recognize as a brother, a starveling from the slums, or a copper colored man of an 'inferior' race." H. P. BLAVATSKY.

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"Truth is a torch, but a terrible one; oftentimes so terrible that the natural instinct of us all is to give a side glance with a blinking eye, lest, looking it fairly in the face, the strong glare might blind us." GOETHE.

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"As for what thou hearest others say, who persuade the many that the soul, when once freed from the body, neither suffers evil nor is conscious, I know that thou art better grounded in the doctrines, received by us from our ancestors and in the sacred orgies of Dionysos, than to believe them; for the mystic symbols are well known to us, who belong to the 'Brotherhood.'" PLUTARCH.

## THE ALCHEMY OF THE ROSICRUCIANS.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON.

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It has become the accepted thing to explain the assertion of the Rosicrucian philosophers that the baser metals may be transmuted into gold by claiming that this refers to the changing of the lower animal nature into the spiritual gold of love and compassion. But there are always seven keys to the truth concealed beneath any allegory, and the half-veiled teaching of the mystery of transmutation is no exception. The changing of the selfish passions into unselfishness by means of the awakened spiritual will is a *correct* reading of the meaning of these philosophers, but it is not the only one.

There is a deeper significance to the teaching. These wise old Fire-philosophers concealed a cosmic philosophy beneath an allegory so simple in its cunning that it only aroused the cupidity of the selfish, and the contempt of those wise in their own conceit. This philosophy may be stated thus :

There is but one consciousness in the universe ; it is infinite, and all the differing states of consciousness in nature are its finite manifestations. Similarly, all forms of matter, and all modes of force, are but finite manifestations of an Infinite Source of energy and matter. That which is infinite *can* only manifest itself finitely through infinite diversity, and so consciousness, matter and force are but the infinitely diversified aspects of infinite Unity.

From the material aspect of Nature, this unity in source and essence of all its myriads of forms is easily proven, and the Rosicrucian philosophers, having done so for themselves, sought to teach the great truth under the allegory of the transmutation of metals. One has but to accept their hint to perceive that transmutation is plainly taught in the alchemy of Nature and its processes demonstrated at every moment of life.

The examination may be begun at any portion of the arc of the manifesting cycle. Selecting the mineral kingdom, the frost and rain are seen rending the rock into fragments ; the attrition of these under the action of water, producing sands and clays ; a seed lodges thereon and a mighty monarch of the forest uprears its form directly out of and from the mineral kingdom. It has arisen out of that which as rock, clay, water or air gave no hint that it contained such a divine possibility. Some unseen force has transformed the apparently lifeless rock into the living tree. No new thing has been added ; only that which eternally Is has been used. Truly, some mighty chemist has been busying himself in the workshop of Nature, and, while the finished product is accepted and admired, recognition is refused of either the alchemist or his processes. Yet there has been a divinely wonderful thing accomplished—the transformation of the inorganic into the organic ; a weaving of the fibre of the rock into the cells of the tree. No trace of the old rock appears in the new product, yet the basic sub-



stance in both must have been the same, else there can only be supposed an annihilation of the one and a new creation of the other.

Scientists perceive something of this mysterious transmutation, and seek vainly for the basic substance from which Nature must have sprung. The search will be in vain so long as it gropes in matter only. The indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy, broad and generalizing truths as they are, will not bridge a chasm which only consciousness can cross. Or, rather, the inseparableness of consciousness, force and matter, as eternal aspects of one basic unity, must be recognized and accepted as a starting point in the search after truth. Then it will be perceived that eternal transmutation is the process of Nature, and the real meaning of the sayings of the Fire-philosophers will dawn upon the mind.

For creation is transmutation. Of a surety, there has been, and is, a new creation with every gas that condenses into a rock, with every flower that blooms from the heart of the unyielding granite, with each form of man or animal builded by means of these earlier transmutations. There never has been, there never can be, other creation than this transmutation of the lower "same" into the higher "other" of Plato. And he who is wise enough and strong enough to control, direct, and *reverse* Nature's processes may easily disintegrate the base metal back to a common, primal source, and then re-integrate it as gold, with no greater effort than that which he now puts forth in his effort to change human hate into godlike love.

That which is thus seen to be true in relation to the material aspect is equally true of the conscious aspect of the Absolute. For this is only the same infinite Unity, making itself known as another finite concept. The same consciousness is at the base of that in the rock, and that of the very highest archangel: the consciousness apparently benumbed in the one may be transmuted into that of the other. It is being so transmuted; it is in the eternal plan, and it is the work of the eternal eons, to slowly bring about the wondrous change.

Looking backward in Nature, man may perceive the states of consciousness out of which he has crept; looking forward, he may perceive those which await him. The very highest state of consciousness of which he can conceive he may reach through this divine process. The wisdom to image forth, and the power to transform, are his. The glorious certainty that consciousness is ONE, and that the very highest creative consciousness whose efforts he perceives in nature about him may be his, lies revealed in the transformation of the lowly daisy out of something which it was and yet was not. Worlds may wing their way through space in obedience to his human will, once he has transmuted that will into and united it with that of the Supreme.

The changing of selfishness into unselfishness in one's daily life is but a preparatory transmutation, even as the grinding of the rock preceded the formation of the soil which made the tree possible. Making the flowers of human kindness spring along his pathway is but the prophecy of the time when they may actually do so, as is told in the myths of the gods of old. And man is a god, for his being roots in that which he may transmute into godhood; he is a finite god because he has but begun the transmutation. As Those beyond him have, with infinite love and patience, transmuted the fiery star-dust into a world and a mantle of flesh for him, so must he, with equally infinite love and patience, transmute the base metal of his lower nature into the gold of spiritual life.

## THE TWO GALILEOS.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.



ALILEO GALILEI had won the title of the "Archimedes of his Time." Having established the first principles of Dynamic Science, he won the bitter enmity of the Aristoteleans of the Sixteenth Century. He even lost the favor of the Medici rulers at Florence for condemning a machine that one of the family had invented. He became distinguished at Padua by inventing the proportional compasses still in use in drawing, and constructing the first thermometer. His lectures in the Chair of Mathematics at the university, for eighteen years, drew large audiences, and it was necessary to have a hall capable of holding 2,000 persons set apart for them.

The theory of the Solar System, having the sun for its center, had been taught in the crypts of Egyptian temples and in the School at Krotona in Italy. It was afterward denounced by a stoic philosopher at Athens, who insisted that a Pythagorean teacher who had promulgated it ought to be arrested and punished, like Sokrates, for impiety. For centuries the knowledge was held in abeyance till the monk Kopernik ventured to put it forth anew. Then it met with denunciation. Luther himself spoke of it with derision. It was, however, again taken up by Kepler, whose sacred fury had inspired him to "think God's thoughts after him." Bruno followed, and expiated his boldness at the stake at Rome in the year 1600.

Galileo also adopted the theory, but for fear of being ridiculed, kept silence except in his letters. But a Dutch optician, Lipper Shey, invented the telescope, and Galileo, taking advantage of this new opportunity, constructed instruments for himself with excellent magnifying power. With these he explored the sky, solving conjectures which had been entertained, unfolding the secrets of the galaxy, and showing conclusively that the sun was the great star of the solar cosmos, having the earth for one of its dependencies. He was called to account in February, 1616, and officially admonished, by the authority of Paul V., not henceforward to hold, touch or defend the doctrine.

A new Pope treated him with personal favor, but would not remove the prohibition. In 1632 his book appeared, the *Dialogo dei duo Maximi Sistemi del Mondo*. It was placed on the Prohibited Index, and Galileo cited by the Inquisition to appear at Rome to answer for his offending. On the 22nd of June, 1633, under the menace of torture, he delivered a recantation of the doctrine. The judgment of the Holy Office was pronounced in these words:

"Invoking the holy name of our Lord Jesus Christ and that of His most glorious mother Mary ever Virgin, by this our definite sentence, we say, pronounce, judge and declare that you, the said Galileo, on account of the things proved against you by documentary evidence, and which have been confessed by you as aforesaid, have rendered yourself to this Holy Office vehemently sus-

pected of Heresy—that is, of having believed and held a doctrine which is false and contrary to the sacred and divine Scriptures: to wit, that the sun is the center of the world, and that it does not move from East to West, and that the earth moves and is not the center of the universe.”

Galileo was in his seventieth year, the age of Sokrates when he drank the hemlock to appease the rage of Athenian orthodoxy. Whether he had been put on the rack or otherwise maltreated, we are not definitely informed. But Rome had not got through with the practice of burning men alive, and many men would deny much in order to escape such a doom. So did Galileo. He was sentenced to imprisonment at the pleasure of the Holy Office, and to recite the seven penitential songs once a week for three years. Some months later he was permitted to go home to Florence, on condition of spending his life in retirement.

He was born on the day that Michael Angelo died, and he died the year that Isaac Newton was born. The decree of the Inquisition might silence him, but it was unavailing to arrest the motion of the earth or depose the sun from its place in the sky.

Three centuries have passed since Galileo first uttered his belief. Another witness has arisen, and again the attempt has been put forth to silence him. The day of the stake and the torture-chamber has passed, and only the anathema is left, as bootless in its force as the effort of Mrs. Partington with her broom to drive back the ocean. St. George Mivart, the English scientist and scholar, has ventured upon the liberty of speech and interpretation, which has been denied for so many centuries. Some years ago he published an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, entitled “Happiness in Hell,” in which he set forth that there was nothing in the Catholic faith to prevent one from believing that Hell is not a place of torment, but rather a place of “natural beatitude,” in which souls are merely separated forever from the final “beatific vision” of the Godhead. The Curia lost no time in placing the article and several others upon the Index. Dr. Mivart submitted like a sincere Catholic, but requested a specific condemnation which should indicate the utterances that were disapproved. To this no reply was given. He accordingly withdrew his submission, and in two articles, one in the *Fortnightly Review* of January, 1900, and another in the *Nineteenth Century* for the same month, affirms his sentiments anew. “I still regard,” he declares, “the representations as to Hell which have been commonly promulgated in sermons and meditations as so horrible and revolting that a Deity capable of instituting such a place of torture would be a bad God, and therefore, in the words of the late Dr. W. G. Ward, a God ‘we should be under the indefensible obligation of disobeying, defying and abhorring.’”

He follows up the subject by criticising the antagonistic attitude of the Roman Church to the revelations of natural science. He considers this aversion to scientific truth to be a great peril, and affirms that enormous changes have already taken place in religious belief among Catholics. He enumerates among these changes the assertion in its most literal meaning that “out of the church

there is no salvation." Now, he adds, it is admitted by the most rigid Roman theologians, that men who do not accept any form of Christianity, if only they are theists and lead good lives, may have an assured hope for the future, similar to that of a virtuous Christian believer.

In regard to the lawfulness of taking interest for money, twenty-eight Councils and eleven Popes have condemned the practice, but their decisions have been explained away so completely that no Pope, priest or ecclesiastical body now hesitates to accept the best interest for any capital that may be at their disposal.

He also affirms that the Bible contains a multitude of statements which are scientifically false. He knows "devout Catholics of both sexes, well-known and highly esteemed, weekly communicants and leading lives devoted to charity and religion, who believe Joseph to have been the real and natural father of Jesus." They do not think it necessary to alter a word of the creeds or the devotions now in use, but merely to alter the sense of the words.

Little time was lost in calling the bold writer to account. One might imagine that his assailants were watching for an opportunity, they sprang upon him so suddenly. Every Romanist periodical had an article upbraiding him. The *Tablet*, the mouthpiece of the Cardinal Archbishop Vaughan, declared that sameness of principle in the Catholic faith is essentially in meaning and not merely in wording. It also taunts Dr. Mivart with saying nothing original, but carefully refrains from any attempt to dispute his statement in regard to the Scriptures or the beliefs of Catholics. Being itself an oracle, it seems to regard any attempt at such refutation unnecessary. Indeed, it has been usual with the Roman clergy not to interrogate individuals with regard to their beliefs, so long as they do not speak out loud. To believe as the church believes is satisfactory, even when there is no intelligent conception in the matter.

The *Guardian*, an organ of the Church of England, admits the truth of Dr. Mivart's statement. It declares that "there is no doubt much truth in his statement of the modifications of belief which have become current among Roman Catholics as to the fate of those outside their church, and among educated Christians generally as to the nature and scope of the inspiration of the Scriptures.

The Cardinal, as was foreshadowed, hastened to impose his requirements upon the recusant professor. He demanded of Dr. Mivart that he should sign a formula or profession of faith which affirmed without qualification the various dogmas of Roman orthodoxy, and to condemn and revoke his utterances in the two articles recently published and in other of his writings contrary to the teaching of the church according to the determination of the Apostolic See: In all such matters submitting himself to the judgment of the said See, receiving all that it receives and condemning all that it condemns.

Dr. Mivart shows in his reply that he is not terrified. He had professed the creed of Pius IX., he explains, but he had no recollection of ever having made or having been asked to make the profession required in respect to the books of

the Old and New Testament with all their parts. "In my judgment," says he, "an acceptance and profession of the above-cited portion of the document sent me would be equivalent to an assertion that there are no errors or altogether false statements, or fabulous narratives, in the Old and New Testaments, and that I should not be free to hold and teach, without blame, that the world was not created in any six periods of time; that the story of the Serpent and the Tree is altogether false; that the history of the Tower of Babel is mere fiction, devoid of any particle of truth; that the story of Noah's Ark is also quite erroneous, or again that of the Plagues of Egypt; that neither Joshua nor Hezekiah interfered with the regularity of solar time; that Jonah did not live within any kind of marine animal; that Lot's wife never turned into a pillar of salt; and that Balaam's ass never spoke. I only put these forward as a few examples of statements which it seems to me any one who holds that 'the books of the Old and the New Testaments, with all their parts, were written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and have God for their author,' ought not and could not logically or rationally make.

"If, however, your Eminence can authoritatively tell me that divine inspiration or authorship does not (clerical errors, faults of translation, etc., apart) guarantee the truth and inerrancy of the statement so inspired, it will in one sense be a great relief to my mind, and greatly facilitate the signing of the document; your Eminency's decision being publicly known and also the conditions under which I sign it."

The Cardinal, however, refused any answer to this stipulation. He passed judgment without delay, issuing his inhibition of the distinguished scientist, denying to him the sacraments of the church till he should recant the opinions he had sent forth.

Dr. Mivart, in reply, lamented that the Cardinal had said neither yes nor no. He then states the issue unequivocally.

"It is now evident," says he, "that a vast and impassable abyss yawns between science and Catholic dogma, and no man with ordinary knowledge can henceforth join the communion of the Roman Catholic Church if he correctly understands what its principles and its teaching really are, unless they are radically changed. For who could profess to believe the narrative about the Tower of Babel, or that all species of animals came up to Adam to be named by him? Moreover, among the writings esteemed 'canonical' by the Catholic Church are the Book of Tobit and the Second Book of Maccabees, and also the story which relates how, when Daniel was thrown a second time into the lion's den, an angel seized Habakkuk of Judea by the hair of his head and carried him, with his bowl of pottage, to give it to Daniel for his dinner. To ask a reasonable man to believe such puerile tales would be to insult him. Plainly the Councils of Florence, Trent, and the Vatican have fallen successively into greater and greater errors, and thus all rational trust in either Popes or Councils is at an end."

Nevertheless, Dr. Mivart, while refusing to sign the profession of faith,

declares himself attached to Catholicity, and regarding religious worship as the highest privilege of a rational nature, continues to attend at the rites.

To an American reader the action of the Cardinal indicates clearly that modern science and the church are in direct conflict, and cannot make terms till one party or the other gives way. But English readers do not see such absolute incompatibility. They perceive only that with Catholics the liberty of speech is limited, and that there is a possibility that only a question of expediency is involved.

To Galileo the peril of his course was torture and the stake; to Mivart, exclusion from the sacraments and a possible anathema. As a writer in the *London Times* remarks: "The threat of excommunication, terrible in the tenth century, has a touch of the ridiculous in the twentieth; and ridicule kills."

Formerly the recusant had no right to receive shelter, food, fire, or any rite of hospitality; now he only suffers the withholding of a few rites that he can do very well without.

"But," says the great apostle, "I show unto you a more excellent way."

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## THEOSOPHY.

By J. L. S.

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THEOSOPHY embraces all that man knows of divinity. It asserts what some men know to be true, that all the world is divine and that God is in and about every atom. This common divinity, this community of origin and destiny, is held as a theory by many. To learn it as a living truth, prompting at once to unselfish thought and action, is the task before humanity. When the divine soul within each of us shines out with dazzling light continually, when we as true brothers of our fellows live only for their sakes, then will each life be a benediction to others and each will be wholly well spent.

Theosophy teaches that all the worlds of matter and of spirit emanate from and portray Deity. Our highest aspirations, our purest thoughts, our sincerest efforts to conquer the evil in our own nature and to be wholly united with the best in us, shows the presence in our nature of that which we have not yet fully realized but which is really godlike. It is to the uncovering of this divinity in us all that Theosophy aims. As soon as we learn how, each of us who loves his brother-man will work that this divine soul in him may be brought to light and made a power in daily life.

So many men today earnestly desire this knowledge that again the Helpers of Humanity have sent it abroad. It is not new. It is the same ancient divine truth, pictured forth in all nature about us, taught by Jesus, Moses, Buddha, Zoroaster and others even farther back than ancient Egypt. And today the men who earnestly desire to find this truth can find it and do find it. Is it truth, you ask? Come and see. But know that if you come out of mere selfish curiosity or for amusement, your attitude of mind will effectually prevent you from seeing. Nothing but a fixed purpose, a life-purpose to do right for the world's sake, to make the most of life and its opportunities for the service of others will enable you to distinguish clearly the essential from unessential, to throw off the bondage of sense-life, and gain an insight into eternal verities. Only thus does life become a thing of peace and only thus do its proper purpose and legitimate use become apparent.

## EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

XVIII. Last Hours of Persian Rule.—Alexander.—Ptolemy I.—The God Serapis.—Alexandreian School of Philosophy.—Ptolemy Philadelphos.—Ptolemy Euergetes.—Ptolemy IV.—Decline of the Dynasty.—Ptolemy V.—Egypt under Roman Tutelage.



OKHOS returned to Persia in the full glory of success. All the provinces were reduced to submission as they had not been since the reign of Xerxes and Dareios Hystaspis. He had rewarded his foreign soldiers richly and disbanded them, and had appointed Mentôr, the Rhodian, to whose prowess and sagacity so much was due, satrap over the western coast of Asia Minor. He could now enjoy his own power in peace.

Philip of Macedonia was at this very time actively prosecuting his designs to subvert the independence of the Grecian States; and many patriotic Greeks, including the orator Demosthenes, were conscious that only Persia could prevent this consummation. Okhos was not reluctant to answer such an appeal. Accordingly, when Philip was besieging Perinthus in Thrace, a place in alliance with Athens, a body of Grecian troops in Persian pay was sent against him from Asia Minor, and compelled him to withdraw from the place. It was an opportunity for him to establish a foothold in Greece, but he took no such advantage of it. But what was done served Philip afterward as a pretext to invade the Persian dominions. The famous march of Xenophon had shown the conquest feasible, and Philip was actively preparing for it when his own career was cut short by the assassin.

Okhos had already expiated the insults which he had offered to the religion of Northern Egypt. He had mortally offended his minister Bagoas by the sacrilege. Historians tell us differently in regard to the method by which the Egyptian eunuch executed his revenge. The statement is more generally accepted that the monarch was poisoned, but Ælianus affirms that he was murdered by his servants, and that Bagoas struck the first blow. He cut the body to pieces, as Typhon discerpted the body of Osiris, feeding the flesh to the cats\* and making sabre handles of the bones.

Several of the sons of Okhos were also murdered, but the youngest, Arses, was spared to mount the throne. His reign hardly exceeded two years, when the fears and jealousy of Bagoas led to his assassination and that of his children. Kodomannos, a friend of Bagoas, and a descendant of Osthanes and Dareios II., was then made king and took the name of the founder of the Empire. But as in the case of Romulus Augustus in a later era, the third Dareios

\*This statement may be an exaggeration. The Persians at this period deemed it a profanation to burn or bury the dead, but suffered the flesh to be devoured by birds and animals, and this may have been done with the body of the monarch.

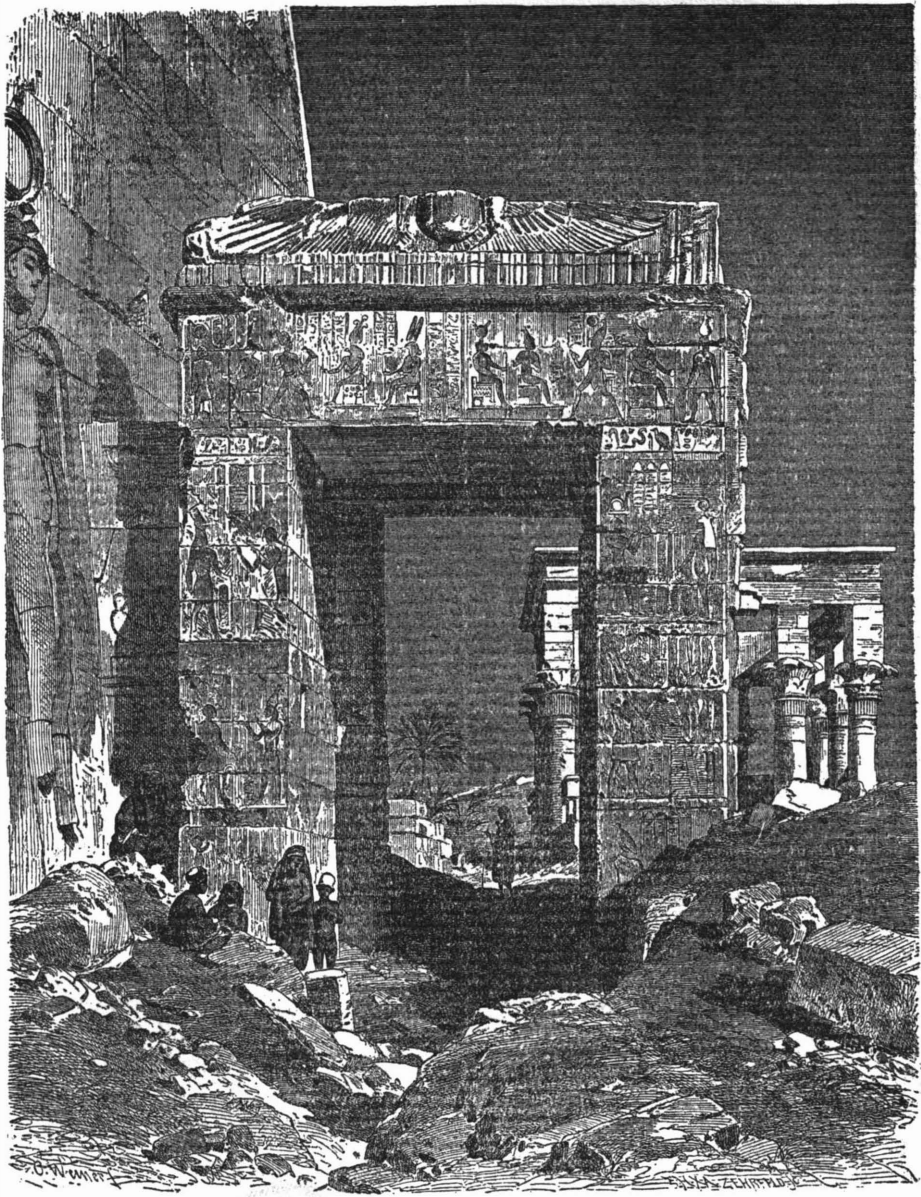
found no virtue in a great name to avert imminent peril. Bagoas soon became displeased with him, and had again mingled a cup of poison, but the king was wary and compelled the regicide to drink it himself.

Egypt, meanwhile, was prostrate under the hated dominion. Sebek, the satrap, was not a gentle master. Now, however, the new lord of Asia was on his way to receive his kingdom. Alexander crossed the Hellespont, and won the battle of Granikos. Dareios met him with another army at Issus, near Antioch. Sebek had taken away the Persian garrisons to add to his forces, leaving Masdaka in Egypt in possession of the office of satrap without soldiers for its defense. Alexander, after having routed the forces of Dareios turned to the south that he might have no enemies behind him. After the conquest of Phœnicia and Palestine he entered Egypt in the month of October, eight years after the flight of Nektanebos II. His progress might not inaptly be compared to the fabled progress of Dionysos in India. It was certainly Bacchic. Every city, as he came to it, opened its gates. When he arrived at Memphis, the satrap himself hastened to surrender the place, together with all the public treasure, amounting to eight hundred talents. Alexander made no delay in conforming to the Egyptian worship, offering sacrifices to Apis, and paying homage to Ptah. He also received the various religious titles, as a son of the gods, like the kings before him. Finally, having duly honored the tutelary divinities of Northern Egypt, he set out for the Oasis of Amun. As many stories of miracle were told of this expedition, as of other personages of the classic period. When he had arrived at the Northern Oasis, the high priests met him in procession, and saluted him as the "Son of Amun-Râ." Despite the incredulity of his Grecian followers and others, it is apparent that Alexander did believe that he was of divine descent. Indeed, there was a legend extant, that his mother Olympias, herself a Bacchic votary, declared him a son, not of Philip, but of the Dionysiac Serpent. As the gods were regarded not as so many individuals, but as personifications of certain attributes of the One Supreme Being, this notion is not wonderful.

All Egypt was now in his possession. He had already sent an expedition to Upper Egypt, and received the acceptance of his authority. The Egyptians generally welcomed him as a deliverer from the hated rule of the Persians. He had only to establish a civil government. This he did with little delay. He selected the strip of land between the sea and Lake Mareotis for the new metropolis to bear his name, which became under his successors the capital of Egypt and one of the most famous cities of the civilized world. Two monarchs or chief judges were appointed to watch over the administration of justice, one in each realm; the towns were garrisoned under Greek generals, and each great city had a governor. There were two prefects or viceroys, Apollonios for Libya, and Kleomenes for the Arabian region. He also decreed that the former laws of Egypt should continue in force, and that the religion of the Egyptians should remain the established religion of the country.

After some months, the Libyan viceroy relinquished his office, and Kleo-





A SECTION OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS ON THE ISLAND OF PHILAE.

menes became the ruler of all Egypt. He was superior to the Persian satraps, but he flagrantly disobeyed the orders of Alexander. He extorted large sums dishonorably. One of his children having been bitten by a crocodile, he made it a pretext requiring an exorbitant amount from the Egyptians, who revered the crocodile as a sacred animal. Alexander had ordered the market at Kanopus to be removed to Alexandria as soon as the new city should be ready, but the priests and merchants paid a heavy contribution to keep it at their port. When, however, they did not pay a second exaction he did not scruple to violate his agreement. He also neglected to pay the troops in Egypt promptly, and many complaints came to Alexandria.

After the death of Hephæstion at Ekbatana, the oracle of Num-Râ in the Oasis declared him a "hero" or demigod. Alexander commanded Kleomenes to build a temple to him in the new city, and added the promise which Kleomenes greatly needed, that if he would obey the orders directed to him, his acts of misgovernment would be pardoned.

This period was the introducing of a new era, and a new state of affairs in the world. From this time history changed its character, and kingdoms arose in new forms and often with new boundaries. The tendency at first was to merge Greece into Asia as an outlying province, yet the result was that Greek influence was felt clear beyond the Indus, and the Greek language became classic in the East. This was not due to Alexander, but to those who came after him, the Seleukids and Ptolemies. Hellenism proper, however, passed into a lethean dormancy.

Eight years after his entry into Egypt Alexander died at Babylon, and not long afterward his lieutenants divided his conquests among themselves, and soon became independent sovereigns. Ptolemy, the reputed son of Lagos, had been a favorite of Alexander. He had accompanied him as his historian as well as general. He had opposed the conferring of all authority upon Perdikkas, and received for himself the government of Egypt and Libya as viceroy under Philip Aridæos. He purposed, however, to establish at the proper time an independent dynasty.

His first act on taking possession of the government at Memphis, was to put Kleomenes to death. The next was the annexation of the Kyrenaika to Egypt. Perdikkas had ordered the body of Alexander to be carried to Macedonia to be buried with the bodies of his ancestors. Ptolemy met the funeral train in Syria, and brought the coffin to Memphis. Perdikkas led an army against him, but to his own destruction. His haughty and overbearing manner had offended his own soldiers, and after his arrival at Memphis, he was assassinated in his tent. Ptolemy, on the other hand, was attractive in manners and made friends of all. Instead of seizing the princes, the son and brother of Alexander, he sent them safely to Macedonia as the heirs to the throne. Afterward he made himself master of Phœnicia and Palestine, taking possession of Jerusalem on the Sabbath day. He transported many thousands of Jews to Alexandria. He now had the possession of the sea-coast from the Kyrenaika to Antioch, twelve hundred miles.

In the governing of Egypt he followed the policy of Alexander. He ruled each people by its own laws, the Greeks as Greeks, while he left Egyptian matters to be administered by priests, giving the latter all the privileges and immunities which they had before enjoyed. The Apis died, and he spent fifty talents (forty thousand dollars) on the funeral. The priests of Thebes were now at liberty to cut out from the inscriptions the names of the usurping divinities, and restore the former ones that had been removed. The inner shrine of the temple at Karnak which had been overthrown by the Persians, was now rebuilt.



COIN OF PTOLEMY PHILOPATOR.

In short everything had the appearance of free government; and with a sovereign like Ptolemy I., it was virtually such. Nevertheless it was a paternalism, and such a mode of administration could easily be made a despotism.

The Greek population never became assimilated to the Egyptian. There were numerous mixed marriages, but the offspring were always counted as Egyptians. Hence the country could not become a Grecian colony. The Egyptians were subjects only.

The building of the new metropolis of Egypt was actively prosecuted. The city was enriched by the commercial advantages which Kanopos had enjoyed. Ptolemy was philosophic, and conscious of the actual unity of religious ideas beyond the external forms and ceremonies. Hence he evidently sought to prepare the way for a future interblending of worships, by accustoming the inhabitants of Egypt of different customs and nationalities to meet on common ground. With the people of Upper Egypt, the genuine Egyptians, the worship of Amun had more or less become at one with that of Num and Khem, and the rites of Isis and Osiris were observed everywhere. A similar commingling was observed among the several populations of Northern Egypt, even including the worship of Semitic divinities. Accordingly, the temple of Poseidôn, who was at once a Libyan, Asiatic and Grecian divinity, was built by the harbor, where seamen and others from all nations congregated.

Ptolemy next introduced the god Serapis, or Osir-Apis, as he is termed in

the *Leyden Papyrus*. Various stories were told in regard to this divinity. It was affirmed that the king procured the statue from Sinopê in Pontos, but more probably the truth is that it was constructed at Sinopion near Memphis.

The temple was like a pagoda in style, and much resembled that of Siva at Tanjore. Indeed, the Rev. C. W. King describes the divinity as "of Indian origin," and no other than Yama, "the Lord of Hell," attended by his dog Cerberk and his serpent Sesha. As Ptolemy had accompanied Alexander to India and familiarized himself with these things, it is probable that this indicates the actual source from which the new divinity was introduced. The name by which he was known in Egypt shows that he was to be regarded as a human personification of the Apis, which was itself a form of Ptah the Creator and generator, and at the same time also to be identified with Osiris. It would signify, therefore, that he was the Father and Creator of the Universe, and likewise the Judge of the Souls of the dead. He was thus identical also with the Pluto or Hades of Grecian mythology, and the Bacchus or Dionysos-Zagreus who ruled in the Underworld. His symbolic figure was a hieroglyph expressing all this. He was represented with a human body with the head and horns of Apis, surmounted by the royal serpent, holding the whip and crosier of Osiris and the ansate cross.

Serapis took the place of Osiris at Alexandria, as the consort of Isis in the Mystic Rites, and gradually absorbed the personality of the other gods into himself as The One. He thus extended into the philosophemes that succeeded at a later period. The Alexandrian philosophy recognized in him the *Anima Mundi*, the spirit of which the world of Nature is the body. The Gnostics considered him to be the Idea of the Supreme Being, of whom the Christ was the epiphany or manifestation upon the Earth. When the Roman Emperor Hadrian came to Alexandria in the year 134 he found Serapis revered as the sole and Universal Divine Essence. Writing to Servianus the consul he remarked: "Those who worship Serapis are Christians, and those who call themselves Christian Bishops are devoted (by initiation) to Serapis. There is no ruler of a Jewish Synagogue, no Samaritan, no presbyter of the Christians who is not an astrologist, an augur, and a diviner. The very Patriarch himself, when he came into Egypt, was by some said to worship Serapis, and by others to worship the Christ. There is but one god for them all: Christians, Jews and all nationalities worship him."‡

The founding of the Alexandrian Museum and School of Philosophy, however, was the act which immortalized the name of Ptolemy I. It was an Academy for the world. Its teachers were maintained by an income provided for the purpose, and they represented all phases of thought and speculation. Science and art were taught and illustrated; astronomy, physics, economics and

‡The statue seen by Nebukhadnezzar in his dream as described in the book of Daniel was an image of Serapis. The Rev. C. W. King adds to this quotation: "There can be no doubt that the head of Serapis, marked as the face is by a grand and pensive serenity, supplied the first idea of the conventional portraits of the Savior."

The Persian divinity, Mithras, also received a general homage in the Roman world, and divided the honors of divinity and mediatorship.

medicine had their professors, and the aim was to omit nothing that pertained to secular knowledge, art, or the higher wisdom.

Following the example set in the temples of Egypt,\* Ptolemy also established the Alexandreian Library. It was not, however, a collection solely for the sacerdotal class, but was free to all who read for the sake of knowledge and those who copied for the sake of gain. Demetrios Phalereus had been for ten years the governor of Athens, when he was driven thence by Antigonos, and found shelter in Egypt. He was not only an able ruler, but a philosopher, poet, orator, and a perfect master of style. Immediately upon his retirement the Athenians passed a law that no one might teach philosophy, except by authority of a license specially granted. It had the natural effect of such restrictions. The philosophers left Athens for other cities where there was freedom to teach. Ptolemy made Demetrios superintendent of the Museum and Library, and he performed his duties with judgment and fidelity. Political works in support of freedom, and expressing hatred of tyranny were among those selected. Ptolemy I. was himself a scholar and author, and his love of art was seldom excelled.

Thus Alexandria became the metropolis of the world; the wisdom and wealth of the nations flowed to it. It was chief over all as the mart of commerce; it gave the world new conceptions of religion, and it was surrounded by an atmosphere of knowledge. India, Persia, Babylonia, Arabia, Judea, Ionia and Greece had their representatives there, to present their wisdom. The effect was to remove external impediments, to trace the similitudes in all philosophies, and to elaborate a system to include what was true and good in all.

Nevertheless a greater boon of Egypt to the world was paper. For unmeasured centuries, the manufacture from the papyrus-plant had been carried on under the direction of the priests, and the rolls of manuscript, frail as they were, proved more durable to preserve knowledge of facts than even the records on stone and metal which had been engraved for the purpose. The manufacture had, however, been restricted by monopoly, but now it became the property of the world. Thus the tall reed which gave the "Sea of Suph" its name, became now the ministrant of the civilization by which it exists, performs its work and extends its province. The general introduction of the article was felt by men of business and literary pursuits to be as important as the invention of printing was afterward regarded in modern Europe.

Ptolemy retained power in Egypt only by vigorous administration and years of almost incessant conflict. Antigonos aimed to possess the whole dominion of Alexander; and when Kleopatra, the sister of the conqueror, set out from Sardis to become the wife of Ptolemy, she was assassinated by his procurement. Afterward he attempted to invade Egypt, but the storm wrecked part of his fleet and drove others of his vessels into the Nile, where they were captured.

All the family and relatives of Alexander, had now been murdered, leaving the viceroys at liberty to assume regal titles. Ptolemy accordingly put on the

\*Ebers: Uarda, Chaps. ii., iii.

double crown of Egypt and became the founder of a new dynasty. He had well merited the distinction.

The little island of Rhodes had preserved its liberty and laws against the successors of Alexander. Ptolemy aided them at a critical moment, and they in gratitude conferred upon him the name of Sôtêr or Savior. He now began the coining of money as an independent sovereign and this title was placed on his coins.

His latter years were spent in comparative quiet. He assumed few of the airs of monarchs, especially those of the upstart order, but lived plainly, often dining and sleeping at the houses of friends. He was frequently compelled, when he gave entertainments, to borrow tables and dishes for guests. He explained that it was for a king to enrich others, but not enrich himself. He once asked an antiquary banteringly, who was the father of Peleus. The man replied that he would tell him when he on his part should tell who was the father of Lagos. Ptolemy quietly remarked afterward that if a king could not hear rude answers he must not ask rude questions.

He lived on familiar terms also with the men of learning who thronged Alexandria. He once asked Euklides—Euclid the geometer—whether there was not some shorter and easier way for him to learn, than the one followed by pupils at the Museum. Euclid, having in mind the King's highway in Persia, so smooth and easy to travel compared with the common roads, replied that there was no Royal Highway to Learning.

Ptolemy was three times married. The third wife, Berenikê, had been a member of his second wife's household, and became mother of his successor, Ptolemy II. She possessed the virtues of justice and gentleness which make their possessor deserving. The royal couple lived happily, and were proverbial for their kindness to the unfortunate.

Having reigned seventeen years as viceroy, and twenty-one as king, Ptolemy unexpectedly proclaimed his son king of Egypt, retaining for himself only the office of *somatophylax* or royal guardsman. He died two years afterward at the age of eighty-four. His writings shared the fate of other books in the Alexandreian Library.

The coronation of Ptolemy II., was one of the most remarkable ceremonies of ancient time. There was a procession beginning by torchlight in the morning and lasting till after sunset. The statues of Isis and Osiris, of Bacchus escaping from Hêra, of Amun-Râ and other gods of Upper Egypt, the gods of Alexandria, and Neith of Sâis were conspicuous. Egypt was represented by her priests, nobles, and population generally, and other nations by ambassadors, princes and principal men. One might have supposed the whole performance to belong to Initiatory Rites, or a Royal Triumph.

Ptolemy II. had been selected by his father because he believed him to be the most worthy of his sons. Demetrios had counselled him to name the oldest, as otherwise there would be the wars of disputed succession. He was now accordingly displaced from his office and banished from Alexandria. He died

from the bite of an asp, it was affirmed, at the order of the king; probably, a figure of speech borrowed from the royal serpent upon the cross. Ptolemy also put his two brothers to death. Some writers have ironically deduced from this his name of *Philadelphos*, but the imputation is malicious. Many years afterward he put away his wife Arsinoë on a charge of misconduct, and married his own sister of the same name. Both were past middle age, but their mutual affection was ardent, and Ptolemy honored her almost as divine. Her former husband had murdered her children and she now adopted the children of Ptolemy with the kindness of a mother.

Magas, another brother, was king of the Kyrenaika and contended for the throne of Egypt. In the army which Ptolemy led against him were four thousand Gauls. Already as early as the reign of Nektanebos I., the Gauls had overrun Italy and almost crushed Rome. Afterward they had hired their services as soldiers to the successors of Alexander. In this way they had become able to establish themselves in Asia minor and found the province of Galatia. Ptolemy found reason to believe that those in his army were plotting against him. He immediately turned back and led them into the marsh country of the Delta, and there caused them to be put to death.

In his administration, Ptolemy II. was an energetic and beneficent ruler. Egypt from the Persian period had been as notorious for brigandage as Italy for the two thousand years before Victor Emanuel. No Greek traveller since Hekataeos had been able to go southward as far as Elephantina or Syene. Ptolemy put an end effectually to this disgraceful condition.

He also completed the public works which his father began. The royal burial-place of Alexander was finished, and the golden sarcophagus brought from Memphis. Pilgrims resorted to Alexandria in multitudes to pay their homage.

Ptolemy also dedicated the light-house on the island of Pharos to the "Divine Saviors" or "Sôteres," his father and mother. He also established a port on the Red Sea to facilitate commerce, naming it Berenikê in honor of his mother; he built four inns or watering-places for the refreshment of caravans, travelling between that port and Koptos.

Another significant measure was the introducing of the Mysteries of Demeter and her Daughter into Alexandria. They were copied after the Initiatory Rites of Eleusis, but were modified by Egyptian features.

The temple of the two goddesses was built by him, in the southeastern part of the city, in a district known as the Eleusinis; and at the celebration of the Rites, a troop of girls carried the Sacred Basket of Symbols, singing hymns and warning away the uninitiated. The hierophant in the temple wore the dress and mask of Num; the torchbearer the robe of Râ, the priest at the altar the emblem of the moon, and the crier, the mask of Thôth.

A temple of Isis was built at Philæ on the site of the shrine that had been destroyed by the Persians. The statues of the goddess were likenesses of Queen Arsinoë. None but initiated priests were permitted there, and the oath

sworn by "the One buried there" could not be violated without incurring the guilt of sacrilege. The priests were monks, who avoided luxury and cleanliness, passing their time in idleness, and setting industry and social relations at nought as secular and unspiritual.

Ptolemy enriched the Library in its four branches of Poetry, Mathematics, Astronomy and Medicine, till it contained two hundred thousand rolls of papyrus. Unfortunately they were all in Greek; the Egyptian books were regarded as masters and conquerors often regard the literature of subjected peoples, as unworthy of serious attention. This made a wall of partition between Greeks and Egyptians, which prevented them from uniting, or benefiting each other.

The works of Aristotle were purchased, and had their influence upon the Eclecticism which took its inception in Alexandria. The city was now the metropolis of science and literature and the scholars that thronged it from all parts of the known world, constituted a galaxy. Zenodotos, Kallimakhos, Theokritos, Stratô, Aristarkhos, Aratos, Petosiris, Kolotes and Timon are but a few of the names that honored the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphos. Manethô the historian was also a luminary of this period.

The story that a Greek translation was made of the Hebrew Sacred Writings at the instance of the king, is very improbable. The existence of an authorized collection is not an established fact. It is said that in the reign of Josiah, the high-priest found a Book of the Law, and in the *Second Book of Maccabees* Nehemiah is described as gathering together "the Acts of the Kings, the Prophets, and of David and the Epistles of the Kings." But the present Hebrew Canon hardly antedates the Asmonean Dynasty; and no author of the period of the Ptolemaic dynasty makes any mention that indicates any cognizance of a Hebrew writer. As, however, there were several thousand Jews in Egypt, it is very likely that translations of their literature existed, but all that is claimed belongs to the time of later kings.

Ptolemy II. was a powerful monarch. He ruled not only over Egypt, but over Libya, Palestine, Judea, Idumæa, then known as Nabatæa, Phoenicia, Hollow Syria, and the countries of Asia Minor lying on the Mediterranean. Commerce was more extensive than ever before; the peoples were governed by their own laws, and Alexandria as a center of learning, art and philosophy was ascendant far beyond Athens. The pride of the dynasty was that it was not built upon the ruins of freedom; the government was a despotism, but it was not oppressive.

Ptolemy reigned thirty-eight years, and was then succeeded by his son, Ptolemy III. The new king was immediately involved in a war with Syria. His sister Berenike had been married to Antiokhos Theos, with the stipulation that her children should inherit the Syrian throne. At the death of her father Antiokhos repudiated her and took again his former wife Laodikê. Ptolemy hastened with an army to the aid of his sister, but before he could save her, Laodikê had poisoned her husband and placed her own son Seleukos on the



throne of Syria. He immediately sent soldiers after Berenikê, who murdered her and her son. Ptolemy was, however, about to avenge her and conquer the whole kingdom, when troubles at home called him back to Egypt.

Not only, however, did he carry off a large booty from Asia but he recovered three hundred vases and statues which Kambyses had carried away. They were replaced in the temples of Upper Egypt, and the king himself came to Thebes, and did homage to Amun-Râ and the other gods that were worshipped there. He also enlarged the temple of Karnak and added a new gateway. The priests in their gratitude now gave him the name of Euergetes, "the Benefactor."

He also built a temple to Osiris at Kanopos; for the worship of Serapis had not yet superseded it in Northern Egypt. He dedicated it in the name of himself and Berenikê, his wife and sister.

While he was absent on the expedition into Syria the queen had made a vow to present her hair to the gods if he should come safely home. She now made the sacrifice, and Konôn the astronomer, finding a cluster of stars in the sky without a name, marked it on his globe as the constellation of the "Hair of Berenikê."

About this time the Romans had brought the first Punic war to a close. They sent ambassadors to Egypt with offers to help in the war with Syria, but peace had been declared.

The kingdom founded by Seleukos Nikatôr had indeed come close to dissolution. Bactria had become independent and the Parthians had wrested the most important provinces of Media and Persia. Ptolemy III. had also taken a large portion of the remaining territory. The *Book of Daniel*, written a century later, delineates these events. (Chapter xi.)

Ptolemy seems to have been disposed to assimilate to the Egyptians in many ways. Like the kings of ancient dynasties he led an army into Ethiopia, and he actually conquered Abyssinia to the fifteenth degree of latitude. No former king had ever penetrated so far with an army. The Hexumites whom he encountered in the highlands had a language and religion greatly resembling the Jewish.

He also had an altercation with Onias II., the High Priest at Jerusalem, who refused to pay the tribute. He had permitted the administration of affairs to continue as in former times, only requiring that the poll-tax of the didrachma or half-shekel should be paid to the treasury of Egypt. He was about to invade Palestine with an army, when Joseph, the nephew of the high priest, came to Memphis and engaged to farm the entire revenue of the provinces.

The usual encouragement was given to learning. Zenodotos, the keeper of the Library, was succeeded by Aristophanes, who carried forward his predecessor's efforts to amend the text of the poems of Homer. He also invented the marks to distinguish the length and tone of a syllable and the breathing of a vowel, and likewise the accents and aspirate.

Eratosthenes, Apollonius, Rhodios, and Konôn flourished in Egypt during this reign.

Ptolemy III. had successfully complemented all that his predecessors had undertaken. He raised Egypt to the very height of its power and wealth, and its dimensions extended from the Euphrates to Libya and Abyssinia. He was by far the greatest monarch of the time. He ruled justly; indeed it was part of the oath of the judge that if the king commanded him to do wrong, he should not obey him.

The glory of Egypt, however, was now destined to pass again under a cloud. Ptolemy died after a reign of twenty-four years, leaving his crown to his son Ptolemy IV., a prince who displayed none of the great qualities of his forefathers. His first act was to ask the advice of his council about killing his mother Berenikê and his brother Magas. They were put to death, and the fact that he took the name of Philopatôr, "the lover of his father," gives color to the suspicion that he was likewise the assassin of Euergetes.

The tributary provinces began to fall into other hands. Antiokhos the Great recovered Syria and Phœnicia clear to Tyre and Ptolemais. The next campaign, however, witnessed his defeat and he lost Hollow Syria and Palestine. Ptolemy, after the victory, visited Jerusalem, sacrificed at the temple, and demanded to see the objects in the inner shrine. He fainted, however, as he attempted to carry out his demand.

On his return to Egypt he began harsh treatment of the Jews of Alexandria, depriving them of their rights and placing them in the same rank as Egyptians. They were also required to sacrifice to the Grecian gods. Those who complied were afterward murdered by the Jews who had refused.

During this reign an earthquake devastated the island of Rhodes, and threw down the celebrated colossal statue of Apollo. Other countries contributed help to the suffering Rhodians, Ptolemy among the number.

The Romans also carried on the Second Punic war against Hannibal, and at the end renewed their treaties with Egypt.

As though he would be completely infamous, Ptolemy, at the bidding of his mistress, employed an assassin to murder his queen, Arsinoë. She was his sister, and her courage had enabled him to win his only victory, when Antiokhos was defeated at Raphia.

Finally after a reign of seventeen years, marked by vice and cruelty, and only embellished by the love of letters, he died, literally worn out by disease, leaving the monarchy tottering. The women of the royal palace immediately pillaged the money and royal jewels before letting his death become known. The night was spent in riot. If then there had been a leader all Egypt would have been in revolt. The persons who had been the companions of the king in crime were torn in pieces by the populace. It was a horrible retribution.

The new king of Egypt, Ptolemy V., afterward called Epiphanes, "the Illustrious" was a child five years old. Antiokhos the Great and Philip V. of Macedonia took advantage of the opportunity to invade the tributary provinces

of Egypt. The Jews on this occasion united with the forces of the king of Syria, and he in return exempted Jerusalem from tribute three years, lightened the subsequent imposts, and exonerated the priests and officers of the temple from all taxes in future. He also made liberal gifts for the worship.

About this time the Roman Senate sent ambassadors to Alexandria to announce the overthrow of Hannibal, and to thank the king for his friendship during the war of eighteen years, when other peoples nearer them had joined their enemies. The Senate also implored the Egyptian monarch that if the Republic should make war against Philip V., it might involve no breach of friendship with Egypt.

The Alexandreian officers of state hastened to reply, and asked the Roman Senate to become guardians of their young king, and likewise that the Romans should defend Egypt against both Philip and Antiokhos. The Senate at once accepted the propositions. Ambassadors were sent to the two kings commanding them to desist from hostilities, and Marcus Lepidus came to Alexandria to accept the guardianship, and also with it to conduct the foreign affairs of the country. In this capacity, as an actual sovereign, he issued a coinage of money, on which he was represented as standing clad in the official Roman toga, with the title *Tutor Regis*—"tutor to the king." In his hand he holds a diadem above the head of the prince.

Thus the initiative was taken. Henceforth Egypt was in reality a province and dependency of Rome. For a while longer she had her Greek-speaking kings, but she herself exercised the powers denoted by the flagellum and the crosier.

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"If there be any being on earth, that may be permitted to remind us of the deity himself, it is the ruler of a mighty empire, who employs the high position intrusted to him exclusively for the benefit of his people; who, endowed with intellectual gifts corresponding with his station, in an age of comparative barbarism, endeavors to impart to his land the light of civilization which illumines his own bosom, and to create from the elements of discord the beautiful fabric of social order. Such was Isabella; and such the age in which she lived. And fortunate was it for Spain that her scepter, at this crisis, was swayed by a sovereign possessed of sufficient wisdom to devise, and energy to execute, the most salutary schemes of reform, and thus to infuse a new principle of vitality into a government fast sinking into premature decrepitude."

*History of Ferdinand and Isabella.*—PRESCOTT.

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"One moment in Eternity is of as great consequence as another moment, for eternity changes not, neither is one part better than another." ZOROASTER.

## SIGN-POSTS ALONG THE PATH.\*



ACCORDING to the views of the Brahmins, we are now in Kali-Yuga [the Dark or Iron Age], which began about the time of Krishna's appearance. He is said to have descended in order to start among men those moral and philosophical ideas which were necessary to be known during the revolution of the Age, at the end of which—after a brief period of darkness—a better age will begin.

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“In one aspect history gives us merely the small or great occurrences of man's progress; but in another, any one great historical epoch will give us a picture of the evolution in man, in the mass, of any corresponding faculty of the Individual Soul.”—*The Bhagavad Gita*, William Brehon, p. 26.

“There is such a thing as being intoxicated in the course of an unwise pursuit of what we erroneously imagine is spirituality. In the Christian Bible it is very wisely directed to ‘prove all’ and to hold only to that which is good; this advice is just as important to the student of occultism who thinks that he has separated himself from those ‘inferior’ people engaged either in following a dogma or phenomena. . . .

“The placid surface of the sea of spirit is the only mirror in which can be caught undisturbed the reflections of spiritual things.

“The liability to be carried off and intoxicated by phenomena is to be guarded against. We should watch, note and discriminate in all cases; place them down for future reference, to be related to some law, or for comparisons with other circumstances of a like sort. The power that Nature has of deluding us is endless, and if we stop at these matters she will let us go no further. It is not that any person or power in Nature has declared that if we do so and so we must stop, but when one is carried off by what Boehme calls ‘God's wonders,’ the result is an intoxication that produces confusion of the intellect. . . . While he proceeded with his indulgence and neglected his true progress, which is always dependent upon his purity of motive and conquest of his known or ascertainable defects, Nature went on accumulating the store of illusory appearances with which he satisfied himself.

“. . . . But were our whole life devoted to and rewarded by an enormous succession of phenomena, it is also equally certain that the casting off of the body would be the end of all that sort of experience, without our having added really anything to our stock of true knowledge.

“. . . . We may be physically brave and say that no fear can enter into us, but no untrained or merely curious seeker is able to say just what effect

\*Extracts from “The Path,” Vol. II.

will result to his outer senses from the attack or influence encountered by the psychical senses.

“And the person who revolves selfishly around himself as a center is in greater danger of delusion than any one else, for he has not the assistance that comes from being united in thought with all other sincere seekers. One may stand in a dark house where none of the objects can be distinguished and quite plainly see all that is illuminated outside; in the same way we can see from out of the blackness of our own house—our hearts—the objects now and then illuminated outside by the astral light; but we gain nothing. We must first dispel the *inner* darkness before trying to see into the darkness without; we must *know ourselves* before knowing things extraneous to ourselves.

“This is not the road that seems easiest to students. Most of them find it far pleasanter, and, as they think, faster work, to look on all these outside allurements, and to cultivate all psychic senses, to the exclusion of real spiritual work.

“The true road is plain and easy to find, it is so easy that very many would-be students miss it because they cannot believe it is so simple.”

*Astral Intoxication.*—Editorial.

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“But there is the highest authority for reading this poem [The Bhagavad Gita] between the lines. The Vedas themselves say, that what we see of them, is only ‘the disclosed Veda,’ and that one should strive to get above this *disclosed* word. It is here clearly implied that the undisclosed Vedas must be hidden or contained in that which is apparent to the outer senses. Did we not have this privilege, then surely will we be reduced to obtaining true knowledge solely from the facts of experience as suffered by the mortal frame, and fall into the gross error of the materialists, who claim that mind is only an effect produced by the physical brain molecules coming into action. We would also have to follow the canonical rule, that conscience is a safe guide only when it is regulated by an external law such as the law of the church, or of the Brahminical caste. But we very well know that within the material, apparent—or disclosed—man, exists the *real* one who is undisclosed. This valuable privilege of looking for the inner sense, while not straining after impossible meanings in the text, is permitted to all sincere students of any holy scriptures, Christian or Pagan. . . .

“Nor should the Western student of the poem be deterred from any attempt to get at the real meaning, by the attitude of the Brahmins, who hold that only Brahmins can be told this real meaning, and, because Krishna did not make it plain, it may not be made plain now to Sudras, or low caste people. . . . Krishna did not make such an exclusion, which is only priestcraft. He was himself of shepherd caste and not a Brahmin; and he says that any one who listens to his words will receive great benefit. The sole limitation made by him is that one in which he declares that these things must not be taught to those who do not want to listen, which is just the same direction as that given by Jesus of Nazareth when he said, ‘cast not your pearls before swine.’ . . .

“Some one has said—Goethe I think—that the old pagan religions taught man to look up, to aspire continually toward the greatness which was really his to achieve, and thus led him to regard himself as but little less, potentially, than a God; while the attitude of man under the Christian system is one of humility, of bowed head and lowered eyes, in the presence of his God. In approaching the ‘jealous God’ of the Mosaic dispensation, it is not permissible to assume an erect position. This change of attitude becomes necessary as soon as we postulate a Deity who is outside and beyond us. And yet it is not due to the Christian scriptures in themselves, but solely to the wrong interpretation given them by priests and churches, and easily believed by a weak humanity that needs a support beyond itself on which to lean.”

*The Bhagavad Gita.*—William Brehon, p. 25.

“The Mohammedan teacher directs his disciples to tread carefully the razor’s edge between the good and the bad; only a hair line divides the false from the true. In this the Asiatic took an excellent illustration, for the hair line is the small stroke *alif*, which, placed in a word, may alter the sense from the true to the false. . . . .

“ . . . . Every member of it (the Theosophical Society) stands to the whole Society as every fibre in the body does to the whole man. Thus now, more than ever before, does each member of the Society feel disturbing influences; and the Path of Action becomes more and more likely to be obscured.

“Always existing or coming into existence in our ranks, have been centers of emotional disturbance. Those who expect that these perturbations ought now to cease and grow less likely to recur, will find themselves mistaken. The increase of interest that is being taken in the Society’s work, and the larger number of earnest students who are with us than at any previous period, constitute elements of agitation. Each new member is another nature added, and every one acts after his own nature. Thus the chances for being discomposed are sure to increase; and it is better thus, for peace with stagnation partakes of the nature of what is called in the Bhagavad Gita, *Tamagunam*, or, of the quality of darkness. This quality of darkness, than which there is nothing worse, is the chief component of indifference, and indifference leads only to extinction.

“Still another element in this equation that every earnest Theosophist has to solve, and which in itself contains the potency of manifold commotions, is a law hard to define, yet inexorable in its action. For its clearer comprehension we may say that it is shown in Nature by the rising of the sun. In the night when the moon’s rays flooded the scene, every object was covered with a romantic light, and when that luminary went down, it left everything in a partial obscurity wherein many doubtful characters could conceal their identity or even masquerade for that which they were not. But on the Sun’s arising all objects stand out in their true colors; the rugged bark of the oak has lost the softening cover of partial day; the rank weeds can no longer be

imagined as the malwa flowers. The powerful hand of God has unveiled the character of all.

“It must not be supposed that a record has been kept by any officials, from which are to be taken and published the characters of our members. There is no need of that; circumstances taking place in natural order, or apparently from eccentric motion, will cause us all, whether we will or not, to stand forth for what we are.

“Every one of us will have to stop and learn in the cave outside of the Hall of Learning, before we can enter there. Very true that cave, with all its dark shadows and agitating influences, is an illusion, but it is one that very few will fail to create, for hard indeed to be overcome are the illusions of matter. In that we shall discover the nature of action and inaction; there we will come to admit that although the quality of action partakes of the nature of badness, yet it is nearer to the quality of truth than is that which we have called darkness, quietude, indifference. Out of the turmoil and the strife of an apparently untamed life may arise one who is a warrior for Truth. A thousand errors of judgment made by an earnest student, who with a pure and high motive strives to push on the Cause, are better than the outward goodness of those who are judges of their fellows.”

*The Path of Action.*—Hadji Erinn, p. 249.

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“In one aspect, the Bhagavad Gita is a personal book. It is for each man; and it is in that way we have so far considered it. Some have called it obscure, and others a book which deals solely with the great principles of Nature; with only great questions of cosmogony; with difficult and bewildering questions relating to the first cause; and still others think it is contradictory and vague. But this first scene in the great colloquy is plain. It has the din of arms, the movement of battalions and the disposition of forces with their generals. No one need feel any hesitation now, for we are face to face with ourselves. The weak man, or he who does not care for Truth no matter where it leads, had better shut the book now. Unless he can go on reading the poem with the fixed intention of applying it to himself, it will do him no good whatever. He may say, however, that he will read it for what it may seem to contain, but if he reads to the end of time and does not fairly regard this first lecture, his knowledge gained further on will be no knowledge. It is indeed the book of the great mystery; but that problem was never solved for any one; it must be settled and solved by each one for himself.

“ . . . . If we completely apprehend the enormous power of our passions and various tendencies, most of us would throw up the fight in advance; for nothing would persuade us that any power within could withstand against such overwhelming odds. For us then the incitement to fight is found, not so much in any conversation that we hold now with Krishna, but in the impulses which are carried across, again and again, from incarnation to incarnation.

“We take up the gage over and over again, life after life, in experience after experience, never completely defeated if we always look to Krishna—our Higher Self. . . . In our last births we had all the advice given in this poem, . . . and now and then have reminiscences from the past: sometimes we stoutly take up the fight: but surely, if we have listened to our guide aright we will compel ourselves at last to carry it out until finished.

“In coming to the conclusion of this first chapter, we reach the *first abyss*. It is not the great abyss, albeit it may seem to us, in our experience, to be the greatest. We are now *vis-a-vis* with our own despair, and doubt, his companion. Many a student of Theosophy has in our own sight reached this point—all true students do. Like a little child who first ventures from the parent’s side, we are affrighted at what seems new to us, and dropping our weapons attempt to get away; but, in the pursuit of Theosophy it is not possible to go back.

*“Because the abyss is behind us.*

“There is in Nature a law that operates in every department whether moral or physical, and which may now be called that of undulation and then that of inhibition; while at other times it appears as vibration, and still again as attraction and repulsion, but all these changes are only apparent because at bottom it is the same. Among vegetables it causes the sap to flow up the tree in one way and will not permit it to *return in the same direction*. In our own blood circulation we find the blood propelled from the heart, and that Nature has provided little valves which will not permit it to return to the heart by the way it came, but by the way provided. Medical and anatomical science are not quite sure what it is that causes the blood to pass these valves; whether it is pressure from behind communicated by the heart, or the pressure by atmosphere from without which gently squeezes, as it were, the blood upon its way. But the Occultist does not find himself limited by these empirical deductions. He goes at once to the center and declares that the impulse *is* from the heart and that that organ receives its impulse from the great astral heart or the Akasa, which has been said by all mystics to have a double motion, or alternate vibration—the systole and diastole of Nature.

“So in this sense the valve in the circulation represents the abyss behind us that we cannot repass. We are in the great general circulation, and compelled whether we like it or not, to obey its forward impulse. . . .

“We enter upon this great path of action in occultism mentally disposed towards final victory. This mental attitude instantly throws all parts of our being into agitation, during which the tendencies which are by nature antipathetic to each other separate and range themselves on opposite sides. This creates great distress, with oftentimes wandering of the mind, and adds additional terror to our dark despair. We may then sink down and declare that we will fly to a forest—or as they did once in Europe, to a monastery—so as to get away from what seems to be unfavorable ground for a conflict. But we have evoked a force in Nature and set up a current and vibration which



*will go on* no matter what we do [or where we go]. This is the meaning of the "flying of arrows" even when Arjuna sat down on the bench of his chariot.

"At this point of our progress we should *examine our motive and desire*.

"It has been said in some Theosophical writings of the present day, that a 'spiritualized will' ought to be cultivated. As terms are of the highest importance we ought to be careful how we use them, for in the inner life they represent either genuine, regulated forces, or useless and abortive things that lead to nothing but confusion. This term 'spiritualized will' leads to error, because in fact it has no existence. The mistake has grown out of the constant dwelling on 'will' and 'forces' needed for the production of phenomena, as something the disciple should strive to obtain—whether so confessed or not—while the real motive power is lost sight of. It is very essential that we should clearly understand this, for if we make the blunder of attributing to *will* or to any other faculty an action which it does not have, or of placing it in a plane to which it does not belong, we at once remove ourselves far from the real knowledge, since all action on this plane is by mind alone.

"The old Hermetic statement is: '*Behind will stands desire*,' and it is true.

"*Will* is a pure, colorless force which is moved into action by desire. If desire does not give a direction the will is motionless; and just as desire indicates, so the will proceeds to execute.

"But as there are countless wills of sentient beings constantly plying to and fro in our sphere, and must be at all times in some manner acting upon one another, the question arises, what is that sort of knowledge which shows how to use the will so that the effect of counteracting wills may not be felt. That knowledge is lost among the generality of men and is only instinctive here and there in the world as a matter of Karmic result, giving us examples of men whose will seems to lead them on to success.

"*Furthermore, men of the world are not desiring to see results which shall be in accord with the general will of Nature, because they are wanting this and that for their own benefit* [Italics mine, Katherine Tingley, Editor]. Their desire, then, no matter how strong, is limited, or nullified: (1) by lack of knowledge of how to counteract other wills; (2) by being in opposition to the general will of Nature without the other power of being able to act strongly in opposition to that too.

"So it follows—as we see in practice in life—*that men obtain only a portion of that which they desire*.

"The question next arises: Can a man go against the general will of Nature and escape destruction, and also be able to desire wickedly with knowledge, and accomplish, through will, what he wishes?

"Such a man can do all of these—except to escape destruction. That is sure to come, no matter at how remote a period.

"He acquires extraordinary knowledge, enabling him to use powers for selfish purposes during immense periods of time, but at last the insidious effect of the opposition to the general true will makes itself felt and he is destroyed for ever.

“This fact is the origin of the destructions-of-worlds myths, and of those myths of combats such as between Krishna and Ravana, the demon god, and between Durga and the demons.

“For in other ages, as is to again occur in ages to come, these wickedly desiring people, having great knowledge, increase to an enormous extent and threaten the stability of the world. Then the adherents of the good law can no longer quietly work on for humanity, but come out in force, and a fight ensues *in which the black magicians [i. e., the forces working evil in the world] are always destroyed* [*Italics mine, Katherine Tingley, Editor*], because the Great Helpers of Humanity possess not only equal knowledge with those working against Humanity, but have in addition [a compassionate love for Humanity and] the great assistance of the general will of Nature which is not in control of the others, and so it is inevitable that the good should triumph always. This assistance is also the heritage of every true student, and may be invoked by the real disciple when he has arrived at and passed the first abyss.”

*The Bhagavad-Gita.*—William Brehon, p. 295.

## THE SEVENTY DISCIPLES.



IMPLICITY was the keynote of the teachings of Jesus the Initiate. These seventy disciples were chosen for the advancement of the Kingdom; their instructions were to go forth into all the cities wherein He himself should abide. No purse, no scrip, no shoes; self-reliance, steadfastness, discretion—their armor, and peace,—their motto; humble servitors of a great Master, theirs was a mission for humanity, to “heal the sick and proclaim the truth of the kingdom of heaven which cometh nigh to every one of you”.

Their first round of duties performed, the disciples return, like little children, with joy to their Lord, saying: “Lord, even the devils were subject unto us through thy name,” and Jesus, with characteristic frankness, answers them paradoxically, “I beheld Satan as lightning, fall from the heavens.”

After all the simplicity of preparations, after all injunctions given to rely wholly upon their intuition, their Higher Self, the glamour of success betrays them into acknowledgement of the lower self; these same servitors of humanity need, like Nature’s children, to “kill out ambition,” the first curse, and the great tempter of the man who rises above his fellows.

Then, with all gentleness and meekness, the Master takes up the thread of His teachings,—Little children, I give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Notwithstanding all this, I pray you rejoice not that you have this knowledge, which even kings have desired, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven.

Rejoice not in the power which lies in your hands, to do and to be; for what is man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose his Higher Self. Rather rest upon the assurance that you are set apart for a great work and that Karma records your daily acts, your goings and comings; that nothing is lost, that as you sow so shall you reap.

Rejoice that already you have come into the kingdom, that your feet have trodden the path, that with your hands to the plow, you cannot turn back, but that the Light within shall shine with an eternal glow that shall light the Inner Court of your Being and its effulgence flood your life with sunset glories.

B. B.

## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

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Do not the teachings of Spiritualism give more comfort than the cold hard philosophy of Theosophy?

Such a question has been asked by many who have longed to rend the veil that parts them from the loved ones who have gone before to the realm beyond the gates of death. They have thought, "Oh! if I could only know my dear ones still live, that they still love and feel my love! Oh! for but one word from them, one glimpse again of their dear faces!"

But the question is evidently not raised in regard to the simple teaching of the immortality of the soul, for such is taught in Christianity, in the other great religions of the world and especially in Theosophy. It has been said of those who do not accept this teaching, that they lack that inner sense by means of which man *knows* he is immortal, just as by means of the normal sense of sight man perceives his relationship to external objects. To one who has this inner sense of the soul's immortality, and it lies deep in the heart of man, proof is not necessary. To him who has it not, proof or demonstration is impossible. The lack of this inner sense may mean either that it is undeveloped, or covered up as it were, or that it has been lost and that the man as he appears is in truth not immortal, but that through persistently following evil he has severed the link between himself and the immortal divine soul. But such applies only to the irrevocably, wilfully and consciously evil.

But many a good man, of average intelligence, asks for proof, and oftentimes looks outside for it instead of in his own heart. The question of proof is a much misunderstood one. It is impossible to prove anything by aught but itself or that which is of its own nature. Just as affection can only be proved or known by affection, and though words and outer tokens will accompany and express it, yet if the real inner feeling be lacking these will be but pretense and hollow sham. The deeper heart touch of inseparable love needs no special outer sign but mirrors itself in the whole life and in every act. They who truly love find in that love much that cannot be expressed outwardly but which is yet of its very essence. The very fact of the continuance of this love after the separation of death is evidence of its power over death, and that one is not separated on the higher planes from the object of his love. Those who have this love know that its existence cannot be proved to one who has it not, and so with immortality, it can be *known*, but can be no more proved than the existence of God can be proved by Christians.

It is in the time of sorrow, when we stand face to face with death, when we feel the heart-break of parting from those we love, that Theosophy plays the part of a royal comforter, beneficent friend and healer of hearts. And this

is because Theosophy embraces every phase and department of life, unifying all into one great harmony. It gives the comfort and the knowledge that a sick man rising from a bed of pain in a dark room experiences when once again he can feel the warmth of the sunshine and bask in its light, when he can feel himself once more a part of the life of earth in its joy of flower and fragrance and refreshing breeze. It is the comfort and joy that a weary night-watcher feels when he hails the dawn and greets the full-orbed rising sun, flooding the heavens with light. So does Theosophy flood the soul with new life and peace, conferring new strength to meet the trials that lie before each in his upward journey through life.

Those who think that Theosophy is cold and hard have taken but a partial view based upon only one aspect of one of its fundamental teachings—that the Universe is governed by law, and that exact retribution follows every act and thought. But this is also one of the teachings of both Christ and Paul. The one says, "With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again;" and the other, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Many people when their attention is directly called to this teaching of the law of Karma, at first view its application only in regard to those things which they dislike or dread the consequences of, not realizing that the law must hold throughout and hence also in regard to that which is nearest and dearest and best in their natures. Furthermore in the light of that fundamental teaching of Theosophy, the foundation and cornerstone of all true religion, viz. the essential divinity of man, we know that law is on the side of progress and that the divine in man must finally triumph. Thus, although the law gives to man his due return for evil committed, yet he who is truly a man will rejoice at this, glad of the opportunity to pay off his debts, for he will know too that every good seed sown in the garden of his life will not fail of its harvest, and so ultimately give him the victory over his lower nature.

All the teachings of Theosophy center around that of Universal Brotherhood, "the unity of all souls with the Universal Oversoul," the very essence and basis of the heart doctrine, the foundation of all the deepest ties of friendship and affection and the promise of the eternal continuance of these ties. Surely it cannot be said that this teaching is cold and hard, nor can this be claimed of the doctrine of Reincarnation, which proclaims to the heartbroken the joyous tidings of our meeting again with all our dearest ones, when next we return to take up our pilgrimage on earth.

Taking these four great teachings together, viz. the Unity of all, or Universal Brotherhood; that the whole Universe and all life is governed by Law; that the essential nature of man is divine; that man is immortal, and that through Reincarnation or rebirth in a physical form he is born again and again on this earth; what greater, more glorious hope can be given to man in his upward journey through all the realms of life?

Through the contemplation of these and the constant endeavor to con-

form his life thereto, is gradually borne in upon man the knowledge of their truth and universal applicability in all the affairs of life. No longer is it a speculation but a certainty that our loved ones are not lost, though temporarily separated from us by death; it is no longer a speculation but a certainty that the same love which brought us together in this life had its roots far back in the night of time and will last on throughout the ages so long as we are true to it, bringing us together again and again in lives to come and re-forging the old links of affection and love. We know also that on the higher planes of being there is no separation between soul and soul, and that it rests with us to rise and live consciously on those planes and to claim that higher kinship.

Is there not in this a truer, deeper, and more lasting—an eternal comfort, than in seeking to call our dear ones back to earth? If Theosophy had not this knowledge and this teaching to impart, it might be called a cold hard philosophy, but this knowledge and teaching are the very essence of Theosophy, which is Divine Wisdom and Love; and this, our Teacher, Katherine Tingley has continually accentuated in striking the keynote,—“Life is Joy.” It is the key to the understanding of life; it brings joy into the smallest act, rightly done, and as our Teacher has said, it creates a sublime patience; it gives to the heart the true comfort of knowing that its deepest promptings are not in vain but are expressions of the soul's true nature which shall grow and expand until all shall meet again their own.

F.

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## CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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**The Universal Brotherhood Path**, commencing with the November issue, will be hereafter published from the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society, **POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**

*Address all EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS to Katherine Tingley,  
POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.*

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## BUSINESS NOTICE.

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*Address all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS to H. T. Patterson, Secretary, The Theosophical Publishing Company, **POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.***

# MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

## POINT LOMA NEWS.

Activities increase at Point Loma in all departments of work.

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The new offices of the Universal Brotherhood Organization are completely furnished, and much of the correspondence which had accumulated during the weeks of change from the New York center here is receiving attention.

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The temporary home for the Library of the School of Antiquity is a great place of interest and a large number of choice and valuable books fill the spacious rooms.

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A windmill has just been erected near our new 400,000 gallon reservoir, at the corner of the Homestead grounds close to the road. It does good service for the Homestead, and adds to the picturesqueness of the place.

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The exterior of the new circular building, the Esotero Assembly room and lecture hall, the temporary home for the Isis Conservatory of Music, is now finished. The setting of the violet tinted glass on the great dome and the placing of the windows are being rapidly proceeded with. The interior is awaiting the arrival of R. W. Machell, the artist who painted the wonderful symbolical pictures which have caused such wide spread interest in England, and some of which are now on exhibition at the Homestead.

Some of these beautiful paintings are now the property of Katherine Tingley and have been loaned by her for exhibition at the Homestead. "The Path",—"The Prodigal Son",—"The Parting of the Ways",—"The Light of the New-born Day",—and others are placed in the Oriental room and are much admired by our visitors. Since Katherine Tingley has had possession of 19 Avenue Road, London, the European center of the Theosophical Movement, Mr. Machell has exquisitely decorated certain portions of the house under her direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many visitors come to Point Loma every day, tourists from Europe and different parts of America, some to remain for weeks and some only for a few hours, but all declare the place the most beautiful they have ever seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many charming and cultured people visit the Homestead, but occasionally a crank appears. Such a one seems to imagine that if he can get to Point Loma and use the name of the Organization for his selfish ends or to push some so-called occult or spiritual publication, advertising spiritual cures, his future is assured. It goes without saying that these unfortunate people do not get beyond a certain limit in their investigations of the work and are never encouraged to remain.

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The great majority of the Tourists who visit the Point show great interest in the work of the Organization, and also have that faculty of discrimination which enables them to distinguish between those who merely profess Theosophy, using the

name, "Theosophical Society," and those who make it a living power in life and work. Many who spend only a few hours here, say, "We ask no better proof of this than to see the fine buildings in course of construction, the happy faces of the children, and the intelligent joyous bearing of the students; these all show that there is a practical side to Theosophy and that here the ideals are being put into practice without egotism."

\* \* \* \* \*

The children's little City of Promise, verily a Paradise, is most attractive. There never were more beautiful little homes for children or a more beautiful school-house than these unique white tents.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Raja Yoga School for the children of the International Lotus Home was opened a few weeks ago. It is a great privilege to be permitted to visit the school when in session. Miss Ethel Wood, an enthusiastic volunteer helper, although young, has been trained for her work by Katherine Tingley and is doing marvellous things in the way of bringing the children into harmony with the laws of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

A visit to the children in their tent houses after school session proved a great treat to the writer. There was joy and harmony, and such order and discipline among them that the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," were forcibly brought to mind. Señora Preval, the Cuban teacher of some of the smaller children, enters most heartily into her work. She is most kindly receptive to every suggestion from our Leader, and sensibly and tenderly carries them into practice, and is helping to bring a new order of things into the lives of these little ones,—the fathers and mothers of the new Race and the new type of humanity.

\* \* \* \* \*

The other day the tallyhos of the Homestead were crowded with Lotus Children and their teachers. A delightful drive was made to the International Brotherhood League Colony, to Roseville and other places of interest on the Point. Lunches were carried and the children spent the remainder of the day picnicing in one of the large groves nearby.

\* \* \* \* \*

Any day between school hours the Lotus Buds and Blossoms can be seen romping and playing in the Sacred Way on the School of Antiquity grounds. Fortunate children! so all say who know of the great work of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. The knowledge and simple wisdom they display already have set a few thinkers to thinking.

\* \* \* \* \*

*For the Children.* "Spots" is the great watchdog and protector of the sacred grounds, although he is only a tiny King Charles Spaniel, but should any one attempt to go beyond the grounds open to the public, his loud barking can be heard all over the Hill. "Spots" also goes to school, and is always quiet and orderly. He is especially happy when the children sing—his favorite song is, "Happy Little Sunbeams", and he hums it with them in his dog fashion to the great delight of the little ones. As I write this, he sits in the chair beside his Mistress with his big eyes looking at me, as much as to say, "Give my love from Point Loma to all the little children all over the world."

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A gymnasium for the older and younger people is to be built early in the spring. Katherine Tingley intends to introduce some of the Olympian Games in connection with her work for the young and extensive preparations are being made in that direction.

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Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, Member of the Cabinet of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and President of the San Francisco Lodge, also well known as the Author of "Evidence of Immortality", "Karma", "Septenary Man", etc., has been spending some time at the Homestead. He is most enthusiastic about the place and expects before long to return with his family and remain permanently. The following letter will best convey his appreciation of the work among the children,—

Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt,

Superintendent of the International Lotus Home,

"Dear Dr. Van Pelt,

Permit me upon the termination of a delightful visit of two weeks to the Homestead, to express my high appreciation and thorough commendation as a physician, of the manner in which the children of the Lotus Home are cared for both in body and soul. Cleanliness and sweetness of both are assured, and every need tenderly looked after.

"I can only add that if my own children should, under the law, become orphaned, I should feel content to know they were being reared under such loving and wholesome influences. Faithfully yours,

Jerome A. Anderson, M. D.

August 22, 1900.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Spalding, formerly Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Mayer, is now in Switzerland with her husband, resting for a few weeks. She still remains Superintendent of the Children's Work throughout the World, and Directress of the Isis Conservatory of Music, and will resume her work here in a few months, with Miss Ellen Bergman, of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, as Assistant. The great work for which the Isis Conservatory of Music was founded is advancing rapidly.

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The teachers of the Musical Conservatory have now more work in their departments than they can attend to. The expansion of the work needs more spacious quarters and they will soon occupy their new temporary home where the work will be continued until their permanent home in the Isis Temple is completed.

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Miss Mary Braun of Chicago, who has been at the Homestead all Summer, has returned to her duties as public school teacher. It is expected that she will undertake the Lotus Group work in Chicago, and with her experience as a teacher it will make the task less difficult.

Miss Sarah Levy, also of Chicago, and a teacher in one of the High Schools, who has also been spending her vacation at Point Loma, will remain here to prepare herself to become one of the teachers in the International Lotus Home.

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E. P. Jones, an old member of the Aryan Lodge in New York and later in San Francisco, has recently returned from the Goldfields of West Australia and has



been appointed by the Leader as American Representative of the Universal Brotherhood Organization in England. By request of the Leader he will reside at the European Headquarters, 19 Avenue Road, London. Brother Jones is an enthusiastic worker and will give many valuable hours to the work in the intervals of his extended engineering business.

\* \* \* \* \*

Madam Olivia Petersen, an old pupil of Madam Blavatsky and one who has lived in many parts of the world, is permanently settled at Point Loma. Some months ago she offered her services as volunteer worker and is now in charge of one of the most important departments of the Homestead. She was apparently a confirmed invalid when she came here a year ago, but to-day enjoys perfect health and every day walks miles in the performance of her duties.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Tryphena Munson of Denison, Texas, an old supporter of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, although seriously ill a year ago is now in robust health. She has charge of a group of the smallest children in the little City of Promise, and her services are rendered in such a gentle, loving, helping way that one wishes oneself a child again for the sake of coming under the influence of this noble worker.

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The Boston members will be glad to learn that Dr. Van Pelt is delightfully located in her new tent home as Superintendent of the Children's Lotus work here. Her office is in one of the tent houses. Here she spends most of her time working for the little ones as a loving mother and a good physician.

Robert Crosbie, former President of the Boston Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood, is also at the Homestead and, for the present, much of his time is occupied in interesting the many visitors who come to see the grounds and buildings and to enquire about the work.

Miss Julia Hecht, the gifted pianist, and teacher in the Conservatory, although one of the busiest workers, finds time to spend "an hour or two" to help with the children's work.

Miss A. M. Fulton, of San Francisco, teacher of English Literature and of the History of Art, who came here as an invalid, has nearly recovered her health and has become a devoted member of the Organization.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of the Fabra family from Cuba have settled down to enjoy life at the Point and are steadily at work learning the English language, and in useful occupations,—the remainder of the family, three in number, are on the invalid list, due to their privations before and during the war in Cuba, but it is hoped that time and the pure air of the Point will change their condition for the better.

\* \* \* \* \*

Walter Box, an old English worker in London, formerly Editor of the "Crusader", has become so much a part of the work that it seems that he has always lived here. The hearty, self-sacrificing way in which he renders service is inspiring and a valuable object lesson in "making Theosophy a living power in life".

\* \* \* \* \*

Of course the writer has attended many Theosophical Lectures, but never has he heard any to compare with those given at the Sunday Morning Lecture Hour at the Homestead. These lectures are conducted in a large tented Assembly Room on the School of Antiquity grounds commanding a view of the broad Pacific,—a source

of inspiration to the speakers and surrounding all with a touch of sweet and grand Nature.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Colony News.*—All goes well at the Colony. All available room is taken up by the members there. For a time many applicants had to be refused admittance until more buildings could be provided. To remove the strain of crowding, several tents have been put up on Cypress Avenue and are now occupied. Miss Isabel Morris and Mrs. Stanley Fitz-Patrick have charge of the Lotus Children who are to remain there for a time until they are trained to commence their studies at the little City of Promise. Madam Olivia Petersen, who did so much as superintendent of the Colony last year, still retains her position. Miss Genevra Munson is now acting as Assistant Superintendent, and her efforts are bringing good results.

\* \* \* \* \*

A special Photographer has been busy for several days photographing the different points of the Hill, the finished and unfinished buildings, some interiors of the different departments, also of the Tented City, the children, their school-room, etc. These will probably be published very soon in a special edition to be published by one of the Pacific Coast illustrated Sunday papers with interesting reading matter from the Point, specially adapted to meet the demands of inquirers.

Our Leader says she feels sure all Lodges will be glad to take a certain number for their members and to use at meetings for their visitors and also to send to friends. The edition will be ready by the time this is in the hands of our readers. As it will be limited, orders should be sent in as soon as possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Some notices for Students on the Homestead Bulletin Board.*—Sunrise Assembly, for Students, Esoteric study for one hour.—7 a. m., Breakfast.—7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, Music Lessons and indoor and outdoor duties.—12.30 p. m., Lunch.—1 p. m. to 5.30 p. m., studies and duties.—6 p. m., Dinner; guard detail and taking night posts.—7 p. m. to 8 p. m., Lectures.—8.30 p. m. to 9 p. m., Group Meetings.—10.30 p. m., lights out, retire. SUNDAYS.—9 a. m., Special work for students.—10 a. m., Lectures with musical services.—Sunday afternoon, Rest time for all.

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A course of lectures preparatory to a course of Raja Yoga Instruction for the students commenced on Tuesday, August 21, under the direction of Katherine Tingley.

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Guests and visitors at the Point are welcomed. Special guide to show beauty of place, etc. Certain portions of the grounds are kept closed from the public.

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SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY.—Students must have permission in order to visit the grounds. No guests allowed to enter without special permission.

\* \* \* \* \*

The above gives some faint idea of what is going on at the Point, and of the daily duties and work of the students. But almost daily our Leader inaugurates some new work of far reaching importance and hence there is no opportunity for any stagnation or merely perfunctory performance of daily duties. Her inspiration fills all with an ever renewing energy and her attention to and grasp of every detail of the work in all departments keep us ever mindful of the noble example of a

mighty soul, and a master hand guiding the Movement forward for the benefit of the people of the Earth and all creatures. This too is felt and responded to by the many workmen engaged on the buildings, and all have come to recognize the "Master-Builder's" hand and perform their duties not only faithfully *as duties*, but with the added power that comes from the recognition of the purpose of the work,—Brotherhood; in fact to some extent out of the large number employed some greatly realize here true Brotherhood in practice.

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In Miss Georgiana Adams and Miss Sarah Adams, the Leader has two of her most unassuming, faithful, and capable helpers. Their business training makes them invaluable in office work, where their experience enables them to be of great help to others, who are here learning how "to do" things.

Another of the devoted and capable workers is Dr. Rose Winkler, who has charge of a difficult department, in which she maintains order by the force of her clear, strong mind, her high purpose and industry.

\* \* \* \* \*

Besides the above mentioned visit of Dr. Anderson, other Comrades from the Pacific Coast have recently visited the Homestead, bringing good news of Brotherhood work in their respective districts.

Mrs. Ellen Keaton, the President of the San Jose Lodge, with her little nephew spent nearly a week here. Her account of the work in her Lodge showed how much a few faithful members can do, and that the good seed sown and cared for with patience will never fail of its harvest. Miss Wheeler of Pasadena also came for a few days last week and Leonard Lester, the young Artist from the same place spent one day at the Point. Brother Lester is now on his way to Europe where, in pursuit of his profession, he will visit the great Art Galleries, but we shall look for his return and it is expected he will take up permanent residence among us at the Point. Although he spent but one day here, he endeared himself to all the comrades who met him. Following is part of a letter which was received from him the other day:—

"I cannot tell you how much I was charmed and impressed by my day at Point Loma. Everything there suggests something so much greater than anything the eye can see. Ever since leaving there, a feeling of strength and peace has been with me, in a measure I have never had before, and it is going to stay. Give my grateful love to our great Leader,—I think I never so well knew her great heart before. Love to all the comrades. I shall never forget that splendid send-off you all gave me; the feeling of it will be always with me and is another link to draw me back to Point Loma. It was so beautiful,—the feeling of soundness and utter genuineness and compassion of all that emanates from the Leader is irresistible. All the stupid carpings and criticisms that try to enter at the back door are as chaff before it. Your Comrade,

Leonard Lester.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two other visitors from California were L. B. Howard and his wife who came for only a few hours. Brother Howard is one of the old steady and true members from the early days of our Chief W. Q. Judge, and the writer remembers his visit to New York several years ago. Since that time Bro. Howard settled in California, and in his quiet steady way has been the means of interesting many in the truths of Theosophy and the great work of the Universal Brotherhood.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was with great delight that we welcomed H. T. Patterson to Point Loma a week ago, and we hope he will remain with us for a long time. He says that "Point Loma is *Home*," and here indeed more than any where else do we feel the ties of comradeship that bind us to the comrades all over the world. We hope the day is soon coming when many others of the comrades will be here, and especially do we look for the coming of those two Warrior-Fathers of the Brotherhood, E. A. Neresheimer and Clark Thurston,—a right royal welcome awaits them.

Another recent visitor to the Point was Brother Lucius H. Cannon of Milwaukee, who spent a week here. Milwaukee has ever been a strong true center for the work and Brother Cannon's visit has added another link to the sacred cord of Brotherhood that already binds the faithful hearts of his lodge to the Leader and this sacred Center.

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Script No. 3 of "The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings" is now in the Press, the "copy" having been recently sent on to New York by the Leader. It will be a most interesting number, the titles of the articles being as follows,—Man's Divinity and Perfectibility; The Lesson of Israel's History; The Man Born Blind; The Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven; The Everlasting Covenant; The Burden of the Lord.

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The following are extracts from a letter which has been received by the Leader from one of the inmates in San Quentin prison, California.

"San Quentin, August 26, 1900.

"Every last Sunday in each month Mr. Somers and other representatives of the Universal Brotherhood from San Francisco come here to lecture. The meetings which are held in the chapel, are well attended by an attentive and intelligent audience, who thoroughly enjoy and appreciate them, and evidence their comprehension of the subjects discussed by the many keen questions they ask.

"These lectures have an intense interest for hundreds of men here; and exert a wide and potent influence for good. They stimulate and evoke beneficial thoughts that carry the men forward and upward. One of the most peculiar features of these lectures, and one worthy of significant note, is the power with which the tenets of the Universal Brotherhood appeal to that class of thinking men who have drifted completely from the conventional theology of the day and away from the right path. These men enthusiastically declare their interest in the spirit and principles of the Universal Brotherhood which have created a new hope in their lives.

The UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and the *New Century* are much sought after for their splendid and intensely interesting articles. The teachings of your Brotherhood Organization have made an indelible impression on me and completely revolutionized my whole life. Hundreds of men here acknowledge the same salutary effects, and when they have left the prison they have gone out into the world happier, stronger and better men."

\* \* \* \* \*

Enthusiastic reports come from dear old Ireland in regard to the work of the Lotus groups. This work in Dublin is under the special care of Mrs. Dick assisted most ably by Miss Eva Hobbs and of course by our dear Comrade, F. J. Dick and the other members of the Dublin Lodge. These all realize the value of passing on the teachings of Theosophy to the children, on whom depends the Brotherhood of the Future. And that the promise of the Future is bright for the "Old Country" we cannot fail to see when we look at the happy, intelligent faces of the children of the Dublin Group, which are represented in the accompanying photograph.

Good reports also come from Bro. Dick in regard to the general Lodge activities. The *International Theosophist*, F. J. Dick, Editor, published in Dublin, is a most valuable little publication and should be read by every member in America as well as in Europe.

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In this issue, due to lack of space many interesting reports of different Lodges in Europe and America have been held over until our next number. OBSERVER.

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## SWEDEN.

### U. B. LODGE No. 2, HELSINGBORG.

Our work here in Helsingborg, to reach as many as possible with the blessed truths which the Universal Brotherhood Constitution holds, is going on with more and more joy, and all the members realize that they are responsible for what they feel, think, say and do.

We all find day by day that the true rest is in work, in fulfilling one's duty to the Higher Self in every branch of life. We feel, all of us, that this is the real joy, and we understand more and more that our greatest friend is our Leader, because She works without rest for all and everything. To follow Her as children follow their wise mother shall be our aim as long as we live here and beyond the grave.

Hand in hand and heart in heart let us all—comrades all over the world—stand as an unconquerable wall around our great Leader. ERIK BOGREN.

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## ENGLAND.

### U. B. LODGE No. 4, LIVERPOOL.

At this time of the year some of our members are away visiting comrades in other parts of the country making closer the bonds of Brotherhood. They are also getting into touch with our younger brothers, the river, the sea, the meadow, and the mountain. Ah! yes, and the sky, too. This they see free from the smoke of great cities; they perceive that to nature it is a crown of glory. And from the radiant sky attention will be turned to the source of its light. Here the physical sight dare not follow, and the mental vision moved to increased action pictures to the mind some of the majesty of the ruler of day. But these pictures are not sufficient. As the eyes failed to comprehend the light so does the mind. Something more is needed to contemplate this symbol of things spiritual; the *real* man, must act. Thus called, the soul gladly responds, and then in this contemplation the Brotherhood of all nature is *felt*; all sense of separateness is lost; the law of Unity is recognized, and Oneness fills the man with its Divine Harmony.

It has been said that Theosophy knows no season; that it is for all times of the year. This is very true. Winter or summer the Universal Brotherhood Lodges continue their work as bearers of the message, Truth, Light, and Liberation.

The month of July has been a glad time at Everton. We have had a visit from Bro. Herbert Croke, who gave us a capital address on "Temples of the Living God," and we have had an outing in which members joined with the Lotus buds in spending a few happy hours under the blue vault of heaven with the green grass to their feet for a carpet. These hours of privilege were kept bright by glorious sunlight which seemed to enter the hearts of all and to meet with a joyous response. It would be hard to say who were happiest, oldsters or youngsters. But why compare? why separate? our joy was one. A ramble through a wood to a hill-top was grand, and the shouts of gladness that came from the little ones as we emerged from the wood on to the open hill-top still ring in our ears. On the hill-top stands an old windmill, the girth of which is considerable but not so great that it could not be encircled by the joined hands of the happy ones. For this was done, the united band—a very belt of Brotherhood—danced joyfully round the old mill singing the Circle Song they know so well—

Never begun and without end,  
See the great circles' even span,  
In its unaltering course to lend  
Lessons of wisdom to every man.

Did that mill ever witness such a ceremony before? Did the surprised onlook-

ers catch a glimpse of the wisdom which is for every man? Who knows? "E'en wasted smoke remains not traceless."

From the hill-top we watched the setting sun, and as it sank slowly and peacefully in the west it drew us from ourselves and we followed it to a shore where its rays were still young. Point Loma was in our minds, and in our hearts the Lotus Mother. W.

#### U. B. LODGE No. 24, SOUTHPORT.

Our Lotus Group has been looking eagerly forward to a promised outing in the country, and each child enjoyed the privilege of inviting another to share the day's enjoyment. Two large wagonettes took a happy company on a real country drive. The partridge, the rabbit, and the hare, came to look at us on our journey; a novel sight for the children.

Rain prevented us climbing to enjoy an extensive view of the district, but the Lotus Buds had games in a spacious barn, and helpful Liverpool comrades addressed the children, making the time all too short with fairy stories. M. E. N.

#### U. B. LODGE No. 2, BRISTOL.

The weekly meeting of the International Brotherhood League (unsectarian) was held at the Universal Brotherhood rooms, 71, Park Street, on Sunday evening, when the subject of discussion was "The Utility of Faith." It was considered that faith was an absolute essential to life, and that every man had an ideal of some kind or other in which he believed. To realize this ideal was the purpose of life. The man who had a mean ideal would live a mean life. And the feeble person frittered away opportunities and lacked strength because of a feeble faith. The term "faith" in the religious sense was most particularly applicable to the condition of a future life. It was also described as a staff on which to rest while strength was being gained to acquire knowledge. An ancient scripture of the East was quoted to show that there are at least four classes of men who exercise faith of one kind or another. They are those who are afflicted, those who seek for truth, those who desire possession, and those who are wise or who have attained a knowledge of truth. The faiths of men bring them the things they desire, if with faith they devotedly work to the accomplishment of their aims. Thus wealth, friends, place, and power are acquired.

But if the aim be anything less than the highest and noblest man's divine nature is capable of, as the old scripture says, "the reward of such shortsighted men is temporary." It was remarked that all the great world teachers had to complain of the lack of faith in their followers. "O ye of little faith!" is constantly uttered by the Master of Nazareth. The work of a teacher is hindered and interrupted by want of faith. The man of doubt can do nothing, can gain nothing. Yet "faith without works is dead," and to faith must be added virtue and knowledge with other qualities. Such a thing as "blind faith" is useless. There must also be some one faith that can alone elevate humanity and bring peace and joy to all, and that is the recognition of the divine nature of man and the consequent immortality of the soul. This is the foundation of universal brotherhood and the link of the highest evolved conscious individuality—the perfect man—with his struggling, ignorant, almost helpless brother on the lower rungs of nature's ladder. The character of that link is best understood by the "elder brother" and may be called compassion divine—that "charity" without which mere faith is as nothing. Questions were submitted by several of the visitors present, and appropriate music was rendered during the course of the evening.—*The Bristol Mercury*.

### MONTHLY REPORTS FROM LODGES.

We shall continue to publish monthly reports from the Lodges, but these must reach the Office of the Universal Brotherhood Organization not later than the 1st of each month, and should be addressed to Point Loma instead of to New York as heretofore. Address to

F. M. Pierce,  
Secretary General, Universal Brotherhood Organization,  
Point Loma Homestead, San Diego, Cal.



A GROUP OF LOTUS CHILDREN WITH FRED. J. DICK, MRS. DICK AND MISS EVA HOBBS.

# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT



## THE STORY OF HELENA.

By PHAETON.

**F**AR, far away, on the shores of the blue, blue Dnieper, there once lived a little princess. Her name was Helena.

Princess Helena lived in a beautiful castle and had all that heart could wish of the things that money would buy. But she did not care for these. She cared very much more for the things which money could not buy. And children of the blood royal might have been her playmates. But she cared much more for the children of the serfs on the vast estate, and would often steal away from the palace, and go to their poor little homes to play with them. She saw how much of suffering and privation came into their lives, and her heart went out to them with a great yearning to make them happier. And she saw also, for the little Princess beheld many secrets with her big blue eyes, that back of all this pain was selfishness, selfishness everywhere. She longed to be a mighty Queen, so wise that she could teach all her people just how to send pain out of the world and bring joy back, and so beloved by them that they would be eager to learn.

But, alas, whenever her nurses found her sharing her playthings with these ragged little children, they would carry her back to the castle in disgrace. Then she would weep. But once she stamped her little foot and her eyes flashed fire as she said, "I am a Princess. Remember, I shall be a Queen some day!" She could not understand why it was wrong to play with ragged children. She could not see how just playing that they were all brothers and sisters in one big family could be so very improper. And at last, when she was not allowed to play with them any more, but only with princesses and the children of grand people, she became very unhappy. The palace seemed more like a great cage than anything else. She longed to be free.



Often she would steal down to the shores of the blue, blue Dnieper. There she would play with the pebbles, for the pebbles were excellent playmates, and when she was kind and quiet they told her many tales. Sometimes she would sit beneath the great willows on the river's bank and make friends with the Roussalka, and tell her troubles to the green-haired water fairies. But when she begged them to tell her why she was not allowed to play with the children she loved, and why little Ivan had not garments enough to keep him warm, while she had a whole room full that she did not need, and why he never had any honey on his black bread even on feast days,—the water maidens would shake their heads and give their long green hair a toss in the sunlight and say, "Helena, it is the tide. Do you not know how very much easier it is to float with the tide? To stem it means struggle and toil and the whirlpool, and then perhaps you go down." And Helena did not understand them in the least.

Sometimes she would wander through the halls of the great castle, when the courtiers and grand ladies had departed and the servants had carried away all the lights. She begged the silence to tell her why these things should be. But the silence only said, "Pain has not always been. Pain will not always be. There is a great, great secret, Helena, and it waits for you."

Often she would climb to the high loft where lived hundreds and hundreds of pigeons. Helena loved them and they loved Helena. They would talk together for hours. And they always said to her, when she asked them about little Ivan, "It is the way of men, Helena. Men always set things awry, ever since we can remember, and yet they seem to be sorry of it themselves. But we cannot tell you why, Helena. Ask the flowers."

Helena loved flowers almost more than anything in the world, and she often gathered them for the children in the little huts that skirted the palace gardens. And how happy this made the children and their tired mothers!

For the flowers were Helena's best friends. They whispered to her many secrets as she walked among them day after day. The purple violets always said, "We are all one, Helena, you and the flowers and the sunlight and little Ivan,"—which must have been a great secret for surely no one in all the palace ever dreamed of it. And the yellow roses whispered, "Life is joy," which was a greater secret still, for Helena could not quite see how it could be true. And among other secrets the flowers told her of a fair land where there was no pain, where all was joy and where bloomed the most beautiful flowers in all the world.

But when she asked them about Ivan and why he had not enough garments to keep himself warm in winter and no honey on his black bread even on feast days, the flowers only nodded their fragrant heads and whispered, "Go to the the great tree in the midst of the forest at the north. He is our Elder Brother and is very wise. For he has stood there always."

And at last, one day, Helena found her way out of the great castle gate all alone, and deep, deep into the black forest at the north. Not one of the

courtiers of the king's castle would have dared to go so far. No one ever dared to go farther than the very edge of this forest, for wild tales were told about it, of brigands who dwelt within and of the witchery of trees and shrubs. But Helena had never known what it meant to be afraid. She loved to think of Siegfried who was never afraid, of how he slew the dragon and how, tasting the burning blood, he came to understand the language of the birds and flowers. And Helena, somehow, felt very close to Siegfried as she listened to the song of the forest bird just above her head. For she had long understood all that the birds and flowers told her, and she was sure that she, too, had slain the dragon, perchance in the very fire-mist of the past. She, too, could know no fear.

The deer came close to her and dropped his soft nose into her hand and on her shoulder. Even the bear walked beside her for a little way as if to show her the best footing over a slip of bog. The forest birds fluttered before her, leading her on her way.

And at last she found the giant tree that had stood there for ages and ages. Even the owl could not remember when it had been the least bit smaller. Its roots were high and gnarled as if twisted by storms, and all about them were wave-like knolls of green moss, a foot deep, and as soft as cushions of velvet. There stood the Elder Brother of the flowers.

Helena sank down upon the moss at the foot of the gnarled roots and looked up at the great branches and the blue, blue sky above, and asked the old tree the question which troubled her so much,—all about Ivan, and why he had not garments enough to keep him warm in winter, and why he never had any honey on his black bread even on feast days.

The old tree was very silent. All was silence. Even the birds ceased fluttering and the deer stood motionless, his forefoot lifted, his ears erect and his great, soft eyes fastened on Helena. She lay her head down on the moss cushions and closed her eyes. She was in the midst of a fair land where there was no sorrow, no pain, no selfishness; the same land that she had seen so often in her dreams, sometimes at night when she lay in her little bed, but more often in the daytime when she sat under the oaks in the palace garden, just looking out at the blue, blue sky and thinking of nothing at all. It was the Land of the Purple Heart.

The giant tree bent low its branches and whispered to Helena, "Would you find this land? There is a way. Far through the forest, up over yonder high mountain there is a purple sea. Beyond that sea is the Land of the Purple Heart. I cannot answer your question, Helena. But in that fair land there is One who can. I cannot tell you more. You must find the way alone."

When Helena wakened she sat, silent, for a very long time. The sun was sinking in the west and the shadows were growing long when at last she passed through the palace gate and up to her palace home. "There is One in the Land of the Purple Heart, and he can tell me. By and by I shall find the Land."

And at last the day came. Down through the palace garden she walked and she patted her Cossack pony and told him good bye, and whispered her secret to him for she knew that he would not tell. Out through the palace gate she hastened, past the huts of the servants, where she stopped a moment to speak to Ivan and his tired mother, on, on, over the fields to the edge of the deep forest.

Straight into its heart she went, slowly, for there was never a path, and in the heart of the forest no man had walked for centuries. There were thickets so dense with trees that not a bit of the sky could be seen, and sometimes the darkness was as night. When she came to the giant tree she rested a moment and again she saw the fair land and again the tree whispered to her, "I cannot tell you, Helena, but there is One in that fair land who can."

And so Helena passed on through the wood, for the forest birds told her the way; and at last she looked beyond the shaggy branches of the oaks at the farther edge of the forest and there was the huge mountain.

On and on she went over the stony upland; on and on she climbed. Often she stumbled and fell and bruised herself sadly. Often she had to clamber over huge trunks of fallen trees and force her way through the densest of undergrowth, for there was not the merest trace of a path.

But Helena kept on. She was no longer a little girl. She had become a woman, brave and strong. And when the sharp stones cut through her shoes until her feet were bleeding, and when the briars tore her garments and tore her hands,—still she kept on.

By and by night came. Helena was cold and hungry for the mountain air was chill. But she thought of the children she loved, of Ivan and his tired mother. "Her heart was heavy with the things she could not understand." So she struggled on and on. She could not turn back. She stumbled in the darkness. She saw strange shapes and heard the low growls of wild animals, for not all were as gentle as the deer by the giant tree. It seemed to her that she must perish before morning came, and then she thought again of the children she loved and she kept on, forcing a narrow, winding path through the dense forest.

And at last morning broke and the sun came and the mountain mists rose from the ground into the upper air. Before Helena stretched a clear, deep, purple sea. Beyond it rose mountains, purpled by the distance, and over them shone the sunlight.

And then something very strange happened. Helena was lifted from the ground and went sailing through the air above and beyond the clouds. It seemed to her that she was borne along by a great white bird, the sound of whose wings was as music. But she scarcely knew, for her eyes seemed blind and her ears seemed deaf and she was conscious only of something like a great song and a mysterious purple light blended within her heart.

At last she found herself again upon the ground, and, as she opened her eyes and looked about, she saw that she was at last in the Land of the Purple

Heart: the very enchanted land which she had visited so often, sometimes at night when she lay asleep in her little bed but more often in the daytime when she sat under the trees in the palace garden, just looking up at the blue sky and thinking of nothing at all.

As she stood there Helena saw before her a great white Temple which seemed to shed a wonderful purple light about the whole place,—and leading up to the entrance were seven broad white steps.

Near the steps of the Temple stood the Teacher whom Helena had seen so often in her dreams, the *One*, of whom the giant tree had told her. He was more beautiful than any being whom Helena had ever seen and his pure white garments were strangely radiant. As he spoke the air about him became iridescent, pulsating with color. The sound of his voice made Helena think of the Holy Grail. For when He saw Helena He said, "Come, I have been waiting for you a long, long time. And to-day I knew that you were coming."

Helena and the great Teacher walked on the soft green grass in front of the Temple and talked about many things. She told Him how she longed to make happier the people about the palace, and she asked Him why little Ivan and the other children suffered much while she suffered not at all. And she told Him about the giant tree, and the pigeons, and of how the flowers told her that the fairest blossoms in the whole world were in the Land of the Purple Heart.

The Teacher said, with a strange smile, "The flowers were right, Helena. Look." And at her side Helena saw a wide lagoon. It was smooth as a mirror and on its breast were growing great glorious flowers of the lotus,—some of them purple, some of them yellow, but most of them were white.

"Why," said Helena, "I have seen these flowers before. And yet,—where can I have seen them, for they do not grow in all the country about the palace."

"Yes, Helena," said the Teacher, "you have seen these flowers before. Once upon a time they blossomed in your land,—yea, even in the gardens of the palace. But the air became heavy and foul and the plants died. But when you go back to your land, Helena, you may take with you many of the blossoms and I will give you a seed. Plant it and care for it yourself. Perchance it will take root and grow and blossom and bear other seeds. Then the land where Ivan lives shall again become filled with these flowers."

And the Teacher placed in Helena's hand a tiny seed and He told her how it was planted deep in the mud of the lagoon, just as the races of men beyond the purple sea were embedded in sadness and darkness and selfishness. He told her of the Divine Life at the heart of the seed, how it sent forth a tiny green leaf stalk, pushing up and up and up until at last it emerged from the mud and rose into the water. And there, deep below the surface of the water it was reached by the sun's rays, weakened and distorted, yet bright enough to show the tiny plant that the great sun was overhead. And he told Helena how the little plant grew up and up, through the water, until at last the tiny green bud reached the sunlight and the surface and opened its heart wide to the Eternal.

And He that walked with her said, "Thus might it be with the people in your land beyond the sea, if they only knew. They might rise too."

And Helena said, "I will bring them up the mountain and they shall enter the Land of the Purple Heart with me." The Teacher replied sadly, "You cannot bring them, Helena. They must climb, as you did, of themselves."

But Helena's heart went out to the unhappy people at her palace gates, and she said, "Surely I can do *something* to help them." And the Teacher said, "Yes, you can tell them of the Land of the Purple Heart and of the Gods who dwell in that Land and then, if the people wish to climb, you can show them the Path."

They walked for a long time in silence and at last the Master said,—“Come into the Temple, Helena. I will teach you there. I have been waiting for you.” And together they passed up the seven shining steps and into the purple light of the Great Lodge.

Helena remained in the Land of the Purple Heart many years, and the Master taught her many things,—how to wield the forces of Nature, how to protect those who could not protect themselves and, greatest of all, how to discover the tiny flame that lay sleeping within the heart of every one, and how to fan it into power and into light.

And He told her of the Golden Age that had passed away, when there was no pain and no selfishness, when all men dwelt in one vast Brotherhood, ruled by Gods. He told her of the Helpers of Humanity, the Elder Brothers, who lived among men in the Golden Age, guiding, protecting and teaching.

But men became selfish. They forgot they were divine. Pain came into the world and joy went out. The air became foul and the earth became sodden and there came floods and whirlwinds and diseases. And many were hungry and could not be fed; and many were naked and could not be clothed; and many were sick and could not be made well; and nearly all were selfish and did not wish to become otherwise. And the Teacher told Helena of the Elder Brothers, of how they yet loved humanity more than all else, and would still have gathered their children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings,—but humanity would not.

At last the air became so foul that the pure could not breathe it and live, and so the Elder Brothers went away, away from the selfish people, back to the Land of the Purple Heart. But they loved humanity with even a greater love,—for humanity needed it more; and once in a while, when the time was ripe, They would send a Messenger from themselves into the world who should tell the people the cause of their despair and the way to make life joy.

But the people were blind and deaf. Only two or three would recognize the Messenger; only two or three would listen to him. The mass of men laughed or reviled and these Messengers were always stoned and tortured. Yet for the sake of the two or three who listened, all this was counted joy.

“And now,” said the Master, “it is time for another Messenger to go from us into the world. I trust you very much Helena. Will you go?” And Helena answered, “I will go.”

At last the day came when Helena again crossed the purple sea on the pinions of the great white bird, journeying back to her people, to the ragged children and to little Ivan and his tired mother. She was much older, and a great light shone from her face, that never shone before. The people and the children and little Ivan were glad to see her for they had loved the Princess Helena very much. But when she told them of the Land of the Purple Heart, and of the great Teacher who taught her there, most of them laughed and went away. Only a few listened and only a very few believed. And, though her heart ached, still she remained and taught them.

She told them of the Golden Age that had been, and of the Golden Age that was again to be. She told them what had brought pain into the world and sent joy out. She planted the seed of the Lotus and guarded it herself and it grew and bloomed and she knew that after many years there would again be rare blossoms in the valley. And she told her people of the Helpers of Humanity who lived in that sacred land, the Elder Brothers, Teachers of Compassion.

She told them of the hard, steep Path up the mountain side that led to the sacred land and it came to pass that those who listened to Helena, began themselves to climb the mountain.

But the Path was hard. Many of those who entered it turned back at the first rocky slopes; still others lost courage and dared go no farther when they came to the treacherous mountain streams. Nearly all of those who remained turned and fled when night came on, perchance, perished of cold and hunger. Many sat down to rest, thinking to continue the journey when daylight came and it grew warmer. But all of these perished.

Only one was brave enough to keep on and on and on, until he reached the mountain top. And there he found the Teacher in the Land of the Purple Heart and he knew that all Helena had told her people was true. And after many days he came back to his people and took up the work of the Messenger when Helena laid it down.

He was hated and reviled unto death even as Helena was, but it came to pass that many listened instead of the few. The valley was filled with blossoms. The air became sweet and pure. The people forgot to be selfish and learned to be glad. Pain began to go out of the hearts of men and joy to come back.

And it came to pass that at last there came to the people another Messenger from the Land of the Purple Heart, even the priestess of the Temple of the sacred land. And she gathered about her those who believed and they were many. And she called them *Comrades*. And it came to pass that there arose a vast Army of Light which swept over the world from pole to pole, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, cleansing all foulness, lighting up the dark places, and changing sadness into joy.

And it came to pass that the whole world came to be even as the Land of the Purple Heart and men knew that the Golden Age had come.

## TRUTH, LIGHT AND LIBERATION.

"It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry, when what we search for is excellent."

*Cicero.*

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## CONSTRUCTIVE WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

By REV. S. J. NEILL



HERE is a work which is not constructive, but destructive. Destructive work may be of two kinds, one which is necessary as a preparatory step to future use, and another which is harmful and deadly.

In the Hindu Philosophy, the function of Siva is two-fold, that of destroyer and regenerator. In our own Scriptures we read, "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, return, ye children of men." "Our God is a consuming fire."

In Nature we see this two-fold action of destruction and construction going on continually; the human system itself is a good example of it. With every breath we take there are thousands of tiny blast-furnaces set to work burning up waste tissue, and at the same time the blood is renewed for a fresh course through the system, to build up and invigorate every part. Man is a type of the world, and probably of the Universe, in this respect—a type, also, of history. If Humanity's heart beat in unison with the heart of Nature, the renewing processes in human history would take place as ceaselessly and as harmoniously as they do in a healthy human organism: but it is not so; therefore, stagnation, congestion, and the fever of revolution mark the sad stages of human history. The past is strewn with the wrecks of civilizations. The abuses of a thousand years culminate in a social upheaval, that the ground may be cleared for something else.

So it ever has been. Is it to be so always? Must the constructive work for the future be delayed always till the past has been torn down and taken away? Surely not. Such methods are not really in harmony with Nature's great plan of work. Nature carries on silently, surely and unceasingly the two great processes of removing the effete and building up the new at the same time. She never hastens and never delays. Man should intelligently follow Nature in this respect. Yearly, and daily, there should be the correc-

tion and removal of the evils of the past, and not only that, but the removal of things which were not in themselves evil, but which, nevertheless, "have had their day and cease to be" of use in Nature's unresting progress.

Perhaps we need not trouble ourselves greatly by spending much time in removing the *effete* past; if we "act in the living present," the "dead past will bury its dead." If we turn from the things that belong to the past, and set our energies with recreative skill to the work of the future, Nature herself will act in human affairs as she does when chaff and grain are cast into the ground—the chaff she receives without murmur or complaint, and silently and swiftly turns it into fertile soil for the nourishment of the growing wheat.

The constructive work for the future should be *noble* work—indeed, according to Carlyle, in one place, "all work, even cotton-spinning, is noble, work is alone noble." Again he says, "Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself."

The secret of past failures, the reason why the past is strewn with the wrecks of mighty empires and civilizations is *Selfishness* in its various forms. That has been the canker and the rust. That has eaten into the vitals of religions, and empires, and they have, like a tree in the forest, stood for a long time without any signs of fresh life, then they have become leafless and bare, and at last they have fallen in a night.

In the constructive work of the future we should learn all the great lessons which the mistakes of the past can teach us, so that we may avoid such things in the future. No lasting wealth, no abiding progress for a man or a nation can be built upon Selfishness. That, at any rate, we should, by this time, see most clearly and lay to heart. We have, as members of the Universal Brotherhood organization, turned our faces in the direction of the true goal, the real and only secret of lasting success, *viz.*, that which is the opposite of Selfishness—Divine Compassion, or Universal Brotherhood.

Having found the cause of past failures, and having discovered the secret of Progress, it then becomes a question of details as to how the goal should be reached. The work of construction, avoiding the bane of Selfishness and seeking the goal of Universal Good, should proceed by natural methods, and also at every portion of life. The defect of many reformers has been that they have given their *sole* attention to some one thing; they have been like a builder who spent all his labor on a single tower, and neglected the rest of the wall encompassing the city. As true, as wise reformers, wise master-builders, we should have all the work of construction progress equally, harmoniously, so that no part of the social edifice may be out of due proportions.

It goes without saying that we should begin with the young. If we can bring into operation a sound system of education for the young we shall be building well for all the future. This is not the place, even if I had the ability, to outline what that system of education should be. It is, however, safe to say



that education should be more natural, and that it should, as far as possible, tend to bring all parts of the nature to a true and harmonious development, so that properly trained units may form a perfectly strong and harmonious society. Happy, indeed, would it be for the future, if, in our work of construction, it were possible for every man to find his own work, to perform it and feel true happiness in doing it with all his might.

To create a new social consciousness which will realize the great fact, and act upon it, that we *are brothers*, and that the welfare of all is impossible without the well-being of each unit of the whole: and that if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it"; to realize this great but simple truth will assuredly be part of the constructive work of the future.

The constructive work of the future will not only give mankind a new earth, it will create a new heaven also, as the Scripture foretells—"a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

No *real* constructive work can be done now or at any other time, except by those who *are* what they profess to be. To be true builders we must ourselves be "living stones," fit for the Great Master's use. The sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal are useless for real work.

Two things, *strength* and *beauty*, are characteristic of all real building. These correspond to the straight line and the curve, or to *Truth* and *Love* on the spiritual plane.

Ruskin, to whom the world owes so much, says that one of the most important and most formative teachings which he received from the Bible, is contained in the words:

"Let not mercy and truth forsake thee."

These two are the fundamentals of all real constructive work—they are the true pillars of the State—Mercy and Justice, Truth and Love, without which men build only upon sand. Let us—

"Build today, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure,  
Shall tomorrow find its place.

"Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky."

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"We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws  
To which the triumph of all good is given,  
High sacrifice, and labor without pause,  
Even to the death:—else wherefore should the eye  
Of man converse with immortality?"

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By GERTRUDE VAN PELT.



THE pages of history are written not in words, but in deeds. And as in glancing at the past, we see certain of such pages, telling the story with emphasis, which at the time they were written were too mingled with the common life to attract attention, so do certain of our customs mark our place in nature and tell that which in the confusion of sounds we do not hear. Nevertheless, through our law of Capital Punishment, we are writing a page in letters of flaming red, and in unmistakable language, proclaiming to the yet unborn our narrow conceptions of life, our lack of finer instincts, and our ignorance of actual law. It is a bitter comment on our civilization; a declaration that our consciousness is bounded by the grave, and that within these narrow limits we have drawn for ourselves we see no links which bind us to our fellows.

That we find this among our laws, is perhaps not strange. It is a part of everything else, and partakes of the general flavor. Good people, well meaning, and those of tender heart indorse it, and it is not the outcome of the lack of these qualities, but of the lack of a rational philosophy of life. Those who do not express their creed in the words, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," yet do, if they acquiesce in this law, confess their absolute lack of any sense of coherence in nature. Why should that which is, have no relation with that which is to come? And why should not every man who is found on this earth, be here as part of a plan? Is it a crazy universe we are in, without order, system or intelligent intention? Or is there that in nature which goes to suggest that the very hairs of our head are indeed numbered? And why should we imagine that we are rid of a man because we have taken the liberty to remove him from his body? Such near-sightedness is puerile.

If we see a bird of evil omen fly in at our window, cross our chamber, and fly out, do we infer he existed only while in our sight? And might he not again fly in the window? What would we say of a family who had a troublesome member, and thrust him out of the door for their own comfort or safety? Yet that is practically what is done to a public offender. For the sake of the other members, it is said, the effort is made to thrust him out of the human family. Supposing such a thing were possible, he must go somewhere, and if so, is he probably less troublesome there? These questions might naturally arise, it would seem, in any mind, with or without a satisfactory philosophy of life, and from the simple ground of expediency might give rise to uncertainty as to the wisdom of this law.

But suppose that the very fact that a man is on earth with us, shows in some way a link between us, and that whether we like it or not we must deal with his problems sooner or later; we simply evade the question by killing him. And a postponed duty never grows easier to meet.

The mental confusion that exists as to the absolute right or wrong of this law, arises from an improper focusing of the mind on the subject. Many of its opposers have a blurred vision because they have turned their mental lens upon the superficial region of sentiment, and here the images are always distorted. For purely sentimental reasons they would abolish the law, and naturally, in their dealing with the criminal from the standpoint of sentiment, they only get into more active life that bundle of evil tendencies. Such methods arouse the disgust of another class, who mean to stand for justice, and out of consideration for the innocent, they will not spare the guilty. This seems to be an improvement on the flabby sentimental view of the question, for it is, without doubt, a devil incarnate that is in existence, and he deserves and should have no toleration. He is an expression of an evil disintegrating force, and should be fought to the death without pity, sympathy or mercy. And there should be no rest until he is extinct.

But the difficulty with these would-be dealers of justice, is that they, too, have improperly focused their mental lenses. They have centered them entirely upon the diseased personality, instead of adjusting them in turn upon the whole of that complex being called the man. Had they penetrated deep into the nature, they might have found a divine spark, which could be fanned in the very process of killing the devil on the surface. And also, as a part of the lack of this proper mental focusing, the curious belief exists, that killing him consists in letting him out of his body. What an easy method that would be! But does it bear on its face any measure of probability?

We feel here on earth influences from one another of various kinds; of thought, of feeling of all shades. There is a constant interchange of forces of one sort and another which are not material, and are not conveyed by material means. We know the atmosphere is full of such things—anyone knows it who stops to think. Now, knowing it to be the case that such currents are in the atmosphere, without material evidence, why should so many infer that at the death of a body every energy previously working through it immediately leaves the earth? Is it not at least as likely that in liberating a man from his body, we may place at greater liberty than already existed certain evil forces, which plainly do not belong to any spiritual place or life; and that we might more efficiently protect the innocent, by simply caging him? There is nothing in nature to suggest that that which exists suddenly becomes non-existent. Two things may happen to it. Either it may become latent, ready under the proper conditions to become active, or it may be transmuted. If by killing the body we render

these forces latent, we have, as I said, only postponed the question, and on the other hand, is it conceivable that there is anything in legalized murder which will transmute them into good?

The problem can never be faced with any possibility of solving it, until there is a rational philosophy of life. The duality of man's nature must be understood; the still further complexity which is included in that duality; and the nature of so-called life and death. Humanity cannot evolve such a philosophy as a matter of course, but when such a one is presented to it, by those who are above it, it must be open enough, earnest enough, unprejudiced enough to examine into it, and see how much it will clarify the ideas, otherwise it can never evolve, and must go on eternally doing stupid things, blundering itself into deeper and deeper confusion. There is only one way to kill a criminal, and that is to transmute the evil within him into good, and the only way to do that is to recognize something else within him which *is* good; evoke it and gain its co-operation. Even gods could not bring about this change without such co-operation.

I know there are many noble efforts in this direction, which have crystallized into institutions; and if these were based on a clear conception of the nature of man, and there were a consciousness that innate divinity exists even in the body of a criminal, so vivid as to awaken that consciousness in him and revive his hope and courage; and if there were sufficient wisdom to work in harmony with that innate divinity to transform the devil, we might witness a killing process which would be thorough, and which would begin to show itself in the social body at large by a decrease of crime.

But until the day for this dawns, until there is a general willingness at least to *examine* into a philosophy which has been freely offered to the world, this must remain a problem too big for us, an index of our civilization, a blot upon our history.

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### ONE LIFE IS NOT ENOUGH.

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"Viewing life and its probable object, with all the varied experience possible for man, one must be forced to the conclusion that a single life is not enough for carrying out all that is intended by Nature, to say nothing of what man himself desires to do. The scale of variety in experience is enormous. There is a vast range of powers latent in man which we see may be developed if opportunity be given. Knowledge infinite in scope and diversity lies before us, and especially in these days when special investigation is the rule. We perceive that we have high aspirations, with no time to reach up to their measure, while the great troop of passions and desires, selfish motives and ambitions, war with us and among themselves, pursuing us even to the door of death. All these have to be tried, conquered, used, subdued. One life is not enough for all this."

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

## THE AWAKENING OF THE SOUL.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D.



THE truth of the re-embodiment of the soul, after having been forgotten for centuries, is again becoming familiar to Western minds through the philosophical teachings of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and the Theosophical Society founded by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and now under the leadership of Katherine Tingley. Many, however, who accept the fact of the repeated return of the soul to earth through rebirth as a logical explanation of the mysteries of life, have but vague conceptions of the principles involved, though it is recognized that through the action of some subtle law, the soul does return, and that in some manner it brings over its past character.

The character certainly comes over from life to life; but with the vast majority of men character is the aggregate of selfish desires, the outcome of thoughts and acts which fall far below the plane of the spiritual nature. It is mainly the product of the lower self, and in so far is neither capable of nor fitted for immortality. It cannot therefore be assimilated by the immortal entity; it must have another vehicle, and this is the lower self which returns the same and yet not the same, and against which the soul, the true Self, has to fight again and again until it gains the victory and transmutes the lower into a fitting instrument for its own divine purposes.

So the man of passions, appetites and desires, the sensual, selfish man, the ambitious, vainglorious man, the cruel, deceitful man, the murderous, brutal man,—and in short, the man of our everyday experience, oftentimes brings back with him the same urgings, the same desires and passions, to renew the old conflict between the higher and lower nature. Dragging the true soul in its train as helplessly and cruelly as a Roman victor of old, man returns with his old appetites and desires raging, and repeats, life after life, the old crucifixion of the Christ within his own heart.

The plain truth is that every human heart which has felt the struggle between good and evil within its own recesses proves the duality of man's nature. No amount of materialistic sophistry has ever met or can ever meet the evidence that man is a dual being which this interior conflict affords. It has been recognized and accepted from time immemorial as the foundation for every logical theory of existence; for every true religion, science or philosophy. From failing to perceive its significance have grown up all the materialistic conceptions which have blighted the evolution of man for so many weary centuries.

The prevailing selfishness of man shows how largely his re-embodiment is at present under the domination of his lower animal self, and life after life seeking the satisfaction of his lower animal desires and his mere intel-

lectual cravings, it is thus that he makes our present cruel civilizations possible. How many, obstinately clinging to matter and sensuous things, refusing to recognize that they are souls, capable of an infinite, divine unfoldment, still long for earthly ideals, for wealth, power, ease, or other of the unrealities of a transient, animal existence. Well it is for the man who recognizes that he is a soul, even for one short hour of his sensuous life! Though men feel and know that right and wrong exist and that they ought to be made a guide in life, yet too often the feeling is submerged under the sea of the senses because of the non-recognition that the real man is the soul and not the body and that it ought to be master and not the slave of the latter. It is as absolutely necessary to awaken in man a recognition of his divine nature and power, if he would accomplish the purposes of life and avoid the otherwise inevitable dreadful suffering, as it is to teach the child the alphabet in order that it may later acquire the power to read and write. Nature's methods in the one case are her methods in the other, for Nature, God and Man are One, and it is the god in man which enables him to perceive the merciful guidance which saves him so many weary steps on the pathway of life.

When, therefore, a child of a day, or a year, or of ten years' age, shows anger, impatience, or other form of selfishness, it is not an explanation to attribute it to "instinct" and rest there. It is concealing one's ignorance beneath words of which one has never sought the true meaning. The child is angry because it brings over the unconquered tendency toward anger from its past. It is not self-conscious memory as we recognize this in sense-life, but it is an individual memory, brought over as the result of individual experience. No child screams, bites, fights, or sulks, because of instinct; it is its sub-conscious memory that causes it to do so. An intelligent recognition of this fact, and an intelligent discipline applied in the earliest childhood, will enable the soul to acquire such a firm hold upon its body that control of the lower nature will become an easy task during its adult life. But the discipline must be *intelligent*—not the opposing of one stubborn will by another, or of anger by anger.

The importance of wisely assisting the soul of a child to gain control of its body cannot be overestimated. The International Lotus Home at Point Loma, San Diego, Cal., is probably the only place in all our populous West where this assistance is consciously and understandingly given. In our ordinary schools and colleges the intellect is almost entirely appealed to, and the whole trend of this is sought to be set in the direction which will make it subservient to the lower nature. Even theological seminaries seek to turn out "successful" preachers from a financial standpoint. Their graduates have vague conceptions of the nature of the soul, and are, no doubt, sincerely interested in "saving" it, whatever it is, but their intellects have first been bent creed-wise and then financial-wise, and their own souls remain benumbed.

And so the universal process of engulfing and numbing the soul beneath the senses of the lower self goes mercilessly on, and men wonder at man's inhumanity to man. Life after life may the soul reincarnate without one glimpse of a self-conscious recognition—buried beneath the mountain of matter. Nay, in many lives it is but mockery to say that it reincarnates. Can a soul be said to really enter a body in which it never awakens to a consciousness of its real nature; in which it remains benumbed while the lower man lives his mad, unreasoning life; in which the dumb and but too often unheeded voice of conscience is the sole evidence of its presence? A real re-embodiment means the taking possession by the soul consciously of its tenement; the making of the body a temple "fit for the indwelling of the holy spirit." "Man is the microcosm of the Macrocosm," we repeat, with little or no conception of what this implies. Just as the sun, the center of our macrocosm, carries many a lesser planet with him in his awe-inspiring journey through Space, so does man, throughout his cycles of incarnation, carry many an entity in his train. His passions, his vices, his crimes, all incarnate in and mold the nature of lower entities with which he is thus associated. When he quits the body at death, these of necessity become disembodied, but they neither pass out of existence, *nor leave him*. They become the *skandhas* of Eastern literature, and *skandhas* are only the disembodied entities of his microcosm whose consciousness falls below the level of self-consciousness, but which nevertheless swing back to earth when he returns with all their old desires as active as ever.

So it is the *whole man* who reincarnates, and not the higher man alone. In his microcosm are incarnated the elements which make up his lower self, the "devils," which he himself has alone created in his past. Physical heredity may, and does, modify form and feature and certain lower tendencies, but it is the microcosm of the man himself which makes him what he is, so far as his lower nature is concerned. Therefore, it is that the same weakness will confront one, life after life, unless a determined effort is made to overcome the Frankenstein monster which we have created, and we bring back, life after life, the old tendencies until we have gained the victory over them.

We must recognize the nature of our task. The world today is but a tomb of buried souls. Like Lazarus, they but sleep, and must be awakened. So, let us set about our work in deadly earnest, and call our comrades to our aid from every direction. Let no mantle of creed blind our eyes to an awakened helper; let no outer form of religion separate us from a toiler for the Right. Let us cry aloud to the sleeping souls about us, and who are in such deadly peril, "Sampson, awake, the Philistines are upon thee!"

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## LIFE'S CHIEF GOOD.

By EDWIN ARNOLD.

(Selected.)

“Shadows are good when the high sun is flaming,  
From wheresoe'er they fall;  
Some take their rest beneath the holy temple,  
Some by the prison-wall.

“The King's gilt palace-roof shuts out the sunshine,  
So doth the dyer's shed!  
Which is the chiefest shade of all these shadows?”  
“They are alike,” one said.

“So is it,” quoth he, “with all shows of living;  
As shadows fall, they fall:  
Rest under, if ye must, but question not  
Which is the best of all.

“Yet, some trees in the forest wave with fragrance  
Of fruit and bloom o'erhead;  
And some are evil, bearing fruitless branches,  
Whence poisonous air is spread.

“Therefore, though all be false, seek, if ye must,  
Right shelter from life's heat.  
Lo! those do well who toil for wife and child  
Threading the burning street:

“Good is helping kindred! good to dwell  
Blameless and just to all;  
Good to give alms, with good-will in the heart,  
Albeit the store be small!

“Good to speak sweet and gentle words, to be  
Merciful, patient, mild;  
To hear the Law, and keep it, leading days  
Innocent, undefiled.

“These be chief goods—for evil by its like  
Ends not, nor hate by hate;  
By love hate ceaseth; by well-doing ill;  
By knowledge life's sad state.

“But see where soars an eagle! mark those wings  
Which cleave the blue, cool skies!  
What shadow needeth yon proud Lord of Air  
To shield his fearless eyes?

“Rise from this life; lift upon pinions bold  
Hearts free and great as his;  
The eagle seeks no shadow, nor the wise  
Greater or lesser bliss!”



## A CHILD.

By H. G. C.

“Trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home.”—WORDSWORTH.



SOUL seeks an earthly tabernacle—a body, through which to manifest itself and gain experience on this earth. Nature, says a great mystic, exists for the soul's experience.

A soft, warm, tender human creature is born into our life on earth, demanding a happy place in which to grow and expand its powers, physical, mental and spiritual.

The father and mother see themselves mirrored in this child, which enters their Paradise. In his joy they doubly rejoice; with his griefs they, too, suffer. For him they learn by slow degrees to sacrifice their own pleasure; if it were possible, the mother would suffer in his stead.

Living in another's life becomes possible, and like second nature as time goes on; so, when trials cause the heart to bleed, and life grows heavy, the hope that grows with their child's growth, springs up that he may be spared their trials, and that they, in and through his joys, may find new gladness. Then the questioning arises, “Whence that something within him which is not of them”—an idea of alien breath from some far-off realm, a suggestion to their souls of unworthiness, a doubt of their power to fulfill the trust reposed in two careless seekers for happiness. “Whence the soul—the divine spark which hope believes immortal?”

The *heart* cries, “It has always lived and will live on forever. Divinity always was and ever shall be; it is immortal. One short life cannot be enough to give all experience, all knowledge, to a slowly developing being of divine essence that never was *not*, but always exists.” Many earthly lives are needed to furnish right conditions for the growth, purification and development of the spiritual faculties. Think! This little being entrusted to your care, has lived before, perhaps during many existences. To your environment, he now comes. He looks to you for the warmth and comfort, food and sleep; for the sympathy he craves; for protection from dangers; for wisdom to guide, for love to cherish and delight the heart. *Through* you, he is to be made aware by degrees of the Power beyond yours; of the Spirit that quickens and revivifies the answering spirit in his heart.

What residue of those former lives still clings? Ever the mind asks, “What is of us?” and jealously, “What is of those earlier days?”

To you, father and mother, is the solemn duty to study, to pause and reflect before action, lest you mar the work already begun, lest you prove to be the means of turning him from a bent already given, already part of his spiritual nerve and fibre.

Can you not feel that the impulse which sends this especial soul to you two is a blessed one? To you, young creatures of good lineage, physically and mentally strong, happy, without taint, this soul is drawn through sympathy; to *your* family and not to another, by the very strongest ties of affinity.

Your obligations are great—to guide and not to rule; to control wisely, not to force the will, to be to him the wise judge, the counselor, the friend. His will not to be *broken* as the expression is—but to be trained to act as a great motive power, recognizing the heart's powers as the highest, and the soul as the link between the inner and outer realms of being.

As opposition only strengthens the determination, a leading to other thought gently, firmly, gradually changes the attitude of the mind.

We are coming into a new century of thought and action. Slowly the consciousness of man has widened. A larger spiritual insight—the light that grows toward the perfect day—is dawning.

Wherever (as in New England) an intense conviction of conscience has sternly worked through the warp and woof of daily life, the way has been prepared slowly for the "Heart Doctrine" which shall in time make "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth and good will to men," the true law of all living.

"Except ye become as little children" is the attitude of mind for all seekers for the Higher Life.

If we admit that each soul entrusted to a parent's care is of divine origin, that it has lived before, will live other lives, will never cease to live unless by conscious refusal to obey the laws of life, rising ever higher and onward, then will follow the conviction that the truths contained in the life and development of the powers of Jesus of Nazareth, are facts which the life of every child born into the world on this planet must ultimately mirror. A ray from the Infinite Light burns in every human breast. "Born of the Spirit," but encased in human "flesh," is every child of man.

To develop that "divine spark of heavenly flame"; to endure nobly the crucifixion of the spirit in and through and in spite of its human body; to become each a "savior" of the race in some measure; to uplift the human to the God-like, has been the divinely self-imposed duty of the few only; but the day is at hand when Humanity shall feel and know the great transfiguration of a pouring-forth of the Divine Spirit, so that our daily life shall assume new proportions, as each man develops the Divine within him to a flaming light, capable of warming and illuminating the whole world.

If we admit evolution from the lowest forms of physical life on and up to man possessing God-like powers, why stop there? There is no void. From man, as we know him today, to the "spirits of just men made perfect"—the Helpers, Teachers and Saviors of the Race—ranks and armies of the Spirit exist, ever aspiring, rising ever toward the Infinite Source of Light and Love.

With Light as teacher, with Love as warmth and food, the mother-heart as inspirer, the father's strength to encourage—"a little child shall lead them." He (the child) may be a helper for Humanity, one who shall uplift and not degrade life, who may glorify and not debase it, who shall help, redeem, bless and exalt the human by and through the Christ-spirit dwelling within him.

James Martineau said, "Are we never to blend the fresh heart of childhood and the large mind of age, and so recover the lost harmonies of life?"

We must go back somewhat to those primitive instincts at the bottom of the soul—as the poet says, "*waiting to be born*," and allow our actions naturally and without strain or striving, to witness to the principles by which we are governed.

In the new day now dawning, Compassion and Sympathy shall bind all in one great Brotherhood of Parent-Child-Humanity, when the "Heart Doctrine" shall become the rule and guide of life. "The child is father to the man."

## THEOSOPHY AND ART. IN SEARCH OF THE REAL.

By R. W. MACHELL, R. B. A.



WANT to show that the true artist does not take a common-place fact and put beauty into it, nor conceal its real nature by giving it an ideal appearance. I do not mean to say this is not done by artists; unfortunately, many do more of this than anything else, I fear, just as many of us Theosophists take the facts of life and try to conceal them behind the veil of a half-understood ideal, instead of trying to see the meaning and truth of the facts before us.

The true artist, I hold, tries to show in his work some deeper truth, some more real fact than is seen by the casual observer. He sees in the facts of life around him a scheme, a harmony, a purpose, that is more real because it is more universal than the ordinary perception of the same facts in the mind of the ordinary person. So he strives to express that harmony, and in doing so he makes a beautiful picture, which, to him, is but a poor attempt to express what he has felt, but which may appear to the spectator as a flight of the wildest imagination, even though he paint allegorical pictures with colors, lights, and effects, not peculiar to the physical world, he may still be doing the same thing. That is, he may be trying to give expression to something which he has internally perceived as a feeling, an idea, or an impression, and which, to him, may have been formless, in some form more or less familiar to the ordinary mind.

Thus an artist may have felt at some moment the beauty of a scheme of color in nature. The underlying sense of harmony has perhaps echoed in his own heart, and later on he will try to express it. To do this he may use familiar forms; he may take a landscape and seek to express the idea by har-

monious arrangement of the objects familiar to us in country life and scenery, and then you may look at the picture, "a country lane," perhaps, and think, "Well, I never saw a country lane look like that!" But some day you may see something quite different, say a London street scene, that will momentarily give you a flash of some such harmony of color and form that was in reality the subject of the picture.

Coming along the City Road, which is ugly and commonplace enough generally; plodding along in a rather dreamy fashion, no doubt; I became conscious of a harmony of color that charmed my inner sense of beauty. There was a varied scheme of purple and blue that was delicious in the perfect balance of mass and intensity of color and tone. My attention being called to it, my mind began at once to examine it in the ordinary, commonplace way; and immediately I was dragged into the analytical frame of mind, which says, "Oh, that is a woman!" Then the male animal chimed in scornfully, "Yes, old, ugly, and dirty, too!" at which the scientific mind was shocked, and, proceeding with its analysis, said, "The purple mass is produced by an old woolen shawl and faded blue skirt, and an old bonnet or hat with some indescribable blue stuff on it, and that flash of violet light is the sun shining on a bit of blue paper covering her old basket; the sunlight playing on the faded and variegated materials does the rest." Then I recalled the deeper mood, and saw the harmony of the whole, and realized the fitness of the stooping gait, the shapeless form, the utter unconsciousness of the poor old woman; and I thought, "Now, if one were to try and reproduce that harmony, that scheme of color, in a dress or costume for a state ball, the genius of a great dressmaker would require to use the costliest materials that the world can produce, embroidered by the greatest needle-workers. And then only a man of genius like Worth could accomplish the task of reproducing the harmony that Nature and necessity had worked for the clothing of that poor old woman. 'Consider the lilies . . . !'"

The Japanese artists have understood this idea of harmony better than most of our European people, and in the best of their work—their enamels and embroideries—you will see these wonderfully subtle harmonies expressed, though the design itself may be composed of dragons and butterflies, of flowers, waterfalls, and so on.

Then again, an English artist, having been deeply impressed with the beauty of such a harmony, might try to express it in a picture of a beautiful young girl in wonderful draperies, or a mother and child, a cottage scene, a fairy picture, or a classic myth, or, indeed, any form that pleased him. But only the greatest artists, or the least, would venture to use the same materials that Nature had used.

This brings me to consider again the things we see going on around us, and in ourselves, in this Theosophical work. When we begin, we are seized by the truth and beauty of some idea; either the scheme of Philosophy, or the

Principle of Brotherhood; and this fills our minds and gives us satisfaction, and we talk of it at all times easily and readily. Then we come to another stage, at which point we begin to see that this is so far only talk, and that the idea has not yet entered into our nature and become assimilated. Then we begin to try to get it into working order in our own lives, and if our power of self-analysis is strong, we soon realize the enormous difficulty of the task. And then we begin to draw in, and are not so ready to preach to others, nor to find fault with those who are doing better than ourselves—in fact, we seem to be doing nothing. And it may be a long time or a short time, but it will certainly seem a long time, before we see what is the best method for the expression of the idea which at last has entered into the depths of our nature, and begun to germinate there. The seed must be buried in the earth, it must have time to germinate, then the tree must grow, and all this before the new fruit can be borne.

I spoke of three classes of minds: the Materialist, the Idealist, and the Realist. I should explain that in my idea all these modes of consciousness are present in each one, but usually one mode is so much stronger than the rest that it becomes predominant, and determines the class of mind to which a person may be said to belong. So a person who is an animal-materialist does not cease to be so by simply altering the character of his desires and appetites, but by eventually substituting an ideal for an appetite. Then the progress continues by constantly putting higher and higher ideals before the mind, until at last a reaction sets in; the internal faculties awake, and a flash of internal perception of truth forever shatters his belief in the permanence of any ideal. Then a new order of things has begun, and the tyranny of the ideal begins slowly to give way before the enlightened and developed Will set free. Now the path is the search for the Real, and the endeavor to express it. These expressions, or efforts at expression, become then ideals for those who follow on. No man can be freed from the bondage of the ideal by the substitution of higher ideals for lower, although this must be done in order to get on at all; but Freedom comes at last as a light from within, by means of which we begin to see and to know the Real in ourselves and in our surroundings.

So the process of development, or of human progress, seems to be not merely a course of gradual growth, but to be also a series of stages, with distinct turning-points, or gateways, to be passed, when the old method has to give place to a new light. And these gateways are as distinct entrances into new life as is the actual birth of a physical body into the physical world; though, of course, the whole process of birth, from the state of germ to the state of fully formed body is a long and steady growth. When the egg-shell is broken, and the fully formed chicken steps out, there is a very distinct step taken in development; and it is as impossible for the chicken to return to its shell, as for a man who has once caught a glimpse of Reality to be ever again content with any fixed Ideal, however lofty.

Both in Art and in Occultism you see people pinning their faith to a method, or a manner, as if it were *the* method. Then, getting dissatisfied with it, they reject it, and adopt another, and yet another, and so on—all the time remaining under the same protecting shell of what I should call methodism. Now I am not saying that methods are bad, but quite the reverse; they are just as necessary as language is to speech. But a time comes when speech is found to be inadequate. Then it becomes useless to invent more and more perfect languages, for what is wanted is not speech, but a better mode of expression. Then at last a new development occurs, and humanity perhaps becomes aware of the possibility of direct thought transference without speech at all.

If some few people have seen the superiority of this new power, and wish to benefit humanity, they may, even then, fall into the error of trying to force the new light upon those who have not yet mastered the old methods of expression; then arises conflict, and in such a conflict you may have perfectly honest and sensible people opposing one another, and each looking on their opponents as the enemies of humanity. And if, on the other hand the advanced members of the race, having seen the new light, refuse to speak of it or share their knowledge with the rest, are they not then indeed becoming the enemies of the race? For the human race is led by the advance guard, not by the main body, and certainly not by the rear guard, and if the leaders refuse to show the road, then confusion follows. So therein lies a problem, and like all such problems of right conduct, there is only one principle to enable us to find the solution, and that is the pearl beyond price—the internal sense of the fitness of things, which in Philosophy may be called Wisdom, and in daily life is known as Common-sense, the diamond among precious stones. But beware of spurious imitations!

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### “THE SIBYL ANCIENT AND MODERN.”

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“Today, proceeding from the occult Sanctuaries of the East resounds a voice, but Europe, in her mad course toward the abyss, heeds it not. Withal, everything gets ready for the great struggle between these two races; the haughty science of the West has denied her direct sire, Eastern Occultism! The current is just becoming irresistible. For the villager, the factory girl, the workman at the mill, the fatal day is fast approaching when the gigantic machine, exhausted and tired of work, will stop its wheels, leaving a formidable industrial army, thirsting for life. What answer is modern science prepared to give it, aye, that science always preoccupied with the discovery of new means to destroy one’s neighbor? It is then that will appear in all their majesty the Sibyls of our Race, who will teach through the *revealed* science and the sacred oracles the elements necessary for the restoration of Humanity to its proper groove.”

—*The Theosophist*, Vol. V.

## THE FLAMING HEART.

By CENI RAMA.



WHEN, once again, the hour had come when, in the Home of the World's Great Souls, a current stirred which, like a deep and mighty Breath, was wafted, silent, through the whole vast realm.

In each breast this Breath a thrill awoke. They all arose and speechless gazed at one another; for well they knew this was a sign the hour had struck when Great Souls must once more descend into the lower world to guide, uplift, instruct the race of ignorant, helpless, suffering men.

This was the first soft Breath of the Great Movement—that mighty wave of Life and Light that at each cycle's end flows outward from the fount of the Eternal One—flows out and downward through all worlds—the upper, middle, to the lowest in the universal plan; that, passing through the utmost bounds of fleshly walls awakes and quickens to new life all kingdoms far below.

They, the Great Souls, felt the quiver and the thrill; they rose and went forth, stately, slowly, to the Council Hall.

Then One spoke—He of the mighty arm—He of the eye of power. And He inquired (speaking calm and low, and looking round on all the gathered throng) who would willing go into the world of flesh—to waken all the souls that now could hear, and teach to them the meaning high, sublime, of life; show them the Movement—flowing onward like a river vast, with but one source and end; teach them how to enter on that tide, and moving with the mighty stream, become one with the Whole; thus adding their small strength to that great force of Soul-Infinite Power of Love that evermore sustains and draws from lowest depths all creatures to itself.

When the Strong One thus had spoken, there was silence for a space. Then slowly one Great Soul stepped forth.

“Yea, thou shalt go,” the Strong One said, “as thou hast, on such errands gone before. When thou art veiled and blinded by the flesh thy courage shall not fail; for thou hast from the ages back been as the Lion-Hearted known.”

Then came another forth and stood beside the First.

“Thou, too,” the Strong One said; “and well thy labor great shall all be done. ‘Friend of all Creatures’ through all worlds, O Comrade true, hast thou been named.”

And then the Third came, softly moving, looking up with reverent love into the face of the Second and the First.

Then said the Strong One, “thou art welcome too, for thou art one of Boundless Love—and for this Fire Divine in thee thou hast been called ‘The Heart of Flame.’”

Then, turning, "As for thee, O Lion-Hearted One, severe thy task shall be; so dark and dread that one of courage less than thine might fail. Thy heart will feel as does man's heart; and it will oft be wrung. The ground is to be cleared, the seeds thou sowest will be watered by thy blood and tears. Far to the Westward is thy goal; for there the New Race shall arise; and there shall dawn the New—the Golden Age. There the Temple of the Living Light shall rise. But ere that day thy exile hard shall end."

With eyes bent down and veiled, but with a brow of radiant Light, the Lion-Hearted One passed on.

"For thee, O Friend of All," the Strong One said, "in pain and sorrow shalt thou toil; and as it must be with the First so shall it be with thee. Ambition, deadliest sting of selfishness, in those whom thou hast taught shall move them to revolt against thee and the Cause. Their anger, envy, hate, shall shorten fast thy days. Before the last years of the Cycle roll thou shalt return. But as the Lion-Hearted One shall conquer, so shalt thou. A chain shall thus be woven through the worlds; a chain the Powers of Darkness shall not break."

Bowing low his head he backward drew—the Friend of all the Worlds—while over him a light like to the glory of the noon-tide lay.

And then once more the Strong One spoke.

"Oh thou of Love, Compassion Infinite!" he said, "into thy hands will fall the work of these—the Second and the First. This one will scatter seeds o'er all the fields, rough-cleared; and that will watch and tend the tender plants, with treachery ever lurking near. When he departs the same dread beast, with stealthy steps, shall follow thee. And yet the loyal hearts, the same true ones that followed both of these shall close and closer draw to thee. And though they could not form a perfect shield for them, they will have grown so strong in love and knowledge of the Truth that they will hold the poisoned shafts from thy Great Heart that's bared for all the Race.

"The traitors and the weakling ones must fall—the Great Law sifts them out. But in their place new ones will come, those who are wise, and evermore thus purged and cleansed, more pure and strong the ranks shall grow. Then in the days to come shall rise the Temple of the Light. The School of Wisdom, mystic, wonderful, shall stand a beacon fire to all the earth.

"Then shall the nations turn to thee, and those who are thine own shall know thee evermore as Bearer of the Truth. They shall see thee as a Soul of Love—a Heart of pure white Flame."

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"There is no happiness except in righteousness."

"Full of love for all things in the world, practicing virtue in order to benefit others—this man only is happy."



## A RECREATION DAY.

By HESTER FORSTER.

**M**ATILDA SARTO decided that she needed rest. She packed up all her things and went to the mountains. She selected an out-of-the-way place, rented a cottage, installed herself in it, and with the assistance of Emma, a German housekeeper, always quiet and very silent, she prepared to enjoy her outing immensely.

She had made absolutely no plans, but being fond of sport and a good shot, and also expert with a line, she had brought with her a hunting and fishing outfit, determined to be thoroughly independent and provide for the table herself.

Rest meant for her simply mental relaxation and physical activity. It was rather a retrocession of life into its primitive condition, thence to draw a fresh supply of vitality and force. For the first few days she succeeded. She bagged such a variety of game that even Emma found it superabundant and regretted that such nice creatures were killed to no purpose.

Hearing this, Matilda decided to miss a few shots the next day. But, such is fate, to often hit what one wants to miss, or is indifferent about, that the quantity of game increased rather than diminished. It was somewhat sad, and some creatures cry so piteously, but it was all in vain. Perhaps, too, they left some orphans in their nests or perhaps their mates. It seemed to her that she heard a rebuke in every animal sound around her.

The next day she sent Emma fishing, telling her that it would suit her very well, as she was extremely patient; she herself went out for a stroll without any purpose at all. Of physical exercise she had had already enough, and it had become a bore to her. She thought it monotonous, a kind of monomania, just as tiresome if persisted in as any occupation in a city for any narrow purpose. Such a life as this after all did not seem right. Nature was so broad, so various, so free, why should she constrain herself to anything so purposeless and narrow?

Thus she was strolling along wherever the path might lead, picking an occasional flower, and permitting the birds to fly about in peace, seeking only peace and rest for herself. And all the birds and creatures seemed more friendly as if sympathizing with her relaxation from a continued purpose, and enjoying the floating variety of pleasures of the moment.

Getting tired, she sat down on the slope of a hill, by a brook murmuring softly at her feet. The water was so cool, so free, so tender; it seemed to caress every pebble it passed by, to sing to every stone and to smile to the sky. There was nothing gross about that water. It seemed to forgive every boulder which crossed its path, which rejected it at right angles, and

appeared so absolutely self-contented as if it had done right. But the water answered back to it a sweet whisper, and continued farther its graceful curves. To feel restful, even when thwarted,—was it not simply sublime? Matilda began now to feel restful herself.

After a while she caught herself sighing. As all her wits were now exceedingly sharp and observant, she wondered what that sigh meant. If it meant rest, it meant longing also. What suggested it? Was it some whisper in the water, or the sighing of the wind playing with the tops of the trees as though inviting them to journey on with it?

She was looking at one spot in the water which was very still and silvery with the reflected sunlight shining through the leaves of the forest. The reflections seemed very playful, and the light danced upon the water. Fishes and birds darted through the shifting shafts of light. So life shifts, thought she. And then immediately she noticed an incongruity. Why, she had run away from monotony which was positively unpleasant, and now life appeared shifting. It is an enchantment of far distance, thought she. In that distance she could not distinguish clearly her life from that of others; she could not tell her very early years from the present. Details were dim, but the mental picture was very wide. It was poetical, too. Even unpleasant and dull incidents acquired some soft coloring from their more fortunate neighbors. Epochs of a dominant feeling colored whole sections of the vista.

She sighed again. Why sighed she? Had it not all passed already? Aye, it had passed, but it was not done away with. Hopes she had then, she had yet. Losses of yesterday she felt as losses of today also. Were they really passed? Will they ever be passed? Her two dear brothers, she remembered them so well, she saw them so clearly, their wit, their sparkling laughter, their free, sunny nature, as if it were only yesterday;—and to think that one accident, an upturned boat, and a memory only is left, as a window to look upon them,—a window often blurred by tears, indistinct, often obliterated altogether by the great sorrow. It happened only today, by this clear water, that the window was found clear and translucent. Dear brothers! so you are not gone, you are there yet, bright and sunny as before, as if yesterday. Oh! smile, smile to me again, crown my head with flowers, tell me stories to sleep, fan my face,—oh! how sweet, how good and dear you are, so you love me yet!

What is that? Oh! it is only a stone, slipped from under my foot into the water. What calm is around! Where are my brothers? Gone! Yes, gone. The window of memory is so fragile, so distracted. Oh that I could see them in reality again! Oh, if I could see them but once more! But, no! that great water, that black river into which memory peers and upon which it floats, is between us as some infernal stream, some Acheron, or Styx. O dark, dark water! do you unite or divide us, tell me, which? Now I ask, I implore you, tell me, which? No, it will not say, it is silent, it is

dark, it is nothingness, it will not shine of itself, it will not speak of itself, it simply reflects my own thought.

And yet it is so sweet, though hopeless.—a conundrum again, as all is in this life. Let me dream more, let me dream even these black dreams, what else have I to do today? But of what use? They will all pass away.

Thus long she sat and mused and sighed, until it seemed to her that all nature was sighing around her. It startled her. What is it? Oh! it is those foolish sighing winds, inviting the tops of the trees to travel on with them. Why? Whereto? It is everywhere the same.

Yes, the same sad story is everywhere, mused she, all this wide world through. Oo—oo! Oo—oo! answered the winds.

Now, for once I agree with you, continued she. Here was life, joy, happiness, apparent, visible, embodied,—there only films on the black water,—and even now they have gone, and only your mocking songs remain. And yet you are so serious that I long to chum with you; my head is so hot,—now cool me off.

And with these words she began to climb up the crest of the hill. She went slowly as if dispelling the dark memory of the past. She reached at last the top and sat down on an upturned tree, gazing into a great expanse of wooded country dotted with several lakes. The landscape breathed joy into her again and composed her. If that water could always be as bright, thought she. At least the possibility of the bright, blue, sunlit water, filled with the skies, dispelled her melancholy, generated by the dark waters of memory. Even the winds seemed here to sing more brightly and cheerfully. Thus she sat alone, between the windy heaven and the silent landscape all around her.

And she listened to the winds and viewed the quickly passing clouds in the wind's dominion where all was so changeable, so unsteady. Yet the wind is frank, thought she, and makes no pretense at steadiness. It travels all the world over, and seems fain to show to mortals the absolute worthlessness of it all. It simply mocks human existence. What use of despairing, of crying? Take me, O wind, to your free expansive kingdom! Give me a space of flight for my imagination! All this world is nothing but imagination. If it be real, why, it would last.

Thus she sat gazing at the clouds.

How fantastic! Just like another world, but the world of fancy, changing every minute. No pretense of reality in it all. See! those clouds to the North look like a flock of birds. There below to the West white-maned horses are seen, as if clattering on the skies, while knights come marching from the South.

Thus she sat and dreamed things that are not. And the trees above her head sang an accompaniment to it all. She built castles in the skies, and fought battles there, interpreting the clouds just as she pleased, always giving victory to the best and noblest. And the clouds seemed to obey

her. The black dragons gave way to the white ones. The dove triumphed over the vulture. Golden castles outlined against the setting sun stood the siege of all the dark demons gliding from the valley on their bat-like, noiseless wings.

At every victory the winds sang more joyfully. She saw once, so she fancied, a maiden of transcendent beauty. That is my angel, who will take me when I die, thought she. Then from below to the left she saw a black serpent uncoiling itself, dark, and reddish from the lower vapory rays of the sun. But the angel became golden. She was absorbed in their fight, and watched with trembling the issue. The black snake was engulfed in a mist rising from the valley. Then she glanced to the Northwest. There it seemed to her a cloud took on the form and face of her brother; he came near to her own angel in the skies; they seemed to clasp hands. Her joy as they met was supreme. She sent him a thousand greetings, and the clouds grew luminous and radiant. Now they are nearer the sun, all enveloped in golden fringes; they shine as if made of rosy vapor. What a wonderful color it is! Is not that the color of undying affection?

So she mused. The sun was setting; the wonderful rosy color enveloped the whole West. Ah! what beautiful, loving, peaceful light! Everything became dear to her. She watched the last rays of the sun with a feeling of infinite rest, so that her own heart seemed to glow with the same soft light.

After the sun had set and she was returning home, her heart was full of a radiant light and peace. This is then what my imagination has led me to. But no, it cannot all have been imagination, it was the way of the gods. Surely I am not worse or less than all those beings fighting in the skies. They have all passed away, absorbed by the setting sun, and some of the light of this sun I am carrying with me in my heart.

Now at last she felt truly rested.

She found Emma at home preparing the fishes for dinner. She embraced the confused German girl.

"Why," said Emma, "I caught only one fish, the others a boy gave me as a present."

"No, no, it is not fishes, Emma. Of course my golden fishes always won the battle against crabs and spiders,—it was not fishes but the beautiful sunset. Did you not see it?"

"What are you talking about, Miss Sarto? Were you at the theater? But there is no theater here. I think you must have been dreaming. If I were to dream, no fishes would be caught."

"But you say you got them from a boy."

"Oh! yes, Miss, that is so, so I did."

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## MAGHA,—ONE OF INDIA'S GREAT POETS.

By KALI SHANKA SHARMA.

**M**AGHA may be ranked as one of the greatest poets of India, the first great poet after Kali Das. His immortal work *Sisupâlvadha*, is the most precious jewel which still decorates India, which no foreigner can venture to snatch from her. Though India has been losing for centuries her diamonds, emeralds and other precious stones and has become now one of the poorest countries of the world, yet its real gems, not stones, the works of Kali Das, Bhavabhūti, Māgha, Sri Harsh, Bharvi, Vyāsa, Shankara, Kanad, Goutam and many other learned authors are not yet gone.

Māgha was born in the country of Gurjaras (now identified with Gujrat). He belonged to a race which, by its possessions and wealth and its official connection with the kings of India, had acquired great reputation. His grandfather was Suprabhur Dev, the minister of the King Dharmahābha. It is a matter of regret that nothing more is known about the poet than is found in *Bhoja Pravandha* and the poet's own work, *Sisupâlvadha*. He was contemporary with Rajah Bhoja, a celebrated king of Mālwā (or Dhârâ), who flourished about the end of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century.

His father, Dattak, had immense wealth. It is said that at the birth of Māgha, he invited many celebrated astrologers from all parts of India to examine the stars of the child. They said to him that his son, after enjoying the wealth that he would leave to him, and acquiring good reputation, was destined to suffer at the close of his life from some disease in his feet and then to die in extreme poverty and gloom. His father, thinking that a man could not live more than one hundred years, 36,000 days, put as many necklaces of invaluable pearls in separate boxes in preparation for the days of misfortune prophesied by the astrologers, and, having educated his son in the best possible way, he breathed his last, leaving a property a hundred times more valuable than that stored apart against poverty.

It was after the death of his father that Māgha began to write his great work, *Sisupâlvadha*, the composition of which won for him immortal fame. He was not one of those unfortunate poets whose works are bitterly criticised in their own days, and are admired only after their death. After the completion of his work he was at once regarded as the greatest poet of his age, and was visited by many men of letters. But Māgha's reputation was not only due to his unparalleled genius, but also to his exceedingly compassionate nature and unbounded benevolence. He considered it his first duty to assist the poor and the suffering. He never forgot throughout his life the great truth that it is only in rendering service to suffering humanity, in working for the welfare of others, that life is worthily spent, and that thus only can the

soul obtain complete and final victory over the lower animal nature in man, the cause of all sin.

I have said that Bhoja was the contemporary of Mâgha. This king was himself a poet and a great patron of Sanskrit learning. When Bhoja heard of the learning and the good merits of Mâgha, he invited him to visit him. Mâgha accepted the invitation. When he reached Mâlhwâ he was very courteously received by the king, who, when the dinner was over, seating Mâgha on a sofa side by side with his own, began to talk to him on certain pleasing topics. Next morning, Mâgha expressed to the king his desire to return home. Being accompanied by the king as far as the garden by the gate of the city, Mâgha also asked him to visit Sri Mâlhagara, where he resided. After some days, the king went to that city, where he received a cordial welcome from the poet. The king's army, which accompanied him as escort, was quartered in a house so big that each soldier had a separate room. The king was conducted to the stately palace of Mâgha, the floor of which was of gold. He was invited to bathe and then to go to the temple, a separate place of worship, the floor of which was so skillfully paved with emeralds and other precious stones that a new visitor would think that the temple was filled with water, the emeralds appearing to be the green, moss-like substance growing often on the surface of water. When the Rajah was about to raise up his Dhoti (a garment of worship, worn on the lower part of the body from the waist downward), he was informed of the real fact by the warden. Having performed his worship, he was requested to take his breakfast, which, to the astonishment of the king, was prepared especially of those delicious vegetables and fruits which were either unattainable at that season of the year, or hitherto alien to the taste of the king. Climbing up to the sleeping apartment at the top of the house, he saw there a collection of books, most of which he had never before seen. Though it was the winter season, it was so hot that night that he could not comfortably sleep until the servants began to fan him, and the sandal was applied to his breast. After staying many days, the king returned home.

The above description will serve to give the reader an idea of the immense wealth that Mâgha possessed. He may wonder how so rich a man could become poor. But Mâgha was compassion incarnate. It so happened that a terrible famine broke out in those days. Mâgha's house became an asylum to the hungry. The orphans and the shelterless women were given food and everything they needed. The number of the famished increased day by day. Wise suggestions that Mâgha was doing something beyond his power began to come from friends. But Mâgha's longing to feed the starving, however much it might cost him, was irresistible. At last, he spent all his wealth in saving the famine-stricken from starvation. The words of refusal, "Go away," he could never utter, for they were an arrow to his heart.

Now, when Mâgha had lost everything except a copy of his great work written by himself and became one of those who looked for help, he at once

resolved in his time of need to appeal to the assistance of his friend, the Rajah Bhoja of Mâlhwâ, by presenting him with his own book, *Sisupâlvadha*. He and his wife then departed, but not alone. The hungry whom they had comforted so long—how could they leave them? Alas! the pair that had never known sorrow, that had never had any longing that was not satisfied the moment it was felt—the same pair, followed by pale-faced men, feeble women and withered children, was now going on foot, without even a day's food, to ask for pecuniary help from a friend. Great is the law of Karma! Nevertheless their faces shone with heavenly light, they felt inwardly satisfied. Repentance they had not. A something unknown helped them. Perhaps in contrast with the ghost-like crowd at their back, there stood before them, what the material eye can only vaguely see, the smiling, glorious souls inhabiting heaven, telling them what they could not distinctly hear, "Your life is transient; your sorrows like your former joys, are fleeting. Come then with us and enjoy eternal happiness."

\*Reaching Mâlhwâ, Mâgha sat near the city gate. He sent his wife to the court of the king with a slip of paper on which was written a sloka (four lines) from his own poem. When the wife reached the court, the warden thus informed the king, "Mâgha, the best of Pandits, sits near the city gate. He has sent his wife here, who stands at the door." "Let her enter," said the king. Entering the court, the wife of Mâgha handed the letter to the king, who read:

"The white water-lily has lost its beauty. The lotus flowers are beginning to appear pleasant. The owl has become silent. The ruddy goose is happy. The moon sets. The sun rises. Ah! Karma, under the hands of heavy fate, bears fruit in different ways." (*Sisupâlvadha*, Canto 11, Sloka 64.)

Reading this beautiful description of dawn and the moral deduced therefrom, Bhoja gave her 300,000 Rs. and said, "Mother, I give this little sum only for the preparation of food. Next morning I shall come to fall at the feet of your husband."

Hearing the poor praise her husband, she gave all that sum to them while she was on her way to the gate of the city. Reaching that place, she informed her husband of all that had happened. "You are my fame incarnate," said Mâgha, but what shall we do now, as other beggars are coming?" Seeing Mâgha in that plight, a learned Brahman among that famine-stricken people said to him: "Having poured water on the mountains scorched by the rays of the summer sun, having freshened the woods stripped of their green by direful fire, having filled with water hundreds of tanks and rivers. O Cloud, thy emptiness now has become thy most valuable ornament!"

Upon this, Mâgha said to his wife, "O unhappy time, I have not a penny left now. Forlorn hope yet follows me. My mind, distracted though it be, is still desirous of feeding the poor. Begging is loss of good name, commit-

\*The remainder of the article, beginning here, is the author's own translation from "Bhoja Pranandha"—the Life of Rajah Bhoja.

ting suicide is a sin. O my soul, leave this wretched body of mine! Why dost thou delay? The waters of tranquillity have quenched the fire of poverty. But what thing in the world has power enough to extinguish the internal flame, which, being originated by the disappointed expectations of the hungry people, is bitterly feeding upon my heart. In this time of famine no one lends money. Alas! the king of the planets is setting now, and yet I have not given a bit of food to the poor. Life has now become burdensome to me."

Seeing Mâgha thus lamenting, the hungry crowd began to depart in tears. At this time Mâgha felt unbearable pain. "Away, away, my soul," he cried, "for the hungry in complete disappointment are leaving me. Thou shalt certainly depart one day, why not then on this occasion, when I sigh to follow the poor and when death is more welcome to me than ever?"

These were the last words of this great poet-philosopher. His prayer was accepted. It is needless now to linger too long at the death-bed of the hero by writing how his wife died after a few hours and followed her husband on his way to the glorious abode of the gods.

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## AWAKE, O AWAKE, MY SOUL!

By E. A. NERESHEIMER.

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**P**ROFOUND silence reigns as yet in the chambers of the soul. The hurly-burly of the crowding senses drowns the sweet harmonies of Heaven. Fear and ignorance confine the individual soul which is ever trying to express itself.

We complain that we know nothing of the nature of the soul; about life after death, spirituality, God and cosmos. It is true, the soul has not peeked out of its natural windows long enough to convince the ordinary mortal of its constant presence; and as to life after death, no one has ever come back to tell the entire story to the satisfaction of the physical, intellectual man. Spirituality, God and cosmos are no topics for our well-fed philanthropists, and they are good enough to be left alone by the indolent crowd. On the other hand, we go on day after day, year after year, tumbling over one another, trying to get hold of a new sensation, as if the happiness of the whole world depended upon it, forgetting, it seems, the experience that each such accomplishment leads but to another greater desire in the same direction. The only satisfaction is in the anticipation; when a wish is fulfilled, it always falls short of the contentment which it was expected to give. The charm is gone when we finally get what we wished for.

Following the irresistible impulse of human nature, we are constrained to be incessantly active, doing something; if nothing good, something bad. The waves of balance bring reward in due time for the good things, and punishment



for the bad things, and thus we are tossed hither and thither, creatures of changing feelings. Look where we may, no sign of relief; it seems as if we had to go on and on in frantic haste until we had reached an unbearable state when all should become raving mad, and heaven and hell tumble headlong into chaos.

Are there no teachers? Is there no philosophy? Will not the dead come back and tell the story?—the irony of it! They see no sun that are blind. No love those feel who hate. There is no teacher for those who deny!

The ancients symbolized the soul of man by a beetle, because that insect crawls with its head downward; it does not see the sky, being busy with its eyes fixed on the earth. Humanity does the same; its units do things that confine and limit them; whereas, if they chose to do what is exalted and worthy, they would become free. The perfected flower thrives easily wherever there are suitable primary conditions, such as soil, light and air. Its innate beauty bursts through somehow to the utmost possibility within the limits of its surroundings. When the soil is stony and poor, the plant is thwarted, mean and small, but it aims, nevertheless, to manifest all the beauty it can under the circumstances. So it is with the human soul, it tries and tries to express itself in the individual, to manifest its beauties to its utmost possibility. The energy to do this must be great indeed, when we consider what obstacles we put in its way to retard it; and still we see so much beauty expressed, though half hidden behind ugly masks. In the bringing up of our children natural tendencies are suppressed and pushed back as quickly as possible, consequently false notions take the place of intuition. Youth is passed in hard trials to the soul, one ideal after another being shattered by rude shocks from parents and companions, who try their best to laugh down and ridicule all the tender aspirations of love. Then comes the supreme effort of middle age; mostly struggle for existence. Fired into ambition by artificial surroundings, glitter, lust and passions, the poor Human is driven to exertion of mind and body, until he sinks down, most often a moral and physical wreck. Then comes a period of supreme discontent, the soul being buried deep beneath the rubbish of conventionalism, yet the divine nature looms up sometimes as from afar. Features, form and expression have by this time assumed the characteristics of the main sentiments marked by the life just passed. Turning back in retrospective view over the battle-field, we see a life spent in sham, mere sham, and looking ahead, what confronts us?—death! O horror! after all the tedious journey, no loving heart to console, no resting place for the weary head. “There is no future for me”; “the dead have not yet come back to tell me.” Oh, what a black picture!

When the life-cycle is about to close and the rush of passion and sensation has ceased, there comes a growing disposition to commune with nature. Yes, nature is beautiful, after all. It shows itself in eternal youth and freshness every day, as if just born; we sometimes see it that way during moments of exalted insight; we know then that these beauties are real, we feel its unending

glory; the bosom swells, the mind reels for joy, and—whiff—away goes all the beauty and glory, and darkness fills the place.

It could not be otherwise; we are but reaping what we have sown. We can hold such vastness of bliss but for a moment, having prepared no substance or organs to contain it; but for all that, a world of sweetness and joy unending lies concealed somewhere in the sanctuary of the inner man.

Awake then, awake, O thou, my Soul, awake ye faculties that thrill me through and through with longing to be free.

Must I wait till the hour of death?

The race, the methods, the whole social order,—all must be changed before Humanity can realize its well-being, which is nothing less than the recognition of the oneness of each individual with the Oversoul, the Great Self, Universal Brotherhood.

Institutions without number have experimented on the problem, but all have failed, because the fundamental knowledge of Brotherhood as a fact in nature was lacking. Meantime, the downward cycle of the descent of Spirit into matter has come to an end, and new elements of knowledge by direct perception are entering the mind of Humanity as factors of further evolution. Great souls are pressing to come to earth, awaiting proper conditions.

We may now faintly perceive the importance of the Theosophical Movement, which was founded in the year 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky to regenerate the world. Having the proper basis upon which to build the eternal and only true philosophy, that of Universal Brotherhood, it has by successive stages developed the ways and means on earth for the creation of the proper vehicle for the expression of the individual soul.

Katherine Tingley, that Helper of the Human Race, the active Leader, Guide and Protector of the "Orphan," Humanity, has this very day established on an undesecrated spot of the globe a new habitation, a world of its own. Children, yes, angels (compared to the infants and children of the outside world) are being brought up and educated there, according to the natural laws that govern physical, moral and spiritual life. These will be new vehicles of a coming race, unhampered by the gross, stifling atmosphere of modern life; a community of souls, free to love God and Man, unconscious of anxiety, worry or fear, spreading their beneficent aura of purity to touch all their brothers over the entire earth.

Awake!

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"On first awakening from my sleep, I should pray that every breathing thing may wake to saving wisdom, vast as the wide and boundless universe."

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## EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

- XIX. Romans Moving Eastward—Ptolemy V—The Rosetta Stone—Philometor and Euergetes—Pergamos and Its Rival Library—Kleopatra Kokkeia and Her Sons—Revolt in Upper Egypt—  
Final Destruction of Thebes.

**T**HE kings of Antiokhos and Philip V paid no heed to the mandate from Rome, but continued their operations against Egypt with no abating of energy. It was virtually their challenge for a conflict which was to prove the destruction of both their realms. The Romans, rallying from the calamities of the war with Hannibal, prepared for new ventures with that quiet resolution and effective preparation which enabled them to become the overlords and arbiters of nations. They sought no help from alliances, but engaged in conflict, relying on themselves alone.

The Athenians had been members of the Akhaian League, which the kings of Egypt had largely sustained by contributions. They now sent an embassy to Alexandria asking help against Philip. The Egyptian Council of State referred the matter to the Roman Senate and received instruction to leave the contest entirely to the Roman armies.

The Senate also sent a demand to Antiokhos that he should give up to the Roman people all the territory which he had taken from Egypt, declaring that it belonged to the Romans by the right of war. Upon receiving this message Antiokhos made peace, betrothing his daughter to Ptolemy, and setting apart the conquered provinces as her dower, to be delivered when the young king was old enough to be married.

Meanwhile affairs in Egypt had fallen into a deplorable condition. For a century and a half the country had been governed by Grecian rulers, entirely foreign and distinct from the native population, but they had made life and property safe, and suffered industry to enjoy a large share of its earnings. Now, however, the government afforded little protection, and its administration had become despotic and oppressive. The result of it was a general discontent which had developed into disaffection. Alexandria itself became like a volcano, ready at any time to burst forth into destructive eruption, while the whole Delta was awake for active demonstration. Anarchy and violence prevailed over Northern Egypt.

The former kings had organized a military body of Egyptians, in its form and discipline similar to the famous Macedonian phalanx. It now revolted and fortified itself at Lykopolis. There it was besieged by the royal troops and capitulated on promise that the lives of the men would be spared. The king, however, paid no attention to his oath, and they were punished.

A second rebellion was headed by Skopas, who had commanded the Eryp-

tian army against Antiokhos in Palestine. It was promptly crushed by the efficient measures of the minister Aristomenes. Not daring, however, to punish Skopas openly, the latter caused him to be immured in prison, where he died by poison.

Ptolemy was now fourteen, and the Council of State declared him of lawful age to reign. The ceremony of coronation took place at Memphis and was very imposing. The priests of Upper and Lower Egypt, including those engaged in the worship of the god-kings, took part in the proceedings, and the young king was invested with the *pschent* or double crown in the Temple of Ptah. After the crowning, the decree was promulgated of which the famous inscription on the Rosetta Stone was a copy. In it the numerous titles of royal distinction were given, and he was styled the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, the Son of Râ, the Living Image of Amun, the Beloved of Ptah, Ptolemy the Immortal, and Epiphanes the Most Gracious god. The names of the priests were also engraved, together with the command that worship should be performed to the statue of the king in all the temples, and that the image should be carried in all the religious processions. It was likewise ordered that a copy of the decree should be carved and put on every statue of the king, in the sacred or hieroglyphic characters, in the demotic or common writing, and in Greek.

The discovery of one of these inscriptions, the Rosetta Stone, by the French at the Fort St. Julien, has served through the efforts of Dr. Young and the Champollion brothers, to make the hieroglyphic and cursive writing, the ancient language and history of Egypt known to the modern world. Before them, all that was definitely understood was the folk-lore in the works of Herodotus and casual allusions in the historic literature of other countries. Even the Hebrew writings seemed to recognize little as pertaining to Egypt, except what occurred in northern districts. Since that period the woeful Hermetic prediction has been fulfilled: The Skyth, and the foreigner inhabit Egypt; fables alone remain of its former worship, which the men of the after-time have failed to comprehend, and words engraved in stone narrate the works of religion. But now, these words are becoming known, and from these inscriptions so long undecipherable, there has been disclosed a history and a religion so long unknown as to seem merely sacerdotal fiction.

The decree certainly recites the particulars of a moderate and excellent administration, the very reverse of the government of Ptolemy Philopator. Prisoners of state had been set free, religious worship maintained, the press-gang for the navy abolished, duties on exports lessened, and the temples enriched in accordance with the wishes of the pious grandfather of the king, "the god Euergetes."

This may all be true, but the minister Aristomenes, and not the king, deserved the credit. Ptolemy V soon began a vicious career, and when Aristomenes, at the reception of a foreign ambassador, awoke him while the man was speaking, he sentenced him to death by poison.

When Ptolemy was eighteen years old, Antiokhos sent his daughter into Egypt, and ostensibly delivered the provinces of Hollow Syria, Judea and Phœnicia, to the Egyptian generals. He was hardly sincere, however, in the transaction. No sooner had the marriage taken place when he again took possession of the provinces. He had expected that his daughter would mold her husband to his purposes, but Kleopatra instead of this, became the sincerest and wisest of his advisers.

Antiokhos was at war with the Romans, Ptolemy sent to Rome a thousand pounds of gold and twenty thousand pounds of silver to help the Republic against the common enemy. The Roman Senate returned the gift with thanks.

Two years later there was another rebellion of the Egyptians. It was suppressed by the Greek troops employed by the king, the rebels laying down their arms on the promise of a free pardon. Ptolemy, however, caused the leaders to be brought to him at Sais, where they were bound to the wheels of his chariot, dragged around the walls of the city and afterward put to death. He then embarked for Alexandria, where he celebrated a triumph.

All the foreign possessions of Egypt, except Cyprus and Libya, had been lost, and the Grecian cities left the alliance of Egypt for that of Rome. Antiokhos having died, Ptolemy contemplated making an expedition to recover the provinces. A general asking him how he expected to pay his troops, he replied that his treasure was the number of his friends. This gave the alarm that another "syntax" or contribution, would be imposed, and the apprehension was allayed by administering poison to the king. He died at the age of twenty-nine, having reigned twenty-four years, and left a navy without seamen, an army ready to revolt, a treasury empty, and a government everywhere out of order.

Two sons succeeded him. Both bore the name of Ptolemy, which now became a titular appellation like that of Cæsar afterward at Rome. Kleopatra the mother was regent while they were under age, and displayed superior wisdom and ability. At the end of seven years, the elder son, Ptolemy VI, also known as Philometor, from his affection for his mother, was declared to be of age, and was crowned accordingly.

While Kleopatra lived, Egypt was kept at peace with her brother, Antiokhos Epiphanes, the Macedonian king of Syria; but after her death the effort was made to regain the provinces that had constituted her dower. Egypt had not a sufficient army or navy, and Antiokhos routed the Egyptian forces at Pelusium in a pitched battle. He then marched to Memphis, where he made a captive of his nephew, Ptolemy Philometor.

The younger brother was with their sister Kleopatra at Alexandria. He immediately proclaimed himself king of Egypt, taking besides the designation of Ptolemy VII, the additional name of Euergetes. He is also known, however, as Physkon, "the pudding," from his huge size, a circumference of six feet. He sent ambassadors to Rome asking for help against Antiokhos. His advisers, however, were too much alarmed to wait for a reply. There were

ambassadors at Alexandria from Akhaia, Athens, Miletos and Klazomenæ. and they were persuaded to go to Memphis to treat with Antiokhos. They were courteously entertained, but the king denied that his father had given the provinces as his sister's dowry. He immediately began a siege of Alexandria, but was unable to reduce the city, and finally on the coming of an embassy from Rome with the command that he should desist from further hostilities, he returned to Syria. Euergetes was thus left king of the Greek population at Alexandria, while Philometor at Memphis was king of the Egyptians.

Antiokhos meanwhile carried away from Egypt whatever treasure and valuable articles he could find. He also left a garrison at Pelusium, which enabled him to invade Egypt at a more convenient opportunity. Philometor was not slow to perceive that his uncle was only seeking to make Egypt a Syrian province. He speedily engaged in negotiations with his brother and sister, the latter of whom was most active and zealous to reconcile the two. It was agreed that the two brothers should reign jointly, and Philometor married Kleopatra.

Antiokhos not long afterward renewed hostilities. Claiming Cyprus and the district around Pelusium, he led an army into Egypt, entered Memphis and marched toward Alexandria. The Roman ambassadors met him here and commanded him to quit the country. He demurred, however, and Popilius, one of them, drew a circle around him with a stick, and told him that if he should cross that line without a promise to leave Egypt, it would be taken as a declaration of war against Rome.

On his way home Antiokhos marched to Jerusalem. A rumor of his death had induced Joshua or Jason, a high priest whom he had deposed, to attempt the regaining of his former authority. The disturbance which Jason created was now construed by the king as a rebellion and he stormed the city, massacring eighty thousand of the inhabitants without regard to age or sex and consigning as many more to slavery. He also plundered the temple and public treasury, and issued a decree prohibiting the Jewish worship. The Hebrew Scriptures were sought out and burned, and the Dionysiac orgies and mystic observances were made, with the approval of the high priest, the religion of the land. Two years later "they set up the Abomination of Desolation upon the altar, and builded idol-altars throughout the city of Judea." Swine were sacrificed in the temple, as at the death and resurrection of Adonis, and the goddess Salambo was also characteristically honored.

The death of Antiokhos took place four years afterward, and Judas Makkabæos began a revolt. He reinstated the worship at the temple, made a new collection of the Hebrew Scriptures, and opened a friendly communication with the Jews of Alexandria. Among the number was Onias, the son of the former high priest, whom Antiokhos had removed to make way for Jason. He had obtained permission from Philometor and Kleopatra to take possession of the temple-precinct of the goddess Sekhet at Leontopolis, and erect a new temple

for the Jewish worship. The result was a breach between the Jews of the respective countries, and "they each altered the word of the Bible to make it speak their own opinions."\* To this controversy the fact is largely due that the Greek text which was prepared in Egypt differs very considerably from the Hebrew version.

War broke out between the two brothers, and Euergetes drove Philometor out of the kingdom. He went to Rome where he found his uncle Demetrios seeking to obtain Syria by the help of the Romans. The Senate soon determined that Philometor should reign over Egypt, and Euergetes in the Kyrenaika. Euergetes became a supplicant in his turn and procured from the Senate the addition of the island of Cyprus to his dominion. While in Rome he offered marriage to Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, but for her a throne had few temptations.

Philometor would not give up Cyprus; and the inhabitants of the Kyrenaika, hating Euergetes for his vices and cruelty, rose up in arms against him. He was barely able to put them down. He then went to Rome and imputed it all to his brother.

The Senate ordered the ambassadors of Philometor to leave Rome in five days, but barely gave authority to Euergetes to hire troops and fight the matter out. Several battles took place, in all of which Philometor was victorious, and at the last made his brother a prisoner. He then generously forgave him everything, replaced him on the throne of the Kyrenaika, promised him his own daughter, Kleopatra, in marriage, and after that sent him a gift of corn every year.

The coins of Ptolemy VI have his portrait on one side, and the eagle on the other, with the inscription in Greek, "Ptolemaios the mother-loving god."

His reign was marked by the notable men who flourished at the time. Among them were Bion the philosopher, Aristarkhos the grammarian, Pamphilos the physician, Hipparkhos the astronomer, Markhos the poet, and Hero the mechanic and inventor. To Aristarkhos we are indebted to the present copies of Homer, with the interpolations added, and the *digamma* omitted. Pamphilos wrote a treatise on medicine and medicinal plants, and also included charms and incantations adopted from the Hermetic books. Hipparkhos was the inventor of mathematical astronomy and gave a new direction to study and observation. Markhos, however, enjoyed most favor of all, for his "Dirge of Adonis." Yet Hero ought to have more admiration in modern times for his works on pneumatics and his discovery of the mechanical force of steam.

Monastic life had been a feature in sacerdotal discipline at the temples of Egypt for uncounted centuries. The children of priestly families were dedicated every year to spend their youth in such retirement. Monks thus abounded, and nuns were also numerous. To be wife to a god was to live a celibate. The monastic influence spread to other races, and in Northern Egypt was developed the sect of Therapeutæ that Philo described, and perhaps the Essenes of Judea.

\*Samuel Sharpe: "History of Egypt," x, 25.

The institution passed a few centuries later from the temple to the church, with various peculiarities. The sacred precinct of Serapis, had also its monks of the Greek race living in religious idleness. This aroused the jealousy of the native Egyptian celibates, who regarded them as interlopers and neglected no opportunity to revile and ill-treat them till they were obliged to ask the king to protect them.

The later years of Philometor were disturbed by treachery. After he had defeated his brother in Cyprus he made Arkhias governor of the island. It now came to his ears that Demetrios had plotted against him and that he had agreed to give up the island to Syria. At the discovery of this treachery, Philometor united with the kings of Pergamos and Kappadokia in favor of Alexander Balas who claimed the throne of Syria as a son of Antiokhos Epiphanes. The allies were successful and Demetrios fell in battle. The new monarch of Syria conferred upon Jonathan, the brother of Judas Makkabæos, the office of high priest of Judea, with full civil authority, making him "a duke and sharer of his dominion." Two years afterward the nuptials of Alexander were celebrated with the Princess Kleopatra, the daughter of Philometor, and Jonathan was an honored guest of the two kings at Ptolemais.

Three years now passed, when the prince Demetrios came from Krete to recover the throne of Syria. Philometor hastened from Egypt to the help of Alexander, but at Ptolamais he learned of the plot of Ammonios to assassinate him. Alexander would not punish the offender and Philometor at once turned against him. He took away his daughter and offered her in marriage to Demetrios as the surety of his alliance. Demetrios accepted the proposal. Ptolemy marched to Antioch and was immediately proclaimed king of Syria. He declined in favor of Demetrios, and the two kings now joining their forces in battle utterly routed the army of Alexander. The defeated prince escaped into Arabia, where he was immediately put to death and his head sent to Ptolemy.

But the days of Ptolemy Philometor had also come to their end. His horse had thrown him during the battle, fracturing his skull. The surgeons were about to remove the fragments when the head of Alexander was brought to him. But it was no time for triumph; the king expired during the operation. He was forty-two years old.

Demetrios treated the Egyptian troops with contumely and they now returned home in disgust.

Thus fell the last of the worthy kings of the Ptolemaic Dynasty. In character and action he was another Ptolemy Soter. He began his reign with his country overrun by foreigners and torn by civil war, and he restored and maintained it in order and peace. He was brave, gentle and superior to selfish ambition. When his brother, who had intrigued and fought against him, fell into his power, he forgave him; when the crown of Syria, which would have given him dominion of the East, was placed on his head, he refused it; and during the thirty-five years of his reign he never inflicted the penalty of death.

His queen, Kleopatra, immediately proclaimed his son, Ptolemy Eupator,



king of Egypt, but Euergetes hastened to Alexandria, to take possession of the throne. The mob supported his pretensions; but the generals of the army, both of them Jews, Onias, the founder of the new Hebrew temple, and Dositheos, upheld the queen and royal prince. Euergetes was about to seek his revenge upon the Jewish population, but Thermus, the Roman ambassador, interposed. It was stipulated by him that Euergetes should be king and should marry Kleopatra. The nuptials were celebrated accordingly, but the young prince was murdered the same day. Alexandria was delivered over to the soldiery and the Jews were in imminent danger of general massacre. So many of the better inhabitants left the city that it was in danger of being depopulated.

The next year he was crowned at Memphis, and soon afterward he put away his wife and married her daughter, Kleopatra Kokkaia. These acts aroused the attention of the Roman senate. Thermus was called home to account for his conduct and was accused by Cato, the censor, of having received bribes and betrayed the queen of Philometor. Scipio Africanus, the younger, was sent to Egypt with two other ambassadors to arrange the affairs of the kingdom.

Meanwhile the Romans had recognized the endeavors of the Makkabæan princes to emancipate Judea. The Senate transmitted a command to Demetrios II and to Ptolemy Euergetes to make no war upon the Judeans. Jonathan the high priest had been assassinated, and Simon the statesman of the family had now succeeded. Demetrios accordingly issued a decree acknowledging the entire independence of Judea. Money was now coined at Jerusalem, and legal papers were dated from the first year of Simon the high priest. But no additions were made to the Sacred Writings, which Judas Makkabæos had collected. The "Canon" was closed, as the Aramaic dialect now used was considered profane and not suitable for a standard book. The books which had been written at Alexandria, "the Apocrypha," being in Greek and often permeated with the Platonic philosophy, were never acceptable to the Judean and Babylonian Hebrews. The treatise on "Wisdom" by Jesus the son of Sirakh, was completed in his reign and added to the Alexandreian collection.

The vices and cruelty of the king made his government intolerable to the Egyptians. The public money was used for his pleasures, while the soldiers were left unpaid. Hierax, the general, was able for a time to restrain them, but finally an uprising took place at Alexandria; the mob set fire to the royal palace and forced the king to flee to Cyprus. Kleopatra, the repudiated queen, was seated on the throne. Upon the celebration of her birthday, Euergetes placed the head, hands and feet of their son in a box and sent it to be delivered to her in the midst of the feast.

Civil war followed. The army of the queen was defeated on the Syrian frontier. Kleopatra sent for help to her son-in-law, Demetrios II, but he was called home by a rising in Antioch. The Egyptians, however much they hated a tyrant, hated worse the peril of becoming subjects of the king of Syria.

Kleopatra fled to her son Ptolemy and son-in-law Demetrios II, at Antioch, and Euergetes regained the throne of Egypt. Affairs in Syria at this time

were greatly complicated, and Euergetes took advantage of the opportunity. Demetrios had been once driven from Antioch by Tryphon, and afterward became a prisoner to the Parthians. While in captivity he married the daughter of the Parthian king, at which his queen, the daughter of Philometor, was exasperated and became the wife of Antiokhos Sidetes, his brother, who was occupying his throne. After the death of Antiokhos in battle, Demetrios returned to Antioch, but now his arrogance and cruelty were so intolerable that his subjects asked Euergetes to give them another king, of the Seleukid family. He chose for them, Alexander Zebina, a native of Alexandria, pretending that he had been acknowledged by Antiokhos Sidetes. Demetrios was defeated, and coming to Ptolemais, where Kleopatra his former queen was in authority, she refused to let him come into the city. He went to Tyre where he was put to death by the governor; for which act Tyre was released from her dependence.

Euergetes soon found that the new king of Syria was no longer subservient to him, and that he must make his peace with the queen Kleopatra. She was invited home and her regal rank fully acknowledged.

Euergetes then married his daughter Tryphæna to Antiokhos Gryphos, the son of Demetrios II. and the daughter of Philometor, and aided him to expel Alexander and seat himself on the throne of Syria. This prince having offended his mother she prepared a bowl of poison for him, but he was aware of her purpose and forced her to drink it herself.

Ptolemy Euergetes had been a pupil of Aristobulos a Jew of the School of Aristotle, and of Aristarkhos the editor of Homer, and besides, he was himself an author and lover of learning. He would discourse till midnight upon a point of history or a verse of poetry. But the learned men, few of whom were natives, left Egypt to teach in other countries. As the taking of Constantinople operated to diffuse knowledge over Europe and bring about the Renaissance, so the cruelty of Ptolemy VII spread learning over all the region of the Mediterranean, by driving to it the philosophers, geometers, physicians, and scholars of every kind.

A rival School and Library came into existence. At Pergamos in Mysia was a temple of Æsculapios, which was among the most celebrated in the world. Multitudes came to it for healing and diversion. Kings Attalos and his son Eumenes II conceived the notion of founding a library and school of philosophy which should rival Alexandria. The concourse of scholars from Egypt aided the purpose. Two hundred thousand volumes were collected, when the jealousy of Euergetes was aroused, and he attempted to put a stop to it by prohibiting the export of papyrus. It did not stop the enterprise, but necessitated the procuring of another material for writing. The copyists now made use of prepared skins of sheep, which thus acquired the name of "*Charta Pergamene*," or parchment. The ambition of the monarchs was gratified; Pergamos became a seat of science and the arts, and so continued till foreign conquest put a stop to it.

Ptolemy Euergetes reigned twenty-nine years after the death of Philometor. He was a disagreeable spectacle, diseased in body, walking on crutches and compelled to wear a loose robe on account of his unwholesome accumulation of flesh. At his death he bequeathed the kingdom of Egypt to his widow, Kleopatra Kokkeia, and to the one of his two sons whom she might select. There were also three daughters who now began their part in history—Kleopatra, who had been already married to their older brother; Tryphæna, the wife of Antiokhos Gryphos, the king of Syria, and Selenê.

It was a family distinguished for the hatred between its several members, the brothers detesting each other, the sisters rivals to one another to the utmost, and the mother feared and unloved by them all. The dragon's teeth of hate had been sown, and now began to yield a harvest of armed men, with war, rapine and murder.

The queen desired to place her younger son, Ptolemy Alexander, upon the throne as her colleague. The Alexandreians, always inflammable and ready for any uprising, compelled her to appoint the other. She made it a condition, however, that he should divorce his wife Kleopatra, with whom he was contentedly living, and marry Selenê, the younger sister. She had given him the name Philometor after her father, but he is better known in history as Lathyros, from the print of a leaf of vetch upon his face, made in honor of Osiris. At his coronation, however, he took the name of Ptolemy Soter II. Despite his designation of Philometor or "mother-loving," he was always on hostile terms with the queen; they lived apart hating each other.

Kleopatra, the repudiated wife, set out to revenge herself upon her family. She married Antiokhos Kyzikenos the son of Antiokhos Gryphos, who was endeavoring to win the kingdom of Syria from Gryphos, her sister's husband. She raised an army in Cyprus to help him, but they were defeated, and the city of Antioch captured. Kleopatra fled to the temple of Apollo and Artemis for asylum, but Tryphæna insisted that she should be put to death. Gryphos demurred, both at the cruelty and the sacrilege, but she was inexorable. Kleopatra, at her command, was murdered as she clung around the statue of the goddess. But Tryphæna reaped as she had sown. In another battle, Kyzikenos was victorious, and avenged his wife by putting the sister herself to death.

A war broke out in Palestine which brought the animosity of the Egyptian queen and her son Lathyros into open conflict. Johanan Hyrkanos the son of Simon was high priest and had again made Judea an independent state. He besieged Samaria, and Kyzikenos, who had come to the aid of the Samaritans, had been defeated by his sons. Lathyros the former husband of Kleopatra then sent a force of six thousand Egyptians with whom Kyzikenos ravaged Judea.

The establishment of an independent government at Jerusalem had served to enhance the prestige of the Jews living in Egypt. The queen had accordingly made Hilkihah and Hanan her confidential advisers, and commanders of her army. They were the sons of Onias, the founder of the new temple, and were descended in direct line from the former high priests in Judea. They induced

her to engage in direct action against the invasion of Judea by Lathyros. She was now able to displace him from the throne of Egypt, and to make his brother, Ptolemy Alexander, king in his place. She also took from him his wife Selenê and her two children, and appointed him king over Cyprus.

Open hostilities promptly broke out between them. Jonathan, or Alexander Jannæos, as he is generally called, had become king of Judea, and led an army against Ptolemais. Lathyros came from Cyprus and drove him back, finally routing him in a pitched battle. Kleopatra immediately marched an army into Palestine, upon which Lathyros led his forces directly toward Egypt. Hilkiah the Egyptian general hastened to intercept him and defeated him, but fell himself in the conflict. Ptolemais surrendered to Kleopatra and in her exultation, she proposed to annex Judea. Hanan, however, dissuaded her, and she made a treaty of alliance with Alexander Jannæos.

She now turned her attention to Syria and gave her daughter Selenê in marriage to the king Antiokhos Gryphos, aiding him with her army. Meanwhile, Ptolemy Apion, king of the Kyrenaika, died, bequeathing his kingdom to the Romans. He was a son of Euergetes, and had been more or less supported by them in his dignities. The Senate then declared the country free, meaning that it had become separate from Egypt, and under Roman protectorship.

Ptolemy Alexander became impatient of his subjection to his mother. She had preferred him before his brother Lathyros, because he was more flexible and compliant with her will. He dared not attempt a contest with her openly, and his only course was to escape from her power. Kleopatra was apprehensive of the result of conflict with both sons, and sent messengers to him with glowing promises, to persuade him to return. Of course her confidence in his subserviency was shaken, and he knew that she would procure his death. He sought to foil her by counter-plotting, and was the more successful of the two. Kleopatra was murdered immediately after his arrival in Egypt, having reigned twenty-eight years.

Ptolemy Alexander gained little by his matricide. He had been the puppet of his mother for twenty years, and he now reigned alone a single season. He had no qualities that awoke love or even respect. He was the most vicious of all the Ptolemies, and was utterly debilitated by disease and sensuality. He walked on a crutch like his father, yet at his feasts he would rise from the couch and dance with his companions. The Alexandreians became disgusted, and rose up in fury against him, while his soldiers refused to obey his orders. He made his escape by sea to Lykia, but when crossing to Cyprus, was met by an Egyptian fleet and killed in battle.

Lathyros was then invited by the Alexandreians to return to Egypt and occupy once more the throne. He had exhibited few comparatively of the faults that so conspicuously characterized his family, he had successfully resisted his mother, and he had never invaded the country with a hostile army.

The Egypt of the Delta, so largely peopled by inhabitants of different races.

European and Asiatic, accepted him at once, but the Egyptians of the South, of purer race and indigenous custom, rebelled. They had been subject to their Greek masters for two and a half centuries, and had patiently borne political servitude and heavy taxation; but under the administration of Kleopatra Kokkeia, there had been developed an overbearing tyranny even less endurable than what had been before experienced. The revolutions at Alexandria seemed now to offer some opportunity for successful revolt.

It proved a terrible delusion. During the three years that followed, Ptolemy Lathyros marched his armies from the north against the insurgent cities. The conflict was hard-fought. The native Egyptians were making a hard struggle in behalf of their religion, their homes, their personal freedom. They fought with the energy of a desperate people. The temples in every city were so many castles which had been hard to assail and easy to defend. But they had been built to resist the warlike operations of former periods, and were not equal to the later devices of Grecian warfare. For three years the devoted people contended, perished by thousands and thousands. They yielded slowly to the greater skill and numbers. One by one the revolting cities were taken, and then the conquerors tore away the massive walls of the temples, in order that they might never again serve as fortresses for defense. Ruin everywhere marked the presence of the Greek mercenaries. Civil war is always more cruel, more destructive, more diabolic than the conflicts of nations. Ptolemy Lathyros now inflicted on Thebes and the other revolting cities a destruction, such as no other conqueror, however savage in his temper, had ever ventured upon.

The Memnonium which Amunhetep had constructed so elaborately in honor of his royal master; Karnak, where Thôthmes and his successors had so abundantly bestowed their treasures to embellish it as an imperishable monument; the remains of palaces and temples show to the present day the terrible devastation which a king of Egypt wrought upon his people. The wide acres still covered with these remains exhibit the former greatness of the Southern metropolis and indicate the prodigious force employed for its overthrow.

Thebes never again appeared upon the pages of history. "The City," the glorious place where Amun-Râ, the Occult Source and Creator, was honored, existed no more.

"I have seen," says the Caledonian monarch Fion-Gael, "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Klu was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head, the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass waved above his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers."

Such, likewise, is the story of the Great City of the South. Thebes had seen the childhood of what we call Ancient History; it began its career at a period of which the very record has crumbled from hoary age. Cities like Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra and Baal-bek were built, flourished fell and perished from human memory; but Thebes was standing before them all in the full glory of age. Now, now, what is left? From generation to generation it has laid waste; it is a resort of dragons and a court for owls. Lilith herself rests there, it has become her abode. From it has been cut off the name and remnant, son and nephew; and it has been swept by the besom of the destroyer. The Arab pitches his tent where once stood the palace of Thôthmes and Sethi; the pillars of Karnak are slowly giving way, but they are still waiting to tell their tale to those who shall call us "the ancients."

## CONSISTENCY IN THEOSOPHICAL WORK.

By PAX DRANOEL.

“Don't be consistent, but be simply true.”—O. W. HOLMES.

“To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.”

—ECCLESIASTES III, 1-4.



**T**HAT consistency which denotes the harmony of a man's conduct with the principles that he professes to make the rule of his life, is not the subject-matter of this article, but rather the question as to whether a man should aim at a sustained similarity of conduct through life, so that the acts of one year should repeat the acts of the preceding years; whether, in short, a man should be consistent with his past.

Now theosophical work should include all that we do, for all actions should be begun, continued and ended in harmony with Divine Law, and performed not for self-benefit, but for the good of the whole. Most men divide life into two parts, the religious life, which consists in attending the services of some church, and the secular life made up of business, pleasures, and family intercourse; but I need hardly stop to point out that all of life should be religious and should be lived in the conscious presence of the Supreme.

Consistency in theosophical work does not mean a slavish adherence to precedent, a mechanical repetition of past actions, and a rigid attention to certain rules of conduct drawn up and self-imposed at the time when first we began to take life seriously.

To construct a cast-iron set of regulations and then make the remainder of our life a constant effort to carry them into effect, may seem at first sight a praiseworthy endeavor, but a little reflection will show this to be a lazy device to save trouble, and to shuffle through existence in the enjoyment of the reputation of respectability, with the least possible exertion, or effort in the use of the discriminating faculty.

To live by rule is easy, but to be guided by the living principle of Brotherhood and Harmony, is difficult.

Our acts are right or wrong, according as to whether they do or do not harmonize with the prevailing conditions at the time of their performance.

The need of studying an appropriate time for the performance of a kind action is humorously pointed out in Proverbs XXVI, 14, where we are told “He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him.” With the best intentions

people are always doing things like this. They have formed a habit of speaking words of cheer; have cultivated a bright smile and a high-pitched voice intended to convey the impression of joyousness, and then, regardless of times and places and the moods of friends, they go about like Solomon's fool, debiting their account in the Karmic ledger with a long, long column of "curses," for—

"Evil is wrought,  
For want of thought,  
As well as want of heart."

We find then that we may be full of love for Humanity, and willing to sacrifice everything rather than break one of the least of our rules, and yet—and yet, for want of tact and rare discrimination, we may become as walking firebrands and disturbers of harmony wherever we go. Our present conduct is perfectly consistent with our past life, and with our set of rules, why then do we so lamentably fail?

Because the consistency we should aim at is harmony with the Soul of Nature, and the consistent man is he who "consists" or stands together with his surroundings, stays in his place and performs his part, in perfect interdependence with the other parts of the great scheme in which he lives, and moves, and has his being.

"But how shall we know," cries the man of rules, "right conduct from wrong conduct, if we neglect to teach our children the Ten Commandments, those excellent precepts so appropriate to the lips of babes and sucklings, which form such a sure defense of public morality, and have kept our nurseries forever free from murder, stealing, profane swearing, idol-worship and Sabbath-breaking, and which should stand till the end of the world as a light to guide, and a beacon to warn the sinful generations of the time to come"? To which I make reply that no man ever yet refrained from theft or murder because his brain had memorized these rules. The power that keeps life sweet and beautiful is the heart force, and children reared from birth in an atmosphere of harmony, performing their duties in the spirit of loving service for the Soul of the World will never wander far from the path of duty and will live their lives in a natural and spontaneous spirit of mutual helpfulness and brotherhood.

And now, lest any should take fright at what may appear heretical or unscriptural doctrine, let me quote a passage from one whose words carry weight in orthodox circles: "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law. For this, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet, and if there be any other commandment, it is summed up in this word, namely, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

But it is not easy for those grown grey in trying to conform to rules, to set them suddenly on one side, and leaving the old familiar roads and pathways, float into the air, upheld by nothing more substantial than the

feathery pinions of the intuition, and with no chart more precise than the homing instinct of the pigeon.

To act without rule we must develop conscience, we must learn to hear the voice of the soul, which speaks in trumpet tones indeed, but drowned in most of us by the confused clamor of the mob of desires and passions ceaselessly surging in the lower mentality. We must attain the child-state we have lost ere the first sound can strike upon our ear. Oh, for that close adjustment between ourselves and the World Soul, by which we should know infallibly how to do the right thing, in the right way, in the right time and at the right place; for then should we always act "consistently" with Nature and her changing states and moods, and then, though viewed in fragments, our life might seem a thing of shreds and patches; yet seen entire, it would appear as a living harmony and a consistent whole.

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## OBSERVED AND OBSERVERS.

By T. W. WILLANS.

**E**VERYTHING we say and do is observed, recorded, and our portion is allotted by the never failing laws of Nature. In 1896-7 the great Theosophical Crusade went around the world to proclaim its message of Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity. A certain number of people composed the crusade body. They were the cynosure of every Theosophical eye whether genuine or only wearing the Theosophical uniform, in each country they traveled through. In fact, it is hard to say where the observation ended; for it was one of the great beginnings of a stupendous work, hoped for and worked for by many a heart in their various posts of duty, all over the whole round world.

This Crusade was nothing less than an immediate cause for a universal and practical beginning of the regeneration of the whole of humanity, led up to by certain work done for this end during ages past, by the wise ones of the world. This has been said before by many people in various nations, both from their heart and from their head, but let us say it again, and yet again, till the whole wide world rings with the Truth and all men come into the heritage thereof.

The old, old records of thousands of years ago, the sacred books of all nations and races, have spoken of it as a thing to be done. Ever since the first word of that promise was published, the mighty spiritual will has steadily and surely and continually been setting in motion those causes in the hearts of men which should result in the accomplishment of that promise. One of the grandest effects, which in its turn has become one of the mightiest causes, that the world has ever seen, was the successful linking of the nations, in their common divine destiny, as receivers and



givers of "Truth, Light and Liberation, for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures."

The beginning of any great work, especially when the hearts of men are concerned, cannot be seen by all. The work of the Crusade was to bring Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity, but it is not said that all have yet consciously received this message or that all have as yet participated in it. But if there were only one soul, and there have been many, in each nation which received it and held to it, then the first link was forged between the soul of that nation and its fellow nations and the soul of all humanity. Such a link has been forged and is the earnest of the new day when all men shall recognize, "the fundamental identity of all souls with the universal Oversoul," which is one of the great basic truths on which the work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is built. Men and women throughout the world are beginning to recognize this basic truth, this fact of Brotherhood, not merely as a mental abstraction, but as a living power in their daily life. Thus consciously are human hearts being linked together into one Great Heart and human lives into one universal chord, a focus and operating base for the Oversoul, and through which may be brought into activity its beneficent influences for the welfare of humanity.

Such a soul as can accomplish this linking of souls and hearts in their Spiritual nature is, of its own demonstration, a link between humanity and the Wise Ones and Helpers of the race, and shows itself thereby to be one of those Helpers. This is the golden chain of active consciousness reaching from the highest spiritual power in the Universe to the lowliest human heart and life, and to the realms below, to all that lives and breathes. This is the rationale in brief of loyalty to true spiritual Teachers and Leaders. As it is a matter of the heart, this loyalty cannot be imitated in times of action. The true devotion of that force generator will be attracted to that divine power which inspires it. For, as the old proverb says, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

The first great work of the Crusade is an accomplished fact, and through its action those who have come under its influence have taken their stand either for or against the Brotherhood of Humanity.

William Q. Judge in one of his writings, describes Nature's method of evolution as applied to the human species as mixture, precipitation and separation. He says, "At the present time the seven races are mixed together and representatives of all are in the many so-called races of men as classified by our present science. The object of this amalgamation and subsequent differentiation is to give to every race the benefit of the progress and power of the whole derived from prior progress in other planets and systems. For Nature never does her work in a hasty or undue fashion, but by the sure method of mixture, precipitation and separation brings about the greatest perfection."

As the Universal Brotherhood is an Organization on the lines of Nature and not in any way supernatural, fanciful or unnatural, the methods of its evolution are subject to natural law. So we have the process of "mixture, precipitation and separation." This can be observed throughout the history of the Movement and it is easy to discern the divine compassion at the heart of this great law of Nature, giving aid to the weak, uniting, purifying and making strong all those who, with true devotion and loyalty, work for the uplifting of the race, sifting from the ranks all whose motives are selfish and base.

A significant fact, well known to all observant workers and of great importance and unailing in its occurrence, proven in all instances, is that the attitude of the members and the public toward the three Leaders and Teachers of the Theosophical Movement is an index of their true attitude toward the Movement itself and toward Brotherhood and all that makes for the uplifting of Humanity. Thus it has been invariably the case that every one who has opposed these Leaders or any one of them, viz., H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, after having become members of the Theosophical Society, and the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and failing to take the opportunity of living in accordance with the high principles therein inculcated, failing to follow the dictates of their higher natures, has sooner or later publicly recorded himself or herself as an enemy to the work. This is but the natural process of the shining of the light by which all the things of darkness are revealed in their true natures. Life comes through the heart, and our three Leaders in succession, being the heart and life of this great cause, the whole Movement derives its life and power through them. He who opposes them opposes the Movement, and identifies himself as against the work. Words count for nothing, it is easy enough to talk, as the whole world knows, but it is the motive finding its expression in the act which reveals the true nature.

Neither money, nor literary ability, nor eloquence, nor worldly influence, nor all the powers of craft and delusion, have succeeded or can succeed against this work or its Leaders, or destroy their work for the spiritual regeneration of mankind. The Theosophical Crusade was one of the signs of the times and that which, through it and since, has taken place in the Organization, has also been taking place in the world at large. Everywhere not only individuals but nations and peoples are ranging themselves on the side either of right and good and the uplifting and true progress of humanity through its conquest of all the lower elements in life and Nature, or on the side of evil and the enslavement and debasement of all that is true and good and noble.

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## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

THEOSOPHISTS AND THE BIBLE.

"To study ancient and modern religion."—Subsidiary purpose of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and the Theosophical Society.



WE HAVE received a letter asking why Theosophists do not indorse the Bible. In answer to this, we ask a rather surprised question: Why should anyone infer that we do not indorse the Bible? All of our authorized publications show that we are seeking not to tear down or regard lightly any religion, but rather to bring out more fully the life of all. Inasmuch as we attempt this for every religion, it is hardly likely that the Christian—that which is perhaps the most dear to the largest number of Theosophists, should be passed by.

Our whole movement is based on a belief in Great Souls, of whom Jesus of Nazareth was one—who are constantly guiding evolution, and who from time to time come upon earth in human bodies. What the Theosophists protest against is exclusiveness in religion. They believe that Christians have belittled their own in asserting that during the immense periods of time which have passed since the earth was formed, and among the millions upon millions of souls who have inhabited it, that only once, in the comparatively short time of less than 2000 years ago, a Savior came among men.

Such a conception dwarfs the mind by holding it down to a point, and encourages a feeling of aloofness rather than sympathy with our brothers of other races. That which may have given to some minds the suggestion that Theosophists do not indorse the Bible is the especial attention that has been paid to ancient literature and religions. But it can easily be understood that if there has been a loss of the sense of proportion, it is necessary to first bring out to their proper places the neglected details, in order to gain a true idea of the whole or any part.

Imagine for a moment a tree composed of leaves each differing from the others, and conceive that each leaf possessed especial properties for a certain people, providing its true inner nature were understood by that people. What would we think of the intelligence of any tribe who confined its study entirely to that leaf, and refused to perceive the rest of the great tree? Could we expect them to progress far in a study even of their own leaf?

So we believe that it is only through a study of all religions that we can truly appreciate our own sacred scriptures, and clear away from their pages the misconceptions which have for so long been tarnishing the pure gold of truth which they contain.

G. V. P.

In what way does "The Law of the Conservation of Energy" apply to daily Theosophic life?

The Law of the Conservation of Energy may be briefly summed up as follows:

The energy existing in the Universe is a fixed and unvarying amount that can neither be added to nor diminished, but which may be changed from one mode of manifestation to another. Thus the heat latent in coal may be used to generate steam; the steam may be led into an engine that runs a dynamo; the dynamo converts mechanical motion into electricity, which in its turn may give rise to light or heat. Now man, like the Universe, has a certain amount of energy at his disposal which may be used on any one of the three planes of his being. He may expend his life-force in the world of Soul. He may glow with an ardent love for humanity. He may throb with the strong pulse of good-will to all that breathes, and concentrate all his power in aspiration to unite himself with the Divine.

Or again, he may decide to set his brain to work on intellectual problems, to the weaving of ingenious theories, or the classification of facts, and thus devote his life-force to brain activity.

Or as a third course open to him, he may prefer to convert his life-force into motive power for his muscles and give himself up to the practice of athletics. And thus we see that Soul, Mentality, or Body may each afford an outlet for the pure, uncolored life-force which he receives into himself from the Great Fountain of Life.

Now the question confronting us is this: Seeing that our strength is a fixed, unvarying amount, how can we best use it to advance the highest good of ourselves and others, and avoid its diversion into unworthy channels?

Perhaps the most appalling waste of vital force takes place in the world of desire; for a little consideration will suffice to convince us that we are most of us desiring one thing or another, for the greater part of our waking hours. To dwell in thought upon a pleasant object is to desire it, to dwell in thought upon an unpleasant object is aversion, or the negative pole of desire, and this involves as great an expenditure of our precious energy as does the ardent longing to enjoy a pleasure.

And thus we travel through the day forever oscillating between the two poles of desire, now trying to pull a pleasure toward us, and now attempting to repel a pain. Oh for some delicate instrument to record the force thus squandered through the hours of a single day! We should, I think, get a wholesome shock which might, perhaps, bring about a reformation. Upon this Law is based the teaching of all religions as to contentment and calm, and a patient acceptance of the events of life; for can we climb the steep ascent of the mountain path if we are all the time running after gay butterflies or rushing in terror from every snake or scorpion that crosses our path? The Bhagavad Gita describes the wise man as one who "doth

not rejoice at obtaining what is pleasant, nor grieve when meeting what is unpleasant." He does not let his life-force gush out wastefully into transports of joy or lamentations of grief, he prefers to "conserve" his energy for his great enterprise, the conquest of his lower nature, and the attainment of supreme enlightenment.

The power of speech, too, is daily wasted in a shameful expenditure of that sacred trust of power, which we daily receive and daily spend, with scarcely a thought as to our responsibility.

The ancients taught that to pronounce a word was to create a thing. And, indeed, the instinct of most of us is to avoid, if possible, the mention of anything unpleasant, because it is "unlucky" to do so. This is a natural intuition that we may safely trust. Consider then how we pour that never-ending stream of chatter from our lips, the utter emptiness of which is at once apparent to anyone who withdraws himself from general conversation for an hour and remains silent as a mere onlooker from behind the scenes of the social drama. From his vantage point of silence he may note the force displayed in the discussion of the veriest trifles, the vehement insistence on details of no importance, and the all-devouring zeal devoted to a subject which will be forgotten ere a week has fled. The writer once knew a man who made a vow to abstain from every word not absolutely needed, for twenty-four hours, and he described to him the sense of over-powering force which the dammed-up torrent produced in him. He expressed his belief that had he persisted, the accumulated force would have quickened into life some spiritual power and perhaps have made him a seer, but—he did not persist.

To anyone who has at heart the needs of humanity and the necessity for giving every vibration of energy available, to the great cause of the Spiritual Regeneration of the Race, the importance of the questions under discussion must assume gigantic proportions.

Energy cannot be annihilated or produced out of nothing; some sacrifice must be made, and in order to live the Higher Life and exercise Soul Powers, the life of desires must be abandoned. The force now poured so lavishly into the life of sense gratification must be devoted to worthier purposes, and thus the quest of Alchemy, the conversion of the base metals into gold, will be really and truly accomplished in us.

"Desire nothing," says the Voice of The Silence. Why should we if we hold that all things that we deserve are surely traveling toward us, and, that the Good Law which rules the Universe is absolutely just and right? How can we fail to miss a blessing due, or escape a penalty deserved? Then let us economize our powers, stop the fatal leakage of energy now wasted in desire and aversion, and turn the whole force of our nature on the One Thing Needful which cannot be described upon the printed page, but which each reader knows in his heart of hearts as his Highest Ideal.

## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

**POINT LOMA.** "Life is real, life is earnest," may truly be said of life at the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and the Theosophical Society at Point Loma. All Nature here conspires to an active, intense and joyous life, which, like the blood from the heart, radiates throughout the world. No one who comes here can escape from its influence. There comes into his life a new element, a new purpose, a new joy.

One of the first things that forcibly strikes the new-comer is the inadequacy of words to describe this new life, and especially the influence of the natural surroundings in this respect.

People who have been in all parts of the world—tourists, not members of the Organization—who visit us daily, coming in large four-horse tally-hos, have declared Point Loma to be the most beautiful spot on earth.

Point Loma is the Land of the Rising and the Setting Sun—THE LAND OF THE SUN. There is a vastness in outlook that brooks no petty thoughts or little meannesses in him who perceives it. Point Loma Homestead is over 400 feet, and the School of Antiquity grounds nearly 500 feet, above sea-level. On the one side one looks over and across the Bay and the City of San Diego to the mountains beyond, thirty miles away, and behind them, mountain after mountain, until the range of vision to the farthest horizon is from 80 to 100 miles. The mountain ranges stretch from Mexico in the southeast, where is seen the curious Table Mountain, around through about 120 degrees up to the north; then, sweeping around to the westward and so to the south, the vision rests on an illimitable stretch of ocean. In the marvelous lights and the play of colors, the horizon line is lost, ocean and sky blend; the sky becomes but a part of ocean, rising up, drawing the gaze heavenward, away from earth into a jeweled sea of blue, whose deeps are infinite.

Surrounded by such a vast expanse as this, every day has some new revelation, some new wonder and charm. Sunrise over the mountains—sunset over the sea. To describe any one in words or on canvas is impossible. How then describe the infinite variety? Yet the mind is ever bold, sometimes rash, it may be, and would attempt the impossible, for as the activities at Point Loma, the world's center of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Society, under the direction of our Leader, are for the whole earth, so it seems and indeed must be, that Nature is thus lavish in her transcendent beauty that all the earth, all people and creatures thereof, may reap the benefit, and not merely those—though their number swell to thousands—who may be privileged to reside here.

Imagine a perfectly cloudless sky in early morning, just before dawn—the stars still twinkling in the blue vault of heaven, but one by one their magic eyes withdraw, and a soft, diffused light, beginning in the east, overspreads the whole vast dome. The light increases and grows stronger. Then a thing of wonder, a marvel, appears, a single broadening line of gold edges the mountain peaks uplifted against the sky, and the softest rosy tint above shading into the exquisite blue, and with no other herald, the sun, full-orbed, blazing, dazzling the sight, rises majestically to lead and crown the day. But words cannot tell the beauty and the glory of Nature in this magic land.

Can it be wondered that amid such surroundings the soul of man is inspired to a new life? What heart can fail to respond to the deep harmonies of Nature, or remain content with a narrow, sordid existence? The invigorating air, the throbbing, glorious sun, the vast expanse all unite to lead man away from self and live a larger, nobler life, in service for the good of all.

\* \* \*

**THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.** The Headquarters of the Aryan Theosophical Society have been moved to Point Loma, to its permanent Home, the Aryan Temple, dedicated to W. Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky. It will, however, not in any way decrease its activities in New York, but has obtained a new and larger hall, more accessible for its meetings.

Last February the members of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York, at a specially called meeting unanimously voted to build a memorial Temple dedicated to the memory of William Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky at Point Loma, and to there place the archives of the Society. The Temple is now nearly completed, and the Aryan members realize what a magnificent opportunity this has afforded them to perpetuate throughout the years to come the name of the Chief, William Quan Judge, founder and president of the Aryan Theosophical Society, and co-founder with H. P. Blavatsky of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. How much we owe to him, cannot be told in words, and the lasting memorial to his name in the beautiful structure at the World's Theosophical Center is but an earnest and an outer expression of the eternal memorial in our hearts.

\* \* \*

The Leader says, "it is significant"—all members will recognize this—"that this crowning of W. Q. Judge's work should have taken place just before the close of the century. Through the influence of his royal example, his energy and life-long steadfastness to the cause of Humanity, the Aryan Theosophical Society has occupied a unique position in the movement. The house at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, was the early home of the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society and the Universal Brotherhood Organization until the latter were moved to the great World's Center in this Land of Promise, and it is fitting that the close association held between the two should be maintained. By this act the Aryan Society enters upon a larger field of influence and activity, world-wide in area, at the same time retaining its property in New York, which has been leased to great advantage, and carrying on its activities there with a new impulse, due to its vital connection with the International Headquarters at Point Loma."

\* \* \*

**THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.** This important activity has also now its home and base of operations at Point Loma, and, as with everything and everybody that comes to the Point, it is immediately experiencing a new influx of energy and a wider sphere of work. Already announcements are out of two important additions to Theosophical literature, for which the demand is increasing all the time. These additions are as follows:

\* \* \*

**NEW LITERATURE.** "Theosophy Generally Stated," a reprint of William Q. Judge's address at the World's Fair Parliament of Religions, and also containing other valuable extracts from his writings. This book is designed especially to meet the wants of the intelligent inquirer, and will be the most valuable book yet published to give to those whose interest is being awakened in our grand philosophy and its application to daily life.

\* \* \*

"The Angel and the Demon in Modern Life," by Herbert Coryn, now in the press, is a study of the dual nature of man, the subject being chosen by Katherine Tingley, and embodying many of the teachings which she has from time to time given to her students, and which are in part here given out, by her permission. On an understanding of the dual forces, the higher and lower, in man and nature, depends the whole of man's future evolution. It is one of the most vital problems of the day. Dr. Coryn has in many ways treated the subject well, and it is a book full of interest to the general reader.

\* \* \*

Script No. III of the "Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings" is now ready, and in point of interest equals, if not surpasses, Nos. I and II, previously issued. Many unsolicited expressions have been received from non-members of the Universal Brotherhood, testifying to their helpfulness and the new light they have thrown upon the Bible. In these days of "Higher Criticism" when so much attention is being paid to the mere outward form, there is more need than ever for the inner light to be revealed in these Sacred Writings. It is not Higher Criticism, but "True Interpretation" that is needed, and this need is being supplied in this series and in other publications of the Theosophical Publishing Company, and of the Theosophical Society—the Literary Department of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Often members ask us what is the best book to send to people slightly prejudiced. For such, in my opinion, there is no better publication than this series, and if sent month by month, cannot fail to awaken interest, and remove misconceptions.

Commencing with November, the "Universal Brotherhood Path" and "The New Century" will be issued from their permanent home at Point Loma. This will mark a new era for both these publications. "The New Century" celebrates the event by appearing with a new design for its front page and title. It must be seen to be appreciated.

\* \* \*

Many of the old Aryan members are already at Point Loma, and are greatly rejoiced that the Aryan Archives and Headquarters are to be here. But there is one face that we long to see among us, because of our love for him, for his own sake and for the sake of William Q. Judge, whom he so loyally and devotedly aided in establishing and carrying on the Aryan Society. Every one will know that I speak of E. Aug. Neresheimer, our loved President of the Aryan Theosophical Society. May the gods soon grant that he may come among us. When the two Fathers of the Universal Brotherhood, as our Leader often calls them, E. A. Neresheimer, and Clark Thurston of Providence, come to Point Loma, great will be the welcome they will receive.

\* \* \*

Many a hearty hand-shake was given to H. T. Patterson, member of the Cabinet of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Vice-President of the Aryan Theosophical Society, when he arrived here just a month ago from the date of writing. For the past year the enormous pressure of his business and the responsibilities in connection therewith and involving others' interests, had forced him to occupy all his time therewith, but his delight at getting back to work among us may be imagined. He fitted in just at a time when most needed, and is temporarily filling the position of Acting Assistant Manager of the Theosophical Publishing Company until Mr. E. A. Neresheimer comes to Point Loma.

\* \* \*

On the evening of his arrival (Sunday), at the usual students' assembly, special reference was made to the great Theosophical crusade around the world in 1896-7, and to the presence of the three surviving members of the crusade, the Leader and her faithful helpers, F. M. Pierce and H. T. Patterson. The work at Point Loma pre-eminently, and in all the International Centers and the increasing activities of the Lodges throughout the world are glorious evidence of the mighty cable-tow of Brotherhood that was then stretched around the globe.

\* \* \*

### SWEDEN.

Good news was brought from Sweden and England by K. Lundberg and Mrs. Lundberg, who have recently returned from a business trip to Europe. Sweden keeps ever to the forefront in steady work and the applications from new members coming in week by week attest to the increasing interest in the Theosophical philosophy among that sturdy, clear-eyed and whole-souled Northern people.

Our comrades in Sweden, Dr. Zander, Torsten Hedlund, Dr. Bogren, Mrs. Scholander, and all their fellow-workers, are very dear to our hearts, and through them and Miss Ellen Bergman, the Assistant Directress of the Isis Conservatory of Music at Point Loma, and Bro. Lundberg and our other Swedish comrades all over America, the ties between America and Sweden are growing closer and closer, that there seems to be hardly an hour's distance between the two countries.

\* \* \*

### ENGLAND.

Enthusiastic letters from London report the opening for the winter season of the "Raja Yoga Lotus School," a free school for children, established by Katherine Tingley during her last visit to Europe, when she took possession of H. P. Blavatsky's old home, 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London. This school is truly a Lotus Plant, with its roots stretching down and out to the dark depths of London life and unhappiness, and its flower reaching up to and blooming in the free, joyous, life-giving atmosphere of Brotherhood.

\* \* \*

**THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT POINT LOMA.** Oh, the happy children, the bright faces and sunny eyes! What an inspiration they give to work on, on, on, for a bright and glorious future for poor, suffering Humanity! Seeing them, spontaneously and immediately the exclamation bursts from the heart and finds utterance: "Truly there is Hope for Humanity, and that Hope is here." There is Magic somewhere in it all. It is the Magic of Wisdom, the Magic of a Great Loving Heart, the Magic of a Sacred Land, the Magic of awakening souls peeping through young eyes, the Magic of faithful, loving hearts, all over the world, sending their love and devotion, their united hearts' strength and support to the children's cause, the Promise of the



Regeneration of the Human Race. It is all Magic combined. Arrangements are being made for the enlargement of the school. The International Lotus Home, by direction of the Leader, immediately on hearing the news of the terrible disaster at Galveston and of the many rendered orphan and homeless, telegraphed to the Mayor and offered to take ten orphan children and adopt them. The reply was, however, that the offers of aid from all over the country were so numerous and greatly in excess of the number of orphans needing assistance that in consequence there were none to send to the International Lotus Home at present. Other means will be taken to assist the sufferers from this awful catastrophe. Four sturdy English lads are now on their way from Europe, and others will soon follow. What more blessed work than this—to enable one of these little ones to come here and grow to be one of the future helpers and workers for Humanity?

\* \* \*

Within a few days we are looking for the return of H. T. Edge, who recently made a trip to England to settle some personal business matters.

Bro. Frank Knoche is staying at the Homestead for a short visit, and brings a personal report from his Lodge at Kansas City. He and Bro. H. Turner and others who have so faithfully held the fort, are preparing for the winter activities, after a brief resting spell during the summer.

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### LODGES IN AMERICA.

From all over the country comes the word: "Good work being done, special preparations being made for the fall and winter, many inquirers, literature more and more sought after." Several new Lodges have also been formed. Brotherhood, Brotherhood, is in the air, on men's lips, and—awakening in the heart.

\* \* \*

### HOLLAND.

I must not forget to mention Holland. The Theosophical activities have never been so great as now. The Dutch members are united, loyal, energetic. New Lotus Groups and Boys' Clubs show that the new wave of energy and spiritual life has touched the hearts of our comrades in the Netherlands. Bro. Goud writes that once a fortnight a Dutch translation of "The New Century" is issued, and is much sought after.

\* \* \*

### IRELAND.

Dear old Ireland, the land that W. Q. Judge loved so well! The work prospers here, too, under the faithful care of Bro. Dick and his comrades in Dublin. Good luck to old Ireland. We rejoice at the re-lighting of the fires in that ancient land.

\* \* \*

### NEW ZEALAND.

From the Paeroa Lodge, Thames, New Zealand. Mrs. Sander-son writes that as a consequence of the New Cycle Congress last April, the work progresses, and the Lotus Group has grown much larger. A special celebration was held on White Lotus Day, May 8th, in which the children took part in costume. In nearly every case, the parents of the children were present, as well as friends, so that the large meeting room was packed.

OBSERVER.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### A LOTUS BUD'S LETTER.

The sunshine that is being brought into the lives of many of the little ones of the dark metropolis of the world through the Raja Yoga School, at 19 Avenue Road, London, beams in every line of a little letter from one of the Lotus Buds, as follows:  
"DEAR LOTUS MOTHER:

"I am very pleased to write you, and I want to tell you that all the little children want to see you very much. We all like your Lotus School. We march with the golden cord and we play with the little children on Saturdays, and then we have our Pleasure-Mondays. Our teacher reads to us, and we are learning such beautiful Brotherhood songs. I hope one day you will bring some little American Lotus children and little Cubans over to see us, when you come over to see us. We are learning how to draw, and Dadda says that I will be an artist soon. I have never written a letter before, only to my mother when I was away in the country once.

"I remain your loving Lotus child,

N. HAYDAY."



# LATEST NOTICE.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION

### BUSINESS ACTIVITIES.

The Treasury of all the Departments of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION, EMERGENCY FUND and SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY will be located at Point Loma, from November 1st. All members should be careful to write the full address when transmitting funds for these departments. Address, E. AUG. NERESHEIMER, Treas., Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

All business communications connected with the S. R. L. M. A., and the STUDENTS' HOME should be addressed to F. M. PIERCE, Point Loma, San Diego. Cal.

NOTE.—Any mail connected with the Departments sent to New York after publication of this will cause delay or loss. Members should see the importance of directing all communications connected with the different activities to Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

- Universal Brotherhood.....**Communications connected herewith address to  
**Organization** F. M. PIERCE, Sec'y Gen'l,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- International.....**Address Mrs. VESPERA FREEMAN,  
**Brotherhood League.** Superintendent,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- International.....**Address Dr. GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT,  
**Lotus Home** Superintendent,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- School for the Revival of the.....**Address F. M. PIERCE.  
**Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.** Special Representative,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- E. S. T.....**Address General Correspondence to  
 KATHERINE TINGLEY,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.  
 Donations to F. M. PIERCE, Treas.,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.  
 Reports and Applications to J. H. FUSSELL, Sec'y,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- International Brotherhood.....**Address Mme. OLIVIA PETERSEN,  
**League Colony.** Superintendent,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- Woman's Exchange.....**Address all Business Communications and orders  
**and Mart.** to Mrs. VESPERA FREEMAN,  
 Sec'y and Treas.,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- Theosophical Publishing.....**E. A. NERESHEIMER, Manager,  
**Company.** Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.  
 H. T. PATTERSON, Ass't Manager,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.  
 F. M. PIERCE, Treas.,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- Universal Brotherhood.....**Editorial, address all Editorial communications  
**Path.** to KATHERINE TINGLEY,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.  
Subscriptions and Business communications, ad-  
 dress to H. T. PATTERSON, Ass't Manager,  
 Theosophical Publishing Company,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.
- The New Century.....**Editorial, address all Editorial communications  
 to KATHERINE TINGLEY,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.  
Subscriptions and Business communications, ad-  
 dress to CLARK THURSTON,  
 Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.



## THE SONG OF THE PANSIES.

By OBIE.

**E**LISIE came running breathlessly into the room where the mother sat at her desk, writing. The bright face glowed with some anticipated pleasure, but the little one was dutiful, and so, finding the mother occupied, she stood quietly by the desk until permission should be given her to speak.

"What is it, dear?" a sweet voice asked at last, after the patience of the child had been severely tested. "Has my little girl a wish in her heart this morning?"

"Motherkin!" cried Elsie, throwing her arms about the neck bent forward to receive the caress; "may I put the seeds in my pansy bed today? John has made the earth all nice and soft, and he says it's time they should be in. I want to do it all myself, only some one will need to tell me how. Will you, mamma dear?"

The mother stroked lovingly the curly head, as she answered, "I think that it is just the right morning for you to put the pansy babies in the ground. Run up stairs and ask Agnes to find the seed box, and by the time you have returned I shall be ready and will go out in the garden with you."

Before the last sentence was fully finished Elsie was on her way up stairs, and Agnes was captured, the seed-box found, and the eager little maiden standing expectant by the mother's side long before the writing was complete that had been planned to be accomplished during her absence. This time, however, the mother did not keep her daughter waiting, for she had promised to be in readiness on her return, so the busy pen was instantly laid aside and the two went together out into the golden sunlight.

Elsie obeyed directions. At first, with her fingers, she made trenches in the soft soil. Then she put the seed babies to bed in these, covering them over with a warm earth-blanket. After she had finished, the mother said to her, "Look up for a moment, into the sun. Feel its warmth and light yourself, and then you can better understand how the seed babies will soon want to be out of their beds, so that they, too, may see the Sun-Father and his beautiful world, just as you do now."

Following the mother's suggestion, the child stood silent for several moments, her strong eyes undazzled by the great light. "Can the seed babies feel the sunlight under the earth cover?" she asked at last, thoughtfully looking down where she knew that they were resting.

"Oh, yes, dearest: and because they do feel him there, they will soon wish to know him better, and to be nearer to him, just as you want to be up and out of doors where you can see——"

"He wakes me up every morning, doesn't he?" Elsie interrupted, clapping her hands together joyfully. "I never thought about it before. I supposed I just woke up and that was all. Thank you, glorious sun!" the little girl exclaimed, suddenly making to the King of the Day the low courtesy that she had learned at dancing-school.

The next morning, bright and early, a wide-awake midget was out examining her pansy bed to see if the sun had yet waked the seed babies. John observed that she was taking some of them from the ground.

"Why, little Miss! Ye must not. The seedlings will not like ye for that."

"I just wanted to see if they had raised their little heads, John. I would not hurt them for anything."

"No, Miss, of course ye never would, but that the seedlings cannot know. They like their quiet and the warm cover just at first. Bide a bit, and ye'll soon see them peepin' up at ye."

"But, how long will it be, John? It's so very hard to wait for them." Little Elsie looked at her pansy bed as though she were having all she could do to keep her fingers out of it. When the gardener explained that it must be a week or two before the leaves could come in sight, she walked resolutely away, but with an expression on her face that seemed a little bit like discontent. Suddenly, however, the smiles came back, a happy thought gleamed merrily from the bright eyes: the little feet stood still and the forefinger of one hand rapped a tattoo upon the other. Then a hunt for something, which proved to be a piece of shingle, and when it had been found, a run, with a hippoty-hop, into the house.

"Mama, dear," cried a cheery voice, when the mother had been discovered at her sewing, "I think I have made up a nice little verse for my seed babies. I want to have you write it for me on this board, and then I can stand it up in the pansy bed. Will you, please?"

"Yes, dear, certainly. Bring me a pencil and tell me what you wish to have me write." The mother's smile encouraged her daughter's enthusiasm.

When the pencil had been fetched, the words were slowly repeated while two tiny hands beat time so that the measure might be kept true. And this is what the mother wrote upon the shingle:

“Wake up, little seeds, wake up.  
The sun is bright;  
It's time to get up,  
And I know you're awake.  
Wake up, little seeds, wake up.”



The first little tot received at the Lotus Home, Buffalo, N. Y.;—now the little leader of the Sunbeams at the International Lotus Home, Point Loma, San Diego, Cal.

"There now! Don't you think that will make them tumble out of their beds?" the composer cried, gleefully, after the little verse had been written down: and then, without waiting for an answer, she ran out into the garden and placed the shingle upright in the pansy bed.

It was not so very long after all before a few wee shoots came up out of the ground to look at the great world, and soon others followed, until the bed was all covered over with little green stars. In a very short while the boldest of these, those that had been the quickest to throw aside the earth cover, dared to open the two little leaves, which at first had been tightly shut together—and the plant inside was free. Then, almost before even the impatient little watcher could believe it, there were bushes, green, sturdy bushes, and from each one of these the buds peeped out, buds that soon would come to blossom.

Now our little Elsie had another chance to try how patient she could be: she did so want to see her pansies in full bloom, and after the buds appeared it was hard indeed to wait. But the weather became cold: clouds obscured the sky: the blossoms could not get the strength to open without the help of the Sun-Father, and so for several days they seemed to remain quite still. But, of course, the gray clouds passed away. They always do. And the great sun warmed and gave its life to earth again. It always will. And then, at last, after a day or two of clear weather, two sparkling eyes discovered one evening, just before their owner went to bed, some folded purple leaves between the green of several opening buds.

Early the following morning the mother, going to her window, as was her daily custom, to greet the risen sun, saw that her little girl was lying prostrate on the grass with her face close up to her precious pansies, several of which were open. Alarmed for fear the child had hurt herself, the mother cried out to her, but Elsie looked up with a happy smile. "Mother, dear, will you hurry as fast as you possibly can and come to me? My pansies are out, and I have had a dream about them that I can hardly wait to tell to you."

The mother hastened with her toilet, for she realized that something unusual had occurred to Elsie. Descending quickly to the garden, she found the child in the same quiet posture on the ground, but her footsteps aroused the dreamer, who was by her side attempting an explanation before the pansy bed was reached.

"Oh, mama!" the eager voice exclaimed, "I have dreamed a dream that has come true. At least a part of it has, and I guess the rest of it is true all right. What do you think? I dreamed that I knew exactly how the pansy seeds felt when they were put in the ground, and all the time that they were growing up until now. Only think of it!"

"I could think of it better perhaps if I were to sit down," the mother smilingly suggested.

Elsie ran for a garden chair that was in the summer-house close by.

"Now, little maid, I am ready and waiting to learn how it feels to be a pansy

baby," the mother declared, as soon as she was seated and her daughter had been perched upon her knees.

"Well, you see, it was this way," the story-teller began. "When the seed babies first woke up they didn't like it so very well that they had been taken from the nice warm box. I think they were a little bit afraid because it was dark and their cover was too heavy for them to lift off. And then after awhile they became hungry, so, of course that didn't make them feel any more comfortable; but at last they got, oh, so very hungry, that they grew restless, and that made them put out——"

The story broke off suddenly. The narrator looked up into the sky, pondering. The mother waited without remark. "I was going to say that the seed babies put out little arms, mama, but they were not just exactly arms, because they could eat with them. Yet they did seem to be arms, and they did eat. How could that be? It's funny, but they surely did."

"The arms were rootlets, and are really mouths, dear. You are quite right," the mother explained.

"Do all the trees eat that way, and all the plants and grass and everything?" asked Elsie, amazed. But before her question could be answered she cried out, "Of course, I know they do. I knew it in my dream. That is why they are our little brothers and sisters, for they eat and sleep, and are really just like us."

In the joy of her great discovery the child jumped to her feet. A light glowed on her face as though a radiance shone through from behind it. Looking upward, she raised her hands above her head, touched the tips of the fingers together, and then, with her arms described a circle in the air as far as she could reach, saying, oh, so joyously, as she did so, "Everything is just the same." Then she was silent, forgetting entirely to continue with her story.

Understanding that great Nature herself had become the instructor of one of her own life-lessons, the mother remained quiet until her little girl should recollect herself. When at last she did so, the child laughed aloud to think how absent-minded she had been. Sitting down beside the pansy bed, she exclaimed: "I had almost forgotten you, my dearie flowers, because everything else in the world seemed for a minute to be as beautiful as you are."

"Well, little one, may I hear the remainder of your dream?" the mother asked.

"Excuse me, mother dear, of course you may. Where was I? Oh, I know. The seed babies had grown so hungry they were restless and that made them put out little roots, or mouths—how funny that does sound!—and when they found good things to eat in the earth close by them they were——"

Once more the story-teller was forced to stop and appeared to be very busy thinking. At last she said, "There are so many funny things about this dream that I don't know how to tell it. It seemed to me that the seedlings talked. No, it was more like singing. No, that was not exactly it, either, but I knew how they felt, and so I made up the words to their little song. Yes, that must have been the way it was."

The assertion was accompanied with a sigh of relief. The perplexed little girl had dreamed of so many marvels that she found it difficult to interpret them. "Anyway," she resumed, "after they had plenty to eat, and the sunlight had made them feel nice and warm and cuddly, something way down in their little hearts seemed to me to be trying to sing a pretty 'Thank you.'" Elsie looked up laughingly and hastened to explain: "In seed-baby language, you know, mama, that I could understand."

"Yes, dear, I know," the mother answered with a nod, and the dream-story was continued.

"But it wasn't always 'Thank you' that they were saying, for sometimes when they were thirsty and there wasn't any water, or the sun didn't shine and they were cold, they whined something that sounded like naughty. 'Oh, dear! I wish I were in some other place.' But when they heard patter, patter over their heads, and the rain came down to give them a drink, and the sun shone, and they were warm again, the 'Thank you' feeling grew bigger and bigger, till at last one morning a whole lot of them peeped out of the ground."

Here a long breath was drawn to accentuate what was coming: "Well, when they saw the flowers and the birds; and when they felt the sunshine and breathed the fresh— They do breathe, don't they? Yes, of course they must if they eat and drink and sleep—Why, they were so happy that they tingled all over like this." Elsie twined and twisted the tips of her fingers rapidly together to try to show what she meant by tingled.

The mother appeared to understand.

"You look as though you know what I mean, mama, but it really did seem to me that every one of those little green leaves was taking part in a tiny chorus, and they surely kept saying, 'Thank you, little girl,' in the dearest way. When I heard them it made me so glad that I had put them in the ground and given them a chance to come up into this beautiful sunshine."

Hesitating for a moment, the eyes of the little one were cast downward, but they were quickly raised again, when she said, with a fearless, straightforward manner, "It made me remember that I have often been as silly as the seed babies when I have fretted and said, 'Oh, dear,' about things you wanted to have me do, because I always found out that your way made me the happiest, after all."

A light shone now from the mother's eyes, and Elsie, seeing it, could not help but spring into the arms that opened to receive her. Caressing the dear face that bent over hers, her own voice made music to the mother's ears when she said, "I think I must always know better now, dearest mama; for I cannot forget how it sounded whenever the seed babies were happy enough to sing that pleasant little 'Thank you.'"

A cheery whistle from the open door broke the stillness of the morning air.

"Why, there is father looking for us," the mother exclaimed. "We must go in for breakfast. Is there much more of your dream to tell me?"

"No, mother; only that all the time I watched the seedlings grow the singing became sweeter, and the 'thank you' feeling seemed to come out stronger and stronger; and then, when, all of a sudden, these dear little blossoms popped out—Look at them! Don't they perk up their heads as though they were saying, 'Here I am!'" The child stood up straight and tall, throwing her hands out and her head back in an effort to imitate the expression in her face and attitude that she thought the pansies wore. "And don't you believe that they may be singing, 'Thank you, little girl'? I am almost sure I do."



"I think that they are saying, 'Here I am, Elsie,' in their own language, which your beautiful dream has made it possible for you to understand," the mother answered, rising. "And I think, too, that they look happy and very thankful to my little girl, and to their father, the sun, and their mother, the earth, who gave them the joy of life. But come, dear, now that you have told me all of your dream, we must go in. Father is waiting."

"All but the music," Elsie replied, following her mother toward the house; "and I cannot tell you that. I never heard anything like it before. I wish I could think how it goes. It was perfectly distinct in my dream. I woke up listening to it, and trying to sing it, but I forgot it right away. I was certain sure though that my dream was true, so I dressed and ran out-doors as fast as I possibly could, and there were the open pansies just as I had seen them, only the lovely music I could not hear."

"It was the great song of life, my darling, in which your pansies, and everything that lives, must join. We could always hear the exquisite chorus if the little instruments in our ears were fine enough, but they are not yet. They will be, though, if we listen with all our souls, everywhere and all the time."

"That was what I was trying to do before you came out to me. I was lying close up to the pansies to find out if I could hear them."

"What do you think the song of life must be, Elsie?"

"I don't know, mama, do you? Tell me."

"May it not be Brotherhood?"

"I guess it is. That would be the grandest song of all, wouldn't it?"

At the breakfast table, after Elsie had completed her morning meal, she declared that she must have been tasting the song of Brotherhood. "Everything that I eat seems so perfectly delicious," she said, "now that I have found out how happy it feels to grow."

The words were scarcely spoken before her father began to read aloud from his paper the account of a terrible accident which had occurred to a little girl, of his own daughter's age, the day before. She had been trampled on by a runaway horse, and in all probability would never be able to walk again. Elsie listened attentively, her own face saddened. When the father was ready, she brought him his coat and gloves and accompanied him to the station, as was her custom, but this morning, instead of the chatter which was ordinarily habitual with her, she remained quite silent, save when she answered the questions addressed to her. Kissing her father as he was about to board the train, she returned at once to her home, and, going directly to the pansy bed, she stooped and picked every blossom. There were quite a number of them, and, at her request, John added a little feathery green. Arranging her flowers daintily together, the child once more sought her mother.

"I should like very much to send my pansies to the little girl who was hurt," she said, presenting the nosegay. "Do you think that you could spare John to go with them? Will it take too long?"

"Mother is so glad to have you think of this, dear, that she will go with you and you shall take the flowers to the little sufferer yourself. Put them in water and run to Agnes. We will go as soon as you can be dressed."

Of course, the sympathetic little maiden was in a transport of delight. "Oh, you dear, blessed mother!" she cried. "I will be ready as fast as ever I can. How happy I am this morning. Thank you, mother dear. I am a pansy, singing my pretty song to you." Elsie dropped a courtesy and flew off up stairs.

The address given by the newspaper as the house where the afflicted one lived proved to be in a quarter that was inhabited by a class of very poor people. The woman who opened the door for our visitors looked pale and care-worn; her eyes were tear-stained, and her whole manner seemed weary and broken-hearted.

"Is it your little girl who was hurt?" Elsie's mother asked, in a kindly tone of voice.

"It is, indeed, M'am." The sad eyes filled and the lips quivered.

"My little girl is very sorry for her, and has brought her some flowers which she has raised herself, and they are very precious to her because they are the first blossoms. She went at once and picked them all on learning of the disaster."

"God bless the dear! Minnie loves flowers, and it is but few she ever sees. Will the little one come in and see Minnie?" The woman smiled through her tears at Elsie, who was eagerly holding up her treasured pansies.

"Oh, please do let me give her the flowers myself! May I not, mama?"

"Certainly, dear, if Minnie is able to see you."

A nod from Minnie's mother brought both the visitors across the threshold, and they were led at once into a darkened room, where, on a bed in the corner, the crippled child was laid. The pillow was scarcely whiter than the cheek resting upon it, and low moans came continuously from lips that were pinched tightly together.

"Minnie, my darling, open your eyes and see your little angel friend. She has brought you some flowers, oh! such beauties, all for you."

Elsie went over to the bedside and placed the pansies gently within the hand that lay on the outside of the counterpane. Minnie's eyes opened, and she saw the glow of purple and gold. Feebly she lifted the delicate blossoms that she might inhale their sweet perfume. Drawing a deep breath, her glance rested on the tender little child face beside her bed, and then, for a moment, a smile so bright and happy took the place of the look of torture that Elsie involuntarily clasped her hands together and cried softly, "Oh, I am so glad that I brought them to you! You love my pansies."

"Thank you, little girl," the weak voice murmured with a sigh that told of a satisfied heart, and the tired eyes closed again. But the peaceful smile lingered. Fondly the fingers toyed at intervals with the pansy blossoms, held close to the pale cheek, and brought around once to the lips to be kissed. And soon she passed into a sweet sleep.

"Mama," said Elsie, when they were once more walking homeward, "all the while that Minnie was loving the pansies the thought kept coming to me that perhaps their color and odor were just other ways they had of singing that wonderful music. I guess the Song of Brotherhood does not always need to be heard, because everything that I taste and see and smell today seems to be saying, 'Thank you, little girl,' to me, and I believe that it's all the same song the pansies were singing when I heard them grow in my dream, for it makes me feel just the same. I expect a beautiful thought must be like a song, too, and a color, and a perfume, because I surely saw them all in Minnie's eyes when she said 'Thank you' to me so sweetly. Is it because the Song of Brotherhood is a growing song that it is the song of life?"

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TO THE CHILDREN—In the next number will be a letter to Spots from Toby,—the Children's pet at Madam Blavatsky's old home at 19 Avenue Road, London,—with a lot of pictures, showing the dreadful trials he went through soon after he first came to the house.

"No Time need have gone to ruin, could it have found a man great enough, a man wise and good enough; wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valor to lead it on the right road thither: these are the salvation of any time."—CARLYLE.

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## THE HYGIENIC ASPECT OF BROTHERHOOD WORK.

By H. T. EDGE.

"Some kinds of crime could be traced to soggy biscuits and tough beefsteak."—SHELDON'S "*In His Steps*."



SINCE the Universal Brotherhood movement has been under its present leader, much more attention has been given to the external and physical needs of humanity than in the earlier days of the movement. It was of chief importance in those days to introduce the lofty and luminous teachings of the old Wisdom-Religion to a civilization which had well-nigh forgotten them. But, when the first two leaders had by their heroic and untiring efforts succeeded in firmly establishing a society for the study of those teachings, the time was ripe for the third leader to begin to apply them visibly and tangibly in the world of men.

This change in the policy of the movement—or, rather, this natural development of the policy—startled many members who had grown long accustomed to the old lines of personal study and intellectual discussion; and a few, unable to adapt themselves to the change, were switched off at this point and ran into a siding of profitless, when not injurious, dabbling in mysticism. To such people as these, the work of caring for the physical needs of humanity seemed to be a degradation or falling-away from loftier conceptions of duty. One meets with not a few critics of the leisured and cultured type whose criticism is: "Surely such work is pandering too much to the material and physical side of life, and is inconsistent with the lofty spiritual aims which the organization proposes to itself!"

Such a view shows want of knowledge of human life. Our critic has lived an artificial existence in which he gets a false perspective. Modern criticism lends itself extraordinarily to such artificial existences and false view-points. It is so fatally easy to live the calm life of a cultured student, with bodily needs supplied, and to rule the universe in abstract, spinning paper theories for the healing of imagined ills, but knowing nought of actual life and actual human woe. There is a great gulf fixed between theory and practice, and these phil-

osophical experts, who can compare all the philosophies of antiquity and criticise every worker, may never yet have ventured to bridge that gulf by even the smallest *deed*. Says *Punch*, in a pictorial alphabet:

“F’s a philosopher, full of bright schemes  
For mankind; but he don’t like cold mutton, it seems.”

So he throws it at his wife, thus proving that he keeps his ideals and his actions in separate water-tight compartments.

There have been times, in mediæval Europe for example, when intellectual study and seclusion were most needed by mankind; times when the people were so ignorant and so engrossed in a robust physical life that they could not progress beyond bucolic stupidity. In such times reform took the direction of intellectual teaching, and monastic seclusion was necessary to enable people to rise to a higher level of life. Then philosophers were reformers, and philosophy and idealism were the best means of raising the standard of humanity.

But, since then, *mental culture of every kind has become so prevalent—so rampant—that it has itself become a sensual indulgence; while, on the other hand, physical vigor has so degenerated that men’s bodies need reform as well as their minds.*

The tendencies are to a great extent reversed, and “spiritual” and “material” have not the same sense now as they had before. The world does not now need any more idealism and philosophical speculation, but it needs to be taught how to live healthily and cleanly. The philosophers are now the conservatives and the hygienists the reformers.

We are told, and it is true, that all evil is the outcome of wrong thought; and that right thought is needed before evil can be overcome. But nevertheless it is possible that the manifested evils produced by past wrong thought may acquire such strength and momentum as to need direct treatment, being too strong for right thought alone to cope with them. And this is the case with civilization today. So thoroughly rotten has become our physical and moral life that the attempt to restore it by merely pouring in more sermons and maxims seems quite hopeless. Even the sublime gospel of Brotherly Love degenerates, so morbid is modern society, into God knows what of erotic and neuropathic emotionalism. *Zeal degenerates into mad fanaticism; temperance into asceticism; freedom into libertinism.* The forces of evil are so strong and universal that they are ready to swallow and appropriate to their own service any virtue or living force that is cast before them. So, buoyant youth squanders its generous zeal in a vain attempt to reform what will not be reformed and to fill a leaking vessel; while cynical old age chuckles drearily and mutters, “All is vanity.”

No one who did not live a life of artificial seclusion could possibly so blind himself to the state of man in the mass as to think that what it needs is merely “spiritual ideals,” and that all thought of helping its physical troubles is “worldly and commercial.” Our scholar may find conditions quiet and conducive to poetry and meditation in his walled garden and book-lined chamber,

but what does he know of the drink-sodden slums, of the laborers stupified with ceaseless toil and bad food, of the brains and hearts devoured by the fiend of lust and "pleasure"?

But all reformers who have adopted more practical lines of work, and who have passed from speculation to action, know only too well of this oppressive and immovable dead-weight that lies so heavily on the energies of the race. They will see the value and importance of such work as our leader, Katherine Tingley, is carrying on at Point Loma. For there she is setting the pattern of a new and better kind of physical life, and that so publicly that all the world may judge of the tree by its fruits.

Past religions have given up this life in despair and preached a better life beyond the grave; bidding poor humanity acknowledge its inborn and irremediable wickedness and await with patience the hour of death. But let us make an end of this doctrine of despair, which makes of the earth a penitentiary, and let us regard earth as the garden Man has been sent to till, and Man as the incarnation of omnipotent and all-wise divinity, charged with the work of making earth into a heaven.

It is the business of Man, while on earth, to do the work for which he came to earth. He was not sent here for the sole purpose of trying to get away again; neither was he sent here to live the life of an animal and die. The spiritual part of Man is pure and free, and needs no missions nor sermons to regenerate it. What is corrupt in Man is his body and mind, and they need all the care and attention. We have a grand and sufficient philosophy of life, and it only needs applying outwardly. Practical application is far in the rear of theoretical perception. If we pass our time in speculation and study, we shall leave the field of work-a-day life in possession of the destructive powers; just as a parson may confine all his energies to the pulpit and ignore the out-of-church life of his congregation. If we say that food and medicine and habits are beneath our notice, destructive forces will take possession of the neglected field, and we shall be like a gardener who neglects his homelier duties and lets weeds grow and grubs devour.

In short, if human life is to be bettered, the remedy must be applied to all the affected parts, and not to one alone. And truly the disease has seized upon Western civilization through the degeneration of the physical body caused by depraved habits and reckless ignorance of the laws of health. It is no use trying to put a sound mind in an unsound body, nor new wine into old bottles, nor a new patch on old clothes. There is in our moral—in our vital—atmosphere a deadly ferment that will corrupt almost everything that is poured into it, turning all noble movements into fanatical sects and all sublime emotions into morbid lusts.

When we look around and find that one and all are the victims of a multitude of absurd and pernicious physical habits, preying on the vitality and health of the race, we realize that something must be done to release Man from such an intolerable bondage. This is the Achilles' heel, which renders

useless all the grand powers and beauties of the noblest body; it is the leak in the bottom of our vessel. It is futile to preach moral reform to a morphine maniac; he is thoroughly in the power of a ruthless demon. He must be shut up and relentlessly restrained until the demon lets go. It is the same with each one of us in a lesser degree; we are not physically sane. We over-drink, over-eat, over-sleep, catch colds, are consumptive, cancerous, neurotic, etc., etc. Until some successful attempt is made to rescue our physical life from all this rottenness, our noble philosophies and aims can never be brought to bear on the race, but are more likely to destroy it, as a pure and strong air may destroy a corrupted organism.

This, then, is why the Universal Brotherhood movement has founded at Point Loma a pattern settlement where the laws of physical as well as mental, moral, and spiritual health and sanity are diligently observed; and why it is thought well worth while to devote every energy to the most "prosaic" details that enter into human life. It is, to make new bottles to hold the new wine which our three teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley have brought to the world.

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## MORNINGS IN MY GARDEN.

By A. I. M.

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THE best part of the day is the morning. Would you enjoy to the fullest extent that portion of the day in which Nature discloses most of her beauties, you should rise with the sun, for

"Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth  
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud  
Shroud in their births."

It has been my pleasant task this summer to spend the morning hours in caring for my flower garden, and that I may have gleaned something from Nature's scroll, these rambling, disjointed sentences will testify. My garden is an old-fashioned one, containing many of the olden blooms that endeared themselves to our ancestors of colonial times; and, in many spots,

"There grow no strange flowers every year,  
But when spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,  
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces."

The season, now just passing, has been a very dry one, and has necessitated vigorous and continued sprinkling, so I have been up betimes, often surprising old Sol himself still in bed. The peculiar charm of these mornings has been something soothing and restful to the soul. The exhilarating air; the first song of the birds; the sweet scent of the flowers; the incense from the dew-sprinkled earth; the hum of the bees; and the ever-changing charm which

Nature presents, bidding you take heed and profit thereby; all have contributed to make these mornings the most glorious part of the day for me, and the remembrance of them has lessened somewhat the darkened clouds which overshadow us all at times.

The little birds soon learned that my presence with the hose was a signal for breakfast, and they would perch themselves upon the sturdiest branches of the flowers, and among the neighboring trees, waiting for the moistening of the ground; for this called to the surface the worms that they were waiting for. Then, how they would flock just beyond the reach of the larger stream, burying their beaks in the humid soil, tugging away at the struggling worms, carrying them to the nests of the little ones in the adjacent trees, who welcomed their parents with loud chirps of joy. Often would I depress the hose, sending a fine, misty shower among them, and they would fairly revel in it, fluttering amid the falling drops, with outstretched wings, bathing to their hearts' content; then flying to some near-by support, they would dry themselves in the sun, and sing a song of thanks.

It was indeed a pretty scene; the clear water reduced to the finest spray; the bright golden Sun shining through the tiny drops, irradiating them with ever-changing colors of prismatic brilliancy; the little creatures luxuriating in their morning ablutions; the fragrant surroundings; and permeating all, the richness and glory of the newly-born day. What an opportunity for soul contemplation; for the realization of the true heart touch that Nature brings before us! Here was a lesson of trustfulness and peace, and I was taught something by the little birds. There were many other lessons, many thoughts, contained in the flowers, and growing plants.

Of course, in *my* garden was a profusion of purple and yellow bloom. I love those colors, and who does not? There is an olden lore that witches had a strange antipathy to yellow flowers, rarely frequenting localities where they grew. The same old plant lore also states that the heliotrope was often employed by sorcerers to make themselves invisible to ordinary persons. The heliotrope always signifies faithfulness and loyalty.

That pansies grow abundantly in my garden, goes without saying. The pansy has ever been a favorite of mine, and always holds a prominent place amidst my collection of flowers. As I have given them the *special* attention each morning that they deserve, I have thought much of these expressive little flowers,—you know they have different names with various people. The Italian name is "Idle Thoughts"; with the Germans it is known as "Little Stepmother"; Dr. Puir called it "Herb Trinity"; Drayton termed it "Heart-case." It has also been called, "Three Faces Under a Hood", "Cuddle Me Unto You", "Jump Up and Kiss Me", etc., etc.

The affectionate and heartfelt sympathy for this soulful little expressive face, that speaks so appealingly to you, has endeared it to all, for, very often,

"Ere man is aware  
That the spring is here  
The plants have found it out,"

and the little "heartsease" often opens a tiny bloom to cheer the heart, a true "Jump Up and Kiss Me."

We should value the pansy for its soulful qualities. Surely *all flowers have souls*. There is an olden belief among the Wallachians, that every flower has a soul, and that its outward expression is given in the odor thereof. They believe that the water lily is the sinless flower of the lake, that it blooms at the gate of Paradise, to judge the rest, and that it will demand of each flower what it has done with its odor. Then the pinks! These were Jove's own flowers, and the old-fashioned clove pink is the ancestor of all the carnations of the present day.

Yonder calendulas, turning their golden trusses to the god of day, were once the marigold, respected by all the ancient writers, but under its olden name now banished from our gardens. Repeated incarnations have developed it into an established favorite. The Mexicans call it the "Death Flower," from an old tradition stating that it sprang up on the ground stained with the life-blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold, and the cruelty of the early Spanish settlers in America. It nods its golden face to me complacently, reminding me of its sanguinary origin, but purified by long years of care it is a reincarnated lesson of trust and faith.

Near by is a clump of olden-time southernwood, sprigs of which were once carried to church on Sundays by our great grandmothers, and under the name of "lad's love" was often worn in each shoe when in love, when you were supposed to "see great experiences." The little humming bird perched on the top of its branches, is more interested in the bloom of blue delphinium close by him, than in the tradition I have in mind, and with a quick glance from his little beady eyes he buries his bill into the depths of the flower, and the tradition is lost to him.

These bright Sweet Williams, "with their homely cottage smell," derived their name from St. William of Aquitaine, the half soldier and half monk. It was formerly Saint William, but the word Saint was dropped after the demolition of St. William's shrine in the Cathedral. The long rows of geraniums, with their brilliant spikes of color, have also a history. It is said that the prophet Mohammed washed his shirt and hung it upon a mallow plant to dry; but when removed, its sacred contact with the mallow was found to have transformed it into a fine geranium.

The little blue myosotis, the well known "forget-me-not," is worthy of a passing thought. In the golden morning of the early world a fallen angel sat weeping outside the closed gates of Eden. He loved a daughter of earth, and he was not permitted to enter Paradise again, till she whom he loved had planted the flowers of the forget-me-not in every corner of the world, and hand in hand they went over the world planting the myosotis. After accomplishing their task, they entered Paradise together.

My purple pansies grow under the sheltering branches of a beautiful moss rose. As I have cared for them, I have been reminded of the origin of the



moss rose. The angel who has the care of the flowers and sprinkles them with dew, slumbered one day in the shade of a rose bush, and on awakening thanked the bush for the refreshing odor and cooling shade, and promised any favor it might ask. The spirit of the rose bush asked that it might be adorned with a new crown, and the angel beautified it with the simple moss. Might not these purple blooms represent the angel?

Who knows that the stately asters of today that charm the growers once flourished in the gardens of Revolutionary days, and were pinned upon the coats of gallants, under the name of "Queen Margets"?

And so might scores of flowers be enumerated, and an interesting story be told of each, but we should give some thought to the "waifs" or tramp flowers, growing in neglected and out-of-the-way places. All of them have seen better days. Once planted with tender thoughts, reared carefully amid home surroundings, now abandoned, and with the absence of the former tender care they received, they go on from year to year sowing their seed, reincarnating perpetually, striving to hide the deserted places of their early homes. You see them cheerfully blooming in desolate places, pushing themselves along deserted pathways, covering with their floral tributes the places where once their owners walked among them, and loved them.

Poor, neglected outcasts! Like many of humanity's thousands, you have once seen brighter days, and are now waiting for the magic touch of comradeship, the tender love and devoted care of sympathetic souls, the compassionate caress of brotherliness, that you may again resume your old places, grow in beauty and sweetness, and rejoice the hearts of all. Comrades, think of this, as I have for many mornings in my garden. Let us remember what they have been, and seek to raise them to a higher plane of usefulness, remembering what Goethe says,

"Some flowers are lovely to the eye,  
But others are lovely to the heart."

While the mornings in my garden have been full of fruitful lessons, still at eventide, as the glow of the setting sun gives place to the mystic shining of the stars, when

"In puffs of balm the night air blows  
The burden which the day foregoes,"

there has been much of soulful, restful peace. There was ever an influence that soothed, and smoothed out many a rough experience. Often, in the evening hours have I sauntered through my garden, my mind filled with strong and helpful thoughts for struggling comrades; thoughts to cheer; thoughts to encourage, and I felt with Solomon when he says,

"Awake, O North Wind; and come, thou South; blow upon my garden,  
that the spices thereof may flow out."

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## THE VOICE FROM WITHIN.

By E. O'ROURKE.

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**K**RISHNA says: "If I were not indefatigable in action, all men would presently follow my example. If I did not perform actions all these creatures would perish."

St. Paul acknowledged the same truth when he said, "For in Him we live, and move, and have our being." And the greatest poets have disclosed the same thing. Recognizing the truth indicated, we have a guide to discover the light in our own heart, and in the hearts of all. This light within the secret chamber of the heart, in its divinest manifestations may be said to be a ray from the infinite light. We are in it, and of it, and do not exist in any real sense outside of it. Having faith in this, we entertain an unshaken belief in our own immortality. Surrounded as we are by the fog of materialism, at first we perceive but a faint light. If we persevere in our search, the light will grow,—become more bright, until ultimately we shall realize our identity with the infinite light.

As we move along on our pilgrimage, proving all things by the rules that human experience affords, we come to know as a fact, what is merely suspected by others, that there is a Voice that speaks to us from within, called "the still, small Voice of Conscience"—"the Inward Monitor"—"the Voice of The Silence." This is the key to unlock the burglar-proof safe of the life of Socrates to the materialistic world. Without it all is dark and dismal, but with this key the real meaning of the life of the Saviors of the world may be understood; a reasonable motive may be perceived in their life work. The great sacrifices they have made, their self-denial, their love for humanity, may not be considered as mere waste of energy, but rather as a perfect scheme, a divine plan for the regeneration and salvation of the human race. The great ones of humanity have blazed the trees through the forest of error, made the rough places plain and leveled down the hills and mountains,—that all might be able to follow along the path.

The greatest error of Western civilization lies in its attempt to separate itself from God. For, as Cicero says, "Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must necessarily be eternal." God is the highest reason. He is the Supreme Law. This Supreme Law manifests in and through us and throughout the entire Universe. Hence, the attempt to separate ourselves from the Supreme and from each other is vain and futile. We are one in essence, separate only in development—physical, intellectual and spiritual;

separate as complex individual man differentiates from his fellows, having a higher and lower nature.

To illustrate: The centre of man, the real man, is divine. Hence we say man is a Soul, his body is a vehicle, an instrument. This soul is the master endeavoring to train and discipline the human nature, that it may come to realize its higher possibilities and divine origin. As we have learned, the Supreme is ceaseless, eternal motion—never at rest. Being omnipresent, it penetrates all things—in it “we live and move and have our being.” Hence we can easily apprehend that the growth and expansion of our mental and spiritual faculties depends upon the discipline and purification of the lower nature that it may respond truly and completely to the divine motion which is the basis and source of its manifested power. When this is apprehended, we may have a correct concept of the meaning of the phrase, “the Voice from within.”

Think of the greatest musical performer you have ever heard, or heard of. If you have heard the greatest musician at his best—under the most favorable conditions—with a perfect instrument, you can understand my meaning. Such a musician, with such an instrument, with such conditions, can lift an appreciative audience beyond their normal state to an immeasurable height. The musician himself, in love with his art, transcends the bounds of ordinary consciousness and ascends into the regions of celestial delights. The same may be said of the great singers. Then, again, think of the greatest musical performer having a bad instrument, attempting to entertain. I need not enlarge upon this. To attempt to simplify a matter of this kind, to even ordinary intelligence, could be likened unto the effort made to teach fishes to swim.

Let us think, then, of humanity as a whole, and individually. What an inadequate instrument humanity is for the divine breath—the divine voice. We may consider the matter in the same light as to each individual. Some thoughtless person may interpose that the Supreme is infinite in power and wisdom, and is able to destroy all discord in the universe and in humanity—and produce universal harmony. But the infinite is without limitations. The liberty of the infinite is as boundless as the Divine Wisdom. The Supreme is never shorn of the power of manifestation, the Divine Law and the Supreme are synonymous. Owing to the poverty of my language, I am compelled to say, by way of simplification, that the Supreme is true to its own nature; that manifestation, therefore, takes place according to the Law. No error can be permitted—absurdity is not to be thought of. No idea of injustice in the divine economy can be indulged. Who, then, can question the Almighty? The state of being that is subordinate, should not protest to the Supreme. Why should a single member of the human organism censure the heart and brain? In view of what has been written, it is quite unnecessary to answer the question of the thoughtless, Why was I placed here in this world?

It is natural for the person who is too indolent to think, or the one who is puffed up with intellectual pride, to drop into the notion that the Supreme

has irrevocably fixed the condition of each individual, and that therefore human effort is of no avail to change the lot of humanity. But in the light of human experience, why not accept the notion that we are sharers in that perfect liberty which the Supreme enjoys, and that the advancement we gain depends upon the right use we make of our privilege to choose. As intimated already, we cannot assume that the Supreme Law is just and unjust; that it is a complex rule in which justice and injustice are mingled. To ordain that one should be a master and that another should be his slave would be injustice. There is no warrant for such an assumption. It would be logically fatal to the theory that the universe is regulated by Supreme Law. As Pope says:

“All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see:  
 All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good.  
 And spite of pride, in erring reason’s spite,  
 One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.”

The immutability of the Supreme Law is acknowledged. With the Supreme Law there is no past and no future. It is the Eternal Now. We cannot say that it has been, or that it is about to be,—but that it is. And on account of its unchangeableness and perfectness it is right.

All that we behold in the world is the logical result of antecedent causes and therefore must necessarily be right. Every effect in its turn becomes a cause. And if we allow ourselves to take a calm view of human action we shall become reconciled to the notion that every act of an individual, including his thoughts, makes an indelible impression upon the soul. He weaves for himself a garment which he cannot cast off so long as the same weaving processes that produced the garment continue. He may change by degrees, in daily, hourly, momentarily action, the warp and woof of the garment; and, by right action purify the human soul, thus reaching the greater heights of perfection.

Because of the gross, materialistic condition of the mass of mankind, the Voice from within is but dimly heard. The tone is below even the middle tone of nature.

Remember that the Supreme power does not move to destroy, but to regenerate and build. Neither is there any coercion exercised on the individual, for that would be entirely inconsistent with the principle of perfect liberty which belongs to the Supreme. The voice within is continuously suggesting and soliciting, rather than commanding and compelling. We may gain the proper idea sought to be conveyed, by recalling the methods of the great sages and Saviors of mankind. The master does not seek to substitute his will and superior state of consciousness for the state and condition of the individual he is teaching. His aim is to draw forth the powers latent in the pupil, that he may do the work to his advancement himself. The opposite method would

tend to destroy the consciousness of the pupil, and force his acceptance of truth blindly and without question. The pupil not apperceiving the truth, would remain stationary, and the voice from within, thrilling through such an imperfect instrument, would seem to utter an uncertain tone, just as the pure white light when transmitted through a colored medium, seems to be of the color of that through which it passes.

It appears to me that the perfect liberty of the Supreme Law vibrating in matter, imparts to each individual liberty of action, and because of the condition of the individual he does not seem to apprehend that he is free to choose. Outwardly at least, to screen himself and to avoid responsibility, he declares that he is not free; but when he tries to be true to himself, the voice from within, which is the real self, convinces him of his error. In his sober, meditative moments, he may realize and repeat after Holmes:

“From the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings,  
 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 thine outgrown shell by life’s unresting sea!”

The idea of self-reliance must be kept steadily in view. We advance or recede by the exercise of, or the failure to exercise, the will. If the desires are impure and the will is weak, we know what will follow. The desires must be purified. We should have faith in the right. We should strongly desire to have the courage of our convictions, and to love truth for truth’s sake. Heroes must possess these qualities. Such have made themselves glorious. As the “Dhammapada” says, “By one’s self the evil is done, by one’s self one suffers; by one’s self evil is left undone; by one’s self one is purified. The pure and the impure stand and fall by themselves; no one can purify another.” St. Bernard says, “No one can injure me but myself.”

In the consideration of this subject, it is necessary to understand that the cord of many strands—Karma and Reincarnation—runs through it; that each individual man has passed through many births, though they may be unknown to him. Each one may say, I am what I am in consequence of the work I have done on the human loom in many separate periods of existence. I have done the work myself, and I alone am responsible. I reap what I have sown. This, every rational, intelligent mind should recognize as just.

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“And what is the purpose of every effort I make? It is that I may discharge the debt which I owe to other creatures, that I may make them happy in the world, and that they may gain heaven in the next.”

—Selected.

## THE BATTLE WITH SELF.

By JEROME A. ANDERSON, M. D.



IN Holy Writ it is recorded, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Turning one of the seven keys to any occult saying, this becomes a reference to the higher and lower nature of man, and to the eternal conflict which must exist between the two until the lower is entirely dominated. Hence, in view of this unavoidable and absolutely necessary warfare, each ought to carefully study his own lower nature; to note where it is weak and where it is strong, as calmly as he would estimate the strength or weakness of an outer enemy with whom he was compelled to do battle.

The voice of the higher nature is Conscience. Avoiding metaphysical subtleties, and admitting that conscience sets differing standards for differing men, the assertion is nevertheless made that it is the voice of the god within every human breast, and that it always teaches the very highest ethics which the particular man appealed to is capable of understanding. It ought, therefore, to be appealed to in every conflict; it should guide and direct every fight. Instead of this, its voice is but too often drowned just when the battle is fiercest, and its reproaches only heard when it is lost. For conscience speaks in the silence of hushed passions; it is the "still, small voice" which can only be heard after the roaring of the tempest of passion has passed. How necessary, then, for the soul to resolutely maintain its calm at all times so that the voice of the inner monitor may be heard!

It is easy to say, "Do this," or "Do not do that." But *how* are we to maintain that calm in which alone conscience may be heard? It is possible only by a thorough understanding of the nature of the lower self; by recognizing that the soul is in an animal body in which passion, desire and selfishness normally exist. These lower instincts, passions and desires are forces which are not to be rejected nor destroyed, but dominated, directed, transmuted, and utilized to the soul's advantage.

Further than this: not only are the emotions and passions normal to the lower self, but it takes pleasure and satisfaction in the exercise of every one of them. This is important to note. Grief is regarded as perhaps the most sacred of all the emotions of the lower nature (some, confusing it with compassion, would regard it as belonging to the higher), yet it is intensely selfish, and no one grieves who finds absolutely no pleasure in it. Its gloomy joys are indulged in with sweet, if unrecognized, gratification, until the emotion becomes outworn, and then, and then only, does it become assuaged.

Again, many permit anger, envy, pride, or other emotion of the lower self to dominate their lives, to the intense unhappiness of themselves, and of those

who are associated under the law with them. If such are remonstrated with, they indignantly reply, "Why, it is my nature, and I cannot help *that!*" Only a complete failure to recognize the duality of the higher and lower nature could lead one into such a defense; yet this duality has been plainly taught by every Seer and Saviour of the past. "O wretched man that I am," groans St. Paul, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" The eternal warfare between the higher and lower nature, between the soul and the "body" of its death, must be fully recognized, if the soul would win the victory.

Under the belief and excuse that they belong to one's "nature" the grossest animal passions are also permitted full sway, and millions indulge them daily without the faintest conception that such things must be brought under the strictest subjugation. They are a portion of the "nature," truly, but it is to the lower nature entirely that they owe allegiance, and this is the nature which is at continual warfare with the soul, and these very things its strongest weapons.

This lower self is continuously longing for pleasure. In myriad ways, and often by totally unrecognized methods, it seeks to gratify its selfish desires. Change it demands constantly, for change is the very essence of sensuous enjoyment. The wife or husband "pouts" or "nags"; or anger, or hysteria is resorted to simply because the lower self has tired of the sameness of a peaceful life, and these are its means of bringing about the coveted excitement. Tears flow because they afford the pleasure of change, or anger rages for the same reason. Lovers' quarrels are notoriously sweet because of the delightful change which the quarreling and the subsequent "making up" afford. All of these emotions and passions which are normal to a purely animal life, must be carefully studied, and their energies as carefully conserved and made helpful by a proper control.

The continuous demand of the lower self for new sensation, and its seeking this through the emotions and passions, once recognized, makes its control far easier. When it is realized that it is the lower self entirely that is creating and enjoying those passions and appetites, pride, or vanity, which we mistake as ours; that it alone is gratifying itself by our petty griefs and sorrows, we will take the reins of the chariot of life in firm hands, and control these tendencies as effectually as we would the tendency to bolt in a vicious horse. But we must learn to recognize the lower self under all its sub-conscious masquerading, under all its hypocritical disguises, before the higher Self—the Crucified Christ within—can ascend the throne of its rightful kingdom.

The lower self is susceptible to many foreign influences, which must be recognized and guarded against in the hard fight before the soul. The control of the lower nature is by following the dictates of the conscience, as has already been said. The voice of conscience in the ordinary man is feeble at best, and may be entirely annulled in many ways. Most dreadful of these outer and entirely unnecessary factors is alcohol, which first benumbs and then entirely silences it, which in many cases is the secret of the resort to it by men. With

conscience silenced, they re-become irresponsible animals, and the sense of exultation and freedom from moral restraint is like that of a caged wild animal who has been suddenly loosened in his native wilds. Many drugs, too, have the effect of stimulating the lower nature markedly. Too much indulgence in animal food; excesses of any kind, even fasting, or too great a loss of sleep, make the control of the lower self more difficult and often impossible. In those in whom the higher nature is not aroused, sleep may silence conscience so entirely (because the soul is then away from the body) that it may be absent for a dangerous time, even after one thinks that one is fully awake. Especially may this be the case with such when awakened abnormally or accidentally after a brief period of unconsciousness. At such times the higher will may for a time be quite annulled, and the lower self in complete control. Then, too, a day or a week spent in the purely sensuous enjoyment of "sight-seeing" may so charm and arouse the lower nature that its domination becomes exceedingly difficult. Coming from quiet country places, visitors to a city will often denounce the sensual "atmosphere," when in fact their own lower natures, unknown to themselves, have been aroused and excited, and they merely attract to themselves that which they condemn.

It must be recognized, also, that the brain-mind, which thinks our ordinary thoughts, is the servant and representative of the lower self, and must be held in strict subjection. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of our thoughts are the direct result of the things reaching us by means of the senses. The brain-mind may be made the servant of the Higher Self, but this can only be accomplished by being constantly on guard under the guidance of the inner Warrior.

"As a man thinks, so he is," is as old and as true as the granite hills, and vacant, idle, chaotic thinking must be sternly suppressed.

Finally, the would-be neophyte must have constantly upon his lips the prayer taught by the Christ, "Lead us not into temptation." Distrusting his own lower strength, he should ever seek to identify himself with the strength of the Warrior, and resolutely avoid even temptation's shadow. It is recorded of the early Christians that they were wont to place themselves under circumstances of the most overwhelming temptation in order to strengthen their will and the power to resist evil. But the quaint old historian records the significant fact that "outraged nature" (the lower nature, again) occasionally "had her revenge, and great was the scandal thereat." Such methods were and are due to ignorance of the nature and strength of the lower self. How foolish to trust in a will which has been so little exercised, save for personal ends, which so many things are capable of overcoming; how unwise to forget for a single moment that the lower self by which one has been dominated all his life is not to be overcome without hard and strenuous effort!

Nor must we forget that we are of the race, and possess by long inheritance all the race weaknesses. We must therefore study not alone our own weaknesses, but also those of humanity about us, for thus we may discover many an unknown foe lurking concealed within our castle walls, and which only awaits opportunity to apply the torch of action to the prepared pile of our passions and desires. We must *feel* the truth of the heresy of Separateness, and account ourselves as no better nor stronger than our fellow-men, but with only a little better understanding of our lower nature and that strange duality of the higher and lower self, and, it may be, a little more watchful and on guard against a foe which we have been taught to recognize.



## A JUNE NIGHT.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



THE wind-stirred leaves rustle from gentle touch.  
Chanting and broken sounds lull through the night.  
The herds lie in the pastures; and the birds,  
Sheltered beneath the leaves, cosily rest.

Nature is still. Men lie in gentle sleep.  
I only wakeful, 'mid the dews of night,  
On earth's broad face, beneath the Mystery  
That crowns our little, visible universe,  
Lie awed and try to think.

Out from the depths of space—the blue-veiled depths—  
Look down the scattered jewels of the night.  
The fields of heaven are broad and figured beautiful  
By hand of Infinite Thought. The wavering rays  
Of light, struggling from out Immensity,  
Break on the shores of earth.

The worlds whirl on through space. Planets revolve  
About their mother suns. The suns move on.  
Vast systems roll, which go in turn  
To make up vaster systems.  
Space stretches to Infinity and stretches on,  
Peopled with worlds.  
Immensity, unwall'd and limitless,  
Reaches and reaches on and reaches still  
Until the mind follows no farther,  
But, shuddering at the trial, wearied recoils.

Yet all this infinite host, these numberless worlds,  
Peopled with teeming life, they are not all.  
Nature has yet another greater phase;  
The phase of which we know not, yet may dream;  
Toward which we yearn, but which we cannot reach;  
The phase of which we see, through matter's forms,  
Faint, glimmering rays of light,  
Which are, e'en what we see, so beautiful,  
That to the spirit of man they gleam like stars;  
They stir within our souls a deeper thought;

They shine into our natures and give joy ;  
 It is the hidden light, the secret force,  
 The spirit of the worlds.

When all the stars that glimmer through the night  
 And all that go to fill the measureless depths,  
 Which lie beyond our ken, are rolling on,  
 They move by perfect law—the law of worlds—  
 The outer workings of some inner mind,  
 That in itself is method, and whose thought  
 Thrills through all matter, springing into life  
 And forms of beauty ;  
 That guides the Universe and yet e'en stoops  
 To forms the most debased ; and at whose will  
 The smallest atom moves and is impact  
 With all the forms of force  
 Of myriads of globes ;  
 The infinite, the all-imbuing soul,  
 That warms the heart of life  
 And lights the beautiful ;  
 Whose body is Existence and whose thought  
 Quivers along the whole wide Universe.

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## THEOSOPHY THE HOPE OF HUMANITY.

By ORTIZ.

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IN the way in which mankind is moving now, there is no hope for it. All is confusion. Each man follows his own path. The orbits are unrelated. There is chaos and discord. The chaos must be brought into form, the discord resolved.

But there is another picture. The City of Light has been established at Point Loma ; a nucleus formed of a new civilization, based on Universal Brotherhood. Here the students are being gathered from the whole world. Here the first rudiments of the perfect life are being taught, so that from this centre all humanity may be helped. From this city the light will radiate in all directions. From this city the teachers will go everywhere. The example of this city will uplift all.

Is this Utopian? That which has already been done proves that it is not. Let me quote from the prospectus for the students :

“Buildings are now being erected from original plans and designs by the Foundress-Directress of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, Katherine Tingley. In style and character, they are absolutely

new to modern times, reviving the beauty and chasteness of ancient periods, anterior to those of which we still have a few remaining examples, and so different from anything now in existence that they cannot be comprehended, much less appreciated, until seen. These buildings and their appointments will be conducive to the greatest simplicity of life, and yet will be more beautiful and utilitarian than the most expensive dwellings. They will be in themselves object lessons, at once educative and ennobling.

"The elevating influence of such habitations upon family life will reveal how the grandest principles of human life are interwoven with the simplest duties of home. In order to better serve humanity with these lofty, economic, unselfish and pure examples, they must be shown to the world as being both consonant and in most intimate relation with the sacred ties of family.

"To live under the refining influence of such homes, to be stimulated by such gentle and lofty surroundings while in active preparation to become a world teacher, is beyond measure inspiring. For the dominant purpose . . . is to establish a Temple, a Beacon Light, a Home of Peace, stretching out the strong hand of Truth, Light and Liberation, inviting the world to partake of its spiritual benefits."

That among men there is so little comprehension of their own needs is strange. That there is so keen an apprehension of their artificial wants, so conducive to unhappiness, is startling. The sorrow of the world is caused by the effort to gratify these artificial wants. How shall we rectify this condition?

Sounds are either harmonious or discordant. The harmonies are not the result of chance; nor are the discords the outcome of intelligent endeavor. Is it not the same with life?

Conscious activity, intelligently directed, is essential to success in art. The student takes simple problems first, complex ones later. Study precedes practice, and a teacher directs both. Yet, in the greatest problem of all problems, the problem of human life, there is an opinion, as widespread as it is abused, that its subtlest phases are within the immediate grasp of all.

All know how to breathe, or we should die. Most persons can walk, talk, hear, see and perform the other ordinary functions. But, are the underlying principles of existence known, much less intelligently applied? If so, why the discords?

Are they not due to the misapplication of fundamental truths, the result of misapprehension and ignorance? But this ignorance can be dispelled and the truth learned, for there is one who has the truth, and stands ready to teach it.

H. P. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood twenty-five years ago. She taught in America, Europe and Asia. Her books had a world-wide reputation; people flocked from everywhere to hear her; the papers were filled with accounts of her; her name was on all lips. After her death, William Q. Judge took up the work; and after his death, Katherine Tingley.

What did Madame Blavatsky teach? That man is divine; that his life is immortal; that perfection is his goal. She demonstrated this from religion, science, philosophy and art. She delved into the mysteries of the past and opened up the stores of the present.

What does Katherine Tingley teach? The same, but with a more practical application. The present times permit of this. In Madame Blavatsky's day the precept which precedes practice was laid down. Now the precept and the practice go hand in hand. Endless study alone is not beneficial. Practice without study is useless. The true teacher will not burden with dissertations of too great length. It should be practice, practice, practice, of rule after rule and precept upon precept. This is the method of Katherine Tingley with her students, little children, boys and girls, men and women, both young and old. It is practice, practice, practice in purifying the acts of daily life in every smallest duty as well as in every largest one.

In every art there comes a time when fancy runs riot; when talent becomes prolix, ideas meretricious, form stultifying, and inspiration dead. At such times a reformer is needed. There have been such reformers in art, and there have been similar ones in religion. Of the latter class were Confucius, Gautama, Jesus, Mohammed, Martin Luther. Such also were H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge; and such is Katherine Tingley. Succeeding Madame Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, she is carrying on and enlarging their work. She is putting into practice what they inculcated, and is infusing new ideas as fast as the world is ready.

To fully understand this, it is necessary to be part of the work. All can be this to some extent. It is not essential for this that one should live at Point Loma, the great international centre, though there is a great advantage in that if one is ready. The vital thing is to take the first step. This can be done wherever one is, and whatever one is doing. The other steps follow easily one by one. As men and women do this they will find themselves falling into line, marching shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart.

Thus Theosophy, as today taught and applied by Katherine Tingley, with its branches and centres throughout the world, its head and heart at Point Loma, is the hope of humanity.

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"The man to whom the universe does not reveal directly what relation it has to him, whose heart does not tell him what he owes himself and others—that man will scarcely learn it out of books." \* \* \*

"There is no more lovely worship of God than that for which no image is required, but which springs up in our breast spontaneously, when Nature speaks to the soul, and the soul speaks to Nature face to face." GOETHE.

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"There is this City of Brahman, the body, and in it the palace, the small lotus of the heart, and in it, that small ether. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of the Self, here in the world, and whatever has been or will be, all that is contained within it." \* \* \*

"The Self which is free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, which desires nothing but what it ought to desire and imagines nothing but what it ought to imagine, that it is which we must search out, which we must try to understand." —Chandogya-Upanishad.

## WHAT IS TRUTH?

By M. J. BARNETT.



TRUTH to each one of us is only our individual conception of truth.

“To him who wears shoes the whole earth is covered with leather.” He may tread on a different foundation of soil at every step, he may traverse valleys and plains and cross over diversified mountains, but he feels only leather under his feet. Let him, however, throw aside that little foot encasement and come into real touch with the earth, and by the sense of contact alone he can discriminate between the sand and the clay, the marshes and the dry earth, the green sward and the barren rock. He has thus related himself more closely to the surface of the globe on which he treads. So we, wrapped up as we are in our own conceptions or preconceptions, do not come into the closest touch with truth, which yet all the time is so near us, and which we really desire to perceive. But let us ignore or for the time being cast aside that encasement of preconceptions, and we shall find ourselves receiving new impressions at every step. Of course, we must continue to have conceptions, but they will be ever new ones that are not shut out from us by the interposing incrustations of the old ones. We shall thus have properly related ourselves to the object of our quest.

But this casting aside of our preconceptions is not an easy thing to accomplish. We become attached to our own ideas, and are fearful lest they may slip away from us. We have such strong preferences as to what shall and what shall not be true, that it deadens our powers of discrimination, and shuts the truth away from us.

A lady, on being told that her only means of salvation were within herself, in her own life and efforts, in her own reaching up to the Christ within her, said in alarm that she could not have her Saviour taken away from her, for it was the only comfort she had. What was her Saviour? It seemed that it was something outside of herself, a historical character, by whose merits alone she was to be saved. She did not feel willing to take the responsibility of her salvation upon herself. She preferred leaning upon the merits of that pure and great adept, whose teaching has been so variously and contradictorily interpreted. She was so sheathed in her own conceptions of a Christ that she was not in a condition to receive new light upon the subject. She was not willing even to consider the inadequacy of a plan of salvation that was withheld from humanity until nineteen hundred years ago, whereas a divine plan would always be one that could be universally applied to all humanity, and would reach backward and forward throughout all time, and must therefore be within one's own self, whether that self were incarnated in a primitive or in a more advanced race.

As to the taking away from us of any of our beliefs, it cannot be done. It is only we ourselves who drop one belief because we have found a seemingly better one to take its place. Nothing that can be taken away from us is of any lasting value to us. It is just as natural and just as painless for our old conceptions, opinions and beliefs to drop away from us with our further development, as it is for mature fruit to drop from a tree. We reach a certain stage when we have done all we can do with them, and they have done all they can do for us, so when they go we do not miss them, for they are replaced with something better. We do not, however, get that something better if we object to having it, but even though dissatisfied with our illusions, we go on hugging them, and bearing about with us the carcasses of dead opinions and beliefs.

All history amply exemplifies the hindering weaknesses of prejudice and antagonism regarding newly presented truth. Religion, science and art have all had their progress interfered with by the unwillingness of their votaries or the world at large to take a new standpoint in regarding them. As we look back across the centuries from our distant vantage ground, we can laugh, if indeed we are not more inclined to weep, over the folly of past generations, who antagonized the readily accepted truth of the present age with bitterness and cruelty. But we fail to realize that the same spirit of opposition exists in us today for the ridicule of future centuries.

A notable illustration of antagonism to newly presented truth is offered us in relation to the career of that great philosopher, mathematician and astronomer known as Galileo. Although he had for years freely given the public the fruits of his research in many sciences and had even himself constructed useful mechanical appliances, yet when in the same spirit of sincerity that always characterized him he presented a truth that contradicted a fixed opinion, he met with opposition, bitterness and cruelty. The malice of his enemies gradually gathered force until it finally brought him imprisonment and the tortures of the Inquisition. Instead of most fittingly closing his beautiful and useful career crowned with laurels and cheered with the love and gratitude of his compatriots, he was hounded to the death, ending his days under public surveillance, broken down in health, until he became blind and then deaf; and all for what? Because he rediscovered the astronomical fact of the diurnal motion of the earth and its orbit around the sun. Today any school boy would laugh at the absurdity of an opposite theory.

How the astronomers of Ancient Egypt might laugh (if indeed they were not too wise for mirth) at the puerile attempts of modern learning at a solution of problems of a science that held no problems for them, but only accurate knowledge.

What we have yet to learn has been known by races of humanity more advanced than ours. Should not this fact render us humble and tolerant in our search for more truth? Should it not prevent us from encasing ourselves in fixed beliefs that must of necessity change with our further development?

At the period in which Galileo lived the scientific and religious world had,

in harmony with the illusive testimony of their senses, become fixed in the belief that the sun moved around the earth. They, in their bigotry, preferred to have the sun move around the earth, just as in ages previous to that time the public had preferred to have the earth a flat surface instead of a globe.

Now, it is not strange that our senses delude us until the higher faculty of reason or of intuition comes to our rescue. But it is strange that we cling to our delusions and do not desire to give them up, even when we almost see that they are delusions.

If we are in a stationary railroad car, and another car passes us, our senses may tell us that it is we who are moving. But on taking another point of view, on looking out of an opposite window, we find the landscape stationary, and then by reason, by logical inference we contradict the teaching of our senses, and very foolish would he be considered who would still cling to his first belief, simply because it had been his belief.

Galileo was perfectly willing to consider the Copernican system of the earth's movement around the sun, although doing so might destroy his former beliefs. He was willing to use his reason against the evidence of his senses, to take new points of view, to make logical inferences that might contradict all his preconceptions regarding the subject of his study.

Those of us who are willing at any time to take a new point of view concerning any pretended truth are the ones who gain truth and benefit humanity. They are like Galileo, ever found marching in advance of their fellows, but this precedence is valuable to us only as it enables us to help others along the road.

Galileo's teachings, like those of many another teacher who has endeavored to help his contemporaries, were not generally appreciated until time had removed him to a distance in the background.

It seems scarcely credible that those who most bitterly and cruelly opposed the astronomer, were the learned men of science and the ecclesiastics, the so-called followers of Jesus the Compassionate, both of which classes now as then more frequently constitute themselves guardians of fixed beliefs than pioneers in quest of more truth.

From the masses of the people, the uneducated, must ever come that tolerance which lends to truth a ready ear and an open mind. They are not sheathed in the preconceptions of intellectual culture and learned bias.

In imagination we can behold the earnest astronomer in his hour of prosperity, with his frank and cheerful countenance, his fair complexion, and penetrating eyes—those wondrous eyes, that by long gazing at the stars had caught their scintillation—we can behold him passing through the streets of his beloved city of Florence, followed by a curious and admiring populace, on his way out of the narrow streets and through the old Roman gate, leaving behind him the shining spires, the picturesque towers, the blooming gardens of the City of Flowers, and the moving waters and many arches of the sparkling Arno. He advances up the Imperial Hill, under the line of cypresses that border the walk, and on to the top of the height, at last gaining his beloved

tower, the quaint structure that now bears his name, and where, with his marvelous telescope which he himself had constructed, he was accustomed to spending his nights with heavenly worlds unseen by his fellow-men, and whose very existence was scornfully discredited by so-called men of science. Rumors of his belief in the earth's daily rotation had extended down from the learned few and spread through the ranks of the people. But the great heresy had not as yet attracted to the culprit the slowly gathering venom that was finally to enter into and poison his life's blood; so he freely walked among the kindly populace who, ever lenient toward those who touch their hearts rather than their heads, still venerated him.

The great man always turned and smiled upon them, and they without logic or argument felt the sweetness and earnestness of his nature, and we can now across the centuries almost hear the ring of their musical Tuscan speech as they gather lovingly around him. "He is fair as an angel." "The light of the stars is in his eyes." "He says the earth moves, and it may be so; who can tell? Priests do not know everything."

How different is this early picture of the dispenser of truth from a later one! After years of effort on his part, and under severe restrictions, the Inquisition temporarily loosened its grip upon him sufficiently to permit him to revisit Florence for medical assistance, that he might repair his health so broken down by years of religious (?) torture and righteous (?) persecution.

The health he sought, however, did not come to him. We can see him in his acute misery, with his failing faculties, shunning public observation in the old streets that had witnessed his former happiness, and among the friendly populace whose good will was so powerless against the antagonism of the so-called great, and in his despair almost content to return to the judicial anguish of the rack as the lesser evil.

As the end approached for him, it could scarcely be dreaded, for his sightless eyes could no longer behold the stars or the loving faces of those who still kept faith with him, and his deadened hearing could no longer catch the sound of their friendly tones. The earth which he had so fatally proclaimed to move seemed indeed slipping away from under his own feet; while the sun which he had fixed so firmly in the heavens no longer shone for him.

He had, however, his moments of divine solace and compensation in the midst of his sorrow; for, though now blind, he had, as he said, seen so much more than other men. In his long nights with the constellations, which revealed to him their mysteries, he had gazed while all the world was sleeping. Then, too, he had freely given his fellow-men the fruits of his life-long industry, and as ungrateful as they might be, he yet experienced the pure joy of having given forth what to him was the truth.

He left behind him an incredible number of valuable works along many lines of science. His life work had been enormous, but it was now over. Enmity had gained the day, and enmity against what? Enmity against one who proclaimed a truth that clashed with preconceived opinion and belief.



Perhaps there never was any one better fitted for the discovery of new truth than this learned man, whose disposition was so charitable, and whose mind was so unbiased that he was always ready to consider in the kindest spirit any scientific theory, although it might diametrically oppose his own, while the individuals that advanced such theories were to him only fellow-seekers after truth, whose views at the worst he merely found unsatisfactory. There was no hard shell of preconceived opinion about him. His naked soul could therefore readily come into touch with the verities of the universe. Whatever might be the penalty inflicted upon him by ignorance and bigotry, he, like all the truly noble, found it a necessity to give forth to others the treasures he had unearthed. He could but let his own light shine upon others. History says that after the tortures of the Inquisition had extracted from him a promise to keep silence concerning his theory of the earth's motion, he was heard to mutter under his breath, "Nevertheless it moves." The truth must well forth from his heart to enlighten the world.

Do we ever think what a terrible price has been paid for the little truth that we now possess, what ghastly agony has brought the world's advance into the knowledge of the present day? We merely accept it all with complacency and self-gratulation as our inheritance and our right. Any truth into which we may come is our right; and still further—a fact which we, as well as our predecessors, sometimes forget—any greater truth than ours into which another may come is also his right, and the right of all who are willing and able to accept it from him. Indeed, to consider nothing but one's own views is not only a hindrance to progress and exceedingly selfish and egotistic, but positively childish. Freedom of thought is not solely for one individual, but for all.

The egotism, conceit and selfishness of non-development is truly astounding. An infant in his non-development and lack of reason regards the sun and moon as his toys, which he can draw to himself by reaching out his hand for them.

When the seventeenth century astronomer, with his giant lens discovered worlds invisible to the naked eye, scientific non-development argued, with the logic of an infant, that since these worlds could not be seen by the inhabitants of this earth (presumably the only planet of any importance in the universe) they were of no use, and therefore did not exist.

In the same century when any opinions were entertained, which did not coincide with already existing ones, religious non-development opposed them with the illogical and brutal arguments of the rack and torture.

It seems difficult for us to realize that any truth which we may gain is only a partial or relative truth.

Now, it may be that even Galileo himself did not realize that while it was true that the sun stood still, relatively to this earth and the other planets under its control, yet, there existed a larger truth in the fact that the sun with its planetary chain together with perhaps numberless other chains, was ceaselessly moving in space around some greater sun, which perhaps in its turn performed

a similar revolution on a still larger scale, and so on and on to yet greater and greater wheels of the universe until non-developed mind could go no further.

Can we not readily imagine that if one of these interdependent wheels within wheels should at any time fall out of line with the law, the whole universe would be thrown into a hopeless chaos? But they never will proceed against law. It is only we, interdependent humanity, who, under our own erring guidance, fall out of line with law by living for self and thus bringing upon the whole of mankind the physical, moral and mental chaos that causes all the suffering of the world today. We need not only to disbelieve in the false theory that our globe is the only one of any importance in the universe, and that every other world was created solely to minister to its pleasure; but we need to dislodge from our minds and hearts the equally false and much more pernicious doctrine that we, our personal and individual self, are the centre and recipient of all good, while our fellow men exist only to minister to us in our selfishness.

As there is not one little star in all the heavens that has not its own important place and mission, and that in its rythmic progress does not contribute its own peculiar tone to the grand music of the spheres, so there is not one member of humanity, however seemingly insignificant and useless, who is not important in the scheme for the final perfection of all, and who is not, in his own orbit necessary for the harmony of all, equally with the greatest spiritual being, the greatest luminary that ever enlightened mankind.

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### GEMS FROM SENECA'S LETTERS.

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"I will so live as knowing myself to have come into the world for others. . . . I shall recognize the world as my proper country. Whenever nature or reason shall demand my last breath I shall depart with the testimony that I have loved a good conscience, useful pursuits—that I have encroached upon the liberty of no one, least of all my own."

\* \* \*

"Of what bad practice have you cured yourself today? What vice have you resisted? In what respect are you the better? Rash anger will be moderated and finally cease when it finds itself daily confronted with its judge. What, then, is more useful than this custom of thoroughly weighing the actions of the entire day?"

\* \* \*


"Let us ask what is *best*, not what is *most customary*; what may place us firmly in the possession of an everlasting felicity, not what has received the approbation of the vulgar—the worst interpreter of truth. Now I call the vulgar the common herd of all ranks and conditions."

\* \* \*

"That man is of the stupidest sort who values another either by his dress or by his condition. Is he a slave? He is, it may be, *free in mind*. He is the *true* slave who is a slave to cruelty, to ambition, to avarice, to pleasure. Love cannot co-exist with fear."

## UNIVERSAL UNITY.\*

By HENRY TURNER PATTERSON.



 IS said, they, who the starry heavens watch,  
 Spending their time in silent contemplation,  
 And view the worlds and systems moving round,  
 Become so filled with peace and perfect trust  
 That unto them life, death, grief, care and fear  
 Are almost naught. So, I, a long time past,  
 Having passed my time in watching, night by night,  
 The stars move in their orbits; and my days  
 In mapping out their past and future course,  
 One August night, while that the quiet moon  
 Flooded tree and bush, and vale and hill-top,  
 Stream and bank, and spire and roof with light,  
 And whistling winds and rustling leaves added  
 Their voices to the myriad sounds  
 Of insect life, fell fast asleep. And, then,  
 I saw the moon swinging slowly to and fro,  
 And round our Sun the earth and other satellites  
 Revolving ceaselessly. And as they moved  
 I heard a sweet melodious sound  
 And felt a soft and mellow light;  
 And still I saw our Sun with other suns  
 All circling round one common central point,  
 All these centres round some other centre circling.  
 The sound increased, till all things seemed but sound,  
 The light increased, till all things seemed but light,  
 The heat increased, till all things seemed but heat,  
 And then I felt my soul beat rapturously  
 Against the throbbing, pulsing, central life,  
 From thence I felt the light, the heat, the sound,  
 The life, the love, the peace pass out unceasingly.  
 From thence, I knew all life to flow; and passing out,  
 I knew all life was part of it, and it of life;  
 I knew that I was it, and it was I;  
 That sound and light, and life, and I and it were one;  
 That life and death, and tree and bush, and stream,  
 And bank, and flower, and seed and it are one,  
 Then there passed into my soul a perfect,  
 Great content; and rising from my sleep,  
 I passed into my life, a happy man.

\* Reprinted from THE PATH, 1887.

## EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES.

By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

XX. Lathyros—Kleopatra Berenikê—Ptolemy the New Bacchus, or the Flute-Player—Ptolemy and Kleopatra—Expulsion of Kleopatra—Murder of Pompey—Kleopatra Again Queen—Her Visit to Rome—Cæsar Assassinated—Kleopatra and Antony—Herod the Great—Intrigues of Octavianus Cæsar—Battle of Aktium—Last Weeks at Alexandria—Death of Antony and Kleopatra—Rise and Fall of Egypt with Kleopatra.

 O Lathyros was successful. He had made the ancient capital of Egypt a ruin and a solitude. The Greek had crushed the Kopt, and the city from which kings had gone forth to drive usurpers from power, and to follow them into the heart of Asia, was humbled and utterly destroyed. But peace did not solace the conqueror. He must now prepare to reckon with Rome.

A threatened secession and forming of a new nation had shaken the foundations of the Republic. With its defeat the victorious General, Lucius Cornelius Sulla was chosen first consul. He had been elected by the influence of his soldiers. The opposition to him on the part of the Roman people made the holding of power for a long time uncertain. Meanwhile, the King of Pontos, Mithradates VI, had successfully resisted the encroachments of Rome, driven the Romans from Asia, and established his own power in Greece. Sulla hurried to recover the lost power and prestige, and laid siege to Athens.

In this emergency, he sent Lucullus as ambassador to Alexandria, to ask Lathyros to assist him with his ships. The Egyptian king did not venture upon any choice between two powers so closely matched. He gave Lucullus a flattering reception, escorting him into the harbor with a fleet, entertaining him at the royal palace, introducing his companions to the philosophers of the New Academy, and making him a present of eighty talents of silver. Lucullus, however, returned his gifts, understanding the refusal which they implied. Mithradates was defeated shortly afterward, and Lathyros was only able by bribes and skillful diplomacy to placate the Roman Consul.

His daughter, Kleopatra Berenikê, the widow of his brother Ptolemy Alexander, succeeded him. Alexander, her husband's son, however, claimed the throne. He had been placed by his grandmother in the island of Kos for safety, and made a prisoner by Mithradates, together with the *chla* or military clerk of Alexander the Great. Both afterward became the prize of Pompey. The young prince made a will, bequeathing the kingdom of Egypt to the Romans. Sulla was then Dictator, and quick to take advantage of such an opportunity. He sent him to Alexandria with a command that he should be received as king, and that he should marry Berenikê. He was to be joint sovereign with

her, but nineteen days after the nuptials he poisoned her. His own retribution speedily followed. The royal guards, upon learning of the crime, dragged the assassin from the palace to the Gymnasium, and there put him to death.

It was now an opportunity for Alexandria to establish a new dynasty and better government, but the city was commercial and not patriotic. It was proposed at Rome to take possession under the provisions of the will of the late king. But the nobles had been enriched by bribes from Alexandria, and were in no haste to slay a goose that could yield them golden eggs. The money of Tyre belonging to the king was taken, and Egypt left.

Ptolemy Soter II (Lathyros) had left two sons, who were not considered legal heirs. The older of these, a boy hardly fourteen years old, was made king, by the title of Ptolemy Neos Dionysos, "the new Bacchus." He was also called in the hieroglyphics, Philopator and Philometor, and in an inscription at Philai, by all three names. He is better known by historians as Auletes, the "flute-player." He is said to have been more proud of his musical skill than of his acts as king for twenty-nine years.

The first endeavor of his reign was to procure recognition by the Roman senate. He borrowed money and spent large sums to purchase the votes of the senators, but only secured their abstinence from action. His career was a series of revellings. Demetrios, a Platonic philosopher, was haled before him for sobriety and compelled to save his life by getting drunk and dancing with cymbals in an unseemly costume.

The successors of Mithradates had enabled another dominion, the Pirate Empire, to obtain a formidable position in the Mediterranean. It included four hundred towns in its government, and was master of a thousand galleys. Large districts of the coast were forsaken by the inhabitants. Sulla had retired from public life, and his friend and partisan, Cneius Pompey, was now a political leader. He had conquered Mithradates, and was now commissioned to destroy the Pirate Empire.

Egypt was too weak to defend its own coasts, and Pompey sent Lentulus Marcellinus with a fleet in the thirteenth year of Ptolemy, to exterminate the marauders. He was successful, and when he became consul at Rome, he put the Ptolemaic eagle and thunderbolt on his coins. This practice was followed by his successors.

The conquest of Mithradates and the Pirates was the prelude to the dissemination of the worship of Mithras and the Secret Rites of the Grotto-Temple over the Roman provinces of Europe and Africa. It was the theology of Zoroaster in its origin, modified and assimilated to the systems of the West. It now superseded the Grecian and Italian divinities, and "in fact during the second and third centuries of the Empire, Serapis and Mithras may be said to have become the sole objects of worship, even in the remotest corners of the known world."\* Nor did their influence then abate, for we find it in the various

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\*Rev. C. W. King, "The Gnostics and their Remains."

secret and religious observances of later periods, and in the notions scouted as magic, heresy and witchcraft, as the "wisdom-craft" was denominated. "There is very good reason to believe," says Mr. King, "that as in the East, the worship of Serapis was at first combined with Christianity, and gradually merged into it, with an entire change of name, not substance, carrying with it many of its notions and rites; so, in the West a similar influence was exerted by the Mithraic religion." Such observances as that of the twenty-fifth day of December, the natal day of the Persian divinity, and others more familiar, are illustrations.

Ptolemy Auletes had played a dual part in the war. He sent a golden crown to Pompey at Damascus, and made a secret treaty with Mithradates, agreeing to marry his daughter. He was able, however, to avoid detection.

The next year after the defeat of Mithradates, Pompey took Jerusalem. This was a blow to the Jews of Egypt, which lost them much influence.

The Roman senate, some years afterward, passed a law to make Cyprus a province of the Republic. Ptolemy, the brother of Auletes, was king of the island, and Cato the Censor was sent to dispossess him. Auletes made no protest. At this the Egyptians rose up and drove him from Alexandria. He set out for Rome, and met Cato at Rhodes, who advised him to go back and make peace with his subjects. Auletes, however, went on to Rome and spent three years courting the senators.

The Alexandreians placed his two older daughters, Kleopatra Tryphæna and Berenikê, on the throne, and sent an embassy to Rome, headed by Dion, the Platonic philosopher, to plead their cause. But the money of Auletes operated against them. Cicero and Cæsar, who was then consul, took their part, and the senate acknowledged his title. The ambassadors were excluded from any hearing, and Dion was poisoned by a slave. Pompey was now eager to command an army to replace the king, but the Pontifex Maximus, or High Priest of Rome, declared from the Sibylline books that Rome should be the friend of Egypt, but might not help with an army. This disappointed an immense force of money-lenders, who depended for payment on his restoration.

Auletes, however, was able, with letters from Pompey, and the aid of Mark Antony and a bribe of seven and a half million dollars, by American computation, to procure the aid of Gabinius, the proconsul of Syria. During this period, the older Queen Kleopatra Nyptæna, had died. The Alexandreians invited Seleukos, the son of Antiokhos Gryphos and Selenê, to take the crown and marry Berenikê. He was a man so gross in his tastes and pleasures as to get the nickname of "scullion." He was said to have stolen the golden coffin of Alexander; and he so heartily disgusted the young queen that she caused him to be strangled five days after the nuptials. She then married Arkhelaos, the son of Mithradates of Pontos, and they reigned together two years

During this period, Gabinius had terminated the kingdom of Judea, and formed an aristocratic government, but the head of which was Hyrkanos, the

high priest. He refused, however, to go out of his jurisdiction into Egypt, on any promises of Auletes. The latter, however, was able to obtain money from one of his numerous creditors, Rubirius Post-humos, on the assurance that all would be repaid in Alexandria.

Gabinus then marched to Egypt. He was accompanied by a Jewish army sent by Hyrkanos, and commanded by Antipater the Idumæan, father of Herod. Mark Antony was in command of the Roman cavalry, and defeated the Egyptian forces at Pelusium. Auletes was then able to enter his capital, and was about to begin a massacre, when Antony interfered. Gabinus put Arkhelaos and Berenikê to death, and returned in haste to Syria. He had now to meet his trial before the Roman senate, and it required the influence of Pompey and Cæsar together to save him from death.

Rubirius was appointed paymaster-general at Alexandria, but before he could repay himself, Auletes removed him. He had violated a law by lending money, and he was obliged now to lose it and stand trial as an offender.

Universal lawlessness existed over the devoted country. It was as Italy had become under Lucius Cornelius Sulla. Men who had been banished for crime, fugitives from justice, run-away slaves, ruined debtors, renegade soldiers, and freebooters of all kinds, came in from everywhere. They could be enrolled in the army and then be beyond all law and discipline. Crime was unpunished, and the robbers acquired a kind of village organization of their own, like that of the dakoits of India. They were under the orders of their chief, and a person who had been robbed could make application to him and receive his property again, upon payment of a fourth of its value.

Ptolemy Neos Dionysos, the royal flute-player, died in the twenty-ninth year of his reign, fifty-one years before the present era, unhonored and unremembered, except for folly and vices. He left two sons and two daughters, all of them more noted in history than himself. The sons were called after the dynastic appellation, Ptolemy; the daughters were the famous Kleopatra, then sixteen years old, and Arsinoê. He bequeathed the kingdom to Kleopatra and the older son, who were to be married, and asked the Roman senate to be guardian. Pompey, who was then sole consul, was appointed tutor to the king. Three years after this arrangement, the Roman world was in war. Julius Cæsar, in defiance of the decree of the senate, crossed the River Rubicon, and found himself master in Rome. Pompey, the consuls, senators and nobility generally had fled to Greece.

During the final struggle for the supremacy, the Alexandreians sent sixty ships of war to the aid of Pompey. But Pothinos, the minister, in disregard of the will of Auletes and its confirmation by the Roman senate, expelled Kleopatra from the throne, and proclaimed the young prince as Ptolemy Dionysos II, King of Egypt.

Kleopatra made her escape immediately to Syria and raised an army, with which she set out to recover her throne, encountering the Egyptian forces at Pelusium. Here the occurrences of the greater world arrested her progress.

Pompey had been defeated by Cæsar at Pharsalia in Thessaly, and now came with his wife Cornelia to Egypt, where he had every claim of gratitude. But the Council of Ptolemy caused only to propitiate the man who had won, and the members were capable of any treachery, however base. Accordingly, as the galley of Pompey approached Mount Kasios, Akhillas, the Egyptian General, and Septimius, who commanded the Roman troops in Egypt, met him as friends, received him into their boat, and then assassinated him as he landed. His head was carried to young Ptolemy, who, with heartless indifference, gazed upon the face of the man who had been his father's sincerest friend.

Cæsar followed with less than four thousand men in pursuit of Pompey, but found himself anticipated by the assassins. He entered Alexandria as a Consul, preceded by the Roman lictors, with their bundles of rods. The city had been in disorder hard to repress, and it was made more unconquerable by these manifestations, that a master had come. He was assailed by the mob, and for days was detained on shore, by adverse winds, in imminent danger, and unable to get away.

He put on a bold front as a sovereign in full command, and ordered both armies to be disbanded. Pothinos sent a secret message to Akhillas to bring his army from Pelusium to Alexandria, while Ptolemy, under the eye of Cæsar, transmitted an order to remain where it was. His messenger was assassinated at the camp.

Kleopatra was with her forces near Pelusium. Relying upon personal influence rather than on formal negotiations, she sailed privately to Alexandria. She then resorted to artifice to evade the sentinels around the palace. Rolling herself in a carpet, she suffered herself to be carried like a bag of goods into the presence of the Roman Imperator. It was enough. Cæsar had before sought to enforce the will of her father, and to empower her to reign over Egypt jointly with her brother; now she reigned over Cæsar himself.

He had, however, already made enemies of the Alexandrians, by exacting from them the immense debt which Auletes had incurred to him while sojourning at Rome. Pothinos, the treasurer, did all that lay in his power to make the demands harassing. When Akhillas arrived from Pelusium with twenty-two thousand soldiers, Cæsar, with less than four thousand, found himself in a woeful strait. He shut himself up in the Brukheion by the harbor, taking the two royal brothers, their sister Arsinoë, and the Treasurer Pothinos with him as hostages for his own safety.

It was easy to resist the attack, but it became necessary to burn part of the galleys. The fire extended to the docks, thence to the neighboring buildings, and to the Museum itself. Seven hundred thousand rolls were in the Library, and perished in the flames. Ptolemy Soter himself had begun the collection, and his successors, however unworthy many of them were, had taken pride in adding their contributions. Cæsar, though himself an author and lover of literature, has left no utterance of regret at the sight of this destruction of the recorded learning of ages. But ancient conquerors had always sought to make



sure their conquests by destroying the literature of the conquered peoples. The Avesta, the Hebrew Scriptures, the records of Karthage, Italy and Spain, all perished by the torch.

Cæsar soon learned to distrust his hostages. Arsinoë escaped to the camp of Akhillas, and Pothinos gave information to him of the weakness of the Roman forces. The treacherous eunuch was at once put to death for his perfidy.

The Alexandreians were about to make another attack, when a quarrel broke out between Akhillas and the Princess Arsinoë. The General was murdered, and she became mistress of the army, and for the time sovereign over Egypt. She was not yet eighteen, but she exhibited a soldier's energy. She placed Ganymedes in command and ordered to pump sea water into the cisterns that supplied the Brukheion. Cæsar met this condition by the digging of wells. His ships were next attacked, but were victorious. His attempt to capture the island of Pharos was unsuccessful, and he came near losing his life by drowning. His scarlet cloak, the mark of his rank, fell into the possession of the Alexandreians, and was exhibited as a trophy.

But as a ruler, the princess soon became obnoxious for her cruelty. The Alexandreians offered a truce and asked for their king. Cæsar trusted the professions of Ptolemy, and let him go to the Egyptian army to take possession of the throne. The prince affected unwillingness, shedding tears copiously, but no sooner had he got away than he turned all his energies to dislodge Cæsar from the Brukheion.

About this time Mithradates, the king of Pergamos, came to Egypt with an army to the help of Cæsar. He captured Pelusium and marched to Memphis. The Jews of Heliopolis took arms to oppose him, but Antipater arriving with more troops from Judea, sent by Hyrkanos, they changed sides. Ptolemy then marched from Alexandria, but Cæsar came to the assistance of Mithradates. Several battles took place, near the head of the Delta, and finally the Alexandreians were routed. Ptolemy was making his escape by ship, but it was sunk by the weight of the fugitives, and he was drowned.

This brought the war to an end, and when Cæsar returned from the battle, the Alexandreians met him, bearing the images of the gods in procession. He took possession of the city and proceeded to arrange the affairs of Egypt in conformity to the terms of the will of the late King Auletes. Kleopatra was made queen, with her younger brother Ptolemy Nekteros for a colleague. He had been chosen Dictator at Rome, but for the last six months of his stay he refrained from writing to any one there, and in the meanwhile Mark Antony exercised the powers of the office.

He finally set out by way of the sea-coast, and finished the war against Pharnakes, or Phana-Ka, the son of Mithradates of Pontos. Its speedy completion was expressed by his famous despatch: "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

On his return to Rome, he celebrated a triumph. He had brought with him the Princess Arsinoë, and he now exhibited her at the procession in chains,

following his car with other prisoners. There was a giraffe in the train, along with other spoils of conquest, the first animal of the kind ever beheld in Rome. The statue of the god of the River Nile was also in the procession in the guise of a captive.

Kleopatra came immediately afterward to Rome with her brother, and Ptolemy Cæsar, her young son. She asked to be acknowledged at Rome as at Alexandria, as the wife of Cæsar, and her son as his heir. He entertained her as a guest in his house.

At this time he was engaged in projects to consolidate the provinces and to extend systematic administration to them. The city of Rome was still a Republic, with democratic forms of government, and he was its chief magistrate by popular suffrage; but the proconsulships were military despotisms. Hence, while he was simply consul and first citizen at Rome, he was Emperor with autocratic powers elsewhere. His assuming of the style and trappings of imperial authority created apprehension among his own partisans, and led to his assassination. He was about to conduct an expedition into the East, when his career was thus abruptly terminated.

Whatever expectations Kleopatra may have entertained were entirely dissipated by this catastrophe. She now directed her endeavors to procure the recognition of the young Ptolemy Cæsar as her colleague. The application, however, was unsuccessful, and she returned to Alexandria.

The Roman world was now embroiled in civil strife. Brutus was master of Greece, and Cassius Longinus had possession of Asia. Decimus Brutus was appointed over Cisalpine Gaul, and Mark Antony attempted to exercise supreme power at Rome. But Octavianus Cæsar, with the aid of Cicero, procured a vote of the senate, declaring Antony an enemy to the Republic; and then, having defeated him in battle, entered into an agreement to unite and grasp the supreme authority. Octavianus was elected consul, and a commission of the triumvirate was appointed to revise the government. It began by a proscription in which each delivered his nearest supporters for victims, one of whom was Cicero himself. Sextus Pompey, who had sought to be made one of the triumvirs, was put off with a promise of the consulship, the supreme command in the Mediterranean and the possession of Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily and Akhaia. The republican party in Rome, having been put down, the war was prosecuted against Brutus and Cassius in the East, ending in their defeat at Philippi, and with it the final overthrow of republicanism.

A contest of this character did not leave it safe for a client country to remain neutral. Yet at the same time it was dangerous to affiliate with the losing side. Kleopatra was therefore in a position of extreme peril to herself. She resorted to several expedients to extricate herself. Her brother Ptolemy had become of age, and demanded a share in the government. He would not only interfere with her ambitions for her own son, but he was likely to embroil the country unwisely in this conflict of the masters. The perplexity was resolved by his death, and she was left to meet the exigencies as she was able.

Sextus Pompey had full control with his fleets over the sea-coast and commerce of Egypt, and she was obliged to propitiate his favor.

Then Dolabella\* sent Allienus to her for soldiers to help recover Syria from Cassius. He was permitted to take four Roman legions that had been left by Julius Cæsar to hold Egypt, but he added them to the force that Cassius had assembled against Antony. Serapion also, who was the Egyptian governor of Cyprus, aided Cassius with his ships. Kleopatra herself likewise prepared a fleet, but before it was ready to sail, the battle of Philippi had been fought, and the republicans utterly crushed. It was necessary, therefore, under these circumstances, that she should give an account of her action to the conquerors. Antony, accordingly, having marched through Greece and Asia Minor to receive the submission of the provinces, sent orders to her to come to Tarsus.

Nevertheless, it was hardly as a culprit that she was summoned. The man who had been Julius Cæsar's most trusted lieutenant was no stranger to the Egyptian queen, and his messenger made it clear to her that she had no peril to apprehend. Her power of pleasing surpassed the arts that are usually at disposal. She was twenty-four years old, beautiful and intellectual, having the accomplishments in perfection that attract the fancy, and win admiration. She was pure Greek in form and character, the features regular, the hair wavy, the nose aquiline, the eyes deeply set, the forehead arched, and the mouth full and eloquent.

She had been carefully instructed in every department of learning. She was proficient in music and an accomplished linguist. She was of course skilled in Greek and Latin, but not less so in Arabic, Aramæan, Persian and Ethiopian. She had no need of an interpreter. She was also a scholar in physical science, and deeply learned in the philosophemes of the School of Alexandria. In short, she seemed to have combined in her mental endowments, all the gifts that her ancestor, the first Ptolemy, had contemplated to be brought to perfection by the institutions and facilities which he had provided for instruction. If with all these her personal charms were more regarded and longer remembered, it must be attributed to the temper of the period in which she lived, and the persons with whom she was obliged to associate. If her attractions were superior, so also was her talent. She was born to rule.

Her expedition to meet the Emperor at his tribunal has been often described in glowing colors. It would seem to have resembled the advent of an Aphroditê, gift of the waves, attended by her graces. More correctly, however, it was the endeavor of a queen to procure a longer term of existence for her realm, and of a mother ready for any sacrifice to make sure the fortunes of her son. It is superfluous to discourse upon the prodigality exhibited in festive entertainments, or the glamour which was about her, as matters of wonderment.

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\* L. Cornelius Dolabella was the husband of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, but her father required them to be divorced on account of his profligacy. He acted with the republicans after the death of Cæsar, but Mark Antony, during his brief term of supreme power at Rome, was able to bring him back into his party.

Women were the peace-makers of former times. They went on embassies to supplicate kings for mercy to their families and people, or benefits for their country. The visits of the wife of Nimarata to the Court of Piankhi, of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, of Judith to the camp of Holofernes, and of the mother and sister of Coriolanus to the Volscian camp are examples.

Kleopatra, like the first Cæsar, also came, saw and overcame. Antony was eager to obey her will. The ambition of her sister had imperilled her throne, and Antony caused Arsinoë to be put to death in the temple of the Amazonian goddess at Ephesus. After a brief campaign in Syria, he went to Alexandria, and there set up his imperial court. The devotion which he and Kleopatra manifested toward each other was not far unlike that of the lovers in the Hebrew Book of *Canticles*. Antony was passionately fond of luxury, pastimes and magnificent display; and she was diligent to gratify his tastes. He, likewise, after the manner of the Khalif Harun at Bagdad, would traverse the streets of Alexandria by night in quest of adventures, and she accompanied him in the dress of a servant. Iulus, his son, came to Egypt and was received as one of the royal family.

Fulvia, the wife of Antony, was endeavoring to guard his interests at Rome. She proposed to marry her daughter to Octavianus, but he refused and war ensued. Antony hurried home, but did not arrive till his wife and brother had been driven from the city. Fulvia died about this time, and the two chiefs were soon reconciled. Antony married Octavia, the sister of his colleague, and the triumvirate was again established.

The Parthians took advantage of this state of affairs to invade Palestine. They captured Jerusalem, carrying the priest-king Hyrkanos to Babylon and placing Antigonos, his nephew, in power. Herod, who was betrothed to Mariamne, the daughter of Hyrkanos, immediately set out for Rome, to procure the appointment of her brother Aristobulos to the kingdom.

Alexandria was on the highway of navigators from the East to Italy, and the young Idumæan stopped there. Kleopatra was impressed by his appearance and ability, and endeavored to secure him for herself. She pointed out the fact that it was the dangerous season for shipping on the Mediterranean, and that affairs in Italy were in inextricable disorder. If he would remain in Egypt, she offered him the command of her army. Herod, however, continued his voyage, encountering no little danger and delays. He was shipwrecked, barely escaping with his life, and was obliged to build a ship at Rhodes with which to prosecute his journey. He arrived at Rome at a fortunate period. Calvin was first consul, and the triumvirs had composed their quarrel. They received him cordially, for his father had served them both, and they were eager to oblige each other. On learning his errand and the state of affairs in Judea, the senate was assembled, and at the suggestion of Antony the kingdom was bestowed upon Herod, and Antigonos declared an enemy of the Republic.

Antony set out for the East with Octavia, spending the winter at Athens. Octavianus, who was now planning to uproot both his colleagues, began a

quarrel, and his sister returned to Rome to conciliate the two. Antony conducted a campaign against the Parthians, and she accompanied him as far as Korkyra or Korfu, in the Ionian Sea. She then returned to Rome, and Antony proceeded to Syria, where he was joined by Kleopatra, with soldiers and money. She obtained from him in return the former possessions of Egypt, Cyprus and the Kyrenaika, and also Phœnicia. Herod, aided by Sosios, the Roman general, had recovered Judea from the Parthians, but he appointed Ananel, a priest of the former lineage, to the primacy. He was afterward compelled to restore it to Aristobulos, the brother of his queen. Upon the assassination of the young pontiff at his instigation, Kleopatra made it the pretext to call him to account, hoping thereby to acquire the kingdom for Egypt. Antony, however, gave her Hollow Syria, and parts of Judea, and Arabic Nabatæ. She afterward accompanied him as far as the Euphrates on his expedition against Armenia, and was visited by Herod on the way back, to farm the revenues of these countries. He was on the point of putting her to death, but his friends dissuaded him, insisting that he would thereby make an enemy of Antony, and procure his own destruction. He declared in justification that she was endeavoring to persuade him to compromise himself with her, in order that she might embroil him with Antony and obtain his kingdom. However, their counsels prevailed, and he conducted her on her way to Egypt.

Kleopatra was by no means unmindful of the glory of Alexandria. She repaired as well as she was able, the injuries sustained from the war against Cæsar, and also obtained from Antony the famous library of Pergamos, founded by Attalos and Eumenes II, exceeding two hundred thousand parchment rolls. Alexandria thus continued in its exalted rank as metropolis of learning, while Pergamos retained only the fame which it derived from the famous temple of Æsculapius.

Octavianus had not relaxed an endeavor in his purpose to become sole master of the Roman world. He conquered Sextus Pompey and evicted Lepidus from the triumvirate and government of Africa. He now prepared for the final conflict with Antony himself. He first commanded his sister to repudiate her husband for his profligacy and infidelity. He got possession of a will purporting to be that of Antony, which had been deposited in Rome, broke the seals and read it first to the senate, and afterward to the Roman multitude. In it Antony desired that his body after death, should be carried to Egypt and buried by the side of Kleopatra. He endeavored to create the impression that Antony would give the Republic to the Egyptian queen, and transfer the seat of empire from the banks of the Tiber to the city on the Nile.

He was successful with his perfidy. The Romans would permit any degree of profligacy, but they were tenacious in regard to marriage alliances with persons of foreign nationalities. A decree of the senate was obtained divesting Antony of his authority and a declaration of war was issued against Kleopatra. Antony had just been elected consul, but he was not inaugurated.

He was not able to cope with the cunning of his rival, and the net had been

too carefully woven to be disentangled. He sent an order to Octavia at Rome to leave his house as being no more his wife. She sorrowfully obeyed. She had faithfully labored to preserve peace, but she was weak against the machinations of her brother, and the wayward acts of her husband.

Antony returned victorious from Armenia and his triumph at Alexandria was signaled by the presence of the captive king following behind his car. He was now Emperor of the East, and proceeded to make a disposition of his provinces. Calling an assembly of Alexandrians at the Gymnasium, and seating himself and Kleopatra on two golden thrones, he proclaimed her with her son Ptolemy Cæsar as her colleague, queen over Egypt, Cyprus, the Kyrenaika and Syria. He also declared Ptolemy, the son, the true and lawful heir of Julius Cæsar. To her sons by himself he gave the title of "Kings, the Sons of Kings," and he also bestowed provinces upon them. Ptolemy, the older of them, was appointed king of Phœnicia, Syria, and Kilikia; and Alexander, the younger, received Armenia, Media and Parthia, when it should be conquered.

The royal personages were all apparelled in costumes corresponding to their respective countries. Kleopatra wore the sacred robe and was styled the "Later Isis." Ptolemy had a long cloak and slippers, with a bonnet encircled by a diadem; and Alexander was attired in a Medic garb and tiara. Antony himself carried an oriental cimeter, and was crowned as a king and Emperor greater than kings.

The coins of this period commemorated these events. Sosios, who was then consul at Rome, issued one with the head of Antony on one side, and the Egyptian Eagle and sceptre on the other, and bearing the inscription: "A Third Time Consul," in Latin. At Alexandria the coins of the Sons bore the names of their father and mother; and the others had the heads of Antony and Kleopatra, with the inscriptions: "Antony, third time autocrat of the Romans," and "Kleopatra, the Later Goddess." On the coins of Antioch the royal pair were named together.

The lines were now drawn, and preparations were made for war. Two years were spent in the work. Octavianus recruited his forces from Italy, Gaul, Spain and Carthage, eighty thousand infantry and twelve thousand horse, with two hundred and fifty ships. Antony collected his from Thrace, Asia Minor, Egypt and Africa, a hundred thousand foot, twelve thousand horse, and five hundred ships.

Kleopatra was sanguine of victory. It was her favorite asseveration: "As surely as I shall issue my decrees from the Roman Capitol." But the voyage to the Adriatic was no excursion of a goddess-queen attended by cupids and graces on her galley, and the event was no conquest of an Emperor. The fleets of the rival chiefs encountered each other on the second of September, in a little bay of the Adriatic, near the temple of Actium. For a time, the prospects were bright for Antony, when panic seized the queen. She turned her galley and fled from the conflict, not stopping till she had reached the African shore.

Antony followed. The victory which was in his grasp was abandoned. His forces on land greatly outnumbered the others, and it was difficult to convince them that their Emperor had deserted them. Immediately on learning this they changed masters, part to join the army of Octavianus, and part to return home.

The fugitives landed in Libya. Kleopatra went on to Alexandria. She had recovered from her panic, but Antony brooded in moody despair. All was not lost, the queen insisted. She endeavored to effect negotiations with different princes. But they had taken the part of the conqueror.

Herod of Judea had owed his throne to Antony, and been both profuse in gifts and abject in professions of devotion. He was of a jealous temper, and had long apprehended that Kleopatra might undermine him and deprive him of his crown. He even contemplated putting her to death in his jealousy, but feared that it would involve him in the very calamity which he dreaded. Now, however, he cut loose from his benefactor, and hastened to Rhodes to meet Octavianus, and swear anew allegiance. He afterward accompanied the Roman army through Syria, entertaining the officers and men, and "made a plentiful provision of water for them when they were to march as far as Pelusium, through a dry country, which he did also on their return; nor were there any necessaries wanting to the army."

The defection of Herod was the one thing desired, to assure the destruction of Antony. Other princes copied his example. The queen, however, did not yet give up all. She proposed, likewise, that if Egypt could not be held, to go with her fleet through the Suez Canal to some country, like Punt, to which the power of Rome did not extend.

Antony had remained in a little fortress near the harbor of Alexandria, in a state of abject prostration. Here word came to him that his allies had abandoned him, and that his army had joined Octavianus. He came immediately from his retreat and joined the queen. It was, however, an adding of his impotency to her burden.

As Antony and Kleopatra were the losers in this conflict, the story of their fall has been told for the conquerors and colored as they might require. Much that has been written and repeated is exaggerated and even untrue. In drama, it is common to do this; and even the tragedies of Shakespeare have perverted history.

The round of costly festivals and shows at Alexandria was again revived. It was in accordance with a policy to create an atmosphere of hopefulness. Unfortunately, however, the population of Northern Egypt was not homogeneous nor even Egyptian, but a conglomerate of Greeks and Asiatics, traders and nomads, with little attachment to the soil. It had, therefore, neither the devotion to Egypt, characteristic of the natives, as a religion, nor even common patriotism. It mattered little to such men what was the government or by whom it was administered.

The Roman army finally reached Pelusium, and its Greek commander sur-

rendered it without a struggle, falsely asserting that he did so by the command of the queen. Other garrisons made a feeble show of resistance, but it was not long before the invaders were in front of Alexandria. Then Antony sailed out, and routed the cavalry. The old master of horse in Roman armies had still the remains of former force. It was told, that on his return from battle, he praised the bravery of a soldier to Kleopatra, and that the soldier received a rich present from her, and immediately deserted to Octavianus. The next morning Antony renewed the conflict. His fleet and cavalry abandoned him, leaving the infantry to suffer a rout. Octavianus had succeeded better with his gold than with his soldiers.

He endeavored to effect a negotiation with the queen, but his overtures included the condition that Antony should be put to death. At the same time he caused the word to be carried to Antony, that such a negotiation was in progress. He knew the temper of his rival and hoped by exciting his jealousy to stimulate him to a desperate act. He dared not execute Antony or exhibit him as a prisoner in Rome. Antony might seek to punish the supposed duplicity of Kleopatra, but he would not be willing to survive her. Thus the knotty problem would be solved.

While receiving messengers from Octavianus, the queen was engaged in preparing for herself a funeral pyre worthy of an Oriental monarch. She had erected a tower near the temple of Isis, and brought to it her treasures, jewels, clothing and other valuables, and had stored it with flax and other combustibles. Torches were placed in every corner ready for lighting. She then retired to it, and sent to Antony her farewell message. He, at once, in an agony of grief, plunged his sword into his breast. The messenger hurried back to the queen, who immediately sent to bring him to her. He was borne to the tower, and Kleopatra with her two maids drew him by cords to the upper window. A few words were uttered and he expired.

Octavianus found little resistance in taking possession of Alexandria. He immediately gave orders to seize the person of the queen. Her sister, Arsinoë had been led through the streets of Rome in chains to grace the triumph of Julius Cæsar, and it would be a greater achievement now to exhibit Queen Kleopatra herself in like humiliation. Cornelius Gallus, whom he made pro-consul, was sent to take her alive. While he was holding conversation with her, three soldiers scaled the tower, and coming stealthily behind her, snatched the dagger from her hand.

At the same time, Octavianus called the Greek citizens of Alexandria together in the Gymnasium, and promised them amnesty. He also took the three children of Antony and Kleopatra into his charge, but the unfortunate King Ptolemy, the son of Julius Cæsar, whom his perfidious Greek tutor betrayed, as he was fleeing to Ethiopia, was remorselessly put to death. The man who aspired to the name and inheritance of Cæsar, esteemed it necessary to have all rivals of near relationship out of his way. He was too selfish to let even gratitude stand in his way. Once Cicero had stood up intrepidly for him



when he was unable to maintain his own cause, and he, a few months later gave the orator up to be murdered.

He now endeavored to influence Kleopatra. He visited her in her chamber and gave her leave to bury the body of Antony. He strove to prevent her from doing violence to herself, promising her honorable treatment, and threatening the lives of her children. But Kleopatra knew that little confidence could be given to a man who knew no law but his own ambition, who had abandoned his own friends after they had saved his life, and who had scrupled at no perfidy or intrigue, to undermine Antony. She was also aware that her children would be safer in his hands if she should die.

Her plans were made accordingly. As though to declare herself still a queen she attired herself in her robes of state, put on the crown of Egypt surmounted by the royal asp, and then met her death. By what means she died is not known.

So she passed away, Kleopatra, the "Glory of the Fatherland." Perhaps with better conditions, her career would have better justified her name. She had the energy and persuasiveness which characterized Manon Roland, the sagacity and eloquence of Aspasia, the positiveness of Maria Theresa. With the means which the times permitted to her she accomplished results that needed only permanence to have won for her effusive praise. She lived thirty-nine years, and reigned twenty-two, seven of them as the spouse of Antony. When she became queen, Egypt was but a province, and its kings but effigies kept in position by Rome. With her it became once more a sovereignty, and Alexandria was the seat of empire. None of the old warrior-kings, Osirtasen, Thôthmes, or Rameses, accomplished more. Unfortunately for her, she had no partner in her power, who was equal to the exigency. She was renowned for luxury, but with her it was like a weapon, or means to an end; with Antony it was the end, the boon for what had been already endured. She failed in a moment of panic, as soldiers often do, but recovered; he sank abjectly, like one broken down by calamity. The more she made of him an imperial ruler, the less able he became to command an army. Perhaps she might have saved Egypt, but he became in the end a clog and dead weight upon her energy. Nevertheless, she was faithful to him to the last; if unable to live with him, she was resolute to die with him.

Octavianus did not overturn her statues with those of Antony, but accepted a thousand talents for permitting them to stand. He, however, assumed to be her successor, taking for himself the title of "King of Egypt," and dating documents from the first year of his reign. He placed the government in the hands of Gallus, a man of inferior rank, and forbade Roman senators from visiting Egypt except by his special permission. He set out to build a new capital instead of Alexandria, calling it Nikopolis, the "City of the Conqueror." He carried the twin orphans, Alexander and Kleopatra, to Rome and exhibited them in chains in his triumphal procession, together with the statue of their mother. He likewise took the double crown of Egypt, the crown jewels

and other regalia, and showed them to the multitude. He also removed statues and the obelisks of Thôthmes IV and Psametikh, and looted so much money that the rate of interest fell in Italy and land rose in price.

But the Egyptians themselves, the bodies of their kings, and their religion, he treated with contempt; and he gave the people no more consideration than was extended to nomad Skyths and Arabs. Tribute was exacted in fourfold amount; all the gold of the country was taken, and twenty million bushels of wheat were carried annually to Rome to feed the idle populace.

A few temples were built, and the priests continued their functions. The inscriptions give the Emperor the same titles that were borne by the Ptolemies and native kings.

Egyptian rites and theology were also carried to Rome, and adopted by many of the people in preference to the lifeless statue worship which was only permitted to Roman patrician families. The Egyptian Eagle and thunderbolt appeared henceforth on Roman coins. So general was the prevalence of the Egyptian influence that the Emperor passed a law necessary to forbid the Egyptian rites in Rome. They permeated all the later faiths.

Yet though she, the Glory of the Fatherland, thus passed away, and her dominion became the prize of strangers, there still remained her monument for centuries,—the Library and School of Philosophy which the ancestor of her line had founded, and which she restored and embellished. Alexandria was the home of learning and culture till the violence of religious jealousy, and the torch of incendiary fanaticism accomplished the fell work of Apollyon the Destroyer.

Such was the fate of Egypt and her Dynasties.

THE END.

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## THE MASTER SOUL.

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“The Master-Soul is one, Alaya, the Universal Soul. Live in that Master as Its ray in thee. Live in thy fellows as they live in It.”

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“Thou hast to saturate thyself with pure Alaya, become as one with Nature’s Soul-Thought. And one with it thou art invincible; in separation, thou becomest the playground of Samvriti, origin of all the world’s delusions.

\* \* \*

“. . . Yet, one word. Canst thou destroy divine compassion? Compassion 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.*

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“In each phase of its progress science has stopped short with superficial solutions, has unscientifically neglected to ask what was the nature of the ancients it so familiarly invoked. . . . And this, which has all along been the unscientific characteristic of science has all along been a part cause of its conflict with religion.”

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“Not as adventitious will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that, let may what come of it, he is thus playing his part right in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at—well; if not, well also, though not so well.”

—HERBERT SPENCER.

## SIGN-POSTS ALONG THE PATH\*



**STUDENT**—Has the age in which one lives any effect on the student ; and what is it?

*Sage*—It has effect on every one, but the student after passing along in his development feels the effect more than the ordinary man. Were it otherwise, the sincere and aspiring students all over the world would advance at once to those heights toward which they strive. It takes a very strong soul to hold back the age's heavy hand, and it is all the more difficult because that influence, being a part of the student's larger life, is not so well understood by him. It operates in the same way as a structural defect in a vessel. All the inner as well as the outer fibre of the man is the result of the long centuries of earthly lives lived here by his ancestors. These sow seeds of thought and physical tendencies in a way that you cannot comprehend. All those tendencies affect him. Many powers once possessed are hidden so deep as to be unseen, and he struggles against obstacles constructed ages ago. Further yet are the peculiar alterations brought about in the astral world. It, being at once a photographic plate, so to say, and also a reflector, has become the keeper of the mistakes of ages past, which it continually reflects upon us from a plane to which most of us are strangers. In that sense therefore, free as we suppose ourselves, we are walking about completely hypnotized by the past, acting blindly under the suggestions thus cast upon us.

*Student*—What mitigation is there about this age? Is there nothing at all to relieve the picture?

*Sage*—There is one thing peculiar to the present *Kali-Yuga* that may be used by the student. All causes now bring about their effects much more rapidly than in any other or better age. A sincere lover of the race can accomplish more in three incarnations under *Kali-Yuga's* reign than he could in a much greater number in any other age. Thus by bearing all the manifold troubles of this age and steadily triumphing, the object of his efforts will be more quickly realized, for, while the obstacles seem great, the powers to be invoked can be reached more quickly.

*Student*—Even if this is, spiritually considered, a Dark Age, is it not in part redeemed by the increasing triumphs of mind over matter, and by the effects of science in mitigating human ills, such as the causes of disease, disease itself, cruelty, intolerance, bad laws, etc.?

*Sage*—Yes, these are mitigations of the darkness in just the same way that a lamp gives some light at night, but does not restore daylight. In this age there are great triumphs of science, but they are nearly all directed to

*effects*, and do not take away the *causes* of evils. Great strides have been made in the arts and in cure of diseases, but in the future, as the flower of our civilization unfolds, new diseases will arise and more strange disorders will be known, springing from causes that lie deep in the minds of men and which can only be eradicated by spiritual living.

*Student*—Admitting all you say, are not we, as Theosophists, to welcome every discovery of truth in any field, especially such truth as lessens suffering or enlarges the moral sense?

*Sage*—That is our duty. All truths discovered must be parts of the one Absolute Truth, and so much added to the sum of our outer knowledge. There will always be a large number of men who seek for these parts of truth, and others who try to alleviate present human misery. They each do a great and appointed work that no true Theosophist should ignore. And it is also the duty of the latter to make similar efforts when possible, for Theosophy is a dead thing, if it is not turned into the life. At the same time, no one of us may be the judge of just how much or how little our brother is doing in that direction. If he does all that he can and knows how to do, he does his whole present duty.

*Student*—I fear that a hostile attitude by Occult teachers toward the learning and philanthropy of the time may arouse prejudice against Theosophy and Occultism, and needlessly impede the spread of Truth. May it not be so?

*Sage*—The real Occult teachers have no hostile attitude toward these things. If some persons, who like Theosophy and try to spread it, take such a position, they do not thereby alter the one assumed by the real teachers who work with all classes of men and use every possible instrument for good. But at the same time we have found that an excess of the technical and special knowledge of the day very often acts to prevent men from apprehending the truth.

*Student*—Are there any causes, other than the spread of Theosophy, which may operate to reverse the present drift toward materialism?

*Sage*—The spread of the knowledge of the laws of Karma and Reincarnation and of a belief in the absolute spiritual unity of all beings will alone prevent this drift. The cycle must, however, run its course, and until that is ended all beneficial causes will of necessity act slowly, and not to the extent they would in a brighter age. As each student *lives* a better life and by his example imprints upon the astral light the picture of a higher aspiration acted in the world, he *thus aids souls of advanced development to descend from other spheres* where the cycles are so dark that they can no longer stay there.

*Student*—Accept my thanks for your instruction.

*Sage*—May you reach the terrace of enlightenment.

—CONVERSATIONS ON OCCULTISM, page 19.

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## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

### KARMA AND COMPOUND INTEREST.

It has been stated that in seeking to hold back Karma, Karma would add to itself compound interest. How can this be possible? Can a given cause increase and have a greater effect as time goes on than the original value of said cause, if reaction be equal to action?



It has been stated"—but where and by whom? As no one speaks, or states any principle, by authority, it may make no difference by whom; but if one knew where and in what connection this statement occurs, it might perhaps be more readily understood and answered.

2. "In seeking to hold back Karma." Now Karma means Action. The effort exerted in seeking to hold back its natural result is also action. Will not this new action or Karma attach itself to the old, and come back with it, as if a man whose note is due, instead of paying it, makes a new note for principal and interest?

3. "If reaction be equal to action." Let us not suppose, except for illustration, that the working out of the results of action is so simple a matter as this. We are each moving forward in time, and every moment each is projecting lines of influence in every direction. These Karmic lines, if undisturbed, trace a curve and come back to us at a later point in our own course. If I am riding on an open car, and shoot an arrow forward at an elevation to make its horizontal speed equal to my own, it will trace its course and catch me where our paths again coincide—and there is no compound interest. But if, as it is about to strike, I knock it aside into a hornet's nest, I may sooner or later reap a result that indicates a high rate of compound interest. This too, is a simple proposition.

In truth, our actions are constantly affecting other people and mingling with their actions, thus combining in an indefinite (to us) if not infinite number of ways. We are responsible each in his own degree for these combined lines of force. If a tree has been sawn through at the stump, and two men seek to push it over, one pushing it north and the other east, with equal force, it will fall northeast. If there are men on every side pushing, it will either remain standing, the forces balancing each other, or it will fall in the line of least resistance if they do not balance. Each pusher is responsible for his own share in the direction in which the tree at last falls. This is a weak illustration of the way our Karmic lines combine with those of others, but it may help to make my meaning clear.

The chances are very slight indeed for our actions (Karma) to return to us in the form we sent them out; they may sometimes come changed beyond recognition by combining with those of others. If, as already said, we push

them aside, they will come back with the added force of the new push, and very likely in new and unexpected combinations. If causes heretofore set in motion by us, perhaps in former lives, return to us in the form of physical disease, and we by mental effort heal the disease by pushing (or pulling) its cause back into the astral or mental sphere, we thus postpone the final result of the original Karmic cause; and it is reasonable to suppose that when it again returns it will be in a new combination and with added force.

But the Karmic interest and the compound interest continually added thereto, that comes of pure thought and a clean, simple, unselfish life, will be such as will ultimately result in a pure and healthy body.

G. A. MARSHALL.

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Will you please tell me in the Universal Brotherhood Path if Theosophists think—or Theosophy teaches—that “Mental Healing” or “Christian Science” is wrong when done out of compassion, without thought of gain or honor, and without the knowledge of the person concerned. If so, why? Have you any idea as to the power Christ and his disciples and other persons up through history used in healing the sick?

J. BERRY.

It would seem that the writer of the question holds that “Mental Healing” and “Christian Science” may be wrong if done from other motives than those mentioned by him, but regards the practices included under these designations as permissible and right in the circumstances named. So, let us consider the case as presented.

What is compassion? Is that compassion which usually goes by the name? Should our compassion be for and with the lower nature and the man as he ordinarily appears, or for and with the soul, the real man in his higher nature? It is true the soul suffers because of the lower nature, but to the extent that the higher nature is awakened, it is willing to endure its own sufferings and the sufferings of the lower nature, in that they tend to purify the lower nature and refine it. Most of that which goes by the name of compassion is comparable to that false sentiment which when a naughty child cries for a toy or a piece of candy, will for the sake of peace (!) give it to stop the child’s crying. This treatment of children is not the exception, it is the rule, and it is an index of our treatment of ourselves and others and of the false sentiment by which we are controlled. We too often seek to mollify and pacify the lower nature by feeding it, forgetting that lust can never “be killed out if gratified or satiated,” and that “it is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom’s heart.” The whole trend of Christian Science, Mental Healing and allied systems may be summed up as follows: That I may be well, that my physical body may be beautiful—in order that I may ever experience new sensations and enjoy the repetition of old, without reaping the results that nature enforces as a penalty for a life of sensation. To this false idea underlying these systems we might say, in the words

of Paul, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; and though man by reason of his being a part of Nature, and wielding some of her powers may delay the harvest for a time, yet he cannot escape its reaping, though it be many lives hence.

But true compassion looks deeper and further than any immediate, temporary satisfaction or mere appearance of well-being. True compassion is willing to see and feel suffering in and for and with another, and in and for one's self, for the sake of the discipline and purifying influence. For compassion does not mean the desire to eliminate suffering, nor does it work to remove suffering as an end; it means "to suffer with" and works for that state of human perfection in which the body, mind and affections and all the human powers shall become the perfect harmonious instrument and mirror of the divine nature or soul. In the work of true compassion the elimination of suffering is not an end but only an incident.

On the other hand, as stated, the immediate removal of suffering and of the appearances of disease appears to be the goal and chief aim of the practices referred to, irrespective of the causes or ultimate results. And not only this, but these practices are, almost universally, still further tainted by, if not indeed having as their main motive, the charging of fees for the alleged or attempted cures and the sale of instruction in the knowledge(?) and methods of obtaining such alleged cures to any gullible person who may have the required sum of money, regardless of the moral character of the applicant for such treatment or tuition.

The claim of the possibility of treatment and cure without the knowledge of the patient, and the almost universal practice to treat merely for a fee—as advertised in the publications of these societies—are not compatible with what is claimed as the basis of these systems, namely, that disease is the result of wrong thinking. Otherwise, the only logical conclusion would be that one person may do the thinking for another and radically and immediately change the habits of thought of another without that other's consent or knowledge—thus doing away entirely with individual responsibility. Only one inference is possible, that if such were the case, the result would be produced by the usurpation of the freedom of thought and will of the patient by the operator. Even if it be claimed that this is not so, the whole system stultifies itself, for if the thought of the patient be not changed (and remember we are discussing treatment "without the knowledge" of the patient) and if the disease be the result of wrong habits of thought as is claimed by Mental Healing and Christian Science, then the thoughts and mode of life not being changed (save by usurpation of the will power) the disease will re-appear and no real cure has been achieved. For, the old habits of thought continuing will result as heretofore in disease—granting that the disease originally was due to the old habits of thought.

It will thus be seen that these systems as taught and practiced do not depend upon compassion, absence of thought of gain or of desire for honor. It is not

denied that true sympathy has a tremendous power, but there can be no true sympathy or compassion where there is thought of gain or honor, nor can either exist in the deepest sense where it depends upon the knowledge of the person concerned. But this power of sympathy and of compassion is very, very different from the forces employed in general in the practices referred to. Moreover, it is not denied that apparent cures have been made by following the methods of these systems, or that there are some earnest, truth-seeking men and women among their adherents; but while it is true that the mind has an immense power over matter, the *application* of this truly scientific fact as made by these systems is contrary to Nature's methods and to Nature's great law, that every cause must have its due and appropriate effect and will continue operative until the full effect has been attained. The results attained by these systems and their apparent cures are due, not to the working with Nature but to the prostitution of Nature's powers.

As to the final question regarding "the power Christ and his disciples and other persons up through history used in healing the sick," it must be clear to any sincere student of the teachings of Christ and of those whose lives have approximated to his, that their power was primarily the power of wisdom, the knowledge of Nature's laws and of the soul's purposes; it was the power that comes through working *with* Nature—the power of true sympathy, of true compassion with and for the soul in its upward climb toward perfection. But the logical outcome of the teaching, or rather the claims of the systems referred to, is the denial of the possibility of the soul's progress and makes of the whole of life a farce. The practices rest upon a fallacy so apparent that it is marvelous that so many should have been deluded into accepting them, but this is only another of the many signs of the enslavement of humanity by the lust for sensuous enjoyment, and the desire to escape the consequences of ignorance or wrong-doing. They are an attempt to cheat Nature, but though Nature is long-suffering, "not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass, till *all* be fulfilled."

J. H. FUSSELL.

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### PYTHAGOREAN MAXIMS.

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"You shall honor God best by becoming godlike in your thoughts. Whoso giveth God honor as to one that needeth it, that man in his folly hath made himself greater than God. The wise man only is a priest, is a lover of God, is skillful to pray; for that man only knows how to worship, who begins by offering himself as the victim, fashions his own soul into a divine image, and furnishes his mind as a temple for the reception of the divine light."

\* \* \*

"Know so far as is permitted thee, that Nature in all things is like unto herself: that thou mayest not hope that of which there is no hope, nor be ignorant of that which may be.

"Know thou also that the woes of men are the work of their own hands. Miserable are they, because they see not and hear not the good that is very nigh them: and the way of escape from evil few there be that understand it."



## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

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### Old and New.

To realize the full purpose of the work and the promise for the future, it is well at times to take a backward glance and compare the past with the present. Nothing more clearly shows the tremendous progress that has been made than the reports of the work, which come in month by month and week by week from Lodges all over the world. The record of the past pales in comparison with that of today. Most noticeable is the hopefulness and enthusiasm and the willingness to follow out the Leader's suggestions everywhere shown by the members. The old touch of anxiety about the success of the work which hampered the efforts of so many in the past, has given place to an assurance of its glorious triumph. Members who in the old days seemed but half-hearted now wear a new expression on their faces, and with very few exceptions are much more united in lodge-work. In almost every case, the number of active workers in the Lodges is greatly increased, so that the Lodges instead of depending for their life and progress on the efforts of the few, have the active co-operation of the many, each of the new members realizing that he has a share in this grand work.

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### The Fathers at Point Loma.

November 11th was a record day in the annals of Point Loma. First, for the arrival of the two fathers of the organization, E. A. Neresheimer and Clark Thurston, and second for the opening ceremonies in the Aryan Memorial Temple, the first temple built at the Point and dedicated to William Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky.

The moment of greeting on the arrival of the two fathers and the royal welcome we gave them will never be forgotten by those who participated. As they stepped out of the Homestead tally-ho a burst of song—the glorious song of welcome—rang out from all the students assembled. The grand entrance hall was a veritable bower of Point Loma flowers and palms. Just as they stepped on to the veranda they were greeted with a shower of the loveliest fragrant blossoms thrown by the children on the upper balcony, dressed in their white Egyptian costumes. The Leader's happy face showed how glad she was at the arrival of these two veteran warriors. It was a welcome home, and Point Loma as "Home" has a deeper significance than any other spot in the world.

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### Dedication— Aryan Temple.

There are no words to describe the perfect harmony of this building—truly a temple. Its perfect proportion, the circular plan, the pillars, the great dome, with its purple-tinted glass, all lead man's thoughts to the highest, and are symbolical of his divinest powers and his perfect harmonious development. The acoustic properties are perfect, and the grand chorus of song did indeed lift one's thoughts to divine heights. After the ceremonies in the Temple a procession was formed and all marched to the School of Antiquity grounds. There were two great bonfires, one in front of the Homestead, and one on the School grounds, lighting up the whole building and all the surrounding country, and with the soft lights coming from the Temple and all the hosts of stars, shining as only stars do shine at Point Loma, and the long line of students in their white students' costumes, formed a picture full of the deepest significance, and one that must have impressed itself indelibly upon the minds of all present.

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### Children's Festival.

On the next day, November 12th, a festival was given to the children of the Raja Yoga School in honor of the two fathers. After ceremonies in the Temple with their beautiful Lotus songs, their marching and symbolical grouping, the children and all the others marched to the beautiful dining-room of the Homestead, transformed into a fairy land of flowers and garlands, with tiny flags worked in silk, of all the nations of the world, each on its little

flag-pole. Oh, the happy bright faces, the clear beautiful eyes of the little ones, their sweet voices and ringing laughter. what a picture. luminous with hope for the future

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**The Two Fathers at the Colony.** On Tuesday, November 14, the Leader and the two fathers, E. A. Neresheimer and Clark Thurston, and other members of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, visited the International Brotherhood League Colony, by special invitation. ● If this visit Brother Clark Thurston writes as follows: "With our two great white horses, we set out from the Homestead up hill and down dale to the high eminence on which stands the most remarkable business enterprise of modern times, where we were to enjoy the hospitality of its active workers. These greeted us in holiday attire, in their spacious rest room, from which we proceeded to the refectory and its table laden with the bounties of this genial clime. Over it all trailed a profusion of the rarest flowers. There, surrounded by bright and happy faces, we were in the midst of the culmination and crown of our efforts of nearly a quarter of a century, to bring down upon earth a living, active brotherhood. One felt an inexpressible gratitude that we were privileged to take part in such an assembly. We were from nearly every walk in life—men and women of reputation in the professions and the great industries of the world, and in our midst the Master-Mind and Heart of such wide experience, whom we gratefully acknowledged as always leading us on, constantly in advance of our own accumulated experiences and knowledge of the world of men and affairs. For here in this colony is an actual solution of every problem that vexes the mind of humanity—capital and labor are here in their true and harmonious relation; soul, mind and body are here energized and made active to a degree that surpasses the experience of men widely versed in the management of affairs elsewhere. From this eminence we look out upon the most entrancing land and water view. It is perfect in its harmony of light, color, shade and form, and its energizing sunshine. The place, its people, and the great Heart and Mind guiding and inspiring it and them, are a living benediction to the people of the earth."

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**Cabinet Meetings.** It is a wonderful picture, which I wish I could fully describe in words, to see the Leader with the two fathers of the organization and the other members of the Cabinet, at their meetings in one of the private rooms in the upper part of the Aryan Temple, devoted to such purposes. E. A. Neresheimer, Chairman of the Cabinet; F. M. Pierce, Clark Thurston. H. T. Patterson, Iverson L. Harris, Robert Crosbie, and J. H. Fussell acting as Recorder, all have many interesting stories to tell of the devotion of the members, and of the awakening interest that is being taken in the movement by the public.

Week by week The New Century, and month by month in this magazine, have appeared reports of the activities and the progress of the work, but it is only by looking back at the whole year's record as is being done in the yearly reports now being got ready by the different officers, and by seeing the private correspondence of the Leader, which she never publishes, that one can at all adequately realize the immense work that has been done. Many times, the hand that writes is constrained to stop by the recital of some touching incident of devotion. There are many such that might be told, and many members in isolated places have held aloft the torch of truth and made brotherhood a living power in their lives, causing their influence for good to be felt and realized by the whole community.

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**Aryan Printing Press.** It was at one of these Cabinet meetings, during a few hours, that the whole plan was unfolded by the Leader for a large printing establishment at Point Loma. This will be another link with the work of the past, and is the revival of a department, which for some time was active at the old headquarters in New York, but which, for lack of room and adequate and trustworthy technical help, had to be discontinued. The Aryan Printing Press

in New York, founded by William Q. Judge, supplied in the early days of its history a long-felt want, but Mr. Judge himself discontinued most of its work and was arranging for its entire cessation in its then narrow quarters at 144 Madison Avenue, as it was totally inadequate to the increasing work of the organization. When the present Leader began her work it was an utter impossibility for it to fulfill the requirements, and she therefore had it discontinued entirely. Now, however, the opportunity has come for this department of activity to again revive, and here there will be every advantage for its progress.

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We might pause here once more and look back at the old, comparing it with the new. Here the Aryan Temple is built, here are gathered the students from all walks in life, and from all the professions—each giving of his knowledge and power, his experience and capability, and most of all his heart's devotion to the work, under the wise guiding hand of the Leader. Can it be wondered at that every undertaking is an enormous success, even in its inception?

The members all over the world can well imagine how much the establishment of the Aryan Printing Press means for the uplifting of the masses.

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### **New Home for the Publishing Company and Aryan Press.**

Concerning the new home for these departments of the Universal Brotherhood, F. M. Pierce says as follows: "Proceeding from San Diego to reach

Point Loma Homestead and the site of the S. R. L. M. A., the traveler first crosses a tide-water level about one mile wide over a causeway, which bridges the tide stream. This in reality makes Point Loma an island, and the topographical features of Point Loma and its surroundings plainly indicate that its shores were, at no remote period, entirely water-washed, and that it was separated from the mainland by a considerable strait. Reaching the Point Loma end of the present causeway or turnpike road, it widens out to a flat stretch of land bordering the bay, while immediately back of this the land rises abruptly on a high plateau. This upper plateau on which the Homestead and School of Antiquity grounds are located commands a sweeping view of the great Pacific Ocean, San Diego Bay and City and the Sierra Madre mountains, sweeping from the north as far as the vision reaches, south into Mexico. The plateau is reached from the bay level through three natural canyons or gorges. The one from the north is overlooked and commanded from the hill, which is occupied by the International Brotherhood League Colony. The narrowing mouth of one of the other passes by which the plateau is reached from the eastern side, is commanded by a leased property of the Homestead, occupied by Iverson L. Harris, one of the Cabinet Officers of the organization. The remaining pass is commanded and its mouth fully occupied, excepting the road-way, by property purchased by the Brotherhood under direction of the Leader.

"It was for some months a matter of curious surmise as to why this property should have been purchased at a point isolated from the rest of the organization's land. Yesterday, November 16th, the Leader and a party of the Cabinet officers, also J. R. Addison, one of our strong builder-brothers, took a pleasure-drive in the Homestead tally-ho, and stopping on the curious canyon property in question, remained for about half an hour, with the result that the grounds were laid out, directions given, and plans put under way for the immediate utilization of this place and the erection thereon of a commodious publishing, engraving, printing and mailing establishment, wherein all the printing of the organization and its departments will be done, including the publication by the Theosophical Publishing Co., of several New Cycle or Time's Stories, and literary works authored by students, brilliant writers, whose names will remain unknown. From this place members of the organization and the world at large will please note that works of a character and merit are in preparation which will shed a new and brighter light on the world's life, and of the nature and character of its most active and dominant factor, man, and the soul, which he is.

"This building alone will be larger than the whole of the old Headquarters at 144

Madison Avenue, New York, and be divided into composition, printing, engraving, mailing, and commodious office rooms—the latter occupying a spacious octagonal salient in the front of the building, which, with the remaining front, will be ornamented and made more useful by a broad piazza. This commodious and, for its purpose, handsome building, will be complemented by the conspicuous title, “THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,” and on the works therein printed and published will appear the words, “ARYAN PRESS.”

“It should be unnecessary, at least with Theosophists, to call their attention to the connecting link formed by the above combined names between the new and the old, and through the name “Aryan Press” the link formed by loving hearts with the one who, years ago, in the then struggling condition of the Theosophical Society, tentatively established and gave name to the Society-limited Press, which has now been expanded to print saving literature for the whole world.

“Kind nature has seemingly made an exertion to do her part in helping earnest, true human beings, when they honestly attempt to do their duty. For, in a country where, without other exception, water for all purposes requires to be pumped and brought for many miles at great expense through pipe lines—here on this property already exists an unfailing well, ample for supplying all possible needs of the new enterprise. The building will be completely and fully equipped with power, presses, and all requisite paraphernalia for the execution of the highest class of work, and here again, the perfection of the great law is made apparent to the most blind. The party on returning to the Homestead found the incoming mail, and among its mass the first letter that the Leader selected made a connecting link, making possible the quick completion of the work which two hours before had seemed impossible. Was it chance that sent that letter?”

**Universal Brotherhood Path and  
the Pith and Marrow of Some  
Sacred Writings.**

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Of the Magazine, E. A. Nercsheimer says. “In its new physical expression of size, shape and thickness, and its attractive lithographed cover, it has

appealed most successfully to the public in a way that is satisfactory from every point of view. But deeper than that, it has lately redeemed the expectations laid upon it by the sincere student of Theosophy. Like the movement itself, it has presented the philosophy in action, that is to say, how it should be applied by each student for himself, and in a way in which it should be taught so as to reach the masses. An increasing number of students and other able writers have become contributors to its pages, presenting in a clear and attractive manner the synthetic results of their many years' studies, and especially the results of the teachings received at Point Loma. This will become more and more accentuated as the screen of time rolls past. They who can read between the lines and are able to perceive the enormous value which lies in such presentations, that have their foundation in actual practical experience of a bit of real human life—these can surely appreciate what our magazine is now doing for the world. The seemingly intricate theories heretofore presented only as theories by the great majority of writers, have become life itself under the gentle but firm and wise guidance of the Teacher.

“Another evidence of this is the new publication, THE PITH AND MARROW OF SOME SACRED WRITINGS, which our Leader commenced during her week's rest at Niagara, after the Brotherhood crusade across the American Continent in 1899. No amount of eulogistic commendation could do justice to this timely publication, which takes our civilization at its very marrow. With such wisdom and dignity and deep penetration this engrossing subject has not been presented to the world for centuries.

“It is highly gratifying that both the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and THE PITH AND MARROW OF SOME SACRED WRITINGS have, by mere force of their own inherent strength and value, broken through the hard crust of preconceived notions among the mass of the people. These publications are being increasingly appreciated compared to former efforts to spread a knowledge of Theosophy through our literature, which the world needs so much, and they are now to be found in every household, whose members have, in the least degree, become touched with the spiritual awakening.

**European Notes.**

A great change is coming over Europe. The progress of the work in all departments and the enthusiasm of the members are unmistakable signs of the working of the leaven of Brotherhood in those older countries. The keynote is ringing clear in France, which gives great promise of future activities in that country so lately torn by dissension and unrest in its national life.

Brother Sidney Coryn, President of the H. P. B. Lodge, London, has been spending several months in Paris, and together with Miss M. Jonson, a young Swedish member, now residing in Paris, have been doing active work. A recent letter from Brother Coryn states that he has found an unexpected interest manifested by the French people and by those of other nationalities, especially the Americans and the Swedes visiting the Exposition. Brother Coryn will return to England before the close of the year.

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Never before in the history of the movement has there been such enthusiasm among the English Lodges; the harmonious working of the members, their faithfulness and devotion are making the Universal Brotherhood Organization a power throughout the whole country. Brother Dick's letters from Ireland are full of most interesting accounts, and the work among the children is a hopeful sign for the future of the Green Isle, once the Home of the Gods, ever beloved by them, and never utterly deserted.

It was with deep regret that we heard of the illness of Miss Lisa Atkinson, who was appointed by the Leader as Superintendent of the European Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, London, H. P. Blavatsky's old home. We hope, however, that by the time this is in the hands of our readers she will have completely recovered.

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The news that Sr. Emilio Bacardi, lately Mayor of Santiago, Cuba, was coming to visit Point Loma, was received with great delight by every one at the Homestead. The noble assistance which he rendered the Leader in the work of the International Brotherhood League at Santiago, after the close of the war, has enshrined him in the hearts of all the comrades, and we are all looking forward to personally greeting him.

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Every month sees an increase in membership in Germany, where there is now a strong body of earnest and devoted students of the Wisdom-Religion, not in theory only, but in the actual practice of brotherhood as a living power in their lives. Application for a new Lodge has just been received, adding another center from which light shall radiate throughout the Fatherland.

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Most interesting letters have been received by the Leader from Miss Nan Herbert, the daughter of Lord Herbert, whose home is not far from London, telling of the beautiful work she and Miss White are doing throughout the neighborhood. Miss Herbert is a most enthusiastic worker, devoted to the cause of Humanity, and often visits the European Headquarters, at 19 Avenue Road. Many of the members will remember her picture, and that of Miss White in a recent issue of the New Century, and all who have seen it or met her are attracted by her earnest face. Our two English artist-comrades, R. Machell and C. J. Ryan, were recently entertained at Lord Herbert's country house, and a cable just received from them states that they will be leaving for Point Loma in two weeks.

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A New Search-Light is being prepared, and will be sent to the members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization before long.

Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Spalding writes to say that she is counting the days to the time when she will arrive again at Point Loma. Although she has been visiting so many interesting parts of the world, she still looks upon Point Loma as the ideal spot and longs to be back here once more.

Miss Alice Peirce, one of the brightest and most devoted of the young members from Sioux City, has recently come to Point Loma, adding one more to the increasing number of young students here. One of the most active of the new members of the organization is Mr. L. S. Fitch, a young student with strong religious tendencies, and formerly an active member of the church, who has come to realize something of the deeper meaning of Christ's teachings and their actual practical application in the Universal Brotherhood. He is a delightful comrade and a devoted worker. His tent on the Esotero grounds, occupied by himself and his wife and little boy, is one of the prettiest, and adds to the picturesqueness of the hill-side. All who have met Mrs. Vespera Freeman, or who have read her beautiful contributions to this magazine, will be glad to hear that with her son she is now living at the International Brotherhood League Colony, amid the delightful surroundings of that busy, yet peaceful place, its beautiful flower-garden and unsurpassed view. Her health is much improved, which permits her riding to the Homestead and taking part with the students in their work at this great center of world-wide activity.

Mother Kramer's presence is always a benediction in whatever place she may be, as all visitors to New York Headquarters know. For some years past she has been mother of the household there. Her coming to Point Loma and her meeting with Madam Olivia Petersen, the Superintendent of the Household at Point Loma Homestead, was like the meeting of two comrades who had been together for ages. To see them at their duties and the harmonious way in which they work together, the sunshine and brightness of their faces, their faithfulness and devotion, are a delight, a shining example to all, of the actual putting into practice of the highest philosophy of life.

Brother J. O. Kramer, one of the oldest members of the Aryan Theosophical Society, is now on his way to the Point, and will have arrived before this issue is out. Brother Ernest Kramer, the son, will be here before the end of the year. Brother Lucien B. Copeland, of Providence, formerly President of the Universal Brotherhood Lodge in Omaha, arrived with the two fathers, to make a short visit. Miss M. E. Braun, from Chicago, an experienced and successful teacher in the Public Schools, who spent last summer at the Homestead, will soon return here to commence a course of study as a student of the S. R. L. M. A.

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### **Some Results of the Great Crusade.**

Continually new evidences are received of the enormous work done by the great Crusade around the world in '96 and '97, and which included, not only the civilized races, but also many of the so-called savage peoples. Some of the latter were visited on some of the islands of the great Pacific, and from one of the fathers of one of these peoples was recently received the news of the splendid results that had accrued as the outcome of the impetus given, and the new energy infused into their national life through the advice of the Leader. Lands have been reclaimed and preparations are now being made to build a great educational institution for this people and to place it under the direction of the one who has inspired them to this undertaking, and whom they revere and honor so deeply.

Another matter of note and interest that occurred as the result of the Leader's visit to New Zealand was the revival of the ancient national games among the Maoris, and which are now participated in by all the tribes.

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### **A Perfect Physical Development.**

In the original notice given of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity at Point Loma, it was stated that "Through this School and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical life, and the laws of moral, mental and physical 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." Little did we dream when this statement was first made in 1896, that so soon would come the opportunity to see it in actual practice. With such an end in view, can it be wondered at that physical exercises and athletic games have a new and hitherto undreamed-of influence.

It is well known that among the ancients religion in its deeper meaning entered even into their games, but up till now this has not been realized in modern times. To see the students at work one can begin to realize the importance of this new influence, now for the first time in hundreds of years being brought to bear upon life in its outermost aspect as well as in its deepest phases. Only when the body is considered as the temple of the living God, and where there is the purpose to make it a perfect instrument for the soul's use, can this be understood.

Some months ago, the Leader, Katherine Tingley, organized for the students preliminary athletic exercises, which are participated in every morning just after the sunrise assembly, by both men and women. Separate squads, one for men and one for women, assemble under their instructors in different parts of the grounds, entirely separate, and there in the pure morning air, under the soul-invigorating influences of the newly risen sun, they are building up their bodies, acquiring strength, agility and poise, that body, mind and soul may work in perfect harmony.

As a further development of this idea, the Leader has introduced archery—one of the most necessary acquirements of the warriors of ancient times, as well as one of their favorite and honored pastimes. Readers of Bhagavad-Gita know how famous an archer was Arjuna and other great warriors of olden times. The symbolism of archery is easily to be perceived by the student, and is worthy of the deepest study. Many of the members of the Universal Brotherhood know that William Q. Judge was a great lover of this pastime, and had great skill in sending his arrows straight to the mark. Brother E. A. Neresheimer is also a well-known archer, and often have he and the Chief practiced together. As soon as the plan was formulated, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer was asked to accept the position as Head Instructor, and he has donated his fine outfit for the game, so that the Archery Club is splendidly equipped. Its members are already most enthusiastic in its pursuit.

Plans for a splendid gymnasium were made some time ago by the Leader, and already many of the necessary appliances have been obtained.

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### **Mental Development.**

Several courses of lectures and classes are being carried on at the Homestead in the preliminary work of the S. R. L. M. A. These are lectures on physiology and hygiene, classes and individual instruction in singing, lectures on history, lectures and classes on art, in which the young Cuban boys are showing great proficiency; and a school of stenography, conducted by Rev. S. J. Neill; besides these there are lectures and papers by the students on the various phases of the philosophy, and its application to the deepest problems of human life. No adequate description can be given of the effect of the students' assemblies in the new Aryan Temple. The mind is quickened to new powers, the soul receives a new inspiration, and all life is endowed with a new dignity in that sacred atmosphere. In the upper part of the Temple are music and art studios, and one who is not privileged to actually participate in this work can but faintly imagine the new power that seems to come to both voice and hand amid these surroundings. Miss Bergman, the truly inspired singing instructor, seems to acquire new powers in her profession, and a capability of imparting instruction which increases with the wider scope that is hers in the new and larger quarters. Hereafter her time will be spent between Point Loma and Sweden, the summer months she will spend in her old home in Sweden, and the winter in her new home, the home of us all, at Point Loma. Thus a new tie will be made between Sweden and America, binding that strong, clear-eyed, noble people yet more closely to our hearts in this great work for humanity.



## TOBY TO SPOTS.

19 Avenue Road, London, N. W.

**M**Y Dear Spots:

I must really write you a letter without waiting any longer. I have been meaning to write for a long time, but somehow I had to wait till I saw your last letter in the Universal Brotherhood Path, telling all about Point Loma and the buddies in their tented city. Oh! I forgot! I haven't told you who I am, and it's such a long story, but here goes—

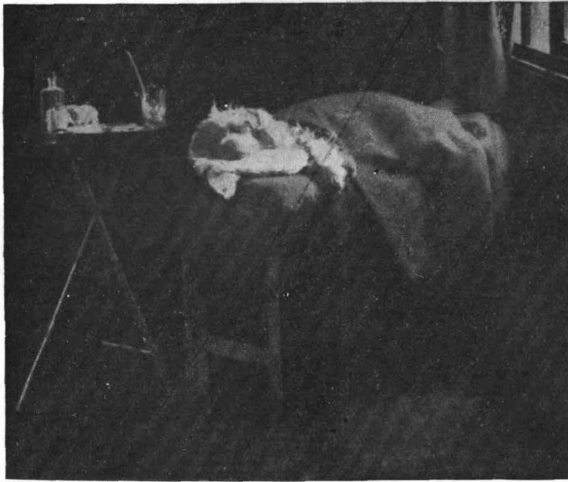
Well, when I was a little baby dog I thought I would go and see what the big world was like. So I ran away from home into the streets of London and got frightened at the big noise the 'busses and carts made, and I put my tail down and ran, and ran, and ran, just like other little dogs do when they can't stop themselves.

Of course I got lost and a policeman caught me and took me to the dogs' home where they take all the lost dogs in London, and here I was put into a large cage with a lot of other dogs, and it was very cold and nasty and it didn't make me feel any better when one of the dogs told me that if we were not taken away by somebody soon we should be turned out of our bodies and sent to the Doggy-Dreamland.

Now I had only just got into this body of mine and it was a jolly one and I didn't want to get turned out just yet. So I kept my eye fixed on the door where the visitors come in, and one day I saw a big man come in and I said to myself, "That's the sort of human for me—he looks as if he knew dog-language almost," so as soon as the keeper opened the cage door I jumped out and ran to him and asked him (inside, you know) to take me away with him. And he did.



As we walked away he said he was going to call me "Toby," and I thought that would do pretty well. He took me to the old Brotherhood house at Ver-



AFTER I CAME HERE I WAS VERY ILL.

Just after I came here I was very ill and had to go to a dog-doctor and have nasty medicine. The first day when they propped my mouth open to put a spoonful of medicine down, I kicked and struggled, and they spilt all the medicine on the floor, and I thought I had escaped it, but they got hold of me again, so that after that I kept still and did the kicking afterward to try and get the taste out of my mouth. Ugh! I can taste it yet. They told me it was

good for me; and I say. Spots, I believe I've found out a secret—nearly all the things that are good for you seem nasty at first, and it's no use trying to spill the medicine because you only get another dose.

After I got well I had to learn a lot of things and become useful, just like people who go to Point Loma, and when I had learnt a few things they began to give me puzzles. I've heard the

humans say that the other humans at Point Loma get puzzles like me and generally ones that they think they can't do because they haven't done them

Well after that I came to live at Avenue Road, and here I've been ever since, and here I want to stay till I've seen you and your dear mistress. Oh! Yes! I know all about you because I often listen when the humans are talking.

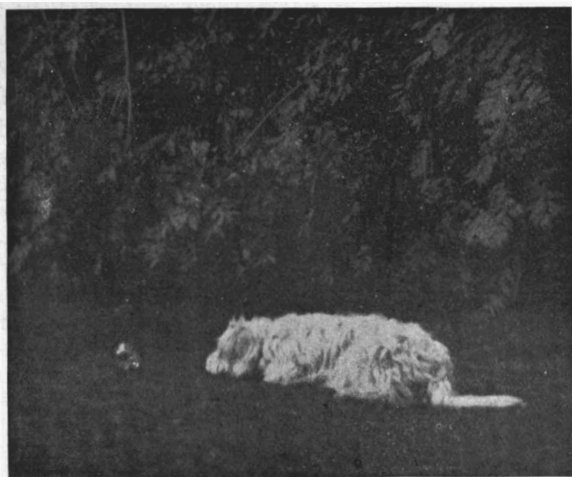
Well after that I came to live at Avenue Road, and here I've been ever since, and here I want to stay till I've seen you and your dear mistress. Oh! Yes! I know all about you because I often listen when the humans are talking.



ONE PUZZLE I HAVEN'T SOLVED YET.

before. Well, that was the way with me at first, and when they put a biscuit under a book I sat down and whined like—well, well—because I thought I

couldn't get it, and then I found I could get it easily by pushing the book away; so I learnt to stick at a puzzle and worry a way through it. One day they put a biscuit into an empty match box, but that was easy, I just put my foot on top and shoved one end with my nose. I have got one puzzle I haven't solved yet, and that is how to get a black bullet out of a smooth, round water-bottle, but there must be a way some-



THERE MUST BE A WAY SOMEHOW.

how, or else it couldn't get in, and so I lie down and just worry my thinker how to do it. Do you know what black bullets are? My mistress has a big tin full and they are fine.

Well, it seems I'm talking about nothing but my own unimportant little self all the time, so I'd better finish by telling you about the buddies at Avenue Road. There are lots of them and of course I love them, especially when they try to run after me in the garden. They are going to have a little school to themselves here before you get this letter, and so we shall have great times. They all seem so happy, not like most little humans, and they sing and romp till my little self inside gets all full of joy and I want to do the same and sing, too. Then there are the boys who come every week, and I like them, too, and the people who come to the meeting, and—and—*everybody*. Who can help liking everybody when they all have a little thing inside that says "Brotherhood, Brotherhood, Brotherhood! all



WHO CAN HELP LIKING EVERYBODY?

day without stopping? But it is the buddies I love most, and I think everybody does, because they are going to make that little thing inside say "Brotherhood, Brotherhood, Brotherhood," louder and louder every day, till, when they grow up to be big men and women, it will be talking so loud that everybody they meet will hear it and try and start their own. They won't need to *start* really, because it's been going all the time, but they must *start listening* to it, for it is just like listening to a sound you can hardly hear, it seems to grow louder and louder the longer you listen, because you shut off the other noises from coming into your head.

Now, my thinker is just about empty of all the things I wanted to say and so I'll send this off to you with as much love as the envelope will hold, and you can distribute it where you think it is wanted, but don't forget—you know!

I will write again soon and tell you more about the buddies.

TOBY.

P. S.—My full name and address is B. Toby, Esq., 19 Avenue Road, London, N. W. The B. stands for B-R-O-T-H-E—, you can guess the rest.

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## THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.



DEAR Lotus Buds:

We were thinking that perhaps the little Lotus Buds in America would like to hear about a trip to the mountains, taken by some of their little brothers and sisters in Australia.

These little people lived in Sydney, and had a house near the beautiful harbor on which Sydney is built. It was a very lovely spot, and they could see the ocean that stretches away over to Point Loma, as well as the bays and indentations formed by the waters of Point Jackson.

In Sydney it is never very cold, and the atmosphere is nearly always rather moist, and what is called enervating. That is, it makes people feel tired, and although they may think of many things they wish to do, still they do not feel energetic enough to always carry them all out.

But just a few hours' journey away to the west of Sydney are the mountains, and there people can go for a more bracing air, when in summer the sun is very hot, and the moist sea-breezes are blowing every day. It was to these mountains called the "Blue Mountains," that our little folks were going. It meant getting up very early one morning to catch boats and street-cars before they could get on the train that was to take them there. But presently they were all aboard and on their way.

Only a few hours' journey, but it seemed a long time to the children. By and bye mother said, "Look, children! there are the mountains. Don't they look blue?" And through the windows of the train they saw the tops of the blue hills rising one behind the other, and glimpses of valleys, bluer still. The train was going very slowly now, and puffing and blowing just like a human being would, who was trying to carry a great load up a hill. The track was not level any longer, but sloped up an incline. The air grew perceptibly sharper the higher they went, and each station had on a board its height above sea-level.

At last they stopped at a station marked 3,350 feet, and this is where mother said they were to get out.

Then followed three weeks that were very happy times to the little people. There was much to see. I shall just have space to tell you of one walk they took, and which they went over and over again, always finding something fresh to admire, and always feeling their hearts almost too full for words when they would reach points that enabled them to get wonderful vistas of mountain scenery, with ever the noise of the waterfalls near and the mossy smell of the ferns and fallen tree-trunks lying around.

The day after they arrived they set off in the direction of one of the falls, and presently turned from the streets into a yellow gravelly track with the trees and scrub growing close up on either side. Suddenly between the trees they looked out on what seemed at first sight to be the ocean, but it was an ocean of blue atmosphere. Ever so far below them, stretching away into the distance, was a deep and wide valley, broken here and there with eminences that seemed like portions of the mountain summits that had remained behind when they had divided. The jagged, rocky sides appeared to have been torn asunder by some giant force long ages ago, and there were bright portions of rock, shining golden with the sunlight on them.

All through the valley the undulating, indistinguishable verdure was nothing but tree-tops. The hills beyond, went on range behind range of fainter and fainter blue, and over all was this strong, buoyant atmosphere, so intensely blue as to be almost unreal. We thought as we looked at it that one could float if only we let ourselves go, and we longed to leap out on an aerial voyage of discovery. Those rugged cliffs, what could they not have told us, as they stood there like witnesses of the ages, and full of mystery!

I do not know if the little ones thought all this, although mother did. Still they felt all sorts of things that they could not express, and their vocabulary of adjectives was quite extensive before they left for home. Little five-year-old would say, "Oh isn't that lubly?" "Mother, it is '*plendid*.'" Sometimes mother would find them wrestling with a new word altogether, none of the old ones being expressive enough for them, and had to come to the rescue one day, when A—— was struggling with an apparently unpronounceable one. Yes, he was really trying to say that it was "*magnificent*."

But I have not told you about the falls yet. They made a great deal of noise, but like many things that make much sound, were not so very imposing after all, although they were very pretty.

Coming along the trail, we had several times to jump across little streams of water. By and bye this water found a nice, smooth path of rock and here it spread itself out and came along quite peacefully with little gurgles and ripples when small unevennesses would interrupt its serenity.

Oh, but what was happening now?

The smooth pathway had abruptly come to an end, and the little stream was sent flying downward, scattering into millions of drops of water, and fine spray, to presently find another rocky bed. Leaping and jumping it went, sometimes falling down just a few feet, and sometimes dropping down twenty or thirty. How lovely it looked then—almost all spray, and so white against the dark background of rock! And the song it sang! It never for an instant stopped.

We all stood still on a point of rock amidst the dimness of the deep fissure of cleft mountain. All around were ferns and mossy tree-trunks flecked with patches of grey and white and green.

The silence was wonderful. It could be felt; and the noise of many waterfalls only seemed to emphasize the deep stillness that pervaded the place.

We stood still for some time, seeming to become part of the scene. The sound of the waterfalls around, entered into the fibres of our being, and attuned us in harmony. Was it not nature's music? The steady deep note of the largest fall, as it came over rocks, then rushed into the ravine below, and the treble sounds of smaller ones—some bubbling and trickling down in small leaps, and others, tiny, harmless little streams of water, suddenly coming into view as they scattered into gossamers of white spray over ledges of the rocks.

It was all a breathless wonder to us as down we went, ever enticed onward and further by some fresh beauty, or new outlook.

At last we bethought ourselves of the time. How we wished we had brought lunch with us! But we had not thought of it. So we turned with sighs to retrace our steps. I will not tell you how many steps we climbed, and how many hills we toiled up before the hungry little ones reached home. But we would turn round every now and again and feast our eyes on the view, and then we would stop for a moment to examine some new fern, or wonder at some great rock that loomed overhead, vast and massive, weather-worn and lichen-clad, or we would scamper over picturesque little bridges, sometimes made of just a tree-trunk and a hand-rail. So at last we reached home quite tired, but, after all, it was quite a pleasant "tired" we were, for our hearts were filled with visions of Nature's wondrous loveliness, and we had been very near to her that day.

So now we will just send our loving greetings to the dear little friends with whom we have tried to share our pleasures, and sign ourselves,

"THE AUSTRALIANS."

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## REPORT OF LOTUS WORK AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

Though many of the children of Lotus Group No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden, have spent the whole summer in the country, yet all those who have been in town have had their meetings every Thursday. So, when the Lotus-Mother or the comrades in thought have visited the center they have always found some children *on guard* "at home." But now all the children have returned and September 12th more than fifty of them were assembled at the Swedish headquarters, to celebrate the anniversary of the Lotus-Mother's visit to this group last year.

The large, beautiful hall was tastefully decorated with flowers and white draperies and the photos of our three Leaders were united by a garland of white, yellow and purple flowers, and with the Swedish and American flags. The chairs for the children were placed in the form of a great heart and inside this on the floor there was another heart, a purple heart, and around it lots of little yellow candlesticks with not yet lighted candles—one for each child.

When all the children had assembled and the doors were thrown open, they marched in while "The Brotherhood of Humanity" was softly played on the piano. At the platform the three leaders of the Lotus Group and one of the teachers had placed themselves to the north, south, east and west of the Lotus-Mother's picture, one of them carrying the banner of the Lotus Group and another a big square made of little bouquets of yellow flowers. After a short silence, "Truth, Light and Liberation," was intoned three times by *the first* of the four.

*The second* intoned the following in Swedish, and which I have translated into English: "The words of Truth which have been spoken by the Spirit of Eternal Light and Love, shall enter deep into the hearts of men."

*The third:* "I feel the strong, true bond of Brotherhood uniting all in heaven and on earth. I hear you all wandering here again, proclaim those words, awaited by a world. Those words so plainly written on your brows are also read in golden letters on the white flag, which now I see unfurled—the snowy flag of Brotherhood."

*The fourth:* "So lifting high your glorious banner, in triumph you will reach the goal."

The first three decorated the Lotus-Mother's picture with purple flowers, the fourth placed the square below the triangle. Miss Anna Sonesson, one of the leaders of the group, now turned to the children, speaking to them from her very heart, wishing them welcome "home" again. She reminded them of that day one year ago when they were happy enough to have their Lotus-Mother present, and when each of them could give her a flower. "Today we can only decorate her picture, and that we all will do," she said. She took the square, and all the children rising and marching up on the platform singing, "Happy Little Sunbeams," took now each one in turn the yellow flowers out of the square and put them on the triangle around the picture. During their "silent moments," the children then sent their thoughts to the Lotus-Mother at Point Loma. Gerda Nystrom read a letter from "Spots," translated from the August issue of Universal Brotherhood Path. This letter interested the children very much, and thinking of the little ones at Point Loma, they then sang "Tiny Buds."

The leader of the group once again turned to the children and told them to look at the golden Brotherhood cord that was lying around the great heart they formed; they had now to take a new grasp on it, knowing that this cord unites them all, and that each golden warrior has to do his best to spread Truth, Light and Liberation to all. "But you cannot do this," she said, "without knowing that in the heart of each one of you is burning a light, and without trying to always have this light burning bright and clear."

She told them to look at the little candles in the purple heart, and at the light already burning in front of the Lotus-Mother's picture, and explained for them the ceremony they now were going to perform. The children turned inside the heart to fetch their candles, and then they went, three by three, up ● on the platform and lit their candles at the Lotus-Mother's.

When all the candles were lit and all the children had returned to their places, it was a solemn and touching sight to look at this great flaming heart that was formed by all the little lights, and to look into all these clear and bright young eyes which seemed to promise to try to follow the example of their Lotus-Mother, and filled with love to work unselfishly for others.

Now came another Lotus-song, the Circle Song, and so the festival was ended.

The happy children marched out of the hall singing "Warriors of the Golden Cord."

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The group has now its regular meetings every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, which all the children from 7 to 12 years attend. For the little tots, who sometimes visit those meetings, we are going to start a school on weekdays.

SUPERINTENDENT.

"Return, thou golden age, to the earth thou hast left, if thou art not a mere dream of the fancy. It is not so; that blessed state has not fled, was not a dream: every innocent heart realizes it in its calm tranquillity." —METASTASIO.

# Universal Brotherhood Path.

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## Universal Brotherhood *Organization*

A. D. 1901

### New Century Salutation

*To the CHILDREN of the MASTER*

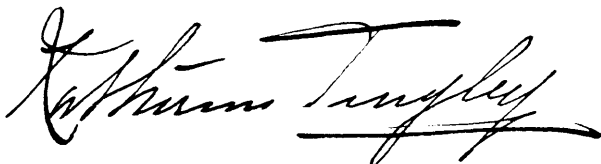
DEAR COMRADES:

My New Year's Message to you is one that cannot be penned or spoken. It lies deep in my heart. It is a song in silence of joyous gratitude for having had the opportunity to work with a few royal souls who are seeking to serve our humanity.

*The time is opportune for every member to declare his thanksgiving for the victories won, in a steady attitude of mind, such as will tide him over all difficulties and will urge him on to a higher endeavor, that he may stand forth as a true Theosophist.*

My affection for you increases as the days go by; my hope for poor humanity is based on a knowledge of your possibilities. Falter not, dear hearts, in rendering noble service. While the nations despair we work for their liberation.

Let "ONWARD" be our watchword.



## HERBERT SPENCER ON "MUSIC."\*



LL speech is compounded of two elements, the words and the tones in which they are uttered—the signs of ideas and the signs of feeling. . . . Using the word *cadence* in an unusually extended sense, as comprehending all modifications of voice, we may say that *cadence is the commentary of the emotions upon the propositions of the intellect*. This duality of spoken language, though not formally recognized, is recognized in practice by every one; and every one knows that very often more weight attaches to the tones than to the words.

\* \* \*

“Beyond the direct pleasure which it gives, music has the indirect effect of developing this language of the emotions. Having its root, as we have endeavored to show, in those tones, intervals, and cadences of speech which express feeling—arising by the combination and intensifying of these, and coming finally to have an embodiment of its own; music has all along been reacting upon speech, and increasing its power of rendering emotion. . . .

“Familiarity with the more varied combinations of tones that occur in vocal music, can scarcely have failed to give greater variety of combination to the tones in which we utter our impressions and desires. The complex musical phrases by which composers have conveyed complex emotions, may rationally be supposed to have influenced us in making those involved cadences of conversation by which we convey our subtler thoughts and feelings.

\* \* \*

“Probably most will think that the function here assigned to music is one of very little moment. But further reflection may lead them to a contrary conviction. In its bearings upon human happiness we believe that this emotional language, which musical culture develops and refines, is only second in importance to the language of the intellect; perhaps not even second to it. For these modifications of voice produced by feelings, *are the means of exciting like feelings in others*. Joined with gestures and expressions of face, they give life to the other dead words in which the intellect utters its ideas; and so enable the hearer not only to *understand* the state of mind they accompany, but to *partake* of that state. In short, they are the chief media of *sympathy*. And if we consider how much our general welfare and our immediate pleasures depend upon sympathy, we shall recognize the importance of whatever makes this sympathy greater. If we bear in mind that by their *fellow-feeling* men are led to behave justly, kindly and considerately to each other—that the difference between the cruelty of the barbarous and the humanity of the civilized results from the increase of fellow-feeling; if we bear in mind that this faculty which makes us sharers in the joys and sorrows of others is the basis of all

\* Extracts from “The Origin and Function of Music.” (Fraser’s Magazine, October, 1857.)



the higher affections—that in friendship, love and all domestic pleasures it is an essential element; if we bear in mind how much our direct gratifications are intensified by sympathy—how, at the theater, the concert, the picture gallery, we lose half our enjoyment if we have no one to enjoy with us; if, in short, we bear in mind that for all happiness beyond what the unfriended recluse can have, we are indebted to this same sympathy;—we shall see that the agencies which communicate it can scarcely be overrated in value.

“The tendency of civilization is more and more to repress the antagonistic elements of our characters and to develop the social ones—to curb our purely selfish desires and exercise our unselfish ones—to replace private gratifications by gratifications resulting from, or involving, the happiness of others. And while, by this adaptation to the social state, the sympathetic side of our nature is being unfolded, there is simultaneously growing up a language of sympathetic intercourse—a language through which we communicate to others the happiness we feel, and are made sharers in their happiness.

“This double process, of which the effects are already sufficiently appreciable, must go on to an extent of which we can as yet have no adequate conception.

\* \* \*

“Just as there has silently grown up a language of ideas, which, rude as it at first was, now enables us to convey with precision the most subtle and complicated thoughts; so, there is still silently growing up a language of feelings, which, notwithstanding its present imperfection, we may expect will ultimately enable men vividly and completely to impress on each other all the emotions which they experience from moment to moment.

“Those vague feelings of unexperienced felicity which music arouses—those indefinite impressions of an unknown ideal life which it calls up, may be considered as a prophecy, to the fulfillment of which music is itself partly instrumental. The strange capacity which we have for being so affected by melody and harmony, may be taken to imply both that it is within the possibilities of our nature to realize those intense delights they dimly suggest, and that they are in some way concerned in the realization of them. On this supposition the power and the meaning of music become comprehensible; but otherwise they are a mystery.

“We will only add, that if the probability of these corollaries be admitted, then music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts—as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare.”

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“Do not expect the ship to return loaded with precious treasures, without being exposed to the horrors of the stormy deep. Every noble acquisition is attended with its risks; he who fears to encounter the one, must not expect to obtain the other.”

—METASTASIO.

## MORALITY AND KNOWLEDGE.

By H. T. E.

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He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness, even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.—*I John II, 9, 10, 11.*

\* \* \*

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—*Matt. V, 8.*

\* \* \*

Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child.—*The Voice of The Silence.*



ONE of the greatest delusions of nineteenth century thought is the idea that purity of heart and knowledge are things apart; that the moral attitude of a man has nothing to do with his intelligence; that it is possible to be wise, but immoral, and that a pure man may be a fool. The above quotations, with others from the same sources, do not bear out this notion. On the contrary, they indicate that there is a direct and inseparable connection between the state of the heart and that of the head. The passage from John is so simply and concisely put, that in these days when a grain of thought is diluted with a pound of verbiage, it does not strike us so forcibly as its original readers, to whom a manuscript was a rarity, to be digested word by word. Let us therefore amplify it into more modern style.

Those persons who imagine that they are wise and intelligent, while all the time they are the victims of angry and selfish passions, are mistaken. Even though they may have studied Theosophy all these years, yet if their passions are still dominant, they have made no progress in wisdom. The altruist, the man who forgets his own personality in his zeal for the welfare of his fellows, is on the high-road to wisdom; his unselfishness will ever keep his intuition bright and enable him to choose aright in times of doubt and perplexity. But the self-centred man, whose only desire is to outstrip his fellows, is blinded by his prejudices; the clouds of passion rise up and obscure his intuition so that he cannot discern the true path.

We have heard that knowledge is hidden from the wise and prudent (*i. e.*, from sages and cautious people) and revealed to babes and sucklings; but familiarity with the text, together with the atmosphere of uncertainty and remoteness which invests a pulpit saying, have prevented us from seeing its plain and pregnant import. What is it that hides the knowledge from the calculating men, if not the veils that their doubting hearts draw over their eyes? Why do the innocent see clearly and the pure in heart glimpse the divine, if not because their eye is undimmed by any mental picture painted by mistrust and passion? The Bible is a sacred book, and it is time that we read it ourselves, instead of letting it be interpreted for us by others, who may be duller, if more

assuming, than we, or whose version may be colored by some ulterior motive. We are accustomed from earliest youth to attach to Biblical texts a vague theological value, and thus we may never come at their plain meaning, as we should if we met them in a newspaper clothed in ordinary language.

Parts of the same sacred book are devoted to denouncing the Scribes and Pharisees, *i. e.*, people who presume to interpret for other men the divine teachings, to stand as self-appointed mediators between man and God within him, and to divert man's reverence from his Higher Self to some human ecclesiastical organization. The Scribes and Pharisees would have us believe that wisdom comes from them, or the organization they represent; or that wisdom cannot be attained on earth, but must be looked for after death in heaven. But the Bible says that wisdom comes from brotherly love and purity of heart; and that those who lead Christ's life shall gain his illumination and powers here on earth.

The connection between the emotions and the understanding is apparent to the thoughtful student of human character. We know that men may be so blinded by jealousy as to misinterpret every action of other people and behave like madmen; or suspicion may fill their imagination so full of delusions that they cannot see things as they are. Anger perverts the judgment and neutralizes the most judicious understanding. Vanity leads a man to commit the grossest absurdities. These are instances of impurities in the heart perverting the mind's eye, so that it is untrustworthy and distorts. When, therefore, we are told that purity of heart and brotherly love clear the understanding, it is plain common-sense that we are told. Does it always occur to people to look for plain common-sense in their Bible; or do they seek their common-sense at the fount of worldly wisdom and go to the Bible for something that will be edifying and salutary, but impracticable?

Depend upon it, the Sermon on the Mount and other sacred writings were penned by Teachers who understood the nature of man and the true laws of life; and, so far from containing nothing but unpalatable precepts exhorting us to lead some impossibly ideal kind of life, they simply show us how we ought to live so as to fulfill the laws of our nature and avoid needless trouble and pain.

Nothing can be more indicative of mental blindness produced by moral imperfections than some of the extreme views of modern science. These views have been conceived in an age of individualism, competition, and money-seeking; among a people devoted to the interests of wealth, luxury, and ambition; at an epoch when faith and belief are at lowest ebb and religion is broken up into hostile camps. If what St. John says be true, we could not look for wisdom in the "science" proper to such an age. And, as a fact, what do we find?—Quite a considerable group of the leaders of this science calmly advocating the torture and dissection alive of animals as a means of gaining knowledge; a doctrine tending inevitably in the direction of a similar treatment of human beings.—The prescribing as medicines of fresh blood and extracts from the viscera of animals.—The designing of vast machines for the wholesale

destruction of human life.—The discovery of drugs and narcotics which ruin the nerves and eat away the very heart of man.—All under the patronage of “science,” the vaunted champion of truth.—Mechanical theories of the universe and of man’s nature, which explain nothing, but leave us in a quagmire of contradiction and despair; such as that our minds and feelings are the *effect* of “motion” in the particles of the brain, and that the universe was created by “chance” or “law.”—All this abortion of the intellect may well be claimed as the legitimate outcome of centuries of fighting, drinking, gluttony and trading.

The attainment of wisdom demands perfect tranquillity of mind and body, and perfect cleanness and transparency of motive; just as astronomical observation needs absolute steadiness of instrument and observer, and absolutely clean and transparent glasses. There is in each of us an *Eye*, whose range of vision is limitless, for it is the Spiritual Eye of the Soul. But it is kept ever dimmed and rheumy by the ungoverned state of our thoughts and feelings, like a cobwebby and dirt-begrimed telescope. As the eyes of the drunkard are distorted by the fumes of wine, so is our inner eye by the fumes of our turbid feelings. We do not see what *is*; we discern only colored and refracted images and the hallucinations that we breed in our imagination.

All Teachers of spiritual wisdom have prescribed abstinence and purity of life, both physical and mental, as the indispensable preliminary to the attainment of knowledge. Figs do not grow on thistles, nor can clean water issue from a dirty pipe. It is useless to go on studying, be it even the Esoteric Philosophy, until we have given up our wrong thoughts and depraved habits. Until we do this, we shall never learn anything that will do us any good; witness those who have drifted into the whirlpools of bogus occultism, and are now struggling with psychic diseases, vices, and addiction to drugs. Nor will a civilization that is devoted to war, money-making and luxury ever produce a science that can enlighten or an art that can inspire.

Wisdom is one and single, and the attempt to analyze it into “pure reason” on the one hand and “moral sense” on the other is a blunder by which one reality is converted into two unreal concepts. “Pure reason” cannot guide human conduct, for man is governed by motives and feelings, and will use his intellect as a means of bringing about his intentions, be they good or evil. And any attempt to follow the moral law, unilluminated by reason, results in superstition or enslavement to some ecclesiastical yoke.

Doubts are not cleared up by abstruse cogitation and subtle analysis; the most patient and learned metaphysicians have laid down their weary pens at last in confessed ignorance. It is faith, hope, and love that dispel doubts, by dissipating the clouds of the mind which hard thinking only thickens. If our spirits are oppressed by gloom and despondency, our clever intellect merely lends itself to the prevailing mood, and argues in favor of our doubts and forebodings. But when the tide turns and a sunnier mood supervenes, the doubts pale and dwindle like the by-gone terrors of a dream. Children, animals, and happy-go-lucky thoughtless persons, are often credited with a sort of

“intuition” or “instinct” or “luck,” or imagined to be under the protection of a special Providence. May not their ready perception of the right thing to do be caused simply by the unclouded state of their mind, which enables them to see instantly and clearly without the necessity of choosing between doubts?

In seeking for a New Year’s message to the readers of this magazine, what better can we do than proclaim once more the glorious fact of man’s immortal, all-wise Soul? For all laws of life point back to this basic truth. Western civilization forgot the Soul, and was cut off from its illuminating beams; whence all our complications of book-learning and cunning intellectual systems, which resemble a medley of candles, lamps, and lurid torches, kept burning to beat back the enshrouding gloom.

Our methods of gaining wisdom have no regard to the cleanliness and adjustment of the instrument with which we work. We imagine in our stupid pride that a brain inflamed with drink and disorganized by passion and sensuality can reflect a clear image of the truth. The ancient Eastern civilizations whose records we possess, and the still more ancient far-Western ones whose relics are now fast being unearthed, looked first to bodily vigor and purity and moral cleanness and strength, as the path to knowledge. They knew that only the pure in heart can see God, and that, if the eye be evil, the whole body shall be full of darkness.

“Mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions. Seek, O Beginner, to blend thy Mind and Soul.—*The Voice of The Silence*.

This should be the text for Western civilization and modern science. Let us release ourselves from the nightmare notion that there are things we can never know in this life, or which God does not mean us to know; and from that other notion, that we can learn the truth about our nature and destiny by peering into the darkness of matter and scratching the soil of the earth. Let us, this year, throw off the yoke of superstition and priestcraft, and stand up in our human dignity and assert the Soul and our divine birth-right of knowledge and strength.

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## REINCARNATION.

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“For logic, consistency, profound philosophy, divine mercy and equity, this doctrine of Reincarnation has not its equal on earth. It is a belief in a perpetual progress for each incarnating Ego, or divine soul, in an evolution from the outward into the inward, from the material to the spiritual, arriving at the end of each stage at absolute unity with the Divine Principle. From strength to strength, from the beauty and perfection of one plane to the greater beauty and perfection of another, with accessions of new glory, of fresh knowledge and power in each cycle, such is the destiny of every Ego, which thus becomes its own Savior in each world and incarnation.

*Key to Theosophy*, H. P. BLAVATSKY.

“There is in all created beings an inconceivable light by which all good acts are performed, and in it as in an immortal essence is comprised whatever has been, is present, or will be hereafter.”

—*Hindu Wisdom*.

## PERSEVERANCE IN SPIRITUAL EFFORT.

By GERTRUDE VAN PELT.

“Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying I am Christ; and shall deceive many. And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.

“All these are the beginning of sorrows.

“Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name’s sake. And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another. And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.”



**T**HAT an illumination spreads over the pages of any book of truth, when read under the light of the Wisdom-Religion—that essence of religions, which includes them all. That which is essentially true once, is ever so, for the oscillations of nature are in ascending and descending curves. The cycles of light and darkness come and go; of summer and winter; of spring-time and harvest. For as the earth revolves about the Sun, so does humanity revolve around the Spiritual Sun, meeting again and again the same problems under slightly varied conditions, until the only attraction felt is that of the Light, and it is absorbed into its essence.

These words from the New Testament have a familiar sound to Theosophists, and a light is thrown over that period of the world’s history to which they are supposed to allude. Today they might be translated somewhat as follows: “Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in the name of Truth, saying, ‘I am its messenger,’ and shall deceive many. And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these forces have men set in motion, but the end of the cycle is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows. Then shall many seek to torment you, and desire your death, and ye shall be hated of all self-seekers for the sake of truth. Then shall many weak ones be offended and betray their brothers, and hate those who have helped them. And many false prophets shall arise, and deceive those of clouded vision. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall enter into the Light.”

The same human elements are awake now as then, and it requires no gift of prophecy to one who sees clearly the forces in the field and understands the struggle of today, to see that it is in nowise ended. The wheel of time in its revolutions has brought again on earth a mighty stream of spiritual force, which is certain to stir up every latent tendency opposed to it. The whole earth must feel it more or less consciously, and the earthquakes must come, not

only on the planet, but in the natures of men. Everything is quickened, the good as well as the bad, and the disturbances in the general life are counterparts of those which are felt in the individual lives. And these must continue until every corner has been searched and the earth been cleaned. The struggle that is aroused today is deep, profound, for it is no less than that between the divine and human in man. The great forces of darkness and light are gradually arranging themselves for battle, not only all over the earth, but in each man's nature, and many have already engaged in the battle. The fight is not between different personal elements, as often in the past, in the case of nations and individuals, and the real causes for war in the near future cannot rest on any surface issue. For all the elements of the lower personal natures of men and nations have united together for self-protection against the higher. And it is only he who endures to the end, who shall see the Light. The quickening of all life brings about in a few months more than was formerly done in many years. On whichever side one is working, the intense friction is felt. But it is hottest where it is most clearly recognized. Those who, consciously and of their own free will, are volunteers in this battle, and not driven into it like a herd of cattle, take the front ranks, and must expect to feel its full force. Woe to the coward, who, having engaged, deserts! All the fiends that any have in the past allowed into their camp, know the means of exit and entrance, and lose no opportunity to take their foes off guard, and all the fiends yet sleeping in each man's nature must of necessity be aroused, and called into action. Only those who have a fierce determination and hold themselves with a tight rein, can expect to pass through into the Light. Every weak foolishness will try to wear garments of strong sense, and every evil, a cloak of virtue. The Spiritual Law ever active, pushes with greater vigor, and is bound to hem in the personal man at every turn. To those working with it, it is only felt as a help and a strengthener; to those working against it, it is a constant irritation. Binding restrictions which exist in nature, but which, when there is no active battle between the higher and lower natures, are elastic, and so scarcely felt, now become tightened, and seem to those working against the Law, like hard and fast rules for which some person is responsible. For the personal nature never gets beyond a person. The higher nature draws the lines more and more closely, and insists upon the straight and narrow path, and *that alone*, and only he who refuses to be turned aside for any obstacle will enter in at the gate.

Nothing either great or small comes to man without perseverance, but in spiritual effort, which is the effort to free the soul from its shackles, it is needed in greater and higher degree, and must be infinite as are the soul's possibilities.

It alone can carry men, with eyes open and on their feet, from one plateau to another, which nature graciously furnishes on the mountains leading to the spiritual heights. Without it, they must be carried up to these leveling spaces, as unconscious weaklings, there to meet new and more severe conditions, until at last the soul only is relied upon. Such a plateau is now in sight, covered with the fresh verdure of spring, and fragrant with the blossoms of brotherly love.

May those who endure to the end and gain it, climb henceforth in rhythm, that those who are lifted in the darkness of unconsciousness may learn to tread with firmer step.

## THE PROPHECY OF EZEKIEL.

By GRACE G. BOHN.

“And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber, out of the midst of the fire.

“Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man.

“And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings.

. . . . “Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces.

“The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the color of a beryl; and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

. . . . “Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went, thither was their spirit to go; and the wheels were lifted up over against them: for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.—*Ezekiel*, Chapter I. (Extracts.)

**R**EADING this, the vision of the priest Ezekiel, one is not surprised that the Jews considered this script the most mystical and difficult to be understood among the Hebrew sacred writings, and would allow no one under thirty to read it. Yet this vision, properly understood, gives one the keynote of the entire prophecy. For that keynote is *Karma*.

H. P. Blavatsky has said that the Bible contains, if not the whole truth, at least nothing but the truth, if read rightly. In her great work, “*The Secret Doctrine*,” she unveils the meanings of this vision, which modern higher criticism fails to do. For it is a fact that all but the merest fragments of ancient wisdom have been lost to the world for ages. Only during the last twenty-five years are we, as a race, beginning to realize this and to make some headway toward recovering it. And it is just this that H. P. Blavatsky came to help the world to do.

The four living creatures, the “cherubim” of the Bible, are the four Maharajahs, or Regents who preside over the cardinal points. (*cf. The Secret Doctrine*. Vol. I, p. 122.) They are the protectors of mankind and the agents of the Law, the ministers of Karma on this earth. Thus they are also called “Avengers,” as well as “winged wheels,” or “fiery wheels.”

Wheels in ancient writings, are symbolic of centers of force. For force in motion always tends to assume a circular or vortical movement, a fact known to the wise ones among the ancients. Isaiah says, “Behold, the Lord will come with fire and with his chariots, like a whirlwind,” an analogy to the fiery wheels of Ezekiel’s vision. In another scripture it is written that “the Lord answered Job out of a whirlwind.”

*Karma* may well be the keynote of this prophecy. For five years Ezekiel had been a captive, with ten thousand other prisoners of the better class, **under**



the Babylonians. They tell us that during those years he was a solitary man, given to silence and meditation. For his heart was wrung at the fate of his people, and out of his great yearning to understand the mystery of their undoing his inner sight opened. He beheld, on the plane of causes, the "fiery wheels, the Avengers."

"And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it.

"And I saw as the color of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it, from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about.

"As the brightness of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a voice of one that spake,

"And He said unto me, Son of Man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee." (I, 26-28, II, 1.)

Thus the whole prophecy turns upon the teachings of the Lord God to Ezekiel, the priest.

Was this Lord God, who walked and talked with Ezekiel, the Absolute, Unknowable, Causeless Cause, the mystic "Father in Heaven" of Jesus? I think not. It was Jehovah, the God of the Jews, to the masses, ever the symbolic substitute for the Absolute; one of the Elohim or Creators. And Madame Blavatsky states that while the Elohim or Creative Gods may be considered an abstraction to one who uses his physical eyes, they are no more so to one whose spiritual vision is active than our soul and spirit are to us. Just as the soul becomes the teacher of the personality that, crushed by pain, is at last willing to learn, so Jehovah is no abstraction, but a reality to Ezekiel, his divine Teacher and Guide. Thus the whole prophecy is filled with divine truths, truths which commend themselves not alone to ancient Jerusalem, but to all people and all times. Is it not significant that today many of our leaders in the higher thought are going back to the words of these old Prophets, Isaiah, Ezekiel and the others, instinctively feeling that they contain the key to many a modern problem?

From the hour of that vision Ezekiel was a transformed man. He became positive, strong, adamant, for even Jehovah could not use an instrument that was weak and prostrate.

Jehovah commands him to look upon a roll which was written all over with "lamentations and mourning and woe." Then Ezekiel is commanded to eat the roll, which he does, and its bitter taste becomes sweet in his mouth, symbolic of that soul-process that is necessary before one can become a spiritual teacher. The soul *must* make a part of itself all the woe and bitterness that it would relieve. That once done, the increased insight and power thus gained

become as honey for sweetness. "But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed," says *The Voice of The Silence*.

And Jehovah said, "Behold I have made thy face strong against their faces, and thy forehead strong against their foreheads.

"As an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead; fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house."

And thus we see Ezekiel, never relaxed nor apologetic, but thundering, positive, adamant, as he must need be to make any impression on the house of Israel, "impudent children and stiff-necked." He was commanded to prophesy regardless of results, "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, yet shall they know that there hath been a prophet among them."

For the ancient prophet was not, as has been pointed out in "*The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings*," a mere soothsayer, on a level with the modern Gypsy, but a great soul who came to remind a forgetful people of the Higher Law, of those great fundamental principles which the lower self of appetites and desires is ever luring us to transgress. The true prophet ever is, as was Ezekiel, the mouthpiece of God, of the Higher Self. It is his mission to point out to his people the laws of being, of brotherhood, compassion, selflessness, Karma. It is also his mission to point out to a people that had transgressed those laws, the fearful Karmic penalty that awaited them. For all is of the Law.

Israel had become degraded. At the time of Ezekiel her doom had already fallen. That is why he seems so terrible in his denunciation, so extreme in his lamentations for the people he saw fettered by chains of their own forging. Yet he could not free his people. They must break the chains themselves. He could do no more at the utmost, than arouse them to a consciousness of their position and of their innate ability to rise out of it. The wonder is not that Ezekiel beheld the vision of the fiery "Avengers," but that all the other prophets of Israel did not.

And so Ezekiel went forth to prophesy "in bitterness and in the heat of my spirit," his heart aflame with that spiritual fire which sets alight everything it touches, providing only there exists in it the potentiality of flame. Alas, that in Israel, the tiny spark of spiritual aspiration was so deeply hidden that even the prophet Ezekiel could not search it out and increase it with the fire of his own breast.

"And it came to pass at the end of seven days, that the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

"Son of Man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth and give them warning from me.

"When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." (III, 17, 18.)

These verses contain a lesson for every soul who really yearns to see the paths of the world made straighter. For there is a feverish desire everywhere among men, of which they themselves are only half conscious, for more knowledge, more light, more, *more* of the Sun. Some desire it they scarcely know why, others that they may understand the problems of pain and of despair and do their share in solving them.

Let those who desire more wisdom read the script of Ezekiel and learn that increased wisdom brings with it added responsibility, a fearful benediction of specific duty to others. Divine wisdom flows into the soul not to accumulate there like water in a stagnant pond, but simply that it may flow out again,—the soul a conscious channel,—translated, as it were, into an easier language that the races of men may read it. The true prophet is he who never thinks of self; who exists simply that he may pass on to men the divine truths which they are not strong enough to seize from the Eternal Source direct. For it is the Law itself that we exist to help others. “Compassion is the Law of Laws,—eternal Harmony, Alaya’s self. . . . Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that, possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them.”

Upon those to whom is given knowledge beyond that shared by the masses, devolves always a fearful responsibility. “Son of Man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel.”

Modern America has her watchmen, as had ancient Israel. Upon them has been laid by the Supreme Soul the same sacred and yet awful charge that was laid upon Ezekiel the priest, on the shores of the river Chebar. Do we yet recognize these, watchmen as they are over a stiff-necked people, guardians of that divine seed which shall blossom and bear fruit under the skies of a Golden Age?

“Then the Spirit entered into me, and set me upon my feet and spake with me, and said unto me, Go, shut thyself within thy house.” (III, 24.) And in the silence that follows all effort, Ezekiel stores up the strength of soul needed for his future work. Jehovah has planted the seed, the silence must brood over and cover it for a time lest it germinate too soon and send up a feeble plant instead of a strong tree.

Jehovah commands Ezekiel to image the impending siege and doom of Jerusalem by a tile upon which is portrayed a city, even the Holy City. He commands Ezekiel to cause a razor to pass “upon thy head and upon thy beard; then take thee balances to weigh and divide the hair.” One part is to be burned, one part smitten with the knife, one part scattered to the winds, and only a few hairs are to be saved; typing the fate of the House of Israel, one-third of her people to be consumed with famine and pestilence, one-third to die by the sword, one-third to be scattered among all nations; only a remnant to be saved.

In vision after vision Jehovah shows to Ezekiel the utter degradation of Israel, her idolatry and abominations. Then comes a vision of judgment, of

destruction, in which men with destroying weapons are seen to go through the midst of the city, sparing none, neither the maidens nor the little children. "And one man among them was clothed in linen and had a writer's ink-horn by his side. . . . And behold the man clothed with linen, which had the ink-horn by his side, reported the matter, saying, I have done as thou hast commanded me."

This brings us to a subject of which we know little but are destined, possibly, to know more. The "man clothed in linen, with an ink-horn at his side," typed the ancient school of writers or scribes. Ezra, a priest, as was Ezekiel, of the line of Zadduk, was the greatest of these scribes, and it was he who established them as a distinct class. Let us remember that the Jewish law was written in a language that had ceased to be spoken. Thus the scribes were those who translated the law into the common tongue. It was their business to know the law and to interpret it to those who did not. They not only wrote down many teachings that had formerly existed only orally, but prepared copies of the sacred books. They also lectured and taught those who assembled in the Synagogues, or schools of religion. For, while there was only one Temple, there were many synagogues. And as a class, the scribes were sometimes known as the "Men of the Great Synagogue." Many of them were members of the Sanhedrin or Court of Justice.

The work of these early scribes was a work of pure love. They took no money for their writings, supporting themselves, when necessary, by some useful occupation. From being translators of the law they naturally became students of it, and their opinion, with the common people, had great weight. Whether or not there is a hint of high spiritual rank, concealed in Ezekiel's vision of the scribe who went up even to the Cherubim and from between them gathered coals of fire to be scattered over the city, is of little matter. The important fact is that the scribes, from their knowledge of the sacred law, had opportunity to become real spiritual leaders and teachers. Yet this opportunity was missed not, it would seem, because they were consciously selfish, but simply because they were not alive to the significance of their own work. Little by little their ideals lowered, until it was against the later members of this school that Jesus warned his disciples. Yet the true spirit had not departed from them entirely, for it was unto one of them that Jesus spoke the words, "Thou are not far from the kingdom of God."

But to return to Ezekiel; his whole prophecy is full of the wrath of the Almighty against His rebellious people. The words of Jehovah are fearful. "This city is the cauldron and ye be the flesh," and yet, they are the words of the Higher Law, the Law that in mercy refuses to stand between a soul and the penalty of its sins. Under all the terrible wrath is an undercurrent of compassion, of love, a love that has been betrayed and bargained out unto desire.

For Jehovah likens Jerusalem to a fair woman whom he had cared for even from infancy, and upon whom he had, in love, lavished every good and perfect gift.

"And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head.

"Thus wast thou decked with gold and silver; and thy raiment was of fine linen and silk, and brodered work; thou didst eat fine flour, and honey and oil; and thou wast exceeding beautiful, and thou didst prosper into a kingdom.

"And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty; for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God. (XVI, 12-14.)

"*Which I had put upon thee.*" This gives us the secret of the fearful doom that overtook Jerusalem. All the fulness of the Lord poured out unto her, spiritual wisdom given her, only to be degraded, sold out to the desires of the lower nature.

For woman has always symbolized the intuition, the faculty of spiritual discernment, that principle which, if allowed to guide the personal, may lift it into absolute godhood, but which if negative to the lower nature, makes possible the completest degradation. This is why Jehovah likens Jerusalem to a beloved but sinning woman, and speaks of his covenant with his chosen people as wedlock. For wedlock is that sacred state in which the woman must lay down all that is dear to the personal life for the sake of the universal, the collective life, and the future. But the fair woman, Jerusalem, clung to her personal life, of sense, pleasure and glory, and for those things broke the covenant she had entered into with Jehovah. Nothing can bring so fearful a retribution as the betrayal of a sacred pledge or trust, and, said Jehovah, "I will judge thee as women that break wedlock and shed blood are judged." (XVI, 38.)

"Nevertheless," saith the Lord God,—and there is something pathetic in the love, the patience of the Higher, "I will remember my covenant with thee in the days of thy youth, and I will establish unto thee an everlasting covenant. . . . And thou shalt know that I am the Lord." (XVI, 60.)

A long cycle of suffering must Jerusalem pass through, centuries long, but there is the divine prophecy that the opportunity once lost will some time come again, and the covenant once broken shall one day be made whole.

But, although Jehovah still held in his heart this fallen Jerusalem, that is not the case with her false prophets, her self-appointed teachers.

"And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

"Son of Man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel, prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God unto the shepherds; Woe be to the shepherds that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks?

"Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed; yet ye feed not the flock.

"The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty, have ye ruled them." (XXXIV, 1-4.)

“There is a conspiracy of her prophets in the midst thereof, like a roaring lion ravening the prey; they have devoured souls. . . .

“Her priests have violated my law and have profaned mine holy things.

“And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land that I should not destroy it; but I found none. (XX, 25, 26, 30.)

Thus commanded Jehovah, and Ezekiel did prophesy with vengeance. There is only one prophet in all modern history that can be compared with Ezekiel in this denunciation of self-appointed teachers, the blind who are leading the blind, and that is Helena P. Blavatsky, storming against so-called teachers of occultism, of psychic development, of spiritual anything that they might line their pockets or gather a personal following.

Madame Blavatsky's work was largely destructive, just as Ezekiel's seemed to be, and yet, looked at in the larger way, was not the work of both part of the plan of those who are always working for the regeneration of mankind? Both came at a time of crisis, a time when a very little action in either direction would have enormous results, a time when unwise and worse than unwise “teachers” had so long deluded their people that they were no longer trusted. When a people have reached that point, it is but a step to materialism, cold intellectualism, or, perchance, sensuality.

To such a field for work came Ezekiel. To such a field came Helena P. Blavatsky. Each brought the seeds of Divine Wisdom, which they were commissioned, as servants of the Law, to plant in these fields. Could they have done so without some preliminary destructive work, without first uprooting the weeds, breaking the crust, furrowing deep and wide? Destructive were they, no doubt, to the weeds, but how otherwise could they have prepared a fit soil for the seeds of Divine Wisdom which they brought. How else could the seeds of truth strike root into the warm, rich soil, which the weeds kept hidden, themselves sapping it of vitality?

When we think of these old prophets as extreme, and quite out of sorts, and not half as sentimental and brotherly (?) as we would have been, let us reflect that they had a mighty work to do and a short time in which to do it. In their work they stood utterly alone. If we think them very destructive and altogether shocking, in their denunciation of the shams and follies of the world, led as it was by false prophets, let us reflect that each of them came to a people that needed, not an anodyne, but a sharp waking up. Let us examine the whole plan, centuries long, and not merely a fragment of it, realizing that the hardest work the sower has to do is the ploughing, the furrowing, for the winter cold has made a hard crust, and the weeds and stubble are rooted deep. Perhaps then we will not be so ready to call those great souls extremists and alarmists. They are earnest and severe because they are awake to conditions and dangers to which we are asleep. And always, in the cases of all great Teachers, the heat of their wrath falls upon the false prophets, those who set themselves up as spiritual leaders when they are not such.

Why is this? Because it is the Law of the Universe that the Higher must serve and help onward the lower. All things depend for their evolution not on that which exists below, or on a level with themselves, but on that which is above. Thus it is that Brotherhood, Compassion, is the Law of Laws, without which evolution could not go forward. So it is by this Law that the hierarchies lift the worlds, so it is that the Great Ones help the races of men. That is one reason why the masses are never satisfied to live by bread alone. They intuitively look to those above them, or whom they believe to be above them, for the insight and wisdom, that alone will make it possible for them to advance.

And, as there are no leaps nor gaps in nature, but always orderly step-by-step progression, so each order of being is a link between that which is below and that which is above itself. Every soul in the universe is, or should be, a channel through which those lower than itself receive the divine inflow from higher planes. Every soul might be a Prometheus, bringing to those on the lower levels the fire of the gods.

This relation do the spiritual teachers of the world hold to the mass of humanity. They are the link between the world, and the Higher Teachings, the only channel by which the Light of the true Sun can reach the unthinking masses. "Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure sweet waters must be used to sweeter make the ocean's bitter waves—that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men."

But when the race passed into a cycle of spiritual darkness, this link was weakened, then broken. The teachers no longer gave out to men the light, the wisdom, that came to them. They tried to keep it for themselves. They used it as a means for personal advantage, and finally ceased to receive the true light at all. Then they set up rush-lights of their own, bidding the people worship these as the true Light.

That was the state of affairs when Ezekiel prophesied. That was the state of affairs when H. P. Blavatsky sailed out into this choppy sea of Western thought. Do we wonder that even Jehovah, Creator of Israel, should have had no patience, no compassion upon those who were actually preventing the higher evolution of the masses, except at the cost of prolonged and, in one sense, needless suffering? The Karmic punishment of such false prophets, those who are consciously false, is something fearful to contemplate.

Yet it is only against these that the wrath of Jehovah is unmitigated. He still loves and waits for his rebellious people.

"For thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out.

"Therefore I will save my flock and they shall be no more a prey. . . .

"For ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God. (XXXIV, 11, 22, 31.)

And again thus prophesies Ezekiel:

"The word of the Lord came unto me again, saying,

“What mean ye that use this proverb concerning the land of Israel, saying, The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children’s teeth are set on edge?”

“As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel.

“Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine; the soul that sinneth, it shall die.” (XVIII, 1-4.)

And here Ezekiel gives to his people again the true ideal which their false prophets had caused them to forget, that each man was the maker of his own destiny, absolutely his own victim or creator; that only the coward would blame others for his own condition or fate.

“Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?” (XXXIII, 11.)

Yet Israel did not heed. Only a remnant of her people escaped the general doom, and of these Ezekiel prophesies a final gathering together, their spiritual regeneration, in a future ideal city, with an ideal king.

And how did his fellow-exiles receive this thundering prophecy of Ezekiel, the priest? The tone of his message is not always conciliatory, and there is an uncertain tradition that he met a martyr’s death on that account. If he did not he was an exception to a broad rule, for few indeed have been the Great Ones who have not been sent to their death by those whom they sought to serve. As to Ezekiel’s fate we do not positively know.

We do know that certain of the Elders of the people came to him with inquiries:

“And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

“For every one of the house of Israel, or of the stranger that sojourneth in Israel, which separateth himself from me, and setteth up idols in his heart, and putteth the stumbling-block of his iniquity before his face, and cometh to a prophet to inquire of him concerning me: I, the Lord will answer him by myself:

“And I will set my face against that man, and will make him a sign and a proverb, and I will cut him off from the midst of my people, and ye shall know that I am the Lord.” (XIV, 2, 7, 8.)

And, although Ezekiel told them, yet again they came to inquire, and, as the scribes record:

“Then came the word of the Lord unto me, saying,

“Son of Man, speak unto the Elders of Israel and say unto them: Thus saith the Lord God, as I live I will not be inquired of by you.” (XX, 2, 3.)

The same old story, the same old inquiry that the Prophets of all times have had to hear from the Elders and Pharisees. For they always come, as the Great Teacher appears, with that same puerile demand: “Please hand us your credentials. We desire to examine them.” And this is the reply of Ezekiel, put into his mouth by Jehovah, his Divine Teacher and Creator, “*As I live, I will not be inquired of by you.*”



This gives us the key to an understanding of the attitude of all Great Teachers. All have met persecution. All have been compelled to face the same old inquiry. Jesus was asked by the Pharisees to give them a sign, and he replied, "Ye hypocrites . . . can ye not discern the signs of the times? . . . There shall be no sign given you, but the sign of Jonah the prophet"; plainly indicating that the evidences of Jesus' work could not be comprehended by those who had not passed into spiritual regeneration,—the inner meaning of this myth of Jonah the prophet.

When Helena P. Blavatsky was attacked and asked for "proofs," she calmly replied, "I refuse to defend myself; no one who knows himself innocent ever will."

William Q. Judge was met by the same attacks, and the same inquiry, and he, too, made, the prophet's calm reply, "I will not be inquired of by you." Not that proofs of his position did not exist. Such proofs were abundant, and there were many who possessed them. But these were on so high a plane as to be incapable of such cavil and query. And the true prophet never concedes to such a demand, knowing that those who make such inquiry are perfectly incapable of comprehending the real evidence, even should it be presented. For the sign of the prophet is on the plane of soul, and those who doubt and cavil show by their very attitude that they are far below, on the levels of separateness and discontent. The World Teacher never gets down to that plane. The caviller never gets above it. But those who are spiritually near to the Great Soul never fret about proofs. Why should they ask for what they already possess?

Is there not a great lesson for each of us, in this reply of Ezekiel's? For the true disciple, he who is trying to change the direction of his life and thought, provokes always conflicting currents. His friends condemn him because he is "changed" as if he, a soul, had no right to do otherwise than simply remain stationary. Again and again he will meet the same inquiry that Ezekiel met, though in a lesser degree. Perhaps he will seek to explain himself. But do any of his explanations ever explain anything? Not once. Do any of the proofs he offers ever prove a single thing to those who pry and inquire? Never once. Every act that he does from a high motive is credited to a motive that is mean and low; and sooner or later the disciple becomes strong enough to fling to the winds all idea of self-justification and simply say, "Hereafter you may do your own explaining. I will not be inquired of by you."

This test comes to every advancing soul, sooner or later, and everything depends on the way it is met. If the soul feels that it cannot lay down all that is dearest in the world, that it cannot bear it to be misunderstood by those who seem greater and better than itself, then let it sink back to the lower levels of the world. There is no other way.

But if the test is met, and it seems to the soul whom it confronts, like the supreme test, then and then only does it become possible for that soul to become an actual helper of the Higher Law, and in a degree a spiritual teacher of

humanity. More than that, it is then possible for such a soul to become a shield to the World-Teacher, at those rare cyclic times when the Teacher appears, and that is worth while.

If the Teacher can draw about himself a nucleus of souls who are strong enough to bear being misunderstood, then the door which the Teacher opens is held open by these strong ones, and all humanity may pass through to greater heights. If not, then at the passing of the Teacher, the door swings shut, the opportunity is lost.

That happened to the people of Israel. At the passing of her Prophets the door which they opened swung shut, for they could not gather about themselves a nucleus of souls who were strong enough to hold the golden gateway open. Why was this? Because the people of Israel were not awakened to their own conditions. The great weaknesses against which the prophets stormed, Israel absolutely refused to face. The nation looked for happiness in the indulgence of the lower nature. That is why they plunged from one excess to another on the sense plane, why even Jerusalem, the beloved of Jehovah, fell so low as to become abandoned. Those whose desires were intellectual rather than sensual used the added power this gave them selfishly. Even the divine warrior instinct of the race expended itself not in war against its own weaknesses, the demon within, but in plunder and rapine of her neighbors. And when the blow came, and the people of Israel were face to face with the penalty they had fashioned for themselves, even then they refused to face the plain truth. They chose to believe that their destruction was the will of a personal God,—let them bow to it, abide by it, and rest in hope of a future kingdom, future greatness, and the coming Messiah.

That hope kept alive the Jewish nation, yet it did not prevent the loss of a great opportunity. Because they failed to understand that future greatness depended entirely upon present right living; that the inner vision of the race, without which the future Divine King could never be recognized, even should he appear, would be theirs only as they earned it. And when the Messiah came they failed to recognize Him, and the supreme opportunity was lost.

Their attitude of mind,—the refusal to look within for the God which ruled the life and destiny, the willingness to let an external God shoulder their responsibilities, prevented the people of Israel from concentrating upon the present duty, or even, indeed, from clearly perceiving what it was. And this is the only assurance that the opportunities of the future will ever be recognized and seized.

To recognize any great Spiritual Leader a certain degree of spiritual development is absolutely necessary. To acquire this there is, there has ever been, but one path,—the path of duty. This present duty the Prophets of Israel came to point out. But this Path a hard-hearted people refused to follow. Hence their downfall; for it is the Law that the abandonment of duty invariably blinds and deludes the soul so that it is unable to seize its opportunity. And this holds true, even though the soul may know that a great opportunity is coming and may be waiting for it.

This explains, does it not, why the Greater Prophets of modern America so emphasize this ideal of duty. "Theosophy is the quintessence of duty," says one of these. "The path of wisdom is the path of duty. They are not separate roads as so many erroneously conclude," says another. "Wisdom comes from the performance of duty. Fear nothing for yourself. Fear only to fail in your duty to others," says a third.

How shall we escape the Karma of ancient Israel? There is but one way. By doing the present duty, not for self, not for reward, but in the spirit of loving sacrifice to the Supreme, leaving the future to care for itself.

And how shall we learn what is the present duty? By looking at the God within, by looking at the demon within, as well, by becoming acquainted with our own natures, by fearlessly facing and conquering our weaknesses, which it takes a brave soul to do. And that we may do this these Prophets have come, stern, strenuous, desperately in earnest, yet all-compassionate,—Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. And the door they have opened will not swing shut at their passing; this gateway through which those who look may see the Path itself, and over its distant mountains the shining of the Eternal Sun. And the warrior souls about them, whose one ideal is duty, today hold open the gateway that the race may enter in; willing, like true warriors, to stand in the shadow that their fellows may enter the Light.

And so, among other things this old prophecy of Ezekiel explains why we are today entering a cycle of Light, a Golden Age, instead of, as did Israel, continuing a cycle of pain and darkness.

Ezekiel has left for us a text-book. If we are wise we will study it.

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## THE COURAGE OF H. P. BLAVATSKY.

By PHILLYSE.

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**H**AVE you ever thought of the marvelous courage that H. P. Blavatsky must have had to enable her to undertake her stupendous work?

Think for a moment of the awful conditions into which she stepped, single-handed and alone, a little over a quarter of a century ago!

Think of the awful materialism that was at its height then,—a materialism so dense that among a certain class of people it was considered almost a sign of insanity to even mention the words "soul," or "God"—a materialism so dense that it was the exception that one could go deeply into any scientific research and retain a profound religious belief.

Then think on the other hand of the narrowness of the prevailing ortho-

dox religious teachings, how no one dared to question the religion as taught, or if one deviated even a trifle from the dogmatic narrow creed laid down as the only road to future salvation, his standing among religious people was lost, no matter how pure and true and altruistic a life he might be leading. And because these two realms of thought, the religious and the scientific, were in their presentation so diametrically opposed to each other, if anyone went deeply into the one, he was almost certainly barred from the other.

From these facts we can gain a faint idea of the courage it must have required to step into this arena and say to these opponents that they were not enemies at all, but simply two facets of the same truth; that the most religious truth was the most scientific fact, and the most scientific facts were the most religious truths; that each was necessary to the other; that neither was complete without the other; and that they must unite in one philosophy before either could hope to accomplish its full purposes.

Think of the courage it must have taken to meet the storm of opposition, of ridicule, of contempt, and even of persecution that greeted these statements!

Think of the magnificent courage that was necessary to face the laughter and scorn of both hemispheres when she said that man was a soul and had lived many times here on earth; and that the conditions in which he was living today were the direct results of his past acts and thoughts. And when she said that man was his own savior; that all that an outside savior could do was to teach him that the road to salvation lay in a complete, an absolute dominance by the soul over all the lower tendencies and through the development of tolerance and compassion for all that lives and breathes.

These teachings were so utterly at variance with the then accepted teachings and dogmas that it was no wonder that those who had been living upon the credulity of the world began to understand that if they were accepted by humanity their avocations would be lost. And hence the persecutions, and hence the false and malicious stories that have been circulated time and time again throughout the entire world. But none of these things daunted the lion-hearted H. P. Blavatsky; none of them deterred her from giving those sledge-hammer blows of hers at the shams, the hypocrisies, the delusions and conventions of the time.

She did not step into this work blindly. She knew full well upon what she was entering. She knew full well that she was taking her life into her hands and that she would day by day suffer such torture as we can hardly imagine.

But this makes her courage all the more sublime. It was a courage, methinks, that could be born only from the positive knowledge that unless the awful tide of materialism were stemmed, and the knowledge of the soul restored to man, he would bring absolute and irremediable ruin upon himself.

This courage has been crowned with success, for we are beginning to realize that we are souls, and to understand that the soul must be obeyed, no matter at what cost to the personality. All the world will yet be glad, will yet be profoundly thankful that she had the courage to thus work incessantly, even amid the pangs and throes of a body that was constantly almost bereft of its vitality; that she worked with a will and the determination that the society founded through her should be protected, always offering her own personality as a buffer for the terrific storms constantly hurled against the society; that she worked ever with the hope and the purpose that within this organization should be formed the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood which would be able to carry on the work successfully when it was necessary for her to lay down her poor and worn-out old body.

And I imagine that in some future day, when the story of this life will be told and truly told, when all the world will recognize her sublime courage and her heroic devotion for the sake of the great orphan humanity, there may still be some who will say, "How could the people then have been so blind as not to have recognized that great soul,—if I had only lived then, how I would have trusted, how I would have worked for her and helped her, even to the laying down of my life if necessary"; thus repeating again the same old fallacy which we hear so often every day, from the professed followers of that other teacher, who lived nearly two thousand years ago, and who through the very self-same storms through which H. P. Blavatsky so courageously and successfully carried her work, lost his life when he was but at the beginning of his mission.

These very people today little dream that while they were wishing and longing to have lived in the time of Jesus, another Helper of Humanity—all unrecognized, and possibly even persecuted by them—was again battling with all the hosts of darkness for man's salvation—battling with a will, a courage and a knowledge that have paved the way for the ultimate success of the powers of Light.

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"Two barks were carried forward by the self-same wind on the faithless billows; one returned safely to the shore, while the other foundered at sea. It is not the fault of the wind if their fortune differ; the difference arises from the skill of the pilot."

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"Oh, how full of error is the judgment of mankind! They wonder at results when they are ignorant of the reasons. They call it Fortune when they know not the cause, and thus worship their own ignorance into a deity."—METASTASIO.

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## THE NATIONS' NEEDS.

By ROSE WINKLER.



WHY do the nations so furiously rage together, and the people imagine a vain thing? The Kings of earth rise up, the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed."

No matter in what clime or among what people we may find ourselves, whether Hottentot or the most civilized, or dark or white-skinned races, this fact is always apparent, that human nature is the same the world over. Every one is familiar with the peculiar epochs which mark the life-voyage of man, and the history of a nation is the history of a longing and suffering soul.

Let the true poet express the sentiment and suffering of the heart and the nation will rise in response and applaud him. For the experience of one soul is similar to that of all.

The soul's need taken individually is the nation's need taken collectively. And what we most require is a higher and nobler and more ideal type of men and women.

The key to the hidden portal of the human heart is true heartfelt sympathy. Needs and wants are not excluded from any of the kingdoms of nature, animate or inanimate. Take from them the elements embodied in sun, air, sky, and earth,—waste and repair is a universal process. So it is not material needs we now consider; the earth yields abundance for all.

Surely a man has higher needs, the fulfillment of which by divine law he has the right to expect and even demand, the need of justice, sympathy and love. Do not the lower kingdoms respond more quickly to the influence of the elements when brought into contact with the human touch, though we know but little of the invisible co-operation between the human heart's love-stream and that of the lower kingdoms?

There is not a phase of life which could not be made happier. Would poverty or affliction be if people knew the art of living and could adjust themselves to any condition of life? The divine influence in their nature would make the humblest home beautiful with the spirit of peace and faith, and the simplest adornments expressions of the love of God and the beautiful. To such souls, poverty and affliction come with a different air and expression, than to the doubting and discontented.

The true artist can command the devotion of his pupils by the sincerity of his efforts. The apprentices of all trades, wherever they may labor, can give a hallowed expression to their work through attention to duty. The lawyer can protect the widow, the orphan and the oppressed from the cupidity of the knave, or the unjust application of man-made laws. The

physician can call down the higher influences even unconsciously in the faithful performance of duty and devotion in his life work.

If we were to project ourselves into the conditions of a warring nation and ask the people what they need, no doubt at such a moment, the heart and soul being sorely tried and only desiring that the barest physical wants be satisfied, the answer would be, we want Justice, Liberty, Love; we want Truth, Light and Liberation; we need them, we will fight and live and die for them, for through them alone we can have peace. Peace! the word itself brings solace to the soul; but to have peace the hearts of men must be changed, and how can they be changed save through a correct knowledge of the true nature of man. Where there is this the whole course of man's thoughts and acts becomes altered. Then follows a higher, truer life and each himself will come to see in all about him that the higher law protects and adjusts if he will but do his simple duty. Then will he cease to arm himself against his brother.

The next appeal would be for health, which can only be obtained through equilibrium or harmony between the higher forces and those of the lower physical organism and which must have as its corner-stone a knowledge of the truth. With health as an outer expression of that peace and faith within, they call for prosperity. A step further, and they arrive at the point where they can see that the right performance of duty brings its own reward, and as a recognition and an expression of their devotion they ask for the privilege of an active, useful life. Thus whether they be tillers of the soil, artisans, skilled workers in wood, stone, bronze, or marble, artists, statesmen, poets; seekers of the higher knowledge, one and all they help to build a civilization worthy of the name.

The world does not need more books or better-made laws or larger treasuries. Its need is for a larger hope, for nobler and higher types of men and women who have the welfare of humanity at heart and whom all men can trust. The nations starve for genuine sincere help and sympathy, such as emanate from a true, pure heart.

The nations need a philosophy of life which beckons to life eternal; the nations need men and women who have come into possession of their divine birthright and who with strength and love, with faith and knowledge, with sympathy and discrimination, can inspire them with a trust in human nature; who, living and working among all classes, can help and heal, can guide and guard and teach, causing the world to bow before the stainless scepter of pure, noble manhood and womanhood. And it is right here and now that the ground for such efflorescence is prepared. And when we are fitted to carry the torch of truth which sheds its radiance into all the dark places of earth, dispelling ignorance and pointing the way from the slavery of the senses to liberation, the conditions will be ready for an ideal government.

A higher ideal of home-life and training and a truer, simpler system of

education need to be promulgated. Then aspirations from the hearts of all, whether their occupation be the quarrying of stone, the tilling of the soil, or whatever their walk in life, shall extend upward to the very stars; head knowledge and soul wisdom will become blended and men and women shall know their own nature and dare to co-operate and look each other in the face and not be afraid.

The true parent considers it a privilege to spend years of labor and sacrifice for the protection of his family and finds his efforts richly rewarded by a child's smile or a gracious response. And this is true of the world's parents; so also is it between disciple and teacher. Yet surely we owe to our teachers more than a passing thought, more than a momentary feeble effort in response to their efforts compassionately given through the ages. The great teachers have evoked the noblest and best in us, even if the heart flame does oftentimes flicker, and the world is calling for higher and nobler types of men and women in whom they can place their trust and confidence and who will evoke their immortal selves as our teachers have done for us. All theories, all forms of ideal government, systems of education and humanitarian institutions will be failures unless the people, men and women, are found ready to fit and sufficiently capable to fill them, and so you and I are expected to build more character into our lives so as to satisfy the ideals and the claims of the people.

As we truly love the Theosophical cause and long to be true disciples of the August Brotherhood we shall endeavor to serve with steady and fierce determination on all planes of our being. If at this moment our bodies were to disintegrate we would fiercely long to leap again into some earthly form so as to offer all the force we possessed in helping our comrades hold up the awful weight which like Atlas' load the Saviors of the world upbear. We all know from experience that a mere intellectual grasp of the philosophy without its practical application in life has strewn the path with wrecks. The true motive and love of humanity will aid us in not only preaching the doctrine, but living the life; but on the other hand, I firmly believe that the grandest schemes and most strenuous endeavors will be failures unless we become nobler and higher types of men and women and so provide the proper elements which alone will satisfy the Nations' need.

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"Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men,  
Who to themselves are false."

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Man is only weak through his mistrust,  
And want of hope where evidence divine  
Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure."

WORDSWORTH.



## FIRE.

By EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.



THE origin and nature of fire has been the subject of theory, speculation and investigation from remotest antiquity. When the primitive savage saw in the farthest East the returning orb of day, that circle apparently traversing the heavens, was to him the embodiment of a fiery, mysterious power. So, when the sun-god in unappeased anger flared onward above the torrid earth, this savage often saw his favorite hunting-ground and even his rude dwelling the prey of the insatiable monster of fire, whose hunger was increased rather than diminished by what it devoured. Anon he cowered amidst the dreadful din of tropical thunders and the incessant, blinding flames that leaped from the clouds, or he fled in terror from the eruptive mountain that belched destruction on miles of surrounding territory. No wonder the childish imagination of aboriginal man formed fanciful notions concerning the origin and nature of fire. Even now, after milleniums of progress, the modern with all his acumen, cannot read the riddle, cannot comprehend the essential nature of this all-pervading element.

To what general conclusions has scientific investigation led in its efforts to solve the problem? According to the nebulous hypothesis of Laplace, heat is a primal force which caused all matter to first exist in a gaseous condition. Sir Humphrey Davy says that heat is a vibration of the corpuscles of bodies tending to separate them. Again, "The immediate cause of the phenomenon of heat is motion, and the laws of its communication are the same as the laws of the communication of motion."

The most recent science reiterates the statement that heat is a mode of motion. At once the query confronts us, What is motion? Alas! all our painstaking scientific research cannot help us an iota toward a satisfactory answer. As well may we ask of science, What is life? What is Deity? What are abstract time and space? Having appealed to "fair Science" and confidently clasped her guiding hand, we have been led along a broad and enticing highway, which, like some blind alley, suddenly stops short before a massive and unsurmountable wall. Evidently we must retrace our footsteps with our nineteenth century pride of knowledge somewhat shaken, if not upset, for we have started on no dilettante pleasure trip, but rather with a definite purpose like the prospecting miner in his search for the most precious of metals. We wish to know something at least concerning the real nature of fire. Let us, therefore, taking another direction, tread a path whose soil has felt the footfall of many in "Ye Olden Time"; let us, with retrospective eye, glance at by-gone and historic times while we examine briefly certain beliefs then extant.

Now, the most cursory view reveals the fact that among nations the most

advanced, and even those whose sun of glory and civilization had well-nigh set, fire was held to contain or represent something sacred and divine in its nature. It was thus the emblem of Eternal Power.

The Mexicans and later Aztecs, in their debased and brutalized religion of human sacrifice to the sun-god, presented a striking example of what can result from the carnalization of even the purest symbol, that of the sacrifice of the heart's devotion upon the altar, and the total consecration of a life to Humanity's service in order to bring that Humanity into more complete fellowship with higher powers. In those times that saw the culmination of Egyptian civilization and also in the days which marked its first declining path, an unquenched flame burned in each of her temples. Before the advent of St. Patrick, the mysterious round towers of Ireland flashed their beacons of undying light across the green hills of that fair island. Every Greek, Latin and Persian village or town held its carefully guarded and always replenished fire. The Roman temple of Vesta contained no image of the goddess, for she dwelt in the chaste flame, surrounded by her white-robed devotees, the ministering vestal virgins. And if, perchance, the neglected flame flickered and grew cold, the insulted deity fled the hallowed precincts; at news of which calamity all public and private business was instantly suspended; the senator paused in the midst of his flight of eloquence, the mart and forum echoed no more the harangue of the demagogue, while ceased the voice of the thrifty, dickering tradesman. All was hushed until the propitiated goddess, called back from the Celestial regions, and descending thence on the focused sun-beams, graced once more her re-kindled altar, dwelt again with mortals. With the Persians and some others, the fire that warmed the domestic hearth must be kept pure; nothing unclean was thrown into it.

It was held by many an ancient philosopher that from primary fire and water, the Universe came into being. With the ancient Aztecs, fire was the father and mother of all gods. With the Gnostics, fire was held to be the vital, underlying principle of life. In their philosophy, this principle exists in many kinds as an ascending series of more and more refined conditions. That quality of fire which scorches and burns the body and all material things is a crude manifestation, a greedy and irrational element. There exist other manifestations of fire much lower and cruder than what we contact on this earth; these correspond to certain conditions of matter which the telescope now reveals as existing in the vast abyss of space. Again, even the crudest fire injures no form of life on the same plane as itself; on the other hand it changes the nature or form of things in a dissimilar condition; that work accomplished, it becomes latent or subjective, to be recalled into objectivity by its appropriate exciting cause. The more refined manifestations of fire are correspondingly less irritating and violently destructive to existing forms, but all fires have their planes and duties in the Microcosm and Macrocosm. With the Gnostics, mind was spoken of as a fire having power to alter existing conditions. As there are many degrees of mind, so are there many corresponding degrees

of fire in the Universe. Desire was also spoken of as a fire, and it is patent that desire is greatly diversified even in human beings. Again, as certain entities called salamanders, etc., environ themselves in fire, so every entity in the Universe is environed by higher and higher refinements of fire. Water and earth were held to be two of its many illusionary appearances. The highest fires are cool and quieting, because emanating from a condition directly opposite to the feverish restlessness of this lower earth. Thus, fire is the sum of all manifested intelligences, from the lowest to the highest conceivable; in short, it represents the positive and the negative pole of being.

Eastern Philosophy speaks of forty-nine fires, or states of consciousness in the Solar System; it also asserts the existence of three hundred and forty-three elements. Chemistry as yet has knowledge of but a little over seventy elements in this grand total.

In the Old and New Testaments much is said concerning fire. From amidst the burning bush the Angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses, but the latter must not approach that pure and unconsuming radiance. As the Law-Giver, Jehovah descended in smoke and fire on the top of Sinai. The guiding pillars of smoke or fire led the froward and untrustworthy Israelites a tortuous journey of forty years in the wilderness. The Star of Bethlehem guided directly to their destination the wise Magi, those Hierophants of the East, who, as repositories of the ancient Arcana, knew the cyclic laws and the birth-time of every teacher of Humanity whom the ages shall bring forth. On his journey to Damascus, the physical eyes of Saul were blinded by that heavenly light which cleared his spiritual vision. We read in "Revelation," "And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God."

Many other instances might be given of the sacredness of fire to the Ancients, and that they possessed a knowledge which science today has not is certain. Only as science rises above its materialistic conceptions will the deeper knowledge which the Ancients possessed become open to it.

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"And he who, remembering me at the moment of death, quits the body and comes forth, enters my nature; there is no doubt about that. Or, again, whatever nature he thinks on when he abandons the body at last, to that only does he go, O son of Kunti! having been always conformed to that nature. Therefore think on me at all times and fight."  
—*Bhagavad Gita.*

What is the end and what should be the watchword; the end is Truth and Brotherhood; the Watchword, Faith, Courage, and Constancy.—WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—  
We in ourselves reforce!  
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
All melodies the echo of that voice,  
All colors a suffusion from that light.

## SIGN-POSTS ALONG THE PATH.\*



THE essence of the instruction given by Krishna, is to *become devoted*, as he says, "Therefore give thyself up to devotion." He prepared the way for that by showing, as adverted to in the last article, how erroneous it was to follow even the special ceremonies and texts laid down for the people in the Vedas. Those ceremonies procured either rewards in heaven, or upon the earth during subsequent lives as well as in those in which the ceremonies were performed. We can more easily understand what Krishna meant if we will suppose him to be referring to a doctrine that in those days was precisely similar in its scheme of rewards to the old-fashioned Christian belief that, by following the Scriptures, one secured happiness and prosperity on earth and great bliss forever in heaven with the saints. This is declared by him to be a deluding doctrine. He does not say that the rewards as laid down will not follow the practice, but implies that they will. But as the wheel of rebirth will eternally revolve, drawing us inevitably back to a mortal body, we are continually deluded and never succeed in attaining to God,—that being the goal for us all.

Heaven, whether it be that of the Christian or of the Hindu, is what Buddha called a thing or state that has a beginning and will have an end. It may, surely last æons of time, but it will come to an end, and then the weary task of treading the world—whether this or some other one—has to be recommenced. Hence Krishna said that men were deluded by those flowery sentences proclaiming a means of reaching heaven, than which there was nothing better.

Doubtless there are many students who, believing in the possibility of reaching heaven, say that they are willing to take the risk of what may happen after the enjoyment for such a long period is ended. But those risks would not be taken were they well understood. They are numerous and great. Many of them cannot be stated, because, in order to be understood at all, more must be known of the power of mind and the real meaning of meditation. But the ordinary risks are found in what we may roughly, for the present, call delayed Karma and unspent affinities.

The power of these two has its root in the vast complexity of man's nature. Such is its complexity that a man cannot, as a complete being ever enjoy heaven or any state short of union with the Divine. Learned Theosophists talk of a man's going to Devachan, and of his being here on earth suffering or enjoying Karma, when as a fact only a small part of him is either here or there. When he has lived out his life and gone to Devachan, the vast root of his being stands waiting in the One Life, waiting patiently for him to return and exhaust some more Karma. That is, in any one life the ordinary man only takes up and exhausts what Karma his bodily apparatus permits. Part of the power of Karma is in the "mysterious power of meditation," which exhibits itself

\* Extracts from THE PATH, Vol III.

according to the particular corporeal body one has assumed. So the man may in this life perform "special ceremonies" and conform to texts and doctrine attaining thereby the reward of heaven, and still have left over a quantity of that "mysterious power of meditation" unexpended; and what its complexion is he does not know. Its risk therefore is that it may be very bad, and, when he does return from heaven, his next body may furnish the needed apparatus to bring up to the front this mass of unexpended Karma, and his next compensation might be a sojourn in hell.

In reassuming a body, the "mysterious power" spoken of reaches out to numberless affinities engendered in other lives, and takes hold of all that come in its reach. Other beings once known to the man arrive into incarnation at the same time, and bring into action affinities, attractions, and powers that can only act through them and him. Their influence cannot be calculated. It may be good or bad, and, just as he is swayed by them or as his sway the other being, so will work out the Karma of each. Krishna therefore advises Arjuna to be free from the influence of the quality, so that he may obtain a *complete* release. And that freedom can only be attained, as he says, by means of Devotion.

These effects, divergencies and swaying, are well known to occultists, and, although the idea is very new in the West, it is not unknown in India. This law is both an angel of mercy and a messenger of justice, for, while we have just stated its operation as among the risks, it is also a means whereby nature saves men often from damnation.

Suppose in some life long past I had a dear friend, or wife, or relative, with whom my intimacy was interior and deep. Death separates us, and in subsequent lives he devotes himself to truth, to wisdom, to the highest in him, while I go on careless of all but pleasure in the present. After many lives we meet again as either friends or acquaintances. At once the old intimacy asserts itself, and my former friend—although maybe neither of us knows it—has a strange power to touch my inward life, and wakes me up to search for truth and my own soul. It is the unexpended affinity, and by its aid nature works my salvation.

Then we should both seek devotion. This devotion is what is inculcated by all great Teachers. It involves a mental abnegation not agreeable to our modern mind, but that must be acquired or real progress is impossible. We must by means of this mental devotion to the Divine, which means abnegation of all the rest, dismiss all results of our actions. It is not ours to say what shall be the result of an action; the law will bring about a result much better, perhaps, than we had imagined. If the results, if the passing daily circumstances, are not those we expected, then by means of Devotion we accept them as just what the law intended. But if we fix our desire on accomplishing even a seeming good result, we are bound by that desire, no matter whether our wish is accomplished or not.

This exhortation to devotion is at once the most simple and the most diffi-

cult. Some deride it because they want powers and "development"; others because they think it too simple; but the wise student, even when he cannot at first grasp its meaning, will revolve it in his mind, strive after it, and make it a thing to be attained by him.

—*The Bhagavad-Gita*, William Brehon, page 34.

We have seen that Devotion must be attained by that student who desires to reach enlightenment. This is what is meant by Krishna's reply to Arjuna, at the conclusion of the second chapter.

"When he has put away all desires which enter the heart, and is satisfied by the Self in himself, he is then said to be confirmed in spiritual knowledge."

It is not possible to be wholly given up to the dictates of the Spirit while any desires that come into the heart are permitted to engross the attention.

Of course, the person described here is one who has gone much higher in development than most of us have been able to. But we ought to set up a high ideal at which to aim, for a low one gives a lower result at the expense of the same effort. We should not put before us an aim less than the highest merely because it seems that our success will not be as great as we think it ought to be. It is not so much the clearly perceived outward result that counts, as the motive, effort, and aim, for judgment is not passed upon us among the things of sense where human time exists, but in that larger sphere of being where time ceases, and where we are confronted by what *we are* and not by what we have done. That which we have done touches us only in mortal life among the delusions of material existence; but the motives with which we live our lives go to make up our greater being, our larger life, our truer self. Do actions we must, for no mortal can live without performing actions; those bring us back to earth for many weary incarnations, perhaps to final failure, unless the lesson is learned that they must be done with the right motive and the true aim. That stage reached, they affect us no more, for, like Krishna, we become the perfect performers of all action. And in so far as we purify and elevate the motive and the aim, we become spiritually enlightened, reaching in time the power to see what should be done and what refrained from.

Many would-be Occultists, as well as some Theosophists, leave out of sight this chapter's teaching. Devotion has no charms for them; they leave it to those who would be good men, no matter what their creed or philosophy, and attention is paid to reading books, either new or old, upon magic, upon ceremonial, or any other of the manifold delusions. Nor is this erroneous practice newly risen. It was common among the alchemists, and the result in some cases is that the students now waste valuable years in mastering ceremonial, Rosicrucianism, talismanic lore, and what-not, as laid down in the books, while all of it is either useless mental lumber or positively dangerous.

I do not mean it to be understood that there never was real Rosicrucianism, or that ceremonial magic yields no results, or that there is no science of

talismans. There are realities of which these, as now known, are shadows. But we might as well expect to find the soul by attentively studying the body, as to know the truths behind the influence of talismans or ceremonial magic by studying the books now extant upon those subjects. The mediæval so-called magicians have left a mass of writings that are now a delusion and a snare for students, Theosophical and non-Theosophical. In these are minute directions for various sorts of practices, but they are all the attempts of men to enable mortals by methods altogether outward, to control the astral or natural world. Success did not come to these practitioners, nor will much else save failure be the portion of those of our own day who follow their directions. In most cases of the old European so-called sorcerers and writers on magic, their published lucubrations are only salves to disappointed vanity; in the rest, mere reduplications of formulæ left by their predecessors. Paracelsus positively declares that true magic is within the man—a part of his inner nature, potential at first, active after development, and that ceremonies or formulæ are the veriest rubbish unless the person using them is himself a magician.

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## BROTHERHOOD AND LEADERSHIP.

By LAWSON SCOTT.

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AMERICA stands out among the nations of the earth as the home of freedom and the land of liberty. For this freedom and this liberty we give most credit to the long struggles carried on by our ancestors against the tyranny which some men, who claimed the divine right to rule, exercised over the people; and which culminated, as a result of the American Revolution, in the birth of our Republic. It was a great victory for liberty, and not only gave our nation its independence, but men of many countries took heart from the example and succeeded in freeing their lands.

So impressed have we been with these facts, so long have we connected bad government and usurpation of our rights with rulers, and associated freedom and liberty with a government where the selection of the highest officer lies with the people; that to discard the latter method and return to the former seems like going against all our experience and giving up all that has been gained by centuries of effort. All organizations in this country have therefore naturally followed the plan of our national government as regards the manner of choosing their executive officers. None, except the Universal Brotherhood Organization, has given sole power into the hands of one person. In this respect it stands alone, its constitution providing that the Leader and Official Head shall hold office for life, appoint her own successor, fill all offices, admit members, remove members, form lodges, disband lodges, and that any act of the cabinet, or of any officer or of any committee shall be void and of no effect if disapproved by her. It is autocratic from beginning to end. And in spite

of contrary ideas, we claim that for the mighty purpose the Universal Brotherhood is to accomplish,—nothing less than making a king and god out of every man and bringing the kingdom of heaven here on earth,—this is the wisest and best form of government, and that through this organization and through its leader will come such light and liberation to men, such freedom from all that binds us in slavery and ignorance, that even we free-born Americans can hardly conceive of or believe possible of realization.

Nature shows us that extremes meet. Suppose a bar suspended so that it may revolve freely and rapidly. Put it in motion, and you will soon hear a low noise, and as the speed increases the noise will grow louder and shriller. Keep increasing the number of revolutions, however, and finally the noise will cease, for it will have gotten beyond the range of the human ear, and there will be silence the same as when the bar was at rest. Start and travel around the earth. You reach a point at last the farthest away from home, keep on going in a straight line, however, and the next minute you will be headed back toward the starting point. So, too, the darkest hour is just before the dawn, laughter lies next to tears. A race of men in its evolution from savagery to the highest point of civilization, will return to the simple food, dress and manners of its early state; it will get back to nature in its habits as it was at first. And a great teacher has told us that before we can enter the kingdom of heaven we must become as little children,—regain the child state we have lost.

Therefore we need not be alarmed if we return to something which we think we have grown out of. In this autocratic form of government, like the examples given, extremes meet. It is either the worst or the best form. It is the worst if the head is a despot, for there is nothing to restrict whatever wrong or cruelty he may indulge in. It is the best form of government if the head is wise and good, for he will put in force such beneficial measures and direct affairs so justly for the best interests of every one as could not be done were he hampered by limitations that less worthy and less wise people would think necessary to place around his acts, and so destroy his freedom to do what he knows is best.

And, following out this matter of extremes, an autocratic form of government is best for two classes of people, those at the lowest point of civilization and those at the highest. Take a country composed of pirates, robbers and murderers, or a tribe of cannibals. Would you think it wise to give such people full swing, let them make their own laws, elect their own leaders? No, some iron hand must be held over them to keep in check their animal natures, just as an animal trainer would rule a pack of hyenas, or a keeper would govern an asylum of insane people. By and by, however, these people evolve out of their low state; their hardships and misery and suffering teach them to respect each other's rights a little, they begin to make their own laws, and as they progress, the despot who has governed them gives way to a ruler selected by themselves.

Gradually the idea that each one's interests are separate and distinct from



his neighbor's is supplanted by a recognition of the fact that the good of each is bound up in the good of all, that to help each other, not hinder, is the only way to obtain happiness. They try to carry out this desire by helping in their lives, but so great has the momentum become that carries them in the opposite direction that a united effort which they seem unable to bring about is needed to check their course and turn things the other way. They are like a school of fish in a net which could easily be broken if they would all swim at once in one direction, like an army in retreat, which needs but one resolute soul to give the command to about face and turn defeat into victory. As no effort, however, is without avail, no aspiration ever made in vain, no real need that is not supplied, for such is the law; so in obedience to this law and in response to the longings of this people for something higher and nobler than they have known, there comes a guide to point out the way, a teacher to bring them the truth they hunger for. In other words, a savior appears, a leader, an autocrat if you prefer to call him so, who establishes a new order and institutes a form of government according to Nature's plan—an autocracy. With this difference, however, from the government of a despot, extremes meeting again, that while his rule was imposed upon the people whether they wished it or not, they who follow a leader do so voluntarily and through love of that leader.

And still another case of extremes: where strife and hatred exist and self-seeking is the object of both ruler and those ruled, an autocracy is the most complicated kind of government, the laws become many and complex, and officials to enforce them multiply, and jails are thick and punishment severe, so that one can hardly sleep or eat or greet a friend without the law taking note of the fact. In its highest aspect, however, where the good of all is the object of each, where the aim of the leader is to make his followers wiser and better, and it is their wish to help the leader realize that aim, an autocratic form of government becomes the simplest kind. Laws, rules and officials to execute them, will hardly be needed; prisons will be done away with, things will almost run of themselves, for it will be Nature's plan and Nature helps and loves those who work with her. The right motive being back of everything, wrong will disappear just as the sun dispels the fog, and happiness drives out disease. As green leaves and bright flowers and the song of birds spontaneously follow warm days and spring showers, so a good and simple government will naturally come from the good thoughts of men. The dream of every well wisher of the race will be realized in the only perfect form of government where Leadership and Brotherhood go hand in hand.

It is Nature's plan. Every rock, every plant, every animal exemplifies it—the earth, the sun, the stars, the whole universe—each has a center that guides and controls. Our physical bodies will die if the heart gives out, our health and happiness are proportionate to the harmony in which the different parts act. So with the great body of humanity, if it would be perfect, all of its members must work together. Some must be the feet, some the hands,

some the heart, each part needed to make it complete, each acting in its place in obedience to orders from the center.

In the past, leaders have come to men, and just in proportion as the people caught their spirit and acted in accord with them, just so far reaching have been the changes they inaugurated, and just so much better and wiser and happier have the people become. These leaders have never ceased to come, for the fight is ever on between Light and Darkness. We have crucified them, poisoned them, burned them at the stake, yet each has marked a step in the progress of humanity. What sweeping change for the better may we not then expect should a leader receive welcome and help in place of persecution?

Today we stand at the end of five thousand years of ignorance and darkness; we see before us a new order of ages opening out; all the efforts of the past, the martyred deaths, the seeming failures, have contributed to the light and wisdom the new time promises, and again a leader stands at the front to usher it in, a leader worthy of the time and the cause. Why should we not profit from the example Nature gives of her plan of work, profit from the lessons of the past, and give this leader the support she must have? Is it some of our rights we fear we shall lose? She works not only for our rights, but for the rights of all creatures. Is it independence we prize so highly? She will substitute for it interdependence, and supplant self-seeking by mutual helpfulness. Is it freedom we expect to have to give up? The only freedom we shall lose will be that perverted idea of it which considers freedom a release from all law. The whole universe is law-governed. She only asks us to obey its laws and gain the true freedom which is the right of Nature's children, "freedom from the narrowness of dogma and creed, freedom in manners, freedom from the silliness and tyranny of custom and fashion, freedom from political demagogues, and better than all, the freedom of one's self from the tyrannic domination of vices, habits and appetites under which nearly every man now labors."

This leader is the pioneer of a new hope and a new joy; she comes with the message that men are divine and justice rules, and we no longer dream of the brotherhood of man, but know it to be a fact in nature. She is our comrade-in-chief. To follow her is not compulsory nor is any reward held out for those who do, except hard work and self-sacrifice and the happiness and peace and manliness that come from helping others. If it is this we seek, if the sight of pinched faces and sad eyes and the cause of it all makes us clench our fists and step firmer and our whole being thrill with the vow to help right the wrong, then we are soldiers of light, and, in the ranks of those who fight for the liberation of man under the command of the Leader of Light, a place waits for us to help and to serve.

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## STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

I have listened to sermons and read books in my search for truth and light. I plainly see the necessity of leading a higher, better life, and wish to do the right thing. But *how* to do this, *how to begin?* That is the question. Can Theosophy throw any light on this?



HERE there is seen the necessity of leading a better life, and there is a desire to do so, the first step is already taken. And this first step taken permits of no rest until the desire finds expression in act. But we are such creatures of habit and so tied by the bonds of custom and convention, that the ideal life seems very far away. In fact, does not this constitute the main difficulty,—that we constantly compare our lives with the perfect ideal, spiritual, and beautiful life of the soul, and, looking so far away, find it impossible to build a bridge across the seemingly impassable abyss? Is not this the prime cause of much of the despair which descends upon the traveler on the path at the very outset of his journey, enveloping him like an impenetrable fog?

To have such a glimpse of the life beautiful is indeed good, and the very fact of our being able to conceive of it, however imperfectly, is evidence that its attainment is not impossible. But we cannot keep the vision, we sink down again, and find ourselves in the commonplace of daily routine, alternating between what in comparison are but little cares and little pleasures.

Yet every act, every thought is a link in the unfolding life, and consequently each of these can be rendered sublime and beautiful. The future is *not*, we cannot *live* in it—we can only dream of living in it. The present alone *is*, and is *ours*. Each moment we can throw the weight of our will and our effort on the side of the soul or against it, or as is most generally the case we can be indifferent and drift. But this last, indifference or drifting, this being negative, is really in opposition to the soul—in other words, we must be, and are, either for or against; there is no middle ground.

This advice has been given by all the Teachers as one of the greatest aids toward right living, *viz.*, each night to review the acts and thoughts of the day just past, and, from the highest standpoint we can reach, ourselves to pass judgment on the day's achievements. But our Teacher has given us students a new secret. It is to take up the hardest task first, and to perform that duty from which we shrink the most. We are very prone to do those things which are easy of performance, and which we like to do, often vaguely hoping that somehow we can escape from what we do not like. But if we would but awake the warrior side of our nature and find our joy in overcoming difficulties, we should find our powers grow to an extent inconceivable to us now. Like the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, to each of us has been given a quest;

it may be to serve as a scullion in the kitchen like Gareth, it may be to free the oppressed or even go in search of the Holy Grail, like Sir Percival and Galahad, but whatever be the outer seeming—even Gareth's quest and ours, though many know it not, *is* the Holy Grail.

So the first step to take is just where we are now—at this very moment; to record *this* moment as one in which we have *lived*, in which we have put our will and strength on the side of right; and to let today be bright, not only with high thoughts and aspirations, but with at least one act of self-sacrifice, one deed of brotherliness, one ray of hope and courage passed on to one who needs it.

To take the first step does not need deep philosophy or profound metaphysics, but simply an awakening of the heart, a glad sharing with others of its joy and strength, and a lightening, so far as we can, the heavy burdens of our fellows.

ORION.

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If life is joy, how is it that so much suffering and misery exist in the world?

On the face of it of course it is a contradiction, one of the many paradoxes which abound in the philosophy of the inner life.

Man is not a simple unit, but a combination of heaven and earth, spirit and matter, the human and the beast.

Now when we enter the Path, which we do the first time we earnestly desire to let our divine nature control our lives, we are conscious of our duality, by the resistance of the lower nature to the attempts of the Higher Self to bring it into subjection.

Up to the moment of choice, the man's life has been comparatively smooth and easy. The gratification of desires is quite compatible with a considerable measure of the good opinion of the society in which we move, and recognizing only the restraint of the average morality as voiced in public praise or blame, we pursue an even course of respectability, indulging all our lower propensities, but keeping that slight check upon them which is necessary to avoid outraging popular sentiment.

It must not be supposed, however, that this lower life is "joy" in any real sense of the word. True there are frequent thrills of pleasure, but they are always followed by reactions of depression and even of pain. As said in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, "The pleasures which arise from the contact of the senses with external objects are producers of pain, since they have a beginning and an end; the wise man delighteth not in these."

What permanent satisfaction can be obtained in a life consisting of alternations of sense gratification and the intervals between, which are consumed in a longing for their renewal? Hunger and fulness; excitement, depression; boisterous laughter, bitter tears; these pairs of opposites constantly revolve and toss the poor struggler from wave's crest to wave's crest with as many descents into the troughs between. What wonder that the mystics call such, "the living dead," for they are dead to the fulness of that eternal life, which is not born and dieth not, but is the same throughout the ages.

Now on entering the Path the disciple has to say "No" to the appeals of his lower nature for a continuance of those indulgences to which it has been accustomed, and so closely has he identified himself with the horse he bestrides, that its kickings and plungings at the unaccustomed restraint, seem to be his own struggles and sufferings. He has so accustomed himself to the idea that he is his body and that its pleasures are his, that he actually suffers when the body craves in vain for a sensation he sees proper to deny it. But let us take the view that we give pleasure to our Higher Nature by every effort to make its Temple cleaner and more fit for its abode, and the problem becomes clearer. The aim of the aspirant is to let his Divinity have free course through his body, to liberate the God within from the clogs and defilements with which the animal man has encumbered his dwelling, and to light the lamp of Spiritual Life where before was only the lurid, smoky flame of the lusts and passions.

The books which speak of the Path as a painful journey, be it remembered, are addressed to *disciples*, and not to graduates in the Kingly Science, and to them, as they make their steps toward self-restraint, it does indeed appear as if their very lives were being consumed by the fires of purification which are simply burning up the rubbish in the Temple Courts. The very word self-restraint shows our confusion. In order to have restraint there needs must be the restrainer and the thing restrained. The horse is not his rider. The locomotive engine is not the man who directs its course, yet we are so bound up with our bodies that we imagine that every time we (the Divinity) restrain some brutish instinct in the animal we ride upon, we are hurting ourselves. In very truth every time we weaken the strength of the animal man, every time a fresh burning breaks out among the garbage heaps on the Temple floor, the god within glows anew at the prospect of his ultimate triumph.

What is the expected end of all his toil? It is to have a body, a little piece of this sad earth, in his absolute control. To have human eyes through which he can shine into the dark places of the world. To have a human voice vibrant with the melodies of heaven, hands so pure and clean that they may serve as conductors for the divine healing, ears so sensitive that the least cry of pain finds echo there.

Let us then maintain that constant struggle with our lower nature, let us purify our Temples and light our fires, but never for an instant be deluded by the thought that we are suffering, but only that each endeavor brings nearer the joyful time when the Christ, so long crucified on the cross of our bodies, shall come down, active and unrestrained, and begin his reign of beneficence.

The very beast we have been considering will not suffer in the end, he will not be destroyed but only changed, and, working in perfect harmony with the warrior on his back, will fulfill his appointed place in Nature and enjoy the happiest and healthiest development of which he is capable. P. L.

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## MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

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### The International Headquarters.

Every day is different from the days preceding, yet throughout there is a continuity of effort and the special service of each day helps to round out the picture of the ever-growing work. Even when mistakes are made by one or another of the students, still the effort is there, and some of its strength goes to swell the outgoing energies that are flooding the whole earth with new life and helpful service. Whenever new students come in and can see far enough to take in this wider view, they themselves partake of the deeper life of the movement and become linked to it in a more interior sense.

\* \* \*

At the time of writing it is not yet ten months since the Leader came to Point Loma, yet it seems as though ten years' work have been done. In fact, I personally am beginning to believe in the truth of the fairy stories which tell of enchanted lands where people stay for a day or a year, as it seems to them, but which in reality is a hundred days or a hundred years,—in no other way does it seem possible to account for the enormous results. The activities going on at Point Loma every day are as great as those of the great congress in April, 1899. It is a congress every day, and all the time in the thought and effort that is being put forth, which must ultimately bring about a great universal congress in which all humanity shall take part.

\* \* \*

### The Homestead.

Is the building completed? Not yet, but it is already a thing of beauty, and is fast approaching completion. The exterior is finished and now the finishing touches are being put on the inner court which is surmounted by its great white dome. Tall white pillars reach up from the floor to support the high ceiling. On the second and third floors are handsome balustrades and balconies, the whole forming a unique and beautiful picture, which, compared with the most beautiful of Oriental buildings, yet retains its charm. Everything here has its place, and every department of activity fits in and adds to the general harmony. The sound of the hammer and saw even add a music of their own, and the workmen engaged on the building partake of the pervading spirit.

\* \* \*

We can see something of what *has been done*. But what is to be done and will be done, who has the imagination to picture? Every year has added its proof of the tremendous force and inspiration of this Movement. In each year of the Universal Brotherhood Organization the seemingly impossible has been accomplished, and we know that a greater record still lies before us in the coming year—greater than all the past. For these things, all the various activities, the buildings, the many departments of work, have come to stay; many of the students are here to stay; the little children are here to stay, and as their powers unfold a new and mighty power will be liberated for the uplifting of the race; the books are here to stay—already a great library, the beginning of a world-great library; the works of art;—all are powers of usefulness, all working in harmony toward the great end. With all this, what cannot be accomplished?

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### New Year's Greetings.

One of the most beautiful features of all the work is the relation which the Leader holds to the members of the Universal Brotherhood throughout the world. In a very deep and real sense we are her children, and to those who are privileged to see it, her constant thought, not only for the movement as a whole, but for the individual members, is most touching. Before this issue of the magazine is in the hands of its readers, the Leader's greetings and those

of the Cabinet officers will have been received by the lodges, and also by the individual members. The personal attention which the Leader has given to these, and the fact of their being sent from Point Loma, this center of light, by the one who took up the work when the chief, William Q. Judge, laid it down, all means much to the faithful students.

\* \* \*

#### International Lotus Home.

Whenever one meets Dr. Van Pelt in the course of her duties as superintendent of the International Lotus Home, or in the Homestead, and sees her eyes glowing with light—a not infrequent circumstance—one may be sure that some member in the country, and often from one isolated from a lodge or in one of the small lodges, has been remembering the children. How a little here and a little there does help in this work among the little ones!

\* \* \*

Elsewhere is given an account of the Raja Yoga School, but mention should be made of its rapid growth and the necessity for larger quarters. To arrange in part for these, the cottage in which Mr. and Mrs. Neill have been living is to be used as the children's dining-room and store-house. A new and charming little house is being built for our faithful comrades, Mr. and Mrs. Neill.

\* \* \*

#### New Arrivals.

Brother R. W. Machell, the artist, and Brother Ryan, another artist comrade, with a party of eleven in all, sailed from Liverpool on December 15th. Brother Lucius Cannon, from Milwaukee, and Brothers Knoche and Turner, from Kansas City, are also soon expected to arrive.

\* \* \*

Mrs. W. T. Hanson, the wife of one of the Cabinet officers, who, when she came here a little over a year ago, was not a member, has since joined the organization and become one of its most enthusiastic workers. Her artistic ability has often been brought into requisition, and several of her beautiful flower studies adorn the Raja Yoga School. She is now on a visit to her family in Macon, but we are hoping for her quick return.

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#### European and Lodge Notes.

Hardly a mail comes from Sweden which does not contain one or more applications for membership. Dr. Zander has a large correspondence which is often freighted with applications. Dr. Erik Bogren, of Helsingborg, a gifted orator, is indefatigable in the presentation of the philosophy in lecturing, not only in his own city, but in all the neighboring towns, receiving many invitations to deliver addresses. His beautiful nature and clear grasp of the philosophy of brotherhood attracts large audiences.

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Dr. Allen Griffiths, of San Francisco, paid a visit recently to Stockton and lectured before a large and appreciative audience.

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The Secretary of the Cambridge Lodge reports as follows: "The attendance at our public meetings is increasing, and our Lotus Group is showing a marked increase in numbers and in interest. The Lodge members, especially the newer ones, feel the need of continuous study. Besides the public meetings held in Boston, which the members attend, we meet every Wednesday evening for an hour, which is devoted to the study of that wonderful epitome of the philosophy, "The Ocean of Theosophy."

With greetings from all to all the comrades,

Yours for loyalty and unity,

G. E. T., Sec'y U. B. L., 25.

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A new activity in Buffalo, begun last fall, is a Girls' Club, which has already proved a great influence in the lives of its members. The following account has been received:

"Our Girls' Club, The Honor Brights of the International Brotherhood League, was organized last August—its object being, "to make a grand good time for everybody all the time." At the time of organization five bright, enthusiastic girls were present and became charter members; and since then eighteen more girls have joined and the future promises that many others will join the happy group to learn what it really means to work for the happiness of others. Violet and white are the colors of the Club, and it has a song all its own; also an initiation ceremony, password and sign. In addition to the regular program of the meetings, a half hour is now devoted to physical exercise. The leaders of the Club believe that a long step has been taken toward molding the future welfare of our girls, and toward a realization of what girls can do.

G. AGNES MANN."

**Propaganda  
Department.**

The work that is being done by this department can hardly be realized, so great a power is it becoming in transforming the thought of the world, especially is this the case through The New Century, and many letters have been received from all over the country telling of the increased interest, which not only the members, but also the public are taking in this paper, which is essentially a paper for the day. Its circulation is increasing with every issue, and the members all speak of the evidence which the paper displays of the editor's personal supervision. An increasing number of outside subscriptions is worthy of note, showing how it appeals to the general reader, and how it answers the heart's cry for living truth. It is also to be seen in nearly all the public libraries, and in many of the prisons and other institutions of the country.

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**Woman's Exchange  
and Mart.**

The Woman's Exchange and Mart of the International Brotherhood League has been very busy with its holiday sales, not only to the students who wish to send remembrances to their families and friends in different parts of the country, but also to many visitors. It is already becoming well known in San Diego, and many of the residents of that city have come purposely to make purchases of its beautiful and choice selection of goods. This department is another important factor in the progress of the work, for here are gathered the expression of many members' devotion in beautiful and artistic articles; and also there is the service rendered by the members. The proceeds of this department are for humanitarian work and educational purposes.

OBSERVER.

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**POINT LOMA.**



HIS place makes one feel that the goal of orthodoxy has been attained, that one has "died and gone to Heaven!"

One's first sensation is, "Oh, the joy of it!" And then—lo! the Biblical Judgment Day is at hand. Every thought and act of one's life is uncovered; no longer does one "see as in a glass darkly," but stands revealed unto himself and begins to realize the purpose of his existence as expressed in the Bible, "ye all, reflecting as a mirror, the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, by the same spirit, the Lord."

The Key to the Scriptures is most assuredly placed in the hands of those who "die and go to Point Loma.—for death it is, to one's *personality*—to enter *fully* into the life at Point Loma—as veritably as it is death and burial of one's *body*, in the conventional idea of "going to Heaven."

Constantly, one finds one's self interpreting Biblical phrases heard all one's life long and never understood.

Point Loma is a mirror—a wonderful picture-gallery, in which the deeds of humanity and the glorious plan of its redemption are to be seen.

So, often, a picture of my earliest recollection of religion recurs to me. The pretty little chapel of Holy Innocence—the significance of the name!—the stained glass windows showing the Good Shepherd, and the little children being blessed—the benign rector who was always having joyful celebrations—the songs of the choir boys of "We three Kings of the Orient are," and of wonderful gifts they brought from afar, with the ringing chorus of the "Star of promise bright, leading to a place of heavenly light." Also, that marvelous "Fountain of Life," whose waters are "ever flowing, freely, freely flowing, both for you and for me."

Myself, a diminutive maiden, with my inseparable chums, the two boys, whose beloved treasures of string and marbles and empty spools and bits of glass and tin, etc., filled to overflowing my small pocket.

How my father always gave me a tiny silver three-cent coin and smilingly remarked it was "just my size," and I was to "take it to the heathen."

My childish sense of responsibility for those "heathen"—whatever that might mean. The crucial moment of "taking the collection"; the invariable difficulty of extricating that small coin from the entanglement of boyish treasures. The helpless recourse to the teacher, and the final outpouring of the little pocket into the teacher's lap, amid the eager curiosity and comment of the class, until, by the kindly aid of the teacher, the little pocket, turned completely inside out, brought to light the tiny coin, the precious treasure of the "heathen," which seemed to shine out a joyous response to the search.

To me, this symbolizes the condition of Humanity. It has been entrusted by its



father with "a coin for the heathen"—a precious treasure for the ignorance and suffering of the world, in the three-fold knowledge of body, soul and spirit. Not realizing the value of the treasure, or the mission, it drops the silver coin into its brain-pocket, filled with childish treasures that are all right in their proper place, but being misapplied and put into the wrong place, an entanglement ensues that requires the aid of a wise Teacher to re-adjust. Only by emptying our brain-pockets of their incongruous contents can the shining treasure be revealed and humanity made happy. But we have to turn our brain-pockets completely inside out, into the Teacher's lap, and most of us feel rather embarrassed at the eager curiosity or comment of our fellow-students. None of us like to be criticised or laughed at. Some one has said, "It takes a fairly-advanced sage to endure being laughed at, and it requires an adept to really enjoy being ignored."

Those of us who "die and go to Point Loma" are supposed by some to be transformed into embryo Sages. At any rate, we begin to realize that all the formerly beloved treasures we were wont to store in our "brain-pockets" because we had "such fun with them during the week" have become rubbish by being too tenaciously held and "put in the wrong place." And so the shining treasure of the "heathen" is completely hid from view.

In our childhood days of "Holy Innocence" we were but vaguely conscious of the mission with which we were entrusted by our Father. Now we begin to grasp its meaning, for at Point Loma one learns the relative value of the chaff of life and its golden grain, and so we are "emptying our 'brain-pockets' inside out into the lap of the Teacher," becoming entirely oblivious of criticism or amusement from "the class" in the intense desire to see the rubbish restored to its proper place, for we begin to feel with deep intensity our responsibility to the "heathen," and are awakening to the real joy of helping our Teacher liberate the priceless three-fold treasure so that our "brain-pockets" may be filled with its radiance, awaiting the moment of "taking the collection" when it can be sent off to do its work of illumination in the dark places of earth.

Thus at Point Loma is the purpose of life revealed, as shown in this picture of early childhood. The three Kings of the Orient, with their wonderful gifts from afar, are symbolized in our three Teachers, Madam Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, who together form as well that marvelous Fountain of Life from which the waters so freely flowing can reach "both you and me."

And the Star of childhood, the beautiful Star of Promise that has led to this "place of heavenly light," is again shining in a song that is a great favorite with the students, a Swedish song, called

#### THE STAR OF PROMISE.

Shine over sea and strand,  
Star from skies distant,  
Thou whom in western land  
Master has lighted.  
This Star of glorious light  
Guides not away, but Home,  
Children and shepherds see,  
Willingly follow thee,  
Beautiful, radiant Star.

J. O. Y.

#### THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL.



HIS is truly the most wonderful institution on the earth. Statements, apparently the most extravagant concerning it would yet be short of the real facts. Magic is the word to use, but even then one must give a high meaning indeed to the term to conceive with understanding.

To see the system at work evokes the profoundest emotions. In the presence of its force the nature goes upward and outward with a bound. The veil, which even the loftiest and most correct speculation interposes, is rended, and one breathes and moves and lives in vivid realization of what under the best of ordinary conditions is only felt through hope.

Without the philosophy of Theosophy it would be unaccountable. Yet it is better than and transcends philosophy. Some no doubt fancy that the Raja Yoga system depends upon and is the outgrowth of philosophy, but perhaps the more correct view is that it is the source and sustainer of philosophy and all influences that operate to dignify and enoble existence.

The energy with which the school grows is a host of signification in itself. There

cannot be a better sign. The children's faces! They show the actual *presence of a living promise*. Their manners destroy all doubt that the poor old world as it is now known has missed much.

Will they be able to sustain themselves in the battle of life? Will they, indeed! Why, to see them,—their self-poise,—that indefinable something about them,—and have the question arise, causes in the center of one's heart a delicious, rippling, little laugh which somehow is the "most completest" answer that could be experienced. When the Raja Yoga children are men and women they will no more be subject to the weaknesses that have defeated nearly every living individual than the breath of scandal will tarnish diamond. And to think—the number increases steadily and more are in the world with every day.

The City Beautiful, as first built, is already too small. The formal school-rooms are now in the Aryan Temple. Is this another sign? The building on the School of Antiquity Grounds is being gotten ready for Raja Yoga occupants, and will be fully utilized as soon as ready. The force of the School is no abstraction. It is working itself out in most visible effects in concrete material.

W. T. HANSON.

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### NATURE AT POINT LOMA

**H**ERE at Point Loma, the colors of dawn and evening, of sky and sea and mountain, have a glory, a play, a blend, that cannot be excelled on any spot on earth.

Here one becomes more and more conscious of the unity of man and nature, of the conscious soul in nature, of what nature can do—if we but let her—to open to us our own souls, and give us an ever fuller view of the glories that lie thus-far hid in human life.

Humanity, highest product of ever-blossoming nature, what is its favorite haunt?

The endless miles of bricked and mortared cities!

There the royal sunrise looms dim and ochre through the smoke; the sun takes his way from the east to the west—of chimneys; through the maze of the chimneys thread the long lines of his rising and setting rays.

Do they live life or death, those city-dwellers? Can the soul breathe its essences into the mind in such surroundings?

Why, in the aggregate, do these millions of earth's children turn away from their Mother, whose heart overflows with ever rich and ready life? Men only know her as herb-maker, but she is also mind-maker, and her soul is the Temple of all souls. Her mind pervades like an ether her visible presence, and it will cause the up-coming of fair flowers of thought in the minds of all her children who love her.

Her soul will bring into action their souls, for their minds will become ready to attend and take color from within; and her ever-productive joy will be theirs.

H. CORYN.

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### AGRICULTURE.

**P**OINT LOMA, even in its physical characteristics, is essentially unique. To say that the Point is a sacred piece of land, that its geology is distinct and individual; that unlike the land about it, and unlike the vast continents of geography, this little fringe of earth has never been subject to the awful cataclysms which have sunk or raised immense tracts of territory elsewhere, is to repeat the assurances of the Great Teacher.

There is a peculiar property in Point Loma earth that is not found at other places. The students feel the presence of this property, some of them faintly, some more distinctly, but a certain vigorous quality of this property enters the nature of those who come in intimate relation with the Sacred Soil itself.

Agriculture furnishes this intimacy, and the lessons and experience of agriculture on Point Loma are something wonderful. For example; at times when the student is in the right state of trust, willingness and expectancy, even though he is seemingly engaged in ordinary methods of cultivating fruit, flowers or vegetables, there will come into the physical system a substantial element which hitherto had not been in his nature. As if to make room for the new elements or as if drawn out by it, some constituent, which had previously been thought to be constitutional glides out in a noiseless way as if it were detected in some shameful act, and therefore sought to escape into oblivion.

This phenomenon takes the shape of the entrance of a palpable wave composed of a

fluidic material that afterward changes into some beautiful emotion, and consciously watching its transmutation, it soon gently takes the shape of a perfectly clear philosophic idea, then crystallizes into a distinct mental perception of some particular fact in which the observer is individually concerned. If one is barefoot the phenomenon is more apt to occur.

Another remarkable result of agriculture observed by students on Point Loma is the way in which the beauties of ever-present divinity begin to dawn in the mind. One soon realizes that every plant, every tree, every flower, has intelligence and feeling; their souls are little fairies, they are the bodies of little brownies, elves and elementals. Some of them, like wheat and Indian corn, the apple and orange, the rose, carnation and violet, are angels—even higher than angels, in short gods and goddesses who have voluntarily come to this planet out of pure love for humanity. The divine beings have taken the raw material of the earth and fashioned it into images of themselves, shaped the formless and useless into nourishing food and ideals of loveliness. These celestial visitors are entitled to live in a realm where every moment is an ecstasy, yet they relinquish indescribable bliss that men and animals and plants may profit. The self-imposed task may continue for uncounted cycles of immense duration, yet the cereal, the fruit, the flower, continue, to make golden grain, mellow apple and juicy orange, queenly rose, blushing pink and modest violet. What a heroic, what a poetic, what a lovely sacrifice!

Even the ordinary kitchen garden becomes a city of interesting companions; the vegetables learn to know the gardener, they talk to him and he to them, they open their mouths for water and invite him to watch how smart they are. They get beautifully jealous of each other and envious of some favorite or more profitable plant. They try so hard to succeed and let the gardener know when the blanket of dirt presses to hard, or when the air is too rough; they run races with each other and work ever so hard to win a premium of praise for the most prolific or the most shapely. It hurts them to be trod under-foot or to be handled roughly, and they let you know it, though they will bravely try to hide the pain. It is as cruel to tear a vine or break the fruit carelessly from the stalk as for a surgeon to cut the flesh of his patient with a rusty saw.

The vegetables sometimes get tired if the owner forces them too much. Their little souls have a particular end to accomplish; that is, to make creatures after their own kind. Most of them are elementals or baby souls, and to try their endurance as you would an old warrior spirit or an Olympian god is inconsiderate, therefore selfish and cruel. Often when the brave little fellows will have worked hard to come to full-grown fruit but have been prevented by some system of plucking or cutting, they will petition the gardener to put them to sleep in the bosom of some fairy nurse, and promise, too—a promise on which you can rely—that in the morning of another season as soon as they wake up and Mother Ceres or Sister Pomona or Father Mondamin gives them an "ideal brotherhood" breakfast, they will go to work again all fresh and active.

The subject ought to be extended; it is just beginning to open up, so the little talk about the companions of the Agriculturalist must be a continued story. I. L. H.

### THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.



ON October last the Theosophical Publishing Co., founded in New York by William Q. Judge, was moved from its old home to Point Loma.

At once the advantages of the change were apparent.

It was under direct supervision of the Leader.

It was at the center of the work for Universal Brotherhood.

Its corps of workers were in an environment conducive to efficiency.

It was in the midst of the inspiration only found, in its fulness, at this favored spot.

It had the benefit of the co-operation of the other departments of the Universal Brotherhood Organization.

The record since then has been excellent. Not only are orders coming in better than heretofore, but they are coming in from new quarters and new people. This enables the company to do its proper work—propaganda. It is not primarily a business organization, but exists to spread the truths of Theosophy and help on the movement for Universal Brotherhood. This it is now doing as never before.

The inquiries, orders and subscriptions are from every nook and corner of this country; from Europe, Asia and Australia, and from such countries as Mexico, the British West Indies and Venezuela. The result, in a business way, will be most satisfactory.

The new publications, already issued, are selling well, and, for those under way, advance orders are coming in freely.

H. T. PATTERSON, Asst. Manager.



## AN OLD TALE RETOLD FOR NEW YEAR'S.

By R. M.



IN the middle of the King's garden stood a great apple tree, and round about the tree was a great wall, but the wall was now broken and the gate destroyed and all the ground within the wall was neglected and ran wild.

The fruit on the tree was plentiful and finer to look at than that on any other tree in the King's garden; but every year, just when the fruit was near to ripening, it was all taken away in a single night, and no one knew who took it. And every year the King went to see the fruit, but he had forbidden any one to touch it till it was ripe, and when each year on the same day it was removed in the night, the gardener told the King, and he was very sad.

Some said that a wicked magician stole the fruit to prevent people eating it, and some thought the King himself had it gathered for his own use. And they said that whoever ate the fruit of the tree when it was ripe, became wise and powerful. But once a man stole one of the apples and ate it before it was ripe, and the taste was bitter, and he fell ill; and next day all the rest of the apples were rotten on the tree. So now no one dared to touch the fruit before it was ripe, and no man had yet seen the fruit ripen upon the tree.

Then the King's sons came to him and asked the meaning of this strange thing, and at last when his eldest son was of age, he told them the story. He said the seed was given to his father by a wise woman and planted there in the middle of the garden, when he, the present King, was born. The wise woman had warned them not to gather the fruit till it was ripe, and then to guard well the tree and gather the fruit in the morning, and give it only to the noblest

in the land to be eaten before the sun went down; and those who ate of that fruit, she said, would be wise and powerful for the rest of that year. But when the tree came to bear fruit, each year it was all stolen before it ripened, and that in spite of the great wall that the King had built around it and the soldiers set to guard the wall and the gardeners set to watch the tree. And now for many years the tree was unguarded, and the wall broken down. And there were no people in that land who were wise or powerful, but each man lived for himself and grew rich and selfish or lazy and envious, and the land was full of unhappiness and poverty.

Then the eldest son of the King said he would guard the tree and gather the fruit in the morning, and bring wisdom to the people and prosperity to the land.

So that night he armed himself and stood on guard all night, and a storm came on, but he never stirred for that; then came a lion, but he drove him off with his sword; and wolves came from the forest, but he drove them all off; and at last he sat down to rest and think of whom he should give the fruit to, and how pleased the King his father would be and he thought how great he would become because of the fruit and what great things he would do and the beautiful palace he would build, with a beautiful fountain among the flowers in the centre of the palace court. He seemed to smell the scent of the flowers and hear the



THE KING FINDS HIS SON FAST ASLEEP.

splash of the fountain for he was now fast asleep. When he awoke, the King stood before him with sorrowful eyes, and all the fruit was gone.

Next year the second son offered himself as guardian of the tree.

He, too, armed himself and took with him his favourite hound and sat by the tree for a long time. Then he heard voices of young girls laughing and singing, and they came to the opening in the wall and called to him to join them, but he knew they were sent by a magician to lure him away, so he took no notice and they soon vanished. Then came a stag bounding into the enclosure through the broken gateway, and the Prince thought he had never seen so noble a stag, and he longed to kill it, for he was a great hunter and had long wished to have such a noble stag's head to hang in the great hall to show what a great hunter he was; and he thought his hound and he together might catch the stag right there inside the walls; for he was very active and quick himself, and there was not a better hound in all the land than his. So he cautiously crept round to the gateway and sent his hound to drive the stag

to him. But the stag was so clever that, though the Prince and hound tried all they knew, they could not catch him, and the Prince got so excited that he ran after the stag and at last even followed him out of the enclosure and all around the garden, till he was quite exhausted, and lost sight both of the stag and the hound. Then he came back to the tree and threw himself down to rest.

He was now almost dead with fatigue and a terrible thirst, but there was no water near him, and he dared not go away again; and as he sat there an apple from the tree hung down so near him that he could smell the wonderful scent of the fruit, and he thought that it must be quite ripe. Surely it was nearly morning, and his thirst was terrible. He drew the apple nearer, and it came off in his hand. Then he could resist it no longer and bit it. The juice ran out and was wonderful to taste at first, but soon it turned bitter in his mouth and he threw away the apple and his thirst was gone.



THE KING SEES THE HALF-EATEN APPLE.

In the morning the fruit was still upon the tree, and he ran to tell the King, but the King met him and brought him back to the tree, and all the fruit upon the tree was rotten. The King looked down and saw the fallen apple with the piece bitten out, and turned sadly away.

The following year the third son came of age and demanded permission to guard the tree on the eventful night. This young man was a great musician, and he did not think it was much good to take any weapon except his hunting knife, but he thought the best companion would be his harp. As there were wolves in the forest not far off he thought it best to climb into the branches of the tree and keep watch there, for he thought "wolves do not steal apples, and if the magician wants to gather the crop he must first get rid of me, for no evil thing can come to

the tree while I am there with my harp and the good magic of my music."

So he sat in the tree and from time to time he played and sang soft, soothing songs of joy and love that floated through his heart, and the harp sounded sweetly on the night air like magic bells, and the moon was full that night.

Then came a great white swan and fluttered above the tree, and made a gentle breeze, with the sweep of its wings; and the breeze seemed to the young poet Prince more wonderfully sweet and musical than all his melodies; and the white breast of the swan shone in the moonlight, like a white cloud floating down to him out of heaven.

Such a dreamy languor stole over him that he longed to turn it into song,

and taking up his harp he sang with his eyes fixed on the white-breasted bird; and as he sang, the swan floated down and down to him, nearer and nearer, passing through the branches of the trees, even like a cloud, till it lay spell-bound on the breast of the young Prince, and the song was hushed.

For one moment it seemed to him that the whiteness of the bird was in his soul, and both Prince and bird had vanished in a dream of dazzling light. Then a fire awoke in his heart, and a passion of love; he clasped his arms round the great white bird and felt the throb of a heart against his breast, a warm cheek pressed his own, and in his arms he found no white-winged swan, but a maiden gently striving to free herself from his embrace.

Then she spoke: "The evil power has failed at last. This night you have conquered more than you are aware of. I have been kept for long ages a prisoner in the castle of the magician, who hates and fears your race. He sent me here to lull you to sleep so that his messengers might gather the fruit, but your soul is pure, and your love of harmony greater than your love of blissful dream; you turned the languor into song, and by that power of song you set me free, and saved the fruit upon the tree." Then she sat there among the branches of the tree, holding the Prince's hand in hers, and told him of the land from which she came, and to which she must return.

The Prince begged her to stay with him and be his bride; but she smiled gently and answered, "Not yet. Some day, if you can reach me in my own land, it may be, but you must find me there as you have found me here. The powers of evil are not conquered at a blow. You have freed me from the tyranny that held me, now you must free yourself from that which holds you down to earth and blinds your eyes."

"But," cried the Prince, "I am not blinded now, I see you face to face, my queen!"

"You see me now, but can you hold me when the first gleam of morning streaks the sky? Ah, no! You can not hold me with you yet, and so I can not stay. But you may come to me if you are strong, and brave, and pure, and merciful, and full of hope, and joy, willing to serve even in lowliest service, faithfully, and without thought of self or any other gain than this, to win me as your bride and know *me* as your *self*. Now take this ring and never part from it. See how it sparkles in the moonlight; that stone will guide you in your wanderings; for when it shines out brightly you may know that you are safely set upon the path that leads to me, but if its brightness fails or any cloud appears upon its surface, know that the path is wrong, however fair and open it may seem——"

She set the ring upon his finger just as the first faint gleam of dawn was in the sky. His heart was throbbing and he sought to clasp her in his arms once more, but as that first ray shot across the sky she faded like a vision from beside him; and a leaf, falling from the tree upon the harp strings, stirred the faint echo of a chord that woke the poet-soul again. Then taking the harp, he sang a song of hope, of triumph and of joy; hailing the day that dawned as if for

him the sun had never risen before upon a world, wherein Hope reigned supreme.

## II.



WHEN the King came to see the tree, the sun shone on a harvest of fair fruit, whose perfume filled the garden with a sense of joy the King had never known before. Even the courtiers were surprised, and all the gardeners cried out, saying,

“The fruit is safe, the evil days are gone,  
The golden fruit is ripe, the days of joy are come.”

But when they tried to find the Prince, they could see no sign of him. But underneath the tree, one of the children of the gardener found a new flower in full blossom, and plucked it, and when her old father came home to dinner, he thought his house seemed happier than it had ever been since he was young. When he saw the blossom he looked at it as a man does who muses on some long-forgotten dream of love or hope, that once had gladdened all his youth. And as he sat there looking at the flower the child crept up and laid her hand on his and smiled to see the strange, glad look on her father's face that day.



THE PRINCE'S VISION.

The young Prince had gone straight to the stable and saddled his favorite horse, without waking the stablemen. Then he rode out in the direction of the wild land that lay beyond the forest, where the King usually went hunting. Many months he journeyed, and many lands he visited, and his adventures were wild and strange. Whenever he was in doubt as to what road he should take he would first choose a road and then look at the ring to see if he were right.

Once he saw a cloud on the surface of the stone, and that was when a smart young man on a fine horse had made fun of the Prince as he passed, and then had galloped through the mud just in front of him, and made his horse splash mud onto him, whereupon the Prince started after him in anger, meaning to catch him and beat him; but his horse was tired and went slowly and, for the first time in all their journey, stumbled. Then the Prince pulled up and looked at his ring, and saw a dark cloud on the surface of the stone, so he turned back and took another road, ashamed of his anger, that had made him forget for a moment the object of his journey.

One day he came to the beginning of a forest, where the trees grew thick



and low, with great roots stretching over the ground; and he determined to get into that forest, but could not find an opening in the thick tangle of branches and bushes. He rode a long way, and all the land about was bare and desolate, until at last he saw some bigger trees, and a clear space beneath them. So he rode up and was just passing in when a voice called to him to stop.

He looked about and saw an old beggar under a tree looking so old and earthy that he might have been a part of the forest himself. When the beggar asked for money the Prince laughed, saying that all his money was gone long ago, and he was a beggar, too. Then, seeing the old man was almost naked, he took off his cloak and gave it to him, laughing and saying, "One beggar may help another beggar, though they both may be beggars." Then he started again, but the old man called him back. The Prince looked around and hardly recognized the old man in his own cloak; he looked so dignified. So he came back and heard what he had to say.

"One beggar may help another beggar, and I will now help you. I know who you are and where you are going, but unless you have help, you will fail."

"Not I," said the Prince.

"You are bold," said the old man, sadly, "and that is a great thing. If I had been as bold, I should not be sitting here now on this side of the forest, but I have learned a few useful things and can help you. This forest is full of dangers; there are evil magicians in there who will stir up all the wild beasts to attack you. You cannot fight them all at once, but you can get rid of them if you do what I tell you. Take this bag of crumbs, and when they come around you, throw a handful to them and they will stop to eat them; then you can slip away. When all the crumbs are gone, if they still come on, then take this live hare and let him go, and they will run after him, and you may escape; but after that you must do the best you can, and I fear they will finish by eating you all the same. That is all I can do for you, but you must leave your horse; he would go mad with fright and run away with you and dash you against the trees."

The Prince did not like giving up his horse, but he got off, and, looking at his ring, saw it sparkle brilliantly. So he turned the horse over to the beggar and took the bag of crumbs and the live hare, and laughed to see the old man jump on his horse and gallop away. Then he plunged into the depths of the dark forest.

Soon he heard the roaring of lions and the snarling of jackals, and he hurried on, hiding as he went, but soon they were all around him. He threw a handful of the crumbs to them, and was delighted to see the beasts rush for them as if the crumbs were the best food in the world, and while they fought for them he slipped away. Each time a fresh lot of wild beasts came near him he did the same, and it always had the same effect, but at last the bag was empty. Then he heard the barking of wolves; soon they were close upon him, and he seized the hare and threw it away behind him. The hare alighted on

its feet like a cat, sat up a moment as if to see which way to go, and then dashed off with all the wolves behind it.

For a long way the Prince was not troubled by any more beasts, but as he was stepping into an open glade he heard the roar of a lion, and stood still, not knowing what to do. Then he saw coming towards him the strangest old man, all covered with prickles like a hedge-hog, and with a long white beard that flowed out over his shoulders. On each side of him walked a great lion, and the ends of the old man's long beard lay on the lions' necks.

The Prince saw by this that the little prickly man was some one of importance; so he bowed politely to him and smiled at the lions, but they took no notice of him.

"I suppose it is you who have been feeding my little pets. Well! that was

very kind, and, I may add, very wise, too. They want a lot of feeding, but so few people understand their taste, and so the poor darlings have to content themselves with eating *them*. But you are a clever young man and well behaved, and I should be glad to do you a service.



THE PRINCE AND THE OLD BEGGAR.

"I know where you are going, but I don't think you will get there, so many have tried it long ago; but no one has been this way for a long time now. Well! you may take one of my little pets with you to protect you till you get through my forest, but you must send him back when you come to the edge of this forest for he might come to harm outside. There are terrible dangers out there, I am told, but I never went beyond this wood myself."

Then he told one of the lions to go with the Prince and take care of him, and off he went into the forest. The Prince, with his guardian, got safely through the forest and parted company at the borders of the wood.

Across some sandy desert land lay a mountain, and that way went the Prince to meet the terrible dangers he had heard of. Just as he was stepping down a rocky ridge, he saw a dark cave that excited his curiosity. He went a little way into it and found a passage leading down into the darkness. Just then the ring flashed out more brightly than ever before, and he hurried on. Clouds of bats flew out and nearly blinded him by flying in his face. He saw snakes crawling about the floor of the cave, but his heart beat high in his breast, because of the bright light he had seen in his ring.

On he went down the steep passage, when all at once a faint light began to

dawn. It grew brighter with every step he took, till at last he stood at the top of a flight of steps leading down to a garden. The scent of the flowers came to him where he stood, and the sound of a fountain splashing below and, sweeter than all, the sound of voices singing softly such melodies as he had heard in dreams. Then all the poet soul within him woke and stirred him till he broke into a song of triumph where he stood.

The singers stopped their song to listen, and then ran to meet the Prince, and brought him down to where their Queen was seated. She rose to welcome him, but he, laughing with joy, ran to her where she stood and threw his arms around her, claiming her as his bride. Once more her heart beat close to his, once more he felt the soft cheek press his own, and once again the brightness of her soul sank into his, blending the two in one, till all else vanished in a glory of pure light and harmony divine. The goal was reached, the prize was his at last.

"Now I have found you in your own bright home; now I have won my bride, and we will never part again."

She smiled and, clinging to her lover, sighed, "Yes, I am yours, if you can keep me. Ah! my love! do not lose me, keep me until we *two* are *one*."

### III.

**T**HE Prince had no idea how long he had lived in this happy land with his beautiful bride. He was master of all. She gave him possession of all that he could see, and yet he knew that there was much that he had still to learn; for his beautiful Princess was his teacher, and, as he learned more and more, he found out what a wonderful land he was living in. It seemed to grow as his understanding grew.

There was only one place that he was forbidden to enter. It was a room at the top of an old tower. The Princess gave him the key, but warned him that if he opened that door some great trouble would come of it. But for a long time he had no wish to open it, so all went well.

But he often thought of what the Princess had said to him, "Keep me with you till me *two* are *one*." And though they were so happy together he felt that they were still two, not one, and he began to wonder how he could reach that state, which twice already he had reached for one short moment (or was it only the opening of a door that closed again?).

At last this thought began to trouble him, and, strangely enough, the more troubled he became, the more joyful the Princess grew. Then he began to think of how he might rise to such knowledge that he could really be one with his beloved. He thought that it must be by knowledge that he could reach to her; and yet, if he had remembered, he would have known that it was not by knowledge that he had found her the first time, but by song; and not by knowledge that he had found her the second time, but by courage, and patient search. But now he thought that he was shut out of some great secret, and he looked at the key to the old tower. He looked at it often and at last determined to risk all and learn the secret.

Then he unlocked the door and climbed the stair, which seemed to crumble as he climber, and stood before a little iron doorway in which were seven key-holes. Slowly he placed the key in each of these and turned the lock, until at last the door sprang open to his touch.

The room was dark and full of pitchy smoke, and in the middle stood a cauldron on a fire. The cauldron was full of boiling pitch, and in the boiling pitch was chained a man, who cried to him for water, "a little water, just one drop to ease this torment, Oh, have pity on me!"

The Prince was horrified and filled with pity. A pitcher of water stood outside upon the stair, and without another thought the Prince fetched it and held it out towards the wretched prisoner, who dashed it from his hand. A cloud of steam and smoke arose, blinding the Prince's eyes, and such a roaring and hissing and yelling and screeching that one would have thought a thousand evil spirits had broken loose. And when the cloud of smoke and steam had cleared away, and the Prince had recovered his sight, he saw that he was standing on a barren heath, and all around was death and desolation, and he was alone.

## IV.

**T**HE Prince was almost in despair as he wandered over the barren desert, but soon he recovered his energy and knew that, if he would regain his lost bride, he must not give way to despair nor waste time in regrets. So he started, singing as he walked: and his song was a song of hope, for he thought hope would help him now more than anything else.

But he got very hungry and tired, and just as it was getting dark he saw the glimmer of a light, and went toward it. He found it came from the open door of a small hut in which sat an old man, who received him kindly and gave him a share of his poor supper. Then the Prince asked how he could manage to earn his living in that desert land or get food for himself. The old man said he must either go a long way off or else take service with an old woman who was said to be a witch, and she lived a day's journey further on. He said she was a bad old witch, but very clever, and knew everything. "Well," thought the Prince, "then she will know how I can get back my beautiful bride: if only I can make her my friend, perhaps she will help me."

So he thanked the old man, and next morning he started off to find the



THE PRINCE FINDS THE PRINCESS.

witch and before night he came to her house. The last rays of the sun were shining on the building, and on the fence in front of the gateway which was ornamented with the skulls of men. This did not look very cheerful, but he thought, "If I cannot win my bride again it would be better to die," and with that he knocked loudly at the door and pushed it open and marched in boldly.

The old witch looked up and grinned at him.

"So you are in trouble and come to me to help you. You have lost your treasure. Ha! ha! Serves you right for being inquisitive; some people are never satisfied—he! he! Well! you see I know all about you, and certainly you are a fine young fellow, just the man for my work. I know all about it, you want food. Well! you must work for it. Then you want me to tell you how to find what you have lost. I can do that, too, but first you will have to do my work,—not a hard task, but a good many have tried it and failed. I daresay you noticed the skulls out there, and that is where yours will go if you fail. Ha! ha!"

The Prince laughed merrily and said he would take his chance. So she told him that he would have to take care of a mare and foal, and take them



THE PRINCE GIVING WATER TO THE OLD MAGICIAN.

out to feed in the marshes beyond the hills, every day, and bring them safe home again. When he had done this for a year and a day, he might ask what he liked, and in the meantime he could have plenty of food and lodging for his pains. Then she showed him the post on which his head would be stuck if he failed to bring the mare and foal safely home at night.

The Prince got on very well with his work, and the old woman fed him well and the mare and foal seemed quite fond of him. He knew a good deal about horses, and before taking them out the first day, he went to each of them and whispered a word in the ear of each, and after that he had only to call that word and they came at once. All went well till the year was nearly up. He had got quite fond of the two animals,—he loved all living things, and his love of animals brought him three strange adventures.

Once, down by the river, he saw a big fish that had got into shallow water and could not get back to the river, so he picked it up and climbed over the rocks with it and threw it into deep water. He was much surprised when the fish looked up and thanked him for his kindness, asking him what he could do for him in return. The Prince said he had no need of anything and was glad to have been of use. But the fish said, "Some day you may need my help; now please take one of the scales off my back and, when you need me, just throw it into the river and I will come at once." The Prince did as he was told and put the fish's scale into his pocket.

## VIII.



ANOTHER time, he saw an eagle which was attacked by ravens and was being beaten in the fight, because there were so many ravens against him. The Prince took a branch of a tree, beat off the ravens and set the eagle free. Then the eagle thanked the Prince and said, "Some day you may need my help; now please take one of my feathers and when you want me just throw it into the air and soon I will be with you." The Prince did this and put the feather along with the fish's scale.

On another occasion he found a fox caught in a trap, and, thought no doubt the fox had been catching poultry, yet the kindhearted Prince was sorry for him and opened the trap and let him out. This time he was not surprised when the fox thanked him, so he did what the fox told him to do, and pulled out a long hair from his tail, and put it with his other treasures, and was glad to know he had so many friends.

One evening, when he was sitting by the kitchen fire half asleep, he saw the old woman go off to the stable, and, wondering what mischief she could be up to, he followed and listened. There she was scolding the foal for not running away from his keeper.

"Now," she said, "you two just listen to me!" —



THE PRINCE ARRIVES AT THE OLD WITCH'S HOUSE.

"There are three of us listening," thought the Prince.

"If you don't get lost tomorrow, I'll beat you till you'll wish you were dead; you must get into the deep pool in the river under the trees, where he can't find you, and stay there till dark, and not come home till I call you."

Then the Prince ran back to his seat by the fire. Next day he put a rope in his pocket and when he was out of sight of the old woman, he made it into a halter and kept the mare safely near him all day. But just when he was thinking of turning homeward, he stumbled and let go the rope, and before he could get on his feet again, the mare and foal were off at a gallop and soon out of sight. He called in vain this time. It was late and there was no time to be lost, so he ran straight down to the river and threw the fish's scale into the water.

Soon his friend the fish appeared and asked what he could do to help his benefactor. The Prince told him the case and begged him to help if he could.

"Ho! ho!" said the fish, "I'll soon send them back to you. I'll call all my friends and we'll soon drive the stupid things up the river to you here and you must catch the mare and ride her home."

The Prince hid among the rocks and before long he heard a terrible splashing and saw the mare and foal swimming up the river. Behind them the water was all in a boil and seemed alive with big fish chasing the horses. He caught



THE PRINCE RESCUES AN EAGLE FROM THE  
RAVENS.

the mare by the halter, jumped on her back and rode her home with the colt following.

When the old woman saw them coming she looked very evil, but she welcomed the Prince heartily and gave him an extra good supper, and when he went to sit by the fire as usual she went off to the stable, but he was on the lookout and saw where she went and followed as before.

She was very angry and scolded the mare for letting herself be caught.

"If you don't do better tomorrow, I will beat you till you drop. There will be clouds on the mountain tomorrow, and you can run up there and stay there till I call you home, mind what I say." When she looked into the kitchen, the Prince was apparently fast asleep. "Ha! Ha! my lad, you are very clever, but I will have your head on my gate post yet."

Next day the Prince tied the halter around his wrist, and the horses fed

quite quietly till afternoon. Then, because the rope hurt his wrist, the Prince untied it and was going to tie it to the other wrist, when a fly got into his eye. As he put his hand up to rub his eye, the mare jerked the rope out of his hand and off the two went full gallop up the mountain where the clouds hung low and heavy, and soon they were out of sight.

After following them as far as he could, the Prince saw it was useless and without help he knew he could never catch them. So, without loss of time, he took out the eagle's feather, blew it into the air, and soon heard the "swish" of wings above him and saw his friend the eagle, to whom he told his trouble.

"Wait here," said the eagle, "till I collect my friends and we will soon find the animals and drive them down to you."

Once more the Prince was saved, and when he reached the house again with the mare and foal safe, the old woman met him and told him how glad she was to see him safe home again. Indeed, for a moment, there was a strange look in her eyes, just as if a good angel were looking out of the eyes of the old woman. But it was only for a moment, and then she looked as sly and crafty as before.

That evening after supper the Prince really did fall asleep and dreamed that his beautiful bride was standing before him weeping, and a great chain was around her waist, and her hands and feet were chained; but she stooped down and kissed him and a tear fell on his cheek and he woke with a start to find the old witch turning away from the fire. The dream had been so vivid that he could think of nothing else and forgot to watch the old woman that night.

He could not sleep when he lay down. Several times he seemed to hear again the sobbing of his beloved, and once he almost fancied it must be some one really crying. Then he heard a man's voice in a threatening tone, and jumped up and ran into the other room, but he only saw an owl sitting on the window sill and the old woman doubled up over the fire as if asleep; so he went to bed again.

Next day as he started off the old woman came to the door and reminded him that it was the last day of his term and begged him to be careful. Then she pointed to the post on which his head would be stuck if he failed, and laughed wickedly. He turned away in disgust, but just at the gate he looked back, and there again he saw an angel looking out of the eyes of the old hag and it made his heart ache with a sudden pain; but she slammed the door and left him to his work.

He was not at all surprised when the mare got away from him again, but this time he ran after her till he dropped, for he did not know where she meant to hide, and thought that perhaps he might follow the footprints and so come up with the two runaways. But when he had to stop, he thought how foolish he was not to call the fox to help him; so he set to work to make a fire and put the two hairs of the fox's tail into the flame. Almost at once the fox popped out from behind some rocks and asked him his pleasure.



THE FOX COMES TO HELP THE PRINCE.

He told his trouble and the fox sat up and listened, then stroked his nose with one paw and then with the other as if he were thinking over a difficult question, but at last he said, "I think I can find them for you, but it will be a difficult thing to get them out. I think they have gone over this hill to the King's poultry yard, because it is such an unlikely place for you to think of, and even if you did think of it, you couldn't pass the keepers. But I will go in by a hole I know of and stir up such a commotion amongst the fowls that the keepers will come to see what is the matter and they will be sure to see the strange horses there and turn them out. Then you must be ready to catch them."

The Prince followed the fox as well as he could and hid himself at the outer gate of the poultry yard. Soon he heard a terrible commotion, then he heard the keepers shouting and trying to catch the strange horses, and at last they came galloping down to where he stood, and when they saw him there, they let him take them. He jumped on the mare's back and galloped gaily home.

As they came near home, the mare spoke and said, "You have beaten the old witch; now ask for the foal as your reward."

The old woman was sitting by the fire when the Prince arrived, and she looked very old and tired. But the Prince was in high spirits, for his task was done, and he meant to try and make the old woman tell him what he wanted to know, but for a long time she took no notice of him. At last she said:

"Well, you have finished your task and now I will give you what you like to ask. Do you want money? You shall be rich if you wish. Do you want power? I can give you that, too. What do you ask for?"

She turned her piercing eyes upon him as she spoke, and seemed to be different from what she had appeared before.



The Prince remembered what the mare had said to him, so he answered, laughing, "I have saved my head, and now I want that foal to carry me away from here."

The old woman became once more the wicked looking old hag that she usually was and laughed harshly.



THE PRINCE FINDS HIS BRIDE.

"You young fool! To refuse wealth and power just to get a wretched colt that is no good to anyone. Do you understand? You may be rich and powerful now, just for saying the word; won't you let me help you? That colt will be sure to run away with you, though you are so clever. Won't you ask me for something worth having?"

Then she smiled a cunning sort of smile, but the Prince stuck to what he had said and insisted on having the foal.

"You have chosen well," said the old woman, "and since you are so wise you shall become wiser. If you will do me one service more then I will tell you all you want to know. There is a powerful magician and I have been his servant for a long time because no one has been able to catch him and kill him and set me free. Now with that foal you can ride straight to where he lives, and, when you meet him, you must seize him by his beard and dash him to the ground, without speaking a word, remember that. Then cut off his head and

bring it to me and I will tell you how to find your bride. That's what you want to know. Now go to sleep and start early tomorrow and I will get everything ready for you. You have done well and now you may redeem the mistake you made in letting that evil magician out of the tower, where he was chained up. He could not do much mischief there, but since then he has been doing all the harm he could and kept me here for a thousand years."

"A thousand years!" exclaimed the Prince, in surprise.

"Yes! a thousand years, that is the time since he was let loose by your folly."

The prince was quite puzzled, but everything in his life had been so strange since that first night in the apple tree, that he was not so much surprised, and as he felt as young as ever he thought no more about it and went to sleep. Again he dreamed of his beautiful bride and again she kissed his cheek; this time there were no tears, but she seemed to be surrounded with a soft white light that sank into his heart like a song of joy and peace, and he remembered that he was a poet, which for all this time he had quite forgotten. Now in his dream there was music in his heart and a song.

When the Prince had eaten his breakfast he went to the stable and put a halter on the foal, which had now grown to a good strong colt and, indeed, seemed as strong as a full grown horse. He jumped on his back and passed out of the enclosure, but turning to look back at the house he saw a stately woman with her face veiled standing in the doorway, where the old witch used

to stand to watch him start each day, and he was all amazed. But before he had time to think, he found himself being carried along at an extraordinary pace and with such a strange motion that he had hard work to keep his seat, for he rode without a saddle.

They approached a wood, but instead of entering it the colt rose in the air and galloped on over the tops of the trees, and higher and swifter till the Prince grew quite dazed and dizzy, and only came to his senses when the colt suddenly slackened speed and stopped.

Then the Prince saw before him a small chariot drawn by horned owls, and in the chariot was a magnificently dressed man with a long beard and a most unpleasant expression. This man at once stopped his chariot and politely invited the Prince to come to his palace, and asked if he would not rather take a seat in the chariot beside him.

But the Prince had learned wisdom and knew now what he had to do. So without a word he jumped down and seized the magician by his long black beard and tried to dash him to the ground, but the magician was very strong and active and fought hard. Once he got the Prince down on his knees, but the Prince never let go his hold on the long black beard. Then they wrestled and tumbled and struggled for a long time till the magician got hold of the Prince's throat, and nearly strangled him. Then they began to fall down, down, down through the air till they fell both together into a great bush covered with thick creepers, which broke their fall, but they never let go of each other, and rolled together on to the ground. The Prince now made a great effort and got the other down under him, and he felt the hand at his throat loosen its grip and fall and at last the magician lay dead before him.

Then he drew his hunting knife and with great difficulty he cut off the ugly head. As he held it up he saw a snake glide away from under the body of the magician, but he thought nothing of that. Then looking round he found he was close to the old woman's cottage, and there he saw the post that would have held his own head if he had failed in his task. So he took the head of the magician and stuck it on the post; then he washed his hands and thought he would go and call the old woman to see what he had done.

The sun was setting as he pushed open the door and stepped in. He saw the old woman sitting where she sat the day he first came. She rose and stood up, tall and stately, and with her face veiled, the woman he had seen at the porch as he set out that morning.

He stood still in astonishment.

She held out her hands to him and they were white and slender; his heart began to beat wildly, and he came nearer, trying to see the face behind the veil. Then boldly he stepped close up, lifted the veil and threw it off, and stood transfixed, for the light that shone from that face dazzled him. But he never dropped his eyes, and now beyond the light he saw the face of his own bride, more radiant and divinely beautiful than he had ever seen it yet.

And as he gazed he seemed to feel again the pure light stealing into his heart and filling it with music, that rang out like myriad harp strings swept by fairy hands, so marvellously rich and tender were the harmonies. The light grew stronger and the music rose. All sense of time, of place, of who he was, or any other thought, passed from him, and the very feeling of himself was lost in light and harmony and joy. *The lover and the well-beloved were One.*

For well did Pythagoras answer the question, "In what do we most resemble the gods?" when he replied, "In doing good and speaking truth."—LONGINUS.

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## *The Color Cycle of Nature*

By Grace G. Bohn



**T**HE color panorama of Nature is a radiant symbol of the eternal cycle of the soul. It paraphrases not only the larger cycles of racial and universal evolution, but the lesser ones also that mark the karmic pulsations of the personal life. Nature's color symbol gives us another reason for the hope that is within us. It is another index that the destiny of man is not mean and empty, but full, rich, and divine. If we will look upon Nature with our soul eyes we shall come to believe that, as the Golden Age was in the beginning, so shall it be again, when the harvests of sorrow have all been gathered and the lesson of the soul has been learned. "As above, so below."

Early in the spring, before a single leaf has burst from the bud, even before the snow has disappeared, there spring up crocus blossoms, yellow, delicate purple, and white; no other colors, no red, no green save a mere hint in the tiny crocus leaf. Thus Nature's year begins with the colors of the Golden Age, verily its keynote, aspiration.

Only a few days pass and Mother Nature no longer clothes herself in purple and yellow. Saving the tiny wood violet, these colors have disappeared, and a walk through the woods in spring reveals to us chiefly the delicate tints of lavender, pink, blue, and white. There are white blossoms in all seasons, suggestive, perhaps, of that centre about which the colors pulsate.

It is a rare experience to walk over the forest carpet of moist leaves through which the brave little flowers timidly peer—hepatica, wood anemone, spring beauty, trailing arbutus in our northern states, trillium, squirrel corn, shooting star and a few others. One is fairly thrilled with the "feel" of growing things, and the air quivers and is full with the silent hum of a forest that is waiting for the birds to return.

But soon comes Summer, lavish, profuse, fairly drunk with color. Plenty of red she offers us in the peonies, poppies, roses, and brilliant wild cardinal flower; plenty of green in prodigal masses of foliage; yellow, with its saving grace only here and there. "The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice," yellow cowslips brighten occasional marshes; the gardens afford glimpses of yellow in California poppies and of yellow and purple in the pansies, while a few late dandelions brighten the roadway. But, during summer, red is the color most in evidence, foiled as it is by masses of vivid green.

The days pass on. The red of Nature becomes less brilliant, less profuse, gradually, for Nature is guilty of no abrupt leaps. The cornfields become less green and take on a coppery hue; rich bronze tints appear here and there in the landscape. The green of the maples, in changing, flashes at us vivid tints of red and yellow. The beeches turn to masses of quivering golden leaves, which fall reluctantly from the twig as if, forsooth, they would delay the period of obscurity and rest which ever follows the period of effort. For all things are of the law.

And when Autumn has fairly come, one may drive through the country in some of our central states for miles and look almost in vain for brilliant red or green. The green has a mellow, coppery shade; of scarlet there is but a saucy sparkle in the leaves and blossom-clusters of the sumac. The only flowers are the golden rod and purple aster, great masses, whole fields, perhaps of them. The purple and yellow have returned as dominant colors, not, however, in rare, tiny clusters as in the Spring, hugging close to Mother Earth and remaining but a few days—but profuse, waving high in the sunlight, and brightening the fields, not a few days merely, but many weeks. The cycle of color is complete.

Then comes the sleep of Winter, its whiteness covering all things as though Nature herself wished to be no longer an objective thing, but subjective, undisclosed, unmanifest. Over all she spreads the same calm whiteness whilst above the blue sky bends, a synthesis, as it were, of the sevenfold race cycle of the year's color.

Color brings its own message to the soul, even though the chattering mental self may be quite unconscious of it. Those who come close to Nature must often feel that the flowers of the Summer lack that high quality in their intangible message that the flowers of Spring and Autumn possess. This is not a theory, it is a fact though we cannot explain it. Some day, perhaps, we will know, when the mystery that lies hid in color is revealed.

Is not the color cycle of Nature one panoramic symbol of the evolution of the human soul? Differentiating from the Eternal, just as the earliest flowers spring from their (to them) eternal Mother, comes the soul of man. Pure, without experience, yet with possibilities that are infinite, it yearns to achieve and to know. Purple and yellow are its color symbols, verily, as it passes through the Golden Age. But the soul yearns for knowledge and experience. It continues its pilgrimage, a Prodigal Son, leaving the Father's

house for a time to gain the wisdom that a period of alienation, of sin and pain perchance, will bring to it. It clothes itself with veil after veil of Matter. As with the flowers of the year so with the soul: The purple of the dawn of life giving place to the red and green of selfish love and passion has well-nigh disappeared. The gold remains, unnoticed in life as in nature where during the Summer it appears mainly in humble flowers, just as man's intuition, the voice of the silence and of the soul, never quite dies away though it be for æons disregarded.

But at last passion and desire have taught the soul their lesson. "I will arise and go to my Father," and the Prodigal Son struggles slowly back on the Path that leads to the Father's house, the lower influences being gradually eliminated from its life just as the red disappears from the landscape, not abruptly, but gradually. The soul gradually unfetters, frees itself, conquers and transmutes the lower nature and becomes itself the dominant force in life, consciously and by virtue of the spiritual will. The Prodigal has at last returned to the Father, not the same unconscious soul that started on the long pilgrimage, but wise, strong, conscious, the aspirations purified, clothed by the Father verily, in "fine garments" and a "ring" upon the "hand," the symbols, always, of spiritual riches and power. And the purple and gold come back to the life of the soul, just as they are now coming back into the life of the race. The cycle will be complete.

To the true Theosophist, all nature is Divine, the garment of the living God. It is the eternal symbol.

## Rest Unto Your Souls

By H. T. E.



Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.—*Matt. xi, 28, 29, 30.*

LET us call to mind the remarks of Henry Drummond on this text, that a yoke is a contrivance for rendering a burden easy to the neck of the ox. This is necessary because the word "yoke" is usually taken to mean a burden, and the point of the text thereby missed. "Take my yoke upon you," therefore means, "let me show you how to adapt yourselves easily to life which would otherwise be a burden."

There is too much talk of *giving up*, *sacrificing*, *mortifying*; though there is at least equal warrant in Holy Writ for *laying down* and *casting off*. The pas-

sage from worldly life to the higher life pointed out by Christ and other teachers is wont to be looked upon as a painful sacrifice of what is desirable for something dreary, austere and difficult — as if humanity were not already in a sufficiently dreary and difficult position! Poor humanity, that thou shouldst be so low thou canst picture nothing brighter! Has even hope departed from thy breast?

This notion is a delusion, and its gloomy, dispiriting character proclaims the dark source whence it proceeds. It is not of the gospel of joy, love and peace; it is of the man-made creed of austerity and despair. The beautiful appeal quoted above should be read by all who value their Bible, and taken in its plain sense of an invitation to be happy; not regarded, through a perverse twisting of the meaning of the English word “yoke,” as a command to assume a new burden.

There are powers, whether of the world or of our own flesh, whose most vital interest it is to prevent man from asserting his independent dominion as a being endowed with will and intelligence, and so escaping from their toils. Their plan is to represent the higher life as a life of toil and of regret for joys left behind. Our lower nature lends itself readily to this deception; through its sluggishness it shrinks from all change, even change from an undesirable condition. There are influences that are only too ready to take advantage of this weakness and discourage us from making the effort that will liberate us; and this they do by depriving us of the faith and hope and trust inspired in our breasts by the spirit of universal life which we share with all creatures, and by the promptings of that higher divine life that come from our higher nature. Great Masters like Christ come and assure us that our present life is beyond reason miserable and needlessly joyless, and that they have found a brighter life to which they are burning to lead us. But we persuade ourselves, or let ourselves be persuaded, that the message is one of toilsome effort and cheerlessness, and that we are required to forsake a good thing for something that is, by a wondrous logic, painted as right, but not pleasant. Can a life be at the same time right and unpleasant?

So great is the influence thus won over our minds by constant playing upon our fears that even the plainest statements of our scriptures do not suffice to dispel the illusion, but are misinterpreted to fit the morbid requirement. But surely it is clear enough that the great Masters came to cheer and relieve the world; they found it in trouble, they pointed out the wrong ways of living that had caused that trouble; and they inveighed against sacerdotal impostors who fostered those wrong ways of living.

What the world wants today is a message of hope and joy; it wants encouraging. We need a new Decalogue in which “Thou shalt not” is replaced by “Why don’t you?” **MUST NOT** should give place to **NEED NOT**. You *need not* go on worrying about your little personal concerns; you *need not* get angry; you *need not* rush about at the tail of importune lusts and pleasures that keep you occupied in the fruitless attempt to satisfy them. All this that

the world calls life is a slavery in which the will is ruled by desires and fashions and customs. It is a burden; lay it down; cast it off; be free!

Take an instance: property is one of the things we are asked to give up ere we can enter the "kingdom of heaven." Yet, if we tell a man that we he must give up his property, we confirm him in the notion that he is losing something desirable. Now the sense of property is a burden, and those who have very much of it are bowed down with care. Suppose we ask people to lay down this burden and be quit of the wear and tear of looking after it and fretting about it. Then the unpalatable injunction assumes the guise of a valuable hint or counsel as to how to attain that only real boon, happiness.

Let it be observed however, in passing, that it is not the actual goods and chattels themselves that constitute the burden we are invited to lay down; it is the attachment to them. It is this attachment that causes all the worry and waste of power that hinder our happiness. Job got all his wealth back again as soon as he had learnt to do without it. Property is one of the institutions of human life and has its proper functions and uses; but unless it is administered unselfishly and disinterestedly for the common benefit, it proves a curse. A man who is ready for poverty or riches and will use either justly and unconcernedly can be trusted with the handling of material resources.

One result of our wrong attitude of mind towards virtues and vices is that we make violent efforts to overcome faults when we should rather lay them down or step out from them. Anger is a case in point. We need to let go, to relax ourselves from anger, not to crush it by a powerful effort. Anger is a violent force itself and cannot be overcome by more violence. All beginners in a work tend to choose the most difficult way of doing it first, until practice shows them that it can be done easily. Often the overcoming of a fault depends much more on a quiet and penetrating consideration of the foolishness of it, than upon a knitting of the brows and a girding up of the loins.

*Brotherhood* is an easy life; the teaching that human welfare and happiness depend on the cultivation of a sense of impersonality and on making the concern of the mass our joy is a priceless truth given us for our salvation from utter misery. The difficulties come from our clumsy efforts to force ourselves into an unreal attitude of mind. Accustomed from youth up by the dark teachings of the world to know joy only in selfish gratification of the senses, we think that any other mode of life must imply sorrow and mortification. True, we talk of joy and perhaps believe intellectually that we shall attain it. But the old habit is hard to get out of, and we need to be constantly reminded that "ye shall find rest unto your souls."

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"He whose heart is not attached to objects of sense finds pleasure within himself and through devotion, united with the Supreme, enjoys imperishable bliss."

"Whoever in acting dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit and puts aside all selfish interest in their results is untouched by sin, even as the leaf of the lotus is unaffected by the waters."—*Bhagavad Gita*.

# The Right to Think

By Vindex



WHERE there is a right there is a duty. If we have the power rightly disposed to do a thing, the duty is incumbent and imperative. In whatever way we solve the problem as to how man became a thinking, reasoning, discriminating being, it is a fact that he possesses these faculties. If we assume that God gave man these faculties in the morning of creation in full measure as he has them at the present time or that the physical man has evolved to his present estate through millions of years, the right and duty to exercise these powers remain.

It is obvious that, inasmuch as each rational individual is in possession of the power to think, he cannot delegate to another the right that is inherent in himself, without which he would not be a man at all. For it is mind and the power to think that denote the man. The duty to think for myself—to exercise my faculties—is equally as imperative as the other duty—that I should not absolve another of his duty to think for himself, nor take upon myself his duty and think for him. We cannot do the duty of another with safety nor with profit to him, nor to ourselves. We may give advice, and counsel those who are in doubt, and aid in the solution of perplexing problems, that arise in the affairs of men; but after the exercise of the thinking principle, after advice and counsel received, each one should act for himself.

These propositions must be sound whether we assume from the knowledge we have that man fell from a high estate and thereby lost by his own fault, his clearness of mental perception, or whether we conclude that man has evolved from a low condition and is struggling upward to a higher level.

These words are written for those who believe in man's immortality. All such have faith in the evolution and salvation of the soul. That such a result is attained by responding to divine influences, all concede. Co-operation with the divine is the way that leads to the Path.

The ordinary professed Christian maintains that Christ—the Divine—separate and distinct, and actually disassociated from the soul, by his grace, procures salvation. Goethe says: "The God that dwells in my bosom can do nothing outside of me." The Theosophical doctrine teaches that the Christ dwells within and surrounds the human soul that is to be saved. The human soul is the Christ veiled and habited with a vesture woven of the characteristics and tendencies of the human.

It is by reason of the intimate association with the human soul, by divesting it of its grossness and material tendencies, that it may come to realize the



core and essence of its own life. The sacrifices of the God within, His experiences in human life, would be aimless if the humanity were shorn of its liberty to choose. The human soul is not redeemed against its will. Its yielding to the truth, the divine admonitions, is what leads to its disillusion and progress on the road to its high destiny. Its high destiny means perfect freedom. "If the Son (the Christ) shall make you free, you shall be free indeed."

From what I have already said, we cannot fall into the error of thinking that the divine principle dominates and crushes the human will. This would be contrary to the divine purpose. The design is not to destroy, but to save. The substitution of the divine consciousness for the human consciousness, by effacing the latter, would be vain and without purpose. "The Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." (*Luke ix, 56.*) The teacher of men should pursue the divine plan. A master is gentle with the erring. If he ever rebukes with severity, his purpose is to shock a set determination from passion or indifference, and thus rend the veil of matter, or reduce its grossness so that errors may be acknowledged and truth perceived. A wise teacher strives to find the center of opposition to a truth, and when he finds it, endeavors to unmask it so that the opposer may realize that the real cause of resistance is known. It is not infrequently the case that the real cause of opposition is partially or entirely concealed. A person may be held back from accepting a truth from human respect, or by some master vice. If Ephraim is joined to (his) idols, let him alone." (*Hos. iv, 17.*)

The wise teacher tries to discover the better and stronger side of a man's nature. He appeals to that. Appeals to emotions produce no lasting effects.

What a cruel thing it would be for men who know the value of human learning and the excellence of accurate thinking to deny any human being the privilege of increasing his store of knowledge and expanding his power to think. It would be adding insult to injury, after denying the privilege to a man and destroying his opportunity to improve his mind, to reprove him for ignorance. When men are deprived by misgovernment of the right to improve their power to think, the worst results and conditions ensue. Those responsible for the evil consequences say that the people are too ignorant to have any voice in public affairs. The nations that have been afraid of men who think—who have restricted education, opposed investigation, decried science—have retarded their own progress and material advancement and blighted the national life. The masses of people have been thereby degraded, impoverished and enervated. The few leaders of thought and moulders of public opinion bear the certain marks of weakness and tendency toward degeneracy. The inevitable results of their selfishness and illiberality are plainly stamped on the national character.

Where the mass of people are ignorant and depressed in any community, the few who are educated, who associate and deal with the mass are burdened and retarded in their intellectual and moral growth. They are in a large

measure held down to the plane of thought and desire of those they live among and are compelled to do business with. They are forced to speak the language of the people and yield largely to their modes and manners. Thus we find them often catering to their vagaries, encouraging their superstitions and pretending to believe all that the masses believe in religion and general social affairs. The orators and statesmen of Greece and Rome, their poets and artists, were compelled to yield in thought and act to the false notions and absurd beliefs of the mass of their countrymen. Their real thoughts were never revealed except to their intimate friends and associates. And although they knew that the mass of people were living in a state of utter delusion in regard to things of the most vital concern, they suffered sensibly and substantially amid the general eclipse in which the people groped their way. In such a state of affairs the leaders, who in the eyes of the people seem to follow the trend of the times, too often become inoculated with the views of dishonesty and insincerity to such an extent that, having no faith in the success of honest methods, they get entangled in the meshes of their own snares.

Selfishness, the bane of our civilization, the source of all our woes, affects the mind permanently in many respects, and in none more strikingly than this, that it dulls the discrimination and narrows the plan and scope of mental activity to its own little world, and thereby weakens the power to forecast the probable future from certain present conditions. The very selfish man does not realize that he is subject to the law of reflex action like all others. When things go wrong with him he is quite unconscious that he is the cause; and attributes to others what belongs only to himself. The mind that is fixed on petty, trivial things becomes unequal to the larger things of life. As we give, so shall we receive. The man who gives in the true sense receives more than the one that is the object of the donor's bounty.

As has been often remarked: "Tell me what a man is generally thinking of and I can tell you what sort of a character he is." Where a penalty may attach to expressed thought, there the general thought is of little value. The thought that most men fear is that which is calculated to arouse the slothful and indifferent, and which tends to improve present conditions. Those who object do so because they fear that *their own* condition will not be improved. And if *their* condition will not be improved, they mentally put the question, why make the change? They take no chances. The benefit that may come to others is left out of account. Fear seems to dominate such persons. If they should agree to abandon some worn-out article of their creed, they fear that some other one of more cohesive power will give way before the trend of thought, and that, one by one, every article of the creed will be abandoned. The faith of such men in divine influence is not as large as a grain of mustard seed.

Why not trust God for a short time even and let the debate go on with perfect freedom? Let men give expression to the highest thoughts they can think, and calmly consider their value. I believe it was Jefferson who said:

“Error is harmless as long as truth is left free to combat it.” We need faith in the invincible force of truth. Gamaliel, the Pharisee, maintained the right doctrine, that which I wish here to sharply present: “If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest, haply, ye be found even to fight against God.”—(*Acts v, 38, 39.*) The Council agreed with him. It is want of faith in the teachings designated as “right doctrine,” that urges some of its advocates to appeal to the sword, the symbol of physical force, instead of relying on moral suasion; forgetting that the Master said: “All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.”—(*Matt. xxvi, 52.*)

In the positive, material civilization and intellectual development of our times springs up the idea, which is prevalent now, that material force is the supreme power in the world, and that all must yield to it; that moral ideas must wait on and pay absolute deference to it. Instead of imprisonment being the penalty for obnoxious opinions expressed, the threat to take away support, the means of livelihood, is made. The prop that sustains the house is to be taken away. “You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live.”

In every case where absolute wrong is committed, the wrong-doer will endeavor to justify himself in the eyes of others, if not to his own inner consciousness, by the infernal expression, “the end justifies the means.” This is no fanciful view, but is the actual present operating policy, enforced wherever the heartless, soulless men now running the material forces of the world deem it expedient. Their shameless effrontery and pernicious extortion do not destroy completely their discretion. They have cunning and some prudence; but not the wisdom to know that their attitude if persisted in must lead to their own discomfiture and destruction. They do not deny that people have the right to think. To do so would not be politic. But the inference is that they should not think too loud. Such men care nothing about education unless they can dictate the kind it shall be. Theories may be discussed, but when once an attempt is made to carry them into actual practice, or to demonstrate the correctness of a principle, which, if applied in the practical affairs of life, would be beneficial to mankind, and injurious to the privileged few, objection is made. No one ever cared to object to the advocacy of the theory, as a mere theory, of our solar system, now accepted, so long as opinions concerning the same were not publicly expressed and no attempt made to demonstrate the truth of the theory. It was the public maintenance and demonstration of the truth of the theory that caused the trouble. When John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer maintained in their published works that the land should be as free as the light and air, few, if any, persons supposed that what was mentioned as theory would be advocated as a truth, to be put in practical operation under a change of laws in relation to land. But when it was proposed to practically apply the theory as a principle and make it operative, then those deeply concerned compelled Mr. Spencer to write an

apology to explain that he did not intend by what he had written on the subject that his readers should infer that he meant to interfere with vested rights or make it of practical application where conditions forbid.

The privileged class want to be let alone. A change, they think, would be detrimental to their welfare. There are no persons more short-sighted than those that are wrapped up in their own selfish interests; when, if they would consider the conditions of their fellow men, they could, on full reflection, know that what would improve the condition of others would ultimately redound to their own moral and material advantage, for those who have deeply studied the question realize that success and happiness come to each individual commensurate with his benevolent thoughts and disinterested efforts for the welfare of others.

Jesus had the same obstacles in his way. His teaching was a "stumbling block to the Jews, and to the Greeks foolishness." Mohammed had to face the opposition of those who believed in idolatry. The Meccans were deeply incensed against him. Their attachment to the traditional worship was the greater that the prosperity of their town rested upon it. Polytheism, in the estimation of the people of Mecca, made them prosperous. Hence they did not want their idols destroyed. Mohammed preached against idolatry, and the opposition was so intense in Mecca that he was obliged to flee from there to Medina, and the whole course of his reformation was changed. In consequence of the bitter hostility against his movement, from a prophet of peace he became a warrior and his religion spread by the aid of the sword.

Thus it is that at the foundation of objection to freedom of opinion we find material considerations as the chief cause; and those who seek to fetter men's minds are the agents of selfishness, stagnation and degeneracy.

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## D a i s i e s



**O**VER the shoulders and slopes of the dune  
 I saw the white daises go down to the sea,  
 A host in the sunshine, an army in June,  
 The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,  
 The orioles whistled them out of the wood;  
 And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"  
 And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good."

—From "*More Songs from Vagabondia.*"

# “At Eventide There Shall Be Light”

SKETCH OF A HOSPITAL LIFE

By Sister Mildred



SHE was not pretty, neither was she very lively or attractive in her ways; yet there must have been a “certain something” about her to call forth the remark made by the old bachelor minister, who lived in the house, that “she was not a common child and should have a particular training and care.”

From the utter indulgence of her uncle’s family, in which she was adopted when her mother died, the change was sudden and hard when her father took her home to his second wife, a good, but severe woman, who could not help being harassed by the changing moods — temper, she called it — shown by this child of three years of age. In consequence a certain strangeness developed between the child and her stepmother, that grew as the years passed and younger children came to the home.

So little Mildred was a lonely child. If she had not had an intense love of nature, her childhood would indeed have been very sad; but now she lived in an ideal world, the marvelous enchantment of which remained her most cherished memory through life. Her religious nature received its first impulses when, with her parents at church, she listened to the solemn chorals and beheld the devout demeanor of the simple-hearted country people. She was deeply impressed and often in her solitude would kneel and pray — for what? She had heard the minister ask for a pure heart and, as that appealed most to her nature, she prayed for a pure heart.

Through the loneliness and restraint of her childhood religious contemplations had been her greatest comfort; so, no wonder that, at the age of eighteen, she decided to devote her life to works of charity.

Having overcome the strong objections of her relatives, she went to the capital and entered the Deaconess Institution. After three years of probation, during which time she suffered from extreme over-work and spiritual depression, she was declared by the superiors to be “not strong enough for the vocation,” and consequently returned home.

The consciousness of being “a failure” was all she gained by that experience? No —, half a year later finds her enlisted as a nurse of the “Red Cross,” working harder than ever, freed from the religious supervision of the Deaconess House.

Yet, her religious nature trembled in the balance. The world seemed to her too worldly, and, as a means of screening herself against its influence, she

could not think of anything more effective than the severe rules and discipline of the Deaconess Institution and, finding no rest for her deep and aspiring spirit, she again decided to join the Sisters. Oh! how chill and dreary seemed this narrow world. To be confined with the insane day and night; patiently to minister to the sick, when heart and soul and body were ready to sink beneath their own burden—and thus for twelve long years.

At last she sank. A deathly fever took possession of her and held her in its arms for many months, soothing her through physical and mental exhaustion into rest and oblivion.

As health returned the awakening to life was terrible. The world so beautiful, the heart so warm and strong and yet, to save her soul, she must choose and follow the "narrow path." Foolish heart! Dost thou dream of happiness and home and love? Oh the perversity of human nature.

One evening she was suddenly called before the Mother superior and informed that the next day she would be sent to nurse an English tourist, very sick and wanting a nurse who could speak English,—she among the Sisters being thought best qualified for the post.

How bright and smiling the world appeared to her on that morning in May when the train took her through the glorious landscape of her beloved Norway. And the contented looking people of the old towns and villages where it stopped. Did they not care to "save their souls" or how could they be so at their ease?

Having arrived at Trondhjem there was a great day in town. The king was there to open a fair and everything was festive. What a change from the sick chamber with its gloom. Then the ocean passage along the grand and picturesque coast until "Ultima Thule" was reached and there remained only a few hours' drive through the most charming scenery of Namsen river.

It was toward sunset, when she arrived at the farmhouse occupied by the tourist. The doctor, a Norwegian, was there and introduced her to the family.

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STOCKHOLM, June 7th, 188-.

DEAR MILDRED—It is so long since I heard from you that I begin to be anxious. You are always on my mind. I have a presentiment that you are in some great distress. What is the matter? YOUR LOUISA.

\* \* \* \* \*

TRONDHJEM, August 15th, 188-.

DEAR LOUISA—You are right. Something *is* the matter. I have lived more, but also suffered more during the four months since I wrote last, than through all the rest of my life.

I was sent to Namsos to nurse an English tourist, a Colonel X. Let out from the confines of our dreary Hospital of C. everything in man and nature seemed to conspire to lay my poor heart bare to the allurements of the world.

You know, from your own experience, the daily routine of our life at C. hospital. What change could be greater than from its gloom and unhealthiness to be at once transferred to the snow-clad mountains and balmy meadows of Trondhjem; from the dull and ignorant people who are patients at the Hospital (not to mention some of the good Sisters, straight-laced and well-meaning) to step into the enchanted circle of people who have reached the broadness of culture that wealth and refined tastes can secure?

And my patient. Fate willed that I arrived at a most critical point of his sickness, and through my determined and calm efforts received the credit of his recovery. As he had heretofore been nursed by “home talent” you can imagine there were some alterations of general arrangements to be made.

I felt like a bird let out of its cage; free and unfettered. Looked upon with respect and gratitude, I had the best chance to put into play my talents as a nurse, and the effect was marvelous. The family expressed the greatest confidence in me and left the patient entirely in my hands. The tourists consisted, besides Colonel X., of Mr. and Mrs. B., and one Miss B. (sister of Mr. B.). The Colonel was a friend accompanying the party.

What never-to-be-forgotten nights I passed watching in the sick-chamber. It is a pity to go to bed and sleep away the beautiful night of “the land of the midnight sun.” The fragrance from the fields is never so sweet as in the night. The notes of the birds are few, but there is a dream-like beauty to them that is not there by day. When the patient slept I read most of the time—read by the light of the “Night-Sun.” (How do you like my poetry?)

When I had an hour “off duty” I made excursions in the neighborhood by myself. I felt so lighthearted and so young; yet you know that the eleventh last was my 31st birthday. I would return with big bunches of birch and transform the sick-chamber into a fragrant bower. He was very delighted with it and seemed so pleased when I came back that he made me think of a baby wanting its “Ma”—and a sweet little baby he was. Imagine the face of a warrior with shaggy eyebrows and a big nose, the color of which told of the strong stimulants the Doctor had prescribed for him. Especially sweet did he look when I had wrapped Mrs. B.’s pink silk shawl round his head to keep off the draught, while giving the room a current of air. I could not help laughing outright in my happy feeling of freedom to be natural.

And what a spoilt child I was those few happy months. Mrs. B. had given orders that I should have anything I requested for refreshment, night or day. The things of this world had taken possession of me to that extent that I did greatly enjoy my fine lunches, so different from our rigid fare at the Deaconess House.

In the midst of this sunshine there arrived one day a nurse from St. John’s Hospital, in London, who had been sent post-haste by some of Colonel X.’s friends who, having heard of his illness, did not know that he had got a nurse.

Not being necessary any longer, I had to take my leave and the next day I was on my way towards Trondhjem. Arrived there, one of the Sisters at the Hospital was taken sick, so I came just in time to fill her place. Yes! I got right back into the daily round of Hospital duties—but—poor Sister Mildred! Her thoughts are wandering; her heart is lost! Could these short summer months of congenial surroundings and this suspicion of an admiration and—perhaps—some other feeling that she dares not name—be so dangerous to a woman, no longer young,—one who has left the world for the sake of her soul, to serve the Lord with a whole heart? Though I am not a nun, still as a Lutheran Deaconess, I always meant to be true to my vocation.

O, Louisa! I do not wonder that, through the sympathy which exists between us, you felt the distress that fettered me. My heart tells me, that if this love was destined to live and blossom it would develop a power and grace of my soul, that all the solace of Religion has not yet been able to bring forth. But you know as well as I, that the heart cannot be trusted. Common sense, on the other hand, in a manner that bears no contradiction, tells me that this folly is too great, the circumstances too much out of the ordinary, and the touch of romance too vivid to permit of ever being thought of except as—a Dream. I will pray morning, noon and night; peradventure the Lord will hear me and give me peace.

YOUR MILDRED.

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STOCKHOLM, Sweden, August 27th, 188-.

DEAR MILDRED—Your letter has greatly relieved my anxiety. You write as calm and composed as I ever could expect from my own proud Mildred. But, dearest, I see no reason why you should strangle your love at birth, that may be destined to bring genuine happiness to you and another. I presume he is a Christian, or he could not have any place in your heart.

Let me tell you, dear, that I should not wonder if some certain "warrior" felt pretty near as lonely and sad as some certain languishing "Dulcinea."

You never knew, and perhaps I ought not to tell you, that within the Deaconess-house, you were designated as "the beauty of the house"—and how, on that account, it used to be a matter of great embarrassment for the elder Sisters without your understanding the scheme, to make changes and arrangements so as to prevent any danger to the hearts of susceptible male patients. I have an idea that the poor fellow is far deeper hurt by the "Annoyer" than you would ever allow yourself to be. But, what will he do, an invalid with the prospect of a slow and uncertain convalescence?

Meanwhile rest in peace, dear sister; the good Lord who "leads the hearts of men like brooks of water" will find the best way in this matter.

YOUR LOUISA.

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TRONDHJEM, September 7th, 188-.

DEAR LOUISA—Your kind and comforting letter I received last Wednesday, but have delayed answering, because I have not found myself in a proper



frame of mind for letter-writing. Being today in a brighter mood I will tell you about my journey here from Namsos—to me a very delightful and interesting one.

Deeply as I am impressed with Nature's scenery, I have, however, no power to describe its beauties. I cannot find the words, so I will leave that to your imagination and only tell you about the people I came in contact with and the various impressions I received.

Arrived at the little town of X., I was shown to the Hotel (?). The house looked neat and respectable except for the chickens' free access to the hallway. I got a room with its immaculate white floor scattered over with finely chopped juniper, giving it that balmy odor of the woods. The bed was a solid bank filled with fresh straw. The home-woven sheets seemed substantial enough to serve as sails during a circumnavigation of the globe. The half-dozen blankets were also home-made; furthermore, there was a big sheepskin robe added for warmth!

Being quite tired I went to rest early. But it was not long before I was aroused by a new arrival in the next room; the walls were so thin that I could not help hearing every word spoken.

The new guest was a young man returning from Noreland, where he had gone hoping to be cured. He had consumption in the last stage. The people crowded in to hear his wonderful tale of the miracles he had even seen, he interrupting the story to praise the Lord for his own healing, while he could hardly speak for violent fits of coughing. How pitiful! The delusion of the human heart passes comprehension. To me it seems happier and truer to submit to the inevitable than to resist and stubbornly endeavor to have one's own way. But as we are taught to regard Death as the “uttermost Enemy,” sent into the world as punishment for the fall of Adam (about all of which I have a few doubts), it is no wonder that this simple law of Nature has become the terrible nightmare that it is to most people.

I had a rather wakeful night, besides being waited upon good and early, by the landlady herself, she considering it to be “high toned” to take the morning coffee before rising. And nice and pleasant it was too, one could not help being pleased to see her face beaming with well-meaning and good digestion, combined with the simplicity of her ways and attire, of only a green petticoat (knee deep) and chemise, home woven and homespun, short, tight sleeves and decollette, revealing a rich, motherly bosom, a stranger to tight-lacing. The coffee was good, cream and butter perfect, but the rolls could have been less sweet. However, this “Hebe of the Coffee-pot” endeared herself to my heart by the genuine solicitude she showed for the comfort of her guests.

It was with a certain regret I left this “peaceful valley” with its atmosphere of content and restfulness and which, but for the memory of the “healed man” to mar its perfectness, would have left the impress of an idyl.

At my departure the good landlady followed me to the train smiling and courtseying as if I had conferred a great honor on her establishment by my stay.

My journey continued in the finest weather. From the heights of the mountains the landscape of the valley was beautiful beyond description. Especially one spot, as seen that morning, filled my heart with visions of love and peace and harmony. The calm river (Nidelven) wended its way through the valley encircling a number of green little islets and reflecting in its clear water the white country churches with their hospitable-looking parsonages and inviting homes and pretty gardens, while against the horizon rose the majestic Fjelds, the pride and shield of old Norway.

I was, however, aroused from my dream by overhearing one lady passenger telling another of the strange fatality that seemed attached to that place, its monotony and loneliness causing insanity amongst many who have lived there any length of time; this having of late been the case with the wives of two successive ministers.

Disillusioning though this remark was, it had the good effect of confirming in my mind what I have often thought and blamed myself for thinking, that a heaven of eternal singing and playing on harps, according to orthodox ideas, must be unendurable at length; that progress and change is a necessity of life—in fact, the real proof of Life, including everything, even Religion. Or, can it be, that while all else in spirit or matter is continually progressing religious dogmas alone are *fixed* once for all.

Although truth is unchanging, yet, in order to become adaptable to the different stages of human development it has needed to be represented in various forms and sometimes in disguise.

September 8th—This evening I received a pleasant letter from Miss B., telling me of the great improvement in their patient's health, on account of which they had decided to return to England in a few days. The 15th next they would be passing through Trondhjem and she asked me (if I had not already left for C.) to come to the Hotel Scandia, where they would stop, as she said, they all were desirous to see me once more.

Sister Laura is well now so I am expecting every day to be called back to C. Maybe I will yet be here and see him again. How I dread it and yet, I want to see him for the last time. I know—I feel—it will be the last. I will write again after the 15th.

YOUR MILDRED.

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TRONDHJEM, September 17th, 188-.

DEAR LOUISA—I could not write yesterday, being too deep in my "tragic mood." Yes, I went to the "Hotel Scandia" and saw him again, the ladies not being in at the time.

He was indeed greatly improved, though very weak yet. His manly face with its distinguished stamp and his stately figure truly make him a fine specimen of the sons of Albion. His manner was gentle and tender as

ever, though there was a certain restraint and bashfulness I never saw in him before.

After awhile Miss B. came in and began teasing me about my “horrid cap,” which she deemed more hideous still, with its additional big black veil for out-door wear. She said: “If I were you, Sister, I would not cover up such pretty hair with that horrid thing.”

Laughingly I answered, “I will throw it away.” “Yes, do,” he said or rather whispered, “and come to England.” He spoke of advantages I would find in Hospitals in London. I only mumbled something about not being able to leave my work. Why could I not? I felt that I could have gone to the end of the earth to be with him.

Their train would leave within an hour; consequently we repaired to the station. As he and I walked out of the depot to the train he said: “Come with us to England.” I answered; “I cannot.” “Run away,” he said, and these two words, as I hear them now, were uttered with an effort at a jest, and with a tone intended to conceal, yet only revealing a depth to their meaning.

When the last whistle blew he reached me his hand through the car-window, with not one word. I could not sever myself from that hand. I ran alongside the train until its speed dragged me and I fell prostrate.

It was late before I returned to the Hospital that night. The evening had that peculiar stillness that has a voice of its own, “the stillness before the storm.” Intense is its calm, yet, under it all, there is a restlessness, a dread of something coming; everything seems to be hushed and expectant. I went up to “my sanctuary” on the mountain side and remained there until my spirit had recovered, through communion with the source of Life and Love eternal.

Next day at breakfast, I told of the beautiful sunset I had seen from the mountain the night before. The Sisters think my love of Nature very laudable, being akin to that of the Creator, which, in their view, is the only love that is not “sinful.”

For the next few days I half feared to hear something being talked about my strange demeanor at the train, as everybody in the town, from the Bishop to the children in the street, knows the Sisters, but nothing was ever heard about it.

Yesterday I met the Bishop on the street. He greeted me with his usual reverence. No doubt he thinks I am a “jewel” of a woman quite dead to the world and its vanities. The kind old man! Could he only imagine that, many a time when sitting with my “everlasting knitting,” looking so innocent and apparently wrapped in meditation, the thought I think in my secret heart, is something like this, “it does not hurt people to get a good view of my hands and wrists” (as I know it to be one of my “fine points”). Perhaps you never thought of what a great thing knitting is to show off a woman’s hands to best advantage. You see what a deep-dyed coquette I am. How

many a time have I not secretly congratulated myself at not being permitted to cut my hair in bangs, like "worldly women," as it would mar the effect of my waves, *a la Nature*, or, *a la Madonna*, as some flatterer styled it.

Tegner knew what he said, when he wrote :

Oh, Nature, thee we never conquer,  
If in a cot or on a throne,  
As seamstress or as Amazon  
Thy woman, though, is still — a woman.

The miserable vanity ! Also, I do at times get heartsick at my own hypocrisy.

It was quite refreshing, as a contrast to the austere and unworldly aspect of our "monasterial" home to see the frank naturalness with which these women of the world, Mrs. and Miss B., treated the follies of dress and fashion. One might even think their simplicity went too far. For an instance: In their dressing-room, which on account of part of the house being shut off to keep the sick-room quiet, was a kind of "thoroughfare" for everybody (even the cook and footman had to pass there to receive orders) the walls were hung with gowns of various styles and dimensions to go with the different toilets. These highbred women seemed rather to enjoy the situation as having the charms of novelty and being a relief from the stiff formalities of their Castle in Cumberland.

One day, while having "an hour off duty" and taking a stroll along the river, I came across an interesting sight. As you may know, this part of the country is in summer crowded with English tourists, who come here to fish salmon ; every farmhouse is rented by them. They form a very striking picture in these rural parts.

To come back to what I saw, it was nothing more or less than Lady Lockland standing on a rock in the middle of the river. I happened to think of Diana with her bow and arrows ; though she was the goddess of the Hunt instead of Fishing. This goddess of modern times had an outfit in accordance with this practical and prosaic age. Instead of the loose and flowing garments of the Grecian goddess, here was a tight-fitting traveling dress, of suitable length for walking out in the river. In spite of the freedom of tourist and country life the fashion of the world still held sway; (otherwise a woman might look deformed) as was shown in the cut of her dress and also in her brimless hat. However, as a protection for the eyes and complexion, the lady wore a grass-green veil (I always heard that blue veils were the best for the complexion) and green glasses. Over her shoulder she had strapped a formidable leather bag, the contents of which I can only surmise to have been a lunch for herself and husband.

She must be a remarkably thrifty woman, for mark, she was not standing there idle for hours. Her fishing rod was firmly planted between some stones, besides being pressed against her side with one arm ; this left the hands free and she was busily occupied with knitting what seemed to me might have

been a child's stocking. Her hands were protected by not over-nice gloves, from which half the fingers were cut off. The fisherman's shoes she wore were provided with heavy iron clamps to avoid slipping on the stones. Her husband was standing some distance off. There they will stand for hours, not daring to speak lest they should alarm the salmon. All communications are made by signs. The weight and size of their salmon is all the talk during the fishing season. The one that catches the biggest fish is the hero or heroine, as the case may be. Miss B. had caught a very big one, the head of which was dried and mounted on a block of carved wood—the most conspicuous decoration of the rustic drawing-room.

As to my hospital life the work at present is not very hard, several of the wards being vacant and under fumigation. Yesterday Sister Anna D. (now in the fetters) and I had some work to do in the vacant part of the hospital, getting bedclothes and furniture ready to be cleaned, and while there, all by ourselves, we decided upon having a little frolic. We started in with a “jumping match,” a pile of mattresses serving to jump over. Then followed dramatics, acrobatics, ecstasies, everything you can think of, I winding up the performance by singing this old song: “Jeg saa dej gjennem gluggen” (I saw thee through the window, dear sweet friend of mine; I know thee by thy shadow, dear sweet friend of mine,” etc, etc.) until the tears came rolling down little Sister Anna's round, childish face. Poor child, she is only nineteen.

I tried to persuade myself that I acted from an impulse of kindness, trying to give pleasure to little Anna, but I am afraid it was only a natural effort to work off the agony of my own heart.

Nevertheless, she told me that she dreads the day when I shall have to go back to C., as I am not like anyone of the rest of the Sisters, but always so jolly and happy.

Just now came a few lines from Mother Superior informing me that quite an epidemic has started in C., and that “Rest” Hospital would be opened, she putting me in charge of it.

Tomorrow I shall leave beautiful Trondhjem and all its memories.

Yesterday I went to take a last farewell of the Cathedral. I went alone and was easily admitted. When last visiting it Sister Emma was with me. You know what a perfect type of a Sister she is—most exemplary; however, I consider her undersirable company in the grandeur of a Cathedral. If the place could have admitted of it I would have become angry with her—giggling and at what? Some cloth, used for decking, was folded up and thrown over the alter railing, making it, at a distance, look like two kneeling figures. Since that day I have an impression that much of her perfection is due to the fact that she has not been “cursed” with much feeling.

I could not see how anything so simple could provoke mirth; and in such a place, with its history of nine centuries. Here all the kings of Norway were crowned, ever since Harold Haarfager.

Now I was alone in the temple. The stillness was uplifting. The voice of silence seemed mightier than many sermons, other than "The Sermon on the Mount." The little sorrows and anxieties of life; how they dwindled away into—nothingness! Life seemed like a ripple on the ocean of Time—now so calm, now agitated, until at last the Great Calm is attained, and we go to rest by the shore we have so often reached out for—the Infinite.

Never could have been chosen a nobler decoration for the altar than Thorwaldsen's "Christ." He stands with hands outspread, as saying, "Peace be unto you."

I never was very much impressed by representations of "The Crucifixion," or "Christ in Gethsemane." They seem almost to have lost significance by the number of martyrs, known and unknown, who have suffered similarly. Perhaps, also, that familiarity with scenes of horror and suffering has hardened me. I have seen patients in hospitals, whose pains, lasting for many days, could be literally compared to being roasted over slow fire.

He who can say, "Peace be unto you," and speak it with authority, is to me more of the Master than he who endures tortures and anguish in common with many of the rest of humanity, for while he endures and suffers more than they all, he has obtained the mastery over pain and sorrow, and seeks but to uplift others.

The majesty and grandeur of that colossal statue is overwhelming.

The unutterable Calm that rests over that countenance, and that figure is as of the One who knows the "mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven," and, I would add, the secret of the Sphinx.

Dear friend, you will not think this utterance a profanation, for, truly, it is inspired by profoundest awe and reverence.

Surely, you are enlightened enough to see in this Egyptian monument something else than a mere "heathen idol."

How I desire that penetration which can understand the hidden meaning of these mysteries and symbols of the ancients. This monster with a human face, a face uplifted, expressing the highest wisdom, a face that eternally smiles—what does it signify? Does it not also say, "Peace be unto you. Whatever is, is right"? Through night and day, through evil and good, through death and resurrection (or reincarnation), the soul is ascending higher and higher on the plane of being. All are but expressions of the One Life, and that life is Divine—God.

With a heart made strong through the drinking in of the spirit of the Temple, I went out in the world again to resume its tasks.

As ever, your friend, MILDRED.

[ TO BE CONCLUDED ]

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"Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts *true wisdom* only to him who seeks truth for its own sake, and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality."—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

# Problems of Civilization

By Leonard Lester



**I**N dealing with problems of Civilization from the standpoint of Theosophy, it is necessary to consider the scope of its Ethical Teachings. Just as we require a material body through which to function in the world of matter, so in dealing with the external relations of humanity do we require teachings sufficiently practical to meet the needs of its problems; and Theosophy or Divine Wisdom, which is transcendent in its nature, must robe itself in garments suited to the plane on which it is to work.

That Theosophy is practically applicable to every day life nobody doubts who feels the spirit of it; but to apply it we must to greater or less degree understand the problems of life. This we cannot rightly do unless we avoid entering into the problems themselves, but view them from a distance in the light of Theosophy. Once get involved in their midst and the turmoil and dust will prevent us from gaining insight into their real significance.

What degree of insight do the agitators of these social problems possess, and what is their point of view? We see vast crowds of men massed around various leaders, reformers, politicians, religionists—many of them well-intentioned, earnest men, but each with his own private recipe for redressing certain wrongs, from which, to him, all ills seem to spring. Some of these are doing good work, are clearing away external rubbish, cleaning the sty, so to speak, but nevertheless they are limited in outlook; politicians who see nothing around them but questions of politics; socialists who dream of a Commonwealth founded on a purely material basis; physicians and scientists who think to solve questions of crime by a mere physical treatment of nervous disorders, or the promotion of good digestion; economists who would abolish conditions of luxurious wealth and squalid poverty by adjustments of taxation; religious fanatics who see no hope outside the fence of their own creed; and temperance agitators who find that all ills flow from the fermenting fountain of strong drink—all of them looking for the remedy through change of external conditions.

But true philosophy teaches that the source of all the evils which cause these problems is in the lower nature of man himself, and as long as that nature continues to dominate his actions so long will these conditions remain. So long as the motive power of civilization is personal and selfish, the external environment will not improve. Change the environment and the effect is but temporary and palliative. Outward restraint alone cannot change the inner nature. It may retard, but will never eradicate the evil. Soup kitchens and philanthropic work are good, but they can never form the basis of true pro-

gress,—good bed and board alone do not make character. This has been insisted on by all the great spiritual teachers, ancient or modern. All true poets and thinkers have echoed the great truth of the existence of a spiritual world within and above the material; that man's highest powers are those of the soul, and that man develops from within and not from without. In Mrs. Browning's poem "Aurora Leigh" in which she deals with these social questions, a very earnest but materialistic social reformer is addressed thus—

You will not compass your poor end  
Of barley-feeding and material ease  
Without the poet's individualism  
To work your universal. It takes a soul  
To move a body—it takes a high-souled man  
To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty.  
It takes the ideal to blow an inch aside  
The dust of the actual: and your Fouriers failed  
Because not poets enough to understand  
That life developed from within.

Life develops from within. Man's nature expresses itself outwardly and all act according to their nature.

It is here that Theosophy throws a flood of light upon the religious problems of the day, in giving us the opportunity to know the real nature of man. Orthodox Christian religion has long taught that man's nature is originally and essentially bad, that he is born in sin, and for his spiritual growth he must look away out of himself to a distant God. It is difficult to see how a nature which is only evil could ever aspire to anything higher than itself.

By teaching a man that his real nature is divine and that he must look within himself to know his real being and obtain light and guidance, and not outside, he is turned naturally in the direction along which his evolution is tending, and is placed upon a basis of true self-reliance, reliance upon his higher nature; in short, he learns what is the real man. Although the existence of the dogma of original sin does not account for all the materialism we find in religion today, yet it gives us a partial explanation as to why man has acted and is acting so much like an animal, rather than like a soul. It may be said that it is necessary to present some ideas of reward and punishment to those who are actuated only by selfish motives and who cannot be reached by higher ideals; and for such the doctrine of Karma, the great law of just and perfect balance which rewards and punishes, together with that of Reincarnation which furnishes the field for reaping the harvest of past deeds, would meet all the needs of the case. Even the lowest of the masses are ready for something higher than the doctrines of original sin and atonement, and I believe that even the most indifferent and ignorant are in some degree ready to respond to Theosophical teachings. Truth will awaken a response in the human heart where falsehood could never reach. The successful efforts of Theosophists among the convicts in the Pacific Coast prisons, prove that even those who are considered the dregs of our civilization are open to its influence.



All the social problems must await their solution until the innate character-creating nature of man is stirred into activity.

Among the religious and international problems of the day is the missionary problem—arising from the attempt to force upon other nationalities the tenets of the Christian faith. It arises from the failure to see the unity which underlies all the outward forms of the world's scriptures, and from the insistence that Christianity alone is adapted to the spiritual needs of the whole world. If it were but plainly understood that that which is truly Religion is to be found in all religions, and that the world becomes more truly religious as it becomes less sectarian, the course pursued by those enthusiasts would be very different. But it is because they do not see the underlying truths in *Christianity itself* that they fail.

To this religious problem the great Theosophical doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, together with its synthetic philosophy, showing the one-ness of humanity and the unity behind all his religious possessions, demonstrating his natural birthright to truth and knowledge of himself, these alone point the way to a complete solution. All the problems of civilization, whether social, racial, religious or international, center around one great problem: how can we attain to a condition of true Brotherhood? They arise from man's inability or unwillingness to realize that behind all, at the core, there is a one-ness which is the only reality. For it is useless to look for harmony in external things until we can experience the harmony which reigns at the core. We can never obtain one-ness by an attempt at co-operation on the material plane alone, or by an equal distribution of material wealth, or by a fair adjustment of temporary laws; in fact, these can only be fully achieved after the removal of the obstacles which prevent them from existing now. The material wealth of the world and the productive forces of civilization are fully equal to supplying the physical needs of all humanity many times over. Yet, why is it thousands starve and live in wretchedness, especially in our most (so-called) civilized countries? Is it not because *competitive selfishness is the dominant power in modern life*?

How are we to solve these problems. How do we solve our own problems, the problems of our own little personalities, of our lower nature? Only in the light of true knowledge, seeking to know ourselves, by analyzing our motives for action and by removing those obstructions which prevent the higher nature from expressing itself. The great world-problem is largely an individual problem after all. The international problems are but the problems of nations and communities enlarged, and are not the problems of nations but the multiplied expressions of our own individual experiences? Oliver Schreiner has said that the history of civilization is but the history of the individual written out in large capital letters. We are each of us a unit in our civilization and are doing something to form its characteristics. It is only by uniting ourselves and helping to unite others to the source of true spiritual growth, the source of all true progress, the divine nature in man, that a true solution will become possible, and the riddle of life be solved.

Around us we can see signs of true progress in many directions. Whittier says:

Thro' the harsh noises of our day,  
A low sweet prelude finds its way—  
Thro' clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking calm and clear.

After all, all this material civilization is not nothing; it is a great external symbol which is recording for all who have eyes to see, the grand onward movement of humanity. The material does not stand alone, but only as we understand the spiritual can we really understand the material: nothing stands single or alone, "the great below is clenched by the great above." There is no use in our being pessimistic about material things any more than in our being falsely optimistic about them; what we need is discrimination to see the divine designing principle behind all, and that all true growth of humanity is due to its creative presence. Is not this what Walt Whitman means when he breaks out into song about "these broad majestic days"?

As I walk these broad majestic days of peace,

\* \* \* \* \*

Around me I hear that eclat of the world, politics, produce,  
The announcements of recognized things, science,  
The approved growth of cities and the spread of inventions.

I see the ships (they will last a few years),  
The vast factories with their foremen and workmen,  
And hear the indorsement of all, and do not object to it.

But I too announce solid things,  
Science, ships, politics, cities, factories, are not nothing,  
Like a grand procession to music of distant bugles pouring, triumphantly moving,  
and grander heaving in sight,  
They stand for realities—all is as it should be.

Then my realities;

What else is so real as mine?

Libertad and the divine average, freedom to every slave on the face of the earth,  
The rapt promises and luminescence of seers, the spiritual world, these centuries-lasting  
songs,

And our visions of poets, the most solid announcements of any.

Let us each then play our part in this grand procession "to music of distant bugles pouring," until above the discords we can hear the harmonies distinctly and keep time in the mighty chorus.

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"No man can learn true and final Wisdom in one birth; and every new rebirth, whether we be reincarnated for weal or for woe, is one more lesson we receive at the hands of the stern yet ever just schoolmaster—Karmic Life."—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

# The Twain Divine

By C.



THE Leader and Teacher of the Universal Brotherhood has said, "Man's only way to Truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating Soul-existence, and to make his mind register beyond all future cavil or doubt what he then knows to be true.

"This once done, could he but maintain the attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have psychologized his mind into a servant, and harnessed it to the chariot of the Soul."

The Leader has also declared that whereas at other times the keynote of religious thought has been the philosophy of BEING, today it should be the philosophy of DOING.

It was a question in ancient India—should a man BE or DO ; in their technical phraseology—should he practice the meditative or practical philosophy?

Krishna answered it in the Gita by asserting that they were identical ; that right doing contained right being, and that right being could not be gained otherwise than through right doing.

The Soul and the mind are both doers ; when the mind attunes itself to the Soul it will become a *right* doer.

"Seek O beginner to blend thy mind and Soul ;" what is the mark of the blend, and how is it done ?

On the blending taking place there arises Faith. The mind has to see spiritual things through the eyes of the Soul—which is always face to face with them and an actor among them—just as the Soul has to see physical things through the cognitions of the mind. When the mind sees through the eyes of the soul what it cannot see in its own way it is said to have Faith as to the things thus seen.

The Soul is always enjoining upon the mind the performance of duty, that is, ACTION. What is duty ? It is a something *owed by one living being to others*, and to the Soul and Nature ; and should in the scheme of things be a joy to payer and receiver. It is to be paid, not by a kind of thinking, but by an action. Clearly duty, according to this way of looking at it, is something quite different from that rather depressing thing that is ordinarily conveyed by the word.

It is the teaching of the Gita that the whole of life should be spent in nothing but duties. Is a man to take no pleasures then ? But the book constantly speaks of a "boundless pleasure" that arises in a man who rightly does his duty, and refuses to be drawn aside by any other matters.

What other worthy actions can there be in life than those owed by one living being to others? And what other worthy pleasure can there be than that arising from this relation? The Soul is an actor from beginning to end of the drama of the Universe; one of its instruments of action is the mind. If the mind tolerates in itself any other wishes than to do the behests of the Soul, it is hindering the movement of the machinery of the Universe.

Krishna is from the Sanskrit root "kri," meaning "to act, to do," the same from which our word "create" comes; and in the Gita he speaks of himself as the Soul of the Universe and therefore of man. The soul of each of us is a self-conscious center of energy, and it knows what it wants to do. It is constantly occupied in actions which have a direct relation to other souls, all co-operating. If the mind goes off on actions purely for the sake of itself as a unit, it has gone outside the line of work of the soul.

When, in his actions, the mental man thinks of the Soul, trying to feel its presence and identity with himself, to act according to its wishes and on the lines of its pressure, putting aside all wishes that are concerned only with his own personal pleasure or pursuits, he is acting in the way enjoined by the Gita, and is on the way to the "boundless pleasure" that arises from the consciousness of unity with the Soul. The power of the Soul plays through his acts, and they are a hundredfold intensified as powers for good, that is, for making revolve in harmony the wheels of the Universe. In this harmony the universal purpose draws nearer and nearer to its sublime accomplishment. And the powers of the Soul are unlimited, for they are drawn directly from the universal powers. Krishna also speaks of himself as containing and emanating these.

The soul is the enjoiner of actions. It is the business of the mind to understand these injunctions, take them and carry them out. If it thinks about them in any other way than with intent to understand them that it may carry them out, if it reasons itself away from them, if it delays, if it blocks its ears to them and runs after its own desires, if it deliberately outrages and neglects them, it is an enemy of the Universe and the Soul.

It is a mark of non-union with the Soul if the mind looks back with regret or remorse, or fear of punishment, or longing for their repetition to its past acts and experiences; or if it looks forward with eager anticipation or fear to the future. Its business is with the present, in eager and powerful and joyful action at this full moment, the duty of the moment, action in itself neither hated nor loved, yet joyfully and fully done.

In a sense it is the soul which creates the body by the magnetic intensity of its light; which gives it the energy of action and right desire; which dissolves it at last. These are the three "modes, or qualities" of which the Gita speaks, and which emerge from the Soul, and imprint themselves on matter, the forces of formation, action and dissolution.

The marks of the perfect blend are faith, trust, power in action, knowledge of spiritual things. The Twain Divine are one again, a great actor on the

physical, mental and spiritual planes ; body, brain and heart, as centres of energy, playing into each other's spheres. This may be achieved by those who will for a long time act with thought of themselves as Souls, with intent to do the Soul's behest and that only, and to do all acts in the best and completest way, because that is the way the Soul would have them done.

“Salvation” or illumination comes by actions done in this mental attitude, and the field of practice is every waking moment. But it must be remembered that from the point of view of the Soul, duties are acts owed by one living being to another, whatever that other's rank in the scale of evolution, and are to be done joyfully, in the spirit of Universal Brotherhood, and perfectly. Brotherhood belongs to all acts whatsoever. The gardener's duties are to his plants ; the mother's to her children ; but all owe duties in all directions.

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## “There Shall Be no More Death”

By R. E. P.



And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more *death*: neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away.—*Rev. xvi, 4.*

**I**T is today quite generally understood that the events which fill our lives from day to day hold for us truths, lessons, which must some time be learned and made a part of our being before these events cease to recur.

It is through the gaining of experience that the souls of men gather knowledge and wisdom. “Great truths are portions of great souls ; great souls are portions of eternity.”

Would not our lives become noble and grand if each day was met with understanding, with a determination to draw from every event or condition all that it holds ? What a contrast to the life that is tossed about by happenings which are neither accepted willingly nor comprehended, but with a vain rebellion at the trials and afflictions that follow so closely upon each other. Of all the events that must be met by man there are few which seem more cruel and devoid of lessons than that of *death*, there is so much lasting sorrow through the separations caused by death, that it would seem to shut out all else from our lives ; but we are never so afflicted without unconsciously, if not consciously, learning divine truths and laws, and in the very depths of the wounds it creates, does it bring with it great lessons.

The materialist professedly believing that the death of the body annihilates the whole being, has the very foundation truth to learn. Till he has made immortality a part of himself, he only half lives and in the school of life can proceed but slowly. It is death alone that can teach him. In the

agony of his unbelief, caused through death, will he finally come to know the truth. He beholds death taking from him his very heart: his very life: for to him there is no future communion with his friend, and his suffering seems unbearable. But not till he has drunk his cup of bitterness to the full, and it may *not* be till after many such sorrows, will there awaken in him the power to know immortality. Reason alone does not appeal to him, it must be through so great a grief, that at last in rebelling, the mental fort he has so well built around him will be strained beyond endurance and by its fall the light will penetrate through to him. Death is the one thing that can force the way. In truth, are not the lessons learned through pain and sorrow blessed? Does it not seem that our selfish pleasure leads us, and that upon the footsteps of that pleasure follows pain, and through pain we learn that every event in life has its purpose?

But immortality is often connected with the material body, many churches believing in the actual resurrection of the physical body from the grave at the last day. Yet no one is really so ignorant that he does not know that after death the body returns to its natural elements, and as a body is no more. It were better not to willfully close our eyes to this fact, that for those who do have the lesson yet to learn, death has a greater sting and the grave a greater victory. But with the recognition of this, the mother will learn to love the soul of the child rather than its body. She will make the cultivation of the soul, rather than the body, the center of all her efforts, teaching the child that the care of the body is for the purpose only of providing a pure dwelling-place or instrument for the soul (which is the child itself) to use during life. And should death come to her child, she will be more able to realize that there is no separation; that the real being, the soul, has not descended into the grave, but that only the earthly garment worn by the soul was given again to the earth; that souls as sparks from the one source are united eternally in the eternal God; and her thoughts, broadening, will recognize all humanity as brother-souls with a common quest, using bodies which, when worn out, or diseased, must be laid aside.

There are those to whom death is the herald of yet other truths, but never to those who in fear of God's wrath, or for some other reason, dare not inquire into and understand his laws, rather regarding as unjust what would with inquiring thoughts be found to be strict justice. The fearless seeker for knowledge will observe the apparent inconsistency of death, that it is not only the aged who are called upon to lay aside tired bodies; but quite as often the young and vigorous are taken, and most unwillingly, from a life of active fruitful service, from plans that extend far into the bright future. And with seeming injustice, the little child after a few years of irresponsible existence merits evidently, at death, the heaven of the faithful old worker who has stood at his post to the end through trial upon trial.

Yet this must be the effect of a law in operation, which if understood would explain these apparent confictions, and to dismiss these facts with—

“the finite mind cannot judge of the ways of the infinite” surely shows cowardice or laziness, and will gain the inquirer nothing. But in taking these events, unjust as they seem, as manifestations of divine law and tracing back to the why and the wherefore, we come face to face with the truth. The law being in action before the eyes at all times is sometimes known in one aspect, but through blindness (often willful) is not recognized in a different guise. It is seen in succession of daytime, then the night-time, and then *again* the daytime; it is seen in the life of summer, then the death of winter, but *again* the life of summer. “Order is heaven’s first law.” If the night or death of winter overtakes the day or summer of a young soul, possibly that of a most ardent musician, forcing him to leave his work unfinished, will not the law bring again the summer of life to this soul that it may resume the interrupted work? Can we think otherwise than that the soul of the baby Mozart was an old soul returned to earth, for did it not bring to the world and display at tender years a man’s knowledge of music? Did not he evidently come to earth again to complete his work in God’s vineyard? Thus, is there not law and order where before there seemed disorder? For to believe that a musical talent was “given” to Mozart by God would indeed make injustice the supreme law, for God is father to the imbecile as well. Rather think of our ingratitude in forcing God to be responsible for what we ourselves have caused.

The great Beethoven, when on his dying bed said, “I feel as if I had just made a beginning.” What loftier heights may he not reach when with renewed strength he begins on earth again his work on the pathway towards Godhood. The interrupted life of the little child as well as that of the old man will be taken up just where it was left off when death called it, reaping exactly what it has sown in past lives, sewing new seed for the future, be the result a musician or an imbecile; this must be until finally the ultimate goal is reached.

And then shall come to pass that, “He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall no more go out.”—(*Rev. iii, 12.*)

The more one seeks to understand God’s laws the more like God does one become, and the first step in that undertaking is to strip off the outside, rough, unreal coverings of those laws, as given in the events of our daily lives, and, behold! the inner true meaning lies clear, and thus is attained the purpose of life.

There is still in the world much of tears, death, sorrow, crying and pain; as yet “former things have not passed away,” but with the new light that is pervading the minds of men, can we not see that the new time is fast approaching and with hope and courage let us hasten the day of new things.

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“Man is only weak through his mistrust  
 And want of hope where evidence divine  
 Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure.”

—Wordsworth.

# The Stone Which *the* Builders Rejected

By J. C. S.

And have ye not read this Scripture; the stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.—*Mark xii, 10.*

**T**HIS verse, containing a quotation from the Old Testament, Psalm cxiii, 22, like most other texts in the Bible is capable of several interpretations. From one standpoint it contains an illustration of the law of cycles. Nothing in the universe takes form except in the carrying out of some purpose, and for the expression of some idea. This stone, originally made for a special place, the knowledge of which had become lost, was again through the recovery of this knowledge, to be placed as originally designed.

Studied in the light of the law of correspondences, what does the rejected stone stand for? Many interpretations will suggest themselves. William Q. Judge has made a statement in the "Ocean of Theosophy," to the effect that "Re-incarnation is the lost chord of Christianity." In our day, re-incarnation is the rejected stone in most of the so-called orthodox churches, and without which no system of the philosophy of life can fully complete the temple. In Masonic parlance, the key-stone was the rejected stone. Among the workmen in King Solomon's temple, this key-stone being of a strange design, and its use unknown, it was cast aside as of no value. It was cast out among the rubbish of the temple. Later it was discovered as the one thing needful. Many believe to-day that the people of the Christian world, the builders of the Christian structure, to complete which upon the spiritual and mental planes is the most necessary and vital work, are themselves beginning to look around among the rubbish as did the builders of old, for that principle which is needed to give harmony and strength to the work already so far advanced. This stone of re-incarnation which has so long lain out of sight, and forgotten by man, will eventually prove to be the missing link, the rejected stone which will then become the head of the corner.

Another interpretation is given in Ephesians ii:20, where we read, "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." Taking this historical figure of Christ in the sense of his being a great teacher, most Theosophists will accept this statement, regarding this great teacher as a type of all the great teachers of the world, each of whom, for the time in which he came, like Christ, has become the chief stone in the corner.

As a material building needs material stones, with trained workmen to put them in proper position at the proper time, so our mental structure needs the mental stones to be placed by suitable skill as the structure evolves. The



mental structure of the race has reached the stage where the corner-stone of Brotherhood is needed to be laid in the cement of harmony. Three Master Workmen have successively appeared during our life-time and have called for our assistance. Let all the workmen assemble and under the instruction of the master-builder carry forward the building of the temple of Truth, Light and Liberation, that the world may be benefited and the craft profit thereby.

## Maria and Miecznik\*

*From a poem by A. Malezewski written at the beginning of the XIX Century, translated from the Polish by V. A. H.*



By his side, sat a young woman, reading from the Book of Life. Uplifted and soaring in her flight of faith toward the gates of brightness, as some timid dove, with trembling wings, she sought her nest far, far away from this our earth. Rising above the worldly pomp and its pageant show—the white feathers of humility growing more visible—and the slender thread which binds the heart to Heaven, trembling—a drop of a sweet dew fell upon her wound.

Lifting up her eyes with such tenderness in their expression that in them seemed united all aspirations, linking the Future and Past, as sisters hastening to meet each other along the shining ray—raising her bright eyes to heaven, she realized, how sweet it is for a noble soul, until now so much distracted with the loss of happiness, but at last reconciled and calm, to long after the fount of its origination!

How full of joy is that great possibility of rising far above the whirl of this sad existence and its stormy ways to lose oneself in the embrace of that great light, even though passing through the gates of death.

And he who in that moment seeing her radiant face, and penetrating the depths of the pure great soul of her father, the sad Miecznik,\* beneath these gigantic lindens, clothed in these old fashioned robes so simple and becoming—and with the heart's imagination, catching the fragrance and the light as of a martyr's garland crowning their heads—ah! perchance, then might his memory recall more distant ages, more brilliant landscapes, countries far off and glorious—and there in fancy, seating himself with some calm ancient family beneath the rustling plumes of a stately palm, in deep meditation, again feel that holy reverence, again see the same great hand, eternal, incognizable, which ever justly gives reward and punishment—the same small cares of the exile—the man who, even in his happiness, yearns still for something higher—and only then is blissful, when he sighs towards that above, transcending all these limitations.

\* A title of nobility—the Knight of the Sword.

# Possibilities

By R. W.



**W**HEN we turn our thoughts to the changes and the growth possible to the mind and character of man, to powers unused and faculties yet unknown to him, a sadness steals over the heart. For man is greater than he knows.

One need not go far, whether in the realm of commerce and industry, or of art, or education, to recognize that the painstaking and persevering are they who succeed in their undertakings. It is conscientious effort, continued with perseverance and will, from youth to maturity, that has given to the world its benefactors and rare examples. The great institutions, orders, societies and industrial enterprises are headed by such men and women, who, to the extent that they follow the highest light within them, are a benefit to the human race and a help to their fellows.

Yet, could not men progress more rapidly, employ even better methods; could not they individually attain to greater knowledge, wisdom and virtue if they but knew the higher philosophy — the wisdom-religion — Theosophy?

In fact the possibilities of the human soul are great — greater than we can conceive. To achieve these man must know himself, his origin, powers and destiny. A knowledge of the immortality of the soul, at death throwing off old garments of flesh, and after resting taking on new garments at the appointed hour, thus providing for a continuation of unfinished efforts and aspirations, this with the certainty of the justice of nature's law is the keynote of true progress, bringing a new hope, a new joy to the life of man.

The corollary of this is that man himself is the creator of his own destiny, and that as he sows so shall he reap. Thereupon the whole tenor of his life is affected and changed; his efforts are intensified and directed towards higher ideals. His conception as to the purpose and meaning of life is enormously widened. He begins to realize himself as a spiritual being.

These great truths: That man is immortal, that he ever was and ever will be; that the divine law is both compassionate and just, regulating the seasons, guiding the planets in their course, causing the ebb and flow in the ocean's wave and in "the tide of the world's life;" giving to man free will to exercise his powers for weal or woe, and weave the pattern of his own life and destiny; these open before him possibilities undreamed of and fill the whole of life with a new meaning.

The greater the knowledge man has of his nature and divine powers the greater will be his efforts to achieve his destiny. Through this knowledge man will evolve means and methods to accomplish in a short time and with but little expenditure of energy what would otherwise take ages.

# Symbolic Meaning <sup>of</sup> <sub>the</sub> Hebrew Letters

By F. G. P.



**I**N the First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ, a book well known to the Gnostics in the second century, is a story which has suggested the collection and arrangement of the material contained in this article.

According to Sir John Chardin, this story is also held among the Persians, and is as follows:

“There was also at Jerusalem one Zaccheus who was a schoolmaster; and he said to Joseph, Joseph, why dost thou not send Jesus to me that he may learn his letters?


“Joseph agreed and told St. Mary. So they brought him to that master; who, as soon as he saw him, wrote out an alphabet for him, and he bade him say Aleph; and when he had said Aleph, the master bade him say Beth. Then the Lord Jesus said to him, tell me first the meaning of the letter Aleph, and then I will pronounce the Beth.

“And when the master threatened to whip him, the Lord Jesus explained to him the meaning of the letters Aleph and Beth; also which were the straight figures of the letters, which the oblique, and what letters had double figures; which had points, and which had none; why one letter went before another, and many other things he began to tell him, and explain, of which the master himself had never heard, nor read in any book.

“The Lord Jesus further said to the master, take notice how I say to thee; then he began clearly and distinctly to say Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daleth, and so on to the end of the alphabet. At this the master was so surprised, that he said, I believe this boy was born before Noah; and turning to Joseph, he said, Thou hast brought a boy to me to be taught, who is more learned than any master.”

It is well known that the Hebrew characters were, and are still used as symbols for numbers and objects. The explanations made by Jesus regarding the straight, oblique, double and pointed figures of the letters may be easily understood; but “why one letter went before another” calls for an additional explanation which will doubtless be new to the people of this time and place.

The English writing people do not recognize a system of symbology in their alphabet. Certain letters have acquired certain meanings in mathematics—as  $x$  and  $y$  stand for unknown quantities.  $x^2 + y^2 = R^2$  is a statement of the Forty-seventh problem of Euclid. It is true that these letters stand for horizontal, perpendicular and oblique lines, and taken together they call for a right-angle triangle, but the formula is not a symbol in itself.

It is, however, true that many of our letters came from symbols—for example, the letter M, or more recently the letter W (an M inverted) both of which symbolize Water, the form of the letters being that of waves.  is the symbol of Aquarius. The letter A inverted to ∇ is the symbol of the Bull or Taurus—the form being that of a head with horns.

In the Greek and Hebrew the names of the letters are such that the letters themselves are the initials of their names. This is only partly true of the English letters, the exceptions being such as A (eigh), H (aich), R (are), etc. Moreover, there is evidence that the names of the Greek letters were words or combinations of words which had a clear meaning when recited in order. This meaning has not been lost, as witness the following:

In 1896, Augustus LePlongeon published a translation of the Greek alphabet as it would be understood by the Mayas of Yucatan. The Maya vocables were carefully tabulated by him, and when rendered in English, resulted in a Flood narrative, as follows:

LETTER	INTERPRETATION
Alpha	Heavily break the waters
Beta	extending over the plains.
Gamma	They cover the land
Delta	in low places where
Epsilon	there are obstructions, shores form and whirlpools
Zeta	strike the earth
Eta	with water.
Theta	The water spreads
Iota	on all that lives and moves.
Kappa	Sediments give way.
Lambda	Submerged is the land
Mu	of Mu.
Ni	The peaks only
Xi	appear above the water.
Omikron	Whirlwinds blow around
Pi	by little and little
Rho	until comes
Sigma	cold air. Before
Tau	where existed valleys,
Upsilon	now, abysses, frozen tanks. In circular places
Phi	clay formed.
Chi	A mouth
Psi	opens, vapors
Omega	come forth—and volcanic sediments.

The above is from the Greek to the Maya, and that its accuracy may be

clearly shown, the Maya story may be now given just as it would be recited:

Al pa ha be ta. Kam ma. Tel ta ep zil on ze ta et ha. Thetheah ha io ta. Ka pa. Lam be ta Mu. Ni xi. Om ik le on pi. La ho zi ik, ma ta u, u pa zi le on, pe hi. Chi pe zi, o mee ka.

Of course this is no coincidence, and the mind of the student is irresistibly hurried to the story of Atlantis for an explanation, at least in part, of the fact.

All this regarding the Greek alphabet is an intentional digression for the clearer understanding of the Hebrew "alephbeth," which must be reduced from symbols to thoughts, and from thoughts to words. The following table results:

NAME OF LETTERS	INTERPRETATION OF SYMBOL, WORD, OR LETTER Rendered in English
ALEPH	An Ox or Bullock, a sacrifice or at-one-ment. Its numerical value is ONE.
BETH	A House or Tent, a dwelling or tabernacle, in, among, within, etc.
GIMEL	A Camel, like a camel's hump, heap, collect, high.
DALETH	A Door or Gate, lid, valve.
HE	Lo, see, behold, (therefore) a lattice or window for that purpose.
VAV	A Peg, Nail or Hook, therefore, wherefore, then, that, in order that, so that, etc.
ZAYIN	A Weapon, a shining sword, brightness, light.
CHETH	An Enclosure, fenced in, ark, refuge.
TETH	A Serpent, like a serpent, rolled, twisted, entwined.
YOD	The Hand, the right hand, to strike or pierce, a stroke, a blow.
KAPH	The Hollow or Palm of the Hand, curved, concave, a valley or basin.
LAMEDH	A Goad, towards, into, unto, until, upon, even to, besides, etc.
MEM	Water, waves, a flood.
NUN	A Fish, to sprout, to put forth, Noah, (as one from whom all are propagated).
SAMEKH	A Fulcrum, prop, lever, to help, to sustain, to uphold, the hinge of a mason's apron, a ladder or line connecting the lower with the higher, the Holy Ghost.
AYIN	The Eye, to flow, to flow out, a fountain.

NAME OF LETTERS	INTERPRETATION OF SYMBOL, WORD, OR LETTER Rendered in English
PE	The Mouth, to breathe, to blow, a side or quarter of the heavens, region, part, quarter.
TSADHE	A Scythe or Reaping-hook, just, pertains to the harvest or retribution. Tsadok is Jupiter or justice (in Sanscrit, karma).
QOPH	Occiput, back of the head, to move in a circle.
RESH	Head, first, foremost, beginning, front. Rosh means a foremost or most northern nation.
SHIN	Tooth, a sharp rock, cliff, crag. The Almighty (Shaddi) if seen from the front, but Satan if seen from behind.
TAU	A Sign or Mark, cross, a symbol, a token.

In examining these results there is no consecutive narrative clearly seen as there is in the case of the Greek alphabet. Indeed, it was several weeks after the above table had been prepared, that it occurred to the writer to read it backwards, or from bottom to top, making the "last first and the first last," for Hebrew is read from right to left—the opposite to English. If we begin :

A sign (Tau) came from God (Shin) to the foremost people (Resh), etc., etc., we make the following free translation :

*A sign came from God to the foremost people, that the cycle was completed, and that Justice should come. A quarter of the heavens was moved; the Breath came, and the fountains were opened. The fulcrum was put forth. There came a flood into the low places, striking and twisting together. From their enclosure they saw brightness, and therefore they looked to see. They opened the door at the high place. They dwelt in tents, and offered a bullock.*

There is another rendering, entirely warranted by interpretations which, however, are not all given in the table, and this rendering will interest a certain class of students. It will bear very careful study.

*A sign came from the Higher Self to the lower self, that its cycle was completed, and that it should reap Justice. The quarternary was moved; the Breath came, and the fountain of the Eye was opened. The Antaskarana was put forth, and there came a flood of spiritual light into the lower self; piercing and like a serpent. From its enclosure, the lower self saw the seven shining weapons—and therefore it looked to see. It opened the door of the third Eye at the High place, and dwelling within, made the At-one-ment.*

All this is the A, B, C, of one line of symbology—the expression of thoughts which are beyond words. It IS somewhat fascinating—is it not ?

## Sign-Posts Along the Path\*



**I**N history and in our own experience there is abundant evidence that the Bhagavad-Gita is right in saying "spiritual knowledge includes every action without exception," and that it is to be attained by means of devotion. . . . I do not decry or despise learning; it is a great possession; but if the learned man were also a devoted one in the sense of the Bhagavad-Gita, how much wider would be the sweep of his intellection no one could calculate.

Learning of the human sort is not despised among the highest Teachers and Helpers of Humanity. They use it and acquire it. They accumulate *the record* of the experiences of seers and devoted men of small learning for long periods of time, until a great master of both learning and devotion arises who, by reason of his profound knowledge joined to devotion, can make the wonderful deductions in the possession of the great Teachers respecting matters so far beyond us that they can with difficulty be imagined. But this again proves that devotion is the first and best, for these great Helpers would not appear unless devotion had been the aim of their existence.

Without devotion a vast confusion arises within us that has been likened by some to a whirling motion, by others to the inrushing, overpowering flow of turbid waters. Boehme calls it in some aspects "The Turba." It is the delusion produced by the senses. And so Krishna, in closing the second lecture, says:

"Let a man, restraining all these, remain in devotion when at rest, and intent on me alone. For he whose senses are under his control possesses spiritual knowledge. Attachment to objects of sense arises in a man who meditates upon them; from attachment arises desire; from desire passion springs up; from passion comes bewilderment; from bewilderment, confusion of the memory; from confusion of the memory, destruction of the intellect; from destruction of the intellect he perishes.

"But he who approaches the objects of sense with senses free from love and hate and beneath his own control, having his soul well disposed, attains to tranquility of thought. In this tranquility there springs up in him a separation from all troubles. For the mind of him whose thoughts are tranquil soon becomes perfect in concentration."

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Krishna's declaration brings up before us, not only the practices previously inculcated, but also the whole subject of death. For, in order to know how to "think of Him at the moment of death," or to have that tranquility which

\* Extracts from "The Path," Vol. III.

only perfection of devotion confers, we must find out what death is, and whether it is solely what we see going on at the decease of a human being, or more than can be gauged with the eye. A little reflection shows that what is seen and noted by physicians and spectators is but the withdrawal of the soul and energy from the outer envelope called "body." While that is going on, the person may accept rites of the church or profess adherence to any sort of doctrine whatever, even with his last outward sigh speak of heaven with its bliss awaiting him. But that is only the first step. It leaves his visible features calm and happy, perhaps, in expression; his relatives close his eyes—they call it death. He, however, has only begun to die. The soul has yet to pass through other envelopes beyond the ken of friends, beyond even the dying man's present control. All now depends upon the whole course and kind of thought in which he indulged during the life of the body. For the soul has to pass along the road by which it came, and that way is lined with the memories of a life-time; as these memories rise up they affect the departing entity, causing it to be either disturbed from concentration on the Supreme Being, or assisting to a greater perfection. If, then, some few years only near the close of life were devoted to the sort of practice inculcated by Krishna, the memories of the years previously spent in following after desires will throw a cloud over the soul and absolutely prevent it from attaining that state from which return to earth is impossible without our consent. It is more perfectly illustrated by considering life as a grand musical movement that is brought to a close by using at once all the tones sounded throughout the whole preceding portion. The result will be a combined sound, expressing neither the highest nor the lowest notes, or the sweetest or less sweet, but the resultant of all. And this last sound is the fixed vibration that governs the entity, sounding all through him, and throwing him into the state to which it corresponds or of which it is the key. Thus it is easily seen that in each thought lie the possibilities of a harmony or a discord for life's conclusion.

—*The Bhagavad-Gita*, William Brehon, page 73.

Objections frequently raised against "Reincarnation," and that appear to those who make them to be strong, are some growing out of the emotional part of our nature. They say, "We do not wish to be some one else in another life; how can we recognize our friends and loved ones if they and we change our personality? The absorbing attachments we form here are such that happiness would seem impossible without those we love."

It is useless to say in reply, that if Reincarnation be the law, it can and will make no difference what we would like or dislike. So long as one is governed by his likes or dislikes, logical arguments will not dissipate objections, and, if it is coldly asserted that the beloved objects of our affection pass at death forever beyond us, no relief is afforded to the mind nor is a strictly accurate statement made. In fact, one of the miseries of conditioned existence is the apparent liability of forever losing those upon whom we place our



hearts. So to meet this difficulty raised by our present death, the Christian churches have invented their heaven in which reunion is possible under a condition, the acceptance of the dogma of the Redeemer. None of their believers seem to consider that, inasmuch as constantly many of those most closely bound to us by every tie do not and never will meet the prerequisite condition, happiness in that heaven cannot be possible when we constantly are aware that those unbelievers are suffering in hell, for, enough memory being left to permit us to recognize believing friends, we cannot forget the others. Greater than ever, then, that difficulty becomes.

What are these loves? must be asked. They are either (*a*) a love for the mere physical body, or (*b*) one for the soul within. Of course in the first case, the body being disintegrated at death, it is not possible for us, nor need we wish—unless we are grossly materialistic—to see that in the other life. And *personality* belongs only to the body. Hence, if the soul that we do love inhabits another physical frame, it is the law—a part of the law of Reincarnation not often stated or dwelt on—that we will again, when incarnated, meet that same soul in the new tenement. We cannot, however, always recognize it. But that, the recognition or memory of those whom we knew before, is one of the very objects of our study and practice. Not only is this the law as found in ancient books, but it has been positively stated, in the history of the Theosophical Society, in a letter from a Teacher addressed not many years ago to some London Theosophists. In it he asked them if they imagined that they were together as incarnated beings for the first time, stated that they were not, and laid down the rule that the real affinities of soul life drew them together on earth.

To be associated against our will with those who lay upon us the claim of mother, father, brother, son, or wife from a previous life would neither be just nor necessary. Those relations, as such, grew out of physical ties alone, and souls that are alike, who really love each other, as well as those who harbor hate, are brought together in mortal bodies as now father and now son—or otherwise.

So, then, with the doctrine of Devachan we have the answer. In that state we have with us, for all practical purposes and to suit our desire, every one whom we loved on earth: upon being reincarnated we are again with those whose souls we are naturally attracted to.

By living up to the highest and best of our convictions, for humanity and not for *self*, we make it possible that we shall at last recognize in some earth-life those persons whom we love, and to lose whom forever seems such a dreary and uninviting prospect.—*Respecting Reincarnation*, Editorial, page 163.

In order to have in his turn any title to help, he must work for others, but that must not be his motive for working. He who does not feel irresistibly impelled to serve the race, whether he himself fails or not, is bound fast by his own personality, and cannot progress until he has learned that *the race is*

*himself* and not that body which he now occupies. . . . 'The powers and forces of animal nature can be equally used by the selfish and revengeful, as by the unselfish and all-forgiving; the powers and forces of spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart.'

Hear also the words of one of the Helpers of Humanity: 'Perhaps you will better appreciate our meaning when told that in our view the highest aspirations for the welfare of humanity become tainted with selfishness if, in the mind of the philanthropist, there lurks the shadow of a desire for self-benefit or a tendency to do injustice, even when these exist unconsciously to himself.'

. . . . They are well aware, however, from the repeated trials and records of centuries, and from their knowledge of our racial difficulties, how few are the persons who have any clue to their own real nature, which is the foe they attempt to conquer the moment they seek the Higher Knowledge. Hence, they endeavor, so far as Karma permits, to hold unfit individuals back from rash ventures, the results of which would recoil upon their unbalanced lives and drive them to despair.

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. . . . It is within your power to constitute yourself a disciple, so far as in you lies, through the purity of your motive and effort *if both are sufficiently sustained*. No one can fix a period when this effort will bear fruit, and if your patience and faith are not strong enough to bear you through an *unlimited* (so far as you know) period of unselfish work for humanity, you had better resign your present fancy, for it is then no more than that. But if otherwise, you are to work for the spiritual enlightenment of Humanity in and through the Theosophical Society [and "Universal Brotherhood,"—Editor] (which much needs such laborers), remembering the words of the Helpers of Humanity: 'He who does what he can and all that he can, and all that he knows how to do, does enough for us.' This task includes that of divesting yourself of all personality through interior effort, because that work, if done in the right spirit, is even more important to the race than any outward work we can do. Living as you now are, on the outward plane chiefly, your work is due there and is to be done there until your growth shall fit you to pass away from it altogether. . . . The Theosophical Society [and "Universal Brotherhood,"—Editor] then stands to you, for the time being, for you to aid and work under. If you succeed in lifting yourself and others spiritually, it will be known, *no matter what the external silence may seem to be*, and you will receive your full dues from those who are honest debtors and ministers of the Just and Perfect Law. You must be ready to work, to wait, and to aspire in silence, just as all do who have fixed their eyes on this goal. Remember that your truest adviser is to be found, and constantly sought, *within yourself*. Only by experience can you learn to know its voice from that of natural instinct or mere logic, and strengthen this power, by virtue of which the Helpers of Humanity have become what they are.—*To Aspirants for Chelaship*, Editorial, page 105.

# M a g i c

By JESSIE HORNE



**M**A G I C is Divine Science. A "Great Arcanum" which lies hid within the heart of each—therefore within the reach of whose will.

Divine Magic is a knowledge of the universe, its laws, and their method of working. This knowledge is no corollary of cut and dried statements, facts gathered up from outside observations of natural phenomena, but a living, realized, being-with nature—an intimate acquaintance with the cause at the back of the effects. It implies such a thorough insight into the working of these laws as will give power to work with them and quicken their effects. Madame Blavatsky says of Magic,—“A thorough familiarity with the occult faculties of everything existing in nature, visible as well as invisible; their mutual relations, attractions and repulsions; the cause of these traced to the *spiritual* principle which pervades and animates all things; the ability to furnish the best conditions for this principle to manifest itself, in other words a profound and exhaustive knowledge of natural law, this *was* and *is* the basis of Magic.”

To the magician a miracle in its general acceptance is an impossibility; there is for him no *super-natural*, but “all wonders are produced by a practical application of the hidden laws of nature.” That law which rules the springing up of a field-daisy is the same used by the Magician to cause a seed to germinate, take root, leaf, flower and seed in the space of half an hour; in the first instance nature works unaided, in the second she is sped on her course by a Master Mind; it is the same cause and the same method of working—but quickened.

Nature's secrets are not yielded up easily. Not to the average mind does she make obeisance. The man who approaches her with his outer senses alone, departs as empty as he comes, or filled only with the dry husks of knowledge which is but hearsay and worthless. The voice of Nature speaks only to Soul-man and through the Soul-senses, of which each has a full complement, dormant though they may be in many. To the man of full sense, a new language becomes apparent—a real thing—no mere poet's dream, but a decided distinct fact; so much so that he can practically apply the knowledge gained through it to his outer and everyday life, a knowledge certainly not to be gained by means of book-learning alone (though we must admit that in some cases that is a factor not to be undervalued), but gained through an inward recognition of one's Higher Self as one with the spiritual world, of one's lower self as one with the elemental and phenomenal world, and by

the aid of developed inner senses to recognize the operation taking place within each of these.

The elemental world, as a whole, is reflected in our elemental nature—that part over which the higher has charge. The Higher Self reflects the spiritual universe. We, the ego, the cognizer, the middle man, can from this vantage point study the operations of both, draw future knowledge from the higher to supplement and aid the lower elemental being; can recall from the lower stages of evolution through which we have already passed. Thus reviving the pure nature of the lower from experience, wresting wisdom from the higher, the Soul-man—the Magician—becomes a conscious link connecting the two worlds, and affords a field wherein the two may interblend and so produce other states—other races—other universes.

In so far as we help evolution, we are all more or less magicians. But the magician proper is he who is in a position to consciously help towards that end. The strong man is he who has at his finger's ends the history, manners and customs of those small beings who go to make up his body and bodies; who recognizes the strong bond of sympathy which necessarily exists between himself and them; and who further realizes himself as one of the myriad of other beings who in their turn go to make up a greater Soul—and who from such intimate contact with all these lives on all planes of being contains within himself an infallible encyclopedia standing good for all time.

In all ages Divine Magic has been closely connected with the Great Religion presiding over any particular cycle or race. It is the heart and soul of all the systems. The priests and priestesses who presided over the rites and ceremonies were specially trained souls—trained in a knowledge of Man and Nature in their noumenal and phenomenal aspects—trained to a realization and perfect use of their inner senses—trained moreover to know themselves as the Will—the Lords and Masters over themselves—and who, having conquered, stand through successive ages as Invincible Forces silently demonstrating the power of controlled mind. These are the Chaldean Magi—the Hierophants of Egypt—the Initiates of the Greek Mysteries, the Magicians and Gods of all ages. It is they who as Priest-Kings after the order of Melchizedek presided over the lawgiving of kingdoms. It is they who as Priestly Instructors governed the Colleges and Schools and trained the future Teachers—Kings and Law-givers. It is they who in the Great Libraries and Archives guarded vast stores of written knowledge that the combined efforts of the Great Helpers of Humanity had accumulated and given into their keeping. It is they who in all ages protected and still protect the Sacred Truths—the Heirloom of Humanity.

The time is not far off when men will again recognize that a perfect state of society will only be commenced as the high places and offices of the land are in the hands of men perfect in a knowledge and control of themselves—men who consciously from a compassionate sympathy know the needs of humanity as apart from its desires, and who are ready to sacrifice themselves

on the altar of self-abnegation that these needs may be met and satisfied. Then will the Schools, the Colleges, the Universities re-become holy places, veritable gardens of pure delight, the delight of the self-conquered Soul exulting in the freedom natural to it; then again will Justice preside over the interests of the peoples, and the selfish and avaricious working for self-aggrandizement feel their power depart, and love and joy rule the nations.

Neither is this so far off. For the cry of humanity is great. The Heart of the Universe unfailingly responds to the call of its children.

Divine Magic will again become a known power in the land, is now actively at work to supply the demand of craving Nature; the Wisdom Religion is weaving still another garment wherein to manifest. Science and Intuition will again grasp hands, and the outer and inner senses of man unite to form a more perfect knowledge of a Perfect Universe.

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## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL



I came across a person lately who claimed to be a teacher and practitioner of "Theosophical Therapeutics." As I had never heard of such a thing before, I write to ask if there is such a system in any way related to Theosophy or the Theosophical Society?

**N**O, there is not!

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has again and again called attention to the many unscrupulous uses made of the name of Theosophy, by persons who are working for their own selfish ends. The persons who do these things are not members of the Society nor Theosophists, and have little or no idea of what Theosophy means. They seek to prey upon humanity under cover of the name of a grand and noble philosophy, the precepts of which impel men to a higher life and noble service for humanity — not to selfish money-making schemes.

In the present instance the very name discloses the preposterous nature of the claim. "Therapeutics" is a branch of pathology, relating to the application of remedies and the cure of diseases. "Theosophical" means relating to Divine Wisdom — "divinely wise." This would make the interpretation of the title mean, "Divinely wise application of remedies and cure of diseases," or "The application of remedies and cure of diseases according to Divine Wisdom" — the latter being inferentially in possession of the practitioner in question.

It would doubtless prove very instructive as well as amusing, if the so-called "teacher of Theosophical Therapeutics" were interviewed in regard to

his knowledge and claims, by some reliable newspaper reporter—and would without doubt serve to discourage others from besmirching a name which denotes the highest ideals of Divinity and altruistic life. R.

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### Moses and Reincarnation

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, “Return ye children of men.”

—*Psalm xc, 3.*

Reincarnation, or the doctrine of the repeated return of the soul to earth life, was one of the basic teachings of the religion of the ancient Egyptians and it would indeed have been strange if Moses, who “was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,” had been left uninformed as to this fundamental idea in their philosophy of life.

The extract above, which occurs in the Psalm attributed to Moses, appears to point directly to Reincarnation, and another allusion, though not so plain, may, I fancy, be traced in that obscure passage which speaks of God as visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him (*Exodus xx, 5*). When the soul returns from its periodical rest in the Heaven-world it does not come as a pure and stainless angel, but inherits all the good and evil tendencies acquired during its past lives on earth. In a very real sense therefore, we may term the man in any particular life as the “child” of the previous one who justly inherits the good and evil wrought during its last descent into the physical world.

Who, as a child, has not rebelled against the apparent injustice of punishing a child for its father’s sins, as the surface meaning of the text would seem to imply? But in the light of Reincarnation the difficulty melts away like a morning mist before the rising sun.

What could be more fair and natural than that the seed sown in one life, should be reaped in the next, and the succeeding lives of the person who sowed that seed?

Reincarnation is a truth so necessary and obvious, that we cannot be surprised at its rapidly growing acceptance among all thinking men and women, and the spread of its acceptance would be much greater but for the cast-iron “moulds of mind”—the result of early training, and the crushing down of the true, intuitive beliefs of the child by a quotation from the supposed “Word of God,” which it would be impious to call in question. By studying the Bible in the light of Theosophy, much light may be gained on passages that to so many are obscure and perplexing, for, as quaint old Andrew Fuller used to say, “The Lord hath yet more light to break forth from His Holy Word.”

# Mirror of the Movement



**Point Loma.** In addition to the ever increasing work of the many departments of the International Headquarters, the past month has been one of Festival and Jubilee. There was the Children's Festival, the Grown-up's Festival, and the Workmen's Festival, and the New Year's Jubilee of January 13, 14, 15, which was continued over to January 16 and 17. The Workmen's Festival took place on the afternoon of Christmas Eve in a delightful concert and recitations by the Students. Every one of the workmen received a little souvenir gift—a photograph of the Aryan Temple which they had helped to erect. There is quite a little army of Carpenters, and Builders, and Plasterers, and laborers, and it is surely a significant fact—the interest they take in our "Brotherhood" work.

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**Christmas Eve** With what anticipation the children had looked forward to Christmas Eve and the visit of Santa Claus. Never before has it been recorded in history that there were three Santa Claus, yet nevertheless this fact is now established for all time that three great Warrior Santa Claus, visited the young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School, and the Lotus Buds and Blossoms of the International Lotus Home at Point Loma, California, on Christmas Eve, in the year 1900. It greatly delighted the children when the Lotus Mother named them, calling the oldest "Truth," and his two sons, "Light" and "Liberation." How the young Warriors saw their lights coming over the hills, how they sallied out to guard the sacred grounds against intruders or any false Santa Claus who could not give the true Pass-word, how the whole hill-side at times was lighted by a soft rosy light; the great Christmas tree, the gifts, the joy and happiness of the whole occasion—for these the reader is asked to refer to *The New Century*, where all these things are told, and where the pictures of the three Santa Claus may be seen. Surely their coming portends great happiness for the Children of the World in this new century.

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**New Year's Eve** As Christmas Eve had been specially observed and kept by the young folks, so New Year's Eve was specially observed by the grown-ups. Although the interior of the Homestead was not entirely finished, special efforts were made by the carpenters to have it so far ready that it could be used on this occasion. The ceremonies throughout were most impressive, and all realized the glorious victory which had been achieved by the forces of Light over those of Darkness, and the significance of this triumphant entry of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society into the New Century. Three great fires were lighted on the School of Antiquity Grounds, the Homestead Hill, and the International Brotherhood League Colony Hill, and kept burning until the sun arose the next morning. A fire was also kept burning till sunrise in the rotunda of the Homestead, now dedicated as a Temple. How full of meaning this is, that in the Homestead, this *Home* of the Students of Universal Brotherhood, there should have been erected a temple. Does it not mean that the Home-life of the World has been consecrated, that once more as in ancient days a sacred altar-fire has been lighted in the Home, that in the Home of the Soul—the Body—has been consecrated a sacred spot, a temple, a dwelling for the Soul? This conversion of Home into a temple is an event full of the deepest significance for the human race. Before 1902 there will be seen at Point Loma other most wonderful examples of classic home-temples. At the time of writing, the foundations for one of these are being laid according to the original designs of the Leader, which have commanded such admiration from architects and artists, and all lovers of the classic and the beautiful.

**New Year's Jubilee****Jan. 13, 14, 15**

The New Year's Jubilee of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in accentuation of the Twenty-five Year's effort of the Great Theosophical Work of H. P. Blavatsky, Founder, W. Q. Judge, and their followers, who have kept the link unbroken, was held on January 13, 14, and 15, by the Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood throughout the World, and has been, everywhere, a magnificent success.

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It is difficult to convey in words the meaning of the Jubilee and its greatness, and only a faint idea of it can be gained through comparison. It is instructive to look back at the great conventions of the Theosophical Society since the memorable vindication of William Q. Judge at Boston in 1895, when he was elected President for life of the Theosophical Society in America. This action was followed in Europe, and Australasia, where also he was elected as President for life.

Since that memorable year, every convention in each succeeding year has added its grateful tribute to his memory, and that of H. P. B., their nobility, their greatness, their self-sacrifice, as Teachers and Helpers of Humanity. The convention of April, 1896, was held in New York, almost immediately after W. Q. Judge's death. This was the first convention which our present Leader attended, and at which the announcement was made of the founding of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. W. Q. Judge's death served but to unite more closely the members of the Theosophical Society throughout the World, and added to that was the inspiration given by the presence of our Leader, appointed by W. Q. Judge as his successor. The crowded meetings, the enthusiasm, the determination to carry on the work of H. P. Blavatsky, and W. Q. Judge, and to support their successor, all plainly showed that the Society had entered upon a period of activity such as had not been previously known in its history.

In the following June, the great Theosophical Crusade around the World was entered upon—the preliminary meeting being held in Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, and the farewell meeting being held on the night before sailing, in the Garden Theatre, New York, before an immense audience. The Crusade included England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, Hawaii. Wherever it went, the Flag of Brotherhood was planted, and the message carried of Truth, Light and Liberation to Discouraged Humanity. New Societies and Lodges were organized, and new members received, and a great Cabletow of Brotherhood girdled the earth. Then followed a Crusade through the great cities of America, concluding with the convention in New York, April, 1897.

The three Conventions of 1895, 1896, and 1897, and the work of these years, mark a complete cycle in the history of the Movement, a *crescendo*, vindicating and accentuating the work of H. P. Blavatsky, and W. Q. Judge, and proclaiming their true position before the World, in the face of opposition, and vilification of their memories, from those who had received from them spiritual aid and teaching, but who could not part with their own self-love and ambition. This period culminated in the great Crusade and in the founding of the International Brotherhood League for practical humanitarian work, all in preparation for a new and greater step, the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, founded by Katherine Tingley in New York, January 13, 1898, and accepted by the Theosophical Society at its Convention—the greatest which up to that time had ever been held—in Chicago, on February 18. This was recognized by the oldest and most devoted members as a magnificent expansion of the work of H. P. Blavatsky, and W. Q. Judge, verily the "Secret Doctrine" working its way into the hearts of men.

Just as the Convention at Boston in 1895, unmasked the enemies of W. Q. Judge and the Theosophical Society, so the Convention of 1898, in Chicago, unmasked the enemies of W. Q. Judge's successor and revealed them as enemies, not only of the Theosophical Cause, but of all human progress—lovers of themselves, ambitious, self-seek-



ing—such, however much they may profess, cannot at the same time be true workers for Brotherhood, or lovers of Humanity, but by the law are at last forced to stand out and reveal their true character and motive.

Event followed event in rapid succession until the great International Congress of the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma, never to be forgotten by those who came from all parts of the World to take part in it. It is impossible to do justice to these events in any brief description or even to refer to all that has grown out of them. Although they are familiar to all members of the Universal Brotherhood, yet we are proud to recall them again and again that all lovers of humanity who read our pages may obtain at least a slight insight into the progress of our work. So we refer again to the following: The establishment of a Summer Home for children near New York, and of the Lotus Home at Buffalo, for destitute and homeless children; the relief given to thousands of the soldiers at the International Brotherhood League Hospital at Montauk, L. I., at the close of the war; the expedition to Cuba by Katherine Tingley, with a staff of volunteer workers, physicians and nurses, for which the United States government granted free transportation; all these led up to the great Point Loma Congress in April, 1898.

Then followed the establishment of the International Brotherhood League Colony at Point Loma, and another Crusade across the American continent; then one to Europe, to Sweden, and England; the great Universal Brotherhood Congresses at Stockholm, and Brighton, the former attended by King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway; and the regaining possession of H. P. Blavatsky's old home and London Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, London, and the establishment there of the Raja Yoga school for little waifs gathered from some of the poorest districts of London, and the work among the factory girls of the great metropolis.

In February, 1900, the Leader came again to Point Loma. In April, the New Cycle Unity Congress was held throughout the World. The corner stone of the Isis Temple of Music and Drama was laid, Point Loma Homestead acquired, the building begun of the Aryan Temple, the establishment of the International Lotus Home and the Raja Yoga School, where already many children have been received from different parts of America and Europe, also several young Cubans; the building of the Tent-homes for the children; the grading and laying out of the sacred Loma Way, extending over a mile-and-a-half along the shores of the Pacific on the site of the City of Esotero; the re-construction of the Homestead, the establishment of a silk industry, the completion and dedication of the Aryan Temple. Look back at all these events, each and every one of which has marked an increasing influence on the World of men and affairs, a greater spread of the teachings of Theosophy, and a deeper recognition of Brotherhood; look back at these and then see in the New Year's Jubilee of January 13, 14, and 15, of this year, the synthesis and crown of the past quarter-century's effort, and the beginning of a new era. It was rather significant that many students remarked that throughout the Jubilee there pervaded the feeling that some new hope had dawned in the life of Humanity, like the sign of an inward victory, the herald of a new life. Look abroad and watch, and discern the signs of the times. In her address at the first Jubilee meeting our Leader stated that "the next nine months were pregnant with glorious possibilities for the nations of the earth, for the higher law would manifest itself in a new way through national and international life, and those who had eyes to see would see, and would discern the power that lies behind our great Movement." We have entered upon a momentous year, a momentous Century; new powers, and a new life are dawning. This was the significance of our Jubilee.

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At Point Loma the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the Students in preparing to carry out the plan of meetings as given by the Leader. The public meeting was held Sunday evening, January 13th, and was crowded. Eloquent addresses were given by the Cabinet Officers present, I. L. Harris, R. Crosbie, H. T. Patterson, F. M. Pierce, Dr. Van

Pelt, S. J. Neill ; also by R. Machell, H. M. Savage, and others—the Leader also addressing the Students, and inspiring them by her helpful words.

**Planting of Trees  
by Students  
and Children**

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On Sunday morning all the Students assembled and marched to the new Loma Way, leading to the Ocean, on the site of the City of Esotero. Here, on either side of the Way, they planted trees. Tree planting was formerly a sacred ceremony and full of the deepest significance, and so it was to all who took part on this occasion. There were present representatives from America, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Poland, Sweden, Greece, Cuba, Australasia. Several short addresses were given. On Monday, all the children of the International Lotus Home and Raja Yoga School, also planted trees. It was a beautiful sight to see the children standing by their trees, and the little tots, each having a flag of one of the nations, thus linking together all peoples in this ceremony of peaceful Nature-life.

**Wisdom of Hypatia  
A Symposium**

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This Greek Symposium was finely rendered in the Aryan Temple on Monday evening. A stage had been erected, and R. W. Machell had painted a beautiful curtain. The effect of the performance, amid such surroundings, cannot be described. It was played by two entirely different sets of performers, and in each case well done. Exquisite music was also rendered on the organ and piano by Miss Bergman and Miss Hecht. The actors in the Symposium seemed inspired, living poems, the old beauty of the ancients pervaded all with the new touch of the new time. Mentally and physically, all seemed to have been brought into a higher harmony with the spiritual life of the Soul. The beautiful temple, the soft light, the mighty anthem of the ocean waves, each and all called to the Soul to awake and express its noblest powers in the service of man.

**Children's Jubilee  
Raja Yoga Work**

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One of the most beautiful features of the Jubilee was the Children's Festival, also held in the Aryan Temple—even the little tots, just old enough to walk, took part. It was a revelation of what proper attention and right training, will do. The children's symbolic presentation was exquisite, and at the close, the tableau of the children, with the international flags, was inspiring. Then followed a march around the temple, two of the little tots distributing little bouquets of flowers to the students, who sat spell-bound in the memory of what they had seen, and the wonderful lessons taught them by the little ones. A beautiful stage had been erected, and the draperies—not like any seen upon any modern stage—were painted with symbolic Egyptian designs in soft purple and gold tints. Before the curtain was drawn, the Earth-God spoke and, as was remarked, it was a sermon of sermons.

The first scene disclosed little mossy tree stumps, and the little tots from two to two-and-a-half years old, with the most beautiful composure and happy faces, came and sat down at them, while a beautiful fairy danced around and placed before each a cup of food—the food of physical life. The patience and confidence which all displayed was, indeed, a lesson to the grown-ups. No wonder the eyes of the spectators filled with tears. Iverson L. Harris, one of the Cabinet Officers, said it was almost too wonderful to believe, and this in the case of some of the little ones, after only three months training. All agreed that night that the children were teaching the grown people, and that they had opened a new door to the true joy of life, and had verily built a temple of light for the World, which the hungry hearts might enter in and receive the sweet manna of life.

And if those who saw them just for this little time were so affected, what must be the influence of these young lives upon their teachers? Indeed the work of caring for them is an inspiration, as both Dr. Van Pelt, the Superintendent of the Lotus Home, and

Miss Ethel Wood, one of the teachers, both declare. Also Miss Bergman and Miss Hecht, the music teachers, who have done so much with the grown people, say the possibilities before these little ones are marvelous.

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**Olympian Games**

A new system of physical training, such as will make a glorious foundation for a closer unity of body, mind, and soul has been instituted by our Leader among the students at Point Loma.

“No one can do his best when encumbered by physical weaknesses ; many of the shortcomings in human nature are due to the fact of physical infirmities.”

Not one hundredth part of what is accomplished along all lines of development can be recorded, but it will interest members to know that nothing that will be of advantage to the work is overlooked. At the time of the laying of the corner-stone our Leader pointed out the spot where the Olympian games would be revived and the great natural amphitheatre which would be used for this purpose. During the past six months the Leader has been pushing preparations for these and already much preliminary work has been done. Both the men and women students and also the boys of the Raja Yoga School are now under trained athletic teachers and by the next Jubilee several interesting features will be brought out.

## Reports of Lodges



**New Year's Eve  
Celebration**

Throughout the country and in fact throughout the world the lodges of the Universal Brotherhood held special meetings on New Year's eve and watched the birth of the New Year and of

the New Century. Following are extracts from a few of the reports received at the International Headquarters :



NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1901.

Last night we had a most glorious meeting, the unity and harmony were so perfect that I am sure you must have felt them. Mr. E. A. Neresheimer conducted the meeting and his remarks were inspiring. We read the suggestions for the new work and I am sure that every one felt only a desire to carry these out to the utmost detail. The picture of work for the future was made so very clear that we all feel our energies strengthened and the assurance renewed that the truth will and must conquer, and that each one of us will share in the victory to the extent that we succeed in conquering ourselves.  
—O. TYBERG.



BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 1, 1901.

The hall at 24 Mt. Vernon street, was well filled last night by the assembly of members of the lodges in Boston and the neighboring cities and towns gathered to observe the opening of the new century. The very atmosphere seemed full of brotherhood, and the green of the potted plants in the space in front of the platform seemed brighter than usual as if nature had felt our movement even on her lower planes and hastened to pay tribute to the cause.

The greetings from the world centre at Point Loma, Cal., were read and all warmly applauded. Then, each and every member was called upon to speak. Some said but a few words, while others spoke at greater length, but all voicing a most earnest and hearty loyalty to the Leader and devotion to, and certainty of, the success of the movement. There was throughout a uniform spirit of devotion to the cause of humanity and Theosophy, and the remarks of the different members seemed to weld themselves into

a grand harmonious whole. At the close of the president's remarks he requested one of our members to give us a song, and in response was sung "Beautiful Star" as we had never heard it before. It seemed to transport us to Point Loma, and to reveal to our inner vision the rising of that Beautiful Star which shall again shine in the heavens when all men by unselfish devotion to their fellows have become thrice perfected, and Universal Brotherhood carrying with it true religious liberty and freedom of thought shall every where prevail and ignorance, superstition and vice shall no longer exist to cloud the intelligence and darken the heart of mankind.

After the period of silence there was a general handshaking and exchange of wishes for a happy New Century and we wended our way home, each carrying the priceless souvenir of the occasion so kindly sent from Point Loma and for which our loving thanks shall forever go out to our Teacher.

Today we are again at our several avocations. But we are not the same men and women that we were yesterday and we never will be again. As a comrade said to me today—"We are changed beings, we have touched each other's hearts, we have partaken of the helpful thought sent us from Point Loma, we have listened to the music of the soul, and begun to lead the true Theosophic life."—A. J. C., Cor. Sec'y. Lodge 28.



BELLEVILLE, Ills., Jan. 1., 1901.

It affords me pleasure to report that the Universal Brotherhood Lodge of Belleville, Ills., No. 79, celebrated the ending of the old century and the advent of the new as directed in "Suggestions to the Lodges and Members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society." The occasion was one that will be remembered with pleasure by each of us who were present. We all send greetings to our Leader.—E. W. PRIMM, Sec'y. U. B. Lodge 79.



WILKINSBURG, Pa., Jan. 1, 1901.

We, the members present of the Wilkesburg Lodge, No 58, send greeting to you. Our meeting of the closing hour of the Nineteenth Century was held, uniting us with all the lodges throughout the world. Our hearts' best thoughts have gone out to Point Loma and all the world in a flow of love. May it be productive of much good to the great work in which we are engaged.—SIGNED BY ALL THE MEMBERS.



BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1901.

The members began to assemble early in the evening and at the appointed hour, 8:30, the meeting was called to order by the president. Music and then short addresses on Theosophy and Brotherhood from nearly all present engaged our attention until the time for intermission. After a social recess which was the more joyful as we had with us visiting members from Jamestown and from Hamilton, and also one of our own workers who had been absent a year and returned just in time for the meeting,—a second part of the meeting was called.

Great earnestness and steadfastness of purpose was manifest; there seemed to go out a stern resolve that nothing should touch our work that was not for its best interests; that nothing should come between us and our work as laid out for us by the Leader; that we would form the "Guardian Wall" around the centre.

Heroic work has been done in the past by our great Leaders who have shown us how to suffer, and if need be, die for the cause, and there was that feeling at the heart of our being that we would stand true to our colors through all time, as their great example had taught us.

As the midnight hour approached and all the glad bells rang out their greetings to the world, it seemed that each heart thrilled with a new and greater joy. The work to be accomplished for humanity in the coming years, is *our* work. This is *our* Century, for our Three Leaders have sounded the Key-note, and given to the world the Philosophy of life—Theosophy—which shall regenerate Humanity.

“Truth, Light and Liberation” rang out from the fires lighted at the sacred centre, and touched our hearts as they did the hearts of all the world, surely every soul felt that something had come into life that had not been there before.

Joy, Determination and Energy, characterized the forces at this our New Year’s meeting, and with these three forces we hope to conquer all our foes, and carry the work forward with a grand sweep into the New Century, ready and willing to wait or to serve as seems best to our wise and beloved Teacher.—COR. SEC’Y. U. B. LODGE No. 80.



FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 1, 1901.

On the night of December 31st, the Fort Wayne Lodge, No. 42, U. B., held a meeting as instructed in circular from the Leader, the meeting was well attended and very successful.

With best wishes for a prosperous century of U. B. work.—S. M. McFERRAN, Sec’y. U. B. Lodge 42.



PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 1, 1901.

The two lodges, Nos. 84 and 124, held a united meeting on New Year’s eve. Each one present spoke on the cheerful outlook—on the lessons to be learned from mistakes of the past—on the triumph of having kept up the fight until the end of the Century, etc. We then had readings from the three Leaders, after greeting the birth of the New Century in silence.—ERNEST BARTON, Pres. U. B. Lodge 84.



VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 1, 1901.

The salutations from our Leader and her Cabinet to the members of Lodge 87, were duly distributed, and on behalf of the Lodge we send our thanks.

We sent our salutations by cable from our lodge meeting on the night of the 31st December, 1900.

All of us have a stronger desire to serve the Cause, to make our Lodge a true centre of light for the healing of our city and its neighborhood.

At the dawn of the New Age when the sun of Brotherhood is looming upon the horizon of human life we feel impelled to again express our Love, Loyalty and Gratitude to our present Leader, to H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge for all they have done for us and for our cause.

We pledge ourselves anew to the service of Humanity and will fight more resolutely to eliminate all those attributes of the lower self which retard the work and inhibit the manifestation of the Higher Self.—G. F. JEANNERET, Pres. U. B. Lodge 87.



## A Christmas Greeting to the International Lotus Home

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 13, 1900.

The glorious work so grandly begun revives again true hope in our hearts. It renews the fire of devotion in us and makes us rejoice in the privilege of serving in the ranks of the Army of Liberation. That we may be more fully attuned to the purpose for which we can best serve in the Cause of human regeneration is the aim of our lives. May we stand as beacon lights through our efforts to all that lives. With this we renew our pledges of devotion and dedicate our lives anew.

To all the comrades we send the hearty greetings of this time because we see the sign of the true Christ-birth in the hearts of the children of men. Through you we also send to the world of suffering, woe and despair, the hope which we feel at the dawn of the New Year and call to them to share our hope in bidding farewell to selfish endeavor which destroys, and welcoming the work of liberation for all through unselfish devotion.

We lay all we are on the altar of the new Home of Light, and bid you as children of the one Father, “A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

LAKE CITY, Minn., Dec. 31, 1900.

To the Leader and all the comrades whose loyalty has surrounded her work and the expanding nucleus of this Brotherhood,—the greetings and love of a grateful heart speak themselves across the stillness of the approaching dawn:

Your courage and devotion have lit the light of Constancy in one more heart, and at low breath—but with no uncertain tongue, I speak the watchword you have given: ETERNAL VIGILANCE—ONWARD! Yours faithfully, ROY UNDERWOOD.



### Boys' Brotherhood Club, No. 35

WHEREAS—We, the members of Boys' Brotherhood Club, No. 35, Co. H, First Regiment, N. C. G., are constantly finding new interest, pleasure and profit in our organization, and the growing appreciation of the Wisdom and Love of our Commander-in-Chief, Katherine Tingley, through whose courageous and untiring efforts this club with its benefits has been made possible:

*Be it Resolved,* That, as an expression of appreciation and loyalty, we, in special meeting assembled at this, the first public presentation of our work, extend to our Commander-in-Chief sincere and heartfelt thanks for all that she has done and is doing for us; and,

*Be it further Resolved,* That this testimonial, inscribed by each of us with our names and bearing our greetings, be sent to her, and that a copy thereof be spread upon the records of this club.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have signed this tribute this 21st day of December, 1900.—SIGNED BY ALL THE MEMBERS.



SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 1, 1901.

In submitting the annual report for Lodge 7, of the Universal Brotherhood, I desire to emphasize the fact that never before in the history of the Lodge has it had so large a number of loyal, devoted, earnest and active workers as at present. Over 82% of the members on the roll (excluding non-resident members) have done actual Brotherhood work during the year, and many of them have done so daily. This work has been in addition to paying their dues and making other financial contributions, and represents a pure heart-offering for the great Cause we all serve.

As President of the Lodge and voicing its sentiments, I send the heartfelt love and devotion of the Lodge as a body to our dear Leader, and our fraternal greetings to the faithful at Point Loma.—JEROME A. ANDERSON, Pres. U. B. Lodge 7.



Other reports are being received daily and will appear in the next issue and also in *The New Century*.



One of the noblest and most faithful workers in England has left us for a time. Miss Emily Tilley, of Penarth, Wales, has been one of the most devoted comrades in the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood,—ever loyal and true to H. P. Blavatsky, a staunch defender of William Q. Judge and a noble worker under Katherine Tingley. We know the influence of such lives does not cease with the death of the body, but remains as an example to all who knew her.



We have also to record the passing of another comrade—Mrs. Paul Heffleman, a staunch worker of Los Angeles. To her husband and family and fellow comrades we extend our kindest thoughts, and trust that as Theosophists they will realize that the Great Law tenderly cares for its own.

OBSERVER.



## A Day Dream\*

By R. N.



I STOOD in a forest. Far as the eye could reach were trees, tall, upright, innumerable. But they were black, broken, and bare — dead every one. A year before, as I pictured them, they had been beautiful and stately in their pride, for this was the forest primeval. Once the sides of the hills had been clothed with green as with a sober garment. But now desolation reigned supreme, desolation the more terrible and forbidding that the remnants of former grandeur yet remain as silent witnesses of the glorious past which was theirs but a year ago.

I dreamed. Summer sun and winter snow came year by year, century after century, and the virgin forest ever rejoiced in its strength and beauty. Trees sprang up, tender shoots with green leaves. They grew, they absorbed the sunlight and hid it deep in their hearts. They boasted in their strength and youth. Then the light within, which was the life, was forgotten. Branches withered and died. The wind broke them off and they fell. But the forest trees hid these dead branches beneath their spreading boughs, and they said, "It is well. We are the lords of the soil. It is ours alone."

Then suddenly, quietly, unnoticed, a little spark — a mere nothing — fell among the trees, among the leaves and dried moss.

"I have a message to the forest," said the spark to the leaves. "A message!" laughed the leaves. "A message!" echoed the bushes. "A message!" repeated the trees. "What nonsense!" said they all, in derision.

Only the flowers took heed. "Tell us who sent you and what message you bring?" they asked.

\* From "The Theosophical Chronicle."

"I was bidden to warn the trees," answered the spark. "The sun sent me to tell them that they would all die if they hid his light in their hearts and showed it not again, saying that they were themselves the purpose of creation and that all things were made for them. I am to tell them that the light they receive they must give to others, or it will be again taken from them and they will die."

"Strange!" said the flowers. "We see little of the sun's light in the forest depths, but we ever seek more, while the trees hide it from our sight. We give all we can, reflecting the sun as we see it in our blossoms. We can do no more."

The spark grew hot to think that the trees took all they could and kept it, while the flowers alone sought to spread the little sunshine they received through the branches. And a thin curl of smoke went up from the leaves where the spark lay, for it burned them.

The breeze came searching among the leaves to find out what all the whispering was about. For the wind is a terrible gossip, prying everywhere and repeating everything it hears. When the sun is shining it listens to the flowers chattering in the tall grass, and then goes tattling to the meadows; on stormy nights you can hear it moaning and roaring and making a tremendous fuss—and then it tells terrible stories about all sorts of things, trying to frighten any one who will stop to listen. But in the morning it sinks away to rest, and laughs quietly to think of all the noise it made the night before. For, of course, no one believes all the horrible tales it tells in the darkness.

Now, creeping among the moss and the ferns, the breeze overheard the whispering of the flowers and the spark, and it saw the little curl of smoke that rose up in the air.

"Let me see you," said the wind. And the leaves were blown hither and thither, while the spark was fanned into a little flame. And then the wind dashed off among the trees in tremendous excitement, repeating the message it heard from the spark. But the trees only laughed. "You are always talking, always listening, always whispering," they said. "And now you tell us this nonsense about a spark. Stir yourself for once, and do something instead of gossiping. If you can do all you say, breathe on the spark and scatter it, so we shall not be troubled by it any more."

But the wind knew that, if it chose, it could break down every tree in the forest. They had been friends now for so long that the trees had forgotten this, and they despised the wind.

"Well, do not blame me for not warning you," said the wind. "Of course, if you really want me to do so, I will blow the spark away, though it has grown a great deal since it first came."

"Yes, yes, blow it away and have done with it," said the forest; "what a fuss to make about such a little thing!"

So the wind blew upon the sparks which had spread to the dried leaves all round and to the moss, which was also dry. For, when the showers came on



the hot summer days, the trees drank up all the raindrops, leaving none for the despised flowers which grew among the dead leaves and the lichens. And the sparks were scattered everywhere through the forest.

Soon there was a crackling, and here and there little flames leapt up among the tree trunks. The crackling grew to a mighty roaring and the wind sped hither and thither, rejoicing in the noise and the flames and the thick smoke that rose up like a great cloud above the forest. For the sparks caught everywhere and the forest was on fire.

It had taken years to grow. It took a single night to burn. Then came the rain, and all that remained of the magnificent forest was blackened trunks and bare stumps — a world of desolation.

A year passed. The winter snow and ice melted and the summer sun came again. Shy little green heads peeped out of the black earth and presently came flowers. Purple iris and wild hyacinths, mayflowers and geraniums, fern brakes, purple daisies with golden hearts, meadow sweet and snake-weed, one by one, in glad surprise, greeted the sunlight with their blossoms. The dews watered them and trees no longer hid the light from them nor selfishly drank all the raindrops. For the forest was dead — it heeded not the message of the sun and because it refused to give to others some of the light it received, all its stored and hidden light was taken away in one night in fierce flames and raging fire.

But the little flowers that sighed so long in the gloomy forest depths, gave all they had. Now the pure light of the sun shone down upon them and they gladly gave it out in beautiful blossoms which grew in abundance like little shining suns — each imitating the sun as best it could. The wind still listens to the whispering of the flowers, and the stories it repeats are all of gladness and joy, for they now see the sun as he is and live in his warmth and light.

I dreamed again. And I saw the same forest. But the forest was of men and women like trees walking. Some were tall and stately; some were small and humble; some who were overshadowed by the others grew like little flowers among the dead branches and leaves which fell from the giants of the forest. And the murmuring of their voices sounded like the whispering of the breeze.

But I awoke. And lo, it was all a dream.

BAY OF ISLANDS, Newfoundland.

*5th August, 1900.*

The heart of a child,  
Like the heart of the spring,  
Is full of the hope  
Of what summer shall bring.

O, glory of things  
In a world undefiled —  
O, heart like the Spring's  
In the heart of a child.

— A. Austin Jackson

# A Picture Story

By E. W.



**M**ARCUS is a little Lotus boy, and is very fond of making designs. Here is one for a photograph frame, only you must draw pictures where the words are, then put in all the colors you can think of:

Rainbow

Man, singing, with Guitar

Darkey playing Accordeon

Butterfly

Jack on Hobby Horse

Little Bettina

Two Little Birds

Diamond

Fido, the Dog

This is for

Polly the Parrot

Tall Red Crane

the

The Court Fool

Small Blue Butterfly

Photograph

Big Sea Gull

R

Green Trees

L

Red Rooster

O

Little Yellow House

A

Stately

Two Little

A

Horse

Man

K

White Swan

Yellow Chicks

D

Red Umbrella

E

Little White Swan

And this is what it says to the children:

Once upon a time a funny little Red and Yellow Man with a fat Red Umbrella, was walking toward his little Yellow House, down by the big Green Trees.

Suddenly he met, all saddled and bridled and mounted on rollers, a big Red Horse. It gave him such a fright, he fell down—bump—and his heels flew so high, they nearly hit the little Yellow House.

Then the stately White Swan said to the little White Swan, "My child, let us sail far away. That awful thing will fall into our LAKE. We have no fear, oh no—but for your sake. . ." The little White Swan stretched her head ex-treme-ly high, with a look su-per-i-or—and they sailed away.

With a whirr-r-r, whirr-r-r, came a Big Sea-Gull, and snatched in a jiffy the tassel on the cap of the little Red and Yellow Man.

The big Red Rooster across the ROAD said, "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-do; ridiculous thing to be sure!"

Then he walked away so dis-gust-ed.

"Worms,—peep, peep," said the two Little Chicks.

The small Blue Butterfly had just changed his clothes, on leaving his snug cocoon. Opening his wings he glanced all around—"Grubby—too grubby for me.—I'll try my wings and rise." Then it straightway began to . . . . (wait a minute, this will be a surprise).

Now the Court Fool was listening—'tis his business, you know,—and eager to tell the king, he paid no attention to Poll,—Pretty Poll, who shrieked, "Want a cracker," as the Court Fool ran—and ran—and ran—till he came to the Tall Red Crane who was nearly insane, watching the King's Highway.

Now this Crane was a most ex-tra-or-di-na-ry bird; the more it looked backward the better it heard. (Its head is turned, you see).

The King was "King Charles," as of course you see, as Fido, the King Charles Spaniel is here.

Now Fido had run away from the guard. Naughty Fido! Look, he is begging so hard, for he sees Bettina coming, and he knows, yes indeed, he knows that with cakes and nice sweets Bettina is well supplied.

Bettina had been with her Cousin to play. What fun they had had all the long day. Then the Two Little Birds said, "'Tis time to go home."

Jack jumped on his Hobby Horse and said, "Gee up, we must guard Bettina home."

The Man with his Guitar sang a parting song, and the Darkey played the Ac-cor-de-on, and the Two Little Birds sang very sweetly, "Under our special care Bettina shall be."

Now for a surprise, lift up your eyes. The Butterfly, rising so very high, looks like a rainbow in the sky. Where did he find all these colors gay? Picked them up along the way.—red, blue, yellow.—love, joy, hope. Whether you are boy or girl, you can also change your "clothes" by kind thoughts, sweet words, high hopes,—shining garments, these if you please.

Like this lovely Butterfly, if you wish to be, some day you may rise, like the rainbow in the skies, some day,—bye and bye.



LOTUS BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, WITH THEIR TEACHERS, OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, STARTING FOR A DRIVE FROM LOMA HOMESTEAD, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1901.

## Two in One House

By L.



**M**Y parents gave me a house when I was very young, and a pretty house it was, too. The roof was thatched with a material very like a fine and silky yellow straw, and the windows were round and had panes of blue and white glass. There were two ventilation holes above the front door, which was painted scarlet all round, and if you pecked into the hall you could not but admire the soft pink velvet carpet, and the flashing white ivory tiles on the ceiling and floor.

When first I moved into my house I did not spend much time there. I did not feel quite at home, and as I had a page boy to do the cooking and look after the house work, I left matters very much in his hands. Much of the

day time and of all the night I used to wander about at my own sweet will, just coming back to my house for meals and when my parents would visit me.

Some years thus passed away until at length I began to take more interest in my dwelling. I noticed that it did not look so neat and clean as other houses standing in the same street. The windows were dull and dirty, a great deal of black smoke poured out of the chimney pots on the roof, and a flock of noisy crows had made their nests under the shingles, bringing all kinds of garbage home with them and making the place in a horrible mess.

I rang the bell and called the boy into my room. I told him that everything must be put in order and cleaned up and that I was not at all pleased with the way in which he had done his work. But when I looked him over it seemed to me that he was an altogether different boy from the one I had taken on when first I moved into my house. He had grown very fat and strong and had a shock of flaming red hair which stood up on end all over his head. His nails were like the claws of an animal, he was vilely dirty, and he entered my room sucking the end of a bone which he had stolen from a crow's nest on the roof.

When he heard that I was going to set my house in order he got red in the face with passion, stamped on the floor and said he would soon teach me whom the place belonged to. I quietly replied that the question was already settled, the house was mine and he would have to do as I told him. He simply put out his tongue and bounced out of the room slamming the door behind him.

I now began to spend some time every day in cleaning up my disordered dwelling. I was much disgusted to find that he had been ordering three times as much food as we required, to be brought into the house, and there it lay in heaps, blocking up the halls and rooms and making everything greasy and dirty. This I stopped by keeping guard at the front door so that no more provisions should come in than we really needed from day to day.

The serving boy rebelled at this and tried to smuggle in food when I was off guard, but I soon found out that by keeping strict watch, and looking him straight in the face he was obliged to stop this troublesome habit. Another thing we used to struggle about was the village of crows' nests under the shingles. The boy had made regular pets of these unclean birds, he liked to hear them croak and caw and he used to enjoy the dirty scraps they brought back with them to their nests. Little by little I turned them out of their nests and replaced them by snow-white pigeons, which cooed gently all day long and would carry letters from me to my friends and bring me answers back again.

The windows of blue and white glass I had by this time got bright and clean, and the whole house began to look more presentable.

I had a certain quantity of oil delivered to the house every day, but I found to my annoyance that instead of using it for the lamps in the windows, the boy poured it on the kitchen stove, for he seemed to enjoy the heat and

smoke it gave off when burned in this way. But I preferred that the oil should be used to light the passers-by when the world was dark and the sun had gone down.

At last I got him to obey my rules, and I had two principal ways of making him do what I wanted. I was much taller than he was and I always found that by standing very straight and looking down into his eyes, I forced him to obedience, for he never could return my gaze when looked at from above. The other way of subduing him was by stinting him in his meals and giving him only just enough to keep him in health, but no extra strength to spend on foolish tricks and noisy games and shouting and singing at the top of his voice, which only brought disgrace upon the house.

All this required eternal vigilance. I could never lie on the sofa for an hour or two to take a nap, for if I did, I always found on waking that he was poking his ugly red head out at the window and frightening the passers-by, or else he would be standing at the front door quarreling with the boy in the opposite house and calling him shocking names.

I cannot tell you all the trouble I had with that boy. Sometimes I forgot about him and went to sleep, only to find that everything had gone wrong while I was off guard. There were crows perched on the roof, the stove was roaring with hot flame and clouds of smoke, all kinds of eatables I did not want were lying on the floor; and dirt, dust and disorder seemed to fill the house, but — *I trained him at last* — His personal appearance began to improve, his hair did not look quite so red, and besides that it would lie neatly on his head on both sides of the parting, and not stand up like the quills upon an angry porcupine.

The house grew clean. No wasted food cluttered up the halls, no dirt or dust disfigured the rooms, and at each blue and white window a large lamp shone out its radiance like the noontide sun. There was still a greater light in an inner room of a lovely violet hue, so bright and piercing that the very outer walls were made to glow and radiate, so that all who passed the house were cheered by the soft light and mild warmth.

I had now no longer any trouble with the boy, but could trust him to behave when I left home for a while. He was so obedient that he would dart about like lightning when I sent him on an errand, he was no longer fat and lazy, but did all the chores so thoroughly and well that it gave me plenty of time for other and more important things.

Perhaps you too have a house and a serving boy. Does he keep the place clean, or does he do just what he wants to? Are you, or is he the real master of the house? It is worth your while to look into the matter.

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"Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity." LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

VOL. XV

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NO. 12

## Power <sup>of the</sup> Drama <sup>to</sup> Elevate <sup>and</sup> Ennoble <sup>the</sup> Life <sup>of the</sup> World\*

B y R . W . M a c h e l l



FROM time to time efforts are made by well-meaning people to use the drama as a means of educating the people. But the people wish to be amused, they want to be stirred in some way either by pleasure or by pain, by comedy or by tragedy, and they refuse to be made moral by means of the Drama.

Yet even pleasure and pain are not sufficient to satisfy the needs of the people for strong and deep emotions. Their intuition makes them feel that there is a higher, broader field of emotion and experience open to them, though they do not know what it is. So they reject the dramatized sermon, and go to the sensational drama for the sake of experiencing at least a keen and intense emotion, even if it be low and mean in its tendency; and they are right. They intuitively seek for Truth, but look for it in the wrong place. For the keenest and most intense joy is to be experienced, not in the field of pleasure and pain, nor of sensation, but in the greater field that opens up to a man who begins to realize that he is a Soul, with mighty powers undeveloped and asleep within him.

It is this superb power of the Human soul that can be called into Life by means of the Drama, the True Drama, the Soul-Drama, that has been lost to the world for so many ages. As the world sank into materialism, it dragged the Drama down with it, till that which had been its guide and Teacher, became the caterer to its amusement.

In the days of Æschylus the Drama was sacred, its performances were sacred ceremonies, in which men learned to see themselves, to see their own soul's evolution, their own possibilities revealed before them. It was this that brought them in their thousands to the theaters of ancient Greece and Egypt,

\*A paper read in the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, February 10, 1901.

and it is this that will again today bring the people in their thousands to the new Temple of the Soul-Drama that will arise in this Land, after the building of the great Isis Temple of Music, Art and Drama, whose foundation stone has been laid at Point Loma by Katherine Tingley.

The first step was taken in the performance of the Eumenides at Point Loma. The first students have begun the work that shall restore to the world the secret of true Art, true Beauty and true Joy.

Last night in this theatre the little children, some of whom had been but three months under the care of Katherine Tingley, showed you a sign, that you may read if you will, a promise of what they will do for you and for us all in a few years more. From the cradle they learn the truth of their own divinity, and they *know* it is truth. Where older people speculate and theorize, and hope and fear, the children *know*. Already they reveal the power of the Soul to master the lower nature. From the start they know that joy is virtue and health and help to others. So they will grow to be lights in the darkness of human degredation, and the dramas they will perform will be real pictures of real soul-life, which they, the actors, know to be real. Then the true drama will stand again as the open door to the mysteries of the Inner Life, where joy and the Soul live in the sunshine of Universal Love.

The greatest dramatist of our language, writing in an age of gross materialism and of social and religious degredation, knew and taught the reality of the drama—

All the world's a stage and all the  
Men and women merely players,

says the melancholy Jacques in "As you like it," and proceeds to an example of pure pessimism, a perfect picture of the misery of a man whose mentality had shut out the light of the Soul and made of him a sentimental cynic. This character is a type of millions of men today who try to live by the light of sentiment and intellect without the Soul-light to ennoble and purify their lives. Without this light no man can help to lift a single despairing soul out of the pit of darkness.

Look again at the gloomy pessimism of our great modern dramatist Ibsen; how he shows the struggle of the human soul to free itself from the bonds of mind-made morality and man-made conventionality, which, since the days of Shakespeare, have tightened their hold on the world till they have almost choked the Soul of Humanity in their grasp.

And now today we teach once more the great Truth of Man's Divinity, once more we cry to man

Thou art a mighty warrior, and in thy hands  
Lieth the fate of lands thou dost not know.

This greatness of the Soul of Man was the teaching of the ancient dramatists, this the teaching of Jesus, this the teaching of Madame Blavatsky, and of William Q. Judge. And this is the teaching of Katherine Tingley, who



has restored the Drama and laid the living stones of the foundation of the living Temple of the Drama.

Those that have passed, wore out their lives in the great fight against the mass of dead indifference, and the active enmity of those who seek to fatten on the fears of men, and to hold them bound in their fetters of fear and pessimism. But man is not deserted by the true Helpers of Humanity.

Yet for a while they abide with us  
 Yet for a little they stand,  
 Bearing the heat of the day,  
 When their presence is taken away  
 We shall worship and wonder and say  
 Was not a star on our side  
 With us? was not a God at our hand?

These, oh men, shall ye honour  
 Brotherhood only and these.

In this day is the sign of Her shown to you,  
 Choose ye to sink or to stand,  
 Now is her light in the land,  
 Choose ye to live or to die,  
 For the might of her strength is made known  
 To you now and her arm is on high.

These are some of the lessons taught by the true Drama, and the new era of Art and Drama is not far in the future, but its dawning is Now and Here.

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## Chinese Wisdom

“If a superior man abandon virtue, how can he fulfill the requirements of that name?”

“The superior man does not, even for the space of a single meal, act contrary to virtue. In moments of haste, he cleaves to it. In seasons of danger, he cleaves to it.”

“Is anyone able for one day to apply his strength to virtue? I have not seen the case in which his strength would be insufficient.”

“A scholar, whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with.”

“The superior man, in the world, does not set his mind either for anything, or against anything: what is right he will follow.”

“The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favors which he may receive.”

“A man should say, I am not concerned that I have no place, I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known, I seek to be worthy to be known.”

“The Master said: ‘My doctrine is that of an all pervading unity.’”

“The Master went out, and the other disciples asked, saying: ‘What do his words mean?’ Isang said: ‘The doctrine of our Master is to be true to the principles of our nature and the benevolent exercise of them to others — this and nothing more.’”

— *Confucian Analects.*

# The Study of Theosophy

By a Student



THE method of study pursued today consists mainly in storing the mind with as great an array of miscellaneous information as it can well hold—let alone digest. The art of printing has placed in book form, for the reach of all, the various departments of information which our civilization absorbs into its life.

Most of that which we call knowledge is but the tabulation or classification of the phenomena of external life; we understand but little of the essence of things, or the causes at work behind the changing panorama. And so we have come to connect the idea of knowledge or wisdom with the study of books, with colleges, libraries, and museums, and mentally picture a student of one of the deeper sciences as a pale-faced individual, wearing glasses and given to burning the midnight oil over ponderous volumes. In short these are times of intellectual inquiry, not of soul knowledge.

Hence it is natural that many should regard Theosophy as something requiring a great deal of intellectual study to comprehend. But it is possible for one with a good memory to turn himself into a walking encyclopedia of Theosophical information, yet to know little or nothing of it from actual experience. It is possible to talk Brotherhood from morning till night and yet for the heart to be barren of real love for humanity.

The study of books is but one part of the real study of Theosophy—it is necessary to some extent because without a clear mental conception of its fundamental principles, the student will fail to grasp its practical bearing on his own life. But real study commences only when the mind turns inward to the real self—the knower—and comes face to face with those silent forces which have caused him to be what he is.

A mere intellectual study of Theosophy opens up such a vast field for the mind to roam through and appeals to so vital a part of man's nature, that it would seem that he must be callous indeed who, after grasping its fundamental ideas, does not feel the inspiration it gives toward a higher life, and make some effort toward testing its truths by practice. For it is the science of life and the art of living. To study it one must study oneself.

Material science spends much intellectual energy in peering into every accessible corner of the Cosmos, picking it to pieces to see what it is made of, analyzing and weighing, and deducting its philosophy therefrom—a noticeable fact being that fresh discoveries constantly upset previously established theories. Moreover the physical senses are themselves subject to error and deception and hence are not sure guides even on their own plane of action. But it

is acknowledged that even if all were discovered about the physical universe, supposing that to be possible, even then all the facts collected would be but of the objective world, the world of things as it appears to man's present consciousness. There would still remain the greater subjective world of consciousness, embracing man's mind and soul. Besides the thing perceived there is the perceiver. Western psychology proposes to deal with this, but, as it hitches its chariot to the wingless steeds of material science—concerning itself mainly with states of brain consciousness, and being at present engaged with the phenomena of hypnotism, etc., it is unfortunately unable to give us much knowledge of man's soul nature, not being even sure of its existence.

Theosophy but revives again the old, old system which points man to the truth hidden within himself, the "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," showing him that within himself there are higher powers and functions—those of the soul—which only await the purifying of his nature in order to illumine the whole being—and through these inner soul powers only can he really know by experience. For these inner soul powers correspond to the spiritual planes of the Cosmos upon which the causes rest—here on this plane we sense but the effects, of forces we do not understand. The light is more ready to come to man than he is to come to the light. Why is this? Simply because the desires of physical life, or for new mental sensations, allure us from this true self who is within.

There is much attention paid to self-culture in these times. The self of man is viewed as some rare plant which with due cultivation and fertilizing through esthetic studies will presently blossom forth a set of brilliant accomplishments. The technique of the arts, music, painting, literature is perhaps studied more widely than ever before (with more or less ambitious motives) but after all when the faculties of expression have been trained into expertness there is but little original soul force to flow through them. At most we get but crude realism, or a remodeling of past creations. In all our Nineteenth Century art, though charming to the senses, there is but little of the creative soul quality—so the deeper critics tell us. Only when some great soul comes down among us, and, breaking through the barriers of conventionality, infuses new creative impulse into the established order of things, do men awake to the greater possibilities ahead of them. Then a new school of thought grows up until custom hardening it into a creed, it awaits the arrival of another hero. In a recent theosophical publication the following is in line with these ideas:

"But in the higher light of Theosophy what do we learn about self-culture? The real self is divine, bright, bodiless, free. What then can it have to do with culture? It requires no culture, for it is itself perfect and the source of all true culture—but owing to the barriers of the lower personality, selfishness, the sense of separateness, it is prevented from flooding the mind with its light. True culture, then would seem to consist in so clarifying the lower nature that it may become subject to the uses of the higher in bringing it into harmony with the behests of its 'Father in Heaven.'"

Therefore, for the deeper study of Theosophy, one has to face the difficulties of the lower nature which are met with in the mind. The mind, instead of being the playground of the senses, acting outwardly, must be turned inward to become the instrument of the soul in the attainment of self-consciousness.

“The mind is like a mirror,” says the *Voice of the Silence*. “It gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of soul-wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions. Seek, O beginner to blend thy mind and soul.”

Or it can be likened to the ocean, sometimes calm, sometimes lashed into fury by the elements, and which, in its agitation, breaks up the sunlight into distorted fragments of light. Only when calm and clear can the image of the sun be seen unruffled. So with the mind, it must be subdued and calm, clarified of its cravings and desires ere it can be used by the soul. This requires training. And it is here on the threshold of his own nature that the student of Theosophy encounters his greatest difficulties. For one’s worst enemy is within—in his mind are the contending forces of good and evil, and so as Buddha taught, “within thyself deliverance must be sought. Each man his prison makes.”

We first begin with our thoughts, striving by controlling and directing them to raise them so as to respond to the god within. This is very difficult for most of us, and we are apt to give up discouraged when, after one or two attempts, we realize how hard it is to concentrate the mind upon some high interior subject and to enter into the *silence of the soul*. For our civilization is so full of distraction, hurry and bustle, and so much of the time has to be spent in the struggle for existence, that no sooner do we attempt quiet thought and meditation than hosts of fleeting fancies, emotions and desires, chase through the mind. But if the effort at meditation be persisted in with regularity, even though there seem to be but little progress made, it must certainly in time affect the whole nature for good, its tenor will be changed and the current of being will be set towards the path of true knowledge. Looking back after weeks or months, or perhaps years of effort we shall behold our former selves with a kind of compassionate contempt.

Many have little time for the study of books, but all can study themselves. Too often we are apt to do too much reading and too little thinking. Through constant reading alone, we may get into a negative, sponge-like state of absorption and yet do no positive thinking. Yet only by the latter can we truly progress. And there is another consideration comes in here. Knowledge is a trust—especially Theosophy; we are responsible for its use. Theosophy is for all men, and is our possession to be passed on to others. We can each of us in our measure, serve as a channel for the spreading of this Divine Wisdom among men. Only by giving it out to others, can we receive more and keep the stream sparkling and pure.

Books are only useful in that they awaken inquiry and aid in the discovery of Truth in oneself. To be really useful, it would seem that book-knowledge should be referred to one’s inner experiences for verification, otherwise it is but

a parrot-like process of learning by rote,—for true knowledge is based on experience—we can never know but through experience, and all that the books can do is to awaken the latent knowledge in each of us, derived through vast experience in the past, and so enable us to classify it for present and future use. All mankind are students in this great school of experience, though comparatively few gain the true lessons to be learned or discern the real use of life.

The Theosophist seeks in each experience he undergoes, whether of inner or outer life, for the lesson it contains, for nothing happens by chance, all is pregnant with meaning, and each is an opportunity for progress. The problems of life offer themselves for our solution at every turn and corner, and it is often in the humdrum affairs of every-day life that the deepest lessons can be gained. We are sometimes tempted to envy the opportunities of some favored individuals with vast resources, occupying perhaps a more or less theatrical position in the world, and to fancy that with such chances we should be much better off, and have a greater power for good; quite forgetting that the lesson which the soul has for us is exactly where we are. If we fulfill our present duties unselfishly, for the purposes of the soul, we shall presently find greater opportunities unfolding themselves.

It seems to me that we can learn much, and come nearer to our real selves, by keeping a constant watch over our every day doings, even the smallest personal habits, tendencies of thought, feelings and emotions, especially in analyzing our motives for action, whether selfish or unselfish; in other words by trying to discover the keynote to our nature, the mainspring of our actions. By watching our weaknesses and failings, whether of anger, jealousy, vanity, etc., we can see how easily our dominant traits find expression, without our being aware of them, and that much of what we condemned in others was due to our own attitude towards them. Thus will feelings of brotherhood and charity towards others be engendered, since we discover the beam in our own eye. Much more true progress will be made by this brotherly and charitable attitude towards others, though accompanied by but small intellectual attainments, than if one was selfishly laden with the learning of the ages.

A well-known Theosophist has written, "The world at large seeks the facts of Occult Science, but the student who has resolved to attain, desires to find the true road. What may seem to others as mere ethics is to him practical instruction, for as he follows it he soon perceives its relation to facts and laws which he is enabled to verify, and what seemed to him the language of devotion merely is found to be that of Science; but the Science is spiritual, for the Great Cause is pure Spirit." The world follows the "Eye Doctrine," or the letter—the devoted aspirant, the "Heart Doctrine," or that of the Spirit.

It is sometimes objected against Theosophy, that its insistence upon such simple, well-known ethical teachings as unselfishness, high-thinking and the like, does not justify the existence of a vast philosophy like "The Secret Doctrine." "We have heard all this before," they say. "We do not need

to study Theosophy to know that." But though these simple teachings are so well-known, they are the hardest to practice and lie at the foundation of all spiritual progress. Many wish to acquire occult knowledge so as to use it for the purposes of the lower personality—to use the vast powers of the God to minister to the ambitions for place and power of the animal. It is well for such, and for the world, that much of the secret knowledge of occult forces,—the Mysteries,—is kept only for those who have so purified their natures from all selfish motives that they can be trusted to use these powers for the good of humanity alone. One has but to witness the rush of foolish people after those who are going about the country professing to teach psychic powers, hypnotism, etc., (for a consideration)—to be assured that the world is not ready to be weaned from Ethics. And it might be said here that no real occultist will ever accept money for his teachings.

Unselfishness, altruism, pure thinking and morality, are but the avenues which lead man to a higher knowledge. Until he practise them it is useless for him to demand more teachings, for they are the first step to be mounted, and this all religious systems, in their purity, have taught. There is enough knowledge in the world today, to make of it an earthly paradise, if it were but practised. Theosophy enforces these simple truths because, as it demonstrates, they are laws of nature and cannot be ignored if mankind is to progress—thus coming as a saving power at a time when skepticism and materialism are rampant, and when old faiths and religions are in decay, and have lost their hold on national life.

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“The man whose heart and mind are not at rest is without wisdom or the power of contemplation; who doth not practice reflection, hath no calm; and how can a man without calm obtain happiness? The uncontrolled heart, following the dictates of the moving passions, snatcheth away his spiritual knowledge, as the storm the bark upon the raging ocean.”

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“He who remains inert, restraining the senses and organs, yet pondering with his heart upon objects of sense, is called a false pietist or bewildered soul. But he who, having subdued all his passions, performeth with his active faculties all the duties of life, unconcerned as to their result, is to be esteemed.”

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“I am the origin of all: all things proceed from me; believing me to be thus, the wise gifted with spiritual wisdom, worship me; their very hearts and minds are in me; enlightening one another and constantly speaking of me, they are full of enjoyment and satisfaction. To them thus always devoted to me, who worship me with love, I give that mental devotion by which they come to me. For them do I, out of my compassion, standing within their hearts, destroy the darkness which springs from ignorance by the brilliant lamp of spiritual discernment.—*Bhagavad Gita.*”

# The Three Leaders<sup>\*</sup>

By Grace G. Bohn



**I**F we will look backward through history we shall observe a certain ebb and flow, particularly with regard to the greater events. Periods of great advance have alternated with periods of decline or decay. Thus, in accordance with the law governing this fact, the law of cycles, there have been in the past certain periods of time corresponding to the present, times of great fermentation and expansion in matters of thought, when old ideals were passing away and new ideals were taking their place, times when there was rampant materialism and also much devoted inquiry with regard to the soul and immortality, times when humanity had become almost tired of stumbling on alone and was beginning to ask for help and — for the Great Souls are ever waiting to help those who turn to them — at such times the cry of humanity has always been answered and the Leader, the Teacher, the Saviour, has always come to teach his own.

At just such times of unrest as the present and, following cyclic law, came Krishna and later Buddha to the Hindus, Zoroaster to the Persians, Menes to the Egyptians, Isaiah and Ezekiel to the rebellious house of Israel, Jesus to the Jews.

It is unnecessary to say, for we know it well, that during the last twenty-five years we have been passing through just such a period of stress and tension, come again under cyclic law. There seems to be no middle ground: extremes everywhere, of selfishness and of devotion; open conflict between good and evil; half the world living in its appetites and the other half hungrily searching for the soul, for something, anything that will satisfy the aspirations and explain the despairs of the human heart. But the Higher is always compassionate and the Great Teacher came with the words of a master upon her lips, "My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me."

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Twenty-five years ago Helena P. Blavatsky brought back into the life of men the pure religion of Jesus. Only the very few recognized Theosophy to be such, because the teachings of Jesus had been forgotten in their pure form and to the masses had become a dead letter. Read the history of the church in the light of the New Testament, study the conditions of the Middle Ages, and you will find abundant evidence that the pure doctrines of Jesus had ceased to be a living power in the lives of men before the Church was four hundred years old.

<sup>\*</sup>Published by request.

The simple ethics which were brought to the world not alone by Jesus but by all the World Teachers, were brought in this cycle by Helena P. Blavatsky. She bulwarked these by a scientific and philosophical doctrine because the present age is essentially a scientific age, demanding logic and demanding proofs. She brought a fuller, more explicit and detailed doctrine than former Teachers because this is a greater time and perhaps, too, there was greater need.

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“There was a sower went forth to sow.” That was the mission of H. P. Blavatsky, bringing the seeds of Divine Wisdom to sow them in the materialistic soil of our western life. But first of all she had to prepare the soil, break the hard crust, destroy the weeds and make furrows deep and wide. And this she did at the uttermost cost to herself. She prepared the soil and sowed these seeds of wisdom, as one of her students has said, “Verily as a lone warrior might rush in and sow them in the enemy’s camp. She planted them in our hearts. She planted them in our literature. She planted them in the invisible moral atmosphere of the world. Driven like a wedge into the leaden mass of the nineteenth century thought, she was found enduring enough to stand the strain.”

To state the same thing in other words, she became the Teacher of a band of students whom she organized into (to give the original title) “The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood,” and whose primary object was, (to quote exactly), “to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood.”

And when she died, worn out, she was able to do what no other Great Spiritual Teacher in all history has been able to do, so far as we know;— she was able to leave her work, not to the doubtful knowledge of a band of learners but in the hands of an occult successor, William Q. Judge. But she bequeathed to him as well, all the martyrdom, all the crucifixion, that had been her lot.

It is singular, is it not, and yet another evidence that during the last five thousand years we have been passing through a cycle of spiritual darkness, that nearly every one of the World’s Saviors has been crucified? Perhaps that did not always mean the actual crucifixion of the physical body, for there are other crucifixions, as we all know, than the purely physical. And, although the time is forever past when the Great Soul can be actually nailed to the cross, the time is not past when the Messenger of Truth can bring even fragments of that truth to the world without inviting a martyrdom. For as a race we are very selfish, after all, and to those who have personal interests, to serve the truth is certain to be the most wholly uncomfortable thing in the world.

William Q. Judge guarded and nourished and brought to flower and to fruit this seed that was sown by H. B. Blavatsky. So great a Teacher was he, so beloved and trusted by his students, that he, too, upon his death, was able to place the Leadership of this work into the hands of a third Leader, greater, wiser than himself,— our present Leader.



Our present Leader has regenerated the entire Theosophical movement. Briefly, she has made Theosophy practical. She has taught her students that its greatest truths were not merely ornamental, not metaphysical luxuries to be indulged only by the intellectual or the cultured but that they were "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," the poor, the humble, the unlearned, the little child, the sinners as well as the pure in heart. For Theosophy is a dead and useless thing unless its great principles of brotherhood, of compassion, of trust in the Higher Law, become a living power in the lives of men.

She harvested this golden grain of which H. P. Blavatsky sowed the seed, which William Q. Judge had nurtured. She beat it with the flail of discipline and then sifted and winnowed until the husks of personality had fallen away and only the golden grain was left, the seed, verily, of a greater humanity than that which we know today. And today, because of her courage and wisdom, the Universal Brotherhood organization stands before the world on the broad platform of practical brotherhood.

It has naught to do with psychism, nor hypnotism, nor astrology so-called, nor palmistry, nor clairvoyance, nor personal selfish ambition. It aims to lift people above the plane of spooks and will o' the wisps, above, too, the plane of mere sense enjoyment, to the diviner plane of the soul. Those who care for the astral phenomena, those who refuse to dominate their lower natures or are too weak to do so, may come into the organization and may remain for a little while, for a Universal Brotherhood is not exclusive and there are no walls around it, but they invariably drift out again, sooner or later, and gravitate towards things which are more to their liking. And many have gone out. "Great Sifter is the heart doctrine, O Disciple," says one of the oldest Bibles of the world. And ever since our present Leader became the Leader of the Theosophical movement throughout the world an active sifting, winnowing process has been going on. It had to be if this movement was ever to be lifted above the plane of theory to the plane of practical Theosophy.

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What is practical Theosophy? Here is an exact definition: "To visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

You have heard that Theosophists are dreamers? I can assure you their dreams are very practical. Look at the work done in Cuba last year, the practical work of "visiting the fatherless and the widows in their affliction," when the Leader and a band of helpers fed, clothed, nursed and filled with hope over ten thousand of these forsaken people. And today she is educating a large number of these Cubans at the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma, for their future work as spiritual helpers of their own people. Look at the work done at Montauk Point at the close of the war, when over nine thousand exhausted soldiers who were not cared for otherwise were fed, nursed, and relieved. And those who did this worked without money and without price.

They toiled over the sick men because their own hearts were aflame with a great desire to help others, because they believed that all men were brothers, all children of the same Father, because they believed that any margin of time or money which was theirs was a sacred trust, to be invested not for the personal self but for the Higher Divine Self of the World. Look at the practical work done by many Lodges in curing inebriates and those addicted to morphine, in rescuing unfortunate women, in adopting homeless children and educating them to become workers for humanity. In the International Lotus Home today are a large number of these children, waifs; and, as you know, people have to be filled very full of the true spirit to find much joy in a daily round of bathing and dressing and feeding and picking up after babies, particularly those which are not related to them. To some of us, doubtless, it would be more alluring to study clairvoyance or write essays on *mula-prakriti*. But what is it that the world needs most? Surely it is religion "pure and undefiled before God and the Father: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions" and to keep one's self "unspotted from the world."

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The last clause of this definition, "to keep one's self unspotted from the world," brings us to the real work that our present Teacher came to do, to transform the inner lives of her students. That includes all the rest. And because she is doing this, Theosophy is today a living fire in the world and not a corpse or a mummy.

You remember how Nehemiah came back to Jerusalem and found the great walls in ruins. Did he rebuild them himself? He could not have done so. He set to each man the task of rebuilding that portion of the wall that lay before his own house, and by and by the great wall arose as if by magic.

Nehemiah gave us the secret of all reform. Age after age the Great Teachers have come to regenerate the world, to rebuild humanity on a newer, better plan. Can they do it alone? No, they cannot, else it would have been done long ago. All they can do is to set each man at the task of rebuilding the ruins before his own door, of transforming his own weak, ruined personal self into a strong wall of protection around that besieged city in which dwells the soul. Not until each one of us ceases to pay attention to the mote in his brother's eye and turns his entire and exclusive attention to the beam that is in his own, will the world ever become a better place, and that is the first thing that our Leader teaches her students to do.

That gives us just the secret of the power to help others that strong souls possess, and those who are looking for the light gravitate toward them unconsciously, not because they claim to possess any wisdom or strength of themselves, no; but simply because they are channels of that force which the Guardians of the race are ever seeking to pour out upon all humanity. And that is why, today, the Universal Brotherhood organization is the link between the world and the Higher Divine Wisdom that has been lost to the

world for ages. Helena P. Blavatsky forged that link and it has been kept unbroken.

And our Leader has done a yet greater thing. She has reestablished, as a living, actual fact, the sacred relationship of Teacher and pupil, that relationship which was the glory of the Golden Age, which was, in fact, all that made a Golden Age possible. Why do we dream of a Golden Age in our more transparent moments? Because our souls remember it, though our brain minds do not—an age when men lived in a vast brotherhood, when there was no pain, no selfishness, no strife, when they were ruled by the Gods, the Christs, who dwelt among them as adept Kings and Queens, beings whom they recognized as higher than themselves, who guided, protected, shielded men from themselves and taught them. It is not a mere dream. Such days have been when men walked and talked with gods, and such days shall be again.

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We are living today in a more important time than we realize. Events move swiftly. The miracle is the order of every day. There is constant change in the ideas of science, of art, of music, of education, of religion. What does this mean? What can it mean save that the old is passing away and we are entering a new order of ages? We have been wandering and experimenting long enough. Today the Promised Land stretches out before every soul in the world who has eyes to see. All humanity is today at its very gateway and there are those who have come to lead us within its walls, *if we wish to go*, into that inner city of eternal peace around which the storms of outer life may beat but whose sacred fortress they can never disturb nor touch. Shall it be recorded of us as it was recorded of those ancient wanderers, "They could not enter because of unbelief?"

Do you remember what Jesus said to the Pharisees when they came to him demanding that he give them a sign from heaven? He said unto them, "There shall be no sign given to you. . . . *Can ye not discern the sign of the times?*"

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Now having studied a great deal on Theosophical lines, we should begin to practically apply our studies. This must mean *all* that is implied. It is not a mere general unity, but is a similarity, and communion in every part of the nature. If there is uncharitableness, if there is disloyalty, if there are harshness and unbrotherliness in the race, they exist also in us if only in germ. Those germs require only the proper personal conditions to make them sprout. Our duty therefore is to continually encourage in ourselves the active feelings that are opposites of those.

Those of us who think knowledge can be acquired without pursuing the path of love mistake. The soul is aware of what it requires. It demands altruism, and so long as that is absent, so long will mere intellectual study lead to nothing."—*W. Q. Judge in 1894.*

# Theosophy's Answer *to* the Problems of Life\*

By J. H. FURSELL



**I**N the midst of the materialism and agnosticism of the XIXth Century, Theosophy came as a great light. To the sorrowing and suffering, to the oppressed and weak, it comes as an Angel of Hope. Amid the warring elements of selfishness and competition and the greed of men and nations, it comes as a messenger of peace and Brotherhood. To the perplexities of the soul and its blind gropings after the truth it lends its guidance and points to the path of liberation.

The problems of life may be classed under three heads. Beginning with the most external there are those of physical existence, the inequalities and injustices, the suffering and misery, which characterize the conditions of all modern life. There are problems of the mind, for those who look behind the physical conditions and seek to get at the causes, but having no true guide resulting in materialistic philosophy and agnosticism, and the dogmatic, religious creeds and sects of Christendom.

Still deeper problems exist for those who may rise above the physical and the mental, problems of the inner life, of the conflict between the angel and the demon who strive for mastery within the breast of each of us, problems of conduct, of the heart, of the affections and aspirations, of the deeper truer relation of man to man and of man to his divine self, and to Nature and God.

What answer has Theosophy to these problems, and first, to the inequality and injustice of life? It has the same answer that Christ and Paul gave but which has been forgotten, and with it has also been forgotten another of the great keynotes of life. Christ said, "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Paul said, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

What are men gathering today, what is the world reaping? Can it reap that which it has not sown? If today we are gathering thorns and thistles, do we not know that we must have sown these and that it is in vain to expect to gather figs or grapes from such sowing? If today selfishness and greed are being measured out, must we not have sown these in the past, and do we not know that they exist, if not actively at least in germ in our hearts today? But men and women of today say, we did not sow these things, it was our forefathers, the men and women of past ages, we have but come into this heritage of evil against our will. And those who can, say, let us shut out the picture,

\*A Paper read in San Diego, Feb. 19, 1901.

let us enjoy while we may, let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die. The materialist says it is the result of blind force, your thoughts and feelings are mere phantasies, ye shall soon pass again into nothingness. And the churches declare "It is God's will, ye are all born in sin, but if ye will only believe and support his holy church and his ministers, ye shall, through the merits of Christ be received into heaven to enjoy that which ye have not earned, but which Christ, having appeased the wrath of God by his blood now freely offers to them that believe." But Christ's own words are, "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." He also said, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of the Father which is in Heaven."

The modern world cannot understand this because it has forgotten that other teaching of Christ and of all the ancients that, "Ye must be born again" —in very truth, spiritually, but verily, also, physically. Ye must be born on earth again and again to reap that which ye sow until ye shall learn to sow that seed that shall bring forth the harvest of the soul and so fulfill the purposes of the Higher Law.

Truly we are reaping what our ancestors sowed in the past, but we ourselves were those ancestors, and we have been born here today in these conditions and in the varying conditions of the national, family, and individual life of each, because we have helped to make those conditions in the past and forged those ties of love and hate that bind us here and now.

Still it is not enough to say that we are reaping what we have sown. There is no hope in such an answer by merely looking back to the past. We must realize that today we are sowing new seed and that we ourselves determine what shall be the quality of that seed. Each thought, each wish, each act, is not only a link between the past and the future, but a seed, the harvest of which we must reap in that future and which is making that future either one of joy or one of sorrow and pain.

The whole of science is built on the fundamental idea of law, and all our actions are performed on the basis that, other things being equal, a certain cause will bring a certain effect. The very fact that when pursuing some vicious course men oftentimes have a vague hope that somehow they may evade the consequences, shows that deep down within their hearts they know that law does rule throughout Nature.

All this may, however, be granted, and man still find himself revolving in a vicious circle, bound by law, reaping what he has sown, and sowing again what he has reaped, ever reproducing the old, never evolving the new. Can we not see from the very facts of life that there is more than this, and that there is another *supreme* factor? Can we not see from what we know of evolution and of our own little experience in the present life, that nature does not go round and round in a circle, but ever presses forward. Does not the stone pass into the plant, the plant become the animal, the animal, man. And shall man stop where he is? Has the thread of life run thus far to end now, or to

turn back on its course? Dare we set a limit to the Infinite? No, there lies before man the destiny of Godhood—man shall become a God. For the supreme factor of evolution, that of which modern science knows nothing, or knowing it, ignores and rejects it as unscientific—not belonging to the realm of science—the supreme factor is the divine spark of life, the soul, that stands above and behind all life and all forms of life and ever seeks to pour forth more and more of itself into the form. It is because of this inpouring of life that evolution proceeds, that higher and higher forms are produced, but which having mirrored itself in man he must *consciously* call down and ally himself with.

It is because of this inexhaustible fount of life and love, because of the universal reign of law whereby not the feeblest thought or effort fails of its effect, because of the divine immortal spark in man, that Theosophy teaching this can answer the problems of life, can bring hope and renewed life even to the despairing, can say to the man who suffers now that he can sow seeds of joy and love and sunshine for future harvests, and says also that he who is now reaping fair harvests has the added responsibility of their use for the good of all, else the golden opportunity lost, resting content, seeking only to enjoy for himself, he shall waste the fair harvest and in the next birth find his life barren and desolate.

And the answer to the problems and doubts of the mind is the same, to point to the Divine in the heart, to awaken man to the fact that he is more than body, more than mind, that he is a divine soul, that the soul's life is love, to serve, to seek the good of all, that only by doing the divine will, can divine knowledge be gained.

Theosophy's answer to the skeptic and the doubter is—to do, to do, to love, to seek another's welfare, to follow the impulses of the heart, to live in action, not in theory. To those whose problems are of the inner life it recalls the ancient memories of the Golden Age, it shows that in the traditions of all races, that in the infancy of humanity divine Teachers pointed the pathway of life; but that men permitted selfishness to rule and the lower nature of sense and desire to obscure the light within the heart so that they no longer followed their divine guides but drove them from the earth; but that the elder brothers of the race have never deserted them; that in the turning of the wheel of time great Teachers have come again and again to proclaim their message on earth, that though men crucified them and turned their words into means whereby they might gain power and hold their fellow-men in bondage,—still the human race has not been deserted. The lives of our three great Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley are themselves answer to the problems of life. Theosophy itself is that answer and the work of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Society are that answer put into practice and brought down into everyday life, and by its means, by the practice of that brotherhood which it teaches and exemplifies shall the whole world be transformed.

Let me present to you a picture given by our Teacher: Think of it, if you who now read this could as little children have had impressed upon your minds the simple knowledge that you were souls, that there was in your hearts a divine, inexhaustible power, that you were something more than bodies, something more than thinking machines, and had the power of divinity and all that is beautiful and true within yourselves; think of it, that if you had had pointed out to you the two paths, the one of the God-child the other of the little animal-child, and if our parents and teachers had known the meaning and the beauty and the power of life—if the men and women of today had had these things taught them would we not have had happiness and joy where now we have sorrow and pain, would not the world have been brighter and better?

But we can learn these things now. It is not too late even for us who are grown and we can instill them into the minds of our children, we can awaken in their young lives the divine warrior-soul. This is what Katherine Tingley is doing in the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma. We are building for the future, for the coming races of men, and with the new light of a divine purpose in life, with the love of all life flowing in the heart, selfishness and sorrow and suffering and all shadows shall give way before the dawning light of a new Golden Age.

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## *The Power of Silence*

By Percy Leonard



“Among the wise of Secret Knowledge, I am their silence.”—*Bhagavad Gita*, chap. x.

**S**ILENCE is by many people understood to mean a doing of nothing, or mere abstention from talk; but according to the Old Wisdom Religion, silence is much more than this. Silence is one of the powers of the soul, the action of the Supreme exerted as a restraining influence in the life of man. Indeed, when we come to consider the strong impulse to talk, the vehement urging to give verbal expression to our thoughts and feelings, it is easy to realize that the power competent to dam back and restrain the wordy torrent must be great indeed to achieve a task so difficult.

Because a person sits still and says nothing, it should not be supposed that he is idle. Force cannot be annihilated, and the force which he diverts from finding outlet through the vocal organs, must of necessity, seek another channel for its expression.

We are all too apt to ignore those forces which make no impression on our five senses, and yet the world is full of such influences. Think for instance of Universal Gravity, how noiselessly it holds the rolling planets in their orbits! Consider the life-streams of the Sun, nourishing and sustaining flower and beast, and man; yet their beneficent flow is unheralded by outward sound. Infinite Goodness Itself, in whom we live and move and have our being, does not *talk* with us.

The ignorant and vulgar always admire the force displayed in an exhibition of bad temper, and will quote the words used and treasure up the stormy episode for years—evidently the angry man has made a deep impression. Suppose, however, that a man is tempted to wrath and “refrains his tongue,” does he fail of his effect? By no means. Hidden virtue has gone forth from him. A subtle influence has flowed out and entered into others’ lives, making it easier for them from that time onward to control their passions and dominate their lower nature.

It is precisely this quality of noiselessness which gives to Silence its value to the Theosophist, who covets the power “which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.” The possession of this power constitutes him as one of those who stand unthanked and unperceived by men, and whose strong shoulders help to hold back the awful load of ancient sins which ever tends to fall and crush our suffering race.

Silence! How impressive is perfect silence! The meanest of our fellows, establishes a claim on our respect if only he will remain silent for half an hour in our presence. What a balm in sorrow is the silent friend who comes to sit with us in perfect, unbroken quiet. He does not weep with you who weep. He does not wring his hands. He simply sits and feels your grief, yet all the while remains founded on the unshaken peace of the Eternal Silence. He is not callous, because he is calm. He is in deep sympathetic touch with you, and yet he stands so surely on his base, that the stormy waves of emotional self-pity which toss your troubled soul, break like ocean’s billows at his feet, yet do not, in the least, unsettle his perfect poise and equilibrium.

“All real work is done silently,” we are told by our Teacher. The humblest member of the Universal Brotherhood, who silently performs his daily duty as an offering to all the world, who, devoid of personal desires, dedicates his actions to the good of all creatures, does thereby generate powerful currents which flow throughout the nations and quicken into life the slumbering soul powers of the toiling, suffering masses of our fellow men.

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The tree  
Sucks kindlier nurture from the soil enriched  
By its own fallen leaves, and man is made  
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes  
And things that seem to perish.—*Henry Taylor.*



# The Thread of Purpose

By H. Coryn



**M**OVING the great Wheel of the World is a divine Purpose, and outside the sweep of that Purpose is no one and nothing. It rules in the small and in the great. It adjusts the changes of all things, so that through those changes it shall, at last, be perfectly fulfilled. It is the Power in anything that exhibits power, and to its presence, even the most perverse volitions of man owe their brief sway.

If a man starts in the morning with a purpose to carry out through the day, all the smaller purposes of the day will be servants of the larger one. If it be his fixed purpose to achieve something by the end of a week, the purposes of each day will be tributaries to that larger one. If his purpose needs a year for its fulfillment, then the purposes of the months, and within them of the weeks, and again of the days, and even the passing purposes of the hours, all will bend to the inclusive purpose.

Strong men will make a purpose for the whole life, and all the lesser purposes of days and hours serve the larger life-purpose, these being threadlets that make up the great thread running unbroken through the whole life. But these strong men may be of noble or of selfish make. If selfish, the life-purpose will be to some selfish end; if noble, the life-purpose will be noble, a blessing to all men as it moves to its fulfillment; in harmony with—nay, part of—the Purpose that moves the Wheel of the World. The nobler a man, the nearer his purpose to that Wheel-mover: the smaller the man, the closer cluster his purposes about his own ends.

Some men take, so to speak, an oath or vow to the great Wheel-mover, forego all purely personal aims, even those commonly counted innocent and even laudable, dissolving them all in the World-Purpose; eat, drink and sleep for that, and are not stayed till they outgrow all measuring by common men of common aims. They become perfect in unselfishness, or rather selflessness. They have expanded their self to the great Self.

Others purpose for themselves; eat, drink, sleep, and work for themselves only; their purposes return into them like bees into a hive, laden with honey for themselves only.

The Great Purpose is confided to the soul, is known to the soul, is felt dimly in the heart of every one. But as few know their own souls, so few understand this Purpose in their minds, and hence few seek to serve it. Being free of will, we often act away from it, against it, using its power—the root of all power—against itself. Some time the effects of such foolish acts come

back on us in pain. By that we learn, and in that education the Great Purpose is after all fulfilled, even by those who foolishly thought to escape it. The divine energy and purpose in the soul of every man will in the end, in all cases, get the better of him and redeem him in spite of himself.

Children play in the sunlight, and because of their play develop strength of limb and vivid senses. Thus they serve the Great Purpose, though they know it not; in them it works as the urge to play and gives them the joy of playing. It is essentially a joy-bringer.

In children of older growth it is the urge to other exertions, to the development and output of other powers, other parts of the nature.

The action of the Great Purpose is visible as Evolution, as the mounting of all things up the scale of being. Life proceeds through stone and plant, and animal, to man. Men too, it works upon, so that—by power coming out of weakness; faculties replacing blindness; wisdom supplanting ignorance; will, impulse—they may become gods.

Deep in the heart of every one it lives, and whoso will may find it. It holds all within its grasp. Unweakening, unhurrying, it says to each: "Be thou divine and work my promise out." And because few obey and few reach the full flower of perfectness, it brings each of us back again and again to birth. The vivid pangs and joys of childhood, the deeper pleasures and pains of ripened life, the hidden and earth-withdrawn life of senility, through these it leads us again and again.

Since our little purposes are fragments of it, since it is the *power of attainment* in all purposes, therefore the yet unfulfilled purposes of one life are those which carry us forward into the next. As soon as childhood passes to youth, sometimes ere infancy has passed to childhood, the uncompleted purposes of the past life begin to come forth. To music, to art, to literature, to war, to commerce, the instincts of the youth guide him. They are the open purposes of his last life on earth. Some never can be closed and completed, for their matter cannot be exhausted. What musician ever said, "I will create no more; I have gone high enough?" All the nobler powers and activities of man, those whose exercise benefits alike him who uses and him who witnesses them, are the direct outcome of the Great Purpose. It is on its own program that we should all have them.

Who knows all the purposes in the granaries of his consciousness, secret places whose key is its own keeper? New conditions of life come about, and behold, we find ourselves with new tendencies, new instincts to meet them. The new circumstances answer to old purposes unfulfilled, deep in our nature, deep yet active, active in bringing about the very conditions that permit of their play, purposes made and stored in the last life we spent on earth.

No one lives without consciously or unconsciously making purposes, and they all compel their own expenditure. They are forces that must out. They are, as units of power, Sons of God—the Great Purpose—and they have the indestructible potency of their Parent. But most of them are errant sons.

Must we then be dominated by our past, its slaves, slaves of the miserable and sinning purposes we once made?

Nay, for though all past purposes have their life-force, one that cannot be annulled, they can be absorbed in—bent to—a greater. The force of the purpose, for example, to be great or of note among men, can be seized and be transmuted into the force of the diviner purpose to find and obey the soul. The soul of each of us, the light in the heart, is the embodiment, the heat and the light of the Great Purpose, the Wheel-mover; it is that part of the Great Purpose that applies to that special unit among men. It is the very self of that unit, for a man's soul is himself. But it is only fully himself when he has redeemed himself from personal desire, when his only aim is to serve the voice of his heart. There is no other way to get rid of desires save by feeling after that light in the heart whose reflection in the brain is the brain's power of seeing. Saying "I am that Light," its heat straightway burns up a little of the dross of nature. To feel it henceforth is to have all dross removed.

Since the Purpose that moves the World is that all living things shall go higher, then all work for the betterment of the race, energized by what is in the heart, is a service of that divine Purpose and helps its work. No one can thus help it without growing better and nobler. A man is as his companions, and we have selected the noblest of all Companions. We are in the way of outgrowing all pettiness of nature, of surmounting all faults; we have shouldered the world and become one of its helpers. We cannot any more, after that, even think of another person without helping him; we cannot strongly purpose to help another's growth without ensuring that now or at some time our blessing will come home to him when most he needs it; he may not know from whom or from whence comes that help, that sudden lifting of a load, that sudden light in his heart, that gleam in his grief or perplexity; but it will be nevertheless there for him. We shall never again be lonely; the pulse of the waves of all life is on our heart; we share the yet painful life of all humanity; and though in that way we have to take up that great pain, we have the constant joy of lessening it.

And through it all, at all moments, come again and again the visions of the glory of the life that awaits all men.

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Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

Shalt thou abstain from action? Not so shall gain thy soul her freedom. To reach Nirvana one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

Have perseverance as one who doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeing life: it is the man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.—*The Voice of the Silence*.—II. P. Blavatsky.

# "At Eventide There Shall Be Light"

By Mildred



[ CONCLUDED FROM THE FEBRUARY ISSUE ]

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, September 27th, 188-.

DEAR MILDRED—I read your letter in tears, but forgive me, dear, that, while my heart wept for you, I could not help smiling at the tragi-comical picture of the scene at the train. My poor, poor friend. You are indeed one of Nature's children. You made me think of the saying that: "There is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous."

To think of you, who amongst all women, seem to cast a magic spell over every one by your queenly stature and dignity. If it only had been myself, little creature as I am, it would not have been so absurd.

My time is much occupied, yet, I will make an effort to answer your letters—  
if only with few lines.

AS EVER YOUR LOUISA.

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"REST" HOSPITAL, CHRISTIANIA, October 9th, 188-.

DEAR LOUISA—Being settled in my new position I will use my first leisure to write to you.

Our patients are not very numerous yet, but I look forward to plenty of earnest work as a help against self-concentration. Amongst the patients is a young woman, the mother of a six-months-old baby, whom the father brings to the gate every morning for me to show it to the mother, who yearns to see her child. The doctor gave special permission, under certain restrictions, the contagion not being supposed to affect so young a child.

Here is a happy woman and no mistake. Though only a poor laborer, her husband is a born gentleman. The wife, who seems to like and confide in me, told me their little romance, which, though in accord with "the short and simple annals of the poor," had touches of true poetry.

When I came here there were yet a few sprigs of mignonette lingering in the little flower plot outside the window of my room. I put them in a glass and now they, with the aid of the old clock, ticking in the corner, give my little room quite a home-like feeling. They seem to me like living friends.

As I do not expect a second opportunity during my stay in this post, I went (after being absolutely disinfected) to church last Sunday. The text was from this word of the Master: "Weep not". I failed in attentiveness to the sermon, trying, in my mind, to solve the mysterious depths of those words: "Weep not." It perplexes me. Shall we, poor children of earth, never know the cause or justice of the sorrows that befall us? Our religion fails to give a satisfactory

answer if we ask “why?” when stunned by some strange dispensation. Turn to our spiritual teachers with your question and the answer is forever: “It is the will of God.”

I feel inclined to believe there is more truth and wisdom hidden in the saying by Pythagoras that: “The hand that smites thee is thine own,”—than in the illogical answers of orthodoxy. The ancients believed that our lives are the outcome of causes created by ourselves in former existences. I am vainly pondering over this question. Some day I shall know, as my heart desires it—the divine truth.

If my father were living, he perhaps could help me in my search for light. He was a deep student of ancient philosophy, especially the Greek, often giving me the benefit of learned dissertations, too deep for a girl of sixteen. Still, when despairing of ever finding a solution to the riddles that most lives contain, often from the depths of my memory a treasured saying of the ancients would arise, giving a fitting answer.

I had a great desire for the study of this philosophy, while at home, but my stepmother considered it very unprofitable reading for a young girl, as tending to confuse one’s ideas, and recommended such harmless literature as Fredrica Brehmer and Ingemann.

Our manifold and regular hours for prayer have of late given me something to think of. Can it be that the Supreme One does so highly enjoy our begging and supplicating that He would, so to say, defer his actions in behalf of our welfare in order to have them come as answers to prayer? Is he not rather too wise and too good to be drawn from His purpose by our wishes and interference? It is very true that sometimes we get our wishes, apparently as answers to our prayers, but oftener we do not get them. As life proceeds, we find that wishes, once held, if granted, would have become only great drawbacks and stumbling stones. This being the case, is not prayer in the form of supplication, very childish, at best? How much happier to maintain a calm conviction of the necessity of everything being just what it is—not to remain so—but forever evolving into higher and higher states, working out its own salvation.

The conviction of life being made up of several, yes, innumerable, existences, strengthens in me with time. Everything in life and Nature points to the infallible logic of this process—explaining what otherwise remains dark and incomprehensible. Justice demands that we should all have equal opportunities, but look around and see how every advantage seems showered on some, while others are doomed to neglect and deprivation.

The striking diversity of innate development, as where one child of a family is a genius, while the rest under the same training and education, never rise above mediocrity, undeniably points to former lives as the school where the lessons were either learned or neglected; for, just as at school, some children, up to a certain point, would rather play than study, so in life, lack of earnestness, leaves us behind. However, when the point of awakening is

reached through a dreary struggle, love of knowledge is aroused and the onward course is begun.

After one day's work is over, man goes to rest, perhaps not wishing to return again,—yet, the disciple of Life, the higher aspirations once quickened, will rejoice that this is the law—to come back for more experience.

Also, some being born good and spiritual, when and where did they attain their greater perfection? Heredity cannot account for it, and surely it cannot be a matter of chance. It would be the greatest injustice possible, if either reward or punishment could be administered on account of the deeds of another, even though they were our ancestors.

Although science has tried to prove the “law” of heredity by a number of cases of either genius or criminal tendencies being “inherited,” it cannot explain away the utter injustice of such being the event. But is not Justice, like Order, one of the fundamental laws of the Universe?

As a plant cannot grow and ripen unless it is attached to or has its roots buried in the soil, so humanity cannot develop its infinite possibilities unless through experiences and lessons learned on the material plane.

But is one life of seven days, seven years, or seventy years enough? Besides, some lives seem only to allow experiences on one single line to the neglect of all the others. It is like one expecting a diploma from a College, after having mastered only one branch of knowledge.

What we call Evil—is it not related to human experience in the same way as the child's creeping and stumbling, before able to walk erect, are related to its later powers and capabilities?

A character built up by knowing and understanding all phases of Life, by experience (without necessarily plunging into its depths), is it not more genuine than one, derived from justification through faith alone, which often in its weakness, as gained from sources outside of us, is liable to backsliding, and the resort to death-bed repentance?

To love good for its own sake, and not for hope of heaven, or fear of hell, that is what it must come to. Lovingly, your

MILDRED.

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DEAR MILDRED—Your interesting letter, in which you treat me to quite a philosophical discourse, duly received. Like you, I am very much in doubt upon the questions of Justification by Faith alone, and Vicarious Atonement.

One thing that seems to me entirely incomprehensible is, how God, who demands us to forgive unconditionally and forever, is justified in holding an “abiding wrath” against his created children, this “wrath” to be appeased only by the shedding of innocent blood.

Although we are told to “subject the reason under the obedience of faith,” the human heart naturally revolts against this doctrine.

Mildred, you were present at the death-bed of Sister Ottilia L. two years ago, when Pastor G. came to prepare her for the end. Do you remember how he emphasized the necessity of the conviction of our utter unworthiness to Life

and Salvation, and how it was only through the blood shed on the Cross, that we could ever hope of being saved from the “just wrath of God?”

To me, at least, knowing of the pure and unselfish life of Sister Ottilia and not thinking it possible that any human being could hold any wrath against this noble woman, it was hard to believe that she did so deeply deserve the anger of her Maker. I thought there must be some mistake about it—and more likely to be found in the teachings of Theology, than in the Over-Soul of the Universe.

Professor Y., the celebrated oculist, has an eye clinic here, and among his patients are four Dalecarlians, quite original and interesting in one way or another. One of them is an old man, whose eye-sight is waning away totally, yet he is so glad and hopeful, and simple as a child. Last week, the Crown-Princess visited the Hospital. She had a little talk with the old man, he according to his national custom, addressing her with “thou.” When she left, he spoke out thus: “Next time thou come, take the Queen along too.”

Another is Andreas, a young peasant, who injured an eye while working in the woods; unfortunately, he did not get the proper care at once, which resulted in his eye having to be taken out.

At first it was feared he would be blind, the uninjured eye being sympathetically affected. He is only twenty-four years, as handsome as the handsomest of this remarkable people, who have played so conspicuous a part in Swedish history, proving themselves to be the very souls of loyalty and total strangers to servility. In a small country as ours, yet how distinct one provincial type stands forth from the other. Out of the forests of old Dalecarlia is heard time and again, the mighty voice of the patriot. All the purest in romance and poetry is combined in this free and noble people, who in their nature and appearance, reflect the grandeur and loftiness of their surroundings.

To continue: Andreas is a perfect Apollo, and with the natural bearing of a king. He was never in a city before, and seems to enjoy wearing his best clothes for everyday. He looks also very striking in his national costume of blue coat with red seams, red waistcoat, knee breeches and green stockings, decorated with very elaborate garters, wooden shoes with tops of leather cut out in designs. With this costume goes the all important heavy leather apron, with brass buckles big enough for the trappings of an elephant.

One day, I timidly suggested that it would perhaps be more convenient, while lunching or at dinner, to take off his apron. His only answer was a look that told me that I knew nothing about “style.”

Some time after his operation, he one day sent for the pastor to write to his sweetheart and tell her that the doctor had little hope of his retaining his eye-sight. That being the case, he freed her from her promise, as he could not think she wanted to marry a blind man. A few days later, I found my Andreas sitting on the edge of his bed, wiping his tears with a hospital-towel (in spite of his “style,” I suspect handkerchiefs were unknown luxuries to the Dalecarlian). I tried to comfort him as best I could, reminding him to spare

his poor eye. It was an intensely pitiful sight to see that man weeping; the very picture of youth and strength, with patient endurance, under such terrible affliction. At last, I became quite alarmed at his weeping, on account of his eye, and was just going to consult the Superintendent about him, when he called out: "I am not crying, I am only so happy that I don't know what I am doing." And then came the secret out, that he had got a letter from Greta, who, in the sweetest way, told him that his misfortune had not changed her heart and that, trusting in God, they could well venture the journey of life together.

Here is also as patient, a dear old lady, the mother of a large family, all of whom are married and settled, with the exception of her youngest son, whom she always speaks of as "the little one." She is very favorably impressed by the Sisters, admiring them for their patience and gentleness, and she makes no secret of saying that she would die in peace, did she know that "the little one" (six feet tall and thirty-six years old) could secure one of the Sisters for his spouse, as he then "would be left in good hands."

I have my work, and am satisfied with my vocation, were it not for the oppressiveness of the spiritual side of it. It seems narrow to hold our institution in the light only of one of the pillars of the Lutheran church—why not rather a Sisterhood of Christian-love, regardless of creed. In some cases this will lead to hypocrisy. As to you, I shall not be surprised to hear of your expulsion some day on account of your "heresies," as I know you will speak fearlessly when occasion demands. With love, your

LOUISA.

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"REST" HOSPITAL.

DEAR LOUISA—You shall now hear from me again, after this long silence of almost six months.

With the hospital continually crowded, you can know I have had very little time to spare. Although I have not been outside the hospital walls all this time, I have felt quite happy through this isolation, my work growing dearer to me with every day. In some measure it has helped me to understand the necessity of silencing the voice of self to attain peace—a foretaste of the renunciation that will set the spirit free.

Amongst our poor sufferers, the sting of their affliction has often been outside and beyond their sickness; to be removed from their families, anxiety for the dear ones at home, in some caused greater pangs than mere physical suffering. So it needs heart and sympathy to spread some cheer in a hospital.

Last night, I had a strange dream, or vision, so vivid it seemed, I will write it down while fresh in memory.

A large, open book was placed before me; on the left page was an inserted picture representing a young woman, her face, though half turned away, impressed me as being a likeness of myself. She was standing in the midst of a field of flowers with arms reaching upwards as if filled with high and lofty aspirations. Her robe was of a very ancient pattern, glistening with jewels



She wore a strange red cap. As I noticed that cap, there appeared on the back of her head another face with low features, looking downwards. It appeared and disappeared when most distinguishable. I tried to read the text, which was printed in types of gold and bright colors. I could only read these words, the rest blurred my eyes: “The story of this woman is well known, and there are many legends about her.”

Another page was turned, and showed a picture of a castle, surrounded by vineyards. The vision was so real, that I smelled the fragrance from the grapes and felt the sunshine of a warm climate. In the portal of the castle stood a woman, not young, but of majestic bearing. She wore a widow’s cap and dark dress. I asked somebody who stood beside me: “What is she doing there?” I was answered: “She distributes gifts among the poor and suffering.”

I wakened with a deep sense of having recalled memories, dormant for centuries.

Though I may not interpret it, the impression of this dream is indelible.

My uncle in America, sent me this poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, as he thought it would suit me, I always being “such an imaginative child.”

I copy it here for you :

“In youth beside the lonely sea,  
 Voices and visions came to me.  
 Titania and her furtive broods,  
 Were my familiars in the woods.  
 From every flower that broke in flame  
 Some half articulate whisper came.  
 In every wind I felt the stir  
 Of some celestial messenger.  
 Later amid the city’s din  
 And toil and wealth, and want and sin,  
 They followed me from street to street  
 The dreams that made my boyhood sweet.  
 As in the silence-haunted glen,  
 So ’mid the crowded ways of men,  
 Strange lights my errant fancy led,  
 Strange watchers watched beside my bed.  
 Ill fortune had no shafts for me  
 In this ærial company.  
 Now, one by one the visions fly,  
 And one by one the voices die.  
 More distantly the accents ring,  
 More frequent the receding wing.

Full dark shall be the days in store  
When voice and vision come no more."

The reading of this beautiful poem, brought to my heart a pang, something to be likened to the sudden consciousness of a cage bird of being born with wings. It so entirely expressed what I felt but could not utter. Alas, for having the poet's soul, but not his power.

Yesterday, I heard something sad, which, for many reasons strongly impressed me.

Some years ago, at X hospital, there was, as patient a young country boy. He was an only son, the very "apple of the eye" of his parents, who, heart-broken, remained in the city to see him daily. His great fear of death, or, rather, "Hell and its evil spirits" (as he continually said), made him, while the sickness was at its worst, to request to see a minister. There was consultation with the doctor, who declared that it was dangerous to allow the excitement of religious rites under so critical a period. The Physician of Souls considered the safety of the soul of greater consequence than that of the body, and visited the boy, administering the sacrament, which to the latter seemed to impart a feeling of having secured a free pass to Paradise, if called by death. He recovered. What I heard yesterday was, that he is now in prison, convicted of a most brutal crime. The grief of his parents, especially the mother, is increased by her accusing herself of having, through her prayers, resisted his death at the time of his sickness, and thinking that otherwise he now might be "safe in Heaven."

The poor mother! Think of the confusion of her soul. Religious teaching which causes such confusion,—can it be true? First, to believe that her prayers could alter the purpose of the All-wise; then that her son might have been an inhabitant of heaven had he died after receiving the Holy Communion.

The low animal nature that expressed itself through his crime, was it really purged out of the soul through that death-bed conversion? Is it not a surer means of purification to have the evil brought to the surface to be known and seen in its hideousness and be weeded out of the garden of the heart? As an apple seed contains the tree, with all its future crops of fruit, which at first bitter, will through cultivation become perfected; so the possibilities of the soul are infinite,—no one would think it better to destroy the seed than to let it live? Yes, can life ever be destroyed? Does it not always "run its natural course" and through various forms of disintegration, collect the scattered atoms anew?

Now will not the Heavenly Father be as merciful as a human father would be and grant the opportunity for renewed effort?

The law of the land has condemned him to death—a death in youth. According to religious beliefs his soul will be lost unless a second conversion (maybe as unreliable as the first) will bring him to the "saving Faith."

Religion ought to be to the spirit, what the circulation of the blood is to the body, but it seems usually to be no more than a Voltaic battery, externally

applied, rousing, soothing, shocking, maybe stimulating at times, a palliative for soulsickness, but not the vital principle of life.— Lovingly, your MILDRED.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHRISTIANIA HOSPITAL.

DEAR LOUISA—Five weeks ago “Rest” Hospital was closed, as the epidemic is over and I am back at the Home.

As a means of recuperation, Mother has assigned me an easy post, the one of special Nurse to Miss T. You know all about her, having attended her during her former stay here. For some time she was one of the most violent inmates of X Asylum. When she had become peaceable her relatives placed her in our care. At present she is quiet and most of the time apparently rational. Our days pass on smoothly. I read for her a little, play a great deal, music having a calming effect on her. Our piano is splendid.

She likes Mendelsohn’s songs, especially “Resignation” which is also my favorite. In the depths of that music, there is a power to silence the tempests of the soul. We take also daily walks together in the park.

I will write as often as I can while having this “easy” post.

YOUR MILDRED.

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DEAR LOUISA—No doubt you wonder why I write so seldom. The truth is that my patient has elapsed into one of her suicidal moods and needs greater care. However, the Doctor orders the daily routine of reading, music and walks to be continued.

Of all the mistakes of human life, suicide seems to be the greatest, and only a diseased brain can account for it. What is the aim the suicide tries to reach by cutting off his existence? To get rid of himself? Can anyone ever get rid of one’s self? Will not the soul, with all its cravings, remain the same though divested of the body?

Blind fatalism, even, seems happier than the vacillating of the heart between submission to “the will of God” and the vain effort through prayer to grant its desires.

Would we not bear the trials of life with more fortitude, when knowing them to be absolutely just and inevitable? But in our religion we are exhorted to pray in faith to be released from this or that calamity, as if the All-wise One could not have omitted them in the first place had they been avoidable. The possibility of changing the course of circumstances by prayers would indicate that the laws governing human life (and the Universe) were very loosely put together. But how is that possible? If anything really was wrong, would not the whole Universe collapse in an instant? Is it not thus that, what appears to be wrong is so in the same way as a fruit is sour and bitter before ripe? By gradual and natural growth only, can either the fruit or the soul be perfected.

As to myself, life means so much more and is so full of interest and beauty since I found rest through understanding these words: "The hand that smites thee, is thine own."

Farewell, till next I write.

YOUR MILDRED.

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MY DEAR SISTER LOUISA—Knowing you as a warm friend of our beloved sister Mildred, I hasten to write you about her last days.

You have heard that she died ten days ago; you also know of the last post she held as the Nurse of the insane Miss T.

For several months her patient was very quiet, and hope was entertained of her recovery, when suddenly her suicidal mania took possession of her again. To divert her, Sister Mildred took her for long walks.

Thursday, the 7th, they were as usual in the park, when, of a sudden, Miss T. broke loose from Sister Mildred, and with the swiftness and cunning of the insane, ran towards the sea, closely pursued by Sister Mildred. A moment and she was out in the water, which is quite shallow near the shore. Sister Mildred got hold of her and a hard struggle began, Miss T. going farther and farther out. Meanwhile, a patrolling policeman and some strangers, with some difficulty, got a boat out, and just before they sank got them into it.

Miss T. was now calm and apparently regretted her act when she saw Sister Mildred lying unconscious on the bottom of the boat. The next day Sister Mildred was unable to leave the bed. The Doctor said that a blood vessel in her lungs was seriously damaged and even did not expect her to live. She lingered only five days and died Sunday morning as the people were going to Church.

She was happy and joyful: death had no terrors for her, yet, among some in the hospital there was a great anxiety about her salvation, as she had of late given utterance to doubts in regard to the main teachings of our Faith namely: the Justification by Faith and the Vicarious Atonement.

Smiling, she said to me: "I am going on a vacation of perhaps a thousand years; when I am rested I will come back and learn some more."

When I saw her in the coffin it was hard to believe her to be dead. I closed her eyes, but the next morning the eyelids had relaxed and her half-opened eyes had the same smile as in life. Her gentle mouth seemed so natural that I half expected to hear one of her bright sayings. The shining hair, freed from the cap she never liked, was left free and flowing.

Beautiful as she was in life, death seemed yet to have added a higher stamp to her countenance. It spoke of freedom and victory. She was indeed a seeker after Truth.

She often repeated these words: "At even-tide there shall be light."

I want to believe she found Truth at last.

# Follow Thou Me

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By E. J. W.



And it came to pass, that, as they went in the way, a certain *man* said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

And he said unto another, follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

Jesus said unto him, let the dead bury the dead : but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.

And another said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee ; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house.

And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.—*Luke ix, 57-62.*

**T**H E same note, for the necessity of absolute devotion to the spiritual life, is struck in the three instances given, “Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.”

“Lord I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest” was the response made by one of the listeners to the teachings of the Master. He felt that behind the words that Jesus spoke lay the promise of eternal life, for he felt the force of the “living word” and his soul responded to the call.

Immediately the great teacher put his sincerity to the test: “Give up thy life if thou wouldst live,” the path that leads to divinity leads away from the comforts of material existence, away from the cozy works of personal opinions, creeds or mental theories, and demands of you an unflinching devotion to your highest ideals and a constant life of service for the benefit of your fellow man. The “Son of Man,”—he who has tested all human experience and renounced all the false pleasures of earthly life, the merely personal interests of the average human being, who has discarded the “mess of pottage” and regained his birthright, his Union with the Higher Self, through lives of selfless effort to benefit all that lives, has no resting place apart from the eternal; the Will of the *Father* is *his Will*, for the twain are one, and his whole consciousness, physical, mental and spiritual, is united in the one aim and object of *living* to make the glory of the Father manifest upon earth. “Whether ye eat or whether ye drink, do all to the glory of God.”

So he did not encourage the man to take up a task that he might find too difficult to carry out, not having perhaps realized what it meant, but in truest compassion put the plain truth before him, “that he who would be greatest among you let him be your servant.” That for those who aspire to the crown of “Conscious immortality in Spirit,” the way lies through the heart; they must “give to all but take from none,” fight for their brothers’

liberation and in doing so find their own. In the second case, the Master seeing the possibility of growth, perhaps recognizing a disciple or pupil of his in a former life, called him away from the lethargy and stagnation of material life to come and help in the great work of awakening the souls of men to the eternal verities. And he, too, recognized the teacher and the call to a higher life, and the conflict between his dual nature intensified, and he said, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." "I acknowledge thy power, permit me to make a compromise." But the voice of his Divine nature speaking through the Master—for the Higher Self is the Self of all—sternly demanded implicit obedience to his commands, "Let the dead bury the dead;" let those who have not yet awakened fulfill the obligations that pertain to the conditions of darkness, but for you who see the light there are new and higher duties, greater responsibilities, fulfill the law of your evolution and being, "go thou and preach the *kingdom of God*," and aid those that weep, that they may see there *is* no death for those who love the Lord, and walk in his ways. "The kingdom of heaven is within" and is *ever present with* you, awaken ye that sleep and see!

The third man also felt the regenerative force of the Master's awakened, active Soul and said, "I will follow thee"—when I have made everything comfortable and settled my affairs and bid goodbye to all my friends. Poor man, little he recognized the difficulties he intended stirring up to prevent him following the path, but the Master knew, knew how the friends would make demands on him, how his brain mind would make excuses,—he could not go today, because of this, tomorrow because of that. He had affirmed his divinity in feeling the call towards a nobler life but lacked the persistent concentrated effort needful to put that aspiration into action, and the intuition that *now* was the accepted time. So the Master in warning lest he lose his chance of spiritual progression for that incarnation said to him, "No man putting his hand to the plough and *looking back* is fit for the kingdom of God;" to those who aspire to be helpers the path lies ever *upward* and *onward*; "thou shalt not separate thy being from Being and the rest, but merge the ocean in the drop, the drop within the ocean," thus only will you come to recognize the Unity—the Brotherhood of all men, and in the expansion of your consciousness will know that the *human family* must become *your family*. If you cannot do that your place is with those to be helped, not with the Helpers.

He was not "fit for the kingdom of God" because that kingdom is Universal and all embracing, and the Sons of God who are partakers in this kingdom are ministers unto all his children, Grand Elder Brothers who make clear the way through *living example* that weaker souls may see the path and in their turn achieve. And these great lessons hold good for all time. In our present age the call towards a Higher Life, the recognition of our essential Divinity, has gone out to the ends of the earth. The conditions are identical, and our response will place us in position in accordance with the same immutable laws.

# Rightly Directed Energy

By M. J. Barnett



**D**O we ever think what riches are ours in the vitality that is given us to work with, in and through our physical body? What is vitality or life force? Energy or force is the creative spiritual substance so to speak, employed in the building of universes as of the numberless worlds that compose them. It is not only at the command of Gods and World builders, but it is the inherent property of everything that lives, from man down to the compact rock which age by age evolves and solidifies by means of its own peculiar appropriation of force from nature's storehouse.

How this energy was originally evolved does not so much matter to us in our present stage of development as the more practical fact that it exists in and all around us and is at our command in proportion as we approach more or less nearly the status of perfected man.

It is true that those who desire to work evil and who are upon the downward path can to a limited degree command Nature's forces for evil purposes, but they do so at their own peril. Since all the powers of the Universe are working for only good, any effort in a contrary direction produces an inharmony. Nature, always on the alert, seeks ever to restore to harmony; and in accordance with the universal law of equilibrium, whatever is given forth recoils upon the giver. Thus we can see that destruction sooner or later must attend those who work for evil, and for self regardless of others. This law of retribution may well excite the terror of the evil doer, but since we do not care how much the good we do recoils upon us, we need not, in living up to the standard of true Brotherhood, fear the utter destruction that can befall only the selfish, the unbrotherly.

When we work with Nature, we are always employing the right method. This fact is acknowledged by the wise and even by those who are more learned than wise, in every department of Science and Art. In combatting bodily disease the endeavor would be to discover Nature's method in dealing with it, which is always that of expressing or pushing it forth onto the physical, the lowest plane, and thus getting rid of it. As we all know, if we are working at sculpture or painting, the more nearly we approach Nature the more beautiful our work will be. The more a musician's ear is given to the harmonies of Nature the higher will be his ideal and the greater his power of expression.

Nature not only never works evil but she never wastes her energy. It goes without saying that she moreover never scatters it in trifles, for she has no

trifles, all things, however great or small they may seem to us, are of equal importance in her domain. It is only we who consciously or unconsciously waste and scatter the precious energy at our command. Why do we do this? We are ignorant. We are thoughtless. We lack earnestness of purpose. We are frivolous. We have no true philosophy of life, or if we have it we do not live up to it. We have no anchorage in truth. We have no supreme guiding motive for thought and conduct. We have no conception of our oneness with all that lives. One who realizes the law of Brotherhood and works with that law need not fear that he will waste his energy on trifles, much less work evil to his fellows.

Do we ever reflect that we, even the most feeble of us, have more or less at our command this vital energy without which nothing could live, and that if we are not employing it for some real lasting good we are wasting it? If we are not with the law we are against it. Now, how many times do we during one single day commit acts or indulge in thoughts or feelings that cannot possibly benefit either ourselves or any one else; and not only so but not being a benefit they must be an injury and must cripple us in any earnest life work. Our inordinate desires alone consume an amount of energy which if rightly employed might make us one with the Gods.

Granting that the evil we do is only the result of misdirected energy, can we with our present knowledge direct it rightly? We can come into more knowledge. The most ignorant, the most criminal of present humanity can, if he so desires, come into more knowledge, more light. The scales can fall from his eyes.

We could not perhaps find a more notable illustration of misguided energy being turned to good account by coming into knowledge, than that furnished us by our Scripture in the character of St. Paul. He is introduced to us as a young man named Saul, who consented to the cruel death of Stephen; who made havoc of the church, entering into every house and hailing men and women (for it was a part of his career in which he made no distinction of sex) and committing them to prison. He breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of Jesus and worked strenuously for the privilege of bringing bound unto Jerusalem any Christians whom he might find at Damascus whether men or women.

He seems to have been possessed of an extraordinary share of vital energy, and to have turned the whole of it to evil account. But in the midst of his downward career the heavens opened upon him, effulgent light, flooding him in the midst of his great darkness blinded his eyes. A saving voice fell upon his ear, divine wisdom descending upon him so suddenly in his ignorance appeared to stun his faculties so that he neither ate nor drank for three days. But the light at length penetrated to his soul and roused him from his lethargy. Both his inner and his outer vision became cleared and as it were in the twinkling of an eye he adjusted his prostituted faculties to his newly gained knowledge, changed the direction of his tremendous energy, and thenceforth there was not



among all the disciples, who so zealously worked in the Master's service, one who could equal in zeal, vigor, and boldness this same Saul of Tarsus.

Now, one might imagine that on his conversion to Christianity he would be likely only to change the direction of his persecutions to all opposing sects, but such was not the case. True enlightenment does not work that way. With the light from above there had descended upon him the spirit of his divinely compassionate Master. The scales had fallen from his eyes and he could see clearly. It was left to later generations to contradict in practice their own lip-teachings of Brotherhood, to ignore that pivotal principle of their professed religion. It was left to a degenerated, blinded, ignorant age to practice the Brotherhood of savage brutes, and worse, for it would be rare to find a brute turning upon and rending its own kind.

If all the energy misapplied to evil by zealots of the past, who mistook themselves for followers of Christ, had been employed for true Brotherhood work, Christendom today would not be so steeped in selfishness and vice as almost to call forth despair were it not that we know the Great Helpers are working to bring "Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity."

What is prostituted ability, talent or genius, but misdirected force? Nevertheless it frequently calls forth admiration from the indiscriminating. What is it that we admire in the skillful maneuvers of a defaulter or burglar for example? Surely not the evil he works. But we lose our abhorrence of the evil in our admiration of his rare ingenuity, so much so that we sometimes say we would almost forgive the fellow his crime on account of talent, whereas nothing should create more aversion in us than the perverted use of any ability. Talent is always admirable. It was at first small ability which had been worked for, and gradually it has unfolded in life after life until it has become a Godlike power. How sad that it should ever be employed for evil!

In the case of an atrocious crime it is not so difficult for us to discriminate between the means employed and the motive, for the evil that is wrought is so evident. But there are a thousand and one subtle ways in which evil appears among us disguised as good, that demand our rare discrimination and our continued protest. If any among us are so fortunate as to have worked for and gained such discrimination it is for such to endeavor to raise the erring up to a higher standard by teaching the true philosophy of life, but above all by personal example.

It is well known that music and the drama, which should be regarded as sacred factors in the evolution of humanity and made to appeal to the higher nature, are frequently turned to base uses, appealing only to the low passions of man's nature. It is mistakenly argued that the masses must be taken where they stand and gradually led higher. But do we give the criminal a chance to indulge a little in his crime until he is weaned from it, and is that the way to wean him from it? No. Only a bold departure from a false method, only a direct and vigorous contradiction of everything that works

against real progress, against soul enlightenment will take the masses away from where they stand and along on the right road. This is abundantly proved by the signal success of the pure and elevating music and drama offered to the world by the Universal Brotherhood Organization under the present leader. The newly-revived quality reigning throughout all branches of art, as well as in the science of true living in every department of life, now being emphasized in the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma appeals not only to the aspiring and right minded whom, in its incipiency it has already reached, but it will be sure in time to make its way with the most depressed, even though, at the first moment, they may, like Saul of Tarsus, be only stunned and blinded by it. The voice of the Christ within them in no uncertain tone will arouse them. The scales will fall from their eyes and they will see more clearly than ever before. The divine which is in every human heart will certainly respond.

We can each of us do our little in the great work of purification by always standing firmly on the side of right if only by a mental attitude. If all the perverted talent now spent upon degrading literature and art in order to gain a success which at best is only failure, were rightly employed it would meet with a success more lasting than time, for the motive back of it would be one with all the great beneficent forces of the universe.

We are never working alone and the great question is shall our allies be the enemies of natural law, who in striving for the ultimately impossible only injure themselves, or shall we unite our forces with those of the Grand Army of Evolution, of Brotherhood, and thus, working with Nature, find ourselves among the conquerors? Shall we not turn our little energy into that great current which, with these accretions will swell and swell until it will sweep along towards the goal, the whole of saved humanity now evolving upon this globe?

The immense variety and vast number of organizations existing in the world today prove that there is a partial comprehension of the fact that cooperation accomplishes greater results than individual effort. But it is little known that, as has been told us by one versed in such mysteries, combined energy is as the square (not the sum) of the number combined in effort. Much less is there a general realization of the existence of unseen allies on higher and on lower planes, who by the law of affinity, flock under any banner raised on the physical plane. Let our motto then express the highest conceivable thought. Let our aim be the purest. Let us see to it that we keep the whole law as expressed by all the great teachers of humanity, in loving one another. Let us recognize our original divinity, our Brotherhood, with everything that lives.

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# The Imagination

By W. A. Dunn



**T**HIS supreme importance of an active and well-ordered imagination is not sufficiently recognized now-a-days as the factor in mental life upon which all intellectual faculties depend for color and beauty. The modern man, in a large degree, is contented if his mental machinery is capable of carrying out a logical sequence along formal and conventional lines. He does not dream, while life to him is tolerable, that these lines are merely laid upon the surface of a vast unexplored ocean, into whose depths only those of strong imagination may penetrate. At times in the history of the world mighty storms have risen from the deeps, sweeping away all shadow institutions, throwing organized society into chaos. The multitude which thought it had been standing upon a rock, but finding it mere tissue paper easily scattered into nothingness when nature's inner breath was outpoured, has at such times instantly turned to and gravitated around those men who by deep exploration had penetrated into the depths of life and grounded their feet upon an unseen rock which no storm could move or disturb. Such souls are those who have made history.

All men possess intellectual faculty, just as they possess hands and feet. But as the organs of bodily action are exercised and trained upon some plan and for executing some purpose, so must the intellectual faculties be directed and trained along lines laid down by imagination and energised by purpose or motive. When the power of imagination is lightly exercised (in which the faculties of the subordinate mind do not receive the restraining influence necessary for their correct application) the lower intellectualism reigns supreme, the powers of mind being split up into separate camps, the soul finding no centralized unity upon which to shine.

The small value placed upon the imagination by most people is no doubt the outcome of wrong application. Its true function, to create mental form for the fire of determined purpose to realize itself through, has been and is being perverted by a pernicious tendency to create fanciful forms in the mind around the fire of animal desire—the antithesis to the fire of an unselfish purpose. Like the Will, the imagination may be stimulated to action by many varying degrees of desire—but the resultant mind structure must be relative, as regards strength and quality, to the desire which prompts its creation. Hence a selfish and narrow mind carries a tendency to create selfish and narrow imaginative forms. For this reason, imagination has become of little value in modern estimation because of application as mere personal fancy.

If a broad view be taken of the world of mind, a striking fact presents itself. It is this:—Every discovery in science, every invention from the steam engine to the cotton loom, every line of music, poetry or scripture, was, at birth, an imaginative thought in the mind of *one man*. Look how such apparently small creative acts of mind have spread with power into every fibre of civilized life. The very things we refer to as solid and matter of fact could not have come into use if imagination had not grasped the impossible and dragged it down into form and manifestation.

All that is true in modern life and modern institutions is the movement of streams that have originated from great masterful souls and flowed down to us through the ages, within the forms which were originally moulded by the imagination. Without these forms they could not have continued in the consciousness of the race.

Our usefulness as workers for others depends upon the mental condition we *choose to maintain* within ourselves. It is not a question of “thoughts,” but the inner atmosphere in which thoughts move. We do not take kindly to great thoughts repeated by a talking machine. Everyone, when the eyes are open, *must* see objects, but we have the power to *choose* what is seen and of directing the sight. In like manner, everyone must have thoughts of some kind, but the attention (the mental eye) can choose its thoughts of whatever degree. In such act of choosing, the imagination is made active, and provides form around which the thoughts chosen are built, thereby erecting a mental structure which grows according to the labour bestowed upon it—not one brick more or less.

If the mind strongly imagines what it is to be contented, consecrated, loving, etc., and *maintains* all or any of these sufficiently long, the mind must actually realize in fact the condition fixed upon in imagination. When gazing upon a picture all its beauties gradually reveal themselves as we continue to look, and of course, relative to the strength of the attention. Similarly, an act of the imagination gains strength and substance (as the condition thought of is sustained) relative to the intensity of attention.

Comrades, we know this to be true:—that if every member was this minute to strongly and vividly *imagine* himself or herself as being a strong, unselfish and noble soul, *minus* floating thought straws, and rigidly maintain such condition for a week, more energy would thereby be brought down into life than by “moving round a circle” for a year. Imagination has embodied world-moving forces in the past, it can do so again, *if we choose*. It is merely a question of choice, the ability is already present.

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# The Woman

By Madre



She was studying art and there were many like her in the great Academy. All were good friends, all were young and ambitious, all were planning for a year in Paris, with Merson, perhaps. All were dreaming of future honors in the Salon — perchance of an *Hors Concours*; all but she. They understood, when the Academy opened for the following year, and they learned that she had become a wife.

A feeling akin to dismay spread over the whole school, that such possibilities as were hers should be so carelessly buried, wasted. Said her teacher, "It is too bad, for she was certainly very promising." The students smiled, some disdainfully, some sadly, a few with a satisfied air which said, "one fewer in the way of our success."

Those who really loved her lamented: "Her art is dead, and she, herself, is buried with it. We know her future, the stereotyped round of callers and servants and three meals a day and children." "Don't have any children," said one of the boldest to her; "you may do something yet."

She smiled, though her heart sank a little, and she still painted during the intervals of time when there were no other duties. But she painted but little for there was much to be attended to in the establishing of a home.

Her husband was older than she, a man of mature years. "A fortunate thing," said those who knew them both. "A pity," said the gossips who knew nothing. They had always known each other. He had played games with her and taught her music when she was a laughing curly-headed child and he a shy young man. Then he came to the great city and under the green-shaded light of a reporter's desk worked and worked for the living which was so long a precarious one. But the curly-haired child grew to womanhood, the modest fortune was won, and then came the home.

One day, upon these two there dawned a great happiness. A baby's cry and faltering gentle laughter was heard in their home. "Alas," said her friends, "it is all over now. Her art is wasted, and her life, well, that is wasted too."

But, strange anomaly, she was far happier than these friends. They were careworn, less beautiful. Some of them were almost never joyous. She, who had never been beautiful, became so. Her views of life grew tall and broad under the sunlight of her husband's sympathy. She gravitated towards a true philosophy of life as naturally as a planet would glide into its own orbit.

Other babies came. Still she became happier. Her friends could not understand it. It was very strange.

One day she and her husband adopted a little unfortunate babe. And, as her children grew she filled their lives with music and with color, and the lives of other children as well, for many seemed to gravitate toward her. And the children loved to learn because they knew that some day they would—paint wonderful pictures and play astonishing concertos?—no, because they would some day become able to be teachers too, which to them appeared to be the finest prospect in the whole world.

And she taught them not as she had been taught, but out of her mother heart, feeling her way in the half-darkness of this labyrinthine thing called pedagogy as Theseus felt his way through the windings of that labyrinth in old Crete, by means of the tiny golden thread held by the woman, Ariadne. And the thread of intuition which she followed often led her to disregard the sign-posts along this pedagogic winding path which were labelled “traditional methods of teaching music,” “academic rules of art study,” “the proper method,” etc. That was the most shocking of all the things this woman did.

Her friends said “She is utterly lost.” They ceased to talk to her of art, and chose commonplace topics. They quietly decided among themselves that the talent of her earlier days must have been illusory. In fact, that was always evident enough when she was drawing antiques and nudes in the great academy. No one who really knew her then had ever expected her to do anything great in art, excepting her husband. And men were blind at best. “No woman with the soul of an artist,” said these friends, “*could* stoop to play silly games with babies and little children; no true artist *could* allow them to handle clay and colors without a suspicion of academic rule.”

They shook their heads. “Her art is lost,” they said to each other. The friends who said this seemed more careworn than she and their step was heavier. They smiled regretfully. They were not used to smiling in any other way.

But she heard their words, and she said to them, her calm face glowing with divinest of content, “You are mistaken. The art of my school days is not lost. I have never forsaken it for a moment. I have become a sculptor. But I no longer use clay as I did in the old days. That upon which I work, to which I give the best of myself as you give the best of yourselves to paint on canvas, is a something most wonderful, most divine, but which is not to be found in the whole range of your art. It is living and conscious, it is plastic, yet I desire not that it should always yield. It comes to my hand, impressed and shaped by ages and peoples of the past, pulsating too with its own inherent life, iridescent with spiritual will. Upon this divine material I must work, I, a sculptor. I cannot change nor cover the impressions of the past, though I might yearn to do so. Upon them the marks made by my hand will never, never fade away. Nothing can wholly obliterate my work. It will endure in one or another form when the quarries of Naxos are as dust. That is the terror of my work. That is also the joy of it.

“You say that my art has been wasted. I tell you that the completest, grandest instrument that I use is this very art of my school-days, this which

to you rounds out the whole cycle of life. I tell you it is yourselves who are lost. Art is not something to be desired and won for itself merely. It is only a tool, a glorious instrument, a noble means to a still more noble end. Shall I waste my life in polishing and perfecting this tool, when before me lies a valley of diamonds whose stones, verily, cry out to be released that they may reflect the light of the Eternal?"

Her friends looked at each other and smiled. "And what is this marvelous material on which you work?" they asked.

She answered, "The souls of little children."

CHICAGO, Jan. 17, 1901.

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## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL



What is the Theosophists' criterion of truth? Do they believe in the Bible as the word of God and in divine revelation?

**O**NE of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy is the essential divinity of man and that there is in man the potentiality of godhood. Thus so far as that potentiality becomes actuality, does divine revelation become possible to each man, because of the awakening of the divine in him, and thereby the mirroring in him of the divine in the Universe and of the very nature of Deity. He who reaches this height will attain divine illumination and, as he speaks from the soul, he will give forth an inspired word, for he has so attuned his heart to nature that God can speak through him. As the heart of the flower is a part of the heart of nature and expresses nature's divine word in its beauty of fragrance and color, so as man consciously realizes his oneness with God, will he express God's word in his life through act and speech.

This possibility lies before all men and, from time to time, in the vast periods of the life of humanity, great Teachers and Saviours have arisen who, uttering the divine word, have given birth to the sacred scriptures or bibles of the world, all of which are "The Word of God," in that they contain the true teachings concerning God and Nature and Man and Life.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,  
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.

Besides the great scriptures such as the Vedas, Upanishads, the Hebrew writings and others, it will be also seen that there are many lesser bibles or

writings containing divine truth more or less concealed and, it may be, mixed with error. That which makes the great scriptures truly the bibles of the race, is their universal application to all planes of the life of man and the cosmos, and containing, as was hinted at by Christ, "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven."

Those who desire to pursue the subject further should study H. P. Blavatsky's great work, "The Secret Doctrine."

But although the whole of visible nature is a mighty scripture—the word of God—although there exist the great bibles, of what value are they unless man can read and understand them? And it is not the mere understanding of the mind that avails, but the understanding of the heart which is born of devotion. Without exception this has been taught by all great teachers of humanity. Jesus said, "If any one will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." And three thousand years before Christ, Krishna said, "He who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time."

But while it is true in one sense that the last and final tribunal for each man is himself, his own soul, and that the criterion of truth lies in each man's heart, yet there is another factor that must be taken account of and that is, that no man is separate from his fellows, that the soul is but as a spark of the divine Over-Soul. Thus in a greater degree the final tribunal is the soul of humanity, and greater still, the Over-Soul. That is, as man mirrors more and more of the divine in his heart and attunes his life thereto, so does he find a higher and higher criterion of truth which ultimately must be Truth itself or God. But there is nothing arbitrary or authoritative in this, in the sense that a formula of truth or a dogma is imposed on man with the threat of the penalty of hell for disbelief or for non-conformity thereto. It is rather a growth by which man learns that the spark of light within himself derives its light from that Greater Light which is its source, and thus partakes of the nature of, and is one with, the light within the hearts of all other men.

In this way does it become possible for man to recognize his Teachers, for in nature there is no equality, but a brotherhood of elder and younger. Were it not so, man might well despair of ever attaining the truth or, having once sunk into the depth of ignorance, of ever rising again therefrom.

The revelation that comes to man, in very truth comes through his own heart, but through and by the aid of those who have climbed higher on the stairway of life, and who quicken the spark in his heart, making it glow and become a flame. Were it not for the Elder Brothers of humanity, human evolution could not proceed. Were it not that they come again and again with a divine revelation to strike the keynote of truth for each new age, humanity would sink down into utter darkness. So also the men and women of the world as parts of the human family have a great responsibility toward all their younger brothers and toward all the lower forms of life. For it is through humanity as a whole and the light that it passes on that these lower



forms can progress. What a paradise earth would become did man know his power to become veritably in himself and in his life the revealed word of God—or to quote from one of the scriptures, "The word made flesh." ORION.

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Do you believe you go to some other place when you die?

This was a question asked by one of the tourists recently visiting Loma Homestead. The answer given was to the effect that after a period of rest we are born again on earth to take up the thread of life where we laid it down in the last life.

It is curious that the return to *earth* should form one of the objections of a certain class of enquirers, and that some are willing to accept the teachings of the continuity of life, if only they can think they will go to some other planet. Yet surely, if such people were to stop to think, they would know that in a short period of one existence they cannot possibly learn all the lessons that life on this earth affords. Further, as a matter of strict justice we must reap where we have cast the seed. We are not separate from the life of humanity and are connected not only with the past life of the world but with its future life and are sowing seeds that will bear their harvests here on earth, and therefore must come back to reap them here.

If only men could realize the enormous opportunity that reincarnation gives of making this earth into a heaven, of retrieving all mistakes of the past, of sowing new seed for a future golden harvest; if they could but realize for one moment the explanation it gives to all the inequalities and injustices of life, they would find that as a *theory* there was none other so reasonable, or full of hope. And if they would study the experiences of life, they would come to see that reincarnation is not a mere theory but one of the facts of nature, and the method of nature by which alone evolution and progress are possible.

J. H. FUSSELL.

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"What then is the universe for, and for what final purpose is man the immortal thinker here in evolution? It is all for the experience and emancipation of the soul, for the purpose of raising the entire mass of manifested matter up to the stature, nature, and dignity of conscious god-hood. The great aim is to reach self-consciousness; not through a race or a tribe or some favored nation, but by and through the perfecting after transformation, of the whole mass of matter as well as what we now call soul. Nothing is, or is to be, left out. The aim for present man is his initiation into complete knowledge, and for the other kingdoms below him that they may be raised up gradually from stage to stage to be in time initiated also. This is evolution carried to its highest power; it is a magnificent prospect; it makes of man a god, and gives to every part of nature the possibility of being one day the same; there is strength and nobility in it, for by this no man is dwarfed and belittled, for no one is so originally sinful that he cannot rise above all sin."—*W. Q. Judge.*

# Mirror of the Movement

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## New from Lomaland

There can be no doubt that this is the new Garden of Eden, as with the onward march of this glad new year the landscape assumes its loveliest aspect. For some years past such a season as this has been unknown: plenteous rain has now fallen and, blessed by the almost eternal sunshine, Southern California is expecting the most prosperous time in its history. The hills and vales are turning vivid emerald; flowers of many hues, though violet, purple and yellow predominate largely, carpet the ground in masses, the birds are building their nests, miniature "round" houses after Nature's order, and singing joyously everywhere, brilliant humming birds and gorgeous butterflies dart from flower to flower and magnificent purple moths of great size with wondrous "eyes" marked on their wings flit into open windows at eve. Our grounds are rapidly being filled with all manner of ornamental and fruit trees including an extensive grove of mulberry trees for the silk industry which is starting under our Leader's watchful care. The long drive up to the Homestead from the high road is now complete with its two rows of handsome palms, which make a very striking feature in the landscape.

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## Great Development of the Work

With the active increase in Nature's work so our labors extend by leaps and bounds. Every day there is something new—some new plan laid by the wise forethought of the Leader or put into practice for the welfare of our "other selves" now living, or to come. The Homestead is over-crowded, the tented houses of the students are spreading in all directions, growing like mushrooms in the night, and even buildings designed for other purposes have to be utilized for temporary residences. Everyone is living at the highest pressure yet not half the work crying to be done can even be attempted. There is, naturally, no time for "recreation" in the ordinary sense, change of work is the excellent substitute, and it is marvelous how the dormant capacities of the students develop in quite unsuspected directions under the guiding hand of the Leader. The world is now actually waiting for, and demanding the service of an army of *qualified* students with devotion to humanity and impersonality for their watchwords who carry a high moral tone of purity, but to be of real use here they must have been properly trained in the work and tested by the Leader as, for anyone reckless of consequences to rush in here prematurely as some have unwisely tried to do, would be foolish in the extreme and a serious hindrance to the Leader's developing plans.

\* \* \*

## New Arrivals

But day by day more students are being accepted and welcomed "home" by the Leader. Brother Neresheimer, our devoted Treasurer and cabinet officer, has at last arrived from New York to stay, and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Spalding, the Superintendent of the Lotus groups throughout the world, and her husband, who, though not a member, yet highly appreciates the work and the beauty of the students' life. Among other arrivals are Brother Cobbold from England, an old and devoted pupil of H. P. B., and Brothers Rounds and Barborka, well-known violinists from Macon and Chicago.

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## Tourists and Visitors Coming in Great Numbers

This being the season for visitors to "winter" in Southern California, the Leader has recently thrown open certain limited portions of the grounds and buildings for tourists to see. Thousands have already availed themselves of this privilege and the full energies of half a dozen or more of the students, who have been trained as guides to conduct parties around continually for eight hours daily, are

taxed to the utmost. The interest shown by the visitors is most encouraging and none leave without a strong impression of the beauty and firm common sense basis of our work, as here they are able to see the various departments in operation. As these tourists are generally cultured and intelligent people from distant regions, they show a new appreciation and express themselves delighted with our practical efforts to uplift the race and the hope we offer to discouraged humanity without money or price.

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#### **Daily Lectures**

So many questions are asked about our work and philosophy that Katherine Tingley has arranged for six to ten short lectures by different students to be given daily, except Saturdays when there is an entertainment given by the Lotus children, at regular times in the Aryan Temple. These lectures give the main features of Theosophy and place our aims and methods in brief. They embrace subjects such as "The heart Doctrine," "Reincarnation in the Bible," "The Work of H. P. Blavatsky Carried Over to the Twentieth Century," "The Great in the Small," and "Lomaland," and are preceded by a short introductory address. The beauty of the changeful purple windows and dome, the majestic Egyptian proscenium designed by Brother Machell, the graceful deep violet students' gowns of the lecturers who read their papers from archaic scrolls are striking to the audiences, and though only lately commenced, a large number of sympathetic and intelligent people have taken advantage of this opportunity. From their subsequent remarks it is clear that they have been powerfully impressed by the spirit of the place and many have found all their preconceived ignorant prejudices completely removed by their visit.

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#### **Dining Room**

Nor is the inner man forgotten, lest our guests should be unable to enjoy the views or the lectures owing to fatigue, for a refined and inexpensive lunch is provided in the Homestead Dining Hall, a large apartment full of light, color and cheerfulness. During the lunch hour high class concerted music, including piano, organ, violin, cello, and harp is provided by students of the Isis League of Music and Drama.

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#### **Distinguished Visitors**

The Leader recently entertained a large party of specially invited guests, including Admirals Kautz and Casey of the United States Navy. All were astonished and delighted by what they saw in all departments, though perhaps the happy faces and perfect yet loving discipline and delightful home life of the Raja Yoga Lotus Home children impressed them the most as it showed so prominently the actual capacity of this, the Master's work, to answer the longing of educationalists for a higher system of training for the young. These travelled people could see that here, and here only, was the place where this need could be adequately supplied.

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#### **International Lotus Home**

Speaking of the Lotus Home it may be mentioned that the tented houses have recently been considerably strengthened and rendered more ornamental and durable so that when the Leader goes away on her next crusade she will feel content that the children are more comfortable in their airy nests.

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#### **A Crusade**

We have lately had a crusade to San Diego. The Leader and some of her students went down "from the mountain into the valley" and a most remarkable success was gained. "Hypatia" was rendered on Saturday February 9th, at the large Fisher Opera House, followed on Sun-

day night by a great public meeting at the same place, and on Monday and Tuesday by other public meetings in smaller halls. The effect has been wonderful, every meeting was well attended and, as the first visible result, the Leader has established a permanent weekly exposition of Theosophy in one of the most beautiful and artistic Halls on the coast, at which the older students read scrolls illustrating the different phases of our activities and presenting Theosophy in simple and attractive form. First class music is also provided to the delight of attentive audiences. At the great public meeting on Sunday, February 10th, at which the opera house was filled to its utmost capacity by 1400 people, a deep impression was produced by the appearance of the speakers with scrolls and their beautiful Greek students' costume, seen for the first time except in regular dramatic presentation. The rendering of Hypatia was very fine, the beauty of the scene, prepared by Brother Machell, and the evident sincerity of the actors struck the audience as something new and at the end, when the whole band of Hypatia students advanced towards the audience with arms uplifted hailing the presence of Apollo during the intonation of the Gayatri by Philon, the effect was marvelous.

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#### **Heartfelt Reception of the Leader Feb. 13th**

On our beloved Leader's return from this victorious campaign a pretty reception was quickly arranged by the students who had faithfully held the citadel during the absence of the Leader. The "New Century Guard" marched in procession, the International flags flew gaily to the breeze, flowers were strewed by the little Lotus Buds, a bouquet of Loma's choicest flowers presented, an address read and handed by Mme. Petersen, heartfelt song raised and other pretty ceremonies carried out. It was a touching event and showed, however imperfectly, the deep feeling of love and devotion to the Leader and her work which is held by all here and which unifies us as "the children of one sweet Mother."

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#### **Jubilee Symposium and their Significance**

Katherine Tingley has received hundreds of letters already from members in all parts agreeing that these Dramatic presentations are the greatest possible propaganda work at the present time — the results have been uniformly successful and everywhere interest has been excited in the deeper meaning. The Leader says if such work can be done by mere beginners, amateurs, what must it come to in a little while if the members throughout the world continue to perfect themselves and push on this work as a chief means of presenting Theosophic Truths, in a form both interesting and instructive. And as audiences are always considerate to the well meant efforts of amateurs working for benevolent objects, there need be no undue anxiety as to the results.

There is a great charm in the unification of all the Lodges by their joining in the one presentation at the same time universally. It would be a serious error to break this united front by any perversion of the plan in any locality merely to please some individual fancy, for the inner spirit, the wheel within the wheel, is the continuity which must be kept at all costs. At Lomaland the unity of the whole Theosophical world is felt as a living thing, a true organism with the one Heart sending streams of vitalizing power to all the limbs which will grow just in proportion as they assimilate this life harmoniously.

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#### **Isis League**

The musical work is developing rapidly, as so many musical students have collected here. The nucleus of a very fine orchestra is now formed and the voices of the Temple choir are rapidly becoming pliant and forceful under the splendid training of Miss Bergman. The frequent practices in the Temple are a great delight to those students taking part in them and

they feel the real development taking place within, under the wisely directed power of vibration.

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**The Woman's  
Exchange  
and Mart**

The Mart is doing an excellent work and many new developments are opening out in unexpected lines. Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Crosbie and Miss Whitney are kept busy interesting the numerous visitors. Afternoon tea is served most daintily by Mrs. Lundberg and the rooms in which the beautiful and useful goods are displayed have been rearranged lately in the most attractive and artistic fashion. Great numbers of tourists daily carry away souvenirs of our work and the name of Lomaland is being sent far and wide, associated with beauty and grace.

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**All This in  
One Year!**

All this and very much more that cannot be written is mainly the result of only one year's activity, for the Leader only came to reside in Loma land on February 13, 1900. What the next and succeeding years will bring forth, imagination may picture, but in any case the reality will far exceed the fancy.

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## Jubilee Reports



U. B. LODGE, No. 1, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Jubilee was a grand success. Everyone, from the tiny two-year-old, to those grown gray in the service, took part in the Jubilee, and the joyous feeling was fairly contagious. At the Jubilee meeting, the speeches were short and full of fire, and the atmosphere pulsated with Brotherhood from first to last.

For the symposium we found the hall entirely too small. There was but one verdict, — a grand and harmonious presentation of the philosophy. To quote the words of one visitor, "You have done more to demonstrate Brotherhood than you could have done by twenty lectures."

At the last moment it was possible for Mr. Neresheimer to join us, representing Hypatia's father. His presence was what we needed to make the harmony complete, and I am sure every heart was touched by his rendering of the Gayatri, given so appropriately just as Hypatia speaks of her glorious vision.

In speaking of the Symposium I should like to mention the beautiful and artistic work of some of the members of New Cycle Unity Lodge, by whom the stage-setting for the two scenes was made.

The Jubilee of the Children and the Boys' Club was the last of the public meetings. Before the portraits of the three Leaders were the principal ceremonies. First, the children brought flowers and recited appropriate verses, then the Boys' Club followed with military salute. So we can truly say, the Jubilee included old and young, by whose united effort a new force was born, to carry forward into the New Century.—*Ida Gribben, Secretary.*



U. B. LODGE, No. 76, PASADENA, Cal.

The three public evenings of the New Year Jubilee were prepared for with enthusiasm on the part of members and enjoyed by all who attended. The headquarters, Miss White's studio, its walls lined with reproductions of nature's choicest roses and with

some special additions made to the general effect, formed an almost ideal place of meeting. Occupying the whole of a one-story building set in a garden of shrubbery, it can hardly be excelled as a center for U. B. work. None of the world's discords enter at any time and there is no disturbing influence such as is always present in a crowded business block. The beautiful is ever allied with the true and all feel its influence. At the Sunday meeting on the 13th, appropriate papers were read on the Theosophical Movement, in which the main fundamental teachings were outlined, the work of the three Leaders briefly reviewed and the activities at Point Loma dwelt upon. The evening closed with music, having opened with a reading of the departments of the organization and of its objects.

Monday evening was given to the program for that time but, chiefly because of the illness of an important worker, the Symposium could not be presented in dramatic form. The entire text was read, however, by a member with excellent effect, Hypatia reading the lines of that character very impressively, but not in costume. Two part songs were given and two violin solos, all well appreciated. Close attention was given by all the audience, so that members felt encouraged to undertake further work.

The Flower Play was a success. The children did their parts well, led by one of the Lotus workers. A skillful pianist accompanied the singers and there was no halting in the parts. The children were bright and happy and the audience larger than on either of the two preceding evenings. The flower screen through which the little faces peered suggested a garden, the painted flowers with speaking faces exchanging thoughts on unity and brotherhood until sleepy-time came and their eyes closed. One of the little girls afterward read an appropriate story, another sang, and so with more music the Jubilee was ended, the anticipated pleasure had sunk into the hearts of all and the only regret was that some had been kept away by sickness. Many friends expressed a hope that they might be privileged to attend similar entertainments in future.

The audience was loth to leave and remained to chat, not guessing perhaps, the real cause of the good feeling that prevailed. The private meeting afterwards was one of our best. And so, as one tiny twig of the forest of Brotherhood, Pasadena Lodge marked a new point in its efforts and did its best to embody the wishes of our beloved Leader. We look forward from this time with new hope and confidence to future accomplishments.—*E. J. Whittier.*



#### U. B. LODGE, No. 45, CHICAGO, Ills.

On Sunday, January 13th, at 3:45 p. m., Lodge 45 held a special Scandinavian Jubilee-meeting at Wells Hall. Short addresses on the History of the Movement and the Wisdom-Religion, were given, followed by a musical selection and an address on "Brotherhood a Living Power;" when, at the close of this address the names of the three Leaders were spoken, the members rose and stood in silence two minutes. The meeting closed with announcement of the Jubilee program for Sunday night and Monday and Tuesday in which this Lodge united with Lodge 70. The meeting was harmonious and dignified and the audience much interested. The meeting was well advertised by handbills and announcements in two of the leading Swedish papers in Chicago. This New Year's Jubilee has left a deep impression on all of us. Throughout one could feel the strength of a deep joy from the awakening in us of a realization of the possibilities that await us as Fortune's favored soldiers, if we but WILL.—*Andrew Wittrup, President.*



#### U. B. LODGE, No. 115, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

The members of U. B. Lodge 115 of Philadelphia, held an enthusiastic Jubilee Meeting, Sunday evening, January 13th. Assistance in the way of music was given by two members and their friends, while others read papers, which were listened to with evident interest by both members and visitors.—*Frances L. Farrand, President.*

### Jubilee Entertainment at Santa Monica

The Universal Brotherhood covered itself with glory in the excellence of the entertainments given last night and this afternoon. The audience was not as large as the character of the two programs warranted, but those who attended are loud in their praise of the entertainments.

This afternoon was the children's entertainment, and thus the lodge brought to a fitting close the New Year Jubilee.

It was opened by a grand march in which about forty children participated, and was followed by songs and recitations by the little ones, concluding with a flower play. On a large screen were fastened wreaths of the different kinds of flowers with an opening in the center. The sunflower was the mother and she called upon one after another of the blossoms to wake up, and as she did so a pretty childish face appeared and sang its solo. It was interesting and effective.—*From the Los Angeles Herald.*



### New Year Jubilee

FAIRHAVEN UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE PROVIDES A SERIES OF INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENTS: The New Year Jubilee meetings, the first of their kind given by the Universal Brotherhood Lodge of Fairhaven, extending through Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, have been largely attended, especially last evening, when the rooms were taxed to their utmost capacity. On Sunday evening the objects of the Brotherhood League were given in full, the subject of the lecture being the Spiritual and Practical Aspects of Universal Brotherhood from the standpoint that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The highly classical play, "Hypatia," was presented last night to an appreciative audience.

—*From the Fairhaven Evening Herald.*



### A New Departure in the Character of the Amateur Drama

The Universal Brotherhood Jubilee, held in this city, came to a close Tuesday evening by the presentation again of the living pictures representing the evolution of the soul. These were such an improvement over those given last time, and in fact over any of the many artistic entertainments given by the Lotus group that many treats may be expected from the same source in the future. The costumes were beautiful and artistic, and the posing was according to the laws of harmony and art.

The essential aim was to make this Jubilee an artistic success and this was accomplished. The Greek symposium which was given on Monday evening, was something new and novel to a Santa Cruz audience and marks a new departure in amateur drama. More than a dozen characters, fully dressed in Grecian costumes, enacted "Hypatia" in a way that expressed the higher feelings and powers of the soul. The stage settings of pure white and the profusion of flowers threw out a scene of beauty and the speech of the costumed figures was instructive.

At the public meeting of the Jubilee, held on Sunday evening, short addresses were given, along with recitations and music. Altogether the Jubilee has been such a success that it will undoubtedly be repeated next year.—*From the Santa Cruz Sentinel.*



### U. B. LODGE, No. 81, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

U. B. Lodge 81 entered heartily into the new order of the century and has carried out the plans for the New Year Jubilee quite successfully. Our meetings followed the dates and order as directed and were well advertised. Several of our most earnest workers were unfortunately upon the sick list, but everything proceeded in order and the public was well pleased. Different aspects of the work now being done and the application of the

philosophy of life to this work was the main topic handled at the public meeting by several of our best speakers. We were especially fortunate in our entertainment in the fact that one of our members, Mrs. Anna B. Wadsworth, took especial interest in the new Greek play and gave a recitation of it which entirely satisfied those present. The balance of the program was musical and was participated in by both our own members and outside talent. The Lotus children, under the charge of Miss H. C. Stanchfield, rendered a program of music, speaking and dancing.

The whole New Year Jubilee seemed to give a new impetus to not only our own members, but the outside public with whom we came in contact and good results would naturally follow.

*J. C. Slafter, President.*



U. B. LODGE, No. 100, SEATTLE, Wash.

It is gratifying to be able to report that the instructions of the Leader were carried out in letter and spirit by this Lodge in the celebration of the New Year Jubilee.

The public meeting of the 13th was advertised, and resulted in a large attendance. Addresses were made by Messrs. Blodgett, Wilson and Ostrander, the two former having as subject the Spiritual Aspect of Brotherhood, presenting evidence of its being a fact in nature; the last named speaking on the International Brotherhood League and its objects.

The Symposium was beautifully costumed, and the various parts rendered suprisingly well, the leading characters being particularly impressive, and giving the best evidence of feeling the absolute truth of the sentiments expressed in the lines of the play. The hall was filled. The most gratifying part of the performance was the very evident interest aroused in an audience very largely composed of people new to our Lodge and the work. The only criticisms heard were: "You people are certainly very much in earnest," and "That is a beautiful little play, but we didn't get enough. Why couldn't you have it longer?"

The children's entertainment, held on the 15th, was also a splendid success, mainly due to the untiring efforts of Brother Nash, to whom the applause of the audience and the delight of his little brothers and sisters with their success, was a reward more than he asked. One of the interesting features of this occasion was the presentation to the Lodge by Mrs. La Bonte of a very large silk U. B. flag, which made its first appearance in the hall, in the hands of one of the Lotus Buds, at a fitting point in her recitation of "The Crusade," and was waved as a quartette of boys followed with the song "Brothers We." The entertainment closed with a grand chorus by the entire Lotus Group.

The entire Jubilee has resulted in some education to the public, greater energy, and a deeper sense of responsibility among the members, and a warmer touch of Brotherhood feeling throughout the Lodge.—*Paul Henning, President.*



U. B. LODGE, No. 56., PITTSBURG, Pa.

The New Year's Jubilee was a grand success in Pittsburg, and much good has been accomplished. On Sunday, January 13th, we held a public meeting which was well attended. During the meeting some songs were sung. A paper was read by Miss Camp, on "Review of Theosophical Work for the past Twenty-five Years." Extracts from Key to Theosophy, and part of an address by W. Q. Judge, were also read. Every one present was well pleased with the meeting.

Monday, January 14th—The meeting opened by an address on "The Theosophical Movement," and the drama, "The Wisdom of Hypatia." The drama was enjoyed by all. A musical program followed the drama, including songs, a violin solo and selections on the piano. "The Wisdom of Hypatia" was taken up with enthusiasm, and every one taking part in it realized the importance of each part. Despite a rainy night our hall was well filled by an appreciative audience.



The children's entertainment was also very good. I send a report by Miss Kate P. Hartman, the Superintendent of the Lotus Group here, who has charge of the children.—  
*H. Nolte, Secretary.*



The Children's Entertainment opened with the tableau—Truth, Light and Liberation—composed of three little girls dressed in appropriate colors, and bearing appropriate symbols of a light, a star, a wreath, standard and sword-bearers at the four corners of the stage. Then the Lotus buds and blossoms marched on to the music of the Lotus Home March. The first speaker of the evening was our youngest bud—a tiny boy, who can hardly speak plainly-- who told the audience of assembled friends that, "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means." Another bud recited "The New Century Song," and all sang "Tiny Buds," followed by a number of recitations from the "buds." A violin solo by the daughter of J. J. Fitzpatrick, a member of U. B., from Washington, Pa., followed by another song, concluded the first part of the entertainment.

The second scene opened upon a tableau of Rainbow Fairies, with little Sunbeams hidden behind them, who, as soon as the fairies finished reciting the rainbow verses to soft music, slipped quickly in between them, to the front, and sang "Happy Little Sunbeams" with great gusto. When the curtain rose the third time, the children seemed to be sound asleep upon the floor—where they slept, while the music of "When the Children go to Sleep," was softly played. Then still with closed eyes, they sang the first verse of the song. Then while the music again was softly played, they slowly opened and began to rub their eyes—sat up—looked round sleepily, and gradually rose to a standing position, in which they sang the second verse with appropriate gestures. It looked very pretty and much interested the audience, some of them standing up to watch the sleeping children. Then came more recitations and songs—the entertainment ending with the Circle Song and golden cord, followed by the tableau of "The New Century"—a Lotus blossom holding a large bunch of flowers. She recited a few appropriate lines which made a fitting close.

We feel encouraged by the interest shown, and the kind words of some of the parents who spoke of the good we were doing the children, and said we were "doing a good work—that the children were bringing home to them the truths they learned in the Lotus circle."—*Kate P. Hartman, Superintendent of Lotus Group.*

## The New Year Jubilee

SYDNEY, Australia, Jan. 16, 1901.

The New Year Jubilee was a great, and we *feel* sure a far reaching success in Australia.

Owing to the change in our mail dates with the bringing in of the splendid new line of steamers of the A. and A. Company running between San Francisco and Sydney, severe weather and other delays; our letters bringing the glorious news for the celebration of the New Year Jubilee did not reach us until Wednesday afternoon of the 9th January! Just four days or hardly four days before the 13th. Yet this shortage in time simply meant that extra pressure had to be put on and no one dreamt of leaving out a single direction or item in the program. Tickets were designed that afternoon, printed and ready for distribution about 1 o'clock next day and handbills ready that afternoon. The first evening (9th) we also had a meeting and *it was a study* of the New Day. Our resolutions were put into immediate motion of the creative order. No proposals, no discussion, no votes. Only rapid united agreements and work. At one end of the room the meeting was commenced with a dress-making and paper flower establishment for the children's entertainment. At a table tickets, handbills and programs were being designed; an-

other group of workers were fixing advertisements for the press and general arrangements. On the way down to the meeting, halls were enquired about for the public meeting on the 13th. A few minutes after we assembled Brother Smith posted off up town to secure a hall. Went to a number of places but found all engaged or not let on Sundays; he returned with this news then out again looking for a theatre, then back again, as we thought then, with the final result that no hall or suitable place could be obtained. Still one amongst the workers, a probationer, just joined, would not accept the inevitable and asked to be allowed to try what he could do up to noon next day. We had thought first almost of the Concert Hall in the Victoria Market Building; we liked the name and the splendid pile of stone buildings just newly erected, but was told it was not to be had on Sunday evenings. Nonetheless at about 10:30 A. M. next morning we had engaged this beautiful hall for one public meeting. The B. B. C. boys and all went heartily to work bill-distributing and ticket-selling and with large advertisements in the two daily papers we made the most of our time.

The Public Meeting was a great success, all feeling its deep joy and strength of new life. We carried out a similar program to that of the New Cyle Unity Congress with some slight alterations. After the New Year Jubilee was declared open by Brother Willans and the names of our great Leaders H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley were mentioned all the comrades rose in honor of these Great Souls. Then followed an instrumental musical prelude by Brother A. A. Smith. The opening address was on "The Great Theosophical Work of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge; its introduction, promulgation and demonstration," by T. W. Willans. Mrs. Willans then addressed the meeting on "The Work of the Children," explaining the work of the Raja Yoga school, the nature, methods of teaching and what has already been done. E. J. Williams spoke on "Immortality," its philosophic basis being karma and re-incarnation. The closing address was given by A. A. Smith on "Brotherhood," its spiritual and practical basis.

The platform was beautifully decorated with palm pot plants. Marked attention and interest were shown by the audience. The public entertainment was held at our headquarters, St. James street, and was in every way a great success.

The children's evening was a beautiful and significant end to our New Year Jubilee. The first tableau and songs represented "Evolution." A little boy in the front of the stage typified man and the children grouped behind, the various elements of which he is composed. They were most artistically dressed, with colored wings, crowns, stars, wands, wreaths and beautifully draped in white. Then the boy with a banner on which was written, "Helping and Sharing," headed a winding, harmonious march taking his true position as head of all the throng. The next tableau and songs depicted the Sun Fairies and Tiny Buds which looked very pretty indeed, the Tiny Buds being awakened by the Sun Fairies and then bursting into song, "Tiny Buds Are We," etc. The last scene was the song of the "Warriors of the Golden Cord."

The "Order of the Golden Cord" was explained to the audience, and our public entertainment closed with many warmly expressed words of congratulation and appreciation.

In opening our first public entertainment the cable from the Leader, Cabinet and Comrades, "Twentieth Century Jubilee Greeting," was read, having arrived that day. It was a joyful surprise and the comrades sent cheers in response. We had a very fully attended E. S. T. meeting. So closed our "New Year Jubilee," which was in every way a glorious success.—*T. W. Willans, President.*



U. B. LODGE, No. 14, MARKET LAVINGTON, England.

The first meeting of the Jubilee was very well attended. The meeting was carried through most enthusiastically. The President commenced by reading extracts from the

U. B. Constitution and giving a short resume of the work of the organization. Then followed music, quartette and solo, and addresses on Theosophy and the activities of the Universal Brotherhood. On Monday a most successful entertainment was given by the members of the Lodge. Besides the reading of "Hypatia" the story of Tannhauser was told and several musical selections rendered by the members. The Children's Festival, like the two former meetings, was a great success. The room was full to crowding and the beautiful harmony and brightness of the children seemed to inspire every one. During the evening, in addition to the children's songs and recitations, three short addresses were given. The Jubilee was remarkable for the wonderfully smooth and easy manner in which the meetings were carried out. There was no hitch anywhere. All did their part and the results fulfilled expectations to the utmost and shows to what an extent our work has affected the neighborhood.—C. W., *Secretary*.



A GROUP OF ENGLISH LOTUS BUDS

**A Greeting from Holland**

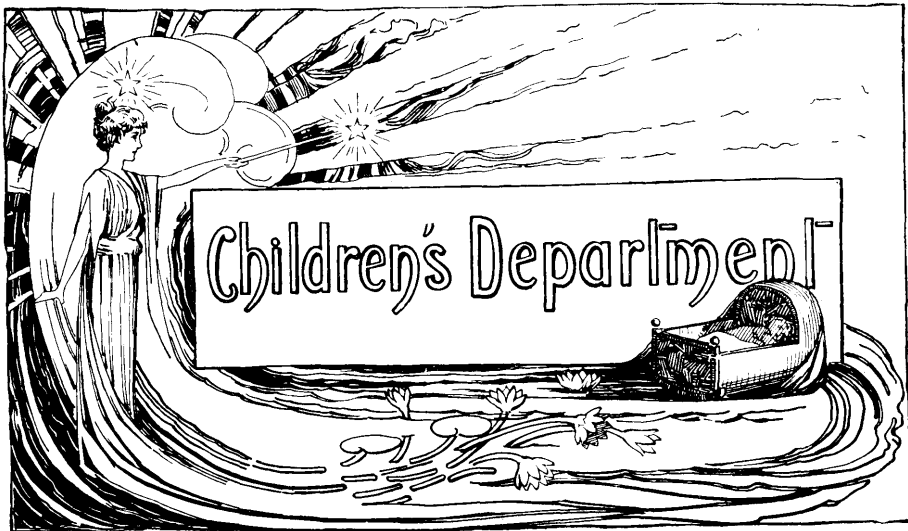
*To Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood*—The Dutch members of the Universal Brotherhood, at the beginning of this New Year, send with this their heartfelt greetings to their Leader and Friend, and want to express to you their devotion and their determination to go on fighting for the great cause of Universal Brotherhood, deeming this the greatest privilege of their lives; and recognizing, as they do, the boons you gave them and the help you patiently tendered to them, their hearts go out in thankfulness to you and to the place where you are dwelling.—*Signed by all the Dutch Members.*



**Our Frontispiece**

We reproduce again a photograph of H. P. Blavatsky, which though not so well-known as others, is a great favorite among all who have seen it. From time to time we shall bring out again the portraits of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge in order that the constantly increasing number of our readers may become acquainted with the faces of these great souls.

EDITORS.



## Princess Purity *and* Her Butterflies

By Agnes Rix



**I**N the palace of Divine Love lived a beautiful little princess named Purity. Her hair was like spun gold, her eyes the exact color of the blue violets that grow by the brookside, and her garments were always white for that was the color her father liked best to see her wear.

Purity loved to rise early and opening her windows to the east, flood her room with sunshine and sit thinking her own happy thoughts. One morning as she sat thinking a feeling of sadness crept into her heart, for she knew that all were not happy in her father's kingdom, and she wished she might do something to take away their sadness.

As she sat thinking, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, sounded on the window sill beside her, and then tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, again and again, and looking to see where the sound came from, she saw oh, so many white butterflies perched upon the sill beside her.

Then Purity laughed such a merry little laugh that sounded just like the tinkling of the butterflies' bells, and putting her face caressingly down to them she said, "Oh, you cunning little darlings! Where did you all come from?"

Then the little bells did tinkle, the butterflies flew around and around the little princess, alighting on her golden curls and everywhere about her; and when she bent her head to caress one that was perched upon her shoulder, he whispered in her ear: "We are your thoughts, little Princess."

Then Purity said, "Oh!" in such a surprised way and they all scampered about the room, flying up and down so that their bells sang a little song, and this is what the little princess heard them say:

“Thoughts are things, thoughts are things.  
All are not butterflies, but all have wings.”

Then they all alighted around her again, and one perching airily upon the tip of Purity's nose, said saucily: “So you didn't know that your thoughts had wings? Well, they have, and they can go just where you send them. What will you have us do this morning, little Princess?”

Purity clasped her hands and thought earnestly for a long time, and then she said, “Can you tell me why so many are unhappy in my Father's kingdom?”

Then the butterflies arranged themselves in line like so many soldiers and said, “Follow us and we will show you.” Then away they flew tinkling their little silver bells and the little princess followed after them, and they led her to a house where she had never been before. It was a beautiful house and Purity thought, “Surely the people that live here are not unhappy.” Then the butterflies flew up and down as Purity had seen them do in her own little room and tinkling their bells musically they sang this little song:

“Wait and see my little one,  
All are not happy  
Whom the sun shines on.”

Then they led Purity into a beautiful room where two prettily dressed children sat playing with their dolls. Purity saw nothing unusual about the little girls until one of them became angry and began to pout and say naughty words, and then the strangest thing happened; clouds of ugly black beetles began to swarm around them, crawling over their hair and clothing until the little girls looked very disagreeable.

Purity felt very much frightened and would have gone away, but the butterflies folded their wings and nestled very close to their little mistress, and whispered this in her ear. “Do not fear for they cannot come where we are.” So Purity sat still and watched them.

Soon the little girls became so angry that they would not speak to each other, but sat frowning and looking so unhappy that Purity thought their faces began to look like the faces of the black beetles. Now Purity knew that the little girls did not know that they were making the black beetles, for none but a fairy could see them, and she felt very sorry and was wishing she might tell the little girls what made them so unhappy, when tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, sounded the little silver bells and Purity saw that her own white butterflies had left her and flown over to the little girls.

Then they flew up and down as they always did when they sang a song and this is what she heard them sing:

“Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, sweet butterfly bells,  
This is the story your music tells.

Bad thoughts are black beetles that come when you're cross,  
But when you are good white butterflies merrily their silver wings toss."

As the butterflies flew around the little girls, fanning them softly with their wings, the ugly black beetles crawled away or flew out of the window and the little girls began to look happy again, and soon they ran out into the bright sunshine laughing merrily, and the butterflies with a joyous tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, of their silvery bells, led the princess back to her own little room again, and then seeing that she was going to feel sad, they had a merry little frolic with her.

One little fellow ran up and down the bridge of Purity's nose until she laughed outright and said, "You saucy fellow;" two of them perched upon her ears and shook their little bells so loudly that she laughed again, and put her fingers in her ears to make believe she did not want to hear them, some alighted on her hair and swung merrily as the breeze blew it.

When they had made her feel happy again, they arranged themselves in a row upon the window sill, and all bowing together, they said, "Never feel sad little mistress for we are happy thoughts and always drive the black beetles away, as you saw us do this morning."

Then Purity said, "Why do you not always stay with the little boys and girls that are unhappy and keep the black beetles away."

The butterflies laughed again and tinkling their little bells merrily, they said, "Because we are your thoughts little one, and can only stay close to you or go where you send us;" and Purity replied, "Oh! it makes me so unhappy to see the black beetles spoiling the little boys' and girls' faces, and they cannot see them, so how can they get rid of them?"

Then the butterflies flew off from the window sill and once more perched upon Purity's hair and on her shoulders, and folding their wings, they nestled very closely to her and said: "We will tell you a secret, little mistress. When the little boys and girls stop thinking naughty thoughts and doing naughty things, the black beetles will all turn to white butterflies."

Purity was so surprised that she just clasped her hands and said, "Oh! will they?"

Then the butterflies scampered merrily about the room and tinkling their silver bells, they sang this little song:

"Fly away black beetles,  
That make children sad,  
Come white butterflies,  
Make them merry and glad."

Then Purity, clapping her hands and laughing merrily, said: "We will go out every morning and help to drive away the black beetles until every little boy and girl has a band of silvery bell butterflies."