

H U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

“Heaven’s best aid is wasted upon men who to themselves are false.” WORDSWORTH.

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The Wanderer

By Y. C. I.



I

My road was set in kingly ways,  
 I had my place on many a throne;  
 A thousand singers sung my praise,  
 A thousand princedom were mine own.  
 There came a Wanderer to my town,  
 And spoke a word to me, the King,  
 And as he spoke my soul bowed down  
 Before some splendid unknown thing.

Stilled were the hurrying feet of states,  
 I trod no more where princes went.  
 Ill-clad, I passed beyond my gates,  
 And made the jewelled sky my tent.  
 Through all the kingdoms rich and wide  
 Whose rulers had their crowns from me,  
 I was a beggar till I died,  
 Yet found not what I went to see.

For nowhere 'neath the jewelled sky  
 Shone that compelling light I sought:  
 It gleamed within the Wanderer’s eye  
 And made my empires seem as nought,  
 But not in all my kingly power  
 And not in all my beggar’s woe;  
 Not where the ancient mountains tower  
 Nor where the feet of townsmen go.

## II

I was the chief of veteran hosts.  
 A Battle-Leader feared afar ;  
 The Under-world was filled with ghosts  
 Driven shrieking out before my car.  
 When warriors surged and swayed in fight  
 And thousands felt the sword's sharp kiss,  
 My banner was a people's light,  
 My battle shout an army's bliss.

But I went once to wrest a crown  
 From one whom none had conquered yet ;  
 And while the war reeled up and down  
 And I was where the two hosts met.  
 The battle fury fled my heart,  
 The battle-roaring sudden stopped ;  
 And warred warriors fell apart  
 And lifted blades grown harmless dropped,

And down between the gazing men  
 There came a Wanderer, riding slow ;  
 He spoke his Word to me again,  
 And when he spoke, the war was woe.  
 They waited while we rode away  
 Between the ranks of gazing men.  
 My sword grew rusty from that day ;  
 I cried no battle-cry again.

I wandered to a lonely hill  
 And built a hut among the ferns :  
 And many a year I gazed my fill  
 Where the sky blossom blooms and burns.  
 The stars knew well my cabin place  
 The mountains watched me where I lay ;  
 And dew was always on my face  
 When dawn made red the rim of day.

And still when all my limbs were old  
 I dwelt amid the waving grass.  
 And watched the flowers of heaven unfold  
 And saw the delicate colors pass.  
 But nowhere on my grassy hill,  
 And nowhere 'mid the dew wet fern,  
 I felt the power I sought for thrill  
 Nor saw my Wanderer's star-fire burn.

## III

I was a Bard, and when I sung  
     A hundred nations heard my song :  
 They said I made the mountains young,  
     And drove away the lords of Wrong.  
 I sung high songs of olden men,  
     And ancient empires passed away :  
 I sung that Gods would come again  
     But knew not how to speed their day.  
  
 And when a princess was the prize  
     For which I sung before my king,  
 There came the Man with radiant eyes  
     And whispered as I rose to sing.  
 A strange new song was mine that night,  
     I knew not what I sung or said,  
 There was a dimness in my sight,  
     A blinding mist around my head.  
  
 Deep in his anger rose the king  
     And drove me exiled from his court.  
 I had another song to sing  
     And all his anger harmed me naught.  
 But ah, that song was never sung !  
     I could not find the secret flame  
 That made the agelong Wanderer young,  
     But burned my purpose when he came.

## IV

I died, and came anew a slave  
     And toiled in sullen anger long :  
 The beacon of my hopes—a grave  
     Where silent death would heal my wrong.  
 But in my darkest hour of woe  
     The Wanderer's face again I saw :  
 I was not free to come and go,  
     But I was free to learn the Law.  
  
 I was not free to come and go  
     Nor free to brood and dream again ;  
 But in the toil that was my woe  
     I found the love that endeth pain.  
 I learned the secret, and I learned  
     The flaming of the Spirit Sun :  
*The fire in which all grief is burned*  
     *Is lit by service nobly done.*

# Spiritual Growth

By X



**T**HOU art that which thou conceivest thyself to be. If we accept the opinion of others we become what they imagine us to be according to their own fashion. They see us in their own mirror as gilded dust rather than as pure gold by dust obscured. I should not yearn for the power to see myself as others see me ; but to see myself as I am beyond the film of transitory dust. If in mere fiction, in a dream of passion, my soul expanding by its own conceit marks a virtue or paints a vice to the admiration or detestation of men, have I not discovered how to make one turn of the key that will unlock the secrets of man's greatest powers ?

It is said that the elder Booth in dramatic action of the play, imagined he was Richard III, and was a terror to some of the other actors in their several roles. And Mrs. Siddons so deeply studied the character of Lady Macbeth and so identified herself with the same, on and off the stage, that it influenced her behavior in private intercourse to such an extent that at table it was observed that she stabbed her potatoes.

Sarah Bernhardt gives an account of her preparation to represent and interpret the character of the Duke of Reichstadt. She went to the field of Wagram ; she made her abode in the castle of Schoenbrunn ; she observed the chamber where the duke died ; she meditated on the fact that it was the same in which his father, the Great Napoleon, dictated terms of peace to the Emperor of Austria ; she imagined herself to be, and was waited upon by her maids and servants, as though she were the son of the eagle—the very Duke of Reichstadt. Dressed in his costumes, booted and spurred, with his sword at her side—none of her attendants dared to salute her except in her character as the duke. In such dramatic performance she spent three months in action for the first representation, before the public of L'aiglon. She studied his walk, his gestures, his moods, his mental attitudes until the soul appereceived that Bernhardt had disappeared from consciousness into that of the Duke of Reichstadt. And now, in artistic completeness she holds the mirror up to nature,—nay, more, a view of the supernature of the character she has become may be sensed by those who, with fixed intent, conscientiously pursue the aim and purpose of the actor. I use the term “actor” for the sake of consistency, “she” having disappeared and transcended the limitations of sex.

In all striving to reach beyond the common place and common state no shade of vanity should be permitted to retard the upward flight. Enter into no bargain with cunning. Mere craft is but the counterfeit of discretion. In the sincere awakening of aspiration, enthusiasm becomes the dominant force ;

and where it rules, delusion may be active, but vanity, "the contriver of falsity," must disappear. "Truth is stranger than fiction" not only because it is uncommon, but in its genuine revelation it stands alone, there is nothing with which to compare it. It is the perfect model, the ideal of beauty, and of "truest poesy." Give wings to the charms of fable and the bird will not return with an olive-leaf of hope and promise. Let your burning thoughts of truth go with your words and the promise is kept to the hope.

Even if we are obliged to tear down tomorrow what we have builded today, for this we should not grieve. There is much wisdom to be gained in the process of destroying the form that we have made; our mistakes are laid bare, our want of calculation is made evident, our ideas of strength and just proportion begin to assert themselves, and we may start on the enterprise of reconstruction guided by the nobler ideal that we have conceived, and with the satisfaction that comes from the fact that we have discovered our own mistakes and are able to rise above them.

We may learn from the child when it begins to help itself and do for itself. When it learns that it has power to overcome obstacles and to obtain what it desires, the morning of self-training has dawned upon it. And if we had the power to penetrate into the soul we might see the seed, the blossom and the fruit of the future man. "The child is father of the man." "The man dreams but what the boy believed." Hence: "The proper study of mankind is man." Let us return again and again to the study of the child state and we may solve many things of which we are in doubt. The heights that the "unwise" reach and their slow or rapid descent to their normal level for want of persistence and lack of faith in their unlimited possibilities is a revelation to those that are aspiring to spiritual enlightenment and a rung in the ladder to enable them to climb. Those that are designated as "unwise" demonstrate how much may be achieved even for mere personal gain, how singular they are, how they shine in the new world discovered by them, how great they appear to the world even with the low aim in view and the limitations they have set to their own powers!

The men that are content to pursue an ignoble aim will gain a paltry recompense, because they are deserving of that. The law is justice. Its inexorable logic can grant nothing more, will suffer nothing less. The rewards of short-sighted men are temporary. They ascend the mountain with painful labor only to fall back again, either discouraged to make another attempt or with unshaken hope for further effort. The aim not being the highest the energy expended is not the greatest. The impure, selfish motive defiles successful exertion, the full power of the man is not demanded. As virtue disdains the aid of vice in the accomplishment of her ends, so unworthy or selfish aims cannot successfully call upon the strongest force, that is pure and true, to become their servant.

As Krishna says: "Those who worship the gods go to the gods, and those who worship me come unto me." They obtain their reward. Those of the

purest purpose—"those great of soul, partaking of the godlike nature, knowing me to be the imperishable principle of all things, worship me, diverted to nothing else."

If the "unwise," possessed of marvelous energy and selfish prudence and concentration of purpose as they are, would fix their gaze on the brightest star and seek to communicate with that, their energy and power would take on the quality of the divine, burst asunder the trammels and dissipate illusions attendant upon low aims, and get a response not even dreamed of by them.

Those gifted with some wisdom, having a single object and pursuing it with constancy and zeal should not fail to observe with intense interest and profit the partial success of those dominated by selfish interest in pursuit of many objects, temporary though they be. We may learn from the spiritually unwise and the selfishly prudent. The mode and manner of the exhibition of their power, their mental penetration, their subtle reasoning and their adaptation of means to the purposes in view, their transient gain, should incite all in search of the truth to redouble their efforts. A lower plane, the result of effort, faint though it be, is a type of that which is above it. Physical strength is a type of mental strength, though its action, without the guidance of the latter, results in chaotic confusion.

The story of the successful labors of Hercules must ever remain of permanent value to those who search for a hidden meaning in the parables and allegories of the world's sacred writings. Having imagined that a being of such enormous strength once existed we cannot indulge the notion that the power to exhibit the same was the result of fortuitous circumstances or that it was a special gift. That a man has had such marvelous strength may be believed;—that it came to him at once unexpectedly without any premonitory evidences, as an endowment of heaven, is not to be accepted because beyond our power of belief. The wonders of the physical and intellectual world cannot be accounted for as resting on hypotheses impossible of apprehension. The history of such phenomena was certainly not written and handed down to us for the purpose of confounding, or dethroning our reason, but rather for our encouragement and edification. When we see a man born into the world in like circumstances as ourselves, with like passions and infirmities, outstripping us in the race of life, surpassing us in every line of human activity, the problem is solved for us, the proof is made, of profit to us, as a "spur to prick the sides of our intent" and shame into silence our protest that his achievements are not fit as an example to us.

The man of faith, of convictions, of just pride in himself—his higher nature—esteems his own approval beyond the applause of others. If a man courts fame and sets a very high value on the good opinion of his fellow men, and takes comfort in receiving the incense of their praise, he sets limits to his own powers that he will not attempt to pass. He who is self-centered is not elated by success nor cast down by failure; for he realizes that whatever he has achieved rests on countless failures and incomplete victories. The decisive battles of

the world are few;—their influence has not been permanent. The boundaries that they fixed and questions they seemed to determine are readjusted very soon and reappear for determination disguised in other phases moulded by self interest and colored by the new thoughts of the world's evolution.

The man convinced of the divinity of his higher nature does not yearn to be as somebody else, nor to represent the highest possibilities of another, nor to "stand in the shadow of a mighty name." There is a community of interest in the successes of men. There is a melancholy satisfaction in contemplating their failures because they teach us so much. And when the faults and failures of men are seen immersed in the flood of compassion of the world's Saviors, the drama of life is understood; the unities of time, place, and action are preserved, and the benign influences of the eternal radiant thread is sensed if not comprehended.

Science postulates when phenomena make demand. A philosophy of history is thought to be discovered. Dionysius said: "History is philosophy teaching by example." The phenomena of human life furnished the ground work of what has been called "human philosophy." Since all the phenomena of human life cannot be accounted for by physiological investigation and the consideration only of the animal nature of man, science postulates the existence of soul in order to account for states of consciousness. He who talks of psychology, confining his range to the physiological aspect, moves in a fixed circle of endless repetitions without advancement. Initial expansion of consciousness and the growth of the soul depend on firm conviction resulting from experience and knowledge that there is that within, which is superior to the physical, beyond the psychic, and is the centre and essence of the spiritual life. When this state is reached, a man can stand alone, and view with impartiality the different phases in the lives of men and realize his power to advance if he will along the steady current of a higher spiritual life.

But the man of mental culture without cognition of soul-experience may ask, "How do I know that what you say is true. You have made assertions—prove them." There are many truths that cannot be demonstrated to the satisfaction of every one. There are certain cardinal doctrines that relate to physics and metaphysics that can be perceived only by the greatest minds fitted by training and experience. There are certain natures that are not accessible to the imperious demands of universal law in the terrestrial or celestial economy. We cannot render an account to them of all phenomena. Certain natures may be classed by themselves who have no serious and deep convictions as to the principles of morality or as to intellectual life, yet they are touched to a certain extent by things that are beautiful, graceful, and agreeable. They grasp whatever is tangible, within their range, but have no spiritual consciousness as to the end and purposes of life.

In the world of humanity, beings are as diverse as the blades of grass and the leaves of the trees. The contradictions of the man that is color blind and tone deaf are of no avail to him who is able to perceive all hues and note each

tone in the universal harmony. The follies of the mind that spring up in periods of indolent ease and aimless repose may be destroyed by the awakened soul that is able to claim its divine heritage. By assiduous, unremitting culture each one may prepare the way for the development of the higher faculties that may now be dormant. If I settle down into the conviction that I am unequal to a certain task — I am unequal to it while the conviction lasts. If I exert my powers and make a note of their extent, I have demonstrated to myself, if to no one else, the burdens I am able to bear, or the problems I am able to solve. Let us receive the visits of our best thoughts and entertain them as welcome guests; nor let our dreams fade as though they were unwelcome intruders.

The entrance of a thought that suggests a duty to be performed that is difficult may be a mystery to us, but if entertained with graceful, cheerful behavior, the mysterious guise disappears and the duty is made plain. A strong man cannot lift a load his strength is equal to, if his mind is elsewhere and not centered in his effort. The mind must go with the physical endeavor. In concentrated exertion the greatest energy is displayed of which one is capable and such efforts repeated may reveal a giant's power. It is the endeavor to overcome what the world considers impossible that challenges admiration. Enterprises of less magnitude attract but little attention. The aim should be high — the ideal beyond ordinary human conception — to awaken men of even common mould.

Bacon says: "When once the mind has placed before it noble aims, it is immediately surrounded not only by the virtues but by the gods." All the divine forces co-operate with us in our serious, earnest efforts to attain a purer, more complete conception of truth. Who that has profound faith that the law that governs the universe is "Compassion Absolute," can doubt that spiritual light will come to the human soul imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice and compassion for humanity. Let divine desire to reach the highest spiritual consciousness take possession of our souls, and though we may not be free from impediments, we shall attain the divine end. "If sun thou canst not be, then be the humble planet." Yet bend thy mind, thy will, thy soul to be one with the sun and thou canst not fail. Let not fear stand in the way.

Think of the indomitable will, the abnegation of self, the heroic spirit, that have made Point Loma possible. Let this animate us, render us insensible to pain and forgetful of material advantage.

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"Have perseverance as one 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 fleeting life: it is the Man that was, that is and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike."



# Art in Daily Life

By R. W. Machell



I DO not propose to speak on this subject in any sort of technical manner, but rather to put forward some ideas that present themselves strongly to my mind on the subject in its bearing on life in general. We are not specially interested in the life of an artist unless we ourselves are artists, but we all live lives in which Art plays a part, and alas in most lives a very small part, so small indeed, that to most people it is considered as something quite unnecessary and wholly ornamental; but I think that an artist, who is a true artist, is one who has specialized in his life some faculty that is present in the lives of all men, or would be present if they were living true lives, which few can do to-day.

In this connection I want to speak first of the use and meaning of *effort* in Art. For there are some who toil and labor but are not worthy to be called artists; and there are others who try to live as butterflies, without effort, trusting to their genius to do their work and to spare them all need of effort. And here I am reminded of the saying of a great artist who took a butterfly as his emblem. He said, "Industry in Art is not a virtue; it is a necessity."

No lazy man can be an artist for long. No mean shuffler, who is unwilling to make effort, can do more than trade on his ability with which he started and which will wear out or waste if no effort to increase it be made,—and yet "Industry in Art is not a virtue."

But now comes the usual and inevitable contradiction or paradox. The effort to make your work artistic is doomed to failure; the effort to be artistic must fail; the effort to be beautiful will make you ridiculous; yet none of these can be obtained without effort. Art, beauty, love, joy, these flow from the heart freely and without effort; aye, they are more like a lake that overflows its banks and rushes down the mountain side in streams and rivers, sweeping all obstacles away in its impetuous flood.

The effort that is needed is the effort to rise out of a low level of emotion, or sensation, into that higher state in which the soul can speak through the heart of the creator in his work. Once that point is reached, an effort is required to maintain that which is gained, but no effort is needed or in any way useful when the soul is speaking in the heart, for then the work flows of its own accord as the river flows, and the flow is like a song of joy. Many who seek to reach that state, have found it for a moment and known the joy of true Art and the easy flow of inspiration, and said, "Now I know the secret of Art, it is to just sit still and let the music play through you." And they then and there renounce all further effort and live on the aroma of that one illumi-

nation, in blissful repetition of the single theme, varied and colored by their passing moods until it fades and leaves them empty and stranded on the roadside of Art, waiting for the Light to come again, like men who have wandered deep into a gloomy wood and sit down waiting for the sun to rise as once they saw it rise upon the mountain top.

We are all so bound together in our life here, so closely held by the same ties of use and habit and the customs of our life, that for one man to rise above the common level of the thought and feeling of the rest, requires effort ; to remain there, where the sunlight of the Soul can shine within his heart, requires constant and heroic effort and endurance ; and to make his position there secure, so that he stands unshaken as a light to all, that means not only effort and endurance, courage and patience, hope and faith, but also an eternal vigilance. He has to hold the citadel of his heart against the thoughts and feelings of all the world about him. For as surely as one such man can raise the tone of all men's thoughts, so also can their lower natures drag him down, unless he guard well the citadel of his heart and mind.

This is why effort is so necessary in all art work, effort to rise above the dead level of the thoughts and emotions that the artist shares in common with the rest of the world about him, and which are like a host of demons and ghouls that swarm around him day and night seeking to make a playground of his mind. When they get in, the Soul-light fades and dies away. Then the work of clearing out this host begins again and efforts are made which, unless they are successful, apparently accomplish nothing and yet are not wholly wasted. How long have we not most of us maintained this kind of struggle, just making effort enough to weary ourselves, without being energetic enough or hopeful enough to succeed and reach the light.

All work done with the aid of this Soul-light is not only joyful work but is bound to be good work, useful and beautiful,—and in Nature there is nothing mean or insignificant. Study a little any natural object or creature, and you find yourself in presence of all the forces of Nature working as fully and harmoniously there—it may be in the body of a reptile—as in the body of a man ; you find the gorgeous glories of the sunset sky reflected in a stagnant pool, and that same stagnant pool may offer you a field of study with a microscope as wonderful as the starry sky above reveals to the astronomer. So too in ourselves, there is no life so mean but it is really a field in which the same forces are at work as in the life of one who shines before the world as one of its great ones.

Those who are students in the School of Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma soon learn this fact, and are as willing to seek the divine illumination of the Soul by serving in the kitchen or the stable, as in the class room or the studio. No work is thought unworthy in the service of our Cause, which is the Helping of the World to find the Light of its own Soul and reach to Joy and Freedom. We, who work thus in this cause, know that the light cannot be reached except by effort, steady, continuous effort to keep back the lower

nature, and to let the light of the Soul shine. We know too, that when that light does shine, our Life is joy and all our labor is delight, the ceaseless work is happiness and peace.

Ah! how we narrow down the meaning of words that are so great! What have we made of Art? Why, when we use the word, we can scarcely seem to grasp any idea beyond pictures and paintings; even sculpture has got separated off so that we speak of a sculptor *and* an artist, meaning by the latter a painter of pictures. Is it not a sign of the age we live in, an indication of the state of the world to-day, in which all great ideas are belittled and narrowed, and specialized?

Art is creation, it is the expression of the Soul bursting through the clouds of man's mind and making its own beauty and joy visible and audible to the world, even when its theme is tragic and pathetic. For then we hear the wail of the imprisoned Soul,—its cry of anguish could not wring our hearts if sorrow were the law of life; it can move us, because we feel deep in our hearts that Life, true Life, is Joy, and all this agony and gloom, displayed in the great tragedies, is the dark shadow that itself is proof of something that obstructs the Light, the Joy, the Life, the Soul of Man.

This is true of all the dramas and the tragedies of daily life. We know, some of us, at any rate, do know that we have lived through dramas as wild and passionate, as tragic and as gloomy, and as tender and pathetic as any we can read or see presented on the stage; but being in it, an actor in the tragedy, playing perhaps a villainous part unknowingly, we do not always realize the drama as a whole, and get so tied up in the part that we are playing, that we are quite unable to stand back and take a good wide view of all the comedy and tragedy of our life. Could we do that, we should know that here, right here, in our own daily lives, are being acted out the mighty dramas of the evolving Soul—each one an actor in a play that is no make-believe.

That is again another point where modern life and modern ideas are so small and mean that even the Drama, or perhaps we should say the Drama most of all, has fallen into the region of mere make-believe, fiction, and unreality. When men forgot the existence of their own Souls, they hardly could ensoul their plays, or give to them a truth and force that was no longer in their lives. We can hardly realize that actors in a play might be in fact living the parts they are presenting, gaining in actual fact the experience of the events enacted and making by their acts a model for the lives of men who should come after.

But the true Drama of the Soul is coming back again and in our plays we shall have actors who know the forces they are dealing with and whose souls will live the parts, and mould the hearts and feelings of the spectators so that they too shall know the truth, and see their own souls struggling in the struggles of the hero on the stage, triumph in his triumphs and go out from such a play raised and ennobled, to see the drama of their own lives, to fight as heroes in their daily lives to free their own imprisoned Souls from all the enemies that have held them bound so long.

Such plays will be no make-believe. They are more real, by far, than the lives lived actually by masses of our fellow men around us. When we can see the Drama of our own lives so unfold itself before us, and know ourselves as heroes of a tragedy that has run its course through countless ages, then we shall know that Art cannot be separated from true life, and Life, true life is daily life, right here and now. Then we shall not torment ourselves to be artistic, we shall be real, our lives will be realities and Art will breathe in every part of lives that are themselves expressions of the Soul. And then, perhaps, some of the makers of the so-called works of art will find a better occupation, for all men who have awakened to the knowledge of the actual presence in them of their own Soul all the time, will naturally make each act of life an act of beauty, and each thing they make for use will be so wisely made that it will be beautiful as the flowers are beautiful, simply because they can not help it.

Do you think now we can not have Art in daily life? I tell you daily life on this old world of ours shall yet be beautiful and glad for all who live upon it. It can be so and shall be, and we will live to see the changing of the times, and you and I may help to bring about the changing of the times. We have the opportunity to share in such a work, for there is such a Teacher with us now that we, who see her work, are every day astonished more and more to see how beautiful and simple are the ways, by which the wrong old methods can be righted, how the pure joy of life springs naturally in the children brought beneath her care, and how that simple life of joy brings all the virtues in its train, so easily and simply, that if it were not for the contrast in ourselves, who have grown old and stiff in worldly ways, we should simply say—"Why, what is there wonderful in that, it is quite natural!" It *is* quite natural; but what then is the life of all the world outside, which is so different!

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Thou canst create this "day" thy chances for thy "morrow." In the "Great Journey," causes sown each hour bear each its harvest of effects, for rigid Justice rules the World. With mighty sweep of never-erring action, it brings to mortals lives of weal or woe, the Karmic progeny of all our former thoughts and deeds.

"If thou wouldst reap sweet peace and rest, Disciple, sow with the seeds of merit the fields of future harvests. Accept the woes of birth."

"Step out from sunlight into shade, to make more room for others. The tears that water the parched soil of pain and sorrow, bring forth the blossoms and the fruits of Karmic retribution. Out of the furnace of man's life and its black smoke, winged flames arise, flames purified, that soaring onward, 'neath the Karmic eye, weave in the end the fabric glorified of the three vestures of the Path."

"To live to benefit mankind is the first step. To practice the six glorious virtues is the second."—*The Voice of the Silence.*—H. P. Blavatsky.

# The Universe a Living Soul

By H. T. Edge



**O**UR philosophy rejects the dead mechanical view of the Universe and Nature fostered by modern science, and favors the far more widespread, ancient, and reasonable notion of the Universe being a conscious and intelligent Soul. The mechanical way of regarding Nature, which has grown up under the auspices of modern physical science, is to be regarded as a particular phase of human thought peculiar to the periods of material prosperity. Modern science has grown up in such a period, and the commercialism, luxury, individualism, and general ugliness and want of idealism of our civilization have led to the sceptical and materialistic theories which alone such circumstances can engender.

It would seem more natural that man, being himself conscious and intelligent, should infer a similar consciousness and intelligence for the universe of which he is a part; rather than resort to such abstract unrealities as "force" and "atoms" for an explanation of the workings of nature. In fact our own mind is the one positive and indisputable fact that we have from which to start our speculations, whereas the premises of modern physics are mere abstractions having no real existence. Hence the auto-mechanical theory of the universe hangs in midair and has no root in fact; whereas the theory that Nature is conscious is based on the ultimate fact of our own consciousness.

The absurdity of the materialistic position becomes more obvious when these reasons go the length of trying to explain the phenomena of human thought and feeling in terms of their "force" and "matter;" for then they become involved in a vicious circle of reasoning which represents the atoms of the brain engaged in mechanically weaving a theory about themselves.

Considerations like the above can very easily show us that materialistic science is based on abstractions, and that its inferences lead to contradiction and absurdity. This demonstration has been made fully and in detail in books dealing with that special subject,\* and need not be more fully entered into here. But the results that such a mistaken view inevitably leads to are even more indicative of its falsity. These results are to be found in many of the crying evils in our midst today. For instance: the horrors of the vivisection room may be traced to the wrong notions with regard to the body and the nature of vitality, which lead to the attempt to discover the laws of life by mechanical operations and scrutiny of the material structure; and to the

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\* See Stallo's *Concepts of Modern Physics* and H. P. Blavatsky's *Writings*.

hardened and blunted state of the mind which makes all questions of sympathy, kindness and respect for intelligent life subservient to a morbid intellectual curiosity. The exaggerated worship of money and of all material comforts that it brings and the sacrifice of all art and beauty to a hideous "utilitarianism" are the outcome of this perverted materialistic view of life. In short, materialism tends rapidly towards ugliness and meanness, towards doubt and uncertainty, towards dreariness and its accompaniment of sensual excess; and away from the inspiring, the poetical, and the beautiful. We educate our children to these materialistic ideas and then wonder why their conduct takes color therefrom and why they lack the reverence of their parents. The truth is that no one dares to live consistently with such ideas, or all basis for morality would be lost. No arguments for virtue and self-sacrifice can be drawn from the postulates of modern scepticism; and so we unconsciously and inconsistently cling to the principles of conduct that are derived from an older and more spiritual philosophy of life, and whose rightness we recognize though we may have forgotten their rationale. In other words our conduct shows that we do not believe in the nonsense we teach, and we often act, in spite of ourselves, as men who are divine and know it.

It is natural to children, and to all minds that have not been tinctured with civilized artificiality of thought, to look upon nature as alive and sentient. Ancient literature shows us that most people have seen in Nature intelligent powers and beings, where we descry only "blind forces"—whatever these may be. Certainly it takes a cultivated mind to conceive of forces acting blindly and of themselves, like our forces of attraction, heat, etc. Intelligent action, volition, will, desire, are easy to understand; we feel them in ourselves. Where we see design we should infer the presence of a mind; and where we see motion and growth, we should infer volition and conscious life. Otherwise we must invent abstractions like "force" and "affinity" that have no actual meaning.

The true philosophy then depicts the Universe as a mighty Soul, what is visible, being the body, organs and functions thereof, just as our own body is the visible manifestation of our own Soul. Every tree and plant is alive and has a consciousness, though that consciousness is different from ours, just as the form is different. It is not very unfamiliar even to modern speculation to suppose intelligence in plants, so obvious is the absurdity of trying to account for their behavior on any other theory. But how can a line be drawn anywhere between what we may choose to consider conscious life and what blind force, between intelligence and whatever else science substitutes for it? Why cannot the very stones and soil be alive and intelligent? Why not the waves and the winds, and above all the sun and the stars. If part of the universe is ensouled, must not the other part be so, too? And if not, in what other condition can it be?

No sane and reasonable philosophy of existence can tolerate such abstractions as chance, destiny, affinity, and the other mysterious words used to denote materialistic substitutes for mind and will. The only conception that

harmonizes with sane and consistent philosophy of life is that of an intelligent Universe, of a great World-Soul, of which our own souls are part; of a universal Intelligence in which we partake; of an omnipresent Will from which our own wills derive their force.

Surely the all-pervading order, beauty, and design of the Universe compels the belief in a Mind and an intelligent will behind it. Any other theory results in the substitution of meaningless words like the terms of science for words like "mind" and "purpose" which everybody understands.

But there is no need, in acknowledging the existence of a universal Intelligence, to accept along with it all the theological dogmas which any particular religious tradition may entwine around it; nor to suffer our conceptions of eternal power and wisdom to be narrowed and dwarfed by the stunted notions of meaner minds. Let us learn the grandeur of the creative Intelligence from the results which we see and feel manifested all around us.

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## The Conservation of Energy

By Orion



The sum of the potential and dynamic energies of the material universe is a constant quantity.—Tyndall, *Heat, A Mode of Motion*, page 180.

Energy, like matter, has been experimentally proved to be indestructible and uncreatable by man.—P. G. Tait, *Properties of Matter*, page 4.

The first of these is the principle of the Conservation of Energy, which asserts that energy is as indestructible as matter itself, and as a whole is neither created nor destroyed, but merely changes its form.—Balfour Stewart, *Elementary Treatise on Heat*, page 323.

The total energy of any body or system of bodies is a quantity which can neither be increased nor diminished by any mutual action of these bodies, though it may be transformed into any of the forms of which energy is susceptible.—Clerk Maxwell, *Matter and Motion*.

**C**OMPARE the above statements of the law of the Conservation of Energy with the following verse from Browning's "Abt Vogler:—"

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,  
 Existent behind all law, that made them and, lo, they are!  
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught:  
 It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:  
 Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:  
 And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

That a musician, out of three sounds, frame, not a fourth sound but a star;  
 that an artist with a sheet of paper and a piece of chalk create a master-piece;

that a tiny germ should grow and become a plant with radiant, fragrant blossoms, or a mighty tree of the forest, or a human being, whose heart throbs with divine impulses or is moved by the basest passions; that a song should rouse an army and a whole nation to heroic deeds for home and country; that a single word should change the destiny of a people; that the example of a single life should provide the motive power for millions throughout thousands of years:—these are examples of power and energy to which the principle of the Conservation of Energy as explained by modern science, cannot be made to apply.

The physicist deals only with “dead” matter, and with energy that can be measured in foot-pounds or horse-power. The phenomena of *life* he leaves to another “department” of science. He deals entirely with a hypothetical universe—to-wit, a material universe, formed only of matter and force. Matter he treats as lifeless, but concerning its ultimate nature the greatest scientists confess themselves ignorant; and to force he bows as to a God. But whether matter be “centers of force”—(Lord Kelvin’s Vortex Atom Theory), or force be an “Affection of Matter,” whatever that may mean, or each, matter and force, be *sui generis*, there is no united opinion.

On this uncertain basis of confessed ignorance, or rather in spite of it, the bold statement, one of the most magnificent generalizations of modern science, is made, namely, that of the principle of the Conservation of Energy. All kinds of mechanical experiments have been made to test its truth, and *mechanically*, so far as can be shown, they are in perfect accord with it. But the assumption is made that a merely mechanical system is possible, and even the Solar System and the Universe are so treated.

Thence arise problems of sore perplexity to little man which, nevertheless, because they may not have direct perceptible effect for a few æons, do not cause that wide-spread anxiety which their otherwise weightiness might warrant. The following is from the “International Cyclopedia—A Compendium of Human Knowledge,” of which H. T. Peck, Ph.D., Professor in Columbia College, New York, is editor-in-chief. (*Italics are mine,—Orion*).

Animal energy is simply a transformation of the potential energy of food. . . .

Since, then, *as far as we have yet seen*, there is no such thing as gain or loss of energy anywhere, while it appears that the ultimate transformation of such energy is heat, and that the latter tends to a uniform diffusion or dissipation, in which it is unavailable, *as far as we know*, for further transformation, whence do we procure the supplies of energy which are required to maintain the economy of life?

We answer: Chiefly, or perhaps entirely, from the sun, whence they come as light and radiant heat, *perhaps in other forms*. Without the sun, where would be vegetation?—without the latter, where animal life? Where would be our stores of fuel, whether wood or coal? It is entirely then, we may say, to the directly supplied energy of the sun that we look for the maintainance of life; and this leads to a question *not of much importance to ourselves, but of vast future consequence to the human race*: Is this supply finite? Will the sun in time have given off all its energy, or is it continually receiving accessions to itself, and if so, *has it an inexhaustible store to draw from?*

Now, whether the sun be a hot mass, or be surrounded by an atmosphere in an in-



tense state of combustion, or whether it derives the main part of its heat, as Thomson supposes, from gravitation, . . . . . *it is certain that, as far as we know, it must at some period be exhausted.* Such is the *apparently inevitable verdict* of the Conservation of Energy.

. . . . . But the latter, Kinetic Energy, as we have seen, tends ultimately to become heat, and to seek a uniform diffusion. This, then, *it appears*, is to be the last scene of the great mystery of the universe—chaos and darkness as “in the beginning.”

But then, may there not be a new “mystery,” the birth—is not every birth indeed a mystery?—of a NEW UNIVERSE? May it not be that our present universe was once such a *new* universe, for otherwise has it not already had eternity to run down in. In one of her writings H. P. Blavatsky asserts the following:—“The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane; periodically ‘the playground of numberless universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing,’ called ‘the manifesting stars,’ and the ‘sparks of eternity.’”

How does the theory of the dissipation or the ultimate “uniform diffusion” of energy answer for the fact that the power of him who loves and lives for others increases and not diminishes in proportion to his love. And not only so, but it awakens the same power in others. The form may wear out and die, but the power of love and service by being diffused, or rather radiated, does not follow the scientific mechanical theory of the diffusion of energy by becoming less and less available for use, but on the contrary increases in compound ratio—spreading like fire, truly, but not consuming. This is the conservation of energy such as is alluded to in a great Teacher’s saying,—“To him that hath shall be given.” And when death comes to the body, the soul, which has given to others from its store of love, leaves this earthly life for a time, not poorer for the giving, but richer. Then there is the example of the use of the will, which again grows by right use.

Similarly, is it not possible that, instead of the sun’s ultimately becoming extinct, its shining does not diminish, but on the contrary increases its life. For, after all, it is an assumption of science that the sun is nothing more than matter in a state of high combustion. It may be that as with the soul, so with the sun, its death will occur only when and as it refuses to shine, and refuses to accept the compound interest, the ever increasing responsibility of shining more and more and not less and less. An interesting passage occurs in “The Voice of the Silence” that bears upon the life of the sun and the planets, and gives a glimpse of the ancient science of astronomy as taught ages and ages ago.

Behold Migmar (Mars) as in his crimson veils his “Eye” sweeps over slumbering Earth. Behold the fiery aura of the “Hand” of Lhagpa (Mercury) extended in protecting love over the heads of his ascetics. Both are now servants to Nyima (the Sun) left in his absence silent watchers of the night, yet both in Kalpas (ages) past were bright Nyimas, and may in future “Days” again become two Suns. Such are the falls and rises of the Karmic law in nature.

It may be said that we are confounding physics and metaphysics, as well as, perhaps some will say, adding thereto myth and superstition. But in spite

of the delicacy and precision of modern scientific instruments, they are only instruments, *aids* to investigation, and there is a knowledge which does not depend on material instruments but which enables the scientist—a well-known fact—to go beyond the power of his instruments, beyond all his previous knowledge into a new realm. Modern science cannot put aside the knowledge and skill displayed in the pyramids and temples of Egypt; modern philosophy cannot ignore Plato and the great philosophers of ancient times; modern art must still acknowledge its inability to reproduce works to equal the masterpieces of ancient Greece. And if the standard of the ancients be so high in architecture, building, philosophy, literature and art, is it reasonable to suppose them childishly superstitious and fanciful in the realm of science? May it not rather be that as there are *acknowledged* lost arts, so there may also be lost knowledge in regard to the universe and man, and that the traditions and myths are in very fact scientific truths written in symbol and allegory which have awaited the discovery of a “Rosetta Stone” for their deciphering. And this “Rosetta Stone,” this key has been found or rather has again been made known to the world as the student of Theosophy well knows.

The enunciation of this law or principle is not the exclusive triumph of modern science, but was known to the ancients (see H. P. Blavatsky’s writings), for whom, however, the universe was a living conscious universe. In the modern formulation of this rediscovered law, modern science has unknowingly transcended its own narrow limits and materialistic dogmas, and has approximated the statement of a truth—unprovable indeed, as proof is understood—which links the whole of life in one and is applicable to the whole of being on all planes. It is only in the narrow application of this principle to a non-existent purely material universe that modern science has failed.

There can be no purely mechanical system. Even the simplest mechanism considered complete in itself and for all practical purposes excusably so, has something in it, if we look deeper, of the life and mind of the one who made it; and in its working there takes place a subtle transmission, however small and imperceptible, of mental and vital energy from the operator to the machine. Only a part of the effects of this energy appears on the physical plane, and though these *effects* may be measured in physical units, the energy itself cannot be so measured.

The statements of the ancient teaching as given again to the world by H. P. Blavatsky may be summarized as follows:

It was held by the ancients that no part of the universe is dead, but that consciousness and life are everywhere, that all the operations of nature are guided by Intelligence and “Intelligences,”—*i. e.*, conscious, intelligent beings; that there are seven great planes of Life and Being, and that the plane which is objective to us, and which we know as the physical or material plane, is the lowest of these and is the plane of ultimate effects; that the causes of these effects lie in the higher or inner planes; that there is a constant interchange, a vast play of energy, from plane to plane, a constant outpouring of energy

from within outward and an indrawing from without inward. Thus *new* (?) energy—this is not the potential energy of the physicist—may appear on the physical plane, or energy may disappear from the physical plane. The statement of modern science in confining its investigation to the material universe, and the formulation of the principle of the Conservation of Energy in respect to it alone, is comparable to considering the solid state of matter as the only true state and all the others, liquid, gaseous, etc., as fanciful and hypothetical, and consequently not open to investigation. It is as though the law of the Conservation of Energy was taken as holding in respect to the solid state alone. But we can witness and measure the transformation and transference of energy from one state to another of the solid, liquid, and gaseous states, and if we will escape from the chains of materialistic conceptions, we can witness—though we may not be able to measure—the transference of energy from mental and emotional, and even from higher planes to the physical.

The materialist may not accept this view and may regard these planes or states *as* material, or as “affections” of matter, but if so, will he please measure in his physical units the energy contained in a word and which liberated by its utterance, causes in the hearer a passion of fury or strikes him dead—innumerable such instances are known—or awakens him to an intense joy and activity or, it may be, strikes him with paralysis.

As a corollary of the above we may see that the potential energies of the universe are infinite; that its dynamic energies are constantly changing, according to the intelligences using and guiding them. Hence, striking out the word “material” from Professor Tyndall’s enunciation of this law we may amend it as follows: “The sum of the potential and dynamic energies of the universe is immeasurable and infinite.”

As for Professor Tait’s statement, it may be quite true that energy is both indestructible and uncreatable by man—and, we might add, by God,—but surely he cannot have grasped the full import of his statement that it has been *experimentally* proved to be so.

Balfour Stewart’s statement may be interpreted in complete harmony with the ancient teaching; but Clerk Maxwell errs in the assumption of the possibility of isolating any body or system of bodies.

The whole proposition however, is but another expression, corollary, variation or application of the greatest known operative principle, method of working, or law of the universe—the Law of the Concatination of Cause and Effect. This law may be stated briefly as follows, that every effect proceeds from an adequate cause, or combination or chain of causes, and, *vice versa*, that every cause or combination of causes must have its due effect, or chain of effects. As another corollary we may state that, to a degree determined by other factors,—the cause lives, and is reproduced, in the effect.

Starting from this basic, fundamental principle of life and action—the law of Cause and Effect—and considering also its two corollaries, we have a principle that is infinite in its scope and applicability, revealing man’s relation to

the universe and to every other being and thing that is, and his infinite possibilities of progress and development.

As a single illustration of the application of the law of the Conservation of Energy to daily life, the following quotation is given from a letter from a great Teacher :—

In conformity with exact science you would define but one cosmic energy expended by the traveler who pushes aside the bush that obstructs his path, and the scientific experimenter who expends an equal amount of energy in setting a pendulum in motion. We do: for we know there is a world of difference between the two. The one uselessly dissipates and scatters force, the other concentrates and stores it. And here please understand that I do not refer to the relative utility of the two, as one might imagine, but only to the fact that in the one case there is but brute force flung out without any transmutation of that brute energy into the higher potential form of spiritual dynamics, and in the other there is just that. . . . The idea I wish to convey is that the result of the highest intellection in the scientifically occupied brain is the evolution of a sublimated form of spiritual energy, which, in the cosmic action, is productive of illimitable results; while the automatically acting brain holds, or stores up in itself, only a certain quantum of brute force that is unfruitful of benefit for the individual or humanity. The human brain is an exhaustless generator of the most refined quality of cosmic force out of the low, brute energy of nature; and the complete adept has made himself a center from which irradiate potentialities that beget co-relations upon co-relations through æons of time to come. . . .

Now, for us, poor unknown philanthropists, no fact of either of these sciences is interesting except in the degree of its potentiality of moral results and in the ratio of its usefulness to mankind. . . . To give you another practical illustration—we see a vast difference between the two qualities of two equal amounts of energy expended by two men, of whom one, let us suppose, is on his way to his daily quiet work, and another on his way to denounce a fellow-creature at the police station, while the men of science see none; and we—not they—see a specific difference between the energy in the motion of the wind and that of a revolving wheel. And why? Because every thought of man upon being evolved passes into the inner world, and becomes an active entity by associating itself, coalescing we might term it, with an elemental—that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the kingdoms. It survives as an active intelligence—a creature of the mind's begetting for a longer or shorter period proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it. Thus a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, and an evil one as a maleficent demon. And so man is continually peopling his current in space with a world of his own, crowded with the offsprings of his fancies, desires, impulses and passions; a current which re-acts upon any sensitive or nervous organization which comes in contact with it, in proportion to its dynamic intensity.

A parable of another great Teacher is as follows :—

For the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling in a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods, and unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

After a long time the lord of those servants cometh and reckoneth with them. And

so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them. His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed: and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

His lord answered and said unto him, thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed: thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received my own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him that hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

The case of the servant who received but one talent and hid it, affords a good example of the principle of the Conservation of Energy applied to a purely material universe. But it is not the Conservation of Energy according to nature. Were the scientists right in their interpretation and application of this law, evolution and growth would be impossible, and there could but be ever a repetition of the old and never a progress from old to new, or an unfolding of newer and higher forms. But in the larger view every organism and, in varying lesser degree, every so-called material body is in degree a focus and transforming center for the *unexpressed, unmanifested* life and energy of the universe, and according to the measure and capacity of the conscious intelligence operating through or residing in that body and its transforming power does evolution proceed.

The *scientific* statement of the diffusion or dissipation of energy has also a deeper meaning, for not only do we see continual change, decay and death of forms, but we find also systems which, while preserving their form, have "run down," morally and mentally. And this further fact is seen to hold good for each body or system, that where there is *not* conservation of energy, there is diffusion or dissipation, and that where there *is* conservation there results the continual accession of *new* energy. In other words, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." By the use of whatever powers man has there are continually born unto him new powers, new capabilities; but as referred to in the quotation above, that there are more kinds of energy than one must not be lost sight of.

In science, darkness is but the absence of light, cold but the absence of heat, or the one the negative pole or condition, the other the positive. So, too, a certain class of people refer to evil as being the absence of good and as being merely a negation or negative condition. This is claimed, by the class of

people referred to, to be scientific and is used as a basis for the ignoring of evil and the statement of its non-existence. But there is also a certain process known in science as a change or reversal of polarity, and there is in life such a thing as positive evil and negative good. A body positively electrified on being brought into a negative field of greater strength will not only have its positive condition neutralized but also take on a negative condition. The soul may indeed be itself positive and "good," but it is born into a field where both positive and negative, good and evil, are to be found, and both the body and the mind with their powers may be so dominated by the negative or evil condition that the positive "polarity" of the soul is wholly ineffective against it. There is in fact a dual condition, not only in the realm of "inanimate" nature, but throughout life. Man has two natures, a higher and a lower. There are two powers in him, good and evil, either one of which may, *in his life*, be positive or negative, and each of which exhibits its own quality of energy—the one not being simply the absence of the other. And strange as it may seem the conservation of energy is maintained by its apparent dissipation and *vice versa*. For "he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." The power which gives for the sake of others is increased, that which takes for the sake of self is diminished. This may not be "scientific" in the modern use of the term, but it is a moral and spiritual fact and an experience in actual life.

It may be claimed, and is so claimed, by some, that these things lie outside of the realm of science, but it was not so with the ancients, and it must cease to be so with us if we ever hope to attain the true object of science, namely, to know ourselves and nature. Is not the moral, ethical and spiritual side the lost chord of science, the missing link between the outer world of matter, force and form, and the inner world of consciousness and feeling?

The discipline of a scientific training is of enormous value in the development of mind, but one factor is needed to give it its due proportion and to make science truly applicable to life. This it cannot be in the fullest sense so long as it deals with dead matter, and so long as knowledge is followed for the sake of knowledge and not for the sake of use. The needed factor is the moral factor, the heart touch, giving color and tone and life to the mind, linking the whole of life and of nature, visible and invisible, into ONE.

Then the vast scope of the principle of the Conservation of Energy, and the law of Cause and Effect, will be understood. It will be recognized as identical with the principles of Harmony, Proportion, Symmetry, Duty, Music, Life. Love, hate, joy, compassion, all the *powers* (the common and accepted use of this word in this sense is significant) of heart and mind are energies of far greater potency than steam and electricity, and through them, with heart and mind attuned to the Divine Light within, all the forces of nature will become ours to wield for her great purpose—the benefit and uplifting of all.

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# Brotherhood

By Louise A. Howard



**W**HEN the Master Jesus, the divine Teacher, was in visible form nineteen hundred years ago, we read that he spoke these words, "If a man love me, he will keep my commandments and my Father will love him and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." So also in the Bhagavad-Gita ages prior to that time it is recorded that Krishna said, "I am the same to all creatures, I know not hatred nor favor; but those who serve me with love dwell in me and I in them." The Great Souls who have at various times come into physical being, in order to bring a new wave of spiritual consciousness to the world, and to lift the heavy burden of ignorance and darkness, have in all ages taught as a fundamental principle the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and the compassionate love that should dominate every heart and life.

At one time Jesus was approached by a young man who had kept the commandments from his youth, and in reply to the question, "What more could he do to attain eternal—or perfect—life," said, "Sell all that thou hast and bestow upon the poor, and follow me." Surely, to follow, meant in part the abnegation of self, the living for others, and, in the compassionate love of the great Father Heart, the seeking to lead suffering humanity out upon higher levels, where glimpses can be caught of man's diviner possibilities. But the young man could not shut out from his mental consciousness the vision of the illusory pleasures in an abundance of this world's goods. Brotherhood was not yet awakened in his heart, and so, like many another, he turned his back upon love and compassion, and continued in material pleasures which are so strong in their appeal to the lower nature. True, he turned away sorrowfully, for he had seen a light, and had heard within the depths of his own being, a call to come up higher.

Would that the world might speedily come into a realization of the truth that "Brotherhood is indeed a fact in Nature;" that the law of Brotherhood is also the law of being and of life. But this knowledge must be a higher consciousness than that which appeals to the lower personality and is far removed from mere sentimentalism. It must be discerned from a spiritual standpoint to be the true and abiding principle. When humanity in its entirety has evolved to that high plane in consciousness where each unit recognizes there is no separateness; that each individual is part of the great whole; that what is a wrong to one is equally a wrong to all others; then in very deed and truth

shall we no longer hear of "Man's inhumanity to man;" there will be no more war among the nations of the world; no more the taking of life from motives of hate or revenge, or to get gain, or by law of the land. When the tiger nature in humanity will have given place to the Christ Spirit, then all crimes arising from brutal instincts will cease.

I do not believe in looking at these things from a pessimistic point of view. The world is awakening to better ideals which prompt a higher life, dominated by the higher self. The present day is a time of greater aspirations for the Truth, and for that which is permanent, but we must not forget that each one must work out his own salvation. There is truly a vicarious atonement, a crucifixion of the higher by the lower nature, until earthly desire, earthly pleasures shall become subservient to the purposes of the soul which stands waiting and knocking at the portal of every heart. Let us each do what we can to rise up into a consciousness of the Higher Self, the Divine Guest, the Christ principle. Let us live the true life, a life filled with altruistic deeds and harmonious thoughts for the betterment of humanity. Let us put away selfishness in all its varied forms. Let us try to realize something of the true meaning of life. Let us heed the truth taught by all divine Teachers, remembering that the love of this world's goods, the ambition for high places and for fame, that selfish desires and worldly pleasures, only result in the cultivation of the lower mortal mind of man, and in giving power to those imperishable, and impermanent things that pass away as a tale that is told.

We cannot do this and at the same time make a place in our heart for Brotherhood and be governed by kindly thoughts for others, in charity and good will; but when we realize that all men, of whatever race or color, are part of the One Life, each in degree manifesting the power of God; having one common origin; one common line of experiences; having the same temptations and limitations to overcome, in emerging from the mire and clay of lowest humanity to the consciousness of divinity; when we realize this we can then understand something of the depths of meaning in Universal Brotherhood. The evolving to spiritual consciousness means self-abnegation; it means walking a path that is straight and narrow, and sometimes we may find it covered with thorns. But the promise is to him that overcometh, and although we may be weak and weary; though we may find our feet sore and bleeding and may almost falter by the way, yet if we will press on, bravely doing those things that come to us as ours to do, having divine love in our hearts, being faithful to the principles of altruism and Brotherhood, we shall at last hear a song, a sweet song within the heart and soul, and feel the harmony of life.

Brotherhood is "helping and sharing;" it is sending out thoughts of encouragement and good will to all the world, for let us remember that thoughts are real entities and powerful factors for good or ill, just in accord with the



soul and mind from which they emanate. Thus if our lives are filled with peace and love, our thoughts will cause harmonious conditions in others.

In a poem are these lines:

Far out on the sea, there are billows  
That never can break on the beach;  
I have heard songs in the silence  
That could never flow into speech;  
I have dreamed dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

It is true that grand and beautiful ideals can touch the inner life with noble aspirations, not always in evidence to outward senses. When the deepest songs are most harmonious in the soul, sounding out, full of Brotherhood, we can catch a glimpse of the possibilities in store for man, when in deed and very truth the spirit of peace and good will shall again be among the men of all the earth. Oh! may Truth, Light and Liberation come speedily to earth's suffering ones! Then will the joy of life be manifest. Then will the day break which the auroral tints are already heralding upon the mountain tops—the glad day of harmony and brotherly love.

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## *The Reincarnation of Elijah*

By a Student



**T**HE subject of reincarnation may be approached from many points of view. We may show that it is one of the most ancient of all religious beliefs. We may point to the fact that it is held by more than half the human race. We may take up the writings of philosophers, ancient and modern, and show how these leaders of thought have been convinced of its truth. We may reason from analogy, and demonstrate its harmony with nature. We may show reason demands it,—or we may take another ground, and show how many historical works can be brought forward to support it, and we may point to one and another who have brought back the memory of other lives on earth. Perhaps the strongest evidence anyone can have is to remember one or more of his own past incarnations; but while this is very convincing to the person who has the memory, it is only a second-class evidence to any one who accepts it on his testimony.

There is another class of testimony, that of Sacred Scripture, which appeals to many with peculiar force. If a writing is really from God, it needs be authoritative. If it be even from some wise and exalted being, it is deserving of reverential and careful study. Various writers have shown that rein-

carnation is taught in the Christian Scriptures. It would be strange if it were not, seeing the belief is found in all, or almost all, other Sacred Scriptures, and that it has such strong evidence to support it from reason, from history and from facts in life every day.

The subject of reincarnation may be approached from various points of view, but the one we now propose to take up is the evidence of the Bible, and that portion of it especially which deals with the reincarnation of Elijah in the form of John the Baptist. Jesus says in the gospel of Matthew,—“I say unto you that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed.” On a former occasion when the Baptist was *still alive*, in the prison, and had sent two of his disciples to Jesus, Jesus speaking of the Baptist uses the present tense saying, “But what went you out to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you and more than a prophet. This *is* he of whom it is written,—‘Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.’”

But when we reach the 17th chapter of the same Gospel, John the Baptist has been beheaded in the prison; hence, in speaking of him Jesus naturally uses the past tense, “Elias *is come* already, and they *have done* unto him whatsoever they listed.” It is in little, scarcely noticeable, things like this, that we find the best evidence for the trustworthiness of the narrative. If we go back to the Old Testament we shall find in the third chapter of Malachi the passage here referred to. It reads thus: “Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple.” The messenger here spoken of is evidently the same as Elias, for Jesus uses this quotation: “This is he of whom it is written, ‘Behold I send my messenger before thy face.’” And he adds—“If we will receive it, this is Elias which was to come.” The book of Malachi speaks of a messenger in the future, coming at a special time and for a special purpose. Jesus in the eleventh chapter of Matthew says that messenger *is here*; he is Elijah of the Old Testament, now known as John the Baptist.

Then, when John the Baptist is dead, Jesus speaks of Elias as *having come* already, and the Scripture adds,—“Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist.” The preceding verses make this more evident. The scene is the Mount of Transfiguration, where Moses and Elias were seen standing beside Jesus. As they came down from the Mount,—“Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead. And his disciples asked him saying, Why then say the Scribes that Elias must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come and restore all things,—But I say unto you *that Elias is come already*, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed.”

From this it is evident, if we accept the Gospels, that the Elias spoken of had suffered as Jesus would also suffer. It was not simply the glorified Elijah who stood beside Moses and Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. That

radiant form was indeed Elijah, who had lately worn the garb of flesh, known as John the Baptist.

It was the belief of the Jews that in times of national need the great prophets returned in new bodies to guide the nation. Elijah was one of these. We observe from the above quotation, that it was the well known teaching of the authorized expounders of the Law, the Scribes, that Elijah would come, as the messenger and harbinger of the Messiah, as was written in Malachi. In St. Mark we find the same identification of Elijah with John the Baptist, the forerunner. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." This was the burden of the message of John the Baptist, the stern prophet of repentance, and the Gospel here applies the words of Malachi to him: "As it was written in the prophets, 'Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.'" If we turn to the first chapter of Luke we shall find that the angel foretold of the child to be born, that he would be Elijah,—“Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elijah.”

Thus we may see from every quarter the evidence points in a clear and conclusive manner to John the Baptist as the reincarnation of Elijah. The Jews expected it; the prophet Malachi foretold it; the angel who appeared said that the child to be born would be the fulfilment of the ancient hope and prophecy: —“He shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elijah,” not in the outer garb worn by the Hebrew prophet as he confronted the priests of Baal, or in which he fled to the wilderness of Arabia, but in his spirit and power. We mention this because some writers try to use the words of the passage in Luke, so as to take away the force of the words in the other Gospels. They say, “All Jesus meant was that John the Baptist was a man of like spirit to Elijah.” But surely this is unworthy of any serious scholar, in the face of the clear and accumulated evidence to show that John the Baptist was *really Elijah himself*.

Another strong and very interesting line of evidence opens up here. We have these two incarnations of the same soul. Elijah in the Old Testament and John the Baptist in the New. We have the authority of Jesus, the authority of the angel and other corroborative testimony that Elijah and John the Baptist were two incarnations of the same soul. Let us now look at these two historical personages, to see if we can find reasonable evidence in their characters for the two being the same.

If reincarnation is really a fact in nature, then we would naturally expect that the same soul returning under the mask of various bodies should exhibit some points of likeness. The case before us affords a good illustration for looking upon two men, who are nevertheless one and the same soul.

Elijah is a stern, fearless man, who appears at a time when much wickedness is rampant in the land. He is not afraid to confront on Carmel the assembled priests of Baal. He is a mysterious man, who comes upon our view suddenly, without any account of his lineage,—a very unusual thing in the

case of the Hebrew prophets. He emerges suddenly from some mountainous region. His picture is given us with a few touches in the book of Kings. He is a "hairy man, girt with a leathern girdle"—and we can picture the fire in his eye and uprightness in his very gait.

John the Baptist is just such a man. He, too, lives a desert life for a time. He, too, is clothed in hair and wears a leather thong for a girdle, and lives on very simple desert fare. He also is the stern preacher of righteousness. No reed shaken by the wind is he. Like Elijah, his mission is to reprove wickedness in high places. As Elijah fearlessly confronted the King of Israel, so did John the Baptist reprove King Herod, though in both cases, at the risk of life, and John really did suffer death because he spoke the truth.

But there is another deeper feature in the picture, which, if possible, even more strongly points to the identity of these two men. We read that Elijah withstood all the assembled priests of Baal, and fearlessly reproved the King of Israel. Strong men, however, have often a weak spot in their natures closely related to their greatest strength. It was so with Abraham and with many others; and so it was with Elijah. He, who in the stress and strain of that ordeal on Carmel, was strong and fearless, when the strain was over, when the reaction came fled like a coward at the threat of the Queen Jezebel. Then his mind gave way to doubt and fear, and he thought, like many other brave men, that it was useless to continue the long struggle against evil.

The same peculiar feature meets us in the life of John the Baptist. He was courageous enough to preach a religion of righteousness to the formalists, the hypocrites, the generation of vipers of that age. He did not hesitate to condemn the King for his immoral life. But after he was in prison for a time, then doubt and gloom crept over his mind, so he sent to Jesus to inquire,—“Art thou he that should come?”—though not long before he had boldly declared Jesus to be the Messiah. Thus we see, both in the outer and inner aspects of their lives, such remarkable identity, and we cannot regard it as other than confirmatory of the express statement of Jesus that John the Baptist was really Elijah, as the angel before also declared he would be.

The moral influence of the fact of reincarnation must be readily seen. It corrects the prevalent error that man is the body he wears, and helps us to focus our gaze on the *soul* as the *real man*, who life after life wears many bodies. It makes it morally clear that the friends and enemies we meet in this present life are those we have met and made our friends or enemies in previous lives, seeing that “like begets like.” It is therefore a powerful reminder of the wisdom and necessity of all becoming kindly disposed to each other, brethren in deed and in truth, not in name only.

The fact that we live many lives on earth, and not only one short life of three score years and ten, makes us feel that we shall find again every brotherly action, word, and even thought which goes forth from us now. Nothing is lost, nothing is in vain. As we live Brotherhood, and speak it, our words and lives reach very far, even into other times, and we may be perfectly assured that in working for Universal Brotherhood we are working with Nature.

# Changes in Consciousness

By Pax



WATCH the quick changing mind! The unruly member taking upon itself the mould of its environment. In one aspect we are indeed animals. Let us not deny it. Note the daily life of this our body; starve it, and it becomes mad; feed it unduly and it becomes a sensualist. Yes! in a part of our nature, we are animals. But the opposite is also true; we are Gods! and capable of divine acts of judgment and compassion. Note the real self-abnegation at critical moments, when life and death are forgotten in some heroic act that commands the admiration of the world.

If then we are animals and at the same time Gods, what is the man himself who is between these, with power to identify himself with either; and what his relation to this paradox? This is only solved by a study of the Wisdom-Religion—Theosophy, and it is only the realization of the truths thereof that can help mankind to redeem itself. So there are two realms of consciousness, the one Divine and the other earthly, and the real man stands between—*Manas*, mind, man, a powerful thinking creature, at one time uniting himself to the low and desire-loving animal, at another aspiring to live with the Gods. The mind is thus dual; the one part pledged to the highest; the other, the prodigal son, seeking self-gratification, eating the husks of sensual desires, until brought into subjection by the higher. Until this is done, man's consciousness fluctuates between the two, but having once recognized the higher divine nature, the choice thenceforth is ever presented between it and the lower life. Such choice must come to all at some time and having once come, knocks ceaselessly, till sufficient inherent strength is gained to face the truth, destroy the tempters, and march fearlessly to the realms of bliss.

It must be a dreadful awakening to all students of life, to find how easily we revert, after reaching to the realms of peace and freedom, to the old ways, the old weaknesses and stupidities. But let us take courage, and while such reversions do occur, let us always press forward, always battle against the opposing forces which are themselves a proof of our onward march. If only occasionally we can so still the Brute that we can hear the "still small voice" and grasp the hand of the Silent Warrior, let us remember that He is always near; let us realize that all our trials and temptations and failures even, are but so many lessons for the Soul.

But wherein lies the cause for these failures? Why after a special exhibition of some high sentiment, some great aspiration after self-conquest, do we find ourselves baffled, bruised and smitten to the ground? Because surely we

have invoked the battle and brought before us the very powers of darkness that we are pledged to fight. Because, perhaps more than aught else, we have not yet fully recognized the subtle forces of the mind which, for so many centuries, has been the slave to the lower self of vanity, to acquisition of temporal power, comfort and sensual enjoyment. It is no wonder that we should find some difficulty in staying the gravitation of it towards these objects. Perhaps when we know better the power of the spiritual will that gives direction to the mind, we shall be more able to use this power for the salvation of the mind itself.

In the meantime let us always strive to give the proper occupation to the mind. This we do know, that it is ruinous to subscribe to a mere passing personal whim, for we know its old haunts. If we could but acquire the habit of looking at the personal mind as a wayward child, and then gently but firmly direct it to the desirable objects for its contemplation, it would soon acquire the habit itself of contemplation of these objects and forget the old haunts. When it reverts to the old pleasures the powerful suggestion of the opposite will greatly help to wean it from them. The mere forceful attempt at suppression of what we consider evil habits *per se*, without the supplanting of something else is useless and will fail. The mere aspiration to be angels without true devotion is useless. But the powerful direction of the mind to contemplate right subjects and objects that may be distasteful to it is useful discipline. "Ah," once said an American general to himself, when riding into a dangerous position, "you do not like this; you fear to go; all right, we will press on still further." When we know ourselves to be souls, the mere changes of death and life, of agreeable and disagreeable, of pain and pleasure what are they but the little scenes through which we move on the great pilgrimage? Take courage then, my soul, for in Time's fullness all victories will be thine!

We oftentimes feel disposed to treat our resolutions with a relapse. The God is forgotten and the fool pampered. These quick changes surely must always be remembered in the pilgrimage. Have we not all experienced at times that, after a few days of peace and blessedness and high endeavor, a small voice has whispered, would ten minutes' enjoyment injure us? let us relax for one small hour! Thus the lower personal man subtly argues. Then all the powers of selfish gratification hasten to the field, and the soul is surrounded by the host. The illusive picture of pleasure or ambition fills our horizon, our steadfastness is tried to the utmost. Why should we not let ourselves go; why should we not gratify our desires? Oh, if only at such moments we can call to our aid the divine side of our natures and send a shaft of light down to the mind! Oh, that we then may draw the sword of will, that we may be strong and steadfast. Not till we have been tempted, and have resisted, can we say we are strong, and in our strongest moments, as in our weakest, we need to be watchful. How needful that we should ever remember the watchword given us by our Leader, Eternal Vigilance! Eternal Vigilance! Let us answer it back again—Eternal Vigilance.

# To Him That Overcometh

By Elizabeth Knight



IN defense of the Bible an eminent Chicagoan recently said,—“The higher criticism has not taken a single verse from the Bible ; it has removed much of the rubbish that has grown about it.” He added, “The higher criticism is the finding out of dates, the causes and purposes for which its writers wrote.” Another from the same platform said,—“It was not the business of Scripture writers to teach science.” I quote these two men not to criticise them but because they have stated ideas which are quite generally held, and which I believe to be entirely erroneous.

The “finding out of dates and the causes and purposes for which the writers wrote,” seems to imply that at the special time of their writing the Scriptures had a greater meaning and there was a greater need for them than at any other time. If the Bible were a manual of customs or a treatise on government, this might be true, but since it is a statement of spiritual laws and a guide to the higher life it is neither temporary nor local, for spiritual truths do not change with history.

That “it was not the business of scripture writers to teach science,” seems a strange thought. But if by science is meant the tabulation of physical effects without reference to the world of causes and the construction of theories regarding them, the writers of the Bible certainly did not teach science. The writers of the scriptures were seers ; they taught a science which is not modern, truly ; they taught the eternal science of life and evolution correlated on all the planes of being. It was not experimental, it was not the mere putting together of effects separated from their causes and *vice versa*. They wrote from the standpoint of the seer who sees behind the screen of time into the realm of the real. The science they taught was truth not theory.

Only as teachers of science can they be entitled to our reverence as spiritual teachers. Only one who knows the life of the soul, who understands its mission on its long journey through matter, who knows the trials it has to encounter and the forces with which it has to contend, is capable of teaching humanity how to live, how to progress along that path which leads to final liberation.

The writers of the scriptures reiterated and reiterated the fundamental principles of conduct, not because they lived in an especially corrupt age, but because a pure life is the foundation on which all spiritual growth must rest. The reality of the life of the soul, the possibility of spiritual growth and attainment of high spiritual states while on earth, are most clearly taught. This teaching stands out in strange contrast to the modern belief that the most one

can do is to live the life of an aspiring, though sinful mortal, while on earth, and go to heaven when he dies. Truly an illogical and unscientific conception, but for this the writers of scripture are not responsible.

Who will say that the messages John was told in his vision to send to the seven churches in Asia are not as applicable now as then? or that they were not meant as truly for us as for the places named?

“He that hath an ear let him hear that which the spirit saith unto the churches. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.”

“He that overcometh shall not be hurt by the second death.”

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.”

This is very mystical and pertains to a science much higher than any with which we are familiar. The apostle was fully aware of this. He addresses his message to those who have an ear for spiritual truths, to those who have awakened to the life of the soul and are ready to give up this life of earthly cares and pleasures to live in that larger life. It is the spirit that speaketh and it cannot be heard by the ear of clay.

“To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.” It is no common perfection that is demanded of us. Those who live as we live have not overcome, but after death must return to life to take up the task anew in a new physical body. This one verse outlines the redemption of the soul and shows that each one must achieve it for himself. It is not accomplished when one has merely read the scriptures and mentally accepted them, nor when he thinks he has done all, nor even when one has given his life to the service of humanity. But only when after many lives of service and devotion he has “eaten of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God;” has overcome personality and united his consciousness with universal life.

“To him that overcometh.” The greatness of the conquest can be measured only by the greatness of the reward. The law is merciful but it is not indulgent. One who has tried, one who has done half, one who has done nearly all, has not overcome. If we eliminate from our minds the idea of arbitrary reward and hold to the exact action of the law of cause and effect there will be no room for deceiving ourselves. If we find our consciousness limited to the dreary material side of life it is because we have not aspired to the inner consciousness of the soul. If we find ourselves handicapped by defects of character it is because we have not overcome the first enemy that bars our progress. If the apparently external conditions of life prevent us from carrying out what seems our most important duty, it is because we have not overcome the limitations of our past.

You may say, “Life is too short.” But life is all of eternity. It is not your actions in this life alone that bind you, it is not in this life alone that



you have made your character. Your parents will tell you that their children were just as different as children as they are now as grown people, and that their characters were just as well defined. Character is our inheritance from previous lives. If we have overcome much in our past we shall be well equipped for the battles of this life. If we find ourselves hampered at every turn it is because we have neglected our opportunities in past lives. This continuity of life and continuity of effort and achievement is the only thing which makes possible the final overcoming. When the law confronts us with our failures it brings us to the field of battle and shows us the enemy. Persistence is what is needed in this battle. If in spite of failure we renew the attack again and again we are sure of victory. "Conquered passions like slain tigers can no longer turn and rend you. Twenty failures are not irremediable if followed by as many undaunted struggles upward."

We are so apt to think that to be good enough is not so difficult. It is easy to be as good as the world expects men and women to be. But the law holds us accountable as souls. Life after life we have left unheeded the voice from within. Life after life we have denied the divinity of the self, and each denial has brought with it a heavier veil of ignorance which now hides us from the knowledge of our real nature.

We are divine souls. We appear to be sinful mortals because we carry with us the record of a past of failures and transgressions. If we are to reclaim our birthright of divinity we must correct our failures one by one, we must clear our vision by lifting the heavy veil of personality that enshrouds us, so that we may learn the law of unity and harmony and live according to it.

Many think that to overcome personality is to surrender identity, giving up all that is dear to one. The individuality is never lost; the I-am-I consciousness is inherent in the soul. Overcoming personality liberates the consciousness from the confines of selfishness; enables one to enjoy things for their own sake without reference to self; opens to the soul a realm whose joys far transcend earthly pleasures. Nothing is lost, and the gain is infinite. Those whose faces are buried in the material world can see no farther than their noses' end, but all have at times felt the joy that comes from the higher planes of being, which is not translatable into terms of sense, and we can guess what Krishna meant, in speaking of the self-governed sage, when he said, "What is night to those who are unenlightened is as day to his gaze; what seems as day is known to him as night, the night of ignorance." We can guess what John meant when he said, "Thou sayest thou art rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked; I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness may not appear, and anoint thine eyes that thou mayest see."

To those blind to that realm of life and joy which is open to him who has overcome the world of delusion and mastered himself, the truth can be given

only figuratively, for the language of the spirit is on the plane of the spirit. By a wealth of metaphor John makes clear the reality of the higher life and the power and joy which is for those who attain it.

“Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.”

“He that overcometh, to him will I give power over the nations. . . .  
And I will give him the morning star.”

“He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiment.”

“Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the house of my God.”

“To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.”

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## Psychism and Psychic Phenomena\*

By a Student



**T**HE teachings of Madam Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley are unmistakably clear in relation to psychic phenomena, that psychism is not spirituality and that the possession of psychic powers is no indication of spiritual attainments, but, on the contrary, constitutes a great danger and too is often accompanied by the very reverse of spirituality, by sensualism and vanity and the lack of principle.

Psychic powers are in themselves neither good nor bad, but because of their subtlety and belonging to a finer organism than the physical they have a greater power for either good or evil when rightly or wrongly used. One of the great teachings of Theosophy which was given forth by Madam Blavatsky and William Q. Judge is the complex nature of man, and the existence of other planes of being than the material physical plane. How necessary such teachings now are may be evident to any one observing the development of human nature along the new lines of growth which today are becoming apparent. This development was foreseen by Madam Blavatsky and consequently great stress laid upon the necessity of spreading the true teaching in regard to them and their place in man's make-up. Thus at all times both she and William Q. Judge discouraged the seeking to develop these powers, and insisted always that the purpose of the Society was not occult development but Universal Brotherhood.

But if we look abroad in the world we see on every hand so-called occult schools, schools of hypnotism, of suggestive therapeutics, and psychic development; literature sent out broadcast claiming to teach the development of psychic powers either under a professed teacher or containing directions for self-development; hardly a newspaper in the whole country which does not advertise this literature and the practitioners and professed teachers of these

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\*Address given at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, March 19, 1901.

powers; and besides all this, hundreds of magazines and pamphlets devoted expressly to it.

And for what purpose? To what in a man does all this appeal? To anything high and noble? so that he may become a worker for and a benefactor of mankind? Those of you who know of these things, who have seen perhaps some of the literature or at least the advertisements in the daily press—have you ever asked yourselves the question? Have you ever thought what must be the outcome of all this “psychic fever” which is becoming so rampant in the world? If you have not, then let me beg of you to awake, to open your eyes, to scrutinize closely, and you will know that what H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and their successor, Katherine Tingley, have said is true—that one of the greatest foes to human progress confronting the race today is “Psychism.” On every hand the appeal is subtly made to man’s selfishness, to love of power and gain and to the gratification of all the lower elements of his nature.

That you may know that this is no overdrawn picture let me present to you some facts.

It is held by many that newspapers should mirror all that goes on in the world and though they may have a political policy, yet so far as news and record of events and the doings of the world or the insertion of advertisements they should be colorless, and we may add, conscienceless. How far this is true, let thinking people observe. As a case in point, one of the most prominent Eastern daily papers, with a more than national reputation, recently printed a statement in regard to Hypnotism, giving the opinions of a physician, a judge, a reverend minister and others who were constituted a committee of investigation “for the benefit of the public.”

Now the question as to whether Hypnotism may or may not have its place and value in certain cases can, for those who are in doubt, remain open; it is not the purpose to enter into that here, though I assert that Theosophy alone can answer that question. It is not that which is now referred to, but granting for a moment that there may be doubt in regard to the general question, what doubt can there be as to the terrible evils attendant on its indiscriminate use by any who may develop the power.

The statements referred to as occurring in the newspaper in question are in part as follows: The committee first studied the subject and “in a few days they mastered the instructions and were full-fledged hypnotists.” “It was clearly demonstrated that hypnotism may be employed so that the person operated upon is entirely unconscious of the fact that he is being influenced.” “A knowledge of it is essential to one’s success in life and well-being in society.” “It is indispensable to one’s business success,” etc. Consider for a moment! What part of man’s nature is appealed to in the above? Is there anything there that will benefit the community, is even common honesty appealed to and upheld? No! on the contrary it is stated “you can employ the force without the knowledge of anyone.” It is not an open competition of brain and

wit, whatever the end in view may be, but an underhanded, concealed, dishonest influence which it is stated, *anyone may acquire*. It is an invitation to the unscrupulous to subtly conceal their rascality and work unknown their nefarious plans.

Is it not time that honest, thoughtful people should awaken to this awful danger in their midst and should realize that by silence or refusal to recognize the facts they become party to them. Is it not the duty of all who love honesty and morality, and all who love their children, to protest? Do you realize the extent to which this monster of blackness has grown? Look at the advertisements admitted to the daily press, and the publicity given to its advocates! The announcement is made that a certain Body "has just issued 10,000 copies of a book which fully explains all the secrets of this marvelous power, and gives explicit directions for becoming a practical hypnotist, so that you can employ the force without the knowledge of anyone. Anybody can learn, Success guaranteed;—" and this sent *free to any* applicant.

It may be said by some—"This does not apply to me. I have nothing to do with it and would not think of using such a power." But its spread is more subtle than the subtlest of physical diseases and unless checked is bound to render humanity insane. Would you permit your children to come in contact with people suffering from a deathly fever, or the plague, and how will you guard against this *moral* disease if you simply do not care, and put the matter on one side? In the statement referred to above the reverend minister is quoted as saying "Every minister and every mother should understand hypnotism," and President Eliot of Harvard College is quoted as advising the graduates to master this power "which," he says, "when developed, might make a man irresistible."

Mothers, do you realize that even if you had the wisdom to use this power to aid your children, that others might also use it on *your* children to their detriment, and that every time you hypnotise your child, you weaken its will, you begin to kill out its individuality and its soul-power, rendering your child open to the hypnotic influence of the first villain who crosses its path?

Mothers, would you knowingly permit your daughters to associate with young men who had this power which made them "irresistible," but who might be moral lepers? It is for the children, the home, and all that is sacred and pure in life, indeed for the very welfare of humanity, that honorable men and women must awaken to this danger and protest. It is not sufficient to say, "Oh! most of these things are frauds and money making schemes!" Look further. Take President Eliot's "advice" quoted above, and you will see how subtly this influence is spreading. It is all very well to say "this power can be used for good," but, can you expect it to be used otherwise than according to a man's predominant characteristic, selfishness, or what guarantee have you that he will *not* use it in a moment of passion when dominated by his lower nature?

Look at another feature of the case. If we condemn the use of these powers for lust or greed of wealth, what shall we say of the scientific investigation into

this subtle realm of man's life? And first let it be understood, that this is no indictment of the medical profession or other scientists as a body, among whom are to be found some of the noblest and most honorable men and women living, but what are we to say of those who, professedly in the interests of science, practice moral vivisection and for the sake of experiment will hypnotize a man to see if he can be made to commit a crime. Do you doubt this?—then I say you do not know what is going on in the world. And one instance is sufficient for citation here:

At a meeting of the Medico-Legal Conference in New York some five or six years ago, one of the physicians present made the statement that, by means of hypnotic suggestion, he had caused an honest man to commit a theft. On being accused of it, the hypnotised man indignantly denied it, but afterward, when the stolen property was found upon him, he fell into a cataleptic condition; and the doctor naively added, the man's brain was, he believed, permanently injured. But *no protest was made from this body of learned scientists, there was no denouncing the man who, on his own statement, had caused another to commit crime*, and in so doing, had in all probability, permanently injured his health.

But why multiply instances, they are recorded almost daily in the newspapers, and so little responsibility is felt by the great majority of men except in regard to anything which threatens personal financial loss that they callously pass over the matter and give no more thought to it. But unless men do awaken they will some day find themselves and their dear ones in the merciless clutches of a thousand times worse tyranny than that which blackened the darkest page in history.

There is still another phase of psychic disease, more subtle, and for that reason more dangerous in some respects, because cloaked under the guise of spiritual teachings. Some of those professing to give these teachings, even use the name Theosophy and calling themselves Theosophists, endeavor to impress others with superior knowledge and great wisdom, speaking ever of themselves.

There is a large and increasing body of people, known under different names, professing to be followers of Christ, and to be also scientific in their methods and teachings, who for the payment of a two dollar fee or other sum of money, will impart their "spiritual" instruction and give a diploma, in order that the one thus "graduating" may also sell his "spiritual" instruction and heal disease *as Christ healed it. (!)* What a mockery on Christianity, what a farce, what blasphemy of the name of Christ. Though it were possible to heal all the diseases of all humanity by this means, it could but result in worse, in moral and mental disease, and in spiritual degradation; for the first and last appeal is to man's selfish lower nature and not to the divine—though the word *divine* may be spoken with the lips—not to the divine in him, which knows that the wages of sin is death, and that the price to be paid for evil is pain and suffering, which cannot be escaped by a mere denial of their existence.

Where is the remedy for these evils? Is it in the orthodox religions?—they have not prevented their rise, how shall they now remove them? Is it in Science?—science knows naught of the deeper springs of life; it can neither weigh nor measure the divine promptings that arise in the heart, it has no answer to give to the heart cry of the World. Where shall we look? To Theosophy alone. In those teachings which have been again given to the World by Mme. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. And as you find the answer in Theosophy, you will find it also *in part* in the teachings of Science; you will find it in the life and words of Christ, of Buddha, and the other great ones of the past and of now. But the KEY is Theosophy.

In no writings which are accessible to the World, save in those of Theosophy will you find an explanation of man's complete life—spiritual, mental and psychic, and physical.

Concurrent with this threatening development of psychism—aye previous to it—has been given to the World that knowledge which will enable man to learn to use these powers for good, to control them and not be controlled by them. Their development cannot be arrested, though as today through the selfishness of man it may be abnormally hastened.

Let us look now at the teachings of Madame Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley—they are first and last, "Live the life." "The first step is to live for the sake of others." "Purity, self-discipline, self-conquest." These teachings go to the very roots of life and conduct. Our Teachers do not flatter, they do not promise an easy acquirement of occult powers, or indeed of any power save the power of the awakening soul to attain ever more and more power to help others. It is for this reason that our Teachers, teaching this pure Theosophy have aroused the enmity of the self-seeking. There is no place in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society for those who seek for place and power, there is only room for those who wish to serve and help.

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" . . . it [Karma-Nemesis] guards the good and watches over them in this, as in future lives; and it punishes the evil-doer—aye, even to his seventh rebirth. So long, in short, as the effect of his having thrown into perturbation even the smallest atom in the Infinite World of harmony, has not been finally readjusted. For the only decree of Karma—an eternal and immutable decree—is absolute Harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of Spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we, who reward or punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with Nature, abiding by the laws on which Harmony depends, or—break them."—*H. P. Blavatsky*

## Sign-Posts Along the Path\*



**K**RISHNA having said to Arjuna that a certain class of men, being without faith, revile the true doctrine and perish at last, bewildered even by all their knowledge, Arjuna sees at once a difficulty growing out of a consideration of what, if anything, induces these men to sin as it were against their will. He sees in this the operation of an unknown force that moulds men in a manner that they would not allow if conscious of it, and he says:

“Instigated by what does this man incur sin, even against his will, O descendant of Vrishni, impelled as it were, by force?”

To this Krishna replies:

“It is desire; it is passion springing from the quality of Tamas (darkness), voracious, all-sinful. Know that it is hostile to man in this world. As fire is surrounded by smoke, and a mirror by rust,† as the fœtus is involved in the womb, so is this universe surrounded by this quality. Knowledge is surrounded by this, and it is the constant enemy of the wise man—a fire which assumes any form it will, O son of Kunti! and is insatiable. Its empire is said to be the senses, the heart, and the intellect. By means of these it surrounds knowledge and bewilders the soul. Therefore do thou, O best of Bharatas, in the first place, restraining thy senses, cast off this sinful impetus which devours spiritual knowledge and spiritual discernment.

“They say that the senses are great. The heart is greater than the senses. But intellect is greater than the heart, and that which is greater than intellect is this passion. Knowing that it is thus greater than the mind, strengthening thyself by thyself, do thou, O great-armed one, slay this foe, which assumes any form it will and is intractable.”

Deep reflection upon this reply by the great Lord of Men shows us that the realm over which the influence of passion extends is much wider than we at first supposed. It is thought by many students that freedom can be quickly obtained as soon as they begin the study of Occultism or the investigation of their inner being of which the outer is only a partial revelation. They enter upon the study full of hope, and, finding great relief and buoyancy, think that the victory is almost won. But the enemy spoken of, the obstruction, the

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\*Extracts from “The Path,” Vol. III.

†The ancient form of mirror is here referred to. It was made of metal and highly burnished. Of course it was constantly liable to get rusty. And our own silvered mirror is liable also to cloud, owing to the oxidizing of the coating.—[B.]

taint, is present among a greater number of the factors that compose a being than is apparent.

Krishna has reference to the three qualities of *Satwa*, *Rajas*, and *Tamas*. The first of the nature of truth, pure and bright; the second partakes of truth in a lesser degree, is of the nature of action, and has also in it the quality of badness; the third, *Tamas*, is wholly bad, and its essential peculiarity is *indifference*, corresponding to darkness, in which no action of a pure quality is possible.

These three great divisions—or as it is in the Sanscrit, *gunas*—comprehend all the combinations of what we call “qualities,” whether they be moral, mental, or physical.

This passion, or desire, spoken of in the chapter, is composed of the two last qualities, *Rajas* and *Tamas*. As Krishna says, it is intractable. It is not possible, as some teach, to bring desire of this sort into our service. It must be slain. It is useless to try to use it as a helper, because its tendency is more towards *Tamas*, that is, downward, than towards the other.

It is shown to surround even knowledge. It is present, to a greater or lesser degree, in every action. Hence the difficulty encountered by all men who set out to cultivate the highest that is in them.

We are at first inclined to suppose that the field of action of this quality is the senses alone; but Krishna teaches that its empire reaches beyond those and includes the heart and the intellect also. The incarnated soul desiring knowledge and freedom finds itself ensnared continually by *Tamas*, which, ruling also in the heart and mind, is able to taint knowledge and thus bewilder the struggler.

Among the senses particularly, this force has sway. And the senses include all the psychical powers so much desired by those who study occultism. It does not at all follow that a man is spiritual or knows truth because he is able to see through vast distances, to perceive the denizens of the astral world, or to hear with the inner ear. In this part of the human economy the dark quality is peculiarly powerful. Error is more likely to be present there than elsewhere, and unless the seer is self-governed he gets no valuable knowledge, but is quite likely to fall at last, not only into far more grievous error, but into great wickedness. We must therefore begin, as advised by Krishna, with that which is nearest to us, that is, with our senses. We cannot slay the foe there at first, because it is resident also in the heart and mind. By proceeding from the near to the more remote, we go forward with regularity and with certainty of conquest at last. Therefore He said, “In the first place, restrain thy senses.” If we neglect those and devote ourselves wholly to the mind and heart, we really gain nothing, for the foe still remains undisturbed in the senses. By means of those, when we have devoted much time and care to the heart and mind, it may throw such obscurations and difficulties in the way that all the work done with the heart and mind is rendered useless.

It is by means of the outward senses and their inner counterparts that a great turmoil is set up in the whole system, which spreads to the heart and



from there to the mind, and, as it is elsewhere said, "The restless heart then snatches away the mind from its steady place."

We thus have to carry on the cultivation of the soul by regular stages, never neglecting one part at the expense of another. Krishna advises his friend to restrain the senses, and then to "strengthen himself by himself." The meaning here is that he is to rely upon the one consciousness which, as differentiated in a man, is his Higher Self. By means of this higher self he is to strengthen the lower, or that which he is accustomed to call "myself."

—*William Brehon*, pages 173-5.

A well-known writer in *Harper's Magazine* said lately "Heredity is a Puzzle." He then proceeded, "The race is linked together in a curious tangle, so that it is almost impossible to fix the responsibility. \* \* \*

We try to study this problem in our asylums and prisons, and we get a great many interesting facts, but they are too conflicting to guide legislation. The difficulty is to relieve a person of responsibility for the sins of his ancestors, without relieving him of responsibility for his own sins."

This is the general view. Heredity is a puzzle, and will always remain one so long as the laws of Karma and Reincarnation are not admitted and taken into account in all these investigations. Nearly all of these writers admit—excepting those who say they do not know—the theological view that each human being is a new creation, a new soul projected into life on this earth.

This is quite logical, inasmuch as they assert that we are only mortal and are not spirits. The religious investigators admit we are spirits, but go no further, except to assume the same special creation. Hence, when they come to the question of "Heredity" it is a very serious matter. It becomes a puzzle, especially to those who investigate heredity and who are trying to decide on whom responsibility ought to rest, while they know nothing of Karma or Reincarnation. And it is hinted at that there is necessity for legislation on the subject. That is to say, if we have a case of a murderer to consider, and we find that he has come of a race or family of murderers, the result of which is to make him a being who cannot prevent himself from committing murder, we have to conclude that, if this is due to "heredity," he cannot in any sane sense be responsible. Take the case of the tribe, or family, or sect of Thugs in India, whose aim in life was to put people out of the world. Their children would of necessity inherit this tendency. It is something like a cat and a bird. It is the nature of the cat to eat the bird, and you cannot blame it. Thus we should be driven to pass a law making an exception in the case of such unfortunate persons. Then we should be met by the possibility of false testimony being adduced upon the trial of the criminal, going to show that he came under the law. This possibility is so great that it is not likely such a law will ever be passed. So that, even if the legal and scientific world were able to come to any conclusion establishing the great force of heredity, it would be barren of results unless the truth of Karma and Reincarnation were admitted. For in

the absence of these, no law, and hence no remedy for the supposed injustice to be done to irresponsible criminals, could be applied. I am stating, not what I think ought to be done, but what will be the inevitable end of investigation into heredity without the aid of the other two great laws.

If these two doctrines should be accepted by the supposed legislators, it would follow that no such law as I have adverted to would ever be put on the books; for the reason that once Karma and Reincarnation are admitted, the responsibility of each individual is made greater than before. Not only is he responsible even under his hereditary tendency, but in a wider sense he is also responsible for the great injury he does the State through the future effect of his life,— that effect acting on those who are born as his descendants.

There is no very great puzzle in "Heredity" as a law, from the standpoint of Karma and Reincarnation, although of course the details of the working of it will be complicated and numerous.

I know that some Theosophists have declared that it puzzles them, but that is because it is a new idea, very different from those instilled into us during our education as youths and our association with our fellows as adults.

None of the observed and admitted facts in respect to heredity should be ignored, nor need they be left out of sight by a Theosophist. We are bound to admit that leanings and peculiarities are transmitted from father to son, and to all along down the line of descent. In one case we may find a mental trait, in another a physical peculiarity; and in a great-grandson we shall see often the bodily habits of his remote ancestor reproduced.

The question is then asked, "How am I to be held responsible for such strange inclinations when I never knew this man from whom I inherit them?" As theories go at this day, it would be impossible to answer this question. For if I have come from the bosom of God as a new soul; or if what is called soul or intelligence is the product of this body I inhabit and which I had no hand in producing; or if I have come from far distant spheres unconnected with this earth, to take up this body with whose generation I was not concerned; it would be the grossest injustice for me to be held responsible for what it may do. It seems to me that from the premises laid down there can be no escape from this conclusion, and unless our sociologists and political economists and legislators admit the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, they will have to pass laws to which I have referred. We shall then have a code which may be called, "Of limitations of responsibility of criminals in cases of murder and other crimes."

But the whole difficulty arises from the *inherited transmitted* habit in the Western mind of looking at effects and mistaking them for causes, and of considering the instruments or means, through and by means of which laws of nature work, as causes. Heredity has been looked at, or is beginning to be, as the cause of crime and of virtue. It is not a cause, but only the means or instrument for the production of the effect, the cause being hidden deeper. It seems just as erroneous to call heredity a cause of either good or bad acts as it is to call the merely mortal brain or body the cause of mind or soul.

Ages ago the Hindu sages admitted that the body did not produce the mind, but that there was what they called "the mind of the mind," or, as we might put it, "the intelligence operating above and behind the mere brain matter." And they enforced their argument by numerous illustrations; as, for instance, that the eye could not see even when in itself a perfect instrument, unless the mind behind it was acting. We can easily prove this from cases of sleep-walkers. They walk with their eyes wide open, so that the retina must, as usual, receive the impinging images, yet although you stand before their eyes they do not see you. It is because the intelligence is disjoined from the otherwise perfect optical instrument. Hence we admit that the body is not the cause of mind; the eyes are not the cause of sight; but that the body and the eye are instruments by means of which the cause operates.

Karma and Reincarnation include the premise that *the man* is a spiritual entity who is using the body for some purpose.

From remote times the sages state that he (this spiritual being) is using the body which he has acquired by Karma. Hence the responsibility cannot be placed upon the body, nor primarily upon those who brought forth the body, but upon the *man himself*. This works perfect justice, for, while the man in any one body is suffering his just deserts, the other men (or souls) who produced such bodies are also compelled to make compensation in other bodies.

As the compensation is not made at any human and imperfect tribunal, but to nature itself, which includes every part of it, it consists in the restoration of the harmony or equilibrium which has been disturbed.

The necessity for recognizing the law from the standpoint of ethics arises from the fact that, until we are aware that such is the law, we will never begin to perform such acts and think such thoughts as will tend to bring about the required alterations in the astral light needed to start a new order of thoughts and influences. These new influences will not, of course, come to have full effect and sway on those who initiate them, but will operate on their descendants, and will also prepare a new future age in which those very persons who set up the new current shall participate. Hence it is not in any sense a barren, unrewarded thing, for we ourselves come back again in some other age to reap the fruit of the seed we had sown. The impulse must be set up, and we must be willing to wait for the result. The potter's wheel continues to revolve when the potter has withdrawn his foot, and so the present revolving wheel will turn for a while until the impulse is spent.

— *Is Heredity a Puzzle*, page 256

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"The fearless warrior, his precious life-blood oozing from his wide and gaping wounds, will still attack the foe, drive him from out his stronghold, vanquish him, ere he himself expires. Act then, all ye who fail and suffer, act like him; and from the stronghold of your Soul chase all your foes away—ambition, anger, hatred, e'en to the shadow of desire—when even you have failed. . . ."—*Blavatsky*

# Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Nearly all classes of thinkers, religious, scientific, literary and educational enthusiasts, predict great achievements in the century just beginning—progress along all lines, a lessening of crime and poverty and an increase of happiness for all. I understand that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society makes the same prediction but claims that it can come only through a spread of Theosophy. What warrant is there for making these claims in view of Mme. Blavatsky's statement that every such attempt as the Theosophical Society has heretofore ended in failure? Why should it not fail again?

IN "The Key to Theosophy" H. P. Blavatsky writes:—

"Every such attempt as the Theosophical Society has hitherto ended in failure, because sooner or later, it has degenerated into a sect, set up hard and fast dogmas of its own, and so lost by imperceptible degrees that vitality which living truth alone can impart.

*Enquirer*—But if this danger be averted?

"Then the Society will live on into and through the twentieth century. It will gradually leaven and permeate the great mass of thinking and intelligent people with its large-minded and noble ideas of religion, duty and philanthropy. Slowly but surely it will burst asunder the iron fetters of creeds and dogmas, of social and caste prejudices; it will break down racial and national antipathies and barriers, and will open the way to the practical realization of the Brotherhood of all men.

"If the present attempt in the form of our Society, succeeds better than its predecessors have done, then it will be in existence as an organized, living, and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the twentieth century. The general condition of men's minds and hearts will have been improved and purified by the spread of its teachings, and, as I have said, their prejudices and dogmatic illusions will have been, to some extent at least, removed. Not only so, but besides a large and accessible literature ready to men's hands, the next impulse will find a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new torchbearer of truth. . . Consider all this, and then tell me whether I am too sanguine when I say that if the Theosophical Society survives and lives true to its mission, to its original impulses, through the next hundred years—tell me, I say, if I go too far in asserting that earth will be a heaven in the twenty-first century in comparison with what it is now."

That the present effort of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has not failed as those of preceding centuries, may be seen from its history since its inception in 1875. Each of the preceding efforts, made in the last quarter of each century, failed before the end of the century, and could not pass the crucial time and carry forward the work from the old century to the

new. In the present effort the work *has been carried over* into this new century, and not by a mere handful of people but as a great organization, existing in all parts of the world, united and harmonious, its activities increasing with every day that passes. And the great promise, aye, the certainty of its fulfillment, lies in the fact that the organization is not a loosely constituted Body whose government and acts depend on the varying judgment and votes of the members, but is a living organism receiving its life and guidance from the central controlling heart. Furthermore the members of the Body have learned that to truly serve the Cause they have at heart and to carry out its purposes depends on their maintaining the link, living and actual, between themselves and the Teacher.

It is sufficient to note this and to see the work already accomplished, to receive surety that the position taken by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is warranted by facts. But to fully understand it, requires also a knowledge of Theosophy and its teachings concerning the nature of man.

Theosophy is not a belief or theory but is a living verity,—the philosophy of life. That which our three Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, have thus far given out is but a partial restatement of Theosophy verified by the accumulated experience of ages, and of the deeper knowledge of the soul. Mankind has looked in vain to the professed teachers of modern times. Neither religion nor science nor philosophy has been able to supply an answer to the problems of life or to provide a motive power for the regeneration of humanity. The life-giving teachings of the great Helpers of the past have been obscured, and though their teachings if followed would have been for the healing of the nations, the words alone remain while the inner spirit has been forgotten.

The predictions of religious, scientific, literary and educational enthusiasts will, there is no doubt, be fulfilled, but in a very different way and on a very different foundation from that taken by these people. That an awakening is taking place in all departments of life and thought is evident, but the causes of this awakening are to be found in the influence of Theosophy, they are not a development of the previous ideas prevalent in the world, but the result of a new life re-awakened in the World, an impulse in a new direction not yet fully recognized. Not slowly but rapidly is the influence of Theosophy making itself everywhere felt. And so general is this that many may fail to see the significance of this awakening or to recognize its source. But let them compare the writings in all departments of literature of twenty-five years ago with those of today, and let them then turn to H. P. Blavatsky's writings beginning in 1875 and continuing up to the time of her death in 1891. They will find in each case that these writings have led and do lead the advancing thought of the world, and that much is therein given which the world has not yet accepted.

At the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, nearly all the great religious bodies in the world had their representatives,

each presenting his own creed and faith, but in every instance utterly unable to offer a solution to the problem of the "Babel of Religious Thought." There was one Body alone which could and did synthesize them all and afford a common meeting ground of toleration and harmony. This body was the Theosophical Society, now known as The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. It appeals to the foundation truths of all religions, not to surface creeds or to verbal differences or doctrinal subtleties which are the offspring of the head and mind, not of the heart and life, and which serve no purpose save to obscure true religion and stifle the religious instinct in man. It shows that the same basic truth lies back of all religions, that men are brothers now and in fact, and that the deeds, good or bad, of one, re-act not alone on him but on the whole human race. It teaches again the ancient truths of Karma and Reincarnation, that each man weaves his own web of fate and that he is immortal, returning again and again to earth until the lessons and the joy of life are learned, and man becomes in realization that which he is in essence—divine.

It is because of this, because of the hope and courage and joy it brings to man, because of its answer to the problems of life, because of the actual practical application of Theosophy to their daily life by the students of the Universal Brotherhood, and more than all because of the presence among us of one of the great Teachers and Helpers of Humanity, and because of our trust in that Teacher and the picture continually unfolding before us and being actually realized of the dawn of the new Golden Age;—it is because of these that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society can predict a glorious future for Humanity and that this future will come through Theosophy.

J. H. FUSSELL

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## Mirror of the Movement



### Meetings in San Diego

The weekly meetings in San Diego held by Students from Point Loma have aroused such interest that the beautiful large hall where they were held has been taxed beyond its capacity and proved too small. These meetings will henceforth be held in Fisher Opera House every Sunday evening. The first of these meetings in the Opera House was held Sunday, March 24th, and was attended by a very large audience. The clear expositions of Theosophy and their practical application to daily life, have made a deep impression on the public. A very attractive feature of the program was the reading of an original paper by Master Antonio Castillo, 12 years of age, one of the Cuban boys of the Raja Yoga School. This young Warrior of the Golden Cord with his manly bearing and clear voice held the audience spell-bound. Only a few months ago he did not know a word of English, and in listening to him now one realizes something of the marvelous training of the Raja Yoga School. At these meetings music plays an important part and

its power as an educative factor in human life is being continually demonstrated by its skillful rendering by the Teachers and Students of the Isis Conservatory of Music.

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### **Au Revoir**

Au revoir, au revoir! Our dear comrade, Ellen Bergman, has gone for a brief visit to her friends in Sweden, and we look eagerly for her return. A farewell reception was given to her first by the children and then by the students Friday evening, March 22d. Assembling in the great Rotunda of the Homestead her pupils sang some of their choruses, duets and solos which they had learned under her conscientious training. Then adjourning to the Oriental Room farewell speeches were made by E. A. Neresheimer, Mrs. Spalding, I. L. Harris, W. T. Hanson, Miss E. Wood, Miss J. Hecht, F. M. Pierce, H. T. Patterson and also by our Leader. Every heart in Loma-land is filled with gratitude for Miss Bergman's work, who filled in the gap made by the temporary absence of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Spalding from Point Loma. She has been ever a great power of Harmony and our singing together has been one of the great factors that has linked us indissolubly as comrades in this great Cause, making us collectively and individually more perfect instruments in the hands of our Leader.

It was a royal farewell we gave our Swedish comrade on the following morning. All the students and the children assembled at the entrance to the Homestead and then escorted Miss Bergman down to the Gate and singing the glorious Sunrise Song until she passed out of sight over the hill.

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### **The Influence of Point Loma**

The many tourists and visitors to San Diego are beginning to learn that the loveliest drive in all the neighborhood is to Point Loma, that the most interesting feature of the drive is a visit to Loma-land, to Loma Homestead and the Aryan Memorial Temple. And while many do come simply as sight-seers or out of curiosity, there are few indeed, out of the hundreds weekly, who do not take away with them a genuine interest and something in the heart deeper than words. Most of those who come attend the afternoon lectures in the Aryan Temple, or on Saturdays and Mondays the children's Symbolic Play. To be for half an hour or longer in the peace of that beautiful Temple, under its great purple dome, and with soft purple and rosy and golden light pouring through its windows, to feel the harmony of its perfect proportions, to listen to the music, and to the Students' talk on the broad, pure and practical teachings of Theosophy—the Wisdom Religion, or to witness that picture of innocence, to see the eyes of the soul looking out from the bright faces of the young Warriors of the Golden Cord and the little Temple-workers, giving their symbolic play—who can tell the potent magic of such an influence to touch the hearts of men? And those who come are from all over the United States, and some from Europe and other lands and they take back with them this touch of Loma-land which they can never forget or obliterate, and this knowledge of Theosophy whose power under the guiding hand of our Teacher they have seen with their own eyes. They carry with them the memory of the names of our great Teachers—H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, for at everyone of the lectures and children's entertainments a short outline of our work is given and these great names are spoken of with reverent love and honor. Then visiting also the Theosophical Publishing Company and the Woman's Mart, here they find Theosophical literature, photographs and other mementos of Loma-land which cannot be obtained elsewhere. No less than eleven of the trained students are kept busy from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon attending to the constant stream of visitors and enquirers, and as our Teacher has often remarked, this is certainly one of the greatest schools for the study of human nature. And all this is but the beginning of the new power which Theosophy shall wield in the lives of men.

Many are the thanks and expressions of appreciation which Madam Olivia Petersen, the hostess of the Homestead, receives from visitors, not only for the courtesy extended but for the privilege of coming face to face with our work.

If any member should come here now, he would find, just as our Leader has said that this work of the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma is like a great ship at sea, pushing its way through an ocean of difficulties and requiring the combined energies of all the crew to stem the tide of human frailty. There is no time to leave our posts for a moment for personal pleasure. That is a thing of the past. Indeed the students, in the short time they have been here have learned that the secret of real joy lies in a life of unselfishness. Sometimes a visitor will ask a student, "Aren't you tired?" and the answer will come, "Yes, sometimes, but the results that are being worked out for the benefit of humanity, because I am willing to be tired are so great, that even being tired is a pleasure."

One day a very woebegone old lady with corkscrew curls went about gazing through the windows of the rooms and into the faces of the students as though she were looking for some monstrous thing that the world didn't know anything about. It was her good fortune to come in contact with one of the lady students who had arrived only the day before to spend the winter here for the sake of her health. "You poor sick thing, how pale you look. You have lost all the color from your cheeks" . . . inferring that the "dreadful" life of the students had brought this about. The student perceiving the drift of the old lady's remarks and anticipating her confusion at her answer, said, "My dear Madam, I fully expect to get some of the roses back into my cheeks after I have been here a few weeks." This is but one of many instances where a certain class of people come to sympathize with the "poor sufferers," and find their curiosity met by truthful statements that generally confound and embarrass them. And so even in these small ways the students are educating this class of people, all too many of whom are found in everyday life. These people may not be willing to read our books, or to listen to our lectures, but as a result of their own curiosity are generally given an example of sound common sense in answer to their inexcusable questions.

But where there is one of this kind there are ten of another class who express by word and act their delight at finding such a place and seeing such work being done. There is no question that the majority of the people who hear about our work cannot believe that our officers are unsalaried, and that the great majority of the students are working, not for self, but for love of principle and humanity.

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### **Work in the U. B. Office**

From what has been said above members will more fully realize the work that is entailed by this tremendous influx of enquirers, both personally and by letter. And it is due to the public that this work should have first attention. Thus it happens at times that some letters from members have to wait their turn, but members should know that they are not overlooked, that the delay is not due to inattention or indifference but that everyone will receive attention in due time. Gradually the Leader is introducing more and more perfect plans to help all, and in this members themselves can help by their patience knowing that no part of the work is overlooked.

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### **Greek Symposium**

Members are requested by the Leader to repeat the Greek play "A Promise" in April, and in May "The Wisdom of Hyatia." The Lodges should make an effort to render each new presentation better than the last and to realize more deeply the meaning of this line of work.



## I

## TO THE DEAR COMRADES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

I have been through about five centuries experience now, all pressed into the five weeks since I came to Loma-land.

About every seven days some cherished elemental dies. A new set of energies embody themselves and crowd him out of existence. It is almost equal to an incarnation. One is wedged in among the students so tightly, that he cannot skip the line of duty for more than a hair's breadth, for an unfulfilled duty clashes with the clean cut fence of another student whose duty is well done.

This is altogether a new life, the students' faces and their walk and deportment seem to sing a song of joy and a life of sunshine, with a text underlying telling the story of gratitude to the Teacher who makes real Gods out of poetry.

The unusual beauty of land and sea and mountains and the indescribable climate help the thing along mightily.

## II—VISITORS

Crowds, crowds come and go daily. They stare and wonder. What a novelty! Such culture and refinement!

They attend free lectures at the Temple. There, the objects of the organization are stated giving a concise picture. High class music precedes the appearance of a speaker in student's gown, erect, conscious of power, expounding Theosophy, the wisdom of the ages, in forceful language from a scroll which has been well probed by the Teacher,—not mere words but ideas culled from the Teacher's inexhaustible storehouse, all well adapted, plain and telling.

Visitors are conducted through the Homestead, full of interest in architecture, mythical pictures, etc., bungalows, book department, Woman's Mart, dining room. All is arranged to cope with the large demand and the great number of visitors, leaving nothing to be desired in presentation, courtesy and decorum.

An automobile has been placed at the disposal of Katherine Tingley by Mr. Albert C. Spalding, in which visitors are taken around the grounds of the Homestead and S. R. L. M. A. Proceeds go to the International Lotus Home.

## III—CHILDREN'S RAJA YOGA SCHOOL—MAGICIANS

Some of the visitors are spell-bound at witnessing the performance of the children in the Temple. These children are real, live things, they have a way somehow to worm themselves into stony hearts. The visitor may sit bored to death with anything outside of his noble presence before the performance, but after it has begun he is suddenly initiated into the mysteries of absorption in a great problem.

Not by long speeches. Oh, no! Poetic form of motion, song, and everything that might make you wish that you had a cup with which to drink it all in and retain it.

The sun shines differently after you have come out of the Temple. Nature is more kind, more reasonable after you have seen the children.

These performances are festal days for the children; they are earning something towards their own support by the plays.

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The rich man's child is allowed to share the same joy with the parentless children. Joy is cheap here. By specially arranged plans the children are graded according to their fitness. If one is inharmonious, it is placed in another group so as not to injure the larger body or the group in their development.

## IV—WEEKLY LECTURES AT SAN DIEGO

Fisher Opera House, seating 1,400 people, is engaged every Sunday for free lectures.

One of the children of the Raja Yoga School with an original paper precedes the program of six essays, which have passed the Leader's scrutinizing eye, on timely subjects, all read from scroll.

The filled houses on every such occasion show the great interest in Theosophy, for here congregate people from all parts of the world during the winter season.

At the recent meeting in honor of William Q. Judge, the Leader was accompanied by Elizabeth C. Spalding and members of her cabinet.

#### V—LITERATURE

A great amount of literature is carried away daily by visitors; often more in one day than has been sold in a month at the old headquarters in New York.

Many new works are in preparation, but on account of pressure of other work they cannot be gotten ready quickly.

#### VI—TIMELY VINDICATION OF WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

An extra amount of energy was called into play by the students of the Homestead. Joyful energy it was too. A grand tribute was paid to the Chief during the last week in March before the public. It was on the occasion of setting right a claim by outside parties to the honors of the success and spread of the Theosophical Movement.

The birds of prey come now thick and fast to pick up the crumbs that fall off the rich festive board of the practical accomplishments of the Universal Brotherhood. The Leader stood high and towering over the situation, to see justice done to the hero of the last quarter century, William Q. Judge. Not one iota was forgotten to establish his rightful place in the history of the Movement. This effort will be a lasting record of his great work. Posterity will not suffer now for the want of facts.

The students were fired to sublime enthusiasm by the Leader's example of loyalty; they delved down deep into the warm recesses of their hearts and brought forth their gratitude in words and song. The San Diego audiences showed the highest appreciation of such a dignified tribute, and as the facts were unfolded one after another, the crowds were swept into sympathetic admiration for that Great Soul who had so well grafted the tenets of Theosophy on the tree of progressive thought, and so firmly established Theosophy in this fair land of America.

The press, in the reports of the meetings, was not only just and liberal but spontaneously enthusiastic and grateful over so noble an effort to vindicate that great man. The City of San Diego being the gateway to the Temple of Light, it is well that the populace be imbued with the truth about the history of the Movement.

#### VII—SIXTH RACE

It has at last transpired how the sixth race of people is to come into being. The process is already in operation. It is like this: The homeless children that are gathered from different parts of the world have about as much potential good in them as the average person, are made to grow straight limbs and other normal conditions of the body by correctly applied scientific knowledge of anatomy, but, observe, with such undeviating steadiness that nature makes obeisance and is fooled completely into doing her best. Think of the poetry of straight limbs, equipoise, grace, head high and free and a yearning disposition to plan, to work, to sacrifice for the good of the people.

Sacrifice in the old sense, however, is utterly out of the question because the offering up of one's self on the altar of love that makes for universal harmony, is becoming second nature, yes, the predominating impulse.

What a radiant glow of sweetness is behind the power of godlike man or woman, bathed in the sunshine of ineffable joy.

'Tis no dream any longer, but a reality. The Leader has heralded the dawn of the sixth race. Its banner proclaims the golden age. Sincerely,

E. A. NERESHEIMER

## Reports of Lodges



### Boston, Mass., U. B. Lodge 28, Monthly Public Meeting, Feb. 3, 1901

The public meeting of Lodge 28 of Boston, held at 24 Mount Vernon Street tonight, had, as usual, a large and attentive audience.

After the opening remarks by the President and a flute solo by Mr. Franklin, Miss C. B. McCracken was introduced as the first speaker, and said:

“The Universal Brotherhood Organization is the outcome of an attempt commenced many years ago to awaken among men a realization of their absolute brotherhood as a fact in nature; to spiritualize and thus to raise to its true power and dignity, the growing intellectuality of the age; to liberate thought from the bounds by which materialistic science was attempting to cramp it.”

A glance at the condition of men’s minds when these ideas were introduced to the Western World, and the conditions which we find today will suffice to show that its attempts to awaken the ideas of Universal Brotherhood have been successful, and that the conditions of life are becoming more and more adapted to its ultimate realization.

The work of “raising to its true power and dignity the growing intellectuality of the age” is within the scope of the Theosophical Society, or the Literary Department of the Universal Brotherhood Organization.

In order to touch every point of modern life, another branch of the work known as the International Brotherhood League has been formed. This League, an integral part of the Universal Brotherhood is the Humanitarian Department. The speaker then quoted from the Constitution of the International Brotherhood League, stating the objects and prominent features of the work already accomplished. Speaking of the local work around Boston she said:

In Boston there is held every Sunday morning at eleven o’clock in the Hall at 24 Mt. Vernon Street an unsectarian Sunday-school, which is also a part of the Lotus Work of the International Brotherhood League.

Lotus Groups are established in Cambridge, Somerville, Malden, Everett, and the various branches of the organization around Boston, for the promoting of this work among the children.

The aim is to teach the essential truths which underlie the philosophy of life, in a manner attractive to children, to fit them to lead lives of usefulness, unselfishness, and devotion to the needs of Humanity.

Music forms an important feature of the work, and by its aid the grander harmony of life is taught. Through music we reach a common bond in the lives of men, and by it we are able to draw all living beings into closer relationship.

To see what has already been accomplished in breaking away the ideas of separateness, and in forming a close bond of unity among children of all classes, is an inspiration and a hope for the future.

Those who had the pleasure of witnessing the last gathering together of the children from the various groups in this vicinity, were, I am sure, filled with joy, for the emancipation of the race, which seems not far distant.

What strong weapons these children are gathering together for the battle which they are to wage against the sin and evil in the world. And here is the opportunity for those who wish to aid in this work, for the benefit of mankind and all creatures.

What is your privilege as individuals? Make yourselves acquainted with this work, find out its needs, and use whatever powers you may possess to carry on this work.

You will be welcome at any of these Lotus groups, where you will see a practical demonstration of the work going on.

There will be, from time to time, public children's entertainments, which will show to the public our methods, and some of the results of the training.

So, all over the world, are groups of Lotus Workers and Lotus Children, which although separated by thousands of miles, and speaking different tongues, are yet being educated under the same guiding force.

Besides the Lotus Groups there are clubs for boys, known as the Boys' Brotherhood Clubs, also represented in Boston.

It is easy to see how much can be done for boys, just at the age when the greatest temptations beset them.

So on all sides does the Universal Brotherhood movement aim to touch mankind.

The joy of working in this organization carries one on through difficulties which seem insurmountable.

The broadening of one's own life in the attempt to uplift the race, is in itself reward enough for any and all sacrifices.

Mr. George D. Ayers, President of the Lodge in Malden, was the next speaker, his subject being, "Life under the Brotherhood of the Twentieth Century." He took three texts, viz., From Isaiah xi-6, "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

From the Bhagavad-Gita, chapter iv, "Both I and thou have passed through many births, O harasser of thy foes! Mine are known unto me, but thou knowest not of thine. I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness. Whoever, O Arjuna, knoweth my divine birth and actions to be even so, doth not upon quitting his mortal frame enter into another, for he entereth into me!" And from "The Key to Theosophy" in regard to the future of the movement, "As it has existed eternally throughout the endless cycles upon cycles of the past, so it will exist throughout the infinitudes of the Future, because Theosophy is synonymous with *Everlasting Truth*."

At the present time there is a special unity among men, and especially among those interested in this movement, that has not existed before. Century after century attempts have been made, but, owing to a lack of unity, they have resulted in failure. A movement of this kind to be successful must be non-sectarian as the present one is. The earlier movements started to be non-sectarian, but there soon appeared attempts to sectarianize and limit, which later resulted in the formation of cliques for the purpose of attempting to break down the leader. Brotherhood was then stated as a sentiment. It is now presented not as a sentiment, but as a fact, and has behind it the spiritual force of the One Life which cannot be stayed. During all time there have been great souls, perfected men, who have worked for the uplifting of humanity, but they could not live and act close among men, but had to work aloof, in disguise, or at a distance, on account of the lack of that unity which exists now.

The International Brotherhood League, bear in mind, is for the benefit of all the people of the earth, and all creatures. Its work is not described as "charitable," the term charity is dropped in describing it, and brotherhood takes its place.

It is brotherhood pure and simple, or helping and sharing. Not of one religion, only, but including all. It asks no one to discard or forget the religious lessons he learned at his mother's knee, but amplifies and spiritualizes them. We have all noticed that the young on leaving school to enter active life, have certain ideals, which they freely discuss, but that as they enter the different walks of life and grow older they say less and less of their ideals. This is not because they no longer believe in them, but because they realize

the extreme difficulty of carrying them out in active life, when, owing to lack of unity, so many of the people are out of sympathy with them, or have no conception of what they mean. They listen to the same, or higher ideals from the lips of the next generation, and, remembering their own, sadly think of their disappointment, and wonder if the same awaits those who are to succeed them in the walks of life, yet they hesitate to check their young enthusiasm, hoping that the world may have reached a stage of progress where the efforts of realization of these fresh and valiant workers may be crowned with success. "To teach men and women to realize the nobility of their calling." When this is realized it changes all that is within them, and an advance is made on all planes, the strife between rich and poor disappears, and harmony becomes universal. The man who does his appointed work well, be his station what is commonly known as high or low, does what no one else in the universe of the past, present or future can do as well as he.

When the sun looks down upon the earth and the seeds of wheat, aspiring, look up to it and try to rise and grow to perfection, the tares likewise try to grow, but hinder the growth of the wheat, and the wheat has to struggle with them for advancement and even for existence. So, when at different periods in the past, men have turned their eyes toward the spiritual sun, there has sprung up to resist and hinder them the tares of distrust, inharmony, and disorganization.

The only thing that hinders the carrying out of the clause in the Lord's prayer which should be translated "Unloose our debts, as we unloose our debtors" is fear, a fear that some one should get some slight advantage of us.

But there is now at Point Loma a community of unity where each lives for all, and all for each, who have demonstrated that brotherhood is a fact in nature, and when the struggling and discouraged soul is bewildered and perplexed, he can turn his eyes to that colony for help and encouragement and they will show him the way.

When the next great leader incarnates in the last twenty-five years of this century, he will find a large, strong, and successful body, capable of understanding him, standing ready, and eager to assist him in his work to bring Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity.

The meeting then closed with music, as usual.—*A. J. Carswell, Corresponding Secretary of Lodge 28.*



### Monthly Entertainment—Boston, Mass., U. B. Lodge No. 28—Presentation of Greek Symposium, "A Promise"

I am sure that not even the most indifferent could have found fault last night with the presentation of the Greek Symposium, "A Promise." It was a joy from beginning to end. It was smooth, dignified and tremendously impressive.

As I watched it, I felt like singing a song of triumph. With one or two exceptions, the actors were the same as in the previous symposium, but there was no comparison between this last work and their first attempts. I don't mean in mere histrionic ability but in the marvelous increase of personal flexibility, and transparency. You could fairly see the soul shine through. They have worked hard and faithfully, even when they were so tired they could hardly stand, for all of them work all day. But they have had their reward, though they themselves do not realize how much they have done for themselves while thinking only of you and the work.

The hall was packed, people standing up all the way down the two aisles and away down to the door. Indeed many people had to go away, because there was not even standing room. You know how difficult it is to have quiet in an audience when there are many standing, but all last night seemed absolutely motionless. I am sure the old mystery plays were never more intently listened to, nor more profited by. The actors have grown to realize that this is truly Brotherhood work and they have succeeded accordingly.—*M. L. G.*

## Stockholm, Sweden—Lodge No. 1—Jubilee Meeting

JANUARY 13, 1901

The meeting was opened with music on piano, organ and violin by Mrs. A. Ekholm, Mr. J. Lidman and Mr. Ruckman. The President of the Lodge opened the meeting, and spoke on the importance and significance of the jubilee, then followed lectures by Dr. G. Zander, "The Theosophical Movement during the past twenty-five years;" Mr. T. Hedlund, "Our Three Leaders;" Miss A. Sonesson on "Lotus Work;" Mr. O. Ljungstrom, on the first object of the I. B. L., "To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling;" Mr. M. Nystrom, "Reincarnation." The meeting lasted two hours and was followed with great interest by an audience amounting to two hundred persons.

JANUARY 14—The entertainment was opened by music on piano and organ by Mrs. A. Ekholm and Mr. J. Lidman. Then followed a prologue composed and recited by Anna Sonesson, after which "The Wisdom of Hypatia" was given. All were well instructed in their different parts, and the whole was characterized by dignity and a subtle conception. The result was splendid in regard to the fact that the members had only a week at their disposal. The translation was made by Mrs. C. Scholander. Mrs. Ellein acted as stage manager, all other arrangements were conducted by Mr. K. Drougge. All the newspapers reported the entertainment very friendly.

JANUARY 15—The children's entertainment was held in the great hall of "Arbetarforeningen." The hall was decorated with garlands of flowers and white draperies, and in the background an imitation of the Gate to the School of Antiquity grounds. Enclosing the scene were different tableaux represented. Six young warriors clad in shining armor watched the entrance. While an invisible choir sang the Brotherhood song, the children, in their white robes marched in through the entrance, a white light streaming out, greeted by the Lotus queen in a few solemn sentences. Tableaux and music followed.—

H. Cederschiold.



**The New Century  
Thinkers**

The New Century is to be one not only in name, but in fact. New forces are playing into human life, new notes have been struck. A wealth of new ideas have gained entrance into human minds, radical enough to revolutionize the thinking world and modify the human brains. They have been planted over the whole world. Some have fallen on fertile soil and will take root, while some have fallen on stony places. But here at Point Loma the human soil is being prepared, and the seeds will grow, and bear a fruit of which the world today little dreams. It matters not whether the minds be few who receive them. A whole city may be burned with one candle. It is their vitality which will ensure their life. An old-new philosophy has been given again to the world, moulded in such form as the modern brain can receive, and it answers the questions humanity is asking, in some quarters with eagerness. This philosophy connects all the regions of thought, so that men *can* think intelligently and to a purpose. It is these broken links everywhere which have made the thought of the last century so absurd. The mental field has been a flat surface, as the earth was once thought to be, for the clouds bounding the horizon have been so dense, that men in walking into them, have lost their threads, and so declared they were cut off, or led eternally in different directions.

This has brought about such controversies as the "War between Science and Religion," "The clashing of interests between Church and State," the "War between Capital and Labor," which moreover have not ended in simple controversies. This disconnected thought in its extreme has evolved such a monster as a materialist! For men had entirely lost the threads upon which their own lives are strung, through the loss of the knowledge of their repeated returns to earth. But the new ideas have taken root. So far beyond present life are they, that new bodies must be prepared to receive them more fully, and live them more perfectly. It is because men have profaned their temples in

the past, that the old ideas have been forgotten. The truth has been always ready and free, but men were not ready to receive it. To regain them for the world, the work of preparing bodies is begun at Point Loma. It is the children of today who will hear the message most clearly and become the thinkers of tomorrow. They will recognize that the first requisite to sound thought is a knowledge of oneself. The old opportunities for this knowledge having come again, these thinkers will use them. Of what value or power can the thoughts of a creature be, who knows not who he is, whence he came, why he came, or the connection between himself and the universe? Mere childish fancies they will be, mere surmises, likely to have as much relation to fact, as a blind man's guess to the color before him.

But the New Century thinkers, will learn how to gather up the threads and unify life. They will perceive the relation between every possible expression of life; every art; every science; every activity and industry; between work and play, between good and evil, between themselves and others. And these perceptions, once here on earth permanently, because founded on a solid basis, human life will begin to fall into order, and the disconnected expressions and horrible discords will not exist. They will see the folly of aiming to be purposeful in work and purposeless in pleasure. *They* will begin the harmonizing in thought, which must precede harmony in action—and the Tower of Babel men will at last learn how to build.

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT



A GROUP OF LOTUS BUDS WITH THEIR TEACHERS, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

One of the greatest delights of these children, who come from one of the poorest districts of Liverpool, is to attend their Lotus Group. See how happy they look. Like the flowers, they carry sunshine on their smiling faces and in their hearts.



## The Legend of Castle Cor

By C



I WANT to tell you a legend that to me appears full of meaning.

Perhaps it is true as it is here written ; perhaps not. But I know it is true in another way. I know that we all have to fight an ogre in ourselves, and we can have all the help of the princess in our own souls. And I know that every time we say, "I am a soul and therefore I can conquer all the evil in myself," we are forging a sword that will ensure perfect victory.

It was in the times of old Atlantis, that mighty country in which once dwelt a great and wealthy race of men, men of such stature and power and wisdom as we can hardly conceive of. But they died because of their great wickedness, and their land sank beneath the ocean. It is said by wise men that one day it will come up again, and that we shall live again there. You can think over the meaning of that sentence, for the Law takes away the wisdom and power of those who are wicked, and does not give them back again till the wickedness is changed by many lives of suffering.

But let me get to my story.

Castle Cor was a very peculiar place. Outside it looked beautiful by moonlight, but not so in the sun, by any means. It was yellow and brown and green with rust, rusty iron, great plates of it hammered together like the plates of a battleship. The green spots were the heads of the copper nails that held the plates together.

But underneath the plates the walls were gold, not like the heavy dull gold we now have, but shining, and so transparent as to let the light through.



Inside the castle dwelt a young prince, under the dominion of a horrible giant ogre.

Years and years before, the prince's father had entered the castle and had never been heard of again. He had been slain by the ogre, and wise men who could see those things said that his soul had entered the young prince, who was born shortly after. It seemed likely, for he had many of his father's ways. But he did not know of this, and was only bent on avenging his father's death.

He lived with his mother and with his grandfather, a wise and kind old man who taught him many things, especially about the soul, and the ogre, and Castle Cor. He told him that when his father had entered the Castle it was still golden, and no one knew of the ogre except some wise men. They said that the ogre had grown very much since that, for then he was quite small and pretty to look at. But as soon as the king entered he had begun to grow very fast, stopped being playful and pretty, and had finally killed the king. Then the iron plates were found to be covering the walls, every day one or two more.

So one summer morning the prince left his grandfather, the old king, to go to Castle Cor. And the king had said :

"About nine o'clock you will come to the Castle, and you will have no difficulty in getting into it. As you walk through the halls and rooms you will see many beautiful things. I will send with you a guide who will conduct you through it all. Do not be led by your own fancy and desires, but keep with the guide ; that is the only way by which you can be safe."

So the prince promised.

Whilst the old king was speaking, the words that came out of his mouth became a little beautiful white cloud, streaked with golden light, and then the cloud became a little white-robed fairy with golden hair. And then the fairy said : "I am your guide, prince ; let us go."

So they went along and presently came to the castle.

They went into the great hall, and there was no one there, at any rate no one that could be seen. But it seemed to the prince as if there was a constant soft whisper all through it such as would be produced by the breathing of sweet living things ; no words, and yet a sort of feeling as of sweet high words, the breath of thought. The hall was hung with beautiful rose-red and yellow curtains, and had a golden floor. It was also roofed in by a golden roof, and from the roof by a very long golden and silver twisted cord, hung into the very center of the hall a mighty diamond with many faces, glittering gloriously, and radiating many colors, but chiefly violet and tender purple and a little sheeny green. This lit up the whole hall.

Up around the side of the hall wound a spiral stairway, going round and round, higher and higher, up the walls, up the sides of the great dome, ending at an opening at the very top, an opening closed with a great crystal lens. The prince could see through this opening that above the dome was a large transparent globe on which the sun was sparkling.

Many doors opened from the great hall, and through one of them they went, the fairy leading the way.

The room in which they found themselves was altogether rose-red, walls and marble floor and ceiling. There was a fountain in the middle of the floor. Deep in the heart of the fountain was a rosy light whose rays came up in the spray and lit up the room. On either side of the fountain was a pink marble table with green and rosy and golden fruit upon it, and red-purple wine. And the fairy said :

“You may eat a little of the fruit and drink the water, but do not touch the wine;” then she went out of another door than the one by which they had entered, and the prince was alone. So he ate and drank, and was satisfied and happy.

But after awhile the wine began to look so beautiful with the rosy light dawning through it, that he raised the clear glass vessel and touched the wine with his lips. And he felt a warm life-thrill run all over him. So he said to himself :

“Surely it cannot be any harm to drink what seems life itself.” And as he raised the glass to his lips for the second time he fancied that he heard the sweet voice of the fairy breathe in his ear the single word, “Alas!” and it seemed to him as if he caught a glimpse of the white and golden mist, and then all was still.

For a moment the prince felt cold at heart, but as the wine got into his veins his courage came back, he lost all caution, all memory of the purpose for which he had entered the castle, and he swallowed again and again.

Then, just where he had caught the last glimpse of the fairy he saw a dark red cloud begin to come. It got denser and denser, and at last there stood there a hideous man, a giant-ogre. The door by which the prince had entered had vanished; the fountain flowed no more; the fruit was gone; only the wine remained.

And the ogre said :

“Raise the wine again to your lips.” He did so, but it was now thicker, redder, and its smell had become disgusting. Nevertheless, though it disgusted him, it was also horribly attractive. But after he had drunk, only the loathing remained; and a worse loathing of the ogre, who had gone away.

And in his sickness and weariness of life he cried out to the fairy to come back, and to the old king to send help. But there seemed no answer, save that at that moment there was a little movement in his heart as if a baby bird had stirred a tender wing there; he almost thought he saw a little speck of shining white cloud come out of his heart. But of that he was not sure.

Years went away. Every day the ogre came and made him drink the thick red wine, and beat him, and ill-treated him, always keeping him in the now dark room so that he could see nothing. And always when the horrible hot life that the wine gave him for the moment had gone away and he loathed it and all other things, the memory of the king and the fairy and his old free life

came up and almost made him mad. With it came a wild longing for space, air, music, sunshine. And in his hopelessness and agony he cried out to the king, though he never for a moment even hoped he could be heard. But every time these longings seized him after the ogre had gone away, he felt that same little stir in his heart and saw a tender little fleck of white shining mist go out of his heart away into the darkness.

A curious thing always happened; and this was that though he loathed the wine, yet when the ogre was present he also craved it at the same moment as he loathed it. It was the magic power of the ogre, for now he could not always tell his own wishes from the cravings that the ogre put into his mind.

But one day when the ogre had just gone away and had made him drink more than usual of the loathsome wine, his horror and fear grew awful, and he cried out terribly in the dark.

And then suddenly, for a single moment, the darkness went away; he did not see, however, the narrow room in which he had lived so long; he thought for a moment that he was with the old king in his glorious castle, and the memory of his old sweet and sunny and beautiful life swept upon him in overpowering strength. The king's shining eyes rested upon him a moment and his lips were about to speak—when all vanished and he was again in the little dark room.

Then he cried again, more bitterly than before, and out of the dark a soft voice said:

“Behold.” He looked up and all in the dark saw a beautiful maiden in a white robe with a gleaming golden sword. And he said, “Who are you?”

She answered: “I came out of your own heart; you gave me life with every cry for freedom, with every thought of the king, and the sunshine and the pure air. The sword I have this day had from the king. He knows everything, forgives your sin, and has but waited these years till you had given me strength enough to bear the sword.”

And the prince said: “Alas, you are but a maid, and the ogre is strong as life and death.”

She replied: “Have faith, for my sword is the king's, and his strength and the strength of the breath of all your prayers is in my arm.”

He answered: “I am now weak; I cannot help you; when he comes my strength is all gone; he seizes it and uses it even against myself.”

And the maiden replied: “When the fight comes, look only on me, not at him. Since my life is the life of your heart, I can only fight when you call. If you fear, you draw back my life and the ogre is strengthened.”

Just then the ogre flung open the door, approached the prince, seized the wine, and commanded him to drink.

The prince trembled in every limb, because the craving for the horrible wine came upon him whilst at the same time his horror of it increased. But after a short struggle between the craving and the loathing he pushed away the wine, saying: “I will drink no more.”

The ogre laughed and so mightily acted upon him with his magic that the craving grew and well-nigh overmastered him so that he raised the wine to his lips; but still he would not swallow, crying out "Alaise, Alaise!" which was the radiant maiden's name.

To her the ogre turned in wrath and amazement.

She said: "Be comforted, prince; the sword will not fail if you keep your thought on me."

And the prince was comforted and strengthened because of the light that shone about her. It seemed to him that his own heart shone with the same light.

Then the ogre raged horribly and made yet more direful efforts with his magic, so that fear took the prince, and the craving swept through all his being. And at the moment of his fear the maiden vanished; he grew icy cold in his heart and again raised the wine, though even then he knew the craving was not his, but only put into him by the ogre.

And then, seeing him raise the wine the ogre laughed, thinking he had again conquered. But at the sound of his laugh and at the yet more horrible smell of the wine the prince gave a great cry, calling upon Alaise for the second time; and almost in a moment she came. He fixed his eyes upon the light about her and upon the golden sword, and a great comfort went like a warmth into his heart and all over him. And the maiden smote the ogre through the heart with the sword the old king had given her, and for a moment all was still.

Then the room filled with light, the fountain flowed again, the door into the hall opened of itself, great bells rang in the upper dome; and raising his eyes the prince beheld his grandfather, the old king, standing in the great hall.

And they went forth into the hall, and from there to many and many a room full of all priceless beauties and treasures, having that for their home for ever more.

Some who were about the castle at that time say that of a sudden the iron plates dissolved away and left the walls of shining gold visible far and wide over the earth, a comfort and joy to all.

Daily the prince grew more like his father and at last there was no doubt at all that in him his father's soul had re-awakened and that the two were really the same.

This is the tale that I heard out of old Atlantis.

"The veils that come over our souls fall away when we work for others." W. Q. JUDGE

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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## Lines to an Ancient Temple

By C. Wilkinson



A wondrous monument art thou, Stonehenge,  
 Standing, grim, bare and rugged, in the midst  
 Of sombre, rolling plains, 'neath open skies,  
 Alone in all thy grandeur and thy might  
 Throughout what ages dim and times forgot  
 Hast stood, as now thou standest, mystic and lone,  
 Untouched by Time and changing elements,  
 And Nature's mighty forces which destroy  
 The works which she herself so well has wrought.  
 Greater art thou than man himself, in this—  
 That thou hast seen race after race of men  
 Arise: hast seen their power grow strong and wane  
 And each in turn decay, till e'en the name  
 Of what was once so mighty is forgot.  
 And thou dost watch while Time piles age on age,  
 Till years which saw thy youth are lost in mists  
 Too deep to penetrate—so old art thou!

"Dance of the Giants" they called thee, the wise bards  
 Who worshiped at thy shrine in those old days  
 Of truth unsullied, faith undimmed by doubt;  
 Ere yet with creed and dogma men had dulled  
 The light which from the well of Truth doth spring.

“Dance of the Giants!” Aye, well might they dance  
 Who raised such towering heights of living rock  
 To be a ~~Temple~~ to the living God!  
 Their joy was in the giving of their toil  
 Free, and the best they knew, that there might stand,  
 Long ages after they themselves were dead,  
 The record of their sacrifice and love.  
 Giants were they in spirit, and their strength  
 Stands for a monument to all who see  
 The ruins which still bear their strength’s imprint.

Thou pile of massive stones! What could’st thou tell,  
 Had’st thou a tongue wherewith to tell the sights  
 Which thou hast seen? And yet a tongue thou hast  
 For us thy children who have loved thee well;  
 Who in the silence of the evening gloom  
 Have stood and worshiped as they worshiped once;  
 As they of old who knew the eternal God  
 That liveth in the very rocks and stones,  
 A radiant life in man and beast and clay.  
 For these thou hast a voice, and tho’ thy lore  
 Be not as words of men, yet does it reach  
 Our inmost hearts in silence, and is heard.

## The Woman Question IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By Phæton



THE nineteenth century might be called the century of the unanswered question. Turn which way we will, some unanswered vital question, some unsolved problem, rises up to confront us. Perchance we face a host of them, as formidable to the timid comfort-loving soul as the Erinnyes themselves. Like poor Orestes, we are tempted to flee in despair. But if we do these modern Furies will pursue us, torture us, will not let us rest, these questions of capital and labor, of social purity, of service, of dietetics, of hygiene, of domestic service, of education, of philanthropy, of moral reform, of man’s destiny, of immortality, of child-training, of woman’s rights and what not, a veritable *pot-pourri*.

Woe unto us if we do not answer these questions, solve them, transform them from Erinnyes into Eumenides, “bringers of light.” We might have done so ages ago had we not preferred to lie down and sleep. But there come times, every few centuries, when everything conspires to waken and arouse

men, to bring them face to face with old debts and old problems. Things move swiftly at such times, and it is in such a period of tension and miracle that we are living today. Humanity is waking up, realizing intuitively, if not always in full consciousness, that not another step can be taken on the evolutionary path until old duties are done, old debts paid, and the unanswered problems of the world honestly faced and solved. And, if one can "discern the signs of the times," humanity, like Orestes, has at last taken refuge with the Higher Self of the Age—or bids fair soon to do so,—willing to become a disciple of Pallas-Athena, divine Wisdom, trusting her to save men from themselves, and to transmute these Furies of thought into agents of light and peace.

At the center of all is this same old unsolved "woman-question." When that has been answered, not theoretically but in the actual daily life of the world, many another problem will have answered itself by disappearing.

\* \* \*

There are those, and they are very earnest, who hold that this "woman-question" is a vital one and will never be answered satisfactorily until women are given exactly the same political rights as men. The world needs first of all, they argue, the ballot for women.

In the light of Theosophy the view point of those who advocate, above all, the ballot for woman, seems to be quite away from the center of things. Their conclusions are therefore superficial.

Theosophy is the Doctrine of the Soul. The soul is the main proposition. The sex with which the soul clothes itself, and by means of which it gains certain experience in a certain way, is simply a corollary matter. And yet, if we are souls first and men or women afterwards, why is there a "woman question?" a problem that has stared the world in the face since the very beginnings of recorded history, although the world has only very lately recognized it. Why have women, for five thousand years, been degraded as a class, oscillating constantly between slavery in some form and petty, selfish tyranny? Why has the soul not long ago learned the lesson of justice, of compassion, of trust in the Higher Law, as it clothed itself now in one sex and now in another?

These lessons of the soul have not been learned, because humanity had no true philosophy of life. The Light, the Sun, had been obscured, withheld from the races of men by those who should have been the windows through which it might shine, and for centuries men and women have been groping in this dark labyrinthine thing called the lower nature. They have not been able to emerge from its recesses because the golden thread of intuition had slipped from their grasp, and all that linked them with the soul and freedom, and the Infinite Light had been lost. Men forgot that the Light is always shining and always will. They forgot that they were souls.

Let us not forget that the Higher Mind is the vehicle of the Soul. It is this alone which enables man to take the great step between simple consciousness and self-consciousness. "It is the link between the Spirit of God above

and the personal below." (W. Q. Judge). But becoming dual in its Nature as soon as it descends into the body, the battle of the ages begins. The Higher Mind incarnates not alone to gain experience, but also for the purpose of teaching the body, lifting it up and spiritualizing it. Thus the Higher Mind, linked as it is with the Soul, constantly endeavors to bring the wisdom of the soul to bear upon the experiences of daily life, while the lower mind, bound by passion and desire, endeavors as constantly to obscure the true light. It is not strange that in such a field of contending forces the man who has no philosophy to guide him is certain to be deluded, too often mistaking the "fires of lust that burn therein for the sunlight of life."

This gives us the key to the "woman question." For ages the Higher Mind of the race has been virtually non-existent. Those in whom it was a living force, the agent of the wisdom of the soul, have been consigned to the rack, the torture chamber or the stake. Men and women, as a whole, have lived in the lower mind, led by appetite and desire. Religion, somehow, failed to make a bad matter better. Read the history of the Middle Ages, particularly of the Inquisition, and you will understand why. Men were not expected to think. They were privileged to accept on faith dogmas they could not accept on reason. Men and women became selfish. They betrayed and sold their divine possibilities. They forgot that they were souls, following hither and yon this will-o'-the-wisp of sense gratification. Pleasure was the ideal, selfish pleasure, duty was a word meant only for anchorites and fools.

But one duty devolved upon woman more inexorably than upon man: the care and nurture of little children. That, alone, tied her hands and made resistance futile in case man should choose to place his burdens upon her, or appropriate her, soul and body. And in divers times and places he has so chosen.

On the other hand, woman herself has not been eager to break these chains, for her very submission to the caprices and desires of man has given her a more or less complete control over him. The destiny of more than one nation has depended, not on the councils of the statesmen, but upon the whim of the King's mistress. And woman herself, from sheer selfishness, has helped to fashion the web that has held her a prisoner and must hold her until the cycle of suffering is ended and the lesson of the soul has been learned.

Had men not forgotten that they were souls they had been just. Had women realized their own divinity they had long ago claimed their birthright of innate power and had blossomed into wise use of it. There are fearful debts to be paid by those who have deliberately kept from the mass of humanity the doctrine of the soul, this philosophy of karma and reincarnation. It is because men had no philosophy of life that they slipped into such abysses of sin and suffering during the Dark Ages.

These two doctrines, karma and reincarnation, quite extinguish all this hue and cry about the injustice of woman's position, about woman's rights and man's wrongs. If the soul reincarnates for the purpose of gaining more and more experience it is only logical that it should clothe itself now in one



sex and now in another. Otherwise the experience gained could be but partial.

And karma, the law of cause and effect, teaches us that we suffer from ourselves. No effect exists without its adequate cause. We reap exactly what we have sown, no more, no less, "in perfect equity which must be perfect love because it is not moved by passion or by prayer." No amount of discourse about the caprices of men and the excellences of women will alter the fact that the harvest waits until they who sowed the seeds garner it themselves. The "woman question" can only be understood in the light of karma and reincarnation.

Let us, however, drop philosophy and look at the woman question from the stand-point of history.

## II

According to all our Golden Age myths, woman was, in ancient days, revered and esteemed. Pallas Athena, Diana, Antigone, Andromache and others are all symbolic figures, typical of an ideal womanhood. Surely not in Kali Yuga, the Iron Age, could the carrying away of a woman have precipitated a ten year's war. Yet Troy was besieged for ten long years that Helen, who represented to the Greeks the woman-ideal, might be restored.

In ancient Egypt, and yet in more ancient America, women were Priestesses and Teachers in the Temples of religion. There were wise and mighty Queens in those days who held in their great compassionate hearts all of humanity's children and in their hands the destinies of nations. Says Dr. Alexander Wilder (in his series of articles on Egypt, recently concluded in the *UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH*)—"It was the boast of the monarch, (the great Rameses of Egypt) that the weakest woman could travel unmolested on the highways. An inscription reads, 'The land is like a birth without pains. The woman may go forth where she likes; she may adorn herself according to her tastes and walk boldly where she pleases.'"

The clay tablet records of ancient Babylonia prove that the women of those days possessed many civil and social rights which exist for the modern woman only in prospect.

It is a far reach from the ideals of the Golden Age to those of later days when the woman has been bought, sold, hired out, taken for debt, her fate depending wholly upon the likes or dislikes of some man. Even within historic days have women been considered the lawful spoils of war, torn from their homes and children, compelled to witness the death, perhaps, of those whom they loved, and the destruction of all that was dear to them, and then distributed among a wanton soldiery as cattle might have been.

Even in historic Greece, the woman who dared to live as though she were a soul and not a plaything or upper servant, was looked upon a little askance. The average Greek woman, that is to say, the Athenian woman, lived a wholly secluded life. She never dined with her husband nor did she entertain his guests. She was rigidly excluded from the symposia or banquets. The schools of Athens existed only for boys. Girls were not allowed to attend, which was

wholly consistent with the notion that a woman's place was in the *gynecæum*, spinning, weaving and gossiping.

The women of Thrace, on the contrary led a free out-of-door life, tilling the fields and caring for their flocks, while the Spartan women, besides attending to their domestic duties, gave much time to gymnastics and athletics.

There was nothing like inner freedom, the mental and spiritual poise, which is characteristic of the woman who feels that she is a soul and divine, in all Athens at one time, excepting among a certain class of women called "Heteræ," or "the different." These women, many of whom were foreigners, lived in houses of their own, went about Athens unattended, dined and conversed with men as freely as does the modern woman, and had a marked influence upon the ideals of their time.

Aspasia was one of the "Heteræ" and one fine day she was summoned to come before the Judges on the Areopagus or Hill of Mars. The charges against her were as follows, "walking the streets unveiled, sitting at the same tables with men, believing in one sole Creator, and entertaining original ideas about the sun and moon. Fortunately for Aspasia, her husband was Pericles, ruler of Athens and his love for his beautiful wife was equaled only by the respect and esteem in which he held her opinions. Her biographer assures us that only his position and influence saved her from the punishment the Judges would otherwise have inflicted upon her. You see, in ancient Athens as in modern America, it all depends upon the point of view. Yet to Aspasia both Pericles and Socrates acknowledged a debt of insight and but for her influence the gorgeous blossoming of Periclean art and architecture would have been far less rich and full.

In ancient Rome the mother was held in high esteem. Cornelia, whose two little sons were her cherished jewels, more to her than all the King's money could buy, is one type of Roman matron. At one time there existed the custom of pensioning the mother who became a widow that she might have time and means and strength to properly rear her children, a custom that modern nations might adopt with profit. There is no more pathetic figure in the modern world than that of the mother who is forced to battle for her daily bread in the field of labor, with little children pulling at her skirts and tugging at her heart-strings. The sight is so common that it has lost its significance to us.

Under formulated Roman law, however, the woman had no rights whatever, in home, property, children, or the living of her own life. And, as Roman life became more luxurious, men became selfish, women became ease-loving, the social life became profligate, the home disintegrated, and at last the time came when the average woman held her own, and knew it, just in proportion to her skill in playing upon the weaknesses of some man. The downfall of Rome was the result, for Roman civilization would have toppled and fallen of itself finally without any assistance from the hostile tribes of North Germany.

(To be continued)

# Reincarnation

By a Student



THE number of those who hold to the idea that life ends at the death of the body and that the individual then ceases, is far less than many suppose. The vast majority of men and women have an undefined feeling, a trust that life does continue beyond the grave. It is only when men try to define life in terms of matter, that, finding themselves baffled at every turn, they declare that because their instruments and physical senses cannot weigh and analyse the soul, therefore it does not exist,—they identify man with his body, and the body disintegrating and ceasing to be a body, they say that man in like manner ceases to be.

But these are only the few—the majority do believe in an hereafter, but it is a vague belief at best—a trust that somehow, somewhere, God provides.

Men do not like to confess that they are ignorant or that the world has been passing through an age of darkness and ignorance. They point with pride to the vast achievements in the material world, the growth of scientific knowledge and the spread of education; and yet great as these are, still of a part of their nature men are ignorant, the light is only now just beginning to dawn. There are other powers, other faculties, of the soul and heart, the knowledge and trust which we ourselves in our maturer years know so dimly, but which we sometimes see in the children. Children oftentimes know, but cannot reason or tell *why* they know. Just so men, though more dimly, *know* they are immortal in their deeper natures, but cannot tell why.

When we ask what shall be the nature of the future life, we are confronted here in the West with a vague conception of heaven. But if we turn to the ancients we find it taught that men return again to lives on earth. If we turn to the vast populations in the East we find the great majority believing in reincarnation; and even if we turn to the early history of the Christian church we find many of the church fathers teaching it. We find it taught even by Christ, and that it was the common belief among the Jews in his day, and that it is taught among many of them at the present time in some of their sacred books—the Talmud and the Kabbala. How is it that it has ceased to be taught in Christianity?

This doctrine of reincarnation has been called the “Lost Chord” of Christianity, and when we realize all that it means and the light that it throws upon the teachings of Christ, we can easily see the great significance of this title. It is impossible now to go into the history of Christianity and show how that vast system has grown; it is sufficient to point to the dominant feature of its power and especially of the influence of the most powerful of

the Christian bodies. The secret of the power of the churches is the fear of death, and it was to increase this power, and to use this "fear" as an instrument of power, that the ancient teaching of reincarnation or successive earth-lives was declared to be false and the holders of it anathematized at the Council of Constantinople in the 6th century.

Consider for a moment—whether or not you accept reincarnation as a fact and as one of the methods of nature—look at it for the moment merely as a theory and consider the effect it would have upon life and upon that inevitable ordeal of death, which we know we must face—which we know no mortal can escape. If we can calmly lie down to sleep at the close of a day's labor, knowing that on the morrow we shall awake to resume the purposes of our life and continue the work of the day just closed, which there was neither time nor strength to finish; if in the midst of the year's activities we can with confidence lay aside the cares of business for a week or a month's relaxation and holiday; if we can rely on the continuity of our own life and progress and of the life and progress of the world, assured of our own relation thereto; what cause is there for fear or apprehension when we pass into the longer sleep, a longer rest and vacation from the vexing problems of the world, and those of our own lives, which in the few years of one life we have not had the time nor strength to solve? In the light of reincarnation there is no more cause for fear in the one case than in the others. But acceptance of this teaching does away with all necessity of an intermediary to usher one through the portals of death, no longer can the threat of eternal damnation be made unless certain ministrations and doctrines be accepted. It is for this reason the doctrine has been obscured.

But let us turn to another aspect of the subject. Though often we mistake and seem to fail, though we may have found life full of disappointments, yet we base all our actions on the justice of Nature, that Nature will repay in kind that which we sow. It is in this respect, in the hope and courage that it brings to man, in the explanation of the heretofore unsolvable riddles of life, in its absolute justice, that reincarnation most demands our attention.

What explanation has science, what explanation has religion, to the inequalities and the awful injustices of life? The gospel of science is "The Struggle for Existence" and "The Survival of the Fittest." A certain class of religious dogmatists declare: "It is the will of God," "Ye are born in sin," and in the same breath they declare God to be "a God of infinite love and compassion." If the latter statement be true, the former is false and blasphemous, and the question remains unanswered. But God and Nature answer it in every seed that is cast into the ground and comes to flower and fruit. It is answered for us every time we fall asleep and wake again to resume our daily tasks. The answer is, "We reap what we have sown," and having sown the seed we return when the harvest is ripe, not in another field, not in some distant planet where we did not sow, but here on earth where we planted the seed, here is the harvest we must reap.

Yet the strangest objections are made by some to this beautiful and simple teaching. Some fear that they will no longer be themselves when they return, and the root of this objection is not far to seek. Through the obscuration of the teaching of reincarnation men have more and more identified themselves with their bodies and the bodily appetites, so that at length they have lost the knowledge of the soul; they have forgotten that they are souls using their bodies but as instruments and garments. How can we cease to be ourselves, even though the body change? Can anyone go back in memory in this life to the time when he was not himself? Did he not know himself to be himself from the very dawns of self-consciousness? Were not his dear ones, his friends, and, too, his enemies, dear to *him* or at enmity against *him*? True, perhaps some whom he loved he could only love afar off, but it was he himself that had the love in his heart, and what has been and is true of this life as to our identity will and must remain true in succeeding lives.

What is true friendship? Is it friendship for a coat or a hat?—the idea is preposterous! If we are accustomed to see our friend always in a particular coat and always with the same hat, naturally the mind associates the hat and coat with our friend, and if we were to see a person walking in front of us on the street wearing an exactly similar coat and an exactly similar hat and of the same general build and height as our friend, we might for a moment be mistaken and greet the person as our friend, but we should immediately realize our mistake. The resemblance might be still closer; it might be a resemblance of face and feature, of voice and eye, yet even then the heart would know. And on the other hand, is there less true friendship if our friend has become maimed or disfigured, so long as soul can draw near to soul?

On the other hand look for a moment at the diversity of religious teachings; think of the friendships that exist between people of different beliefs, and of the inevitable separations, as taught by these beliefs; think of the love that a mother still feels for her son, who, yielding to some awful impulse, has committed a crime and dies impenitent! Yet the good mother must forever be separated from the son she loves and for whom she would give her very soul, herself—for she will be in heaven and he in hell. This is the *comfort* that we know is offered to the sorrowing. But the comfort that reincarnation offers is that each shall come to his own again, that the ties of love are stronger than death, stronger than hell, that through the working of the beneficent Law, mother and son shall each be born again on earth; and dare we limit the wisdom and love and power of the Infinite to say they shall not meet, that the mother-love which sought to go out to lift up and aid her son shall not aid him and bring him strength to fight the evil in himself and, if he will, to conquer?

The gospel of reincarnation is the gospel of hope. Turn your thoughts to the despair in the world, the poverty, greed and lust; look at the great cities and at the armed nations and ask yourselves, "Is there not need for a new message?" Is this, indeed, the beginning of the twentieth century, or are we

in a nightmare of darkness? Is this the result of nearly two thousand years of the teaching of Christ's message? No; his message has been forgotten; it has been travestied; it has been repeated but with the lips, but not followed in the heart.

And Theosophy comes with the same message, "Little children love one another." It repeats again, "Be ye perfect," "In your heart of hearts ye are divine." It says again, "Ye reap what ye sow," and "because ye are divine ye can if ye will, sow the seed of a divine harvest." There is indeed need, great need, for the new-old message, the message of man's divinity, immortality and perfectibility; of his many lives on earth until he shall make this earth a heaven; of his brotherhood with all that is—this is the teaching of the Christ and all the saviors of all the ages, and this is Theosophy.

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## Positive and Negative

By E



**E**VERYWHERE in life we meet with Pairs of Opposites. They are called by many different names, such as Pleasure and Pain, Light and Darkness, Good and Evil; but whatever they may be called, ultimately they always represent the positive and negative qualities in nature. Often the two appear surprisingly alike, so much so indeed that one is tempted to exclaim with the Arab that "a hair-line only divides the false from the true." Yet that hair-line is always there, however faint it may appear to the untrained mind.

In attempting to accomplish anything it is first of all necessary to wish to do it. This seems so much like a truism that it sounds almost commonplace, yet many attempt all the time, and perhaps all of us a good deal of the time, to obtain results by quite another road. All roads lead to Rome, says the old adage, but at the same time many of them are very much longer than others and lead the weary pilgrim into a maze from which he can extricate himself only after ages of suffering. It is therefore extremely important that we select the most direct course, for then it is easier to see our destination even though at times the path may appear quite steep and forbidding, too difficult for us to climb. Yet it seems so steep only because of our wrong way of looking at it,—looking down on the ground instead of straight ahead.

Let us then look courageously ahead, trying to see how best we can reach our goal and overcome the obstacles in our way, whatever they be. The obstacles are there and must be overcome, yet it is useless to sit down and look at them or to spend our time trying to avoid them. If we allow fear to enter

our mind we see them and nothing else, see them and begin to speculate upon what may happen to us in case we fail through not doing that which we ought to do. On the other hand, courage helps us to keep our eyes steadily on the goal, knowing that we shall reach it by being up and doing. Fear and courage both travel along parallel roads, but one road is soft and miry, the other sound and fast to tread upon. The roads are parallel, but lead in opposite directions, and he who travels the road of fear will ultimately find that it has taken him only to the very beginning of the road of courage.

Let us be optimists, not pessimists! There is much to be gained by this, in fact it has everything to do with the shaping of our future. The pessimist sees life in its darkest colors and it makes him unhappy, makes him doubt whether after all life is worth living. He sees the dark side of everything, sees the hindrances in the way and they appear to him to be very formidable, not because they really are so, but simply because they are in front. Everything in the foreground looks large to the untrained eye that has not yet learned to make due allowance for distance, the eye which has not learned to take in the whole instead of the part, and thus be able to compare. It sees the self but does not see the other selves nor that all are indissolubly linked together through the common bond of Brotherhood.

It is not that we should be blind and not see the difficulties we may meet, but there are different ways of seeing them. The pessimist will always find a thousand reasons why things should not be done, why they would fail and be useless. He objects and questions whenever he meets with a new experience, whenever he is urged to take a step in advance. He is prudent, careful, is a conservative man. He wishes to preserve existing conditions. He reasons that while he may not exactly live in a paradise, yet he is well enough off as he is and might at any rate fare worse were he to leap into the unknown future. He sees that there are stones to bruise his feet and thorns to tear his flesh on the steep and narrow mountain path ahead, should he start to climb. Beyond the stones he dimly sees the heights, but truth is everlasting, he reasons, why not then rather wait for the arrival of a more opportune time, when the obstacles may have been worn away by other feet, or when he at any rate may have grown stronger for the task confronting him. Now he feels sure he is incapable of accomplishing it, and it would seem folly indeed to undertake that which appears so impossible.

How different is the man who looks straight ahead, over the hindrances, and sees first of all that towards which he aspires. He too sees the sharp stones which he must step upon, but the light ahead guides him and gives him courage to attempt and strength to endure. He too may feel the momentary pain, but he has a brave heart and an indomitable will. The very struggle is to him a source of joy, and each day this struggle brings him nearer and nearer to the light, which grows clearer and brighter by every step, filling him with added hope and faith. It lights up his whole being as well as his stony path, and helps him to overcome the ever increasing difficulties in his road.

The name of the light is Boundless Love, and its faintest ray has the power to strengthen us so that we may give our hand to a weary comrade and help him upward where before we found it impossible to climb even alone.

Let us resolve to DO and forget the DON'T. The one is positive, the other negative, and these two fitly illustrate the vital difference between the two states. There is hardly any act in life which may not be expressed either by a "do" or by a "don't." At times the results may appear to be quite the same, but in reality they are entirely different. We say to a person entering, "please close the door." This is just as easy as it would be to say "why don't you shut the door?" In both cases it may have the outward effect that the door will be closed, but the hidden effects are quite different. It is just as easy and certainly much better to ask a person to do a favor rather than to impatiently complain that he did not do it. The former always acts as a help to the helper, the latter is very often resented as an insult, whether it is merited or not.

Sometimes that which at first appears so very positive is found to be very negative in reality. So is often a strong and forceful denunciation of all that is bad in a manner negative, because of being destructive. In the main it destroys evil, to be sure, but it also destroys something else, it destroys hope and with it faith, gentleness and harmony; it shatters and creates discord. The aspiring speech, on the other hand, strengthens us instead of weakens, it lifts us up, builds us up, gives us added power to meet and fight the battles of life.

Between these two we find the apologetic speech, uncertain, always waiting for assent. It lies between but it is not the middle road which we should travel, for it too is negative, it is totally lacking in all force. It leaves the impression on the listener that we ourselves are not sure of what we say. If we have faith in what we are saying, we say it with fire, and the listener will grasp the idea, will perceive it with his inner as well as with his outer senses. We must therefore be assertive, yet without being aggressive. To be aggressive is not necessarily to be positive, for aggression often is nothing but combativeness and springs from fear, a fear to lose an advantage, existing or prospective. He who is sure of his position can afford to be calm. The wise ones are always calm, they never fear defeat, they know they will win and therefore they remain calm and unmoved under all conditions in life. If they speak to rebuke, even that is done calmly and with kindness; yet they are positive all the time.

If we are shooting at a mark we must first of all see the mark. It is useless to look at that which we wish to avoid, yea, worse than useless, for that which we look at, that will we hit. And so it is in life, we must aim at the ideal without wasting our time in trying to avoid that which is frivolous and earthly. It is easier to succeed if we try to be good than if we waste all our energy in trying to avoid being bad.

The force of habit is very strong. Habit builds character, and the more we dwell upon the evil and negative side of our nature, the more strength do



wegive it. On the other hand, the more we accustom ourselves to lofty thoughts the more does this become habitual with us and the vicious thought becomes more and more impotent and impossible.

There is a time for the "don't," but then it becomes a "do." It is when used by a Teacher to show a pupil the many faults which all the previous "do's" have failed to make him perceive as existing in himself. The don't is then no longer only used that the pupil may not neglect doing good, it becomes a positive command to cease doing evil. It then acts like the surgeon's knife, it aims to cut away a fault. In the same manner we should at all times be our own teachers and resolve never again to do that which we have learned is wrong.

As darkness is the absence of light, cold the absence of warmth, evil the absence of good, so also are the positive and negative opposites only by comparison. In reality they are of the same nature, only in different stages of evolution. They are co-existent, and just as light dispels the darkness, so the presence of the positive quality ever tends to raise the negative upward. Thus it is that that which we call evil is capable of being transmuted into good and the wise teacher therefore follows the injunction against evil with an appeal toward the good. Nature abhors a vacuum, and we must of necessity always fill our minds with something. It is therefore not enough to drive out the evil, but we must replace it with good, build up where the ground has been cleared for the New Temple.

"Ask, and it shall be given you ;  
 Seek and ye shall find ;  
 Knock and it shall be opened unto you !"

The felicity of a man does not consist either in body or in riches, but in upright conduct and justice.—*Democritus*

It is not best in an inglorious ease  
 To sink and dull content,  
 When wild revolts and hopeless miseries  
 The unquiet nations fill  
 \* \* \*  
 Nay, best it is indeed  
 To spend ourselves upon the general good ;  
 And, oft misunderstood,  
 To strive to lift the knees and limbs that bleed.  
 This is the best, the fullest meed.  
 Let ignorance assail or hatred sneer  
 Who loves his race he shall not fear ;  
 He suffers not for long,  
 Who doth his soul possess in loving, and grows strong.

—*Lewis Morris*

# On Sun Worship

By C. Vaughan



“OF all the religions of the heathen,” said an old Christian lady to me once, “I can make most excuse for the worshipers of the sun, for at least theirs is no dead idol, but the brightest reminder of Himself which God in his mercy has set for us in the universe.”

And this old lady would have summed up Buddhism and the rest as idolatry, and the bowing down before stone images an abomination; and she brought up her children and her grandchildren to believe, or to imagine belief, in hell for all non-Christians. Yet no, the excuse for sun-worshippers was great, perhaps the Almighty might forgive *them*. She had her garden in the valley, where six days in the week she worked with heart and hand, and directed the labors of her gardeners; she had, too, her well-loved mountains around; and saw the golden Sun bringing life to her flowers, and making purple the black and misty mountains where he shone on them; and so it was that a touch of nature made kinship even for the heathen stir within her, and the Sun preached to her human brotherhood.

And who in the world is there that is not a worshiper of Apollo, though it be unawares? All men have a secret consciousness of the Sun as more than a physical being; for his force and his beauty are most patent and not long to be escaped. Is there not a certain heart power imminent in this universe, a splendor, a quality of gold and diamonds, that sheddeth life and brightness in dark, dead places, and setteth a radiant raiment upon all common things? It is thine, O, Sun. We will label thee no more with lifeless terms and epithets. We will put away the sham of mechanism, and bow down now before that true and golden magic, whose presence we have hitherto, perhaps, left unconfessed. Yet it is there, that spiritual shining wherewith thou dispellest illusions and all clouds and darkneses. It is the kiss, Lord of Beauty, wherewith thou awakenest the infinite rippling beauty of the world.

Thy great fountain fills the streams  
That foam and sparkle through our dreams;  
And every wonder star that gleams  
On earth and sky and sea is thine.

To thee the Planets bow them low  
As in their stately measure slow  
Dancing down thy realm they go:  
'Tis thou do'st make them sing and shine.

And from their trailing robes they strew  
Seven-hued beauties down the blue;  
Every burning jewel hue  
They shed on flower and dew is thine.

The grey pale heart that will open to this subtle flowing life of the world becometh purple and enroyalled. The wearied age-bent mind that will but heed it, is once more full of laughter and youth. The wisdom of the wise man it gildeth with living love. In the young it is purity and strength and beauty. In all men it is the seed and nourishment of compassion, and compassion itself. It knoweth no languor nor feebleness, no melancholy nor ineffectiveness, no weakness nor incompetency; for what have these to do with Apollo, the vigorously beautiful, the sparkler on the sea-waves, the lord of the Earth and Soul of the World?

How the modern times have fallen away from Apollo and the truth in everything! The Greeks were at least wise enough to know that the Sun was Prince of the Muses, and the three-fold Sun was the presiding deity of the ancient bards. Olden poets and artists made their vows to him, where now too often the more personal sides of the moon, and of Cupid and Mars and Saturn are invoked. But it is the ancients who were right, they, and those who were with them, Whitman, Shakespere, Michael Angelo. Call that poetry true, high and magical which most glows with the radiance of the real Sun. There are those that have disbelief in or no cognizance of the very true and disembodied existence of poetry; but they have forgotten three-fold Apollo, the radiator of the life-lights, and that he will always be sending and sending out his power through human hearts in words and thoughts and feelings, in measure and in truth strong, in color sparkling, beautiful and bright as himself, and in sound, rythmic and musical and echoing and built on the pattern of that music of the spheres which is the music of the Sun.

Thy great fountain fills the earth  
 With olden music wild with mirth  
 That rings and sings and brings to birth  
 The joy that wages war with wrong.

Through earth's palace caverns deep,  
 Where deathless Watchers vigils keep,  
 Swells thy song from steep to steep  
 And makes the world-foundations strong.

And through sapphire fields of sky  
 Flaming spirits always fly.  
 And the worlds would wane and die  
 Unless those spirits sung thy song.

Among the wise ancients the Sun was the lord; and so it is that a certain inspiration and refreshment comes to us from them; beautiful dreams they give us, which, although but dreams, help us the more nobly and strenuously to *do* for beauty's sake, and bring a sort of glamour into grey lives. Yet it is not with the ancients and their wisdom lies the hope of the world, but with that which has begun and that which is coming. And Oh! the Sun-God is not dead. In shining Point Loma he has his home, well known there is his magic; thence is his power rayed out always over the whole world. It surrounds

and enhalos the rocks of the sea and the pebbles, so that over continents and oceans they call. It whispers and half reveals itself through the grasses and the herbs, is the very scent and soundless voice of a thousand blossoms. Even with the creeping things in the soil it is a silent silver song, and it rings out in exultant pæans of hope and hope for the world from the hearts of the toilers. It is the light of eternal, holy, all-beautifying, man-redeeming Compassion that goeth out from the heart of the great Mother, and unlighted with that light is not one of all the four quarters of the world.

People of the earth, if you but knew, if you but knew how that land of the Sun is the augur and splendid omen of your destiny! A voice has rung down through the deepness of the underworld, and the high souls that have slumbered their ages in Paradise are hastening to the gates of birth. Olden prophets, bards, artists, sculptors, heroes, leaders of men and kings will have their home and their training in the white tents of Loma-land, and their lives and their works and their songs will be perfect embodiments of the dear and mighty Sun.

Thy great fountain, Lord of Light  
 Fills thy children's hearts with might  
 Demon hosts to drive in flight,  
 And the world to hold for thee.

Through the ages passed away  
 We have toiled to haste thy day,  
 We have sworn thy foes to slay,  
 Till the sons of men are free;

Till our brothers wake and rise  
 God-light shining through their eyes;  
 And mankind compassion-wise  
 Find again its home in thee.

In my dreams I saw the waters over the face of the world, and I knew the great flood had come. On the scattered peak islands were those that stretched hands of supplication to the low, grey, ever-raining sky; but there came no answer and no sign, and hope seemed to have flown back to her own star. But in the west of the world I saw an Ark floating, and around it was no rain or sorrowful greyness, and over it was the sun, as it were reborn and with a new splendor. And I knew that the prophecies had fallen true, and that that saved in the Ark were all old new beauty and wisdom and truth, and that that radiant Sun was the Crowned Babe who should in his time bathe and flood and utterly cover the whole world with the sunlight of the perfect life.

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I never mind the thought of death: our spirit is indestructible in essence and Nature is bound to give me another casing for it.

A man is not little when he finds it difficult to cope with circumstances, but when circumstances overmaster him.—*Goethe*

# HYPATIA

or the history of a

most beautiful, most virtuous, most learned, and every-way accomplished Lady, who was torn to pieces by the Clergy of Alexandria to gratify the pride, emulation, and cruelty of their Archbishop, commonly but undeservedly styled, St. Cyril.

*Magnum aliquid inflat, efferum, immane, impium.*

— SEN. MEDEA, OCT. 3, SCEN. 1, LIN. 16

By JOHN TOLAND

London, A. D. 1753

British Museum

## CHAPTER I

A GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE LADY; THE CONTRIVERS AND EXECUTIONERS OF THE BARBARITIES WHICH SHE SUFFERED; AND THE AUTHORITIES FROM WHENCE THIS STORY IS EXTRACTED.

I AM going to give a short account, but as full as ancient books afford us material, of the Life and Death of Hypatia; who will ever continue the Glory of her own sex, and the disgrace of ours: for the women have no less reason to value themselves, that there existed a Lady of such rare accomplishments, without the least blemish, even as a foil to her numberless perfections; than the men to be ashamed, that any could be found among them of so brutal and savage a disposition, as, far from being struck with admiration at so much beauty, innocence, and knowledge, to stain their barbarous hands with her blood, and their impious souls with the indelible character of sacriligious murderers. A Bishop, a patriarch, nay, a saint, was the contriver of so horrid a deed, and his clergy the executioners of his implacable fury. The authors out of whom I collect my account (and I omit none that has come to my knowledge) were either her contemporaries, or lived near that age. One of them was her school-fellow, another her scholar. But they who relate the most odious and flagitious circumstances are ecclesiastical historians, counted orthodox in their own time, as well as eminently so by most in ours. Nor ought we to forget that several of them were priests. To every one of them we shall do the justice that their sincerity or prevarication deserves, though little remains to do in this respect; all being agreed about the principal facts, and some differing only in points of no great importance. They are such things, as, taken either way, neither serve much to alleviate a very bad cause, nor to aggravate what cannot be possibly made worse.

## CHAPTER II

ALEXANDRIA, FAMOUS FOR LEARNING AND MERCHANDISE, BUT PARTICULARLY FOR A SCHOOL OR ACADEMY, OF WHICH THEON, THE FATHER OF HYPATIA, WAS MASTER.

After Alexander, the Great, had founded Alexandria in Egypt, as the center of commerce in the Empire he was projecting, this city soon became a flourishing mart for Learning as well as for merchandise. The fame of the Alexandrian School, and of the Alexandrian Library, reached much further than the name of Alexander himself; or at least they carried it, whither it could never have reached without their means. This was the most proper tribute that could in gratitude be paid to the memory of a Prince so ambitious of glory: As indeed no private persons, no more than potentates, will ever do anything praiseworthy without the prospect of a long-lived reputation, the most effectual spur to laudable and arduous undertakings. The succession of the great men that presided in this school may be learnt out of the works of those who have purposely written on such subjects. My design, however, obliges me here to mention one of them, namely, Theon, who governed that Academy with much applause in the latter part of the fourth century. He was particularly famous for his extensive knowledge in Astronomy, as the catalogues, made of such who excelled in this science, abundantly show. But what has contributed to render him more illustrious to all posterity is, that he was father to the incomparable Hypatia; whom, according to the custom of those times, or rather prompted by the encouragement he received from her own promising Genius, he educated not only in all the qualifications belonging to her sex; but caused her likewise to be instructed in the most abstruse sciences, which are reputed the proper occupation of men, as requiring too much labor and application for the delicate constitution of women.

## CHAPTER III

PHILOSOPHY NOT AN IMPROPER STUDY FOR THE FEMALE SEX; MANY OF THEM VERY EMINENT FOR THEIR GREAT PROGRESS IN THE SCIENCES; PARTICULARLY HYPATIA, WHO EXCELLED ALL THE PHILOSOPHERS OF HER TIME.

That this notion is a vulgar prejudice, the vast number of ladies who have in every age distinguished themselves by their professions or performances in learning, furnishes an unanswerable argument. Whole volumes have been written containing nothing else but the lives of such women, as became eminent in all kinds of Literature, especially in Philosophy; which, as it is the highest perfection, so it demands the utmost effort of human nature.

But leaving these heroines to the search of the curious, I shall confine myself at present to one object worthy all admiration; in doing justice to whom I may be deemed to write the panegyric of the whole sex.

We have the unanimous consent of Synesius, Socrates, and Philostorgius, her contemporaries; as likewise of Damascius, Nicephorus Gregoras, Nicepho-

rus Callistus, Photius, Suidas, Hesychius Illustris, and others, touching the prodigious learning and other excellent accomplishments of Hypatia. What is still a greater proof of the fact, no one person, or through ignorance or through envy, has ever as much as insinuated the contrary. Socrates the ecclesiastical historian, an unsuspected witness, says that "she arrived to such a pitch of learning as very far to exceed all the philosophers of her time;" to which Nicephorus, also an ecclesiastical historian, adds, "Those of other times." Philostorgius affirms that, "She was much superior to her father and master Theon in what regards Astronomy." And Suidas, who mentions two books of her writing, one "on the Astronomical Canon of Diophantus," and another "on the Conics of Apollonius," avers that "she not only exceeded her father in Astronomy, but further, that she understood all the other parts of Philosophy;" a thing that will be easily credited by those who shall peruse the sequel of this story, wherein nothing is advanced without competent vouchers.

#### CHAPTER IV

HYPATIA SUCCEEDS IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PLATONIC SCHOOL AT ALEXANDRIA, FOR WHICH SHE WAS JUDGED QUALIFIED, IN PREFERENCE TO ALL THE MEN OF LEARNING AT THAT TIME.

And truly were not this matter so well attested by those writers we have just named, and by others we shall presently have occasion to allege; yet nobody could any longer doubt of it, after being informed by the very same persons, that Hypatia succeeded in the government of the Platonic school at Alexandria, the place of her birth and education. This was another guess thing, God knows, than taking the degree of Doctor in any of the faculties which one or two women have not long since done, for which they have been loaded with fulsome eulogies, though producing no effects suitable to the titles they have so much ambitioned. But what greater glory for a woman, what greater honour redounding to all women, than to see a Lady teaching in that chair where *Ammonius* and *Hierocles* (to name no more, for 'tis a mistake in Socrates or his transcriber to make Plotinus one of them) where so many professors, I say, uttered the oracles of Learning, rather as Divine Intelligences than mortal men? What infinite merit must She have possessed, who could be preferred to that conspicuous station, at a time when men of immense learning abounded both at Alexandria, and in many other parts of the Roman Empire? Wherefore, the novelty of the thing considered, and Hypatia's worth being universally acknowledged, 'tis no wonder that She soon had a crowded Auditory.

"She explained to her hearers," says Socrates, "the several sciences, that go under the name of Philosophy; for which reason," continues he, "there was a confluence to her from all parts, of those who made Philosophy their delight and study."

To the same purpose speak others; and Suidas adds that "*She explained all the philosophers,*" that is, all the several sects, with the particular tenets of

their founders, which shews an inexpressible elevation and capacity; each of these separately being thought a sufficient province to exercise the diligence of any one man consummate in Letters.

## CHAPTER V

HYPATIA'S SCHOOL CROWDED WITH SCHOLARS OF THE BEST FASHION. SHE IS ADMIR-  
MIR-ED FOR HER INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY, AND THE VAST EXTENT OF HER LEARN-  
ING.

Now, I cannot but here represent to myself with pleasure, let who will censure me for it, the flower of all the youth in Europe, Asia, and Africa, sitting at the feet of a most beautiful Lady (for such we are assured Hypatia was) all greedily swallowing instruction from her mouth, and many of them Love from her eyes. How she served one of this last sort, shall be told in its due place. It was doubtless a thing impossible not to improve under such a teacher; as one must be equally stupid and insensible, that could not be powerfully affected by a charming mind in a charming body. I am sure this reflection is very agreeable to that philosophy she peculiarly professed; and accordingly the Alexandrian School never flourished more. Her Disciples entered into a strict tie of intimacy with one another, styling themselves "Companions," or, as in our colleges "Fellows;" which was likewise the custom at Athens, and in other famous seminaries of Learning. This commonly begot effects of Benevolence through the whole course of their lives, and sometimes acts of friendship very extraordinary. Hypatia was by way of excellence named "The Philosopher," although as much on account of her profound knowledge, as for her public profession of teaching. Nor was any professor ever more admired by the world, or more dear to his own scholars. Hers were as remarkable as numerous.

## CHAPTER VI

AN ENCONIUM ON SYNESIUS, ONE OF HYPATIA'S SCHOLARS; WHO, THOUGH A HEATHEN, WAS CONSECRATED A CHRISTIAN BISHOP.

One of these, who has preserved to us the names of several others, is the celebrated Synesius. He was a native of Cyrene in Africa, on the borders of Egypt, a very ancient Greek colony, the birth-place of Aristippus and Carneades, which Synesius forgets not to mention in his writings. He travelled for improvement to his neighbouring country of Egypt, the undoubted Mother of the Sciences, where he happily succeeded in his studies at Alexandria under Hypatia. This person alone may suffice for a specimen of the extraordinary spirits that she formed. If we may rely on the judgement of no less a man than Nicephorus, Gregoras, Patriarch of Constantinople (who wrote elaborate annotations on his treatise of Dreams, a piece fraught with uncommon learning). He says, "There was nothing he did not know, no science wherein he did not excel, no mystery in which he was not initiated or skilled," with a



great deal more to this purpose. And it must be owned, that to all the vivacity natural to his country, there was joined the most profound knowledge and solid judgement. His works are every one highly commended, but his epistles are admirable, as Suidas very truly remarks; and in the opinion of Protius, as well as of Evagrius, they are elegant, agreeable, sententious, and learned. He was a man of noble birth, which added no less weight to his learning than this reflected lustre on his quality; as both together procured him credit with his superiors, authority over his inferiors, and admiration from his equals. He went upon an embassy, which lasted three years, to the Emperor Arcadius at Constantinople, on the behalf of his country; which was miserably harassed by the auxiliary Goths and other barbarians, but which received considerable relief from his solicitations. It was then that with greater boldness than any of the Grecians (as he tells us himself) he pronounced before the Emperor that extremely fine oration concerning government; which, in a country so justly fond of Liberty as ours, I wonder has never been translated. This defect I have supplied, and will impart it to the public on a proper occasion. As for Synesius's being consecrated Bishop of Ptolemais, notwithstanding his protestation, that he disbelieved some of the most essential articles of the Christian Religion, we spoke enough to that point at the latter end of Clodophorus; only we shall observe in this place, how Petavius, the editor of his works, affirms that in some of the books written after his profession of Christianity, he appears as very a Heathen as ever. But this being no prejudice to his parts, however it may affect his salvation, is none of our present business to examine; much less to adopt the pitiful excuses, or rather prevarications, invented by some learned men to defend him from this imputation. The principal is Baromius.

## CHAPTER VII

SYNESIUS'S TESTIMONY TO THE LEARNING AND VIRTUE OF HYPATIA. SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS WRITINGS AND OTHER WORKS.

The thing which our design obliges us not to pass over lightly is, the grateful testimony he everywhere bears to the Learning and Virtue of Hypatia, whom he never mentions without the profoundest respect, and sometimes in terms of affection, coming little short of adoration. In a letter to his brother, Euoptius:—"Salute," says he, "the most honored and the most beloved of God, the Philosopher; and that happy sodality of Fellowship which enjoys the blessing of her divine voice." In another to his said brother he mentions one "Egyptus, who sucked in the seeds of Wisdom from Hypatia." And thus he expresses himself, writing to Olympius: "I suppose these letters will be delivered by Peter which he will receive from that sacred hand. I send them from Pentapolis to our common Instructress, and she will intrust them with whom she thinks fit, which I am sure will be to one that is well known to her." In a letter addressed to herself he desires her to direct a Hydroscope to be

made and bought for him, which he then describes. Petavius thinks it was a sort of level, and others an hour-measure. That famous silver Astrolabe which he presented to Peonius, a man equally excelling in Philosophy and arms, he owns to have been perfected by the directions of Hypatia. In a long epistle he acquaints her with the reasons for his writing two books, which he thereby sends her. The one was his mystical treatise on "Dreams," and the other his "Dion." This last is a most ingenious apology for learning against two sorts of men, who by very opposite lines tended to the same center of Ignorance. The one, that under pretense of being reserved towards unworthy hearers, concealed their want of real Knowledge, did accuse him of being too communicative, and of prostituting Philosophy. The others would have him to be eternally prating like themselves, not that they studied more than others, nor yet so much, to be furnished with matter of discourse; but that talking by rote out of certain systems, the truth of which they took for granted, and which nobody must contradict; they could tire the patience of their hearers without making these or themselves a whit the wiser. Both sorts charged him with studying elegance and oratory in his compositions; for the divines of that time were substituting apace to Philosophy and other learning, Legends and enthusiasm, fables and fancies, which they sanctified by the name of "Divine contemplation." Metaphysical distinctions about the Trinity and extravagant notions about the Essence of God (whose majesty they blasphemed by their profane definitions) was all the study then in vogue, to the irreparable damage of polite and useful letters.

### CHAPTER VIII

SYNESIUS SUBMITS HIS BOOK OF DION TO THE JUDGEMENT OF HYPATIA; HIS DESCRIPTION OF HIS CENSURERS.

Of his "Dion," therefore, he begs Hypatia's judgment, resolving not to publish it without her approbation. He informs her, moreover, that she's the first among the Greeks, or rather the "Heathens," to whom he communicates his treatise of "Dreams;" and, that he might complete, he says, the sacred number three, he adds to these two his "account of the Astrolabe," presented to Peonius. It will not be a digression altogether foreign to the subject (as we shall see hereafter) if we insert here part of the fine description, which he has given of the second sort of those that censured him:

"Who being full of ignorance (says he) yet armed with confidence, are readier than all other men to discourse concerning God; and if you happen to light upon them, you will straight hear some of their unreasonable reasonings, which they will needs obtrude on such as are desirous of no such matter; because, I suppose, it is for their interest so to do. For on the score of such things they are made preachers in towns, which is the same thing as to enjoy Amalthea's Horn or plenty of all things, which these think themselves obliged to use. I fancy by this time you perceive what this forward generation of men may be that blame

“my generous purpose. They invite me to come into their discipline, promising, that in a short time I shall appear most confident in things relating to God, and ever after be capable to dispute incessantly both night and day.”

I believe this race of men is not yet extinct; but another time they may hear of a certain speech addressed to them by the same truth-telling Synesius.

## CHAPTER IX

SYNESIUS'S MISFORTUNES; HIS LETTER OF COMPLAINT TO HYPATIA.

On his promotion, or, as he accounted it himself, his banishment to the Bishopric of Ptolemais, he was forced to quit the Fellowship of his co-disciples and the presence of his dear Hypatia. As an augmentation of his affliction he soon lost his wife, with his children a little time after, whom he very tenderly loved, and whose death he did not bear with the same fortitude that is reported of some other philosophers. On this occasion, and a fancied neglect of his friends, he wrote the following letter: “To Hypatia, the Philosopher, (that I may use the very words of the inscription). I salute you, happy Lady, and by your means the most happy Companions. I have of a long time had an intention to chide, by reason I have received no letters from any of you. But now I perceive that I am neglected by all, not that I have in any thing failed of my duty; but that I am in many respects unfortunate and indeed as unfortunate as anyone can be. Nevertheless, could I be thought worthy of receiving your letters, and of being informed how you lead your lives (being confident, however, it is after the best manner that may be, and that you fail not to exercise a sprightly genius) I should only think myself unhappy by halves, while I enjoyed any happiness on your account. But now I must reckon this also, as one of the misfortunes wherein I am involved. For I am not only deprived of my children, but likewise of my friends, and of everybody's kindness; nay, what is more than all, of your most divine Soul, which only thing I flattered myself would continue steadfast to me, in spite of the injuries of fortune and the storms of fate.”

One would think that he could not better express, in so few lines, the good opinion he had of his Teacher; yet he's still more pathetic in other letters, which, because serving to give us the fuller view of Hypatia's character, I shall produce as essential to my subject.

## CHAPTER X

SYNESIUS'S GRIEF FOR THE DEATH OF HIS CHILDREN BRINGS UPON HIM A FIT OF SICKNESS; HIS LETTER OF COMPLAINT TO HYPATIA IN HIS ILLNESS.

Continuing therefore to grieve for the death of his children, he fell into ill state of health, which he signifies to his mistress (whom in all his letters he styles “The Philosopher”) and to the beloved Companions of his studies, in these words: “Being confined to my bed I have dictated this letter, which may you receive in good health, my mother, my sister, and my Instructress!

in all which respects you have been my Benefactress, or if there be any other, either name or thing, that is more honorable. The weakness of my body proceeds from the anguish of my Soul. The remembrance of my deceased children consumes me by little and little. Synesius ought only to have lived so long as the evils of life were unknown to him. Afterwards it has happened to him as to a stream that is stopped; it rushes over its dam on a sudden, and forces all the pleasure of life before it. Let me cease to live, or to remember the burial of my children. May you enjoy health yourself, and salute in my name the happy companions, beginning with Father Theotecnus, and Brother Athanisius, and so proceeding to the rest. Or if any other be since associated to them, who is agreeable to you (and to whom, for this very reason of pleasing you, I ought to stand obliged) salute him also for me, as one of my dearest friends. If what relates to me be of any concern to you, 'tis well done; though, even then, I shall be insensible to this favor."

What can be more affectionate, what can be more tender, what can be more benevolent or candid? The Soul speaks here in every line. A while after, the calamities of war being added to all his other sorrows, he writes her this letter, beginning with a couple of lines out of Homer, changing only a word or two :

'Tho' 'mong the Dead profound oblivion reigns  
E'en there, my dear Hypatia, I'll remember.

"I, who am surrounded with the miseries of my country, and who am thoroughly weary of it, since I daily see hostile arms, and men slaughtered like beasts; that I breathe air infected with the corruption of dead bodies, and that I hourly expect the like fate myself; for who can hope well, where the very face of the sky is most lamentable, being darkened by the shadows of carnivorous birds? Yet, notwithstanding all this, I retain an affection for the country; nay, how can I do otherwise, being a Libyan by nation, and born in this place, where I behold no ignoble sepulchers of my ancestors. For your sake alone I fancy I can set light by my country, and, as soon as leisure offers, will banish myself out of it."

In "Clidophorus" I showed the resolutions out of some of his letters to others; but whether he ever executed them, or how long he lived, where or in what manner he died, is not recorded by any author that I remember.

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***The Personal Man to His Higher Self***

In hours of unrest,  
Thy Peace, Lord,  
In hours of irritation,  
Thy Patience, Lord,  
In hours of temptation,  
Thy Purity, Lord,  
In hours of weakness,  
Thy Strength, Lord.

# “The Passing of the Clouds”

By Ethne



A SWEEP of leaden sky, and tossing rolling sea, a lonely figure seated upon a mass of heaped and tumbled rock, on a wind-swept coast! A scene of strife and desolation for the dark storm clouds seemed closing in on all sides; but the outer turbulence was as nothing to the dense shadows and fierce storms that swept through Mrs. Barton's troubled soul. “I feel it in my heart to say there is no God,” she muttered. “What have I done that my only son should repay my toil and labor of years with base ingratitude and a life of reckless dissipation, how much longer can I stand the drain of his extravagance. It is not just! How can I believe in a merciful Father in the face of such an awful trial, I have not deserved it!” and she gazed out over the waste of waters in despair.

It was a chilling lowering autumn afternoon, but suddenly the massed clouds parted and from underneath the blackness shone the bright sun. The woman turned and in the brightness making a path to her feet, she saw coming towards her the radiant figure of a young girl with her hands filled with flowers. “Dear Mrs. Barton, I hope I did not startle you” said Hope Maiden softly, “you were so absorbed in your thoughts that you did not hear me coming. Look at my lovely flowers, those royal crysanthemums and autumn leaves! Lady Lawton always gives me some of her choicest to decorate the tables for our Brotherhood Suppers.”

Mrs. Barton looked at the girl curiously, she was so bright and happy. “You never seem to be sad,” she said, “though you have your troubles I know; what is your secret of perpetual brightness? To me there seems nothing but injustice and chaotic darkness in the world and no hope for the future.”

Hope delicately fingered her flowers for an instant before replying, then looked earnestly into her companion's eyes. “It depends so much on how we look on life” said she, “to me it is all order and beauty. True! much is not as it should be, but that is our own fault, we have made the present out of the past, and are making the future out of our present. It is not God that has brought misery into the world, but man. There is no *injustice*, but there is often a bitter reaping of what we have sown.”

“What do you mean?” said her companion harshly, “do you think every one *deserves* what they get? it is monstrous; you don't know what you are saying.”

“I quite sympathize with your view” said the girl, “because with many others you think that we have lived on earth but once, but that is not so. As

souls we have lived in many bodies down through the ages, and in suffering we work out our past mistakes, till we learn to recognise human brotherhood—for we are all children of the same Universal Father, dwelling in our inmost hearts and *His Will* is that we see his glory reflected in every human heart, *our work* to hasten that day through brotherly service to those less enlightened than ourselves.”

In the pause that followed Hope looked at her watch. “I must hasten, she said, “or I shall miss my train.”

“Goodbye my child, you have given me something to think about,” said the elder woman. “I must learn something more of your philosophy, life wants a little more light thrown upon its puzzles, for to most of us the day of blind unquestioning belief has passed.”

“I shall be glad to tell you,” said Hope. “It is what Christ taught and the great World Teachers that came before him.”

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“Hullo Maiden! I just wanted to see you,” said a rather dissipated but clever looking young man, as they met at the door of the club smoking room. “I didn’t see your sister at Lady Tatleton’s ‘At Home’ this afternoon.”

“No,” replied Dr. Maiden, “she never allows pleasure to interfere with her Brotherhood work. There is to be a Brotherhood Supper tonight. I am going down to help. Suppose you come too?”

“It’s not much in my line, but thanks old man, I think I will.”

Noel Barton knew the Maidens were members of some Society and the present seemed a good chance of learning something about it. When the friends arrived at the quarter of the city where the Brotherhood Supper was held, the meal was over, and the busy workers were clearing the tables and arranging for the evening’s entertainment. Among those engaged in looking after the comfort of the guests was Hope Maiden, and, coming near the two gentlemen, she shook hands with her brother’s companion, and then carried her brother off to see what could be done for a feeble looking little child. Left to himself Noel Barton surveyed the scene curiously, it was an entirely new experience to him, the poor so considerately and lovingly treated. In his life of careless pleasure-seeking they had been but a name, and of quite another order of being, but here, the hosts and guests seemed upon the best of terms with each other. Dainty Hope Maiden, quite absorbed in her work of love, had scarcely glanced at him, and in the throng of busy workers he felt an alien.

All comfortably seated, the entertainment began. The chairman made a few cheery remarks, breathing of hope and brotherhood; music and songs followed, music soft and sweet, songs of uplifting courage and cheer. Other speeches followed and through all ran the same strain, the divinity and responsibility of man.

Noel became interested. Dr. Maiden was speaking: he said, “My friends, we alone are responsible for the condition in which we find ourselves today, be it poverty of soul, mind, or body, it is we who have stunted our own growth

by our acts of selfishness and greed in the past, and that being so, it follows that we alone can put forth the sprouts that will in time attain to the full growth of perfected manhood. Let us never forget that we are Souls and that all men are brother-souls struggling upon their upward path, and so hold out to them the sturdy hand of fellowship."

Then Hope Maiden's beautiful voice held the people while she sang to them of "Love Divine through all things flowing," and "The Lotus Flower," evolving from the home in the slime and mud to the blossom of radiant beauty in the free air, lifting its snowy cup to the heavens. The meeting concluded with a cordial invitation from the chairman to those present to come again to the next monthly supper. There were tears of gratitude on the faces of many as they crowded around the happy International Brotherhood League members to say good-night, and Noel Barton, standing next to Hope Maiden received many a grateful handshake under the impression he was one of their hosts.

That he was deeply touched it was easy to see and as he walked home with the Maidens he at length burst forth, "What was the influence there? It was indescribable, that feeling of peace which at the same time seemed to put new energy and life into one."

Hope looked at him, "You felt it," she said, and there was a glad look in her eyes.

"Yes," he said earnestly, "I felt a worthless creature at first, but then came the feeling that I too was something more than my miserable faults and failings, and that I have the power to redeem the wasted past, in a more useful future. I would like to help you lift some of that human wretchedness and—I will." They all walked on silently under the shining stars till they reached the doctor's house. As he wished the brother and sister good-night, Noel said in a low voice to Miss Maiden, "I shall run down to the Mother tomorrow and see what I can do to cheer her up."

Hope ran up the steps with a happy smile on her face; there is many a heart crusted over with selfish carelessness, she thought, that only needs the crust broken through by some brotherly touch to shine in helpfulness.

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. . . . . If the mariner,  
When at reluctant distance he hath passed  
Some tempting island, could but know the ills  
That must have fallen upon him had he brought  
His bark to land upon the wished for shore,  
Good cause would oft be his to thank the surf  
Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind that blew  
Inexorably adverse.

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The immortal mind craves objects that endure;  
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,  
Nor they from it; their fellowship is secure.

—Wordsworth

# The Surrender of the Personality

By William Scott



*Before the Voice can speak in the presence of the Masters, it must have lost its power to wound.*

Until a man has become, in heart and spirit, a disciple, he has no existence for those who are teachers of disciples. And he becomes this by one method only, the surrender of his personal humanity.—*Light on the Path*

**W**HAT is the Personality, and to whom shall it surrender? There are four kinds of action, (1) that which is pure in motive, but done to gratify a personal desire for purity; (2) that which is done for the base purpose of selfish gratification of the low animal passions and desires; (3) mixed, which is most common among humanity. These three kinds of action are those of the personality, which is built up of the habits, desires and passions accumulated in the countless incarnations during the millenniums of the past, and it is this which dominates the lives of mankind generally. The fourth kind of action is that of the Soul, freed from the shackles of personality, and is totally devoid of self-interest. It is true brotherhood, which is the Law.

The soul knows, for it is itself knowledge, because it can look directly upon the law and gives exact expression to it, and its action therefore is the law. Its motive is similar to that which induces the personality to add a sum correctly. It knows that an attempt to frustrate the law would be futile and absurd. They who act thus are the true leaders and teachers of the race,—they who have brought light and joy into the lives of men throughout the ages, as Buddha and Christ have done, as H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and our present leader Katherine Tingley, are doing.

The personality is so engulged in its own interests that it is totally oblivious of the unity of all things. It loves ease and comfort, likes to be patted on the back and praised whether it deserves it or not, hates to be contradicted, loves to rule, and to appear as a mighty personage: in short, it is marked by all those elements of character which are included under the term selfishness, and a goodly number of those that pass for altruism. It is that lethal shade of darkness and destruction whose essence is the Arch Fiend, the Prince of soul murderers; and when we indulge the personality we join his forces in their mad career to perdition.

The personality is like a soldier in an army who is so engrossed in his own ideas as to how the campaign should be conducted that he is deaf to the orders of the commander, and is not only a poor fighter but is the cause of disorder in the whole army, and instead of helping on to victory he is bringing defeat.



To be of service he must forget his personal plans and yield to the will of the commander, and to do all he can to carry it out; he must become enthusiastic in his desire to execute the commands promptly and perfectly, and protest against insubordination when he sees it in his fellows. In like manner the personality must surrender to the soul, to the law, and the teacher whose command is the law or the voice of the soul in audible form.

This seems easy, and indeed would be easy if we were eternally vigilant and dismissed personal desire as soon as it makes its appearance to the consciousness, before it gets possession of the mind, and by calling up pure and noble thoughts and aspirations; but perhaps the best method of keeping off evil thoughts is to constantly have the attention so fully occupied with the duty of the moment that there is no room for the entrance of selfish desire. For, after the objectionable object gets control of the mind, the soul withdraws, and the enemy has full possession of the field, except that the soul makes us dread our peril by keeping up a constant alarm through the voice of conscience. If the conscience is persistently ignored the soul will desert the personality entirely; it will then be unable to appreciate the higher life of rectitude and devotion to the service of humanity.

This is the cause of ignorance—it is not a misfortune, it is a crime. It is ignorance, the result of ignoring. On the other hand, if we were scrupulously exact in following the voice of conscience, the mind would be constantly kept in the service of the soul, and the personality would recede and disappear; for the two cannot live together, either one or the other must possess the field, one or the other must disappear. The only way to do this is to comply with all the rules laid down by the Teacher, for we ourselves have ignored conscience so long and persistently that the soul is linked to the personality only by a thread and our ignorance is so dense that we could never find the way to the soul unaided. But the diamond soul of the Teacher awakens the true conscience and thus enables us to make stronger and stronger those links that bind us to the soul.

Why cannot we make a period in our lives, and henceforth with care and exactitude obey the conscience in every particular. But we think it is so much easier to drift with the personality, and then it will tell us that the difference is so slight. But it lies, the difference, in every case, is mighty. Personality is absorption, ignorance, extinction. Brotherhood is expansion, knowledge, power, creation.

This is no rhetorical flourish, it is a solemn absolute fact. It is plainly evident that, if we devote our thoughts and energies to the personality, the limits of our knowledge must be confined to its narrow scope. Such a course is the negation of progress. It is ease and comfort, which is the absorption of energy, as melting ice absorbs heat, and which, if universal and persistent, would end in dissolution and decay. Thus the good law, protects Nature from selfish power. The personality cannot retain Soul knowledge for its own ends indefinitely. This is why the Theosophical philosophy tells us that the only

way to true knowledge is through Brotherhood, or the life of the Soul. The Soul knows its unity with all things. It has the same relation to the World-Soul as a nervous ganglionic center has to the brain. Each ganglion through its connection with the brain knows what is going on in the entire body. So it is with the soul. All souls are one and united in purpose with the Universal soul. Brotherhood, therefore, is not merely the way to Knowledge, but is itself Knowledge.

When this difference between the soul and the personality is known and understood, the surrender must be vigorous and complete, for rest is retrogression, temporizing is defeat, and the shame of selfish indulgence is increased a hundredfold; even such personalities as ambition to be great, and self-defence, must now be abandoned utterly, and a wall of adamant built against their snares, through which no cry of passion can be heard, nor the anguish of desire felt. The light of the Soul, which never flickers in the storms of passion, and is not dimmed by the foul smoke of desire, must be followed with unerring fidelity.

Can it be doubted that the personal desires can be extinguished, and the pure light of the soul, untrammelled by passion, be permitted to shine through the body? Perhaps each has quenched one desire, and all collectively have extinguished all desires, for there is no desire that is not extinct in some one, and surely one can do what another has done, if he tries hard enough and long enough. Then as a mere matter of logic it follows that one can extinguish all desires, if he is persistent enough and not limited to time. And if one can do it, all can. Everyone, whose soul has not deserted him entirely, feels, at times at least, that there is a soul that would shine with brilliancy and splendor, if the dark clouds of low desire were dispelled. And have we not magnificent and living examples in the great Teachers of Humanity. They have conquered the last shadow of desire. Before the soul can speak through the ages to all humanity, as the great Helpers and Teachers of the race have done, it must be free from passion. If it is colored by personality its scope will be correspondingly limited.

The only teaching that can live is that which reaches the soul life. If the personality alone speaks, its voice is dead before it is uttered, and it gives forth only a soulless shadow of a sound which soon vanishes.

Our science of today is still-born for it is only classified phenomena and soulless. The work of the social reformer aims only to make comfortable the personality, which lives but for a day and a dinner (especially the dinner) and must die with that which it aims to benefit. It is not to be inferred that the work of a George, a Bellamy, or a Morris is of no account, but it cannot long remain in concrete form, for it deals only with the ephemeral. Cast the mind's eye backward over the centuries of the world's life, and it will be seen how little either in science, philosophy or art, is visible beyond 2,000 years except the mystical. What a mighty privilege is ours. Here we are in the midst of the unfoldment of deeper spiritual truth by a mightier spiritual teacher

than has appeared in the life of the world for ages, whose teaching will affect the lives of myriads of millions yet to come, for it reaches to deeper recesses of the soul than any that has yet been given. This is not a speculation nor a fancy. It is a fact which is already here.

After we have seen that three inches of water has soaked the soil to a depth of nine inches, it is neither a speculation nor a fancy when we know that four inches of rain has fallen, to say that it will wet the soil to a depth of more than nine inches. For ages no spiritual teacher has been able to leave his work in the hands of a true spiritual teacher as his successor, and the establishment of a true spiritual school has been quite impossible.

But H. P. Blavatsky through her heroic efforts and intense love for humanity was not only able to hew her way through the thorny entanglement of personality and selfishness, and plant the seeds of the soul-life, but she found one who was able to carry her work successfully on. And that other Great Soul, W. Q. Judge, handed it on to our Present Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley, who seems to have added to her own the combined power and compassion of her two predecessors. For she has put into practical operation systematic methods for the eradication of selfishness and personality, and to call forth the powers of the soul. In the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma little children are taught to conquer their selfish tendencies before they are able to speak, and their minds and bodies made fit instruments for the soul's expression. They thus expand and develop in the pure atmosphere of the soul, to become mighty factors in the regeneration of humanity.

Why should the renunciation of personalities be looked upon as the giving up of something that is good to keep? It is the very reverse. It is the getting rid of a load that makes progress impossible. Personality not only blocks our own way but is a stumbling stone to others who are already too heavily loaded to move. The path of service, of progress and of true happiness is thus made impassable by these personal barriers, and the travelers would certainly perish by the way but for those great pure souls aflame with love for that shining light which has become so obscure in the hearts of bewildered humanity. But for their compassion the world would certainly go to wrack. They are to humanity what the physical sun is to the earth. Although each plant and animal has a life of its own, it would soon go out were the sun to withdraw. These teachers are the rays from the great spiritual sun, which keep alive the life and love in the hearts of humanity, and help them on to higher and nobler states.

Can any task be too hard that will help humanity to recognize its saviours?

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# Freedom

By R. W. MACHELL



**F**REEDOM! The rallying cry of races that have fought for it, age after age. Freedom! How often won but to be lost again! How often has the conquered race that has freed itself from a foreign yoke, at once put its head under another yoke of its own making and become in turn an oppressor of a weaker people and an enemy to Freedom! Time after time does history record how a nation has scarcely done crying Freedom, before it has already become a tyrant either to some part of its own people or to some foreign nation. No wonder the cynic scoffs at Freedom, seeing only the grizzly phantom that stalks the earth as a black counterpart in the train of the bright Goddess of Liberty. For every bright and beautiful image is reflected in this shadow-world of human passions as a dark malignant phantom, whose gaudy richness parodies the pure radiance of the bright image that shines in the heaven-world of man's hopes and aspirations.

The soul-inspired leaders see the light of the true Goddess of Freedom, they feel her presence, they sing the songs which her light awakens in their hearts, they proclaim to all around the glories of her beauty, her power to make men glad and great. She stoops from out of Heaven and touches their foreheads with her fingers, and marks them on the brow with the sign that never dies, that makes them her own throughout the ages. They are sealed on the forehead with the sign of Liberty and in whatever land they may be born and in whatever age, in whatever class or condition, they are the Teachers of Freedom, the children of the Hosts of Light, and you may see the sign upon their brows if you can read the writing. They know their Mother Goddess and though their names be very many in all lands, and changing with the ages that roll by, yet she herself is still the same, ever unseen and unknown excepting to her chosen ones.

Our lady of love by you is un beholden,  
 For hands she has none, nor lips, nor golden  
 Treasure of hair— But we, who love,  
 Know her more fair than anything.

Is she a Queen, having great gifts to give?  
 Yes these! that whoso hath seen her shall not live  
 Except he serve her sorrowing, with strange pain,  
 Travail and bloodshedding, and bitterer tears,  
 And when she bids die, he shall surely die,  
 And he shall leave all things under the sky,  
 And go forth naked under sun and rain  
 To weep and wail and watch out all his years.

But the men of the world do not know the Mother Queen in her radiant purity, they look for her in the gloomy places of their darkened minds, or in the fiery mirage of their passionate hearts and see the wild Fury with the red robes that are stained with human blood; and the fierce pitiless eyes that look deep into the darkness of their ambitions and penetrate to the depths of their greed and cruel selfishness; and she stirs in them the fires of frenzy that again and again have made the armies of liberty a disgrace to Humanity, painting the blackened pages of human history beneath the glowing title of Liberty.

This terrible phantom that follows so close upon the steps of the bright goddess of Liberty is tyranny personified, oppression living as a demon, ruling the race by means of their vices, their greed, ambition, sensuality, or pride. These are her vassals, these her ambassadors in the hearts of men, and she counts as hers all men and bodies of men who seek to rule the world for love of power. She leads the black-robed army of the sons of night, who rule by terror, who lead men by their vices, and hold them bound in utter ignorance as long as they have power to hold them bound at all.

Those who serve this phantom, welcome all who cry liberty and violence, for they know well that those who try to invoke freedom by stirring hatred in the hearts of men are working in the cause of their dark order and, though they may wave the banner of light and liberty, they are paving the way for the army of the sons of night.

The Children of Light are those who have freed themselves in ages past from the dominion of the dark powers of self, of ambition, hate, and greed, and fear, and cruelty. They have fought the dark powers in their own hearts in other lives and won their way to the side of the Queen Mother. At each new birth they sink again into the sea of human life, to fight again the battle in themselves and win the right once more to stand beside the Queen in the great battle of the ages between the darkness and the light. She knows her children and calls them to her from far off and close at hand, where they are wandering, only half awake as yet, forgetful of the purpose of their lives perhaps, aye even sunk so deep in their forgetfulness that they are almost lost among the hosts of men whom, in other lives, they have sworn to serve and save. She knows them by the light that lingers in the darkness of their eyes and by her sign upon their brows, and sees them from afar and calls to them, and sends her messengers to call to them as we now call to you.

The power of the dark sons of night is great, greater perhaps today than it has been for ages past, for now the battles of the ages is at hand and the dark powers of oppression, of greed, ambition and ignorance, are massing themselves for one great effort to enslave the world and all the air is full of prophecies and dark previsions of disaster, wars, revolutions, massacres; though men who stand the nearest to the danger are blind and self-sufficient and believe the world is very prosperous and most securely planted on the path of peace.

But a new age has dawned, a new light is in the world. Freedom has raised her standard and on its ample folds the legend runs, *Universal Brother-*

*hood*,—freedom for all by mastery over that which *causes* tyranny, self and selfishness. Each man so freed is greater in the service of mankind than even a host of the black enemy that count their crafty minds more powerful than the flood of light that streams from one unselfish heart. They are many and they are strong, but how does the darkness fare when the sun comes up above the mountain range?

This is a battle worthy of men and women whose hearts are great. It is time that the children of light who still wander in the crowds shall awake and hear the call and know once more the comrades who in ages past have stood beside them holding back fate from the masses of feebler folk who follow where they may be led like sheep. Too long the wolves have shepherded the sheep. Awake! and know your strength.

You are the chieftains of the hosts of Light  
 Who came down through the night to save the world,  
 With battle-banners wide unfurled you came,  
 And wielding bolts of flame and fiery swords  
 Powerful to conquer hordes and break strong towers,  
 That the dark powers of chaos built of yore.  
 Warriors arise and sleep no more!

You are the chieftains of the hosts of Light  
 That came down through the night at pity's call  
 But now forgetting all, you stare and dream,  
 And no God-gleam shines in your lightless eyes  
 And no glad battle cries arise, to wake  
 The slumberous stars and shake the world to light.  
 Ah! slothful war-lords, rise! arise! and fight!

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## Concentration\*

**A**T the doorway of that psychological treasure-house which we know as the aphorisms of Patanjali, is written the injunction, "Thou shalt hinder the modifications of the Thinking Principle." The thinking principle is the mind, and its modifications are the changes which the mind undergoes as it constantly assumes the form of the thing thought of. This opening injunction means, then, that the mind must be controlled as a preliminary step toward the science at which all his teachings are veiled and usually misunderstood hints.

If we are in any doubt as to the way in which we are to apply this precept to ourselves, let us try to examine into, and to trace the workings of our minds during any period of five minutes when we are not actively mentally employed. That is to say, let us arrest our thoughts at any given moment and ask where that thought originated and what preceded it. We shall probably

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find that another and quite different thought preceded it and suggested it, that it is often difficult to detect the suggestive thread of connection, and we shall also find that within the space of a very few seconds a very great number and a very great variety of so-called "thoughts" have modified our minds. Then we awake to the disturbing realization that during a considerable portion of the day our minds are like engines without drivers, or of which the drivers are sleeping in the baggage car. Hence the injunction to hinder these modifications.

Another idea immediately presents itself. We have seen that the mind assumes the form of the thing thought of. That means that the mind is continually assuming forms induced by thoughts which we have not invited, thoughts which are frequently too utterly trivial to be worthy of the dignity of mind-modifiers, and all too often thoughts which, if challenged would be unable to give the passwords of purity or of fraternity. The question grows more serious still when we remember that a modification once induced, predisposes to its own reproduction as a stick once bent is the more readily bent thereafter. First comes a possibility, then a tendency, and then a habit, and at last the mind becomes so habituated to a particular form of modification, it may be a selfish or a vicious modification, that it resents and resists any effort to change the shape which years of selfish or vicious thoughts have given it.

To "hinder the modifications" does not mean that we are not to think, but that we are to be masters of our thoughts, so completely master and guardian that during neither day nor night shall any thought pass the most sacred doorway of the mind unless it first stand and deliver the credentials of purity, which are the only passwords to that holy place.

But now an even greater idea comes, bringing with it a vision of infinite possibilities which await us. If the mind is modified by the thing thought of, if that modification establishes a tendency and then a habit, we can equally shape the mind upon some great ideal, and we can hold it in that shape until this newly established and beautiful tendency overcomes and transmutes all previous tendencies, and the mind habitually assumes a beautiful form, resisting and resenting all attempts to mould it into the base or the impure, and when we have done that we have done more than we now know of, because we have made ourselves in very truth the Temple of God, and out of the Temple shall stream the strong divine light which is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world and is the whole world's light.

But to do this we must *try*, and in every day there are twenty-four hours in which we can try without ceasing. For this needs no time set apart, nor special opportunity. This is the work which we can carry with us into every detail of daily life, and which will guard and glorify our sleep.

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# The Old *and* the New

By a Student



THE man perfected in unselfishness, seeks no selfish goal, but strives to bring to his fellow man that which he himself has attained, and to perfect him, also, leading him on in the paths of truth toward the attainment of all that is beautiful and good, on to a full expression of joy in a life abounding in happiness; and to this aim he encourages him to seek assiduously the acquirement of knowledge and the possession of wisdom.

A Helper of old said "there is nothing new under the sun," "that which hath been is now and that which is to be hath already been."

These words though full of wisdom, must be taken with intelligent allowance, as all words must, or they will prove misleading. Every proposition has a contrary phase, and it is only through a consideration of its contrary, and often apparently contradictory phases that the fullest comprehension of it can be reached. A saucer appears on one side concave, but on the other convex. One who sees but its concavity is correct in his knowledge of it as far as his knowledge extends, but he is no more correct than another one who sees but its convexity. Only he who sees both its concavity and convexity has the fullest knowledge concerning its form.

"That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been, and there is nothing new under the sun" is as true as that a saucer is concave, and as untrue, if it is accepted as excluding the complementary, not contradictory, statement that that which hath been *is not*, and that which is to be hath *not* yet been, and everything under the sun is new.

In cold climates buds form on the branches of the trees in the fall and remaining dormant through the winter, burst forth into leaf in the spring. Without these buds there could be no renewing of the foliage in the spring time. In each bud is garnered the evolution of the past and in it is contained the potency of the future. From it new forms appear, each like and yet differing from its fellows, like yet differing from all its predecessors. Through it runs the thread of continuity, which once severed can never be restored. In it is stored the type, which ever re-appears with slight variations.

Mountains, disintegrated by the elements, are carried to the plains and become the soil from which plants build their structures. In the petal of the lily and the rose is the hard rock of the distant peak. The petals fade and fall; years become centuries, centuries milleniums, until, at last, the soil submerged and lying dormant for countless ages becomes again the mountain top; the old thus taking a new form, the new being a modification of the old.



The snake, which is but a vertebra encased in muscles and skin, appears on the terrestrial scene. Feet evolve, and the lizard follows the snake. The tail of the lizard disappears and four-footed beasts abound. The creature ready to stand erect, receives the manasic spark, (the spark of mind and self-consciousness) and becomes man. The man, born as an infant, passing through youth, middle and old age, reaches second childhood. Rehearsing rapidly, in the prenatal condition, all the prehuman stages, he blossoms forth in the springtime of a new life. The old has become the new; the new is but a variation of the old.

Thus, through the whole scale of being, the revolutions take place. Nothing exists where the thread of continuity has been severed. The new threads evolving are but continuations of the old.

What is true in the world of material form holds good in the realm of ideas. In it there is no new thing under the sun, neither any old thing, but always the old in modified form, the new in which is embodied the old.

Civilizations, like plants, decay and die. The decayed forms enrich the soil for the new birth. In time the old springs to life again. Is this civilization of ours one in which the sap is rising from the root, or are its leaves falling, enriching the soil in preparation for the new?

Our cities teem with people; the enormous populations of the Orient begin to shrink in comparison; our wealth surpasses the dreams of the wildest dreamers; the labor of one man has become as productive as that of fifty; yet joy does not abound, and happiness is the lot of few. For this reason must the old, again, pass away and the new take its place. Already does the germ swell in the seed. This seed was planted by Mme. Blavatsky, guarded by Wm. Q. Judge and is now cared for by Katherine Tingley. The Theosophical Society was the shell of the seed within which was the nucleus enclosing the divine nucleolus, watched over by the Gods as it lay nascent in its sacred walls. Joy is the basis of the new life and its happiness resounds as a song. Its melodious strains rise up from Loma-land and are being re-echoed in the hearts of men. Like musical strings touched by a Master hand the souls of the students in Loma-land respond and humanity is reverberating with the heavenly sounds which are being uplifted again to the celestial spheres. The old passes away; the new begins. The sunshine within breaks forth, and from the shores of the great Pacific waters goes forth the new word of peace, beauty and joy.

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The wheel of life whirls round, and we with it; expecting that the motion will some day slacken, and then life may be ordered anew and omissions be made good. But real wisdom consists in seizing the flying moment and in pressing upon it the seal of the eternal and enduring; that is the great course of moral endeavor under which life received its due form, like the block of marble under the hand of the sculptor.— *Baron Bunsen*

## Sign-Posts Along the Path\*



### WHAT IS RESIGNATION?

“In what way are we to understand this word, as it is used, for instance, on page 35 May Path? If it is used in a special sense, that should be made clear.”

**T**HIS word was not used in a special sense. Theosophists should strive not to strain speech or specially allot terms. The English language has quite enough words to meet most of our present wants. The intention was to give the deepest meaning possible to the term. *Resignation* was used in the sense of a total mental resignation, not a mere appearance or pretence. We must do as commanded by Krishna, resign all interest in the event of things, and be able to say that any event whatever that comes to us is our just due. This is perfect resignation; it is difficult and yet easy to reach. We reach it by reflecting that the object of the soul is union with the Supreme Soul, and that all our desires grow out of our bodily nature alone. It is really the first step; as the author in *May Path* said, it is the one seldom thought of by students.

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### IS KARMA ONLY PUNISHMENT?

Karma is action. The law of Karma operates to bring about rewards as well as punishment. The man who is now enjoying a life of ease and wealth has obtained it through Karma; the sage who has attained to great knowledge and power reached them through Karma; the disciple drinking the bitter drops from the cup of failure mixed the draught himself through Karma; Buddha's great disciple Magallana—greater than any other—was suddenly killed, apparently in the height of his usefulness, by robbers, it was Karma; the happy mother seeing all her children respected and virtuous dies the favorite of Karma, while her miserable sister living a life of shame in the same city curses God by her life because she knows not that it is Karma. The world itself rolls on in its orbit, carried further and further with the sun in his greater orbit, and grows old through the cycles, changes its appearance, and comes under laws and states of matter undreamed of by us: it is the Karma of the world; soon or late, even while revolving in its orbit, it will slowly move its poles and carry the cold band of ice to where now are summer scenes,—the Karma of the world and its inhabitants.—*The Stream of Thoughts and Queries*. —HADJI ERINN, Vol. IV, page 139.

Now these Theosophical doctrines which we have been at such pains to elaborate during all the years of our history are either capable of universal application or they are not. If they are not, then they are hardly worth the trouble we have bestowed upon them; and it would then have been much better for us had we devoted ourselves to some special departments of science.

\* Extracts from “The Path,” Vol. IV.

But the great allurements that Theosophy holds for those who follow it is that its doctrines are universal, solving all questions and applying to every department of nature so far as we know it. And advanced students declare that the same universal application prevails in regions far beyond the grasp of present science or of the average man's mind. So that, if a supposed law or application is formulated to us, either by ourselves or by some other person, we are at once able to prove it; for unless it can be applied in every direction—by correspondence, or is found to be one of the phases of some previously admitted doctrine, we know that it is false doctrine or inaccurately stated. Thus all our doctrines can be proved and checked at every step. It is not necessary for us to have constant communications with the Great Teachers in order to make sure of our ground; all that we have to do is to see if any position we assume agrees with well-known principles already formulated and understood.

Bearing this in mind we can confidently proceed to examine the great ideas in which so many of us believe, with a view of seeing how they may be applied in every direction. For if, instead of selfishly considering these laws in their effect upon our miserable selves, we ask how they apply everywhere, a means is furnished for the broadening of our horizon and the elimination of selfishness. And when also we apply the doctrines to all our acts and to all parts of the human being, we may begin to wake ourselves up to the real task set before us.

Let us look at Karma. It must be applied not only to the man but also to the Cosmos, to the globe upon which he lives. You know that, for the want of an English word, the period of one great day of evolution is called Manvantara, or the reign of one Manu. These eternally succeed each other. In other words, each one of us is a unit or a cell, if you please, in the great body or being of Manu, and just as we see ourselves making Karma and reincarnating for the purpose of carrying off Karma, so the great being Manu dies at the end of a Manvantara, and after the period of rest reincarnates once more, the sum total of all that we have made him—or it. And when I say "we," I mean all the beings on whatever plane or planet who are included in that Manvantara. Therefore this Manvantara is just exactly what the last Manvantara made it, and so the next Manvantara after this—millions of years off—will be the sum or result of this one, plus all that have preceded it.

How much have you thought upon the effect of Karma upon the animals, the plants, the minerals, the elemental beings? Have you been so selfish as to suppose that they are not affected by you? Is it true that man himself has no responsibility upon him for the vast numbers of ferocious and noxious animals, for the deadly serpents and scorpions, the devastating lions and tigers, that make a howling wilderness of some corners of the earth and terrorize the people of India and elsewhere? It cannot be true. But as the Apostle of the Christians said, it is true that the whole of creation waits upon man and groans that he keeps back the enlightenment of all. What happens when, with intention, you crush out the life of the common croton bug? Well, it is des-

troyed and you forget it. But you brought it to an untimely end, short though its life would have been. Imagine this done at hundreds of thousands of places in the State. Each of these little creatures had life and energy; each some degree of intelligence. The sum total of the effects of all these deaths of small things must be appreciable. If not, then our doctrines are wrong and there is no wrong in putting out the life of a human being.

Let us go a little higher, to the bird kingdom and that of four-footed beasts. Every day in the shooting season in England vast quantities of birds are killed for sport, and in other places such intelligent and inoffensive animals as deer. These have a higher intelligence than insects, a wider scope of feeling. Is there no effect under Karma for all these deaths? And what is the difference between wantonly killing a deer and murdering an idiot? Very little to my mind. Why is it, then, that even delicate ladies will enjoy the recital of a bird or a deer hunt? It is their Karma that they are the descendants of long generations of Europeans who some centuries ago, with the aid of the church, decided that animals had no souls and therefore could be wantonly slaughtered.

We therefore find ourselves ground down by the Karma of our national stem, so that we are really almost unable to tell what thoughts are the counterfeit presentments of the thoughts of our forefathers, and what self-born in our own minds.

Let us now look at Reincarnation, Devachan, and Karma.

It has been the custom of Theosophists to think upon these subjects in respect only to the whole man—that is to say respecting the Ego.

But what of its hourly and daily application? If we believe in the doctrine of the One Life, then every cell in these material bodies must be governed by the same laws. Each cell must be a *Life* and have its karma, devachan and reincarnation. Every one of these cells upon incarnating among the others in our frame must be affected by the character of those it meets; and we make that character. Every thought upon reaching its period dies. It is soon reborn, and coming back from its devachan it finds either bad or good companions provided for it. Therefore every hour of life is fraught with danger or with help. How can it be possible that a few hours a week devoted to Theosophic thought and action can counteract—even in the gross material cells—the effect of nearly a whole week spent in indifference, frivolity, or selfishness? This mass of poor or bad thought will form a resistless tide that shall sweep away all your good resolves at the first opportunity.

This will explain why devoted students often fail. They have waited for a particular hour or day to try their strength, and when the hour came they had none. If it was anger they had resolved to conquer, instead of trying to conquer it at an offered opportunity they ran away from the chance so as to escape the trial; or they did not meet the hourly small trials that would, if successfully passed, have given them a great reserve of strength, so that no time of greater trial would have been able to overcome them.

Now as to the theory of the evolution of the macrocosm in its application to the microcosm, man.

The hermetic philosophy held that man is a copy of the greater universe; that he is a little universe in himself, governed by the same laws as the great one, and in the small proportions of a human being showing all those greater laws in operation, only reduced in time or sweep. This is the rule to which H. P. Blavatsky adheres, and which is found running through all the ancient mysteries and initiations.

It is said that our universe is a collection of atoms or molecules—called also “lives;” living together and through each the spirit struggles to reach consciousness, and that this struggle is governed by a law compelling it to go on in or between periods. In any period of such struggle some of these atoms or collections of molecules are left over, as it were, to renew the battle in the next period, and hence the state of the universe at any time of manifestation—or the state of each newly manifested universe—must be the result of what was done in the preceding period.

Coming down to the man, we find that he is a collection of molecules or *lives* or cells, each striving with the other, and all affected for either good or bad results by the spiritual aspirations or want of them in the man who is the guide or god, so to say, of his little universe. When he is born, the molecules or cells or lives that are to compose his physical and astral forms are that moment under his reign, and during the period of his smaller life they pass through a small manvantara just as the lives in the universe do, and when he dies he leaves them all impressed with the force and color of his thoughts and aspirations, ready to be used in composing the houses of other egos.

Now here is a great responsibility revealed to us of a double character.

The first is for effects produced on and left in what we call matter in the molecules, when they come to be used by other egos, for they must act upon the latter for benefit or the reverse.

The second is for the effect on the molecules themselves in this, that there are lives or entities in all—or rather they are all lives—who are either aided or retarded in their evolution by reason of the proper or improper use man made of this matter that was placed in his charge.

Without stopping to argue about what matter is, it will be sufficient to state that it is held to be co-eternal with what is called “spirit.” That is, as it is put in the Bhagavad-Gita: “He who is spirit is also matter.” Or, in other words, spirit is the opposite pole to the matter of the Absolute. But of course this matter we speak of is not what we see about us, for the latter is only in fact phenomena of matter: even science holds that we do not really see matter.

Now during a manvantara or period of manifestation, the egos incarnating must use over and over again in any world upon which they are incarnating the matter that belongs to it.

So, therefore, we are now using in our incarnations matter that has been used by ourselves and other egos over and over again, and are affected by the various tendencies impressed in it. And, similarly, we are leaving behind us

for future races that which will help or embarrass them in their future lives.

This is a highly important matter, whether reincarnation be a true doctrine or not. For if each new nation is only a mass of new egos or souls, it must be much affected by the matter-environment left behind by nations and races that have disappeared forever.

But for us who believe in reincarnation it has additional force, showing us one strong reason why universal brotherhood should be believed in and practised.

The other branch of the responsibility is just as serious. The doctrine that removes death from the universe and declares that all is composed of innumerable lives, constantly changing places with each other, contains in it of necessity the theory that man himself is full of these lives and that all are traveling up the long road of evolution.

The secret doctrine holds that we are full of kingdoms of entities who depend upon us, so to say, for salvation.

How enormous, then, is this responsibility, that we not only are to be judged for what we do with ourselves as a whole, but also for what we do for those unseen beings who are dependent upon us for light.—*Universal Applications of Doctrine*, W. Q. J., Vol. IV, page 221.

## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Then there is another thing I don't understand. It is this,—Many of the Theosophists whom I have met continually talk of "not being attached to results," and that one should not work for results. I must confess I fail to see how any great work can be done on such a basis. Look at the work done by your Society at Point Loma for instance; or take the main object of all your teachings "Universal Brotherhood,"—surely you are working with these results in view and are seeking to achieve this object. Otherwise what does all your work mean? A man must have an ideal to seek ever to realize it—else life were a mockery indeed.—*Extract from a personal letter*

**T**HE two statements "not being attached to results" and "not working for results," if analyzed, do not mean quite the same thing. It is one of the fundamental laws of life that every act has its result and this result inheres in the act and cannot be escaped. To be attached to the results of action is to live either in the future or in the past, and to that extent to neglect the present. Too often we look for a certain specific result—we determine beforehand what shall be the result and then because there are other factors which we have not known, but which cause the result to be different—we are disappointed.

Every act must have its result—this is one of the laws of Nature. But no act stands alone. Every act is a part of the intricate pattern of life in which are innumerable threads converging and diverging. The hand of the weaver now takes up this and now that; he knows the picture that shall be, so too the soul knows the pattern of life it weaves, but mortal man knows not, save that as he trusts and works unselfishly, it shall be most beautiful, most divine.

Most of the action in the world is for the sake of results and of personal reward. This with the vast majority of people is the great incentive to action. They ask what is there in it for me, what shall I gain by it and because of this, too often do we see men and women stooping to acts of a questionable nature in order that they may gain some advantage or gratify some desire. On this basis all the keen competition and rivalry of modern civilization is built. Not alone is this true of the commercial world but of the religious world also. In the latter, the great incentive towards a religious life and the performance of religious acts is "to save your soul and to obtain heaven as a reward." This is the main religious teaching of the Sunday-schools. The children are exhorted to be good that they may go to heaven when they die and escape from that awful nightmare of hell which so many churches still hold over children and adults alike. The religious world for centuries has been ruled not by love of God, but by fear of consequences on the one hand, and hope of reward on the other—not merited, but unmerited, obtainable only through grace.

Yet in spite of this, there is an inner perception of law and justice that causes man in the ordinary affairs of life to base his actions on this law. There is too a right regard which must be paid to results—or rather not to specific results in themselves, but to the *law of results*. It is only in this way that men and women in our present stage of evolution can learn what is right action, for man has so long turned a deaf ear to the promptings of the soul that his inner knowledge has become obscured. Compare, for instance, the finer intuitive perceptions of many children in regard to right and wrong, even when they have no intellectual knowledge of the law of results, and have had no experience that might give a deductive basis for their actions. Later under the materialising influence of modern education this finer perception is in most cases almost completely lost and reliance placed on faulty reasoning and incomplete experience. But in spite of apparent exceptions to the contrary, man does learn this, that actions done from motives which in degree are high, pure, noble, unselfish, tend towards happiness and progress, and that actions done from base, ignoble, selfish motives do to that degree bring misery and evil.

There is however action of another kind, which does not regard results and yet is not purposeless or vain. It is the action of the soul and though, according to the law, results must flow therefrom, yet such action is complete in itself. The soul seeks ever to act in this way, to act out its own nature, and just as it is the nature of the Sun to shine, the nature of fire to burn, the na-

ture of the rose to give forth fragrant perfume, so it is the nature of the soul to be pure, noble, strong, beautiful, and to express these powers in all that it does. The sun does not shine that man may see, but to fulfill its own proper nature, nor does the flower perfume the air for man or that it may become a fruit. Yet the law works and man sees by the light of the sun, he delights in the fragrance of the flowers; and as the soul acts out its own divine nature all the world shall grow more beautiful, and sorrow and sin shall cease.

All men have the power to act thus and to most men there have come rare moments when they have so acted. It is thus that the true artist and the true musician act. Their art and music are the expressions of the soul, they are not done for reward whether of fame or applause or sordid gold. True art and true music are the blossoming of the soul, which growing as the flower grows, opens its heart to the sun and sheds forth its fragrance and beauty "without money and without price."

Is not the strenuous effort which we make to achieve certain results for our personal selves due to our lack of faith in Nature and in the law? But the way to bring about this higher action is by gradual steps, by substituting higher aims, loftier ideals, by working for others instead of for self, and by recognizing that every result achieved is a stepping stone and not a finality. There is a paradox to every truth. We should not be attached to results, but at the same time our lives should be full of purpose. And herein man differs from the flower, in that while growing like the flower, he at the same time grows self-consciously and with will and purpose. The artist puts forth his soul's power as does the flower freely and for all, but he sees too in part how it shall help the world, and to his free soul's outpouring, which is his nature, he adds the power of a mighty will by working consciously for the uplifting of the race. The work at Point Loma is truly a result worked for, but worked for as a part of that mighty purpose of the Great Helpers of the Race for the regeneration of Humanity.

Let us work for those results in which all humanity may share, so shall the results grow mightier and mightier, and we shall not be attached to them, for self will give place to non-self and to the Universal Self. If we do our work faithfully, the Law will take care of the results. J. H. FUSSELL

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The true note of life is not sorrow or sacrifice. Pain, losses, disappointments are only the incidents of life. They may be more or less. Life is blended of many notes and voices; joys and sorrows, toil and rest, alternate. The keynote of life rises out of the whole. It is no wail of grief; it is no bitter cry; it is nothing to fear. Believe me it is musical, sweet, beautiful, a clarion call. It is a pæan of victory; it tells a love story, and is joy. It is the witness and the present proof of immortality. For we are admitted here in this world into the enjoyment of a quality of life which is surely divine; it is above the range of material change, accident or death.

—From "Religion of a Gentleman" by C. F. Dole



# Mirror of the Movement



DEAR COMRADES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD:

**New Methods  
of Work**

The old methods of conducting this organization are fast dying out. The lodges themselves have outgrown the limits of the old, are showing greater strength and solidarity; they are more self-reliant in the new. Each lodge has at least a nucleus that is in close touch with the Leader. That nucleus is often composed of members who have not been long in the movement, but they are sometimes an example alike to older members as well as to the newcomers. Much depends upon the attitude which the lodges have towards the spirit of the movement in order to do Theosophical work effectively; if they have not the right attitude, they do it wastefully and in vain.

Nobody should be discouraged; others have succeeded, so can we succeed. Every city in which a lodge is active now should in time reap the harvest of these efforts though it may not be in the way the lodges themselves think the results will come about. The change that has come over the lodges by way of greater strength is due to the close touch with the Center and by depending more upon themselves than upon lecturers and advisers through private correspondence. When the time comes, trained lecturers will be sent from Point Loma to do special work in the cities where lodges have made centers of usefulness.

The time for this cannot be far off judging from the success which has been accomplished during the last few years. This is more visible here at Loma-land than anywhere else.

On February 22nd, 1900, Katherine Tingley arrived here, and almost immediately came the news of the death of her father, about the only blood tie she had. Even that life, too, was sacrificed through the persecutions of enemies of the movement, which he defended while defending his daughter. The country at Loma-land was a dry, barren waste then. There was nothing in sight to indicate that this place had anything to do with the Theosophical Movement; only the corner stone to a future building, a flagstaff and flag, and a small building, housing the caretakers. Adjoining the property a little way distant was a small hotel. The Leader had not been here more than two months when the hotel property and buildings were purchased with private funds. Then began a life unique. The building was remodeled, made new; yes, entirely new because the Leader's plans grew with the progress of the change in style of architecture, in the shape and size and height of the building, so that there is hardly a nail or a board left of the original structure. And now it is a Temple with magnificent dome, unique and grand, that commands the recognition of expert architects and the admiration of the public.

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Simultaneously with the change in the Homestead building the Aryan Temple of Art, Music and Drama, dedicated to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge was erected. Enough has been published to give an idea of its situation, size and shape, but it is impossible to convey in words the spiritual inspiration that is created in the mind by its contemplation. Indeed that cannot be told. All who have been here, the thousands and thousands, have received its mute blessings. Within the last week in April both the Aryan Temple and Homestead domes have received the pinnacle ornaments representing flames of fire, rising from a burning heart to the dome of heaven; suggestive that we "*keep the Light burning in our hearts.*"

The work carried on in the Temple is a spiritual benediction to the students and to the hosts of visitors. The fine, well-rounded expositions of Theosophy, carefully edited by the Teacher, inculcate the sublime truths of Theosophy to the hungry souls who listen in wrapt attention. Scores of callers express themselves as being touched by something indescribable, they do not know what it is, but they are imbued with a silent solemnity inexpressibly serene. The immense stream of visitors increases daily, although the place is not half ready. It was not intended to be open for two years, but the Leader yielded to the friendly demand of the public, and now it is a place of pilgrimage for the healing of wounded souls.

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**Group Homes  
Bungalows**

A new and interesting feature, one of the original plans of the Leader, is making its rise at the white city of Esotero. Here, in the winter season can be found a delightful summer home, and in the summer, for those who live inland, there are the cooling and invigorating breezes of the great Pacific Ocean to welcome them. Octagonal and square bungalows, airy and homelike, with broad verandahs, best ventilation, suitable for large and small families, have been built. By the time this is in print some of them will be occupied. They are furnished according to an original design by Katherine Tingley which affords health and comfort nowhere else obtainable. Furnishings and decorations all have an Oriental touch. These are the handiwork of students of Esotero. Special attention is given to sanitary conditions, and to all that tends to increase the sweetness of home-life; harmoniously and appropriately adapted to the needs of refined people.

These Bungalows are so arranged that a number of families can have a small community exclusively their own. Built of select California woods, they are substantial, of best possible workmanship, simple, but beautiful.

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**Ideal Refectory or  
Dining Room**

Resembling a conservatory, enclosed in glass, nature tints in charming variety of colored glass, flowers, palms, roses and other plants and decorations, is the refectory, where meals are daintily served amid the most delightful environments. There are also cosy private rooms for each bungalow, a concert parlor, and every facility for an ideal life. Carefully trained and experienced attendants; volunteer students under the care of refined hostess. High standard of cooking under special supervision of trained, volunteer workers. The most careful attention is given to the preparation of food. Perfect cuisine by which the life-giving essences of food are preserved. Special dietary department for persons in delicate health. In the spring of 1900 Katherine Tingley directed the digging of a well and at a depth of 400 feet, indicated by her beforehand, a rare medicinal water was found, which, according to the State authority's analysis, contains marvelous curative properties. This water has been named Lotus Mineral Water.

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Private bathrooms and rooms for attendants. Superior stable accommodations. Beautiful drives, walks. Sea bathing, boating, fishing, etc.

These houses are leased to families by the month, ranging from \$60 to \$120, according to size of bungalow, and to the number of persons occupying the same, exclusive of meals.

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Within two minutes' walk, just opposite the bungalows and in full view of them, is the magnificent students' home, the Point Loma Homestead, where the occupants of bungalows can visit at certain times, and enjoy the advantages of an immense circulating library, lectures, dramatic performances, symposiums, concerts, and contact with those who devote their lives wholly to the uplifting of the Race.

**In Closer Touch  
With Nature**

It can be readily seen that many of the ideas introduced by the Leader give a delightful incentive to live *The Life*; to make Theosophy a living power in the life of Humanity, ingraining it into the homelife. Simple, pure happiness can be gained on economic lines. Instead of housing oneself in from sheer habit there is the opportunity to live the out-of-door life, made beautiful by these surroundings and aided by exceptional climate. The situation and surroundings are a constant invitation to be outside, and to come into closer touch with Nature. Even in the act of eating there is a touch of dignity and beauty; a real nature touch.

Instead of being packed in a crowded city against brick walls amid dust, shut out from view of nature's lovely gifts, one lives here in an atmosphere of constant inspiration in every sense.

In the city the millionaire has to take the market products which have necessarily aged from handling many times; here the simple man gets the very choicest, freshest, most appetizing delicacies gathered for him in the early morning that help to build the pure clean temple of godlike man.

Here is concentration and conservation of energy in the highest sense; also conservation of health or rather rejuvenation by eradicating our complicated and artificial methods of life. Can there be anything more conducive than this to make the whole world kin. Imagine a family group meeting under these circumstances where ideal family life is the aim; no jars, no disharmony, none but the best example, the best influence of high ideals. Can we not see that here, the tourist seeking a temporary home, has exceptional opportunity to come in constant contact with our work and little by little, by the irresistible force of man's innate higher nature, is drawn into the sublime harmony of ideal life.

Sincerely,

E. A. NERESHEIMER

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**Agriculture at  
Point Loma**

The combination of the four great elements—sunshine, moisture, soil and air—on Point Loma is of such an exceptional nature that here is furnished a suitable home for the vegetation of every latitude. In this respect there is a correspondence to the appropriateness of Point Loma as a residence for people of every nation.

Just as there is to be established an International Colony where the Saxon, the Frank, the Latin, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Indian, the African, the Chinese, the Oriental, the Occidental and the American may live together in harmony, each preserving what is valuable from his own customs and discarding the undesirable, so it is with plant life. In the course of time Point Loma will become the nursery as well as the full blown garden for the trees and fruits and flowers of the tropics, and of the temperate and colder zones. In such environment each plant will put forth its very best; the riotous luxuriance of some will be moderately restrained and their energy turned to more perfect growths. The stunted growth of others will receive a gentle stimulus, which will reveal beauties and utilities of these frozen spirits hitherto unknown and even unsuspected.

Already there is assurance that Point Loma is to become the International Garden of the World. In evidence whereof it may be stated that though no express request has been made for such donations, yet gifts of seeds have been made by members and by others from all over the world; from Europe, from Asia, from Africa, from Mexico, and from numerous places in North, Central and South America.

Imagine what an attraction such a garden will become; this feature alone will draw people from widely separate points to come here and study side by side the multiform and variegated tints and flavors, colors and fragrance, form and texture, of the flowers, the fruits, the vegetables, the cereals, the timber and ornamental trees and shrubs of every clime.

A remarkable analogy between plant and man life in this wonderful place consists in the inability—at least heretofore—of either the one or the other to flourish unless aided

by some master intelligence. There are no natives here and very few if any of those who come here from ordinary motives make a success. So with plant life; to a careless observer there are no indigenous fruits, though it is a veritable paradise of wild flowers and beautiful shrubs.

But let men submit willingly to the methods of the Great Teacher and they will soon put forth a new, fresh growth of added powers; and intelligent cultivation, and timely irrigation will make any seed or shrub grow and blossom and fruit in a manner that is nothing short of miraculous.

I. L. HARRIS,

*Secretary of Department of Agriculture*

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### **News From Loma-Land**

March and April have been very busy months at Loma-land and with the coming of spring (a curious word to use here when the weather is always perfectly springlike) great activity commenced in the Homestead grounds and plantations. Orange, olive, lemon and guava trees have been planted in great numbers, and our horticultural comrades are studying the problem of growth in Nature at first hand. In one of the newly planted young palm trees close to the Homestead, and in full view of every passer-by, a linnet has built a pretty little nest and has hatched five eggs. She is so confident of being unmolested that anyone can go close up to the tree and watch the pretty little birds without disturbing her.

There is such an atmosphere of peace within these sacred grounds that even outsiders feel it; one of the workmen employed upon the extensive building works lately expressed the thought that when he left the high road and entered our gates he felt a great change. He said he recognized that the worldly life of competition and unbrotherly strife was left outside, for here every man got the due reward for his work justly and honestly. The birds living in the vicinity feel their safety and the harmony of this true civilization, at last commenced on earth again, and are unusually fearless in consequence. It is an inspiring thought to dwell upon, that at last the great plan of the Founders of the Movement is being unfolded, in perfectly orderly sequence and with immense rapidity and increasing momentum. The seed of the long dreamed-of ideal life is no longer drifting about seeking a resting place, but has at last taken firm root for good.

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### **Permanent Improvements on the Estate**

The work of scientifically grading our roads is proceeding quickly and already an immense work has been done in reducing their steepness, and in directing the flow of the rainwater over the thirsty soil. This work is truly artistic, it is sculpture on a colossal scale, and is beautifying and improving the whole space of the grounds. After a few "April showers" early in March, a tremendous outburst of wild blossom has taken place; every spot of ground is carpeted with exquisite blue, purple and gold flowers of lovely shapes and odor. There are white forget-me-nots and a few small lilies, but hardly any red tints are seen. In the gardens the large calla lilies, the roses and the heliotropes are more prolific than ever, if possible, for constant picking seems to merely encourage them to grow.

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### **Great Progress in Building Operations**

Extensive building operations continue actively. Already the picturesque octagonal Bungalow residences are being erected with rapidity. Their delicate green conical roofs and white, clean looking walls are most attractive, and prophetically anticipate in miniature the beauty and romantic appearance of the City of Learning, Esotero, when complete. These ideal homes, where every necessary comfort is provided, combined with elegant simplicity, will indeed be examples for mankind to study and imitate. The symbolic ornamental finials surmounting the three

smaller domes and the carved lotus flowers, situated at short intervals along the parapet, are now in place and give a subtle grace and finish to the design of the Aryan Temple and the Homestead. A visitor, who did not know the purpose or name of the Aryan Memorial Temple, said lately in tones of high admiration: "I do not know what you call this beautiful structure, but it is worthy of being compared with the Temples of Antiquity. It should be a Temple." The grand staircase of the Rotunda, the Great Hall within the Homestead, is also complete with its gracefully moulded curves, and gives a striking character to the interior. There is something very dignified which always powerfully affects those who see for the first time, this great Hall with its white walls pierced by rows of windows and diversified by the noble staircase and well-proportioned rows of balustraded galleries, the whole terminating in the vast glazed dome.

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**Crowds of Visitors  
from all Parts**

The tourists and visitors still come in great numbers to see our work and to attend the afternoon Lectures and children's entertainment in the Temple. Our operations are upon such an extensive scale and increasing so rapidly that the attention of the whole Pacific slope has been attracted to the beneficent work of the Organization, and we have enlisted the sympathy of all right thinking and impartial residents. As for the crowds of visitors, they go away delighted and most favorably impressed to spread the knowledge of our work far and wide.

\* \* \*

**Great Public Work  
at San Diego**

The audiences at the public meetings in San Diego, which were started in February, have so largely increased in numbers and interest that it has been found necessary to engage the large Opera House to accommodate the great crowds who are anxious to hear the addresses and excellent classical music provided by our students. The Leader has lately permitted some of the young folks of the International Lotus Home at Point Loma to read short and simple addresses at these meetings, to the great satisfaction of the listeners. One of the most promising of the Cuban boys spoke beautifully at the last meeting, on the happy life in the Raja Yoga School at Loma-land. His thoughtful paper read in the pretty Spanish accent, combined with a singularly winning manner, greatly pleased the audience and visibly illustrated a side of our work now coming prominently forward, *i. e.*, the educational advantages provided at Point Loma.

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**Great Meeting  
in Honor of  
W. Q. Judge**

On March 29th a very large audience was gathered to hear the Leader speak at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, in honor and defense of the late Leader of the Movement, William Q. Judge. Though suffering from a severe cold the Leader spoke with great force and kept the audience spell-bound by her magnificent vindication of the heroic work and character of that compassionate Helper and Teacher, whose greatness is now becoming so widely appreciated. The meeting was also addressed by several members of the Cabinet and other students who had known W. Q. Judge, and could testify to the worth, nobility and consistent work of the "Resuscitator of Theosophy." It was a memorable occasion and will never be forgotten by those present.

\* \* \*

**Lectures in  
the Temple**

Besides the regular weekly lectures in San Diego, the daily lectures in the Temple at Loma-land are being kept up with great vigor, having proved a source of much attraction to visitors. Excellent music on organ, piano or violin, with an occasional song is given between ten minute addresses, by the students of the Isis Conservatory.

**Social Evenings  
A New Activity  
of Importance**

A new activity was started by the Leader on March 7th, by the establishment of a new system of spending pleasant social evenings, which will demonstrate to our friends and invited guests how an evening can be spent happily and profitably in company. Good music, pleasant conversation and a few interesting speeches and recitations with the "Rhythmic Motion" exercises timed to music filled a most pleasant evening. The future development of this rational method of spending spare time offers immense possibilities in the hands of the Leader. For the overthrow of the hideously false ideas of the way to spend a social hour now prevalent, and the substitution of true and inspiring methods, these evenings will be the instruments.

\* \* \*

**New Dramatic  
Symposium, "The  
Conquest of Death"**

The Greek Symposium, "The Conquest of Death" ("The Promise"), has just been given on two evenings to most enthusiastic and attentive audiences at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego. The drama has been greatly enlarged and many new and beautiful effects have been introduced by the Leader, making it a most inspiring and instructive work. The tableau of the "godlike race," seen as in a vision at the close, was exquisitely beautiful and the audiences were loth to go, hoping to see more of what had beautifully touched the deepest chords in the nature. The instruction gained by the students in this sacred dramatic work, which is conducted with such extreme care by the Leader herself, is of the most valuable nature, entirely new problems arising during the rehearsals and preparations generally, which bring out hitherto unsuspected qualities and traits in the characters of the students taking part. This dramatic work is now the most important activity that can be done by the members, for through it a world-wide work is being opened out. No limit can be put to the extension of this saving power, for by its means the minds of men are being gradually permeated by the fundamental ideas of Brotherhood; later on the results will be seen in the attitude of the masses when opportunities for striking out new lines of action occur in social and political life. In view of the importance of the work to humanity it is most satisfactory to the Leader that the comrades everywhere have been able to respond so heartily to her suggestions in starting this new powerful agency for uplifting the minds of the people. All who take part in these Symposiums must feel the importance of the work and the necessity of keeping strictly to the directions given out to avoid mistakes.

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**Lotus Home**

The Children of the International Lotus Home are busy with their gardens which are flourishing in this exceptionally favorable season. In their morning walks over the hills and canyons, they bring back for the decoration of the Homestead, great masses of the exquisite flowers which carpet the whole country side. Just now the cacti are flowering, and it is very curious to see these self-contained, forbidding plants which are eternally "on guard" putting forth a delicate pink, white or green flower rising in its tender beauty from the midst of the formidable spines.

\* \* \*

**Visit of Miss Bergman  
to Sweden**

Miss Bergman, our talented and devoted choir mistress and organist has left us for a few months, returning to Sweden on matters pertaining to the development of the work in that important Theosophical country. A concert and farewell party was arranged for the last night before she left us, during which the choir gave selections from their repertory of choruses and a number of solos were rendered by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music. The music was enjoyed by the audience and was remarkably well rendered, considering how few of the performers had any knowledge of music six months ago. Under the skillful teaching of Miss Bergman later on the Temple choir bids

fair to become a powerful aid in the Brotherhood work of the future. The children also gave Miss Bergman a very pretty farewell—recitations, song and presentation of garlands of flowers, etc., occupying the best part of an hour, and next morning the children and a large body of the students accompanied Miss Bergman along the drive to the entrance gate, marching in front and forming two lines near the gate to give her a parting cheer. Every one is looking forward to her early return for she has endeared herself to all by her skill, kindness and tact. Her visit to Sweden will no doubt form another strong link between the devoted comrades there and this world center to which every Theosophists' eye is turned.

\* \* \*

**William Q. Judge's birthday anniversary** April 13th, the anniversary of William Q. Judge's birthday was appropriately kept by all at Loma-land. At 8 o'clock a procession was formed with the children of the Raja Yoga School, and even the little tots of the International Lotus Home, at the head, then came the members of the old Aryan T. S., followed by the other students. The ceremony took place in the Aryan Temple, the children marching around and placing their tribute of flowers before the picture of the Chief, beautifully wreathed and draped with a very large new S. R. L. M. A. flag. The children then sat around and in front of the picture in a semi-circle, the students forming a large semi-circle of several rows around them. Addresses were given by E. A. Neresheimer, Mrs. E. C. Spalding, H. T. Patterson, R. Crosbie, J. H. Fussell, H. T. Edge, H. Coryn and Brother Cobbold. The Leader also spoke and then called upon some of the young Warriors of the Raja Yoga School. One young Warrior 13 years old, said: "When you look at Mr. Judge's eyes, they seem to look right into your heart, so that you can't do any mean or wrong." The love of these young warriors is a mighty bulwark to the memory of the Chief.

After some choruses by the students, the procession again formed and marched to the sacred hill on the S. R. L. M. A. grounds where the new flag was hoisted. Then marching back again the students dispersed to their regular duties until 12 o'clock, but kept the remainder of the day as a sacred rest day.

OBSERVER

## Jubilee Reports

[The following Jubilee reports were unavoidably held over from previous issues, but they are of such interest we feel sure all the members will be glad to read them.]

### New Year's Jubilee at Trollhattan, Lodge No 18, Sweden

The New Year's Jubilee was held here with much joy and interest. All meetings were held at the Lodge-room, which was decorated artistically with flowers.

*January 13th*, public meeting. The President spoke of the Nineteenth Century, showing what a mighty need was filled through the Theosophical Movement, and that this Movement alone could give the key to the time and lead Humanity into a happier life. After some music another speech was given about the three Leaders of the Movement, and in this were given selections from their writings. At the close of the meeting the objects of the Universal Brotherhood Organization were stated and reference made to the vast amount of work that already has been done.

*January 14th*, public entertainment, opened with music from Schubert's works. Then the Symposium, "The Wisdom of Hypatia," was read by the President, and it made a deep impression on all present. It was followed by Handel's "Largo."

*January 15th*, the children's entertainment was held. It was opened with a song by the Lotus Buds, followed by music, Wagner's, "The Evening Star." Then a speech of the joy of being able to hold this Jubilee in the midst of the children, this showing more clearly than anything else, that the Movement was full of real life-force at the beginning of the new century. The work done for the children at Point Loma, being an inspiration for all men on earth, was also stated. Then followed another song by the children.

Next came two tableaux, one showing man's seven principles, the other the children as bearers of Light who are bringing Truth, Light and Liberation to Humanity. Symbolical and very beautiful, they were received with much applause. One of the Lotus Buds read about "The Connecting Ray" from the Lotus leaflets, and then all sang "Happy Little Sunbeams." A play-hour and refreshments followed. After the entertainment an Esoteric meeting was held. All members felt the mighty currents of energy that were called forth through the Jubilee, and that these meetings were the worthy beginning of this year's glorious work.—*P. Fernholm, President*



**Account of the Twenty-five Years' Jubilee Congress in the Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 2, Helsingborg, Sweden, the 13th, 14th and 15th of January 1901**

As soon as we received the order from our Leader we set to work. The order was read and it was resolved unanimously not to discuss but to plan out the work, so that all the members could show themselves worthy the great confidence which was given to them.

The preliminary work was divided amongst the members and it was resolved to get tickets and programs ready. A few days after the tickets were given out to the members and booksellers in the town. We have three papers here. We announced the Congress three times in each paper. The papers gave special notice. We rented a great hall for the appointed days and also for repetition for the Lotus Group Entertainment, which was the great attraction in the Congress.

We already had thirty-five Lotus dresses, but needed fifteen more. Two of the members made the most of them and the others were made by the mothers of the children. We made four standards with gilded staffs. All the flags were made of silk. One of them, white, bore the inscription, "Truth," in rosy letters; one yellow, with inscription "Light," in purple letters; one, purple, with inscription "Liberation," in golden letters and the last one, rosy, with inscription "Life is Joy," in silver letters.

The day came. The hall was beautiful, decorated with high pines, palms and flowers. The three Leaders' portraits between two Swedish flags and an American flag underneath, the Universal Brotherhood emblem rested on a great heart made of pine, above. The platform was decorated with flowers. After Handel's "Largo," for organ and piano, the members rose when we opened the Congress by mention of the names of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and recited some of their sayings, as follows:

Enquirer—Tell me what do you expect for Theosophy in the future?

Theosophist—If you speak of Theosophy I answer that, as it has existed eternally throughout the endless cycles upon cycles of the Past, so it will ever exist throughout infinitudes of the future, because Theosophy is synonymous with everlasting truth.—H.

P. BLAVATSKY

There is no room for sorrow in the heart of him who knows and realizes the Unity of all spiritual beings. While people, monuments and governments disappear, the self remains and returns again. The wise are not disturbed, they remain silent; they depend on the self and seek their refuge in It.

Work, Watch and Wait!—W. Q. JUDGE

"Oh, ye men and women, children of the same universal mother as ourselves; ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose souls like ours belong to the eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dreamy state and see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race."—KATHERINE TINGLEY

Quotations were read from the Point Loma Supplement to the San Diego *Union* and explained, so that the audience could obtain a clear understanding of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood.



The first meeting was concluded by the "Vorspiel to Lohengrin," for piano and organ.

The second day we had a very fine entertainment; Hypatia was read, questions answered, good music and tea served.

The third day, the Lotus Children's Festival was splendid. Fifty children came marching in, holding the golden cord, singing the March of the Golden Warriors. As they marched past the Leader's portrait they all saluted and presented bouquets of flowers. Thereafter they formed a circle and sang "The Little Flower." Then they intoned "Truth, Light and Liberation." The Lotus work was then explained for the audience.

The next tableau was the "Seven Rays," from the Lotus Leaflets. It was so beautiful when all the children came in one ray after another, from the red down all the colors, thus forming the seven-pointed star around the sleeping boy and the white fairy, the queen of all the seven colors.

After this, while soft music was played, the Raja Yoga School was explained. The last group was the Heart and its seven rays. Then the children sang to the "Evening Star," and concluded the evening by singing the "Brotherhood March."

At last all the children were photographed, and so ended our most successful, happy inspiring Jubilee Congress.

The newspapers gave very good reports.—*Erik Bogren*

#### **New Year Jubilee, London, England**

The meetings of the London Lodges were held in combination in a commodious hall south of the Thames, in close proximity to the rooms of the Clapham Lodge (No. 8, Eng).

The Sunday evening public meeting was well attended and the audience showed great interest throughout the evening. Sidney Coryn occupied the chair, and after reading the objects of the organization and extracts from the constitution briefly gave a resume of the history of the organization since its foundation as the Theosophical Society in 1875, and described how it had slowly but surely won its way into the hearts of men until it stood as the solid body of purposeful workers that is now known as the Universal Brotherhood organization. Short addresses followed on "Evolution," "The Relation of Universal Brotherhood to Christianity," "The meaning of Raja Yoga," "Fear," and "The International Brotherhood League." The last speech, by Mr. H. B. Hentsch of the Forest Gate Lodge, as special representative of the I. B. L. for London, made a great impression on the audience, telling as it did of work for humanity carried through with abundant success in the face of enormous difficulties. Mr. Hentsch described in some detail the work of the I. B. L. in Cuba and at Montauk Point, and among children of all nations, and so stirred the hearts of his hearers to a desire to follow in the steps of the great example of unselfish helpfulness established by the League.

The speakers were sustained by musical interludes on piano and organ chosen from Wagner and Schumann, and the Universal Brotherhood choir opened and closed the meeting with song.

Owing to the energetic work of some members who had had the sale of tickets in hand, the hall was filled completely for the public entertainment on Monday night. The programme was essentially the same as was used at the New Cycle Unity Congress last April. A children's play entitled "The Triumph of Joy" opened the entertainment, followed by a description of the beauties of Point Loma illustrated by lantern slides thrown on a large screen occupying the whole front of the stage. This was followed by a dance to choral music by the Universal Brotherhood choir, given by eight of the Lotus buds from Avenue Road led by Miss Swannell. The music starts with an invocation to Harmony and describes how, by harmony, chaos is banished, and then the music changes to a swinging measure describing the "mystic dance" of the planets around the "central fire" of the sun. The sun was represented by one of the tiny Raja Yoga pupils of Avenue Road, who with graceful movement threw out her force and light to the "shining worlds"

circling in rythmic motion around her. Then followed a second interval of lantern views of Point Loma whilst the stage was being prepared for the presentation of "The Wisdom of Hypatia."

As London had the privilege of giving Hypatia for the second time, much attention was able to be given to the perfecting of details and working out of improvements in the stage setting which added to the value of the representation. The work went through without a single hitch of any kind and was exceedingly well received by the audience. One of the local papers represented there says that the "dramatic work was of a high order indeed." During the change of scene from the symposium to Hypatia's lecture room, the choir sang two pieces.

Tuesday was the children's day and therefore the busiest. In all 266 children were concentrated in the hall from the various London centers, twenty-one of these being picked members from the different Boys' Brotherhood Clubs in London. The children were all dressed in the white Grecian costume designed for them in October 1899, by the Lotus Mother at Brighton, and the boys wore a special Greek tunic, the color being the blue of their flag, and N. C. G. (New Century Guard) in gold on their breasts. The central floor space of the hall was reserved for the children, with its beautifully polished dancing surface and the audience completely filled to overflowing the space round the three sides. Into this space the children marched, preceded by the young warriors of the N. C. G., who stood on guard round the hall during the performance. In this space for an hour or more there was nothing but pure happiness of soul among the little ones, who sang, and danced, and went through their action songs without the slightest trace of self-consciousness: they did not seem to be aware there was an audience, and the audience recognized this and hardly dared to applaud, only when something unexpectedly beautiful made them break out.

As a finale a large archway screen was erected before the door, the N. C. G.'s marched to their places on each side, and the children filed through between. Any one can see that last scene of the London Jubilee by looking at the cover of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. As there was a large lower hall and a double stairway, a "stage army" was organized and the 266 children multiplied themselves into nearly 700 before the audience showed they had found out by laughing heartily at the unending stream entering from the outer door of the hall and passing through the archway of Truth, Light, and Liberation, into the inner parts of the hall.

Undressing, was like the dressing, a matter of a few minutes, for experience has shown the London members what *method* and *co-operation* combined can do, and then the children had a good tea before going home to tell all they knew of their happy Jubilee.—*F*

#### **Report of New Year's Jubilee---Los Angeles, Cal., Lodge No. 62**

How happy, how enthusiastic, how hopeful we feel since the New Year Jubilee. We begin to realize ourselves as never before the living truths of Theosophy.

Sunday night a public meeting was held at the Universal Brotherhood Hall, and addresses made on the following subjects: "Our Three Leaders," "The Practical Work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization," "Theosophy—The Wisdom Religion," and "Brotherhood in Daily Life."

There was a life to the addresses that showed the spirit of the new time approaching. A vocal solo, a cello solo, by interested friends, and piano selections by our own members, together with the flowers that decorated the room, the pictures of our Leaders, the S. R. L. M. A. flag, our country's flag and flags of all nations, the earnestness of the members, gave the meeting an air of something beautiful but forgotten that hovered near and was about to descend, gave it a tone of harmony and truth that the public must soon learn to associate with our organization.

The entertainment Monday night.—Halting and hesitating at first when the drama of Hypatia was received, for fear of this and that—such fools we were, when we see our

Leader every day performing the seemingly impossible—we at last plunged boldly into the work, and stage, scenery, costumes, actors, they sprang up as the need demanded. Our own members and friends built the stage, painted the scenery, made the costumes, and we feel now like a first-class theatrical troupe. To those outsiders who helped we owe much, but they too shared the joy which comes from working for love of others. With a head-dress from Point Loma for fair Hypatia came a new spirit, a blessing it carried, and though this character was represented by a stranger to our work, from the moment it was placed on her head a fire was kindled so that it did indeed seem as if “The Gods” spoke in her words. So restful, so beautiful, so joyful, like something indescribable which we but see in dreams, was the gathering at the house of Pompeius and the assembly of students at Hypatia’s lecture room. The high spirit, the ennobling talk, the graceful dresses—a living presentation of Brotherhood and happiness such as a thousand lectures could not equal. People cannot help but listen now. A universe law-governed, a soul divine, the Brotherhood of Man—they will forget they ever doubted these and swear they must have always believed, so simple, so natural, so true does this drama make it all appear. And when Hypatia and her students with uplifted hands chanted “Truth, Light and Liberation,” it seemed, nay it must have been so, that long after their voices ceased to speak, the tones were caught up and drawn out by some unseen force, the very walls reverberated in unison and the sound yet lingers in our ears. The hearts of the onlookers were touched, and surely it cannot be long until by the thousands they, too, will join with those who now in hope and faith serve “The Gods” and the Messengers they send.

The Children’s Entertainment Tuesday night opened with words of welcome by one of the tiny Buds, followed by a march of the children singing “Warriors of the Golden Cord.” After encircling the audience several times in graceful movements, they mounted the stage and formed first the letter U, then the letter B, singing a verse of the song each time. Interspersed between other numbers of the program were recitations. The whole Jubilee was a success from beginning to end.

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## Reports of Lodges

Boston, Mass., March 3, 1901

The public meeting of Lodge 28, held this evening, was well attended and was remarkable for the presence of a number of strangers who attended for the first time, and seemed to take a deep interest in what was said. The president opened the meeting by reading from the 5th chapter of the Gita. Dr. Lydia Ross spoke on the progress of brotherhood. She said in part:

“We say that Life is Joy, and yet the statistics of the last fifty years show no decrease in crime, but an increase in disease and insanity.

Our progress in the last century was on material lines as shown by the immense strides of invention and production and the improved methods introduced in all lines. It would seem also that we had well-nigh reached the climax of intellectual development. When at any time, even for a very short period, progress ceases, we seem to be going backward, and to lose our finer powers of perception even as those suffering from paralysis lose some of their perceptive power.

We should now progress on the moral and spiritual lines, and a failure to do so to a certain degree will cause us to seem to go backward and produce disease along those lines. The soul has been going to school in past ages, gaining control of the physical form until fully developed. Then it developed in an intellectual sense. The intellectual sense should merge into the moral sense and spiritual one. We cannot, at once, change the effects of past ages and past lives. The mind cannot be changed by changing system; the mind must be changed first and then good system will follow.”

George D. Ayers, President of the Malden Lodge spoke next on "The Wisdom Religion." He said, "The Universal Brotherhood member learns to act in harmony with all his comrades and with all forces of nature. Every one can fill a place if he will, for it is not true that we are separated units. We are all bound together; back of our bodies are our minds; back of our minds our Higher Self, and back of our Higher Self the Greater Self. Mankind has been testing its theory that each man could live for himself alone and has found it false. The world is now looking for a leader to show it some better theory and plan of life, and in response to the heart cry of humanity the Leader is here.

"The world has never been left alone but has always been watched and aided by the great Helpers of the Race. On the coast of the Pacific ocean at Point Loma, our Leader, with her band of students, are sending forth a new light of joy and hope to the sad and discouraged, the message of Truth, Light and Liberation to-all."—*A. J. Carswell, Corresponding Secretary*

**Los Angeles, Cal., April 1, 1901**

DEAR LEADER:—I want to tell you, our children's entertainment was a *great success*, and owing to your loving help, I am sure, for it seemed at times as if it would be a flat failure. The hall was filled with people and they were enthusiastic in their praise of the entertainment and the discipline of the children. Several little strangers came in to "help the Brotherhood, to help other little children" they said. They did very well in the play, "The Drama of a New Day," and received many compliments. They are anxious to give another entertainment as soon as possible. My comrades in the Lotus work say the entertainment helped them as much as any one and they are sure a victory was gained somewhere. We received the beautiful song, The Sun Temple, and quite learned it yesterday. It brought to us a joy and harmony that cannot be expressed, and did us all good, both big and little. Our loving thoughts go out to you in return.—*Mrs. Katherine Dille*

**Pittsburg, Pa. March 6, 1901**

U. B. Lodge 56 held a public meeting Sunday, February 10, the subject being "Why do some men fail and others succeed?" The subject was discussed from a Theosophical point of view, and was followed by remarks by different members. On February 18, the drama "Hypatia" was reproduced and was followed by a musical program. The drama was enjoyed by all present and the members are beginning to realize the importance of bringing out the real spirit of the drama, and of having the proper stage setting, positions and costumes of the different characters in harmony so as to assist the mind in grasping the ideas intended to be conveyed.

The study class in Allegheny is still continued with much interest and is making good progress. We find much help in "The Key to Theosophy" to solve the riddles of life.

**Chicago, Ill., U. B. Lodge 70, March 31**

A good representation of the Chicago comrades met Miss Bergman at the Santa Fe train at 7.40 last Tuesday morning and had a delightful chat with her while she was at breakfast, and afterward at the Lake Shore depot where she took the eastern 10.30 A.M. train.

We sent by her to the Stockholm Lodge a small but beautiful silk American flag, with silk embroidered stars and with it a letter of greeting.

Last evening we had a bazaar in our own room, without renting any larger space, so that the receipts were all net. We only had eleven days to get it up, being busy until the evening of March 19th with the symposium given that evening. We had a very enjoyable and harmonious evening, which was also very successful financially. We will now commence again rehearsing the symposium, "A Promise," so as to be ready to repeat it April 16th. We continually feel the touch of Point Loma and its activity inspiring us ever to greater efforts.—*Alpheus M. Smith*

**Bristol, England, U. B. Lodge No. 2**

DEAR LEADER:—Our last report of the "Sunshine" Lotus Group was sent some weeks ago. Some new children have come, and all are bright and gentle and very attentive.

Miss Charbonnier has been telling them brother Machell's last story out of the Universal Brotherhood Path, using the blackboard to illustrate it and the children have been much interested. We try to do something a little different each time and last meeting we lighted a candle before our silent moments to remind us of the heart-light, as they do at 19 Avenue Road, (Raja Yoga School).

The members of the girls' club gave an entertainment to their mothers and friends last week—on the 13th of March.—*Edith Clayton*

### **Lodge 30, Forest Gate—Women's International Brotherhood League Work Report**

A meeting for women only is held every Wednesday evening for one hour. We open with music and reading the objects of the League, after which we read a short article or story from the *New Century* bearing on the objects, then music and singing and a short talk concludes our formal meeting. We have a little social chat over a cup of tea before leaving.

Dr. Beale comes to talk to us once a month. We have a tea and social evening with music once every three months, the women themselves contributing toward the expense. We propose taking tea out in the country during the summer months.

Most of the women who attend the meeting are mothers of the Lotus children. They are becoming much interested.—*Mary Edith Box*

### **Stockholm, Sweden, February 2**

As president of the International Brotherhood League committee in Stockholm, I hereby give the outlines of the I. B. L. work in this city.

Immediately after receiving the circular of September 13th, 1897, a committee of five was appointed. The work was immediately taken up with regular meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 P. M., at first in different localities, but from the beginning of the year 1898 in a fixed place, which was kept till November 2nd, 1899. During the Congress year in Sweden, the Leader, Katherine Tingley, and brothers Pierce, Thurston, Patterson, Neresheimer were present at a meeting in this place, which shortly after was given up for the more commodious new headquarters.

The meetings have since been carried on, summer and winter, except in the summer of 1898, and have in general been well attended. Every meeting has commenced with music of the best kind, and so it has ended.

After the music the president has read the objects of the International Brotherhood League and Theosophical Society, sometimes describing the Leader's own work at Montauk, Cuba and Point Loma. These introductory discourses have been dispensed with or have been very brief, when a special lecture on any of the objects was to be held either by the president or some other speaker. The rest of the time, about three quarters of an hour, has been filled with one or two, sometimes three short lectures on various topics and questions upon Theosophical subjects. At first the lectures treated preferably the main teachings such as reincarnation and karma, the seven principles, God, evolution, life and death, etc., but as the work grew a change gradually took place and general subjects have been entered upon from a Theosophical stand-point.—*M. F. Nyström*

### **Lotus Group, U. B. L., No. 4, England, March 24**

On Tuesday evenings we hold two classes. We have been learning two new Lotus Songs, "Sowing and Reaping," and "Blossom, Blossom," and have studied the leaflet "The Pilgrim in the Animal World," also reading the stories "Purun Bhagat" and "How Fear Came." In March we began to study the leaflet "The One Life," and read "The Story of the Trees," "The Story of the Eumenides," and always the news from Point Loma in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and the NEW CENTURY. While we work, some one reads or tells stories, sometimes one of the members and sometimes one of the children, and it goes very well.—*Kate Littlewood*



## Sunshine Land

### A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS

By Emily I. Willans

SOMEWHERE—(the place where the Heart Fairies live)—there is a most beautiful place called *Sunshine Land*. It is very easy to go there if you are good, but if you are naughty you have great trouble to find it.

I am going to tell you a story today about a little girl called Lottie and how she got to Sunshine Land, so that you will all be able to go there too, for it is the loveliest place you can imagine.

Lottie was tucked up in bed one night, and as she did not feel very sleepy she began to think to herself and wonder about the Heart Light that her Lotus Teacher told her about, and how when it shines it makes everything bright and beautiful. "And," said Lottie, "I think it must be a real *Sunshine Land* where the Heart Light comes from. I wonder if I could get there. I will get there." And then a sweet voice whispered, "Go in through the little door marked Love, and you will see a little path that leads into Sunshine Land."

Next day when Lottie woke up, she began thinking of her dream and the little door with "Love" marked on it, and wondered how she could find it. She put on her hat and went out to her garden and found some of her little plants looking very thirsty; so she watered them.

Then pussy came rubbing herself against her and mewing, so she gave her some milk to drink and then played with her little dog Dandy, and then Mother brought Baby out to play in the Sun, to help him grow big and strong, and of course Lottie had to go and play with him. So she played "Happy Little Sunbeams," peeping round her mother's shoulder at him. Then she ran

down to the pillar box to post a letter for her mother, and upstairs to bring down Baby's rattle, and then it was time to go to school. So she picked up her books and ran off as merrily as a cricket, and all the morning she was as good as gold trying to do her lessons properly, and when playtime came she played games with the others, letting them have first turns for everything, and coming last herself feeling all the time as happy as happy can be.

I can't think of all the nice kind little things she did, besides, you know them just as well yourselves if you are little Sunshine girls and boys, because they all do the same things.

Then when night came again and Lottie's mother kissed her and tucked her into bed and said "Good night, Little Sunshine," Lottie lay awake and thought of the dream she had had, and how happy she felt, and she wished all the children were as happy as she was, and her heart seemed just full of Love. And right in her heart she heard a sweet voice singing, "The Golden Key is Turning, the Golden Key is Turning," and the singing grew louder and louder and louder, and yet so sweet, and Lottie found herself in front of the little door marked "Love," with her hand on a golden key. She gave just one turn more as she thought, "What joy it is to love"—and lo, she found herself in Sunshine Land!

It was a wonderful place, everything was *alive*! She looked at the stones and the shells, and her eyes looked right inside them and in every stone and every shell was a fairy with a star on its forehead and out of every beautiful flower peeped a fairy face. And all the animals and birds had little heart-fairies of their own, and the children's Heart-Lights were shining so brightly that she could scarcely see them for the light, and they were all singing:

Within our hearts the One Life lives,  
Color and peace and Joy it gives,  
Our bodies are its houses sweet  
So learn to keep them pure and neat,  
For only those who help and share,  
Can see the way to Sunshine Land  
And turn the key. We love, we love, we love!

And little Lottie sang in answer:

I'm glad to meet you brothers dear,  
I feel so happy to be here,  
I love the One Great Life  
That lives in me,  
And in the hearts of all I see.

Then there was such a clapping of hands as you never heard before, and they all crowded around Lottie saying "We are so glad you love us and know we are all alive, and your little brothers and sisters, because *you* and all children have a Thinking Fairy which the One Life has sent into your hearts, but we haven't yet. But the more *you* love us and try to help and share and think good thoughts the better houses *we* can build for the "One Life" to live in, so that we may shine as you do, and know that Life is Joy.

“Yes, I *will* try to help you,” said Lottie.

“If you really try,” said the flower fairies, “the time will come when you will always see us, asleep or awake, for you will always be living in Sunshine Land.”

Then they all began to sing again:

Lottie loves the One Life  
That dwells in great and small,  
She knows it is the Heart Light  
That shines within us all.

Lottie never forgot her dream, and she always looks upon the animals and flowers and stones as little brothers, and looks forward to the time when she shall live in Sunshine Land night and day.

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## “*The Light in the Heart*”

By R. W. D., of the Raja Yoga School, Point Loma



There is a light within your heart,  
From Warriors it will ne'er depart ;  
It comes by trying to be good  
And working hard for Brotherhood,

It guides your actions and your mind  
To helping others also find  
That light of Purity and Love,  
Which always shines in life above.

All its rays are very bright,  
Brighter than the sun's bright light ;  
And they shine on all the good,  
Who by their acts show Brotherhood.

Your good self is the life above,  
Which all true Warriors always love,  
And keep within their hearts that light,  
Which always guides them to the right.

Those who want to win their light,  
Must fight all wrongs with all their might.  
And change the bad thoughts into good,  
And in their hearts feel Brotherhood.

But those who let wrong thoughts come in,  
Are those who cannot ever win  
Those rays of truth, and light, and love,  
Which never leave True Life above.



E U N

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men. EMERSON

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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*The World is Like a Rose Tree*

By T. J. E.



SOME one came and showed me,  
 While I lay asleep,  
 The World like a rose-tree  
 In whose shade we creep.

The world is like a rose-tree  
 With red blooms and white;  
 With white blooms and red blooms  
 And blooms of golden light.

Though we go grey-hearted,  
 And wail our paltry dooms,  
 Overhead the Rose-tree,  
 God's Rose, blooms.

Sad-eyed and hueless  
 We gaze on the ground,  
 And wander and wander  
 Where no joy is found.

Ah raise your heads now  
 And all griefs shall cease,  
 In the Yellow Rose of Wisdom, and  
 The White Rose of Peace.

And all the while we sleep here  
 And creep here below,  
 The great Roses bloom  
 Till the wide skies glow.

Oh lift your heads now,  
 And all woe shall die  
 For the Red Rose of Beauty  
 Has bloomed o'er the sky.

# The Nation's Needs

By Gertrude W. Van Pelt



A wise man once said that sermons are to be found in stones, and books in running brooks. The pity is, that these sermons and books are not universally read. In the world we call Nature are written in indelible characters all we need to know for the conduct of human affairs. In her kingdoms the great Law works unimpeded, evolution proceeds untrammelled, and here we might find our models for life; while in the human kingdom all is in confusion, our institutions are still human, not divine, and creation is in process. We have not yet the proper conditions for a normal evolution.

Could we but have a more living conception of the unity of life, and of the law of analogies, our instincts would lead us to ask of Nature an explanation of our failures, rather than of that most fallible arguing instrument—the human mind. But imperfect as this is, man's body belongs to the realm of Nature. It is formed under the workings of the Law, as a fitting habitation for the Soul, and to it we might naturally turn as to one of the books worthy to be read.

Although we can, perhaps, nowhere find a perfectly healthy body, yet this has been sufficiently approximated for us to know the general method of its operation, and we find it to be a marvelously complex organization, governed by a system which yields perfect results. The frequent lack of health is due not to the inefficiency of the system, but to the interferences caused by the evolving human mind. Is it not at least suggestive, that a body which Nature has planned as suitable for one man, might be useful as a model for that larger body for many men—the social body?

Supposing we so accept it, how do we find this model to be constructed? It is composed of molecules, as the social organism is of men. The molecules group themselves to form cells, as mankind group themselves in families. The cells combine to form organs, and although each has its special function, it is subservient to that of the organ. They work together for a common purpose—the purpose of the organ. And this, though a distinct entity, having duties which in no wise resemble the duties of the other organs, is yet dependent upon every other. Let one to the slightest degree fail in its part, and the whole system is out of key. All of the organs are under the instant and intimate control of the central nervous system, which in turn yields itself to the final authority—the heart. And the heart, with untiring energy, sends its impulses night and day to every last ramification of the body. The life of the body, that which sets in motion this whole complex organism, comes through the heart. Let this energizing force, which is of a higher order than the body,

withdraw itself, and the heart instantly ceases to beat. The molecules continue their separate existence, but disintegration sets in, and as an organism the body ceases to exist. Moreover, that something which has left the body, which held it together and governed it, is of a quality not like unto itself.

In healthy conditions, all runs without friction, no organ is overburdened, no function disturbed. All the cells are occupied, but with perfect ease they do their part. Imagine a social body run after this pattern, with all the units in their natural places, working toward a common end, none trying to grasp from the others, but each fulfilling its function, normally, healthfully, and controlled by a central government, of a higher quality than any of the units composing the body. What a picture of contentment it presents! And is it a picture which cannot be realized? Are we so sure the stories of Golden Ages, and divine kings, which have filtered down through the sands of time, and carry with them that quality of sweetness which can even yet stir our souls to enthusiasm—are we so sure these are myths? Is it not because somewhere within our beings we know they are true, and also that what has been, can be again, that they hold us fascinated?

As a contrast to this picture, what do we find in the present social body? Do the units work together to a common end, with a realization of their common destiny? Is there a connecting thread through all the degrees of governing centers, like the nerve filaments in the body, unifying their work, so that they *can* work to a common purpose? And is there yet at the head of the nation that quality which knows how to govern? On the contrary, there is everywhere disunion in these United States. The principle of competition so permeates the social body as soon as we leave the family groups, that it is regarded by many thinking people as a natural law, as part of the divine purpose. Each man works toward his own end, which to his mind is separate from the others, and practically, as a nation, the units have forgotten they are souls, and bound their horizon by the grave.

As a result of these ideas, we have the abnormal condition of overfed, congested sections, surrounded by the hungry and starved. The loose irresponsible elements of society, like the animal tendencies in each man, not being held subordinate and attuned to the proper authorities, run rampant producing crime, vice, and manias of every description. The lack of co-ordination in every department encourages and fosters these conditions. Talents are buried and ignorance brought to the front, and only too often beggars and thieves control the public affairs. Side by side, we find an enormous prosperity, making the country rich beyond precedent, and a degradation and discouragement, making the people heavy unto hopelessness. We may be better than other nations, but it is a slow road to the goal, if indeed we are on the road at all.

We might with truth say that the nation needs in its members more honesty, integrity, charity, love; a deeper sense of justice, a more general endowment of common sense. But behind all this is a more fundamental need. I

believe, if they possessed the whole list of virtues, and were gifted with all the graces, that none of these could be used to advantage, unless they were properly placed, and unified in their diversity, through a synthetic controlling center. Without this, friction and final disintegration would inevitably ensue. However perfect a machine is in each of its parts, if one of these is out of place or broken, all work is blocked. The separate wheels may be able to go on turning if power is applied to them separately, but they accomplish nothing. And the intelligence which places these parts is one which understands and grasps them not only as parts but as a whole.

So I should say that first and foremost the nation needs to be imbued with the idea that *it is an organism*: that the soul is endeavoring to precipitate on this plane what already exists fully formed on the inner planes. It needs a philosophy of life which will bring this underlying basic fact to its perception. Until this is brought about, society is bound to be unformed, forever doing but to undo, worn out with friction, diseased, crippled, the relative health of its parts never free from the poisonous miasms arising from its decaying masses. But once this conception is rooted in the public mind, there will develop a new sense of order, and mankind will begin consciously to work with the Law. Their hearts will ask with yearning for a true Leader, and who shall say that from the fullness of space there will come no answer?

## **The Greek Symposium---& a Retrospect**

By a Student



**I**N the palmy days of ancient Greece, before the Greek wars became wars of plunder, before the Symposium became degraded into the mere drinking party, the drama was essentially religious. Those wonderful plays, which all the populace witnessed, were written by Initiates, Teachers, who thus, in parable and symbol, brought to men's minds a true philosophy of life.

Eschylus was such a teacher, and his mystic dramas came from a heart filled with compassion for the unthinking masses about him. Why did he choose to teach them in this way? Because he was wise. He knew, as the Teachers of men have always known, that the multitudes can be reached only by the symbol, the parable. Buddha and Jesus spake unto the multitudes in parable; only to their pledged disciples, the initiated, did they reveal "the mysteries of the kingdom of God," *i. e.*, the unveiled truth.

Eschylus knew, as did Socrates, that the Greek people needed nothing so much as a true philosophy of life; and, because he yearned to give them glimpses of the truth, he wrote the great symbolic dramas that have come down to us, *Orestiad*, *Prometheus*, the *Eumenides* and others. And, witnessing these

mystery-plays, the people drank in divine truth, not with their intellects, but with their souls. For the true drama, whether in ancient Greece or in modern America, teaches man not by filling his brain with information, but by awakening his soul, by lighting anew the fires upon the altar of his heart, by *lifting his consciousness* to a higher plane than that of passion or mere intellect.

Yet the Greeks were selfish after all, the drama became degraded, the true Light became obscured by the mists of illusion, and Greece entered upon a cycle of despair and darkness.

It is significant that conditions today closely parallel the conditions that existed in old Greece during that critical period when Socrates was given the poison cup, when Æschylus himself was charged with profanation of the mysteries. On one hand there was much political ambition, on the other, a great awakening among all classes on the subject of a true philosophy of life, with the inevitable springing up of numerous "cults" and "fads" and "isms." There was much skepticism in the air. There was also, among some, an almost fanatical faith in the inner and the unseen, there was much speculation and interest concerning the soul, immortality, man's nature and ultimate destiny. It was a time of transition, a cyclic period, when the destiny of the Greek nation hung in the balance. Knowing this, the Initiate-Teachers of that day did their utmost to arouse the people, to awaken them to a realizing sense of their position, to get them if possible to *face themselves*, and become acquainted with themselves. To this end Socrates asked his mystic questions, Plato lectured in the grove of Academus, Zeno to his "men of the porch" (stoa) the Stoics, Demosthenes to politicians of Athens. Yet Æschylus reached more hearts than they by means of his symbolic dramas, for then, as today, to nothing did the masses respond more quickly than to truth in symbolic form, to music, sculpture, the temple frescoes, the temple processions and ceremonials and the drama.

Looking back to old Greece from the vantage ground of today, it is easy to see that the true symbolic drama, the mystery-play, was the one little spot on which, alone, the Teacher, like Archimedes, could rest the instrument that should lift all Greece. The drama, mirroring the truths of the soul, was the only means by which these truths could be brought to the consciousness of all men, high and low, wise and ignorant. The symbolic drama was a magnet, attracting all classes. Had the reaction been tided over, had the drama of ancient Greece been kept,—*no matter what the cost*,—close to the heart of the people and on the high plane from which Æschylus spoke until the transition period passed, Greece would have been saved.

But, alas, this was not done. The greatest Teacher cannot save a world, or even a nation, alone. He must have an instrument through which to work. He needs the host about him, his warriors, his disciples. They are his instrument. If their faith wanes, then there is no protection for the Teacher, nor the work, and the Powers of Darkness sweep it down. And thus it was in Greece.

Humanity today is passing through just such a transition period as Greece passed through, and an unusual interest in art, in music, in the drama, in all symbolic presentations of truth and, alas, of error as well, is one of the signs of the times. Men at last are groping for the light of soul, they see at last that *the Sun is rising*.

Yet, as a whole, humanity is still unable to distinguish between "the fires of lust and the sunlight of life." As a result, even the well-meaning drift from the pure to the impure drama, from music which lifts the soul to that which degrades it, from "The Eumenides," for instance, to the modern "psychological novel" or "problem-drama," ignorantly believing both to be well-springs of culture. The voice of the soul has been disregarded so long that very few are able to distinguish it infallibly from the parrot whisper of the elemental self. Men have too long lost the knowledge of their own natures, of their seven-fold constitution, seeking quasi-comfort in the dogma that they *have* souls, somewhere, they have utterly lost sight of the truth that they *are* souls.

Verily, the time is at hand when the Great Teacher should come in answer to the heart-cry of humanity for "more light." And just because the drama is like a magnet, drawing all classes within the circle of its influence, the Great Teacher could have no more potent means of touching the hearts of men,—for the drama is always symbolic, if not of truth, then of error. When cold intellect is tipped off the pedestal upon which civilization has placed it, and when the heart of humanity is brought out from its dark corner and brightened up, and healed, and placed where the Sun may shine upon it, then the Battle of the Ages will be won. Has not a Wise One among the ancients taught us that "Out of the Heart come all the issues of life?" And is not a Great Teacher at present bringing to men, not more facts, nor more cold intellect, nor more machinery nor more medicines, but the ancient, blessed "Doctrine of the Heart?" And it is the heart that music and the symbolic drama reaches. That is the secret of the power of these arts to regenerate.

A few years ago the Isis League of Music and Drama was organized by Katherine Tingley, the successor of Helena P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and the Foundress of the Universal Brotherhood.

The objects of the Isis League are as follows: (1) To emphasize the importance of Music and the Drama as true educational factors, and (2) to educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high standard, and the influence of the grander harmonies of music.

By the members of this League one of the greatest of the ancient mystery-plays has been given, "The Eumenides" of Æschylus. Today the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music reach, "by means of the grander harmonies of music," the hearts of thousands who visit the sacred Aryan Temple of Loma-land.

Two years ago a greater mystery-play was presented at Point Loma, "The Travail of the Soul," giving in symbolic form the cyclic path of pain and experience which every soul must traverse as it journeys to the Light.

Eighteen months ago Greek Symposia were given by many of the Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood at the New Cycle Unity Congress.

Four months ago was inaugurated the series of Greek Symposia which are now being presented monthly, by students in Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood in nearly every country of the world.

"He who runs may read." Is it not plain that the ancient mysteries shall be revived and that speedily? Events move swiftly these days and almost before we waken to our longings the longed for event is at hand.

In the form of a Greek Symposium and in the flowing sentences of the Platonic dialogue, the true philosophy of life, so long obscured, is once more given to the world, in such manner that no antagonism is aroused, only respect. The simple Greek and Egyptian costumes, the devotion and fire of the players, the music, the simple yet fitting stage accessories, all bring back to the consciousness of the spectator, the spirit of a better time, of higher ideals long passed away, but now under cyclic law to be restored. One cannot but hope that they presage the revival of the mystery dramas of ancient Egypt, when music mirrored the soul and spoke unto the soul, when the dance was the symbol of the soul's freedom as was music of its aspirations. And one cannot but dream that the time is coming when the mysteries of the Sacred Imperishable Land, of America, the ancient Land of Light, shall be restored, under a bluer sky, in a freer air, and in the hearts of a greater humanity than lives today, even the great Sixth Race.

Comrades, can we not see that these simple Greek-Symposia, "A Promise" and "The Wisdom of Hypatia" and others, are the seeds in which slumber the perfect symbolic drama of the future,—*if we do our share?* It must be so, for they have as their basis that which contemporary drama, as a whole, lacks, a true philosophy of life. Within them is the breath of life, at their core and center the heart, the soul. Therefore, in essence, they cannot perish, even though the outer form may pass. They shall endure, expanding, changing until the metamorphosis is complete, as does the seed, putting forth the tiny shoot, the leaf, the rugged stem until the tree, even the Tree of Life, blossoms before our eyes. And we who are planting the seed are patient and filled with joy because the Teacher has prepared the soil wherein it is to grow, and we know that the children of the future shall be nourished of its fruit.

If we think the beginning is small and that results are insignificant in view of what we long to do, let us think again of the parable of the mustard seed. Let those who cavil and doubt see naught in this tiny seed but a speck of clay. They perceive with the outer eye alone. Within the tiny seed the eye of the illuminated can perceive the mighty tree. Let us, too, look below the surface, and we will find the heart, warm, throbbing, with the currents of divine life. Then we shall realize more fully the real meaning of these simple dramatic presentations, these Greek Symposia.

*"Greater is the inner than the outer. Vaster is the unseen than the seen."*

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# Two Fragments

By M. L. G.



## *The Hearts of Men*

**T**HE more closely we become related to our fellow-beings, and the more unconstrained become our dealings with them it often seems that the less are we able to rely on what they will do or say. Of course there are exceptions to this as to all rules. There are personalities so simple that to know them once is to know them always. Though even these, under sudden stress, will often surprise us. All of which is not in the least meant to hint that our fellows become untrustworthy; but simply to describe the fact that, once the cloak of conventionality is thrown off and we get beyond the prescribed social action and politenesses, the infinite complexity of human nature asserts itself.

And therein lie the joy and the sorrow of friendship, therein is the clue to so many heartaches and broken relations. Our dearest friend is continually perplexing us as we are him.

A man may at one time show himself cruel and vindictive; and his spectators with sweeping assertiveness will call him a devil. That same man the next day, under different circumstances, in a different mood, perhaps with merely a different sort of dinner under process of digestion, will be patient, charitable, even altruistic; and his companions of this time will call him with psychic enthusiasm a saint.

Yet he is neither saint nor devil, but a very human creature whose personality is the battle ground of ever shifting forces which he has generated throughout the ages. We cannot say of any comrade that he is wholly either good or evil; for within him exist immeasurable altitudes of virtue and a soundless abyss of vice. From both the forces are continually pressing into his outer nature, ready at a moment's notice to burst forth into active life.

Nor is the man himself always conscious of that which has flared forth in him. How often has each one of us been told that on such and such an occasion we were morose, or cross, or scornful, or "queer," much to our surprise, for we had not been conscious of anything unusual in ourselves. All unknown to us something from the past had surged up, called up by outer circumstance; from the many chambered storehouse of our being it had shown forth to man.

It would help us much to remain undismayed by other people's transient moods if we could more constantly remember the infinite complexity of human nature, and the vast store of past thought and deed which each carries with him to be eventually worked out. Truly the present is but as a mathematical



point with no dimension; the meeting point of past and future and none may tell what the moment will bring forth in others—or in himself.

But we cannot remember this so long as we fix our gaze upon the unstable personalities of those about us. We have to learn to look *through* personalities, not *at* them. We have to learn to see in all men, as does our Leader, not the outside petty vestures, but throbbing immortal HEARTS.

So looking, so seeing, we shall not need to call up in ourselves any artificial, sentimental idea of brotherhood. Instead there will surge up in us that real love of which it has been said that it “suffereth long and is kind”; the love that beareth all things, hopeth all things, thinketh no evil; the love that “never faileth.”

Then with the eye of the heart we shall look through the bewildering, wounding personalities, and with the inner vision see in each an eternal struggling soul; a soul again and again overcome by past unvanquished evil, but ever, in spite of all outer appearances, battling on, and toiling, however slowly, and often in unknown sorrow and shame, towards the goal of spiritual perfection.

So looking we shall see no longer possibly despicable men and women, but divine and deathless Warriors, sore wounded at times, yet worthy always of our compassion and our aid.

### **Sheltered from the Wind**

The doctrine of the “survival of the fittest” has been said to be not applicable to man, since the one who apparently succeeds best under present social conditions is often not by any means the “fittest” in the highest and best sense.

But may it not be that man appears to make an exception to this rule because we have not understood it, or rather because we have tried to make it interwork on two different planes of his being?

Taken merely physically man of all other animal organisms has certainly proved himself the best able to survive. While lower animals have become dwarfed, altered beyond all but the most scientific recognition, in many cases even extinct, man alone has endured practically unchanged through the many vicissitudes of time and climate.

But he has done this not by altering himself or running away from conditions, but by protecting himself from their lethal effects. The man for instance who wishes to protect himself from cold, and who proves himself fittest to survive it, does not walk naked around the outside of his hut. He clothes himself warmly, retires within the shelter he has made, and there keeps a warm fire glowing, in the radiance of which he can bask and defy the bitterest blizzard that may rage without.

Is not the same true of the real man? When we are overcome by external conditions, by mental atmospheres and miasmatic thought-emanations, is it not because we have failed to retire “within?” There is that in the nature of each one of us which will surround and protect us if we will but let it. It is

all a question of living at the center of our being instead of at its circumference.

Survival, for the real man, is insured precisely as with the animal: by adaptation to outer conditions. But that does not mean, as we have mistakenly supposed, lowering the inner to meet the outer. The man in the hut does not lower its temperature because it is cold outside. Quite the contrary. The colder it is the more he piles on fuel. And so with the real man. The more numbing the outer conditions, the more lowering to spiritual vitality, the more should we keep warmly glowing within the fire of spiritual ideas and aspiration. But we have to remain at the center to do this. While we live at the circumference of our being the fire untended dies down and the paralyzing cold creeps in.

The man who lives at the circumference may indeed obtain worldly success but he does it at the expense of his individual integrity. He has not "survived;" for he has been changed, lowered, and thus overcome by outer conditions and influences.

Only at the center are we safely sheltered. Only at the center can we get that complete and balanced view of men and events which will leave us unimpaired. At the circumference we can see but a part, and thus become of necessity unbalanced, swayed by every passing breeze of thought and act.

Only at the center are we protected from suffering, for only there are the forces so equalized that our poise is undisturbed. We cannot alter that which must come to us. But we can so maintain our position that whatever comes it will not shake us; or, if it should make us sway, it will be but as those "rocking stones," so nicely poised by nature that though they may be violently oscillated they will not be overthrown.

Thus firmly seated "on the spot which is our own" we shall be able to maintain our mental equilibrium amid the psychic whirlwinds of other men's emotions, and our own desires. It is only the "sage of self-centered heart" who is "at rest and free from attachment to desires," and of him the simile is recorded, "as a lamp that is sheltered from the wind flickereth not."

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Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving: peopling they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou, too, shalt return home, in honor to thy far-distant home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not: the very Spartans did not complain.—CARLYLE

# The Woman Question

## IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By Phaeton

### III

**O**F the position of women during the Middle Ages we know almost nothing. But do we need history? Think of the ignoble race of men that were drawn into incarnation century after century. That tells the whole story.

We know well, however, what the early monks thought of woman, how they denounced her as a "bedizened temptress," a "monster," a "noxious animal" and a "domestic peril." We know, for these conscientious men have gone to great pains to tell us, how they fled to the desert to escape her.

It is impossible to understand this attitude unless we know how appalling were the social conditions during the Middle Ages. While there is a very high aspect to the "woman question," the monks seemed to be conscious only of that aspect that was very, very low. Even the old formula which was recited when a knock was heard on the monastery door, was a proof of this fact, "If a man, wait; if a woman, depart."

Chivalry, as an institution, did much to ameliorate the condition of woman during the Middle Ages. The ideals of knighthood came into the world at a critical period, a time of balance, of turning, when a very slight departure in either direction would have momentous results. It marked a turning point in the history of the "woman question." Its two ideals, the warrior-ideal and the protection and service of womanhood, stamp chivalry as a movement which must have arisen from a source deeply hidden and wholly spiritual, even though the stream itself, as it flowed out upon the highways of the world, did not remain entirely unpolluted. "The love of God and of the ladies," says Hallam, "was enjoined as a single duty. He who was faithful and true to his mistress was held sure of salvation, in the theology of the castle."

The vows of the knight are significant, "to be good, brave, loyal, just, generous, and a gentle knight, a protector of ladies and a redresser of the wrongs of widows and orphans."

Yet even the knightly ideal of womanhood was hardly adequate, requiring as it did of women a life of passive virtue and almost complete seclusion within some feudal castle or other. And the historical fact remains that even chivalry sometimes served as a cloak for very much that was not chivalrous. Humanity sunk to depths of sensuality in the Dark Ages that have never since been touched; and it may be that those nervous diseases to which the woman body is so subject and which have given the American woman so unenviable a

reputation, are but one of the many bitter harvests that were planted in those profligate days.

It is pathetic to see how the Dark Age estimate of woman has filtered down through the centuries, even until today. Up to the time of the Reformation in England, there existed a law (which was passed, by the way, under the seal and sanction of the Church) allowing a husband to chastise his wife whenever he considered it necessary, "*flagellis et fustibus*," that is, "with whips and cudgels."

But in France this ideal was even more persistent. To Diderot woman was only a courtesan; to Michelet she was "an invalid by nature;" to Rousseau — but here are his own words:

"Woman and man were made for each other; but their mutual dependence is not the same. The men depend upon the women only on account of their desires; the women on the men both on account of their desires and their necessities. We could subsist better without them than they without us.

"For this reason the education of women should be always relative to the men. To please, to be useful to us, to make us love and esteem them, to educate us when young, to take care of us when grown up, to advise, to console us, to render our lives easy and agreeable; these are the duties of women at all times, and what they should be taught in their infancy. So long as we fail to recur to this principle, we run wide of the mark.

"The first and most important qualification in a woman is good nature or sweetness of temper; being formed to obey a being so imperfect as man.

"It is from the man that the woman is to learn what she is to see, and it is of the woman that the man is to learn what he ought to do. If woman could recur to the first principles of things as well as man, and man was capacitated to enter into their *minutiae* as well as woman, always independent of each other, they would live in perpetual discord and their union could not subsist.

". . . . Women have, or ought to have but little liberty; they are apt to indulge themselves excessively in what is allowed them.

". . . . As the conduct of a woman is subservient to public opinion, her faith in matters of religion should, for that very reason, be subject to authority. Every daughter ought to be of the same religion as her mother, and every wife to be of the same religion as her husband; for, though such religion should be false, that docility which induces the mother and daughter to submit to the order of nature takes away, in the sight of God, the criminality of their error.

". . . . As they have not capacity to judge for themselves they ought to abide by the decision of their husbands and fathers as confidently as by that of the Church."

There is an old saying that one can judge of the real character of a man best by knowing the woman whom he has chosen for a wife. Rousseau's wife, her biographer (Morley) tells us, was far from being intelligent, in fact, she was nearly imbecile. She could barely read or write. "She could never follow the

order of the twelve months of the year, nor master a single arithmetical figure, nor count a sum of money, nor reckon the price of a thing. The words she used were often the direct opposite of the words she meant to use." She appeared to be quite contented to play the part of upper servant to Rousseau, when for weeks at a time he would not address her a single word.

Yet deep within the heart of Therese le Vasseur, well nigh buried beneath the rubbish and error of her personal life, the spark of the Eternal Womanly lay, unextinguished. Therese loved her children, and she never forgave Rousseau for taking them away from her, as he did, one after the other, and consigning them to the Paris foundling asylum, because, forsooth, he cared not to assume the burden of their support. The fact that he had a perfect legal right to do this was scant comfort to poor, robbed Therese. She never forgave him, and years afterward, when Rousseau's health became hopelessly shattered by his excesses, Therese left him,—to karma and his own devices.

It is not strange that Rousseau had a low estimate of woman. Yet he was one of that remarkable group of literary men who did so much more than we realize to precipitate the French Revolution, that group of men who cut out the channels in which French thought flowed along for so many generations. His views certainly give an additional clue to the conditions which made possible the Dreyfus trial. They are an additional proof of the fact that what the world has long needed is brotherhood, sympathy and love, not more "literature."

#### IV

Yet in spite of the general conditions, there have been in all ages occasional women who were strong enough to level tradition and then rise above it, women who were wise enough to mould the destinies of whole nations. The Hebrew Bible tells us of Miriam, the sister of Moses; of Deborah, prophetess and judge among the children of Israel; of Ruth; of Esther, who risked her life that she might deliver her people; of the Queen of Sheba, who had the wealth of the Orient at her feet and counted it as naught before wisdom, and who, therefore, journeyed to Solomon and "communed with him of all that was in her heart."

History tells us of Sappho, the poetess of Lesbia, "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho;" of Aspasia and Diotima, the friends of Socrates; of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra; of the wise and beautiful Hypatia, successor of Plotinos and the last exponent of that pure Gnostic philosophy, for which she gave her life; of Hortensia and Calphurnia, lawyers, who pleaded causes in the Roman forum; of Cornelia, mother of the brothers Gracchus, the flame of whose compassion had been lighted from the fire within their mother's heart.

Holinshed tells us of Martia, who was Queen of London about 320 B. C., and who formulated the first statements of our English common law. And he further records that, twelve hundred years later, Alfred the Great, revived these old statutes of Queen Martia, and adopted them among his people, the Angles, Saxons and Danes.

Women were professors and lecturers upon law, occasionally, in the great Boulogna University, that seat of learning that flourished when the Dark Age was at its darkest, and which sent out nearly all the famous jurists of that day.

We know of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl who saved the French people; of Queen Isabella whose intuition and sacrifice placed a new world within reach; of Elizabeth of England, more statesmanlike than the statesmen; of Catherine of Russia; of Margaret of Austria and of a score or fifty women of later times whose influence has been perceptible from one end of the world to the other.

There is nothing remarkable in these facts. *Women are souls*, and when the soul at last takes command of the personality and is at last permitted to rule over and claim its own, even though it may incarnate in the woman body and be hedged in by traditions and divers limitations, even then there is no limit to the power and wisdom of which the personality may become the vehicle.

But if women are souls, it is equally true that soul is one. By all evolutionary law the time must at last come when some woman soul must awaken to the real levels upon which all women were expected to live and die. Some woman must be brave enough to say "I will not, cannot rise until all women rise with me."

Such a resolve must have seemed very hopeless, for on one side stood the Scylla of convention and custom, and on the other the beetling Charybdis of the common law. However, the woman appeared who was brave enough to sail her little craft between these dangerous rocks; not deafened as were the sailors of Ulysses, but conscious and awake to the siren voices on either side, braver by far than the mariners of old Greece.

About the date of the French Revolution there was published in England a pamphlet entitled, "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." It was written by Mary Wollstonecraft, whose own unhappiness and life of struggle and error had led her to look closely into the conditions that surrounded women. She observed that, in the England of a century ago, there was no place for the woman who remained unmarried; no hope, either in an adequate, accessible philosophy or in external conditions, for the woman who married unhappily; almost no avenue through which a woman who was not taken care of by husband, father or brother, could earn an honest living. Mary Wollstonecraft learned in bitter sorrow that the standard of morality was quite one thing for men and quite another for women. And when her heart burned within her at the knowledge of these things and she longed to see them changed, she beheld a barrier that no man or woman could hope to break down, the barrier of the English common law.

Said Mary Wollstonecraft, "The laws must be changed. Then these things will be better." She did not realize that all growth, all reform must be from within outwards; that all these outer difficulties were but the visible sign of karma, the law of cause and effect, that laws were but the external result of an inner lack and weakness in the national character. But let us not criticise her for this fallacy. Let us remember that she had no true philosophy of life.

The world had none save a ritual of externals. She knew naught of psychology, the science of the soul; the world possessed only a catalogue of "mental faculties." All the insight she could glean from the accepted religion was inadequate, to say the least. No Great Teacher had come, since the days of Jesus, bringing men a true philosophy of life, reminding them that they were souls. It is not strange that, not seeing beyond this barrier of the English common law, Mary Wollstonecraft believed that to be the cause, when, in reality, it was itself only an effect. So she concluded that, first of all, laws must be changed. And, believing that women themselves would be the first to desire such a change, were this within their power, she advocated the ballot for women.

This pamphlet created a most singular amount of disturbance. The title, "A Vindication of the Rights of Women," was shocking. To the iron-clad tradition-bound mind of that day, the subject matter was most shocking, although to one who has given the subject thought, it is sanely and sensibly written from beginning to end, whether or not one agrees with her conclusions.

To a correct solution of the problem which she stated so well, however, the author was not equal.

The clergy, as well as the laity were shocked at the notion that women existed for a higher purpose than to minister to the pleasure and comfort and necessities of men. They said "This is heresy. The chief end of a woman's existence is marriage. You would make it possible for a woman to exist without being married!" To which Mary Wollstonecraft replied, "Pray tell me, then, how are women to exist in that future state in which there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage?"

Society said, particularly the women of society, "But if you succeed in proving that women are the equals of men, life will lose all its romance. We women will lose our power over men and will not be able to control them as now we are able to do." And Mary Wollstonecraft replied, "I consider it very much more important that women should control themselves!"

Mary Wollstonecraft stood quite alone after the publication of this pamphlet, in fact, more alone than ever. But, without doubt, the little book did its own work in a certain way although there were no tangible results, such as new laws, women's organizations, or later writings similar in tone. To judge by the storm of disapproval it aroused, it awakened a number of people who had hitherto been asleep, and that is always worth while.

It is significant that, at the same time, there was much fermentation in America over the "woman question" although along entirely different lines.

*(To be continued)*

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OF all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.—GEORGE WASHINGTON

# The Kingdom of Haeckel

By Transcendentalist



THE publication of Professor Haeckel's book, "The Riddle of the Universe," probably marks one of the last gasps of dying materialism. It is not so much that people have *reasoned* themselves out of materialism as *felt* themselves out of it. They have felt that the explanation of the facts of things is not as the materialist would have it appear. This feeling is not of the nature of an emotion; it is direct inner knowledge.

This direct knowledge is *so* direct that those who have it are often staggered when confronted with a statement of the bald materialistic position, staggered and silenced. It is not always easy to come down to crude argument in defense of a truth which every act of consciousness affirms. They feel as they would if it were carefully maintained that mother-love does not exist.

But the materialist is not wholly responsible for his own position. Just as the criminal is one in whom the subdued criminality of all comes to a head, so is the materialist one in whom the practical materiality of all comes to a full theoretical expression. While perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred men permit in themselves an *unconscious* materialism, the hundredth will make it conscious and reason it out. Professor Haeckel is but the foremost spokesman of all these hundredth men. He represents the intellectual aspect of materialism, its theory; the others represent the practice. He states intellectually that matter is primary, consciousness secondary; others feel it without stating it, without realizing that they do feel it.

The artist feels it who paints but the surface of nature; still more he whose paintings are tinctured with conscious sensuality.

The musician feels it whose melodies awaken the worst instincts of the music-hall frequenter.

All men feel it in the proportion with which they associate themselves with ambition, vanity, or any form or degree of sensuality.

The duality of human nature is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the fact that whilst nearly all men feel with their deepest instincts that the materialist position is false, with the most part of their acts and surface-consciousness they behave as if it were true.

In a sentence, the materialistic position is that matter is the reigning power, to which consciousness is dependent.

Therefore free will, and a separable and immortal soul, are non-existents.

This hypothesis involves, of course, as a student recently remarked, the absurdity of postulating physical molecules (in the brain) in a certain complex state of arrangement arriving thereby at the possession of consciousness;



and then falling into that modification of this state which on its conscious side would be the idea that the idea itself was a mere derivative of the arrangement! But the absurdity is too subtle for the average materialist to appreciate.

That *sensuous* and *mental* consciousness is dependent on molecular structure, is obvious. Sensations, emotions, and reasoning, are keenest in youth, change with changing bodily health, and grow dim *pari passu* with age or fatal illness. Upon this fact the materialist relies for the most part of his case.

But he does not take into account the further fact that with the decay of physique and the consequent wearing out of the common emotions and passions, another consciousness frequently begins to manifest itself, coming up as the certainty of immortality, as quiet joy, and the realization of self-existence being other than bodily existence.

"But," replies the materialist, "these are illusions."

Exactly! He has unveiled his primary assumption. Consciousness is dependent on the body. Therefore it must fade with physical decline. But here is an order of consciousness that ventures to do the opposite. Accordingly, by the (unsaid) hypothesis that the thing yet to be proved, is true, this order of consciousness is pronounced to deliver itself of illusions!

But, apart from the deliverances (thus labelled illusions) what about that consciousness itself? So far from decaying with the body, it often increases in brilliance, and at the very moment of death, when, by the hypothesis, it should have sunk nearly to extinction, burns brightest, and the last utterances of the stiffening lips and coagulating brain tell of its increase to a degree of intense ecstasy.

The case of the materialist is riddled with nonsense and presupposition.

He demands that if consciousness persist after death, it should give evidence of so doing. *So it does*, but the evidence he demands is such as he has predetermined it ought to be. He is like a beginner in chemistry who should demand of oxygen and hydrogen, after they have entered the state of water, that they should still give the same marks of their identity as they did before they entered that state. These marks they will only give after they have come out of it and re-assumed their mode of being as oxygen and hydrogen. As water, they give the tests of water.

Likewise a disembodied soul will give, so to speak, the tests of a disembodied soul, and not of an embodied one. When it has resumed the state of embodiment (reincarnated) it will give the tests and marks it gave when formerly embodied.

Man consists of two elements of consciousness; of that part which, as the materialist sees, varies in its brilliancy *with* its physical encasement; and of that other part (called "soul") which often is only able to manifest in *inverse ratio* with the physical activities and consciousness. And this latter, as very many people know (often without fully knowing that they do know) is that which communicates with the similar thing in our *real* friends; and this, quite apart from those outer communications of the other consciousness to which we

give nearly all our attention. This deeper, and *wordless*, communion (of the "heart") of which we take such little notice in life, would, if we were more careful of it and dwelt less in the superficial and transient, be found to be unaffected by death, just as it is unaffected in life by spatial distance; and it would (and to many *does*) afford us all the evidences necessary, of the continued being of our "dead" friends. And with that and our memory of their outer personality, we should have no trouble recognizing them on their rebirth, when they again came amongst us.

The materialist makes the same sort of dogmatic presupposition respecting will. Here is what he calls his proof:

(a) Consciousness is determined by matter, changes in consciousness being wholly determined by changes in matter. (Unsupported dogma).

(b) Changes in matter are a blind chain of cause and effect according to physical law. (Dogma as before).

(c) Will is only a name given to a mode of consciousness, and therefore in the ordinary acceptance of its meaning it is by (a) and (b) an illusion.

On the strength of this sort of stuff, the absolutely certain knowledge that every man has of himself as a *Willer*, is to be upset!

Upon (a) we have already commented. Under (b) we are asked to believe that when a man fashions in his consciousness an ideal of spiritual life, and models his actions accordingly, all that is happening is a chain of physical changes in brain-cells dragging with it a plastic and passive lump of consciousness!

Of such is the Kingdom of Haeckel!

In his account of evolution, the materialist makes use of a somewhat better method than unsupported dogma in order to make it appear a mechanical process. We can take this link in the pictured chain of evolution, as a type, in order to make the method clear.

At an early stage in human society, there was no bond among separate families. All were potentially or actually at war.

According to the Law of Variations, there arose individuals, propagating families, in whom the bellicose type varied so far as to allow of their beginning to possess some elementary instinct of union. Families in whom this instinct had come to exist, now combining, were thus able to overcome those in whom the instinct was absent and who therefore fought separately.

According to the Law of Survival of the Fittest, the combiners alone presently existed, and by the Law of Heredity handed on this valuable variation from the primal type.

Thus we have a nice mechanical explanation of the origin, perpetuation and growth of the instinct of Brotherhood.

But what, throughout the whole biological tree *caused* the constant appearance of variations favorable to life? We are expected to accept that by an enormous series of—so to speak—fortuitous variants and blends, the whole scale of evolution was ascended, ultimating in man with his intellect, his im-

agination, his will, his spiritual perception and aspirations, his creative power.

Of course the flaw in the account is the point where it deals with the origination of variation, a point at which the idea (without the word) "accidental" (as regards the result) comes in.

But materialism is rapidly going by the board ; men are everywhere awakening to the conception of the spiritual Power in the Universe, like unto, and the same with the Power which in their own natures they feel constantly urging them to "come up higher," to enact in their lives the ideals that burn in their consciousness, to manifest with greater completeness day by day all that is noble and "of heaven heavenly." Men are beginning to understand that it is this Power, pressing everywhere through material nature for its manifestation, which is the guide of evolution, the inspirer of variations, pressing onward undying from dying types to new and higher ; one, yet exhibiting itself through and as units, its present highest expression being the soul of man ; now, through him, entering on a path that stretches away into an endless future, radiant with glory unimaginable.

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# HYPATIA

or the history of a

most beautiful, most virtuous, most learned, and every-way accomplished Lady,  
who was torn to pieces by the Clergy of Alexandria to gratify the  
pride, emulation, and cruelty of their Archbishop, com-  
monly but undeservedly styled, St. Cyril

*Magnum aliquid inflat, efferum, immane, impium.*

— SEN. MEDEA, OCT. 3, SCEN. 1, LIN. 16

By JOHN TOLAND

London, A. D. 1753

British Museum

## CHAPTER XI

HYPATIA IS ESTEEMED AND CARESSSED BY THE PUBLIC ; IS CONSULTED BY THE  
MAGISTRATES IN ALL IMPORTANT CASES, AND SOMETIMES SAT AMONG THEM.

**A**LL this, some will say, we readily grant, that Hypatia was a Lady of most eminent learning, and that Synesius, with probably not a few of her other disciples, esteemed her to be a miracle of Virtue and Prudence ; but what did the rest of the world think of her conduct, what marks of approbation or favour did she receive from the Public ?

To this enquiry, which is very natural in this place, we answer ; that never woman was more caressed by the Public, and yet that never woman had a

more unspotted character. She was held an Oracle for her wisdom, which made her be consulted by the magistrates in all important cases; and this frequently drew her among the greatest concourse of men, without the least censure of her manners.

The proof of so rare a felicity we choose to give in the words of the historian Socrates: "By reason of the confidence and authority (says he) which she had acquired by her learning, she sometimes came to the Judges with singular modesty; nor was she anything abashed, to appear thus among a crowd of men; for all persons, on the score of her extraordinary discretion, did at the same time both reverence and admire her."

The same things are confirmed by Niceforus Callistus, Suidas, Hesychius Illustris, and indeed by whom not? So far was she from that blameable timidity, which is contracted by a wrong education; or from that conscieus backwardness, which is inspired by guilt. That the Governors and magistrates of Alexandria regularly visited her, that all the city (as Damascius and Suidas relate) paid court to her, is a distinction with which no woman was ever honoured before. And to say all in a word, when Nicephorus Gregoras, above quoted, intended to pass the highest compliment on the Princess Eudocia, he thought he could not better hit, than by calling her "another Hypatia."

## CHAPTER XII

SYNESIUS'S RECOMMENDATORY LETTER TO HYPATIA IN BEHALF OF TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN, ON A SUIT DEPENDING AT ALEXANDRIA.

It was during this prosperous gale of public favour, that Hypatia's devoted friend Synesius sent her this recommendatory letter on the behalf of two young gentlemen, that had a claim depending at Alexandria:

"Although Fortune cannot take everything from me, yet she has a mind to strip me of all she can; she that of many sons, and good, has me bereft. But to be ambitious of doing the best things, and to assist the unjustly oppressed, is what she shall never take from me; for far be it from me that she should ever be able to conquer my mind. Therefore I hate injustice, since this I may do still; and am also desirous to repress it, but that is one of the things taken out of my power, and which I lost before my children.

"Once the Milesians valiant were.'

"Time also was, when I could be useful to my friends, and when you were wont to call me 'others' good;' as turning to the profit of other men my interest with persons in great authority, whom I made to serve me as so many hands. Now I am left destitute of all, unless you have any power; for you, together with virtue, I reckon 'a Good,' of which none will be able to rob me. But you have, and will always have, Power, by reason of the excellent use you make of your credit. Wherefore let Niceus and Philolaus, virtuous youths and relations, return masters of their own,

“through the care of all who honour you, whether private men or magistrates.”

Thus, as a necessary part of her history, I have inserted at length, all the letters written to Hypatia by Synesius, except the 15th, whereof I have given the substance; and the 33rd in the collection of his letters, which is too short to contain any instruction; as likewise the 154th, which, being too long, I have abridged above.

### CHAPTER XIII

HYPATIA MARRIED, YET SAID TO DIE A MAID—ISIDORUS, HER HUSBAND, THE MOST EMINENT PHILOSOPHER OF HIS TIME.

It would be as great a prodigy in Nature as Hypatia was herself, if a lady of such beauty, modesty, wisdom, and virtue, were not by many eagerly sought in marriage: and, in effect, we find that she was actually married to the philosopher Isidorus, though Suidas says she died a maid; which is not so irreconcilable a thing as people may be apt to imagine on first thoughts, but, as we shall shew, very likely to be true. This Isidorus succeeded Marinus in the school, and his life has been written by Damascius, one of Theon's scholars, who therefore had all imaginable opportunities to know whatever regarded Hypatia and Isidorus. His life was abridged by Photius, but we have it not so perfect as he left it; for besides the extreme confusion and incorrectness which appears through the whole, the learned Valesius gave the world expectations, that he would, one time or other, publish it twice larger than that we read now in Photius. However, in such as it still is, Damascius bestows such eulogies on Isidorus, as put him almost above Humanity; yet, no way concerning Hypatia, I pass them over in silence. I frankly confess, that I more than suspect many of the things he reports; as knowing that Damascius was a great Visionary, and, like Philostratus with respect to Appollonius Tyaneus, designed to oppose Isidorus to those Christian saints who were celebrated for their miraculous and supernatural attainments. But this ought not to affect his credit in matters of an ordinary nature, and therefore I do not in the least hesitate to believe him, when he positively affirms that Hypatia was wife to Isidorus.

### CHAPTER XIV

IN WHAT SENSE IT MIGHT BE SAID, THAT THOUGH HYPATIA WAS MARRIED, YET SHE DIED A MAID.

Suidas likewise makes her the wife of the same Isidorus, though he be the very man who tells us she died a virgin. That matter, considering the great uncertainty in which we are left by the meditated destruction or casual decay of authentic writers, I conceive to stand thus. Damascius says, that Isidorus had another wife, whose name was Domna, by which he had a son called Proclus. She died the fifth day after her delivery, and, according to his panegyrist, “she rid the philosopher of an evil beast and a bitter wedlock.” Now sup-

posing this to happen some time before the tragical end of Hypatia, and that the latter was betrothed to Isidorus, it might very well be said that she was his wife, and yet that she died a maid. The author of an epigram that was made upon her, seems to have been of the same opinion :

“The Virgin’s starry sign whene’er I see,  
 “Adoring, on thy Words I think and thee:  
 “For all thy virtuous Works celestial are,  
 “As are thy learned words beyond compare,  
 “Divine Hypatia, who dost far and near  
 “Virtue’s and Learning’s spotless star appear.

The allusion, I say, to the constellation Virgo, and the epithet of “Spotless,” would induce me to believe that the writer reckoned her a Virgin as well as Suidas ; but I shall conclude nothing from so slender a conjecture, besides that her character is no way concerned in this particular, though as a historian I would omit nothing that might illustrate my subject. For this reason it is, that I cannot pass over uncensured a reflection of Damascius, who gravely says that “Isidorus was far superior to Hypatia, not only as a man to a woman, but as a philosopher to a geometrician.” Good and egregious reasoning! as if her skill in Geometry or Astronomy, had been any hindrance to her improvement in every part of Philosophy, wherein she is by so many confessed to surpass those of her own, if not of former time ; or as if we in England, for example, did reckon King James superior to Queen Elizabeth ; because the first, forsooth, was a man, and the last a woman. But I observed before that Damascius was a sad visionary.

## C H A P T E R X V

HYPATIA’S LOVERS, ONE OF WHOM SHE CURED OF HIS PASSION, IN A VERY PARTICULAR MANNER.

A lady of such uncommon merit and accomplishments as Hypatia, daily surrounded with a circle of young gentlemen, many of them distinguished by their fortune or quality ; besides her frequently appearing in public assemblies, and receiving visits from persons of the first rank, could not possibly fail being sometimes importuned with addresses of gallantry. Such attempts the severest virtue cannot avoid, though it can deny encouragement, and make success to be despaired. How many trials of this kind Hypatia may have overcome we are left to imagine rather than to know, through the silence of historians, who either thought it below their gravity to record such things, or that the works of those who descended to particulars are lost. One instance, however, has escaped the common wreck of good books ; nor can I doubt but several others might be contained in the life of Isidorus, out of which there is reason to believe, that Suidas picked what I am going to relate.

He acquaints us, therefore, that one of her own scholars made warm love to her, whom she endeavoured to cure of his passion by the precepts of Philos-

ophy; and that some reported she actually reclaimed him by music, which he judiciously explodes; music having ever been deemed rather an incentive to love, than an antidote against it. But he says, with much greater probability, that the spark vehemently soliciting her (not to be sure without pleading the irresistible power of her beauty) at a time when she happened to be under an indisposition ordinary to her sex; she took a handkerchief, and throwing it in his face, said: "This is what you love, young fool, and not any thing that is beautiful."

For the Platonic Philosophers held Goodness, Wisdom, Virtue, and such other things, as by reason of their intrinsic worth are desirable for their own sakes, to be the only real Beauties, of whose divine symmetry, Charms, and Perfection, the most superlative that appear in bodies are but faint resemblances. This is the right notion of Platonic Love. Wherefore Hypatia's procedure might very well put a student of Philosophy at Alexandria to the blush, and quite cure him too (which Suidas assures us was the effect) but would never rebuke a beau in St. James's Park, nor perhaps some bachelors of divinity at our modern universities.

## CHAPTER XVI

THE CLOSE INTIMACY BETWEEN HYPATIA AND ORESTES THE GOVERNOR OF ALEXANDRIA, VERY DISPLEASING TO CYRIL THE BISHOP.

At the time that Hypatia thus reigned the brightest ornament of Alexandria, Orestes was Governor of the same place for the Emperor Theodosius, and Cyril bishop or Patriarch. As Orestes was a person educated suitable to his rank, he could not but take notice of those perfections in Hypatia which all the world admired; and, as he was a wise governor, he would not be so far wanting to his charge, as not to ask her advice in matters difficult or dangerous, when everybody else consulted her as an Oracle. This created, of course, an intimacy between them that was highly displeasing to Cyril, who mortally hated Orestes. But because this emulation proved fatal to Hypatia, I shall take the subject a little higher. 'Tis observed by Socrates, Nicephorus, and others, that Cyril (who was elevated to the See by sedition and force against one Timothy an Arch-deacon of no extraordinary reputation) intermeddled more in temporal or civil matters, than his predecessors took upon them to do, and that the example was greedily followed by his successors; who not keeping within the bounds of their priestly ordination, took upon them an arbitrary kind of principality, and the absolute disposal of affairs. The first act of authority that Cyril exercised was, to shut up the churches of the Novatians, from which step he proceeded to seize upon their sacred vessels and church-ornaments, till at length he robbed their Bishop Theopemptus of all he had. Yet these Novatians professed the same doctrine to a tittle that he did, and differed only in some points of discipline. But they must be mere novices in Ecclesiastical history, who know not that discipline has been ever

reckoned of greater consequence than doctrine; if one may judge by the commotions that have happened in churches, or the duration of their schisms. The reason is obvious. For if a man believes otherwise than his teacher, and yet prudentially conforms to the public ritual and discipline, or perhaps eagerly stickles for it as thinking it the most conducing to order, be his speculations what you will, still he preserves the Unity of the church; or, in other words, he obeys his Spiritual Governors, and teaches others by his example to do the like; whereas if his belief be ever so right or at least ever so agreeable, to that prescribed in the society whereof he is a member; yet if he boggles at any part of the public ritual and discipline and rends the unity of the church; that is, he weakens the government of the Clergy. These were the maxims of those times, and hence it sprung, that schism is counted so damnable a sin in their writings, a sin more dreadful than any other, that it may the better serve for a—*Scare-Crow*.

## CHAPTER XVII

CYRIL EXPELS THE JEWS OUT OF ALEXANDRIA; ORESTES COMPLAINS TO THE EMPEROR; CYRIL AND ORESTES BECOME IRRECONCILABLE ENEMIES.

One main reason why Cyril could not bear the Governor, as we are told by Socrates, was that “Orestes hated the principality of the bishops; as well because they transferred to themselves much of the power belonging to those appointed Governors by the Emperor; as, in particular, because Cyril would needs be prying into his actions.”

Their enmity became sufficiently known to the public by a sedition raised against Orestes, occasioned by one Hierax, a pitiful school-master, but a professed admirer of the Bishop, and a most diligent attendant at his sermons, where he was sure to clap and re-clap, according to the rare custom of those times. The Jews spying him in the Theatre, while the Governor was there on some public business, cried out that he came purposely thither to cause mischief; and the uproar, whereof the particulars may be read in the just quoted Socrates, terminated in this, that Cyril expelled all the Jews out of the City, where they had lived in great opulence from the time of Alexander the Great, to the no small benefit of the place. Were I not accustomed to read monstrous lies of this unfortunate nation, I should think them very rightly served. But even in that case, who can justify Cyril’s licensing the multitude to seize on their goods? And yet why do I ask such a question; when this has ever been the true motive of the barbarities to which they have been exposed, though zeal for religion has been as shamelessly, as wickedly pretended.

Orestes, as became a good Governor, “being grievously concerned at what had happened (to speak in the words of the historian) and sadly affected that so great a city should be so suddenly emptied of such a multitude of inhabitants, gave the Emperor an account of the whole matter.” We might be certain, were we not expressly told it, that Cyril was not behind hand on his part. Yet conscious of his guilt, as every reader may collect, he would fain



make up with Orestes, and conjured him by the holy Gospels to be friends; being constrained to this, as Nicephorus observes, by the people of Alexandria, who loved their Governor. But this last knew him too well to trust him, upon which their difference became irreconcilable. You may therefore expect to hear of vengeance from the priest, whom the same Nicephorus represents proud, seditious, a boutesen, a persecutor: while the emperor might thank himself for the disorders that desolated one of his principal cities; for where was it ever otherwise when the Clergy were permitted to share in the government of civil affairs.

## CHAPTER XVIII

ORESTES THE GOVERNOR ASSAULTED BY THE MONKS; THEIR CAPTAIN RACKED TO DEATH, BUT ESTEEMED AS A MARTYR BY CYRIL.

Now the revenge which Cyril took of Orestes, being the prelude to poor Hypatia's Tragedy, I choose to relate it, as I have done other passages, in the words of honest Socrates.

“Certain of the monks (says he) living in the Nitrian mountains, leaving their monasteries to the number of about five hundred, flocked to the City, and spied the Governor going abroad in his chariot; whereupon approaching they called him by the names of “Sacrificer” and “Heathen,” using many other scandalous words. The Governor therefore suspecting that this was a trick played him by Cyril, cried out that he was a Christian, and that he was baptized at Constantinople by Bishop Atticus. But the monks giving no heed to what he said, one of them, called Ammonius, threw a stone at Orestes, which struck him on the head; and being all covered with blood from his wound, his guards, a few excepted, fled some one way, some another, hiding themselves in the crowd, lest they should be stoned to death. In the meanwhile the people of Alexandria ran to defend their Governor against the monks, and putting all the rest to flight, they approached Ammonius, and brought him before Orestes; who, as the laws prescribed, publicly put him to the torture, and racked him till he expired. Not long after he gave an account of all that was done, to the Princes. Nor did Cyril fail to give them a contrary information. He received the body of Ammonius, and, laying it in one of the churches, he changed his name, calling him Thaumasius, and ordered him to be considered as a martyr; nay, he made his Panegyric in the church, extolling his courage, as one that had contended for the truth. But the wiser sort of the Christians did not approve the zeal which Cyril showed on this man's behalf; being convinced that Ammonius had justly suffered for his desperate attempt, but was not forced to deny Christ in his torments.”

This account requires no commentary. I shall only observe with a Heathen Philosopher that “At that time the monks (the fittest executioners of Cyril's cruelty) were men indeed as to their form, but swine in their lives; who openly committed thousands of execrable crimes, not fit to be named. Whoever (says

he) got on a black habit, and would make a grotesque figure in public, obtained a tyrannical authority; to such a reputation of virtue did that race of men arrive."

This picture, though drawn by an enemy's hand, is allowed by all good judges to be done to the life; and we shall presently have reason, more than sufficient, to be of the same opinion.

## CHAPTER XIX

HYPATIA'S TRAGICAL DEATH, PERPETRATED BY CYRIL'S CLERGY, WHO HATED HER FOR HER INTIMACY WITH ORESTES.

But Cyril's rage was not yet satiated. Though Orestes had the good luck to escape being murdered, Hypatia must fall a sacrifice to the prelate's pride and to the ghost of Ammonius. This Lady, as we mentioned above, was profoundly respected by Orestes, who much frequented and consulted her; "for which reason" (says Socrates) "she was not a little traduced among the mob of the Christian church; as if she obstructed a reconciliation between Bishop Cyril and Orestes. Wherefore certain hot-brained men, headed by one Peter, a lecturer, entered into a conspiracy against her, and watching their opportunity when she was returning home from some place, they dragged her out of her chair; hurried her to the church called Cesar's and stripping her stark naked, they killed her with tiles. Then they tore her to pieces, and carrying her limbs to a place called Cinaron, there they burnt them to ashes."

Nothing short of this treatment, not to be paralleled among the most savage nations against a woman (and against a woman of such distinction scarce credible, did not two or more of her contemporaries attest it) nothing, I say, but the blood of Hypatia, shed in the most inhuman manner, could glut the fury of Cyril's clergy; for these were the monsters, that putting off all Humanity, committed this barbarous murder. Socrates, 'tis true, distinctly names but one clergyman, "Peter, the lecturer"; but Nicephorus expressly tells us that the Zealots, led on by Peter, were Cyril's clergy, who hated her for the credit she had with Orestes; that they were these, who imputed to her the misunderstanding between the Governor and their Bishop; and finally, that they butchered her in the time of solemn fasting; which, added to their sanctifying of their villainy by perpetuating it in a church, shews the glorious state of religion in those pure and primitive times; as some, no less hypocritically than falsely, are pleased to style them. The citizens of Alexandria, on whom certain persons would fain lay this act of popular heat, as they speak by way of extenuation, were too great admirers of Hypatia's Virtue, and too much in the interest of Orestes, to have any hand in so foul a business, however prone to tumults. All the circumstances accompanying the fact clearly prove this; not to repeat the assault so lately made by the Nitrian monks on the Governor, whom the people rescued; though I will not answer for all the mob, especially when the clergy loo'd them on.

## CHAPTER XX

CYRIL, THE MAIN INSTIGATOR OF HYPATIA'S MURDER, BEING ENVIOUS OF THE FAME SHE HAD ACQUIRED BY HER LEARNING AND PHILOSOPHY.

Be it so that the clergy of Alexandria were the murderers (some may say) and that their affection for Cyril transported them beyond what can be justified; how does it appear that he himself had any hand in this black deed, which perhaps he neither knew nor could prevent?

For the sake of our common humanity (since true Christianity is not at all concerned) I wish it were so; but there is such evidence as will not let any man, if not wilfully shutting his eyes against the truth, to believe it. Damascius, who is the other contemporary witness of her murder (I meant besides Socrates) positively affirms that "Cyril vowed Hypatia's destruction, whom he bitterly envied;" and Suidas, who writes the same thing says, that this envy was caused by her "extraordinary wisdom and skill in astronomy;" as Hesychius, when he mentions her limbs being carried all over the city in triumph, writes that, "This befell her on the score of her extraordinary wisdom, and especially her skill in astronomy." For Cyril was a mighty pretender to letters, and one of those clergymen who will neither acknowledge nor bear the superiority of any layman in this respect, be it ever so incontestable to others. But some circumstances of Hypatia's death, not mentioned in Socrates, are preserved in the abridgement of Isidorus's life in Photius, such as Valesius had it; and which I here give you, reader, though it should cost you the tribute of one tear more to her memory.

"Upon a time (says Damascius) Cypril, passing by the house of Hypatia, saw a great multitude before the door, both of men on foot and on horseback; whereof some were coming, some going and others staid. When he inquired what that crowd was, and what occasioned so great a concourse, he was answered by such as accompanied him, that this was Hypatia the Philosopher's house, and that these came to pay their respects to her. Which, when Cyril understood, he was moved with so great an envy that he immediately vowed her destruction, which he accomplished in the most detestable manner. For when Hypatia, as was her custom, went abroad, several men, neither fearing divine vengeance nor human punishment, suddenly rushed upon her and killed her; thus laying their country both under the highest infamy, and under the guilt of innocent blood. And indeed the Emperor was grievously offended at this matter, and the murderers had been certainly punished, but that Edesius did corrupt the Emperor's friends, so that his majesty, it's true, remitted the punishment, but drew vengeance on himself and his posterity, his nephew paying dear for this action."

This nephew Valetius believes to have been Valentinian, whose mother, Placidia, was aunt to Theodosius.

## CHAPTER XXI

THE DEATH OF HYPATIA BROUGHT AN INFAMY ON CYRIL AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH ; SHE WAS NO CATHOLIC, BUT A HEATHEN.

Thus ended the Life of Hypatia, whose memory will ever last, and whose murder happened in the fourth year of Cyril's episcopate; Honorius being the tenth time and Theodosius the sixth time consuls—in the month of March, in the time of Lent, and in the year 415. "That action (says Socrates) brought no small infamy not only upon Cyril, but also upon the whole Church of Alexandria; for slaughters, and fightings, and such like things, are quite foreign to the Christian Institution."

There's nothing surer, there's nothing truer; but of genuine Christianity there remained very little at that time, unless Christianity be made to consist in the bare name and profession; for, were I disposed to take this trouble upon me, I should think it no difficult task to shew that neither the doctrines nor distinctions then in vogue were ever taught by Christ or his Apostles; and that the ceremonies enjoined or practised were all utterly unknown to them. No, no, they were no Christians that killed Hypatia; nor are any Christians now to be attacked through the sides of her murderers, but those that resemble them by substituting precarious traditions, scholastic fictions, and an usurped dominion, to the salutiferous institutions of the Holy Jesus.

Photius is very angry with Philostorgius, whom he stigmatizes as an impious man, for saying that the "Homoousians," or the Athanasian Trinitarians, tore her to pieces; but is he not an impudent man, or something worse, who dares to deny this? when none were more remarkable sticklers for the Homoousians than Cyril and his adherents. This only the truth of history requires to be specially noted; for with me the Homoiousion and the Homoousion are of no account in comparison of the Bible, where neither of them are to be found. In the meantime 'twill not be amiss to hear Gothofred on this occasion. "Observe here (says he) the Arian poison of Philostorgius against the Homoousians, or Catholics; as if the murder of Hypatia were the crime of Catholics, and not of the indiscreet populace. Thus much, however, may be gathered from this passage, that this same Hypatia was no Catholic."

Admirable Gothofred! Not to say anything to your "Arian poison," for which I am not a whit concerned, neither of the people's guilt, whom I have sufficiently cleared before; nor yet of the nice distinction between the populace and Catholics, as if the bulk of the Catholics were not the populace. Your conclusion that Hypatia was not a Catholic is unspeakably acute, when in reality she was not as much as a Christian, her father having been a heathen philosopher, and herself the wife of one, without the least appearance that she was ever any other with regard to her own persuasion. As for a ridiculous letter, pretended to be written by her to Cyril about the Paschal Cycle, 'tis a

manifest forgery; for she was murdered the sixth year of Theodosius, and therefore one and twenty years before the exile of Nestorius, who yet is mentioned in that letter under the epithet of "Impious."

## CHAPTER XXII

THE MAKING OF CYRIL A SAINT A DISHONOR TO RELIGION. THREE SORTS OF PERSONS CANONIZED FOR SAINTS.

And now that Cyril's name puts me once more in mind of him, how insufferable a burlesquing of God and man is it to revere so ambitious, so turbulent, so perfidious, so cruel a man as a *Saint*? since history shows that this was his just character. But in good earnest this same title of "Saint" has not seldom been most wretchedly conferred; for the greatest part of the "Saints" after Constantine's reign, and especially since canonization came in fashion, are made up of three sorts of persons, the least of all others meriting veneration. First, men have been dubbed saints, for promoting the grandeur of the church by all their endeavors, especially by their writings, which, instead of employing for the happiness and instruction of their fellow citizens they prostituted to magnify spiritual authority, to the debasing and enslaving of their spirits. The second sort that have been honored with saintship, were princes and other powerful or rich men, however vicious or tyrannical, who gave large possessions and legacies to the church; or that with incapacity, faggot, gibbet, sword and proscription, chastised the temerity of such as dared to question her decrees. The third sort, were poor, grovelling, visionaries, boasting of their delirious enthusiasm and extacies; or imposing on the ignorant by formal mortifications, falsely reputed devotion, and were recompensed with this imaginary reward by those that despised their austerity, at the same time that they mainly thrived by the credit of it. It is no wonder then that when the epithet "Saint" (which peculiarly belonged to piety and innocence) was thus pompously bestowed on vice and impiety, there should prevail that Deluge of Ignorance, Superstition and Tyranny, which overwhelmed almost the whole Christian world. All the persecutions that ensued, were so many forcible means employed to suppress any efforts that might be used for the restoring of Virtue and Learning. By that anti-Christian spirit fell Hypatia, to whom the clergy of her time could never forgive, that she was beautiful yet chaste; far more learned than themselves; not to be endured in the Laity; and in greater credit with the civil magistrate, whom the clergy of that time would needs drive or lead as their Pack-ass.

FINIS

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TRUTH is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.—JEREMY COLLIER

# Notes from Biblical Studies

By Students



Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfill.—*Matthew v: 17*

Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.—*Matthew x: 34*

**I**N Jesus' time the Jewish religion had become creed bound, but it was founded on law and eternal truths, as all great religions are. These truths have in the course of time become almost buried underneath the debris of form and ceremony, yet they are still there, though hidden. Being eternal they cannot be destroyed, they are obscured only, because the light has been shut out for a time. The mission of Jesus was to bring once more to the world the light by means of which the true spirit of the law should again become visible.

Jesus was the very incarnation of law. His every act was in strict accordance with the law, with its inner meaning, not its mere outward appearance. He had but little patience with the mere letter. The letter alone confuses, yet it is the form, the symbol for the truth within. Jesus came to help us read aright these symbols, to fulfill the law, not to destroy it. His very coming was the fulfillment of many prophecies and emphasized the Law of Cycles. For at each great cyclic epoch a Leader comes who points out to men a new phase of the law, one they had lost or had not yet known, but specially applicable to the wants of humanity at that particular period. The message is seldom fully understood at the time, yet enough is comprehended to result in real progress and thus the law becomes fulfilled, each new Leader striking the keynote applicable to the time.

There are many who think that a Savior should come to release us from the consequences of our own misdeeds, annul our obligations so as to make the road smooth and easy for us. This is in fact the most common conception amongst the so-called Christians of today. It has been taught and believed by many that this Savior came to take upon himself all the sins we have committed or will commit in the future, and to act as a scapegoat that mankind may go free. Would this be justice? And yet we know that the world is ruled, not by accident, but by absolute justice.

Jesus came indeed to save mankind, but in such a way as to help man to save himself. He came to teach men that they are souls and that the only way to freedom and perfection is found in so meeting every event in life that each account is closed then and there. This is what is meant by "the right performance of action." We must learn to do each deed without selfish ex-

pectations on the one hand or fear on the other, but simply because the deed is to be done. Only in this way can we do full justice to that which we have to do, only in this way can we obtain freedom from the consequences of our actions.

Jesus was free from the law, was above the law, because he always worked with the law. In this he set us an example, became a symbol of that which is perfect, of the Christos within, the Christ that endeavors to shine in each one of us.

Everything in nature is dual, both in the seen and the unseen world. Everything has its material aspect as well as its spiritual. The material tends to drag the spirit down, the spiritual to raise the material and lower nature to its own high level. The material stands for inertia, for sleep, while the spiritual stands for eternal progress. These two forces are always opposing each other, and whenever a Teacher of mankind strikes a new keynote of the old yet ever new law, the tone sent forth awakens the slumbering giants who rise to battle for their existence.

The Teacher brings the sword of Truth, but this sword does not destroy, it transmutes. The Teacher bids us put the evil to the sword, he makes an end to the false cry of peace,—peace when there is no peace. Peace is the end to be sought and which will come, but until the true Peace is attained the turmoil and war on the material plane are but symbols of the greater turmoil within, where the real battle rages. Jesus came to help us fight this battle aright, and realizing on which side the hosts of Light are marshalled that we might array ourselves with them, fighting always for the higher, the true, against the lower, the false.

And this is indeed the law, for law means progress, not stagnation. Continual, impersonal struggle is necessary, and whether we fight outer foes or inner, unseen ones, we can fight impersonally only as long as we fight unselfishly. We must follow the Christ, the Warrior-soul within, and let him do the fighting.

Jesus taught that men are Souls, inhabiting bodies. These souls are sparks of the divine and they throw a search-light on the weaknesses of the lower nature. When faults are found out they immediately begin a battle for their life. We must learn to understand this duality as well as that these our faults are our own creations. Jesus brought the sword of spiritual knowledge, which divides the higher from the lower and by which we must slay our lower nature, that is, lift it up to the higher. Happy is he who is strong enough not to sue for peace, but who will fight on even when he feels his very heart-blood flow out.

There are heroes of these silent battles as great as any of the wars of nations. They are none the less great because unseen and unheralded by men. It is to fight this battle Jesus called anew to men, and it is only through this inner struggle that man will ever win final Liberation and Peace.

# Knowing and Doing

By L.



“If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.”—*John xiii : 17.*

**W**HEN first a new revelation breaks in upon the mind there is a natural tendency to proclaim the evangel from the housetops, or cry it at the corners of the streets and publish it to all the world.

A little later, and we find to our astonishment that our good “news” is as old as the everlasting hills. We discover it deeply imbedded in all the religions and philosophies ever taught among men, and we are naturally embarrassed as to what use we shall make of our newly acquired treasure.

Now every revelation that dawns upon the mind and kindles the enthusiasm is capable of being applied to life and conduct, and indeed this is its main utility so far as we are concerned. The divine revealing is not a gorgeous cloak to wrap about our shoulders in which we may parade in the public view and gain the applause of men; it is more properly a hoe with which to clear the garden of the heart from its unsightly weeds and poison growths. Many there are, however, who take the easy path, and prefer to exhibit themselves before the public as exponents of a high philosophy, rather than to wield the sharp hoe of correction amongst the jungle of weeds that disfigure their characters. Hence it is not uncommon to meet a glib professor who can expatiate on “the identity of all souls with the Over Soul,” or “the fundamental unity of consciousness,” but who nevertheless defames the character of a rival behind his back and cannot bear to hear another praised.

Every day we behold intellectual “knowers” who do not “know” enough to stop eating pie when they have had sufficient. “There’s something rotten in the State of Denmark,” but that decay can never be arrested by more philosophers, or more books or more eloquent addresses, but only by superb examples, the lives of men and women who apply to their daily conduct the principles they profess with their lips. Consider the effect of sending out from Point Loma a band of Heralds of the Coming Dawn, a company of brothers, united, self-reliant, passion-proof, firm-based upon a common philosophy and whose hearts are all aflame with a boundless love for the Great Orphan Humanity. They should be men who would not cringe nor apologize, men with no private ends to serve, men whose bodies, cleansed from ancestral taint, stand erect and ready to obey the least motion of the “Living Power made free” in each glorious temple building.

“The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few,” yet we need not on that account sit down and call upon the lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers. We should ourselves arise, gird up our loins, throw aside every



weight and move into the standing corn sickle in hand. We will leave it to believers in a Deity outside of themselves, to call upon him to save the world he has created, be it ours to clear the road-way for the God who sits enshrined within our hearts and speed him on his swift career, as he goes forth conquering and to conquer.

With this thought in mind no one need ever lament that he cannot write or speak in public. The slightest effort at self-control, the least attempt to make botherhood a living power in our lives, is worth more to the world than many books and many speeches. The influence of an earnest, strenuous life is felt across the continents, it radiates unseen through space, and though we may never visit our comrade or even exchange a letter, yet the thought of him quietly doing his daily duty at the world's end, is a constant inspiration, and a powerful stimulus to renew our lapsed endeavors.

Most men feel from time to time that they ought to *do* as well as *know*; but doing is associated in their minds with painful strain and irksomeness, and they forget the beatitude,—“*Happy* are ye if ye do them.”

The higher life has been so often described as a “Vale of Tears” and a pathway of thorns, that the people have taken the mystic's partial statement as if it were the whole truth. It cannot be of course denied that when a man turns his back upon a life of self-indulgence, he is pestered and beset by a swarm of clamorous little demons, bad habits, evil desires of the mind's begetting, who expect that their father shall continue to supply them with their appropriate indulgence, and thus to nourish and sustain his progeny. When he no longer proposes to support this noisy brood, and ceases to feed them by thought or physical indulgence, they slowly fade away, but not without vehement remonstrance on their part, and their parent must perforce feel some reflected pain as his offspring pine away and die. Yet the suffering is but transitory, a temporary inconvenience like the annual housecleaning, which at the cost of a little temporary hardship, gives rise to renewed comfort and cleanliness.

What is meant is just this, that a life lived for the good of all is so natural and in such complete accord with Nature's plan, that a man so living cannot fail to share in the gladness of that abundant tide of life that ever flows from Mother Nature's generous heart.

“Life is Joy.” Not indeed the stagnant, dribbling streamlet, that trickles down the narrow ditch of the personality, but the great Ocean currents, flowing full and free in which he floats who has entered the larger sphere of the World's Life. “*If* ye know!” Of course we do. Examine your own heart and you will find that you have a deep assurance of the truth that Brotherhood is Nature's law, and that only as we make this truth a living power in our lives, can we find lasting peace and satisfaction.

Enough is known of right ethics to last us for centuries in advance, the thing required is to apply them. There is no novelty in the idea of Universal Brotherhood; the novelty, however, is becoming manifest of a community of

people who are determined to put into practice the beautiful theories that lie in such abundance embedded in books and passed from mouth to mouth in conversation. Castles in the air of gorgeous beauty have been hovering over the sad world for many a weary century, and to us belongs the privilege of making these atmospheric battlements to solidify them in brick, and wood, and marble, bringing them down as actualities on to the solid earth as dwellings and towers of refuge for the waiting peoples.

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## *The Blooming of a Rose*

By Ethne



“**Y**ES, dear, we will plant it here,” said the mother. Run and ask the gardener to bring his spade;” and then and there in the spring sunshine the tiny rose tree was planted under the eager eyes of the little child.

How long ago it seemed since this spring day to the girl who stood looking at the full grown tree with its profusion of snowy blooms. All the important events of her life seemed bound up with her floral namesake.

She had gone away to school when the roses faded and returned home to find them in full bloom; she had decked her sister’s bridal table with this ethereal fragrance and scattered them upon her gentle mother’s tomb,—the symbol of the resurrection — and now she must bid farewell to their sweetness, for at her mother’s death the old home had passed to strangers.

Slowly she gathered the blossoms for the last time, pinning an opening bud upon her heart. With her hands full of roses she took one long last look upon the scene of so many happy days. Softly she kissed her fingers to the rose-tree — “Good bye, dear flower friends,” she whispered, “good bye.”

Out into the turmoil of the world passed the lovely human flower and the delicate perfume of purity seemed to enwrap the bodily casing of that snowy Soul. An angel of mercy she seemed to many a suffering fellow creature, with the healing balm of loving deeds and gentle words, and Nurse Rose’s name was breathed in blessing by many grateful lips.

Was *her* path always strewn with roses? Not so. Strong Souls dare the rugged paths of self conquest, that the way may smoother be for others.

In the long watches of the night, by the sick beds of distressed humanity, the girl pondered upon the world’s great pain, and upon its causes, the suffering had lain upon her heart like a heavy pall and under the stress of an awak-

ened compassion she had found the energy to devote herself to the service of the sorrowing.

One day there came into her life the joy of a great love, and the dream of a happy future spent in companionship with another Soul of kindred noble aims.

Then fell the shadow of a great calamity and the brave young comrade gave up his life in devotion to duty.

The warrior spirit prevailed over the dark despair that threw its sable hues upon the path of life, and as the days passed into months and years Rose grew to recognize the truth of the poet's intuition,—

Oh fear not in a world like this  
And thou shalt know ere long  
Know how sublime a thing it is,  
To suffer and be strong.

And she too realized that to live through a great grief and emerge from the shadows unembittered, is to find one's self in possession of a fund of helpful sympathy that will lighten many another's weary load. Such Souls walk in paths of peace and breathe ethereal airs that whisper the glorious tale of man's immortality.

Once again in the garden of Roses, children upon the grassy lawn, children upon the trim paths, children with pale faces and eager glistening eyes! A lady — no longer young in form, but with the light of eternal youth in her loving eyes, stands by the rose bed plucking with tender hands the glorious snowy blooms, and one by one laying them in the outstretched hands of the eager waiting children, till, loaded with fragrant blossoms, they retreat to the shady tree at the edge of the lawn to admire and arrange their precious treasures. "They are *all* lovely," said one child, "but the white ones are best — they make me think of Sister Rose," and she looked with loving eyes across the grass to where the lady still stood among the roses.

She was no physical mother of theirs, but to those little uncared for morsels of humanity she represented all that they knew of true motherhood.

And she who had passed through calm and storm in life's eventful journey, stood in the evening of her life in the olden Rose garden of her childhood — a happy Soul. The full blown flower she had fastened above her heart, in all its snowy whiteness, golden-centered, but typified the purified nature woven of rarest fabric of loving unselfish deeds, through which the golden Light of Spirit radiated its life-giving streams. The Rose had bloomed to sweeten the sad lives of earth's suffering little ones.

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I pity the life that has not had the element of penitence in it. Have you never had sorrow for sin? Then you do not know what it is to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Has your heart never ached at the cruelty, greed, oppression, and selfishness of the world, at the tragedy of "man's inhumanity to man?" Then you do not know yet what it is to keep company with the heroes.— F. C. DOLE, in *Religion of a Gentleman*

## Sign-Posts Along *the Path*\*



He that, being self-contained, hath vanquished doubt,  
 Disparting self from service, soul from works,  
 Enlightened and emancipate, my Prince!  
 Works fetter him no more! Cut then atwain  
 With sword of wisdom, Son of Bharata!  
 This doubt that binds thy heart-beats! Cleave the bond  
 Born of thy ignorance! Be bold and wise!  
 Give thyself to the field with me! Arise!

**T**HESSE strong words end the chapter. They are addressed to those who can be strong, and not to the ever-doubting one who believes neither his own thoughts nor the words of others, but who is forever asking for more. But there can be no uncertainty about the cause of doubt: as Krishna says, "It springs from ignorance, and all we have to do is to take the sword of knowledge and cut all doubts at once." Many will say that they have always been looking for this that they may have peace, and that so many systems are presented for their consideration they are unable to come to any conclusion whatever. This would seem very true on a view of the thousand and one philosophies placed before us with varying degrees of clearness by the exponents of them. But it has appeared to us that they can all be easily sifted and divided into classes where they will range themselves under two great heads,—those which permit nothing to be believed until the miserable mass of mediocre minds have said that they at last accept this or that, and those which have each a little of what may possibly be true and a great deal that is undeniable nonsense. The doubter is a devotee of the first school, or he is an adherent partly of one and partly of the other; and in the latter case is torn almost asunder by the numberless conventional ideas which bear the stamp of authority coercing him into an acceptance of that which revolts his judgment whenever he permits it to have free exercise. If you tell him that the much-lauded mind is not the final judge, and that there are higher faculties which may be exercised for the acquirement of knowledge, he disputes it on the lines laid down by learned professors of one school or another, and denies the validity of proofs offered on the ground that they are instances of "double cerebration," and what not. To such as these the chapter will not appeal, but there are many students who have sincere doubts, and with those the difficulty arises from ignorance. They are afraid to admit to themselves that the ancients could have found out the truth; and the reason would appear to be that this judgment is passed from a consideration of the merely

\* Extracts from *THE PATH*, Vol. IV

material state of those people or of the present nations who in any degree follow such philosophies. Our civilization glorifies material possessions and progress, and those who have not these boons cannot be the possessors of either truth or the way to it. But the keepers of truth have never said that we will be neither rich nor civilized if we follow their system. On the contrary, in the days when Krishna lived and taught his system there was more material glory and power than now, and more knowledge of all the laws of nature than everyone of our scientists put together have in their reach. Hence if any Theosophist teaches that the reign of the doctrines of Theosophy will be the knell of all material comfort and progress, he errs, and sows the seeds of trouble for himself and his friends. Why, then, is it not wise to at once admit that there may be truth in these doctrines, throw away all doubt, and enjoy the light which they present?

So long as doubt remains there will be no peace, no certainty, nor any hope of finding it in this world or the lives upon it hereafter, and not even in the vast reaches of other universes on which we may live in future ages; the doubter now will be the doubter then, and so on while the wheel revolves for the millions of years yet before us.

If we follow the advice of the great Prince, our next step will be to assume, in view of patent facts of evolution, that certain great Beings exist who long ago must have trod the same road, and now possess the knowledge with the power to impart as much as we are able to take. To this Krishna refers in these words:

“Seek this knowledge by doing honor, by prostration, by strong search, and by service; those gifted with this knowledge, who perceive the truth of things, will teach this knowledge to thee.”

And such are the exact words of the great Helpers of Humanity. They do not reward or teach merely because we so wish it to be, nor because we value ourselves at so much; our valuation of ourselves is not Theirs; They value us at the real and just rate, and cannot be moved by tears or entreaties not followed by acts, and the acts that delight Them are those performed in Their service and no others.

What, then, is the work in which They wish to be served?

It is not the cultivation of our psychic powers, nor the ability to make phenomena, nor any kind of work for self when that is the sole motive.

The service and the work are in the cause of Humanity, by whomsoever performed, whether by members of the Theosophical Society or by those outside of it. And all the expectant members of the Society now standing with their mouths open waiting for what they are pleased to call food, may as well know that they will get nothing unless the work is done or attempted.

Let the right attitude be taken, and what follows is described in this chapter:

“A man who perfects himself in devotion finds springing up in himself in the progress of time this spiritual knowledge, which is superior to and comprehends every action without exception.”

## Missionaries in China



Extract from an article published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, London, November 19th; signed, "Hear Both Sides:"

**D**URING some fourteen years of my life spent among various Asiatic races, I have come more or less into contact with missionaries, and among them I have found some to be excellent, upright, devoted men; but certainly the general impression conveyed was that they were not the best persons who could have been selected to influence and affect the conversion of Japanese, Chinese and Hindoos. I must confess that missionaries, as a rule, appeared to be one-sided, narrow-minded, and often wanting in judgment and discretion, besides being, more than any educated class with whom I have ever come in contact, apt to receive *ex-parte* information and act on it, without considering it necessary to hear the other side or even to recognize that there may be another side. To complicate matters still further, the Chinese Government has been recently bullied or cajoled into conferring the status of mandarins on Catholic missionaries, thus enabling these men to exercise the right of appearing in the law courts and of interfering officially with the action of the local magistrates; very slight consideration is, therefore, requisite to understand how the present system opens a wide door for fraud and extortion. Indeed, within late years the abuse has become highly accentuated, and for this reason: the converts have become aware that the local authorities shrink from deciding a case against a Catholic Christian, for there is always well-grounded fear that the case may be taken up by the French Legation at Peking, as one of prosecution against a quasi-French subject, and that the mandarin may get into serious trouble for causing friction between the Government and a foreign Power.

I do not mean to infer that the Jesuit missionary is consciously a party to iniquity, but he can hardly fail to be prejudiced, and largely so; he is animated by an intense devotion to the interests of his church; he is accustomed to regard those interests as paramount to every earthly consideration, and it is notorious that the training and profession of an ecclesiastic distinctly tends to check the development of what is called the judicial mind.

Now, the situation is this. Any non-Christian Chinaman, who may possess some property, gained possibly after years of unremitting labor and thrift, is liable to have everything he owns swept away in consequence of a trumped-up case by a convert, possibly a mere nominal Christian, who goes into court supported by a man in the person of a missionary whom the mandarin dreads to offend. The unfortunate victim of the vilest injustice, on the other hand,

has practically no appeal whatever from a decision influenced by a priest, who is at once the opponent's advocate and a self-constituted judge in a case to which he is himself a party. Perhaps only those who have themselves lived in China can realize what a terrible thing life is in that country for one who, possibly having lived in affluence, or having enjoyed a moderate competency, finds himself, with his entire family, cast down to sudden and abject destitution. Yet this is the fate which hangs over every Chinaman possessing enough to tempt the cupidity of some unscrupulous hypocrite who under the cloak of Christianity may desire without trouble to possess himself of the wealth of others.

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## King and Masonry

### THE GRAND MASTERSHIP



From the *Daily Telegraph*, London, February 6, 1901

**A**N "Especial Grand Lodge" of English Freemasons has been summoned on the authority of Earl Amherst, Pro-Grand Master, for the 15th inst., and as a vast concourse of Masons is expected to take part in the demonstration the hall or "Temple" in Great Queen-street, London, is considered insufficient to afford space for the accomodation of all who may wish to attend. The object of the meeting is "to vote a loyal and dutiful address to his Majesty the King, tendering the respectful sympathy of the craft on the death of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and further offering the respectful and fraternal congratulations of the fraternity to his Majesty on his accession to the Throne." The circular, continuing the agenda, points to a second item of business as a "communication from the Most Worshipful Pro-Grand Master respecting the Grand Mastership, and motion thereon"; and the motion is "That the communication be recorded in the minutes of Grand Lodge." This done, a motion will be made, "That the nomination for the office of Most Worshipful Grand Master, made at the last quarterly communication, having become inoperative, this Grand Lodge do now proceed to a fresh nomination."

The nomination of a Grand Master will follow, but we are left in doubt as to the distinguished Mason who will be nominated for the office, as, although it is generally understood that the "communication" to be made by Earl Amherst is that the King has resigned his position of Grand Master, this is not official, and the authorities can make no announcement on the point until it is proclaimed in Grand Lodge. Assuming that the King has resigned the office he has held for twenty-six years with great benefit to the craft, as will be

seen from the immense increase in the number of lodges since he was installed as Grand Master, in April, 1875, it may not be out of place at the present time to give an outline of his Masonic career.

As Prince of Wales he was initiated in Sweden in the year 1868, and, on the circumstance being communicated to English Freemasons, they at their Grand Lodge on Dec. 1, 1869, the birthday of the present Queen, gave his Royal Highness the rank of Past Grand Master, and on his being proclaimed he was saluted with the Grand or Royal sign, the simultaneousness of which seemed to astonish the recipient. Thenceforward he took a very prominent part in transactions of the craft, but in no way more prominent than in encouraging the benevolent side of Freemasonry. As early as 1870 he took the chair at the annual festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, when a subscription was obtained amounting to £9,841. The following year—in July, 1871—he performed the like service for the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, with the result that, with 161 stewards, the sum of £5,500 was raised. Eighteen months later he took the chair for the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows of Freemasons. It was on Feb. 24, 1873, and with 185 stewards, £6,866 was secured. In June, 1888, when the Girls' School celebrated the centenary year of its existence, he again presided, and £51,516 was subscribed. His great achievement, however, in obtaining subscriptions for the Masonic charities was in 1898 when, at the centenary of the Boys' School over which he presided, £144,000 was subscribed. The Prince of Wales's career as a Mason was the subject of articles in the Press on many occasions, coming down to a very late date. He first laid stones of several public works and of charitable institutions frequently, both in this country and abroad, and on one memorable occasion, in 1891, he and his Consort opened the new wing, now called the Alexandra Hall, of the Masonic Girls' School, at St. John's-hill, which was built out of part of the subscriptions of £51,516 obtained at the festival of 1888. He was present at the consecration of the Chancery Bar Lodge, No. 2,456, in 1863, at Lincoln's Inn, and dedicated that lodge himself. It was the first consecration ceremony in which he partook. Mr. Warrington, K. C., one of the initiates of that lodge, is now its Worshipful Master Elect. In 1895 the Prince of Wales assisted at the consecration of the Rahere Lodge, No. 2,546, which took place at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The former lodge was established for the convenience of Chancery barristers, and the latter for that of the medical profession.

It is stated by the *Free Lance* that King Edward VII., following the precedent set by George IV., has resigned the Grand Mastership of Freemasons and the other supreme offices he holds in various branches of the Craft, but he will henceforth assume the title of Protector of the Order instead of that of Patron, borne by his predecessor during his ten years' reign. The new Grand Master will be his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, who already enjoys the rank of Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons.

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## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Many people ask if Theosophy is not Buddhism or Hindooism, because, they say, in the early days of the Society, H. P. Blavatsky worked chiefly amongst East Indians, and so much has been said by Theosophists about Eastern literature. Will the Students' Column please answer this?

**A** GOOD deal of misconception undoubtedly has arisen among people who give but a superficial glance at Theosophy or the Theosophical Society.

A few facts in regard to Mme. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society which she founded, may aid in disabusing the minds of such people of wrong impressions and may at the same time give a wider range of vision of the objects and purpose of her work, which the great body of her students are carrying out in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

Mme. Blavatsky was a world-wide traveler, and she traveled with that end in view which found its culmination in the establishment of a Society which should have for its first object the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without distinction of sex, creed, caste or color. This Society by its first object declares itself to be unsectarian, and has never presented any dogmas or doctrines as matters for acceptance or belief; it therefore never could favor any particular dogmatic religion whether Eastern or Western—nor has it ever done so. The aim of Mme. Blavatsky was to present Theosophy, which she distinctly declares was not her invention, but was communicated to her by her Teachers, whose sole aim was, and is, to aid humanity to attain true happiness and to reach far greater heights of knowledge and progress.

Theosophy was taught by her to a few, before she founded the Theosophical Society, and was given out in greater measure as the Society grew in numbers and power of understanding.

Remaining in America for three years after the founding of the Parent Society, she went to India, for the double purpose of bringing to the attention of the West the great truths of philosophy contained in the old books and thought of India,—and of inducing the Hindus to look deeper into their religions, so that they might discern the unity which exists in the essential basis of all forms of religion.

She knew that if this was accomplished, the East and the West would be of mutual benefit; the East giving of its stores of the accumulated wisdom of thousands of years, and the West by its vigorous practical life making appli-

cation of this knowledge and aiding the people of the East to rise to their true position as men and brothers.

The East left to itself could never have done this—caste, custom, prejudice and religious pride standing always in the way; and even if these obstacles were to some extent removed, there would remain the inertness which is the heritage of Eastern thought and life.

She knew that the West only had the capacities of freeing the world from the trammels of superstition, custom and religious prejudice, and thus it was that the Theosophical Movement was begun in the West and by Western people.

Facts bear this out fully, for Theosophy was carried to India by her, and America contains the headquarters of Theosophical work throughout the world. R. C.

How is it that such a mystical system of Eastern thought as Theosophy should have been started in such a very modern Western and business like place as New York, where life is so intensely material and which appears to be such an unlikely spot for the success of anything mystical?

This question is admirably adapted to show what is a common trick with those who, inimical to the cause of Theosophy, yet make a pretense of inquiring into it, viz: of covertly asserting in the form of a question an erroneous proposition which naturally does not admit of a sound explanation.

In the first place in the sense in which the term "mystical" is conceived by ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, it is not correct to consider Theosophy as a "mystical system of thought." In the second, it is not correct to think of Theosophy as belonging to the East or to any other locality. These two misconceptions have exercised much influence inimical to the growth of Theosophy, certainly in the West. The majority of people are not interested in and do not need what they understand by the term "mystical." They want something tangible and practical; Theosophy is this, and also, in the true meaning of the term, it is "mystical." And again a very natural and perhaps a healthy pride hinders one from desiring to have fastened upon himself the belief of another.

So in questions of this type it is wise at the very beginning to respect any false definitions and assertions they may contain. To admit them by letting them pass inadvertently is certain defeat to the effort to give light upon the subject, and is a victory to the subtle spirit of opposition making use of this method.

Theosophy was started in New York, probably from the same cause that "Westward the star of empire wends its way," which a little historical observation will show to be true. Now in a civilization at certain stages of its life and progress definite developments take place, just as in the life of a man or woman. So there comes the time when the current dominating civilization, having passed its infancy, childhood and youth, arrives at the age for the appearance of the thought and feeling of manhood.

Now the fact that other nations and other civilizations have had Theosophical ideas and systems of philosophy and have died or declined, demonstrates

conclusively that ideas and philosophies in themselves alone are not sufficient to sustain life. Such merely have their proper place and function, and cannot be omitted in any all round healthy growth.

The tide of the world's life at present is in the West. And the great force of its energies is needed for the furtherance of anything which has to do with mankind generally. It would be absurd to look to India, for instance, for the rehabilitation or expansion of human motives when India manifestly is unable to care for herself, even in a most commonplace material way. Even though she may contain a veritable mine of the most noble and lofty ideas, something dynamic and active is needed to put them into execution and practice.

Now any seed in its fructification and growth takes to itself of the energies and nature of the soil in which it is planted. Witness the development of fruit in California. So Theosophy in coming again into human life requires for its sustenance and growth the aid of the powers already in play. Broadly speaking New York is the most active center in the active West. Its potencies and potentialities are greater than any city in Europe. It is the budding flower of the current Western order. So at that time what was to effect the West and therefore the world, for the West dominates the world at present, was best inaugurated in New York. Influences generated there most quickly radiate to and effect the ordinary life of the balance of the world.

So too for the same reason the Headquarters have since been moved from New York to Point Loma, the living breathing heart-center of the World, the radiating point of the new civilization, the birthplace of the New Order of Ages.

W. T. H.

EDUCATION, briefly, is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them, and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others. True education, then, has respect first to the ends that are proposable to the man, or attainable by him; and, secondly, to the material of which the man is made. So far as it is able, it chooses the end according to the material; but it cannot always choose the end, for the position of many persons in life is fixed by necessity; still less can it choose the material; and, therefore, all it can do is to fit the one to the other as wisely as may be.

—RUSKIN

BLESSED is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it. How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there it runs and flows!—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small!

—CARLYLE

## Mirror of *the* Movement



**L o m a - L a n d** Summer is almost with us now and the early spring green tints are deepening into more sober hues, though still the brilliant hues of the spring flowers sparkle everywhere. The grain is ripening and the young birds are flying alone. Speaking of birds what a variety of species there are here! Flocks of huge, comical pelicans with immense pouched beaks, great buzzards leisurely sailing overhead seeking for prey, golden orioles, lovely sweet-voiced "canaries," swallows darting by in chase of insects, the delightful little crimson or green-breasted humming birds now poised motionless, hovering with thrilling wings above a flower and anon disappearing as if by magic so quick is the motion — all these and many others under the benign influence of this favorable season, have increased greatly in number. As the season advances the feathered songsters improve in the sweetness of their tones and the notes of the mocking bird are now added to the chorus.

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**New Bungalows** The Bungalow homes mentioned last month are now claiming a good deal of attention from our visitors by their quaint and attractively homelike appearance, nestled in the picturesque nooks on the hills. Everyone who sees them is charmed and longs for the privilege of residing in such ideal houses.

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**H o m e s t e a d  
I m p r o v e m e n t s** The Rotunda, the great Hall in the center of the Homestead, is being greatly improved by the alteration of highest tier of windows which open into it. They will when completed add greatly to the effect of the interior, and the Oriental Rest-room, which opens from the Rotunda by a wide arch way, has had a most artistic parquet floor laid making it now a truly splendid apartment. It is almost impossible to keep up with the constant improvements and additions always being made in which the wonderful taste and judgment of the Leader are so noteworthy.

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**E s o t e r o P a r k  
S p o r t s : B a t h i n g** The Athletic grounds in the Esotero Park are now being rapidly developed. The golf course is an ideal one and will prove a great pleasure to the students and guests. The facilities for bathing have been increased by improvements in the access to the new bathing-cove, a romantic spot where surf bathing can be enjoyed at all seasons. The constant gentle rolling of the surf is a striking feature of this coast and makes a perpetual quiet undertone of soothing natural melody, audible from all parts of the grounds. Students from the Atlantic shores who bathe here are always surprised by the unexpected electric, vitalizing quality noticeable in these waters.

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**S a n D i e g o M e e t i n g s** The great public meetings at the large Opera House, San Diego, on Sunday evenings are being continued with conspicuous success, the interest of the large audiences being fully sustained. A special feature is made of first-class music, solo and concerted, rendered by some of the members of the Isis Conservatory of Music, which clearly helps the listeners to deeper realization of the meaning of our work.

**M u s i c**

Fine music, given by those who feel the reality of the Soul and can therefore put life into their playing, is one of the greatest means of spreading true Brotherhood amongst the people, and great developments may soon be expected in that line. After the lectures in the Aryan Temple visitors frequently refer to the powerful impressions produced by the sweet music proceeding from the hidden orchestra. The effect is marked.

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**Los Angeles B. B. C.  
to the Young Warriors  
of Raja Yoga School**

When the young warriors of the Raja Yoga School were organized into a drill corps the first batch of guns was sent for from Los Angeles. When the Boys' Brotherhood Club of that city heard of this they immediately conceived the idea of presenting the guns to the young warriors of Loma-land "along with their best wishes and greetings of joy." The boys are delighted with them, and their drilling and soldierly bearing show that they have the true warrior spirit of the knights of old.

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**White Lotus Day**

White Lotus Day, May 8th, was celebrated here with great joy. All who could possibly attend, including nearly all the children, assembled at the Aryan Temple where after the usual readings from the Light of Asia, etc., Madame Petersen and Brothers Neresheimer and Machell made very eloquent speeches dealing with the heroic life and grand character of H. P. Blavatsky, the noble soul who started the work in the last century. A procession was then formed and all marched to the grounds of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, where the choir sang and a little ceremony was gone through on the sacred site of the Great Temple. It was a very happy day for all here.

OBSERVER

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**Drawing Class of the  
Raja Yoga School**

The Drawing Class is held regularly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings from 9 to 10. There are sixteen pupils in regular attendance. The Cubans are most enthusiastic and desirous of getting on in their studies. Being artistic by nature they should succeed in art studies. They are as a whole quite equal to the American and English boys of the same age.

The subjects in hand are general free-hand and simple coloring and shading and the children are becoming ready for drawing from casts and clay modeling. The class shows a steady improvement.

H. H. WATSON

## Reports of Lodges



### Fort Wayne, Indiana, Lotus Group Report

The order of exercises at our Lotus Group meetings is as follows: The meetings have been opened by all joining in the Lotus march. This has been followed by a song and then a short selection from the Bible or Voice of the Silence read. Another song. Three minutes' silence, after which a few of the words on harmony were recited, or Truth, Light and Liberation intoned three times. The pennies were collected by two little Buds while the Group sang "Shining Little Pennies." Twenty minutes has been given to classes.

The adults are studying "Ocean of Theosophy;" the young ladies Script No. 1, and the little Buds have had fairy stories. The school closed by recitation of our ten mottoes — There is no religion higher than Truth, etc., etc.—*Mrs. Annie L. Taylor*

## Helsingborg, Sweden

DECEMBER 12, 1900

Good news since my last letter. Miss Olander and Mrs. Boos, both belonging to the Hoganos Lodge arranged in Johnstorp, the country place where I have been two times before, a Universal Brotherhood meeting and they asked me to lecture. We had a very fine meeting with music and answering of questions. We had a lot of our papers *Nya Seklet* with us, and divided them among the people. The same two ladies had arranged another meeting in another place, about twelve English miles in another direction, a big coal mining place. There were more than two hundred persons present. Also there I lectured and answered questions. One of them was: "How are we created," and another one, "How can we know that we have lived before when we have no memory thereof." There was a very fine feeling there, just as if you had been there which you certainly also were. They asked me to come again soon, and I promised and asked them to have many questions ready. Last Sunday we had a very harmonious meeting here; we read the article from the U. B. PATH, explained a chapter from the Bhagavad-Gita and had a good and very instructive article by Brother Hagaeus on reincarnation.

Sunday, the 17th of March, I lectured in Engelholm, a neighbor-town, where I had lectured once before. There were between two and three hundred persons present. They had invited me to come. It is very seldom one will find people so intelligent and awake as they were there. One hour and a half I was occupied every minute in lecturing and answering questions. I think it won't take long ere there will be a center.

Yesterday we had our first bazaar. All went off well and everyone present was pleased with our arrangements.

We have had two Lotus and two Boys' Brotherhood Club Meetings this month. As usual we have had the Lotus Leaflets from which we always can get something new. Then we have read "The Little Builders" and had songs and music and silent moments, thinking upon the Unity, the Divine Self, the Leaders, Comrades and Point Loma. Besides this, in the Boys' Club we have read Rudyard Kipling's "The Jungle Book."

It seems to me just as if the members in the Lodge expanded more and more, and can feel that they have Theosophy in their hearts. We have great hope and sometimes feel a little of the joy which will last forever. Our most hearty greetings to you and all the Comrades.—*Erik Bogren*



**Report of the New Year Jubilee Meetings Held by Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England**

The New Year Jubilee Meetings at the above Lodge were all held on the Universal Brotherhood premises at 71, Park Street, Bristol, the members using their united efforts to make them a success. As usual on these occasions, many interesting events occurred in the course of the work of preparation, for example: Although both the musicians who had promised their services for the public meeting on Sunday, failed at the twelfth hour through illness, two others, both perfect strangers, but equally as good were forthcoming, and again on Monday, the 14th, at the *Conversazione*, the music, which was excellent, was provided by one young lady-amateur, who undertook all the trouble and responsibility and induced a harpist, violinist and two vocalists to assist; she herself presiding at the piano. During the entertainment "The Wisdom of Hypatia" was read, and it was most interesting to watch the change in attitude and expression of some of the listeners as the reading proceeded. For the Children's entertainment we decorated the gymnasium—a long, picturesque room on the top story of the premises—with white art muslin, trailing ivy and other evergreens and Chinese lanterns with excellent effect and the Lotus Buds, cord in hand, marched in from a distant room, singing. Then followed the "Rainbow Series," and "Brothers We" and various other action songs, interspersed with instrumental and vocal music by members of the B. B. C. In conclusion lantern views of the Princess Psyche and Point Loma were shown. The portraits of our three Leaders looked down on us from among the snow-white draperies and evergreens, while the necessary touches

of color were given by a large screen of sky-blue embroidered with gold, the purple hangings of the piano and doorway, and the American and English flags.—*Edith Clayton, President*



### Musical Display at Canning Town

On Tuesday evening an interesting dramatic and musical display was given at Mansfield Hall by the children of the Forest Gate Lotus Group of the Universal Brotherhood, to illustrate the methods of training employed by the Humanitarian Department of that Organization. The stage was beautifully decorated, and the costumes of the children were both tasteful and picturesque. The audience crowded the Hall from floor to ceiling and thoroughly enjoyed the unique entertainment, not only for its own merits but also for the novelty of the idea, which is the foundation of the Brotherhood, viz: to exhibit and illustrate the power of art and music upon the inner life of the children. There are many natures, both old and young, to which ordinary methods of teaching are neither applicable nor successful, and it is to these that the new system strongly appeals. The fundamental doctrine is to evoke and develop what is pure and holy in the life of a child, by protecting the young life as far as possible from outside and evil impressions, and training it to the love and appreciation of all things beautiful in the realms of nature and of art. The motto, "Children of Light, as ye go forth into the world, seek to render noble service to all that lives," is perfect in its way, and if followed up in the light of more mature experience, would go far to alleviate and minimize the ills that flesh is heir to. It would be a good thing if these Lotus Groups were founded and thoroughly encouraged in every part of the East-End. The Cantata which formed the first part of the program, was entitled "A Voyage to Nature Land," and the character choruses throughout were faultless, both in time, and action. Everything was conceived and carried out in a bright and happy style which was most contagious, the great heat prevailing in the Hall apparently having no effect on the delighted audience, who rapturously applauded the songs, "Happy Little Sunbeam," "Tiny Buds," "Warriors of the Golden Cord," etc. The second part consisted of a symbolical play, "The Dawn of a New Day," being a new and quite original version of the old pantomime story, "Beauty and the Beast." The children were "all there," and everyone of the parts was played with a clear perception of the importance as well as the pleasure of the work in hand. Hearty cheers greeted the young performers as the curtain fell, and the pleasant evening came to a close.—*East End News, London, April 26, 1901*



### The Universal Brotherhood--Theosophy

On Sunday last the third of an important series of lectures was delivered at the Universal Brotherhood Organization, 13, York Terrace, Clapham. For the last three weeks the visitors to the above room have been interested and educated in Theosophy, its Past, Present and Future being dealt with respectively. The increased attendance at the last goes to show how interesting such a subject can be made in the hands of one who has made it a life study. It is doubtful if ever before Clapham has had such an opportunity of hearing as much of Theosophy so ably explained. Besides the good work done among the children of the neighborhood, meetings are held every Friday and Sunday evenings, when the intellectual hunger of thinkers for a true religion is satisfied.—*News Report*



### Report of Symposium, Utrecht, Holland

GRONINGEN, April 22, 1901

The first Symposium (Hypatia) was held in Holland on April 13th, at Utrecht with co-operation of all Dutch Lodges.

The evening opened with a children's festival. Fifteen children, adorned with Lotus collars came in singing "Happy Sunbeams," holding the cabledow of white and gold. They marched through the hall and made a flower offering to the largest girl who stood by a table on which was the portrait of the Leader, and a vase where the flowers were put in. They moved afterwards before the stage standing in three rows, where they sang "Love Divine" and "The Fairies." With the second verse of the last song they slowly marched away, to reappear on the stage for the first tableau representing "The Angels," where the children lie sleeping when the curtain rises and singing they awake, rise and illustrate the song with movements of their hands, as given in *The New Century*. The second tableau was the "Rainbow Play," each child wearing a star of the color it represented. The third was "The Sunbeams," the children all united by cords of gold, held together by one of them. The last tableau was the "Brotherhood of the Nations," every child holding a flag of a different country in its hands. When this was over, they marched along the hall with flags unfurled.

The gaps between the tableaux were filled in by music, which also preceded the festival and which was given voluntarily by two students of the Music School at Utrecht, further by speeches explanatory of the work and the philosophy of the Organization.

After a pause the representation of Hypatia began. The indications of the play as given in London, published with a photo in *The New Century*, were followed, and a study of Greek costumes, dresses, etc., was made by Brother Reedecker of Groningen. The suggestions sent by you about dressing and attitudes were complied with.

There was a good attendance of the public who heartily applauded the children's tableaux as well as the presentation of Hypatia. The press gave a long and favorable account. I must not omit to say that the hall and stage were beautifully decorated with flowers and plants.

After the photographs were taken by flashlight, we collectively packed the things together and all went to Brother Schudel's house where, at about twelve o'clock in the night, a new Symposium began, though not in Greek costume. All the members present, with only few exceptions, delivered speeches in turn about the things experienced or about that which was in their hearts, and I think there were fine speeches too, though some never made speeches before. Even a couple of words from some young member were felt to be significant and startling. The portrait of the Leader was in our midst, adorned with flowers, and Mr. Judge's birthday was brought into memory and the work of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge gratefully remembered.

We stayed until five o'clock in the morning, when all went out to see the sun rise. Unfortunately the sky remained overcast, but notwithstanding this we sang the hymn of Apollo in chorus and returned home at seven o'clock in the morning, with great joy in our hearts.

The day and night we passed at Utrecht will be remembered long by most of us. There was a spirit of unity and of new courage, that will bring out great results.

The plan was spoken of to give Hypatia at Amsterdam, but no definite things were fixed as yet. Meanwhile we shall have at Groningen a children's festival, assisted by the Boys' and the Girls' Clubs, a "Spring" festival, for which Brother Reedecker is composing the songs, which will be held in the last part of May.

I am sure all the members are grateful to have had the opportunity of helping to carry into effect this part of your suggestions.—*Arie Goud*



**Universal Brotherhood Lodge No 1, Sydney, Australia**

MARCH 25, 1901

Last night (Sunday) we held what all present felt to be a very strong assembly at our usual weekly members' night. After a meeting of the Easter Sale Committee to



arrange business details for the sale to be held next Friday and Saturday, for the subject of our evening's study we took two of the reports recently to hand of the Jubilee Assemblies and Ceremonies at Loma-land. I read the reports and our hearts were all touched deeply. Several comrades spoke, strengthening our one theme of harmony and love with the work and the life at Point Loma, the privilege of being a member, the heart's desire of the world's greatest sages, and the self-evident truth that we must have as our Leader one of the greatest of the Helpers of the Race, strong enough and wise enough to direct the Soul civilization of the Earth. The feeling was quietly but intensely strong, to calmness and confidence, of the irresistible power, now alive in human life for human good. We arose to our feet spontaneously as the President gave voice to the Lodge, and with right hand uplifted, took a vow together as one, to work for Universal Brotherhood, and aid with all our power the Great Helper, who is our Leader. It was a night that will not easily be forgotten.

Our Pyramid Box, ten-inch base is, as the letter writer said, "a piece of exhibition work." It is I think one of the finest pieces of carpentering I have ever seen. Before it was painted it looked like a solid block of wood. It has a hinged and locked door in the center of the base for giving out its wealth. The apex runs to the finest point and the edges are sharp, fine lines, while it measures its ten inches with faultless accuracy. The skilled workmen employed are taking the keenest interest in the work, and the letter writers and painter wanted very much to tone down the shine of the enamelled white paint to make it look like stone—but enamelled white paint was the direction and it had to be so. We ordered that the colors used in five-pointed star and letters should be in pure yellow and true blue; and the specimens shown were just right.—*T. W. Willans*



#### Universal Brotherhood Lodge, No. 56

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1901

The U. B. members in this city of Iron, Coal and Smoke, are working to the best of their ability for the uplifting of Humanity, and at the same time doing what they can to also make their own lives purer and better.

On April 13th we celebrated the anniversary of the birth of W. Q. Judge by giving a Social for the members and friends. On Sunday, the 14th, we held a public meeting while the rest of the meetings were for members only.

At all our meetings we use the Lotus Song book and the visitors and members enjoy the Songs very much. Greetings from all the members.—*Henry Nolte, Secretary, U. B. Lodge, No. 56*

## The XXth Century Universal Brotherhood Jubilee

A R E T R O S P E C T



A Jubilee is not simply a time of rejoicing and gladness; it is a time of triumphant celebration, heralded at the ancient sublime rejoicings, as a culminating, supreme event by blast of trumpets, with songs of triumph and shouts of joy.

Through all recorded time bodies of men, communities and even whole nations have made jubilee. But like all else that has its true place and function, the Jubilee in modern times has become degenerated into a mere form, having been bereft of the spirit of truth through misuse by wrong-hearted celebrants, until today these anciently sublime celebrations of the soul's triumphant joy are solemnly caricatured by a decrepit old man with a lath hammer, demolishing an imitation stone casement, that the material door to a temple empty of truth, may be opened to him and a few chosen ones; while the public

representing saved humanity, are shut out, to gape at cold walls in blank amazement or stupid wonder. What a contrast to the true Jubilee, bursting with song, and overflowing with triumph and gladness; how true a symbol of modern farcical life and jubilee—with one exception—that of Universal Brotherhood!

This recent and first real Jubilee celebration in modern times, unlike all others, was filled with the true ring of sincerity, the action of courageous trust, followed by triumphant joy! Shouts of glad thankfulness are heard from brotherhood sentinels and vidette posts stationed throughout the world. All moved simultaneously against what to them appeared as the impossible; loyally entering action at the bugle call of the Leader who has never once fallen short of success—nor has one soul who has trustingly followed.

As a result, our organization stands amazed and overjoyed at what was accomplished; its ranks solidified and bound together, electrified and permeated by a spirit of daring enterprise, which will require the steady firm hand of our clear-visioned Leader on the reins, to hold in check the triumphant enthusiasm generated by successful action. Those who have hitherto timidly acted on faith alone, will now move forward with the bold confidence of a "new faith based on actual knowledge" acquired in their recent Jubilee experience. And while no one would abate this joy of soul expressed in fearless confidence; a word of caution against unconsidered impulse and over-action is opportune; a call for *close and most strict adherence to the very letter of all and every suggestion and instruction from the Leader; not alone this, but the taking of no action relating to the general work—especially with individual non-members and the public at-large—which is not first approved or directly suggested by her. Otherwise we shall be like a new victorious army, which has grown careless through victory, constantly falling into pit-falls and ambushes set by a wily and experienced enemy to profit themselves by our incautious and unrestrained enthusiasm. Do we know of any other single person or collection of individuals who have the grasp, foresight, wisdom or authority to act or even suggest action at this vital juncture, closing the "last quarter century" of a great epoch and opening a greater? We must become like our great example, "wise as serpents, harmless as doves."*

But the Jubilee! What a success! What a triumph over past comparative inaction, timidity and lack of real trust in the Higher Law on the part of ourselves! What a victory over public misunderstanding, uninformed prejudice, willful vilification and malignant attacks from open and secret enemies of our cause and truth! Many who have stood aloof but in earnest, hopeful scrutiny looking for *practical results*, are now flocking in, to confidently add their strength to our might. With them will come "wolves in sheep's clothing" to be wisely held out by keen discernment and wise discrimination. The world's public press without exception where contacting the Jubilee, speaks in surprised commendation of our great work, which before it either did not comprehend or in its estimation was not sufficiently popular for other than ridicule or condemnation.

These are some of the already apparent effects of the world's Universal Brotherhood Jubilee; for it was a celebration in which all truth-seeking humanity unconsciously took part—the dawning triumph of right over error: of light over darkness. Those who walked in the darkness seeking the light, felt and returned its hope-energizing thrill, while those who "chose darkness rather than light" were made more fully conscious that their day of exposure in the light and just judgment by the Truth is at hand. Souls were awakened into a new consciousness of help and returning strength! They *felt* the "new birth," and are already turning and moving toward us like a vast weary host emerging out of the wilderness of selfishness and strife, of which they have had a surfeit but were hopeless of escape. All foot-worn avenues, roads and by-paths had but led them deeper into dark forests of doubt, swamps of decay, and the quagmire of corruption. The door to these tried souls is finally opened to their conscious and sub-conscious perception, and they are wrenching loose from their crosses, their false guides and mental jailers, and moving towards us who are the torch-bearers of the simple, eternal, unchanging truth! And how were these attracted? Was it by something new or strange? Some new re-

ligion? Some phenomena? Not at all! They have seen and hopefully pursued all of these only to have them "turn to dust and ashes;" and to find them "stones" instead of "the bread of life." They have turned from these and staggered on exhausted and hopeless, despairing of the Light.

They saw in the Jubilee nothing strange nor in a sense unfamiliar; a simple dramatic presentation, but made alive in form, word, and in teaching, permeated with spirit, and composed of purity and lofty but simply presented truths!

*And the little children.* Their young lives and budding souls fresh from the font of purification, not prostituted as precocious comedians, but in the simplicity of their innocent loveliness and happy child-life growing towards the Light, following the irresistible beckoning of beauty, truth and happiness in everything.

These were the occult instruments and the magic used by a most accomplished "Adept" to attract the eye and beneficially entertain the minds of men, while taking them from the crucifixions of daily life, and rolling away from their sepulcher-doors the stones of doubt and hopelessness, to set their souls free again for conscious, joyous action in this present earth-life.

Truly this first Universal Brotherhood celebration was a Triumphant Jubilee for a Victory won! a promise kept! and a still greater foreshadowed and insured to the whole world.

F. M. PIERCE

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## For Italy's Freedom

**Extract from an Account of the Visit of the Theosophical Crusade to Italy in 1896, during the Crusade Around the World**

On the 15th of September 1896, the Theosophical crusade took train at Vienna and entered Italy along the very route which the Roman armies had rendered historical, opening the north and north-east of Europe to enlightenment and progress yet preparing thereby the means for their own eventual annihilation when vice and luxury should have undermined their virile forces. Among the glaciers above them stood the Roman mile stones, but like true religion, which teaches brotherhood with the lowly they came into Italy through the laughing verdant valleys where the wheat crops and feathery grasses waved, not by the rocky elevations and icy gorges and summits typical of the old Roman exclusiveness.

What has the Pass of the Pontebba, the Gates of Eastern Europe not witnessed? Army after army journeying north and south, strife, bloodshed and death, Nature ever seeking to cover up the ugly scars and man hurrying to reopen them and add fresh landmarks of strife.

At Tarcento, the first Italian town where the streets hug the mountain sides and the sanctuaries have fled heavenward to seek protection alike from man and the elements, in one of the rooms of the old inn the patriot and author Silvio Pelico slept as he was hurried by vindictive power from the hot leads and damp vaults of the Doges' prison in Venice to the fortress of Austria. How slowly time ebbed towards his liberation and that of Italy, a Liberation which symbolically came alone through UNIFICATION. A lesson of our own day which we should all be quick to read.

As Tarcento is left the great fortress of Osoppo rises on the right. Surrounded by the verdant plains it has so long protected and always stood for freedom, when might of man and not might of money carried the day. It is a worthy monument of the noble lord and worthy republican citizen of Venice who in the year 1508, after converting his favorite feudal castle into a fortress, summoning his vassals and dependants and all the souls still left in the province, prepared to withstand alone the great league of Cambrey, the union

of the Powers of his day against the only Republic then existing. At Treviso far away on the plain was the other great republican general with his well trained army at Count Gerolimo Savorgnan's private country house. These were all that stood for Venice, but their brave hearts knew not what fear could be. The right must prevail, and it did. Taking the handful of troops, knights, men-at-arms and peasants who could be spared, leaving the others to keep the chimneys smoking that Maximilian with his generals and thirty-six thousand men might suspect nothing, they crept silently out into the night. They knew each rood of their beloved plains and mountains, the fair land of Friuli they were ready to die for. They crossed the roaring Tagliamento which others would have considered an obstacle, but they welcomed the kiss of its cold glacier water for it rendered the execution of their plan possible. They scaled the mountain passes in the dark and with the sun they burst upon the midst of the Imperial army in the narrow defile of the Pontebba. They fought the main army all through the long day and as the sun was sinking the retreat was sounded and with light hearts they scaled the mountains and again dashed into the river on their homeward way, for the Imperial vanguard was marching on towards the home of their commander and their few busy comrades. Four times in that eventful day and the darkness before and after, they crossed that turbulent stream and each time its pure waters revived their strength and when they reached the beloved walls and had passed through the triple gates, they did not seek for rest or respite but mingled their songs of triumph with the ring of the chapel bells and the roar of Republican cannon, and thus fighting for their homes and liberty, they broke and routed the vanguard and sent it back to bury the dead which the main army had abandoned.

Venice was saved. And when the Doge and the people offered all that the city possessed to Savorgnan he asked that it might be erased from the annals of the republic that one of his family had given the keys of Udine the Capital of his beloved Friuli to the enemy. His wish was granted, history simply records that the Austrians took possession of the city and evacuated it after the battle of Osoppo; Gerolimo Savorgnan's arms are on every gate and every sheet of paper belonging to the business of his beloved province. He gave the home he loved to the Republic which had it trebly fortified under his direction, that when there should no longer be his brave heart to defend the land against Austria, it might serve in his stead. He died full of years and honors for he was as great a scientist and philosopher as he was a patriot, and when he died he elected to be buried at Osoppo. There he lay in a stone coffin walled into the stones he loved, free to the kiss of rain and sun, inscribed with an epitaph expressive of a nation's love and gratitude, until another league of French and Austrians occurred and with the treaty of Campoformio in 1797 his beloved province was sold to Austria by Buonaparte that he might use the money wrung from the people of Friuli to carry war and carnage throughout Europe. Savorgnan's degenerate descendants melted down their gold and silver, sold their jewels, pictures, everything but their lands. To those they held as he would have held.

And Savorgnan! An Austrian bomb struck and burst open his airy sepulchre. The ribald French soldiers took out his skull and after kicking it about for awhile played bowls with it. But the stone seal was broken, his spirit was aroused and came forth once more through the land. The nobles, the shop-keepers, the farmers, school-teachers and peasants plotted and schemed. Where one was killed or tortured a thousand swore to die for the liberation and unification of Italy. The dust of Savorgnan scattered to the four winds of heaven is freed and mingles with the soil of his beloved land, and never again shall darkness or superstition usurp the high places which he dedicated to freedom so many years ago. Nature herself with the hail, the earthquakes and snow-storms which have raged about these boundaries, inspiring all with fear, will defend the consecrated land, and her sons and daughters would rather leave their homes again and flee to the lagoons as their ancestors did before Atilla and the Goths than serve in foreign splendor. Their ancestors' flight was the birth of Venice and history fulfilled Friuli's promise when Savorgnan defended and saved her mighty daughter, the Venetian republic. C. B.

# NATURE LIFE ON POINT LOMA

DEAR EDITOR: Thinking it may interest the readers of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH I send you a sketch of a sprig of "Acanthus," found growing on the hillside of Esotero, not far from the Homestead. This particular species played a very prominent part in Ancient Decorative Art, being first used by the Greeks and afterwards by the Romans, and in later styles of decoration. Is it not significant that it should be found growing on our grounds, and is it not a prophetic symbol of the grace and beauty of the Art which is to find its home in our work on Point Loma? The delicate and refined Greek forms are well known to be the most beautiful that any age has produced, and the part which the Acanthus leaf played in Greek architecture and sculpture has made it a plant of great fame and renown in the field of art.

ART STUDENT



## W I L D H Y A C I N T H S

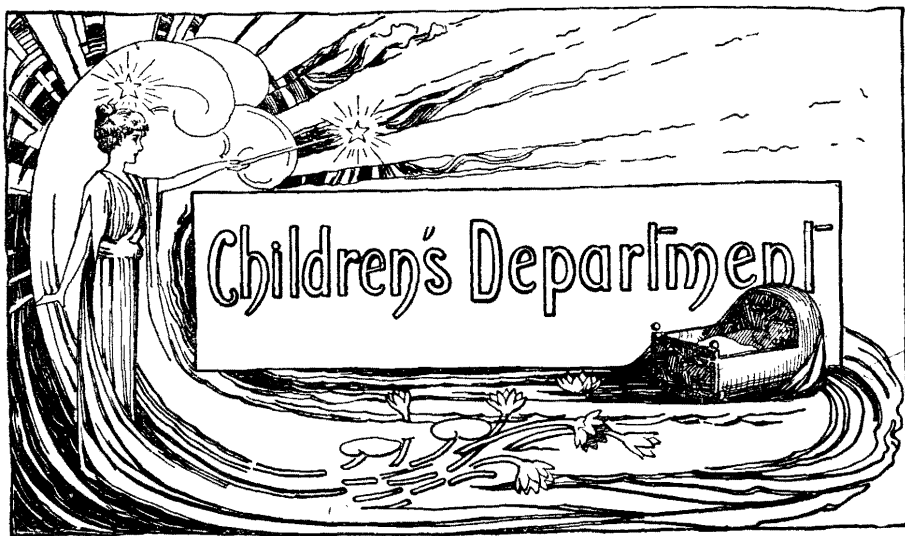
I was gathering wild hyacinths, that grow on the hillside in the brush and the dead sage bushes. I saw how they grew right up in the thickest part of an old dead bush, and seemed to spring straight from the ground as if they had no root, and I wondered how they were sown there. The sun came over the hill and the sea sang its song in the morning air and I felt the presence of one I had left in a land far away, and a smile of quiet joy seemed to float somewhere around me, and as I stooped to gather a beautiful blossom, I suddenly knew how they came to be planted there on the wild hill-side, where such a peace prevails that one may easily know the flowers that blossom just there have their roots in the fairy world, and the seed that is planted there is a thought from a loving heart, that has given all that it had in life to give to the Lotus Mother to help her work. And every day a loving thought goes out to the Heart of the Lotus Mother, and so there are always plenty of blossoms down there in the brush. The guests who lunch at the Homestead have bunches of wild hyacinths



A SPRIG OF ACANTHUS FROM POINT LOMA

on their tables and they often wonder why the dining room is so pleasant.

A NATURE LOVER



## A Very Big Fish

By R. M.

**T**HERE was once a country where people thought Wisdom was the greatest power that a man could have, and a great many people tried very hard to learn wisdom. But when they could not manage that, they tried to look wise, so as to be admired by others. But of course the really wise people were very few and the Emperor of the country was always trying to find out the wisest of them and then he would ask them to be his ministers and rulers of provinces, and judges, and teachers for the people. So in all the towns and villages there were schools of all sorts and the highest of these were called schools of philosophy.

In one village there was a man who had been thought rather stupid when he was young, and who never won prizes in the schools but was always fond of wandering about the country and watching the animals and birds and fishes. He never tried to catch them, nor to take the birds' eggs, but he loved to see all the wild things living happily, and to study their life, till he seemed to know what they felt and thought, and sometimes fancied he could understand what they said to one another.

He used to come into the schools of philosophy sometimes and ask questions of the wise men, but as he always asked about the life of things, and spoke of all things as if they were alive, the wise men thought him foolish and not worth notice. They always said "Life is an illusion" and their pupils always looked very wise when this was said, and tried to make each other believe they understood something which was too deep to be spoken freely. Then they would talk about things with very long names and used such long words

that they were often surprised at their own cleverness and this made them all feel very happy.

But the poor man went back to the woods and watched the birds and beasts and the flowers and trees. He saw the sunlight on the hill-tops, and the flowers dancing in the meadows as the wind passed, and he thought that Life was very beautiful. Then he began to talk to the children, and they told him what they thought about the animals and what the animals said to them and he thought there was more wisdom amongst the little children than in the schools of philosophy.

Then the head man of the village, who was very anxious to make all the people do their duty in the way he thought best, came to this man and told him that it was time for him to choose a business by which to earn his living, and also he said it was the duty of every man to marry. So the philosopher promised to think it over and to take the advice of his friends.

The head man was quite pleased to hear this and went away feeling he had done his duty.

The philosopher went out to the woods and mountains and saw how all the birds and beasts mated, and then went back to the village and carefully looked at all the women who were not married and he saw the young men courting the prettiest women and the wise men courting the wealthiest women, but there was one poor woman who was so ugly and so bad-tempered that no man wanted to marry her. So the philosopher said, "This is the wife for me, duty is always unpleasant, I have been told, and I wish now to do my duty."

So he went to this woman and asked her to be his wife. She was so surprised that she sat down right in the middle of the wash tub and then got very angry and scolded him for twenty minutes, while he stood still and smiled quite gently, so that at last she felt that he was stronger than she was, so she married him.

When the head man asked him what his profession was to be, he said he would be a fisherman.

Next day he went out with a fishing rod and a piece of string and a bit of straight wire tied at the end in place of a hook, because he did not want to hurt the fish. He went to a place outside the village where the road crossed the river and he sat on the bridge and pretended to fish, but of course he did not catch anything, and at night his wife scolded and grumbled because he had caught nothing and he smiled and said nothing.

Soon the people began to talk about him as a madman and some of them tried to make fun of him but he took no notice until they began to ask questions, then he gave them answers that made them all feel foolish, and none of them were able to get the best of him in argument, and no one was able to ask him questions that he could not answer. But when he asked them questions they could not find good answers at all. So they asked the wise men from the other villages to come and try their power of discussion with the fishing philosopher, but all these wise men went away beaten, and the villagers began to

be proud of their philosopher, but still they could not understand his sitting on the bridge all day pretending to fish. His wife scolded more and more, till all the neighbors wondered at the poor husband's patience and thought he was a fool not to give her a good beating. But he always told her that he was going to catch a big fish one day and then he would buy her a new dress, and once he told her that if she would only have patience, he would make her a great lady and give her a palace to live in. This made her so angry that she never stopped scolding him all night and sent him out without breakfast. He only smiled sadly and went to the bridge as usual, but the children brought him some wild fruit and a part of their cakes, so he made a feast there and invited the birds and the fishes to the feast, and they came, while the children sat as still as they could, and the philosopher talked to the birds and fishes and gave them food.

At last his wife said she would have no more of it and she went to the magistrate and got a divorce from her husband, which was easily done in that country, and she left him. He warned her that she was throwing away all her good luck and told her again that if she would but wait, she should have more wealth than she could now imagine, but she only got more angry and scolded worse than ever.

So the philosopher was free once more, and was able to spend his spare time in the forest and on the mountain; but every day he sat on the bridge fishing and answering the questions of the wise men who came there to see him from all parts of the country.

At last the fame of his wisdom reached the ears of the Emperor who was just then trying to decide which of two wise men to choose as Governor of a great Province. They were both so learned that they each knew as much as the other, and they were both so clever that each was able to make speeches that the other could not understand, and the questions they put to one another were so learned that it took three days to answer any one of them. The Emperor went to sleep during the debate and all the courtiers put their hands over their eyes so as to look as if they were thinking very hard, and when any one snored those who were awake looked sad and shocked and then went to



THE PHILOSOPHER PRETENDING TO FISH



sleep too. So the great debate had gone on for three months and the Emperor had begun to get tired of it, because he was really a wise man and knew that these men were talking too much. So he sent for the fishing philosopher to see if he could beat these terrible talkers. But the fisher refused to come until he had caught his fish.

The Emperor was astonished at such an answer and then he had an idea. He told the two wise men that he had heard quite enough of their wonderful learning and now he would give them a trial. They were to go to the fisher philosopher and persuade him to come to court and whichever succeeded should be governor of the Province.

But they quarreled all the way as to which should have the first chance, and they went on quarreling till they got to the bridge where the philosopher sat. Then they both began talking at once and they talked so fast and so loud that no one had any idea what they were saying and the philosopher sat still and smiled at the fishes in the river till the sun went down behind the mountain and the children came to bring the fisherman his evening meal of wild fruit and crumbs for the fishes. Then he shouted loud, without turning round: "Begone! foolish persons, I am tired of your noise. Begone! and let me talk to my friends and my disciples."

Then the two who came from the Emperor were silent, and the villagers were all proud of their philosopher and the children climbed on the parapet of the bridge and the birds began to hover round and the fishes were all gathered in a great mass near the top of the water, and the philosopher turning his back to the people began to talk to the fishes and the birds and the children. He called them all his brothers and he talked of the beauty of living and spoke of the "sunlight of Life." His voice was soft and singing and seemed to get like the voice of the wind in the trees and then like the voice of the stream as it gurgled over the stones, and at times it was like the voice of a child when it chuckles with quiet delight and yet it was still the voice of the man, and the words that he spoke were simple, and wise, and loving and full of joy. The villagers crowded around and the children stared and smiled, some with their mouths wide open, others with their hands clasped tight, and all their eyes fixed on the



THE TWO WISE MEN ARGUING BEFORE THE EMPEROR

speaker who seemed to see them all, birds, children, and fishes, and smiled at them all as if they were all his children and he their father.

Then the daylight passed and the people went home with the children talking of what they had heard and seen. And the fisherman put up his rod and said, "I will catch the big fish soon and then . . . .," he sighed and walked slowly away to the forest.

But the two wise men stayed there on the bridge and they looked at one another and knew that they had failed and were not worthy to be called wise men any more and they too walked away to the village and said nothing; and all the way back to the court of the Emperor they went together with their heads down and in silence. Then they came before the Emperor and hung their heads and said nothing, and when the Emperor asked where the fisher philosopher was they hung their heads and said nothing. Then the Emperor commanded them to speak and they looked at one another and shook their heads and said nothing. Then the Emperor said nothing for a long time and at last he said:

"Have you nothing to say? you who had so much to say a little while ago. Where is your wisdom?"

"Ah! Sir!" they both said, then they spoke one after the other like this:

"Men called us wise."

"But we were not wise."

"We had much learning."

"But no wisdom."

"We spoke very many words."

"But we had not understanding."

"We hoped to be made rulers of men."

"But we are utterly unworthy."

"Ah! Sir! let us depart and learn wisdom for we are ashamed to speak till we have learned the secret of wisdom."

The Emperor was very much astonished and now he decided to go himself and see the wonderful man who had silenced these two talkers and made them so humble.

Now the Emperor could not by law pay a visit in full state to any one who was of lower rank than a Prince, so that if he went to visit a man of any other rank, the visit of the Emperor in state made him at once a Prince by right.

So the Emperor went with all his court to see the wisest man in all the land, and found him sitting on the parapet of the bridge fishing; and as the Court passed, the people fell on their faces and kissed the earth in sign of obedience to the Emperor, but the philosopher did not move.

Then the Emperor got down from his palanquin and spoke to the philosopher.

"Sir," said he, "I have heard of your wisdom from many of my wise men and now I am come to ask you to give your wisdom to the service of the state and that of your Emperor who stands before you and begs that you will accept

the post of Governor of this great Province and Chief Counselor of the Emperor.”

At this the philosopher drew up his line and turning to the Emperor made his salute in proper form as a Prince and governor of a province and quietly accepted the position offered to him by the Emperor. Then he took off his line and threw it in the river and broke his rod and threw that into the river.

Then the Emperor said :

“So you give up the idea of catching fish without a hook?”

“Sir,” said the philosopher, “I have caught the big fish that I have been waiting for so long.”

Now the philosopher had become a Prince and a governor but he was still a wise man, and loved all the creatures of the earth and made good laws to protect them and good schools for the children, where they were taught to help one another and to be kind to all creatures and not to use long words, and not to quarrel. He made places of amusement and public baths for the people and beautiful gardens for the children and spent all his money for the good of the people, but he traveled as a Prince with a lot of servants and the people came to him on the road to ask for help and advice and he gave all that he was able.



THE POOR WOMAN EMPTIES A PITCHER OF WATER

One day a poor woman who was very ugly and cross-looking came and begged to speak to the Prince, who at once knew her, for she was the woman who had been his wife and got divorced from him.

She bowed very low and begged forgiveness and help.

So the Prince asked what she wanted.

Then she said :

“I have always been poor and unfortunate, but since I left my husband I have been more unfortunate still and now I am almost starving.”

“Poor woman,” said the Prince, “to be so unhappy and to know what a position she might have had, it is very sad.”

Then he ordered money to be given to her and told her she should be provided for so that she need not fear starvation any more.

Seeing how kindly she was treated, she thought she might try for more and said :

“Ah! kind Sir! it is not hunger that troubles me, but the loss of my dear kind husband who never spoke unkindly to me, though I was sometimes a little hasty myself. I was a bad wicked woman to go away from so good a husband. But now I have found him again and I can tell him that I really loved him dearly and can never be happy again until he forgives me and makes me his wife again.”

She looked eagerly to see if she had made any impression on the Prince but he only smiled calmly, as he used to when she scolded, and said :

“What have you in that pitcher?”

“Water, my Lord,” she said.

“Pour it on the ground.”

She did so and the thirsty earth sucked it in.

“Now,” said the Prince, “gather up that which you have spilled and put it back in the pitcher, and give me to drink.”

“My Lord, the water is all wasted and the pitcher is empty and I cannot gather up that which is spilled nor give you to drink of that which I have not.”

“Even so,” said the Prince and his face was very stern, “the past that was present is poured out and wasted and none can gather it up again.”

So saying he passed on, and the woman fell back amongst the crowd and disappeared.

This is the story of the man who caught the big fish and the woman who would not wait.

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## Little Things

### Selected



A little thing, a sunny smile,  
 A loving word at morn,  
 And all day long the sun shone bright,  
 The cares of life were made more light,  
 And sweetest hopes were born.

A little thing, a hasty word,  
 A cruel frown at morn,  
 And aching hearts went on their way,  
 And toiled throughout a dreary day,  
 Disheartened, sad and lorn.

— C. L. HILL, *New York Tribune*

H U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

“Much of the mystery that hangs over the world, as a world of evil, grows out of a misconception of the highest life.”

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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## The Trees

By A. R. G.



**S**WAY, you old trees  
 And wave you in the wind;  
 There are trees in my heart too  
 And trees in my mind.

The oak trees have rich gold,  
 Never sought by thieves,  
 And golden stars for acorns,  
 And green fire for leaves.

Acorns and beech-nuts  
 Worth all the diamonds found,  
 And beech leaves and oak leaves  
 Are strewn along the ground.

Gentle old beech trees  
 Are whispering down the night,  
 And silver flames are in them  
 And buds of starry light.

Sway, you old trees,  
 And wave your branches long;  
 The Earth made your fire-sap,  
 The Sun made your song.

# Theosophy and the Artist

By W. T. HANSON



IT is generally accepted as quite legitimate for the man of business to work for himself, to make money, to further his own interests by howsoever he may, provided of course that he do so honestly.

In view of this, it is somewhat strange, but a wonderful and splendid thing that a different and higher basis of action is expected of the artist. It is recognized as right and in accord with the fitness of things that a painter, for instance, receive a great price for a great picture. But an unwritten law, perceived by the finer feelings of all people, demands that he do the work for the sake of the art and not for the money return. To find him guilty of the latter occasions a disagreeable shock. We may appreciate his business instincts but as an artist he stands degraded and condemned. As a matter of fact such a man is not really an artist at all but a manufacturer who makes use of artistic powers in the production of his wares.

But admitting all this to be at least somewhat true, what difference does it make to those who have to deal with existence in a commonplace prosaic way?

Does any fact underlie the tradition of the "Lost Canon of Proportion?" Its existence is maintained by all the sages of antiquity. It is held to solve any problem, unlock any mystery, furnish the key to every situation whatsoever, disclosing the wisest, most correct, most effective plan of action in any case. The profounder students of life, sooner or later, all come to the recognition of the possibility of such. What can be its nature and how can its use be recovered?

As we all know there are many arts but, as conceived by Theosophy, these, each and every one, are branches, departments, integral powers of one Great Art—the Art of living, the Art of so acting at every time and place that the forthcoming results will be more desirable, more satisfactory, all things considered, than if any other way had been chosen. Any one who catches this idea and endeavors to put it into operation forthwith begins the development of his artistic nature by the most effective procedure that can be adopted. In this sense all people should be artists and in every circumstance of their lives they have the opportunity of becoming such.

There is a great difference between an artist and a mere creator. All men are creators by every motion they make, by their every thought, feeling, and act. But all are not artists. It is one thing to do or create, if you please, any old thing that may enter the mind or stir the impulse; it is quite another to produce that thing or perform that act which will give the best possible result

practicable. The first requires only the power to move, think, feel and act. The other calls for the exercise of a power which can control and so order the motion, thought, feeling and act that the true relation of things is advanced and fostered. This is where the Lost Canon of Proportion would come into such useful play.

That which makes an artist an artist is a sense of proportion, whether he be an actor, a musician, a sculptor, a painter, a writer—and for the statesman, or lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or day laborer, for any worker whatsoever to properly perform his function, the exercise of this sense is necessary. What else is the sense of right action? Could such ever have been so powerful, so delicate, so comprehensive, so pointed that it would operate not only in reference to morals and ethics, but every circumstance, every undertaking, every idea and object that could occupy the attention of the human mind? So all the Great Teachers have taught. All men have it in greater or less degree in some form or another. Only a touch now perhaps, but still enough to be the sign of its fuller existence and function.

How could it have become so weakened that intelligent, conscious recognition of it is all but lost? How, except by the way in which all things are lost, by neglect, misuse, abuse, outrage and the like?

Can it be recovered and regenerated to the fullness of its rightful powers? If so, how? How otherwise, than by use, exercise, careful and nurturing regard of the germ that remains?

That we all still have a touch of it is shown in many ways, in the fine sensitive feeling that an artist shall work for the sake of the art, and not find the mainspring of his effort in what he himself shall receive therefrom. The explanation is simple enough. It is the function of the artist to express the beautiful, the strengthening, the instructive, the inspiring, the virtues and nobilities and harmonies of life. To do this to his fullest capacity he must first of all be true to his nature and mission as an artist, and in his own living show due regard for true proportions and relations.

To be able to express an ideal thing and then make that ability subservient to a selfish personal interest is contrary to the sense of proportion, offends it, injures it, weakens it in him who so uses it, thereby unavoidably deteriorating the character of the work that is being done. It is a shameful thing and is rightly adjudged so in the general estimation of the world whose sense of proportion has been shocked by the fact.

Being an artist, coming more in contact with ideals and the loftier energies of life than men commonly, he should and does more fully and clearly understand the true relations of things, and for him to place an inferior thing—his personal aggrandizement—above a more worthy something, his mission in life, is worse than for a business man who has not as keen perceptions and sensibilities to work for the money to be obtained.

However, there is no hope for humanity except as it becomes more alive to that side of its nature which we are at present naming the artist. Only as

this is done, call it as we like, will it be possible to eradicate the thousand and one ills that now affect existence—all of which have arisen through the disregard or abuse of man's inherent sense of proportion. Such is the key to the overcoming of drudgery—of ennobling and dignifying labor, and bringing joy into existence.

The discontent current in the world is the logical and inevitable sequence of the motive of action on which most men base their effort. Discontent with one's condition and one's work arises from the simple fact that the condition or employment is something of which any right thinking, right feeling man is ashamed. This may require amplification, and to avoid misunderstanding and misconception and confusion in the mind it is necessary to perceive the case as it really is and not as it may superficially appear. The following is the fundamental gist of the matter plainly stated.

The condition of a discontented man is the condition of one who directly or indirectly is working primarily for himself. When he is discontented with his employment it is because in the last analysis he is employed in furthering his own interests above all other things and frequently without much consideration for any thing else. Naturally he is ashamed. It is to his credit. But the shame makes him uncomfortable and discontented. Offense is given to his sense of true proportion, which continually reminds him that he is engaged in a mean, small, petty, unworthy, business, when, by right, he could and should be doing something important, noble, dignified and grand.

There is an adage current in the legal profession, that "the man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client." The same form applies here, in that a man who works for himself, has a grasping, insatiable task-master and a very unwise and unreliable employer—grasping, because he wants all the returns for himself; unwise, because in working selfishly he goes contrary to the highest intelligence in him; unreliable, because he who violates principle—the highest principle in his nature—cannot be depended upon.

It is much better to be an artist, to exercise that sense of proportion which operates toward having every act performed—the right thing to do—and being right it is important, worthy, noble, and possessing an inherent dignity, unassailable by ridicule or disrespect, and forming an armor impenetrable to the darts of discontent.

By so becoming an artist, in whatsoever line one may be, is to begin the cultivation and development of the intelligence and all the faculties by the most powerful and rapid and substantial of all processes—the exercise of the sense of proportion; which will apply instantly and, as it were, automatically to every conceivable situation and circumstance.

So, in this sense, to become an artist will pay better than any other thing, in the avenues and opportunities that will be opened up and developed. Yet when it is done *because it will pay*, the returns are much slower and much less and it defeats its own ends.

There is perhaps but one thing more unprofitable than working for one's self, that is not working at all. Sometimes it does seem that the selfish man



is the subject of a great joke. Being too lazy or indifferent or inconsiderate to play voluntarily the true part of a man in the great drama of life, his soul so works upon his nature as to stir the feelings of self-interest, which drive him to a task with the certainty before him of never being able to satisfy himself on that line and of learning in time that he is engaged in a small business. Then comes upon him discontent bringing to him, however, the opportunity to perceive the larger life into which he may enter if he will but evoke and cherish the artist in him, by beginning to do what he has to do, and is able to do, in accord with his reawakening sense of proportion,—which, once he unalterably establishes it, will quickly guide him out of all pain, discontent, difficulties, ugliness and gloom, into the real sunshine and joy of living.

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## Some New Diseases

By Gertrude W. Van Pelt



**I**T is natural to infer that new conditions bring new diseases, but those referred to here are certain mental states heretofore denominated moods, and are therefore new only in our recognition of them as such.

This marvelously complex organism known as man, is, according to the ancient teaching, made up of an infinite number of lesser organisms, all intimately connected through a perfectly graded system with the brain and heart, the whole intended to form a temple for the use of its lord, the soul. And each stone of this temple, even to the last atom of which it is composed, as it has the potentialities of the whole, must have also a correspondence in it to every power and faculty of the whole organism. All have therefore the capability of being impressed by the various powers resident in and ruling the organism.

This seems so self-evident, when once it has been pointed out, that the strangeness lies in the fact that it was necessary to point it out. For unless this were the case, there could be no possibility of ever expressing through that organism the powers of the soul. There must be the basis upon which to work. The strings must be at hand upon which the musician is to play, before he can be expected to awaken the latent sound. And it is because there is this relation, this similarity and correspondence, that the possibilities of training, of evolution, are infinite. Thus the doctrine of correspondences, which sounds fanciful to some in these days, when carefully considered, is found to be only common sense. It is likewise evident that although different parts of the organism are evolved more especially in different directions, and

so are differently receptive, yet all must to some extent have in common all the possibilities of all the others and of the whole. Were it not so, certain cells would cut off certain currents as surely as the insertion of a piece of glass between two ends of a wire carrying an electric current would cut it off.

When the body is considered from this stand-point, it seems almost like a sensitized plate, affected for better or for worse by all the forces which are streaming through it. Those which will most naturally play through a body, are those to which it can most easily respond, with the least effort, and unless the soul who should guard that temple is a vigilant sentinel, closing the gate to all but the purest, we can readily imagine what will be its fate. Knowing the currents that are rushing over the world in its present condition, filled with beings, ignorant of their own natures, is it strange that the earth is covered with disease; that not only there is no harmony between different individuals, but that no nature is harmonious with itself?

We are in the habit of considering a person healthy in whom the ordinary bodily functions are carried on without pain and who possesses the average amount of strength with what is known as a rational state of mind. Idiosyncrasies, peculiarities, disagreeable characteristics, unfortunate tempers, bad traits, are looked upon as belonging to that individual, as being a part of him, as being the kind of a man he is. Though side by side with this opinion is often a contradiction of it, in the effort that is made to change him, or in the hope that he may possibly overcome these traits. They are recognized as mental bents, beyond which there is something in the make-up of the man, which can control or modify them, if they are not too deep. May it not be that they are something even more than this, when we consider the intimate relation between the mind and body, and that not a thought, which is a force, fails to exert its influence, and make its imprint on the cells which constitute the body?

Men create their own bodies, and are creating them moment by moment. They throw the tendencies of the forces they have allowed to play through their brains, on every cell, and these tendencies become a part of their bodies. What is a dark, ugly mood, but a permission from the master of the body, for dark ugly forces to play through it? And is it likely the cells of the body will remain uninjured? If this is repeated many times, is it not natural to suppose, they will be permanently altered, in other words, diseased—after a manner, to be sure, which the microscope can never reveal, but which is nevertheless profound, affecting, so to speak, the soul of the cells? According to the law of affinities, what forces can we imagine these cells will attract? Now the whole world is alive with intelligence of different degrees. Blind forces, as commonly thought of, do not exist according to the teachings of the Wisdom-Religion. These forces then must be considered as manipulated by congenial intelligences, and it is such which are invited to inhabit and use our bodies—invited, not consciously at the time, but by the conditions which have been allowed to come about, by the master who does not fill his own dwelling.

It is recorded of Jesus that he said "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself, seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there! And the last state of that man is worse than the first."

A consideration of all this may throw some light on cases which are given over to gluttony of one sort or another, seeming to show only animal tendencies, and this to such a degree, that they sooner or later find their way into the insane asylums. Also it may throw light on sly traits, vices of different sorts, attacks of despondency and gloom, which take possession of a person, and which are often considered as being connected with the mind alone. The cells of the body may be perfectly healthy as far as concerns the superficial bodily functions, digestion and the like, but back of that is the subtle essence, which responds to the mental impulse, and which, if it has been played upon by the forces which are out of tune with the eternal harmonies, becomes discordant notes in the music descending from the region of the soul, causing disharmony or disease, which is reflected upon that mind which first allowed the condition. These may become so strong as to master and completely color the mind.

To perceive this clearly, is enough to arouse mankind to the folly of regarding lightly a simple mood, a simple permission from the master of the body to allow dark thoughts to course through its sensitive structure—thoughts so powerful that they can hold over their impress from life to life and generate a condition finally which forces that master to abandon the dwelling to the fiends of hell.

But with a recognition of the danger, and a use of the power which each man possesses, the harmony can be restored, and the body transmit the music which enters it, and the light which fills its heart, and so radiate, not gloom but health to all.

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## Our Lives Are Songs

(*Selected*)

Our lives are songs;  
 God writes the words,  
 And we set them to music at leisure;  
 And the song is sad, or the song is glad,  
 As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the song,  
 Whatever the words,  
 Whatever its rhyme or metre;  
 And if it is sad, we must make it glad,  
 And if sweet we must make it sweeter

— GIBBON

# Views of Criticism

By X



**T**HE genuine critic occupies a high place in the world of letters and has important functions to discharge in matters that involve ethics, form and taste. It is impossible to divorce ethics from beauty.

The perfect idea of beauty is one with the real and true. As men advance in true civilization and enlightenment they drop the coarse and selfish manners that once prevailed among them; civility ceases to be a mere form; a man becomes truly gentle, actually moral; he means what he says; the heart has become the regent in his life; there is a vitality obvious in his mode of living.

The civility, form and etiquette that prevail today are a false growth and a departure from the true principles of Brotherhood. The form is preserved and adhered to, while the essence of the principle is regarded as impossible of practical application. If the Spaniard says to his guest, "my house and all therein are yours," he feels that in order to show true friendship and genuine hospitality he should appeal to the highest sentiment of altruism. The doctrine of the heart is appealed to, while the eye doctrine prevails.

Burke was misunderstood when he said that "Crime loses half its enormity in losing all of its grossness." At a time when the rulers of the world, resting on their assumed divine right and privilege, were unwilling to make any concessions to the mass of their subjects, his excessive conservatism caused a narrow and strict construction to be given to this statement by those who were convinced that the only relief to be obtained in the conditions that preceded and existed at the time of the French Revolution was to arise by breaking up and destroying the forms and methods prevailing on the Continent of Europe. The failure to interpret it truly and in the better sense lay in the fact that the expression seemed, to those who condemned it, to throw a veil over the crimes of the rich and powerful as belonging to the refined and educated class, and to condemn in the severest sense the crimes of the ignorant and oppressed. It is common to all men at this time to measure their expression of condemnation of crime in proportion to the coarseness and barbarity displayed. That which wounds the soul and shocks the sensibilities is most condemned. The old methods of punishment for crime are not approved of, not solely because of greater pain inflicted than by more approved modern methods, but also for the reason that they are regarded as injurious to those that are free from the imputation of criminality, and hence tend to retard the spiritual growth and development of the race.

Every critic has his limitations. He may serve a very useful purpose in his day and generation. His successor, the outgrowth of his time, when fit

for the office he assumes to fill, stands on the higher ground of the present and estimates the work of his predecessors, surveying the lowlands of the past, praising or blaming the ideas and work of the men of their own time. In the light of the present he measures the work of the past with a measure of the past, not with the measure of the present. And the nearer the subject of criticism comes to his own time the greater the aid he receives from the critics of that time. If M. Brunetiere is what he is represented to be—a critic of a high order, he places a high value on the labors of his predecessor in this field. He doubtless learned much from Sainte Beuve, and from the vantage line of the two centuries weighs with just balance the work of his predecessor and his method of criticism.

Chiefly there are two features of the productions of the intellect that engage the attention of the critic—the purpose of the work and the art displayed. If a production reveals that the author had a definite conception of life, the work is worthy of criticism though the artist may have done his work in a clumsy manner. And if the critic fails to grasp the author's view of life and of the world of mankind, it indicates that he is unequal to the task, that he is not able to penetrate the veil of the author's meaning. There is ever a true intent in every work worthy of notice. It is always a question where different interpretations are made of the productions of genius, which is the true one. Was Hamlet sane or insane? If sane, but deluded, was he honest or was he mischievous and devilish? Was Macbeth most to blame for the murder of Duncan, or did he repent of his formed design and become the instrument in the hands of Lady Macbeth? The Weird Sisters that confronted Macbeth on the heath should be regarded as real as Macbeth himself. Their prophecy that he would be "thane of Cawdor," when verified to him by the fact, convinced him that they were possessed of more than human vision. Although displeased at their address to Banquo:

Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none :  
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo !

Yet, the "All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter" more than balanced in his mind the mysterious prophecy as to Banquo. And when the defection and treason of the thane of Cawdor was made known to him shortly after, and that he was honored by the King with the title of thane of Cawdor, his faith in the prophecy as to himself became fixed and the thought of murder took possession of him.

There is such a thing as living in the life of another; of being wrapped in the folds of the mantle of another's life to such an extent that direction and energy are received perfectly and amply, and yet the response is so completely given that it seems to be the result of independent thought and action. May not Macbeth be regarded as the source of energy and direction and as a mirror in which Lady Macbeth perceived the premeditated malice and destructive energy of the thane of Cawdor mingled with and colored by her ambition and

love of power as a fit partner in the conspiracy to murder? May we not fairly assume that, inasmuch as Lady Macbeth is represented as a woman of commanding talents, she was able to read between the lines and beneath the words of the communication sent to her by Macbeth? Nay, more, did she not sense in Macbeth's very atmosphere, impressed upon the communication to her, his formed intent to kill the one that stood in his way to regal power? And if we accept the hypothesis relative to thought transference, which I have no doubt is tenable, that the luminiferous ether, being universal and penetrating and permeating all forms of matter, bears the thoughts of every one on its waves, which are impressed on the brains of those who are receptive, a Theosophist can readily understand how, on sight of her husband, Lady Macbeth was ready and eager to enter into the plot that he had formed. In his presence she seemed to be strong, the very incarnation of evil; and he in her presence seemed infirm, his energy and determination divided with her, she possessing the larger share. In his absence, and free from his influence, she was unequal to the bloody work that many imagine she was responsible for and consummated.

The mind seeks support and approval for all its designs and creations. Whether the conceived purpose be good or evil, because of the anxiety as to the consequences—the fruit of the action—men desire the approval of others. If a scheme be certain of success, the originator is not so anxious for the favorable opinions of others. If a dubious, or criminal purpose be conceived of, a strong reason exists for seeking assistance and dividing responsibility, and making all who share in the transaction equally censurable if it results in failure.

“To reason is to doubt.” Macbeth was ambitious to rule, a strong reasoner, possessed of a subtle intellect—ready to destroy by fair or foul means anything in his way to supreme power. He had a fit coadjutor in Lady Macbeth. As he reasoned and debated *for her*, she became more and more determined, and committed herself without reserve to the purpose he had fixed in his mind—the very thing he desired her to do.

The apparent mysteries in the character of Hamlet may be solved by careful study of his soliloquies. His indecision, resulting from a faulty mental balance in which he placed cause against effects and, doubting from the process whether the cause was equal to the effects, allowed the dread of consequences to unfit him for success in the chief project presented to his mind.

Hamlet is an example of a man trained according to the trend of his mind for speculation and meditation and not for action. His education was one-sided and as inadequate to the active duties of life among men of his time as his character and inherent faculties were unequal to the burdens of a crown. While his dialectics were subtle and penetrating, his scruples veiled them with “the pale case of thought” forbidding deliberate action. His every act would seem to be the result of fortuitous circumstances, rather than of deliberate purpose. The more he debated in his mind and deliberated on the act he had

sworn to perform, the more indecisive he became and the less qualified to do anything which he deemed worthy of success. His coward conscience caused him to question whether the ghost that appeared to him was that of his father, or an illusion of the devil. In his great soliloquy, to justify his inaction, he postulates the impossibility of the return of any traveler from the "undiscovered country," although, at another time, he acted as one that believed that the ghost representing his father was as real as himself. His metaphysics puzzled his will and made his life incapable of any action worthy of the name. He would have done acts far-reaching in their effects if he could have escaped responsibility. But the depth of his reasoning discloses that he regarded such a thing as out of the question because illogical and contrary to his view of the law of the "divinity that shapes our ends rough-hew them how we will." He would keep within the letter of the law and in self-delusion might have said:

Thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends stolen forth of Holy Writ.

A soul cowardly by nature can not be made bold by education and culture. Complete education accentuates rather its infirmity, and craft and cunning become its dependence. It will play any role to veil its intent. Such a character may, at times, betray a medley of contradictions to the confusion of witnesses and present a problem as to the intent most difficult of solution. The way is clear when

Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.

Homicide by misadventure gave Hamlet no uneasiness. Intention in the act, making him responsible, was what he felt would rise up like an "honest ghost" to confront him and say: "Thou didst it." He shows a clear comprehension of the essence of crime when he says: "There is nothing either good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so." And while he was not without vanity he knew his infirmities and inability to do any great action from deliberate purpose. The obligation to execute the enterprise enjoined by the ghost of his father was taken under circumstances of the greatest excitement and emotion. At such a time in such circumstances he would have agreed to do anything. He felt that he was able to perform any feat, to execute vengeance on the murderer of his father whom he fondly loved. When, however, his passions had subsided and his emotions had vanished like the ghost whose awful revelations gave them existence, he dropped down into the condition of Hamlet, the student and metaphysical reasoner. If Hamlet had been gifted with courage and determination equal to the extravagance of his protestations he could have surpassed Macbeth or Richard III in the execution of his designs. He was able to analyze his own nature and powers and therefore knew, even when

under the influence of more than human forces, the ordeal he was to be subjected to in attempting to fulfill the obligations he had assumed. He felt that he was in need of aid. At the ghost's adieu he makes an appeal :

O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?  
 And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up.

He enjoins secrecy on Horatio and Marcellus, and does not seek for human aid to further the enterprise of vengeance. He avoids an open breach with the King and takes delight in causing mental anguish, and "taints" his mind and lets his "soul contrive" against his mother country to the admonitions of the ghost. He revelled in observing the verification of the truth of the principles of his philosophy from the acts and the conduct of human beings. Though this was a melancholy comfort to him he deemed it of more value than a crown rescued to gratify revenge by seeking a bloody vengeance on the unlawful possessor of it. There is too much method, too much subtle, accurate reasoning in the character of Hamlet to indulge the notion that he was insane; though some of the greatest critics and the most superb actors left their task of interpretation in some doubt.

While meditating on the character of Hamlet I am reminded of the dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna. The contrast between Arjuna and Hamlet in most respects is wide, yet the despondency and uncertainty of the former, while meditating upon his duty when he sees war, bloodshed, the slaughter of relatives and venerable teachers between him and the crown he had been unjustly deprived of, and which he desired to wear, put one in mind of the irresolution and indecision of the latter. The one has the elements of growth in his soul, a stainless life and responsive conscience to the touch of the master. Desiring to know his duty and questioning every step to the "Path," his convictions make him strong and valiant and invincible as the sequel shows. While the other grew less in his own esteem and forfeited the respect and consideration of others. The one courted success by laudable methods through unshaken convictions of duty, the other courted failure by resort to crafty schemes that betray the man without convictions.

Life is purposeful—not a jest. Life responsive to the law means a quickening of all the faculties to the highest end. The neglect of any one for want of proper pruning and direction leaves the individual weak or paralyzed on that side; or an abnormal growth is developed that pesters the life or diverts it from its true course. The rules of action and transmutation must be steadily observed. The knife should be applied to the superfluous branches. Every chord in our harp must be attuned to the general harmony. Only so can we be true to life's purpose and work out our destiny to the highest good. Be more than a mere man of action; not less than one of true meditation. There is no need of stripping your wings of their plumage while you strengthen them for your flight.



# The Awakening of a Soul

By a Student



IN the Western World, for nearly two thousand years, the immortality of the soul has been preached and set before the people as a theory only. Modern religious teachers have failed to present it as a reasoned truth, and make it so obvious and reasonable as to become ingrained in the mental life of humanity. It has been the theme of many a romance and poets have filled their sweetest songs with the lofty idea. Yet the truth of the matter is that man fails to realize his Divinity and therefore his immortality to him is not a fact. Yet he *feels* it vaguely deep down in his heart. For if the majority of mankind truly believed there was no such thing as the immortality of the soul, do you not suppose that everyone would rebel against such a mockery as life would then become?

The short life we live here on earth is but a link in the chain of evolution. The comings and goings of mortals for their brief span on this earth seem purposeless and unaccountable, unless we believe that the soul has an immortal destiny to fulfill. Each earth-life is a fragment of the soul's experience, during which it clothes itself in the form and circumstances most suited to the particular stage it has reached in its evolution.

Further testimony as to the immortality of the soul, is that among all the people of this one planet alone, there are no two with the same character, showing that each one expresses a different degree of evolution, each one his own phase of the unfolding of nature. The full blown rose was first a bud with tightly folded petals, but the power to expand came from the life within. So each of us is at a different stage in an endless unfoldment, and the expanding life-force behind is that of the immortal soul. If we would study Nature, we should find that she is always ready to give us lessons from which we may learn our own divinity and immortality.

The perverseness of the human mind is such, that it is inclined to argue all meaning out of truths that should be self-evident. This may not be so strange after all, for if a great truth is given forth as mere head knowledge, being conceived only as a supposition, its acceptance as a truth depending upon the reasoning faculty, what influence can it have upon the world other than as a mere theory? That which proceeds only from the mind reaches no further than the mind, but for it to affect the life there is need to reach the heart.

Only those people who, through bitter experience perhaps, have come to realize that the soul is immortal, that it is unchanged by the dissolution of the physical body, and who *live* so that every act performed is an expression

of their higher nature, untouched by any thoughts of self, only they are able through loving deeds to touch the hearts of men.

Such are better able to teach than the most learned theorists, for they have gained wisdom from experience—the truths which they would impart to others are a part of life itself. Such will reach the hearts of men, even though their minds know it not. Why is it that at times we feel such a burst of pure joy or sadness which springs spontaneously from within, and seemingly has no connection with passing events? It may be that the heart caught the joyousness of the heart of Nature, or the sorrow of the world may have moved us to pity.

Are we all content to be so dense and unfeeling that the real heart-touch affects us not? Surely herein lies the difference of the effect between theory and practice. One appeals to the intellect alone and is felt to be cold and heartless. The other energized by the life of man is a living example, and the majority of people are not so blind, but that they can distinguish between the false and the true.

The mere theory may appear attractive to those minds who have not as yet transcended the beguiling and deceiving side of their nature which would make illusions appear a reality. But is there not in all men a deep seated voice of conscience which *knows* the real from the false, and does not our ability to choose between the two depend upon our heeding this inner voice?

As soon as the night of illusion is passed, as soon as humanity is strong enough to overcome the lust of passion, greed, jealousy, and the vices of the lower nature which eat away the true and noble qualities in man, just so soon will the sunlight of the soul break over the mountains of discouragement and perplexity which we have built up from mole-hills. The sun rising high in the heavens will disclose and purify the tainted lives, until all the world will be a harmonious expression of Joy, and the melodies which flow from the heart will unite in one universal symphony of love and good-will towards all men.

In our eagerness to hasten the coming dawn let us not forget that each individual must *live* the life which he would have the world live. High ideals require that man shall ever ceaselessly strive after the good and pure.

To sum up all, the immortality of man can never be realized so long as men lead narrow sordid lives or are satisfied with mere mental speculations. For such men live as if the soul were not immortal, and then immortality becomes a dead theory. But if men will but begin to live for Brotherhood, they will find that the unselfish life is Joy; if they will live as if they *were* souls, then they will feel immortality in their hearts, and will not doubt or theorize any more.

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Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou dost unto me.

—LONGFELLOW

# The Woman Question

## IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By Phæton



V

ONE of the first things to be considered by the Pilgrim Fathers, after they landed on this wild eastern coast, was the education of their children. As soon as possible schools were established. In 1638 Harvard College was founded. A little later a grammar school was opened in Boston and here the youth of Boston was instructed, particularly the children of the poor and of the Indians. But "youth" meant boys. Girls were rigidly excluded, if indeed they were considered at all, and for one hundred and fifty years they were invited to exist with practically no schooling whatsoever.

But these insatiable girls wished to go to school with their brothers and at last, to appease them, what were called "Dame Schools" were established, taught by women, themselves often uneducated. It is reported that in some cases old women who were paupers or town charges were employed as teachers by the economical City Fathers.

Strange to say, these girls—for were they not *souls*?—were still not satisfied and the town committee found an unpleasant problem on their hands. At last, in despair, in Newburyport, Mass., in 1804, less than a century ago, the school committees established four schools for girls, to be kept open only from six to eight o'clock in the morning, and on Thursday afternoons!\* Such women as Abigail Adams, confidant and political adviser of her husband, President Adams, as Mercy Warren, as Mary, the mother of Washington, were among these girls. By all the standards of today these women were practically uneducated. By the truer standard of the Heart Doctrine, how wise were they.

The difficulty was that these women of crescent America were not fashioned after the same model as the women of the Orient or Mediæval Europe. They were pioneers. They had come to this new land on equal terms with their husbands and brothers, for the only terms, be it remembered, were hardship, privation and work. They helped clear the forest, they helped build the little home, they tilled the ground and kept at bay the terror of an untamed forest. They bore children with such brave, glad hearts that privation and pain became only avenues to opportunity. For were they not the mothers of a new race?

Because these women had dared much and suffered much, their hearts became alive and compassionate. They understood the limitations and the pain

\* Smith's History

of others as the women of an Oriental home or a feudal castle could never have understood it. As a logical result, when the critical period of American history was passed, when the states were at last united, and great ethical problems arose, the women of this land were the first to fly to their solution.

At the time of the anti-slavery struggle, when Garrison threw down the gauntlet to the slave-holder by establishing *The Liberator*, who came to help him? Women:—Susan B. Anthony, Mary A. Livermore, the gifted Anna Dickinson, Lucretia Mott, the Grimke sisters and others. It is difficult to estimate the extent of their influence in arousing people to the evils of slavery, and it was a woman's book that finally turned the tide of popular feeling, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

When the liquor problem began to loom up and the homes of the land were menaced, it was women and women alone who organized the first Crusade against it. Mistaken, futile, possibly, it was, but from the seeds planted then has grown a strong temperance sentiment all over the land which augurs well for the physical and moral body of the great Sixth Race.

It was a woman, Frances Willard, who organized the Social Purity Movement with its watchword, "A White Life for Two." She faced severe criticism because a woman, particularly an unmarried woman, was not expected to discuss such subjects. Yet the movement grew, and did its own work.

When the question of under-paid labor, of child-labor in sweat-shop and factory, began to affect the middle-class homes, the hearts of thinking women went out to these problems, too. Yet they were discouraged because they believed themselves powerless to make conditions better.

They were not powerless, and were mistaken in believing themselves to be so. But let us remember they had no philosophy which could explain these problems to them, no knowledge of the growth and processes of the human soul, no insight or trust in the Higher Law, for the spirit of the Master had vanished from the life of men and the World Teacher of the present cycle had not come. It was not strange, therefore, that these women should have measured their influence by tangible, outer results, realizing nothing of the vaster, real work that may be done by every compassionate soul, in silence and all unrecognized, on the inner planes.

As a preventive of outer results, there stood the laws of the land. These women, yearning to help the race, believed they could do nothing until the laws were changed. So they petitioned legislatures, and legislatures concerned themselves not in the least with these petitions. And at last, the women who were determined, if possible, to solve these questions of rights and wrongs, concluded that if laws were ever changed women must be relied upon to change them. *Ergo*, they reasoned, women must have the ballot.

So, thirty years ago, the National Woman's Suffrage Association was formed. Its founders asked for political equality for women. They did not get it (except in one or two of our Western States) but they did get certain *desiderata* more to be desired than the ballot, *i. e.*, higher education for girls

and women, co-education, equal pay for equal work, and a better public sentiment on the question of social purity. The real value of this Association lay in the fact that it assisted in that waking up process which men and women, the world over, have been needing for centuries.

It is easy at this time to point out the weakness of that movement, the futility of many of its ideals and methods. It is easy today to criticise, because, thanks to the present World Teachers, Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, we realize that reform must proceed from within outwards, that laws are but external things which never touch the heart or center. "Out of the heart come all the issues of life" and not from any outer things. Political measures are always external and therefore, as far as the realm of causes is concerned, futile. Let us not be critical. The suffrage movement has done a needed work. Let us remember that its ideals, even though they were inadequate, have cost the warriors much. Let us remember that the soul is not ignoble who has *the courage of its convictions*.

For every step that women have taken beyond the established,—and sometimes idiotic,—customs of church and society has cost fearfully. That woman is bound to suffer who becomes entangled in the customs of the age and then, when the chains cut into her flesh, attempts to extricate herself. She will discover that the days of the Inquisition have not passed away, that the rack and thumb-screw still exist, to be applied when the modern Torquemada chooses. He does not label these instruments of torture "rack" and "screw," but "established custom," the "authority of the church," the "opinion" of neighbors and "friends."

If you will read the lives of those women who have really lifted the general level of the race by their efforts and ideals you will find scarcely one who has not had to face, at some time, slander, suspicion, and even insult, because, forsooth, it has been the custom for centuries for women to stay, mentally, bodily and spiritually, exactly where they happened to be put.

The whole of recorded history, read in this light, is immensely tragic, full of heart-ache and the agony of being misunderstood. And the day has not yet come when the woman who has the courage of her convictions will not have to lay down the very thing that seemed to her most precious, most necessary, ere she can take the first step beyond tradition's beaten path. Many a woman, sick at the darkness and loneliness, turns back; but the strong soul goes on, trusting, knowing that the germinating soul, like the germinating seed, needs darkness; knowing that the cycle of experience must some day whirl from darkness into light; knowing, too, the refuge of the Higher Patience, when a thousand years in the sight of the Higher Self are but as a day.

It is not strange that Madame De Stael, that brilliant French woman of the eighteenth century, should have said, "Through the ages women have been able to exercise but one faculty, the faculty of suffering."

## VI

What has the "woman question" to do with the Theosophical Movement and the establishing of a Universal Brotherhood? It has everything to do with it.

Fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, on the bleak coast of an unknown land, Anne Hutchinson arrived from England. She was admitted to the church and "believing that the power of the Holy Ghost dwells in each soul," and that the dictates of the inner are to be obeyed regardless of results, she soon began to hold religious meetings in which she addressed a little circle of men and women. But her religious notions were not always wholly orthodox and at last the Church Fathers began to be alarmed. In 1637, she was summoned before the General Court and after a two-days' trial for heresy, she was promptly banished from the territory of Massachusetts.

Barely twenty years later, the conscientious Pilgrims seized and burned the trunks and books of two Quaker women, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, and marched the women to prison. They, too, were finally banished for heresy.

Today a woman, Katherine Tingley, is the Leader and Official Head of the greatest spiritual movement the world has known in five thousand years.

If this appears to be a sweeping statement, study the religious movements of the world, as far back as historic records will take you. Compare the extent to which the Esoteric doctrine has been unveiled today and the lesser extent to which it was revealed by Buddha, Jesus and lesser Teachers, even by Krishna. The ethics are, of course, eternally the same.

Compare the extent to which these doctrines have affected the thought of the world. In the case of former great spiritual movements, their influence for many years was local. A comparatively small band of students surrounded the Great Soul, in former days, and the fact that these Great Ones were nearly always crucified, proves that the wall of protection about them, built of the devotion of their disciples, had its weak places.

The Universal Brotherhood, or the Theosophical Movement, might once have been called local. Today, it has Lodges and students in every part of the world. Theosophical ideas have permeated our whole literature; the press, the pulpit, the ideals of education, all have been lighted in some measure from the fires of its vital truths. Besides this, there is a devotion and a solidarity in the ranks which, if we believe history, was not the case with former Teachers. That one fact made it possible for H. P. Blavatsky to do what no great Spiritual Teacher has ever been able to do before in all history, so far as we know, to appoint an occult Leader and successor. This devotion of her students has made it possible for the present Leader to do practical humanitarian work on an immense scale, how large, a record of International Brotherhood League activities, would indicate. Former Teachers have not been able to do

this except on a very, very much smaller scale. There were no means, there were no workers, though, alas! the need was great.

The conditions and intellectual interests of the present day have made it possible and necessary to put on a spiritual basis certain lines of culture not touched upon by former Teachers; witness the work and objects of the *Isis League of Music and Drama* and the *Isis Conservatory of Music at Point Loma*.

The modern printing-press, our railroads, telegraph and cable lines, have made possible an immense propaganda system, never before possible. Nor has there been a Temple of the Soul established since the cycle of Kali Yuga began, five thousand years ago. Today there stands at Point Loma the Aryan Temple, a purple-domed beacon. Today there is being builded on that sacred headland the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, "a temple of living light, lighting up the dark places of the earth."

These give one a hint of what is bound to result when Theosophy is made practical. And Theosophy, the Heart Doctrine, was brought back to the western world by a woman, Helena P. Blavatsky. It is not probable that this was accidental. It was, must have been, a part of the Higher Law that its Messenger and Teacher should incarnate in the woman body. For is not Theosophy the doctrine of the heart, of nurture, of mother-love, of compassion? Is it not the doctrine of fundamentals, and where are there deeper soundings than in the woman-heart? Let us play with analogies.

Ether or Akasha is spoken of in all ancient writings as the mother of every existing form, the Eternal Mother. And H. P. Blavatsky has shown us (*cf. Secret Doctrine*) that this Eternal Mother, this Great Deep or primordial matter, chaos—call it what we will—this Mother element which gave birth to the Universe, became anthropomorphized as the mother of the Incarnating Logos, as Devaki, mother of Krishna; Maia, mother of Buddha; and Mary, the mother of Jesus.

The intuitional faculties seem to be specialized in woman, the intellectual in man. Perhaps it was karmic, too, that the Great Soul, whose strong will carried the Theosophical Movement through its intellectual stage, should have incarnated in the man-body, that of William Q. Judge.

Although, as we know, the mother soul not always speaks through the woman body, it nevertheless seems to be true that the woman-body, with all the conditions which that involves, is a better vehicle, in general, for the true heart force.

Who but the Leader, the Mother, could have lifted the Theosophical Movement to the plane it is on today? Who but the Mother could have awakened such loyalty and trust among her students, those who are her children, verily, by all the laws of spiritual regeneration, the mystic second birth?

The "woman question" has a vital bearing upon the objects of the International Brotherhood League. These are the objects:

1 *To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.*

When Eve shared with Adam the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge and thus hastened his evolution, she gave him the key to the nobility of life. But Adam refused to use this key to open the door of his soul—the woman principle within him. He opened, instead, the doorway of his lower nature; he dragged down the mystery of life to the plane of sense-gratification; he dragged woman down with him, and the curse fell. It has been left to the modern Eve to transmute that curse into a blessing and, thanks to the suffrage and other movements which of themselves seem futile, she is today able to do it. Wiser than man, perchance, today she is leading her sons to the tree of good and evil, revealing to them the mystery of life, knowing that they are not safeguarded until she has done so.

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.*

Women have always cared for little children during their earliest, most important years. They have been the educators by tradition, although their work has in the past been done execrably. It is better today. The modern mother and teacher of little children is beginning to realize her power. She knows that in her hands lies the key to all evolution. She knows that her children are entitled to a universal view of life as soon as they demand it, which is very early, and they cannot have it excepting through her. She is brave therefore, for she cannot send her little ones out into the world to face battles that she has been too indifferent or too weak to enter. And the true woman loves not only her own children. Her heart is aflame with compassion for every neglected child in the world. And today the *Raja Yoga School* at Point Loma, and the *International Lotus Home*, epitomize all the past of one aspect of the “woman question;” and they have sounded in every responsive mother-heart in the world, the keynote of the future.

3 *To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women and assist them to a higher life.*

We have only to look over the modern world to observe that women, not all women, alas! have been the first to follow the example of Jesus in all his dealings with unfortunate women. Matrons in police stations, railway depots, and insane asylums are recent practical results of woman's effort in behalf of woman.

4 *To assist those who are, or have been, in prison, to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.*

The first person to knock at the door of a modern prison with a message of hope and comfort was Elizabeth Fry of England. In spite of opposition from “custom,” women entered upon this work and have been doing it ever since. Katherine Tingley has done much in this line and has large plans for future work in which she will be aided by her students.

5 *To endeavor to abolish capital punishment.*

The intuitive woman-heart has ever divined that the law of the Christ “to love one another” is greater than that earlier law “an eye for an eye and a



tooth for a tooth." The influence of women, in general, has never been in favor of capital punishment, but ever against it.

6 *To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.*

It was the women of America who did most, in their attitude toward slavery, to bring about a better understanding between so-called civilized and so-called savage brothers. It was a woman, Prudence Crandall, who opened the first school in America for colored children; and she was arrested and marched to prison for doing so. It was a woman's book, "A Century of Dishonor" by Helen Hunt Jackson that first aroused the politicians and the public to the fearful wrongs which we, as a nation, were inflicting upon the Indians. And the scribes of the coming centuries will record the influence of Katherine Tingley in linking, as brothers, many so-called savage people with ourselves; work which today is known only to some of her students.

7 *To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war and other calamities; and generally to extend aid, help and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.*

It has ever been the share of women to relieve the suffering that has followed in the train of a nation's wars. They have gone to plague-visited cities, to those stricken with loathsome diseases, to the victims of fevers, of contagious diseases, of famine, of leprosy. They have worked without money and without price.

It was a woman, Fabiola (a nun) who founded one of the first hospitals of the Middle Ages, and women have been the first to turn to the "aid, help and comfort of suffering humanity throughout the world" ever since the world began.

*(To be Continued)*

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Man, Son of Earth and Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work:—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is unmethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy: attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order out of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered. But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brutemindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite it in the name of God!

—CARLYLE

# The Law of Cycles



By C. W.

IT is a matter of the deepest interest for every thinking man to obtain as clear an idea as possible of the way in which the progress of the world is wrought out in the kingdoms of Nature, and especially to realize how man—the king of Nature—advances toward that ultimate goal of perfection which is his destiny.

The ancient Wisdom Religion is the basis of all the real knowledge which man possesses, whether that knowledge be scientific or religious. This Wisdom Religion, or Theosophy, teaches that all progress is accomplished in revolving stages, or successive periods of time and experience; that these periods occur in exact harmony with each other, and that they bear definite relations to the effects accomplished in them severally. The law which governs these periods has been known for many ages as the Law of Cycles.

By the study of this Law of Cycles we learn that natural progress of all kinds does not occur in one steady stream, like the rush of a railway train on a straight track, but on the contrary, it proceeds by a spiral or screw-like course, in which the same points are successively and continually reached on higher circles of existence. It might, perhaps, be compared to the flight of an eagle, which soars upward in circles one above the other, until lost to sight in the vault of heaven. An onlooker would apparently see a periodic return to nearly the same place, but it is clear that the soaring bird occupies a more distant position on every turn of the circle in its spiral flight upward.

These cyclic periods are so well defined in our everyday experience, that we are apt to pass them by, without recognizing their importance. Every day is a cycle, in which we pursue almost the same round of duty, and every day is followed by a night or period of rest in which the circle of twenty-four hours is rounded off and completed. Month by month, in a larger cycle we find similar occurrences in our business and home circles. Year by year we follow the same round of occurrences in Nature, so that spring, summer, autumn and winter promote the well-being of each other, and minister to the perfect whole of which they form successive phases. All these are well known to us, but because by habit we have grown familiar with them, we fail to perceive that herein lies a great secret of the world's advancement.

By pursuing the subject we may discover that the Law of Cycles rules every phenomenal experience in the world around us, that it governs even our states of passing happiness or misery, and rules also what men call life and death. Thus the continuous growth of Nature and of all beings is divided and punctu-

ated by successive periods of rest and activity, or, to express it more completely, by rounds of birth, growth, subsidence and rest.

Of the forgotten cycles which men once knew all about, probably the most interesting to us is the cycle of life and death. Many centuries ago, the great philosophers and the wise ones of the earth taught this great Truth. The records of their teachings are found in many an ancient manuscript and rock inscription of old civilizations. Today more than two-thirds of the people of the earth make it a central point in their religious belief.

We are all familiar with the beginning and end of man's appearance here. He comes upon the scene as a little child, grows into activity, attains his full strength, becomes feeble, and finally departs. We look upon the body through which he has functioned and we say: "He is gone." Could we look further, we should know that he has but retired from the scene for a short period. He will soon return in a new body to carry on his continuous existence, and so on and on through successive lives, reaping each time what he has previously sown—until the final perfection.

Thus, as in other kingdoms of Nature each appearance of man on the scene of physical life is qualified and conditioned by the circumstances of those which preceded it, and the character of the man, which is the expression of his soul, his very self, progresses towards the goal of divinity, which is his potential inheritance.

Students of history have found that there is a periodic recurrence in the history of great empires. The fortunes of some great nation have been identified with each century of recorded history. Generally speaking the foundation of the power of the nation has taken place near the beginning of the century, and its waning or downfall has occurred near the close of the hundred year period. In Europe these periods of prosperity have succeeded each other, in Spain, Austria, Holland, France and England. There can be but little doubt that the twentieth century will be an era in which the American people will show an example to the rest of the civilized world,—an example founded upon the principles of humanitarian unselfishness and human Brotherhood.

Extending our view still further we cannot avoid perceiving that the very continents of the globe are successively the fields of an intense activity, and of a comparative desolation. Recent discoveries have shown conclusively that on the desert plains and hills of Arizona and New Mexico—once flourished cities, larger and more populous than the largest cities of the present day. Systems of irrigation existed ages ago in these Western States of America, constructed with the highest engineering skill. There is not the smallest doubt that where now is little but desert, once teemed a busy, educated and civilized people. And do we not see that period coming once again? Do not our daily papers continually announce new conquests of the forgotten desert which show a rapid return of the old cycle of past ages? Is it too much to expect that again the whole of Western America will—as in former ages—

become completely re-established in the service of man, and will once more be the residence of teeming millions!

Such are the cycles which are easily recognized and commonly accepted.

So with man, by breath divine  
Lifted like a transient wave  
On life's sea, in line on line  
Rolls to break upon the grave.  
Races, empires towering rise,  
Each in turn, collapsing dies,  
Schools and systems, proudly heave  
Soon like them no vestige leave,  
Far along the shore of time  
Swells and sinks the sounding chime,  
Ceaseless till,  
Gathered back in calm repose,  
To the depths from whence they rose,  
All are still.\*

Yes, it is true that, for a time, all sink to rest and are still, but in the cycles of Nature all rise again into renewed activity.

The teachings of the Wisdom Religion show that at stated and regular intervals in the world's history have occurred great reforms in the political, social and moral ideals of the people. These great reforms have been introduced by those who ever stand behind the scenes of world-life, ready to help when circumstances permit. The teachings of these great ones have been identical. They have always been founded upon the enduring truths of Theosophy. Such a teacher was Krishna, who appeared in India five thousand years ago, laying the foundation of the greatest world reformations of which we have record. Such a one was Gautama Buddha, who lived exactly twenty-five hundred years ago, and whose teachings have survived to the present day, through all the misconceptions, and degradations which they have endured at the hands of his followers throughout the centuries. Six hundred years later came Jesus with the same message and the same purpose of the regeneration of mankind.

A reference to these periods, each of which was a time of stress and trial in the history of the race, and a comparison of them with the present period, leads to the conviction that a crucial time in the world's history is at hand when great reforms may be expected. Thoughtful consideration of the events of recent times amply confirms this. The last century was remarkable for great advances in man's conquest with the forces of nature, and in his means of intercommunication. Every part of the globe is now practically in instantaneous contact with every other point of its surface. Each nation can immediately feel the pulse of every other.

The facilities thus acquired have produced an increased desire for freedom from the bonds of mediævalism and selfishness of all kinds. Politically, soci-

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\* Mrs. Prideaux

ally and morally every nation of the world is in the throes of a struggle with those forces which prevent human advancement towards happiness and liberation of soul. As these struggles become more and more evident, the onlooker perceives that now is the time of harvest, for all potentialities which men have been gathering for ages. The forces of evolutionary upliftment have been acting wheel within wheel, cycle within cycle until man stands today *potentially* nobler, more intellectually gifted, more far-seeing than ever before. One thing alone is wanting to complete the unfoldment, *viz*: that he shall put into practice what he has been taught throughout the ages; that he shall establish the bond of Brotherhood as the central feature of all his dealings with his fellow men; that the welfare of the community and the race shall stand in the place of the welfare of the individual. Thus the era of greed and selfishness will end and a new era of love and sympathy will dawn.

Then will men recognize that Life is one, eternal and indivisible. Both as regard the individual and the age, there is an everlasting continuity. That which has been sown must be reaped. Death must be followed by resurrection.

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## A Habit *and* its Consequences

By Ethne



“**P**HYLL,” said Joyce, “the dressing bell rang quite ten minutes ago, you will never be ready in time unless you hurry.”

“Oh bother!” replied Phyllis. “I want to finish this story,” and she did not move.

The dinner bell rang, and Phyllis was late. The teacher reprimanded her for her unpunctuality, and while she sulkily ate her dinner in silence, the other girls all felt uncomfortable.

Joyce and Phyllis were in their last term at a young ladies’ “finishing establishment” where girls receive their final polish, and are taught the arts and graces which are supposed to equip them for the battle of life. A few days later they were busy packing their trunks preparatory to bidding farewell to their school days. The three years of routine restraint had been very irksome to Phyllis’ undisciplined nature—she was the only and much spoiled child of a rich merchant while her companion was the daughter of a large Squatter.

“There” exclaimed Phyllis, slamming down the lid of her trunk, “I am glad to be done with that phase of existence—and begin life. If it hadn’t been for you Joyce I could never have endured it.”

Joyce looked at her reflectively before replying. There was no doubt that with all Phyllis' winning ways and pretty face, she was selfish and her own comfort the first consideration, and Joyce who loved her stifled a sigh as she finally said:

"I hope you will be happy but—Phyllis, I can't help feeling that that fatal habit of yours of only doing what is pleasant will bring you trouble some day; life is not full of only pleasant things, and unless we take the good with the bad and do the best we can under all circumstances we must eventually bring misery upon both ourselves and others. To my mind Life is a school, and some of the seemingly hardest lessons bring the happiest results.

"And to my mind," interrupted Phyllis, "it should be a playground. It may be what you say is true, but I prefer my way."

Joyce was silent. On the morrow good-byes were said, and with many promises to write to each other, and hopes of meeting again soon, the two friends went their several ways.

Some four years later Phyllis Cardyn, looked thoughtful as she stood before the glass untying her veil. She had just come home from town where she had accidentally met Joyce Edwards in one of the fashionable city Afternoon Tea Rooms. They had sat down at the same table and greeted each other with mutual delight. Phyllis told volubly of her trip to Europe, etc., and finally asked her companion why she had ceased writing.

"Just after you sailed for England, my Father died suddenly, the seasons were very bad and the banks foreclosed on the station and took everything. Fortunately my oldest brother had started his practice as a Doctor before the crash came and now he can provide a comfortable home for Mother. I live with them, but provide for myself by typewriting. So I am quite an independent woman," she added with a smile, "and I even have a latch-key."

Her busy purposeful life had left as marked a stamp upon Joyce as Phyllis' idle irresponsible one had left upon her. There was a quiet repose about Joyce's manner and a brightness in her eye that told of a heart at rest; while the listless air, the droop at the corners of her mouth and the sadness in the eyes in moments of quietude in Phyllis' case told equally of the minor discontent. All this the girl dimly felt as she stood before the glass—the prisoner was beginning to chafe in her gilded prison.

In the hall below, her cousin (who was staying in the house), met her with her baby in her arms.

"Oh! Phyllis! I hardly like to ask you," she said, but if you would take Baby for me just till nurse returns I should be so glad. My head is aching dreadfully, nurse should not be long now."

Phyllis took the Baby, he was a dear little mite, and for half an hour all went well. Then he began to get cross and looking round the room for something to amuse him with, Phyllis' eye fell upon a packet of newly arrived magazines. In a minute Baby became a dreadful nuisance, and finding a

glass paper-weight with a picture inside she put him down on the floor giving it to him to play with.

Some fifteen minutes later she laid the book down with a start to find Baby gone; the veranda door stood open and she hurriedly ran towards it. There had been a summer shower and Baby was sitting on the damp cold flags plucking the flowers off one of the pot-plants. Picking him up she handed him over to nurse who just then came for him and congratulating herself that she was well out of what might have been a nasty scrape, she returned to her story.

"Where did you take Baby to this afternoon?" said her cousin whom she found lying on the drawing-room couch, after dinner. "Yes, my head is better thank you, but I am anxious about Baby, he seems so feverish."

"I took him to the morning room" answered Phyllis and moved away to the piano to avoid further questions.

It was late before Phyllis slept and she awoke again suddenly with a feeling of impending dread to hear people moving to and fro and talking. Slipping into a wrapper, she opened her door, and called to nurse who was passing, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, Miss," said the girl crying, "it's Baby, he has got croup, and Mistress is fairly distracted, and oh, Miss, he do look awful bad. I must go, the Doctor has just come."

"Phyllis shut her door sharply and dropped into a chair. "How dreadful, she gasped," and all my fault."

That fatal habit of avoiding all unpleasant duties! Her meeting with Joyce that afternoon, flashed into her mind, and the last talk they had had together at school. Well, she had gone "her way" and this is what it had ended in. All her selfish thoughtless acts of the last four wasted, useless years seemed to crowd into her mind, and for the first time Phyllis saw her actions in a true light and knew herself to have been a thoroughly selfish girl.

When at last she stood up there was a new look upon her face, "After all," she said to herself, "Joyce was right, life is a school, and I have had a bitter lesson. If one's acts only concerned themselves, perhaps it would not matter so much what we do, but I see now one cannot act without affecting others, my criminal selfishness has ended in this terrible trouble for us all."

Baby did not die, but Phyllis never forgot that terrible night and it altered her whole life. Little by little she resolutely fought her selfish tendencies and today no brighter, sunnier nature exists than that same Phyllis Cardyn. You see, girls, in her extremity she hit upon a very old truth in Nature—"I made my own habits and therefore I can unmake them," and she acted upon it with the happiest results; for duties fulfilled bring happiness, but to live for one's own pleasure is a snare and a delusion.

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# Christian Science

By an English Surgeon



**T**HOUGH the practice denoted by the above title has many other aliases, I have selected this one because it is, I believe, the oldest. Notwithstanding that there are small differences among them, they agree in being Hypnotism of a most pernicious kind, and in regarding physical diseases as the *summum malum* in the Universe. Sometimes the operator is his own patient; more usually the operator and patient are distinct. The virus inoculated during the hypnotic state is the idea that disease does not exist except as a mental entity or illusion, and that when this is gotten rid of there is no more disease.

As the practice covered by these aliases (Christian Science, Faith-healing, Metaphysical-healing, Mind-healing, etc.,) are on the increase, it is high time to dissect them and show their evil, and at the same time the worthlessness of the "philosophy" on which they rest.

Of what does disease consist? Of certain structural and functional alterations of the body, usually resulting in certain sensations of pain or discomfort.

If, then, disease is an illusion, does the illusion lie in the alterations of structure, or in the sensations?

(a) If the *sensations*, only, are the illusions, then the removal of this illusion does not help the matter; for the *alterations* will remain and cause their usual outcome in the shape of death, or the shortening or impairment of life.

And at what point does a sensation become an illusion? Is hunger an illusion? Presumably not, since it is not a disease, and these philosophies maintain that it is *diseases* which are the illusions par excellence. Is hunger an illusion when it is extreme and becomes gnawing? If not, at what point in its progress worseward towards neuralgia (a disease) *does* it become an illusion? For neuralgia, as a disease, is, by the hypothesis, an illusion. There is no line between normal and abnormal sensations; and if the latter are illusions, why not the former?

(b) But if the *alterations* are the illusion, then so must be the rest of the body; for the alterations, like the rest of the body, consist of cells and cell-products; but in unusual conditions, quantities, or proportions. For example, a cancer is a mass of cells of ordinary structure, like corresponding cells elsewhere in the body, but out of place, or in too large proportions. And these unusual conditions frequently represent conditions perfectly normal on other levels of the biological tree, or in other parts of the body. Thus fatty



degeneration of the heart-muscle is a grave feature of disease ; fatty degeneration of the cells lining the mammary glands constitutes the normal secretions of milk.

(c) If it be said that these unusual *locations* constitute the illusion (let the reader remember that by the hypothesis, disease is the illusion) then some very curious inferences have to be drawn. For in the early period, say of cancer, a few cells only, constitute the disease, and of these few the future sufferer is quite unconscious. Yet as they are the beginning of the disease—that is, of the illusion—we have the amazing phenomenon of an illusion standing by itself, no one illusionized ! This is more surprising than the celebrated grin which existed without the cat !

It would seem, therefore, that the healer is shut in to the conclusion that the body as a whole is an illusion. But that being so, why does he put concrete food into an illusionary receptacle ? It seems worse judgment than putting new wine into old bottles !

But if the food-taking is—like disease—an illusion, why, in getting rid of the latter does he invariably stop short there ? Why keep satisfying a misleading appetite by putting illusionary food into an illusionary receptacle ? It seems such waste of time !

We come to the same perplexity by following another line of research and questions.

Let us consider the subject of *fractures*. The “healer” may desire to exclude these from his theories and sphere of operations, because they are a little awkward to “deny” away, or to pronounce illusionary.

But his exclusion cannot be permitted. A fracture or a cancer may equally be due to a blow. Both present a long train of symptoms, one train setting in at once, the other seeming to wait a good while. The immediate injury to a bone, in the one case, is paralleled by the immediate injury to young cells, trophic (or nutritional) nerves, etc., in the other. Then follows, in the case of the bone, a long train of other very manifest symptoms ; in the case of the cancer follows a long train of symptoms which—once the bruise is gone—are not manifest, though they would doubtless be so to the microscope. After an interval these are in their turn followed by a very manifest set.

Why, then, if the disease whose many and varied symptoms are summed up under the name of cancer, is an illusion, is not fracture with *its* many and varied symptoms and sequelæ, also an illusion ? And if it be admitted that the *fever* and *pain* department of those symptoms *is* an illusion, why are not the exuded blood and serum and torn tissues to which that fever and pain are due, also illusionary ? And the broken bone ? And why, if these are illusions, are not equally so the same bone, nerves, blood and serum in their normal conditions ? And why not, therefore, the whole body ? And if the whole body is an illusion, why trouble about an extra illusion setting in with respect to a particular part of it ?

We will now take up the consideration of the theory on which these practices rest, thence passing to the application.

The leading theory will be best exposed by an extension of itself. This theory and syllogism is as follows:

- (1) Nothing exists but Spirit or God.
- (2) This cannot be diseased, or disease cannot be this.
- (3) Therefore, disease in general is not; and the particular disease you think you have is not. Or,

- (4) You are Spirit or God, and
- (5) Therefore you cannot be diseased.

Let us develop this along the same lines:

- (1) All is spirit or God.
- (2) Therefore you are spirit or God.
- (3) God cannot be subject to disease or *illusion*.
- (4) Therefore you cannot be subject to disease or illusion.
- (5) Therefore you were not under an illusion, after all, in respect of your disease; it must be real.

- (6) Therefore you have a disease, and at the same time cannot have one.

The fallacy is this. Spirit is here used in two senses: (*a*) as the undifferentiated unexperienced essence of being; (*b*) as the same essence in its most highly evolved and experienced condition. The immortal essence of all life and consciousness goes through the experiences of existence and thus surmounts disease and illusion; surmounting diseases by learning not to work against itself (for disease is life working against life); surmounting illusion by the garnered wisdom of time. The idea that disease and illusion are impossible to spirit is only true when spirit is considered as perfected through its world-experiences.

Another theory is that "All is Mind." Disease, therefore, cannot have any other existence than as mind, or in mind. Whatever is, is mind. Mind, having fallen into the delusion that a material something, called disease, exists, can get rid of that delusion.

Then why not also, at the same time, get rid of the more radical delusion that a material something, called body, exists; for that also must be mind, in reality. The "delusion" called disease answers to every test of reality just as fully as the body; the only possible tests, namely sensations (internal) and appearances. Internal sensation and external appearance are the only ways in which we can know of body and its condition; by those same ways, and with the same certainty, we know of those bodily conditions called disease. Why stultify and befog the intellect by pretending that the latter alone is an illusion? Either disease, as a material something, does or does not exist. If it does, then the mind is under no delusion in supposing that it does; if it does not exist, then neither does the body. But if it be said that disease is a special kind of illusion, apart from the more radical one that the body exists, what caused that illusion to arise? It did not arise without a cause, and without the removal of that cause it cannot be really gotten rid of. The cause is, of course, that set of sensations and appearances which make up the disease.

From whence it is clear that the disease is itself the cause of the *illusion* that it exists!

Does not the reader see that in dealing with these people we are dealing with gross materialists? Thus:

- (1) All is Mind.
- (2) Therefore disease is mental *only*.
- (3) *Therefore* it is illusion (because it is *only* Mind).
- (4) Therefore *matter* must be the reality.
- (5) And the chiefest reality is the body.
- (6) And the chiefest aim of man is to have it comfortable!

They may not like this deduction from their premises, but it is the proper one, and those latter propositions represent the real basis of their work.

To some of the above points we must return in dealing with the practice of the various operators, and to this part of the subject we now come.

If these practices rested on an avowedly materialistic basis, if the practitioners avowed their belief that the health and comfort of the body *is* the chiefest aim in life, the highest good, one could have more respect for them.

But when, as in the case of most of them (for the School called "Christian Science" is the mother of the rest), a veil of spirituality in theory and practice is kept up, whilst the *real* theory and practice are materialistic and degrading, it is time to point out to novices exactly the kind of noose in which they are about to place their heads.

Real spirituality is the elevation of the mind beyond the domain and reach of bodily passions, thus making it receptive to higher and higher influences. When it becomes no more the slave to bodily whims and passions; it rises beyond the limits of its own selfish personality and feels its unity with all other men and with all that has life. Finally it may reach actual touch of the divine root of life itself, whether that be called Spirit, or God, or Eternal Mind. This is the course of normal evolution, and it is achieved slowly or quickly according to the efforts and temperament of the individual. It is an elevation of the mind, achieved by attaching it to higher and higher things and ideas.

The relation of the mind, or sentient thinking being, to the bodily organs, is maintained by the sympathetic nerve and its plexuses. Through that nerve are conveyed the impressions of those bodily needs which, when received by the mind, become conscious appetites. And in nearly all men these appetites are excited in excess—often in great excess—of the actual requirements. A business of the mind is their regulation down to the proper point.

This power is attained, this function is exercised, *not* by pondering them and dwelling upon them, but by so keeping the mind upon other and higher matters that sensual appetites cannot intrude. When the mind is habitually occupied with matters proper to it, and intent upon duty, then these appetites fall into their proper place and subordination. To dwell upon a pleasant sensation or appetite is to encourage its encroachment upon the domain of mind; so also to dwell upon an unpleasant sensation makes the mind more

sensitive to it, and will encourage other and previously almost unnoticed unpleasant sensations to press themselves on the attention and demand relief.

An appetite is a sensation coming from an organ. Other sensations are pain and uneasiness; another is that vaguely pleasurable feeling called "*bien-etre*"—well-being.

The mind possesses the power, not only of *receiving* sensations, but of *creating* them, via the sympathetic nerve. The thought of a lemon will so affect the salivary glands as to produce a flow of saliva. That is to say, through the mental creation of a sensation, the organ or system of organs to which that sensation belongs, is physically affected. Just as the sensation of sourness, created in the mind, will affect the salivary glands and increase their blood supply—and could doubtless, if continued daily, cause enlargement of them—so the created sensation of well-being, in some organ that is uneasy and out of gear, will affect that organ and cause a tendency to get well. And this can be done on a larger scale for the whole body.

This is the practice of the Christian Scientist, Faith-healer, etc. He starts with his mind upon this disease, its sensations and appearance so far as he knows it. Whether he "denies" it or "affirms" it, whether he says it is a delusion or a reality, his mind is fixed upon it in one or another way. That is obvious, since it is the existence of the disease (or the "illusion") that prompts him to undertake his proceeding. He thinks or repeats certain formulæ of a comforting nature, or their import, such as "there is no disease," "disease is an illusion," "all is spirit," "all is God," etc., etc. The mind becomes thus semi-hypnotized and concentrated upon the sensation of physical well-being corresponding to the words "there is no disease, etc., or upon the deductions of the words, "all is God," etc. In a favorable case, the organ, or the whole body will take comfort and get well.

But observe: a serious thing has now happened. The mind has become linked to the body with wires that did not exist before; it is hypnotized into perfect unity with the body; it is tuned to the bodily keynote with a thoroughness never before obtaining; it has made itself the slave of sensation; it is thereafter consciously and unconsciously on the watch for unpleasant sensation that it may repeat the hypnotic process and get rid of that sensation at once. The other aspect of this is the aim for pleasant sensation; for to be avoiding unpleasant is to be seeking pleasant sensation. Its one aim is to keep the sense of bodily wellness. And, worst of all, the "philosophy" of the cult has taught the patient *to identify the more subtle sensations of physical luxurious wellness with spiritual consciousness!* This philosophy and the practice now conspire together, the one to confuse the intellect's intuitions of truth, the other to cut the mind away from the soul by tying its attention henceforth to physical sensation, to which it becomes as sensitive as a galvanometer to an electric current. In proportion to the number of times with which the practice has been repeated is the mind in the close embrace of sentient matter, its gaze

turned away from spirit, and its work as an instrument of thought brought to a standstill.

And it should be further observed that this sensitivity of the mind is not confined to the organ or part for whose cure the work was undertaken; it is to the whole body or to any organ that sends forth the most pronounced radiations of its sensations and appetites into the mind. The mind is negative to appetite. Least of all is it henceforth able to resist the demands of the most insistent of all appetites; the impulses from the sexual part of nature are only too apt to take advantage of the new conditions, to over-ride the enfeebled moral sense, to dominate the mental consciousness more and more, and to lead on to moral wreck. At first they may take subtle mental forms, apparently other than the physical craving which lies beneath, and it is not till the mind is sufficiently poisoned thereby that they reveal their real nature. Whole systems of philosophy have arisen out of these subtler suggestions, often representing them as *spiritual promptings*.

When death comes, there is liberated into the succeeding world a mind vibrating to physical sensation, not one that has fitted itself by thought, meditation and noble struggles, for spiritual existence. It is a psychic morphine-eater, and death does not liberate from the effects of, and the craving for, *that* poison.

It is manifest that the use of medicines and proper hygienic treatment of diseases differs *toto coelo* from this practice; for such use need not enslave the mind, need hardly call its attention at all away from its legitimate sphere. But valetudinarianism and the constant study of their case to which some invalids are addicted is nearly as mischievous as Christian Science. It is the opposite of that wise study of his disease which a patient might undertake in order to see whether by its means nature was not trying to develop some noble trait of character, such as fortitude, or to cure some failing, some habit of self-indulgence.

And this leads us to the next point. Let us consider the diseases due to some form of sensual indulgence.

The example we will select is that of chronic gouty rheumatism, due to continued gluttony.

There are here two elements to be thought of: (1) The disease; this, we are told, is an illusion. (2) The cause—gluttony. This is, of course, a form of sensuality, a vice of character taking this particular form. Allowed to persist, it eventuates in disease, an illusion. Treatment is directed to getting this illusion out of the mind. This effected the body is supposed to become healthy. What appears to be success often follows these efforts, and the body *does* become apparently healthy. The reality of this success we will presently examine.

The philosophy of this process of healing comes therefore to this:—that a *real* vice of character eventuates in an illusion—the disease. The treatment

eliminates the illusion, the effect, and leaves the vice, the cause! Is not this a very delirium of therapeutics? For—

(a) In the first place, the disease is of value in bringing home to the patient his vice and in giving him a strong motive to surmount it and gain self-control. The treatment we are considering destroys this stimulus, eliminates the consequences of the vice as fast as they appear, and permits the growth of the vice unhindered by that check. It is the total abrogation of all the physiological laws, and in the proportion of its success makes directly for moral ruin.

Remember that the vice we have selected is not the worst form of sensuality, and then apply the same argument to the worse forms. And then begin to consider whether these methods of healing do not rank among the curses of our times.

(b) In the second place, the effort is precisely the opposite to that which would be employed by a wiser person trying to cure such a disease. He would begin by an attempt to acquire that self-control for the lack of which he had become diseased. If he could acquire that, his disease would begin to show a tendency to mend, and could be aided by legitimate medical measures. A healthy body tends gradually to follow up on a healthy mind.

But the body of the Faith-healer, when his work is successful, almost suddenly acquires a semblance of health. This suddenness shows that a good deal of force has been employed on it, coming from the mind. For it is not that slow and effortless copying of a healthy mind which is nature's way. Which, in its turn, shows that the mind has been fixedly turned on the body itself as a reality, and on the disease as a reality. And it is nothing against this that the word "illusion" has been used; hard work has been done. The mind has been, as has been said, not liberated from bodily control, but tied close into subjection. Its gaze is henceforth down, not up.

Strictly speaking, an effect *already is*, in its cause. The disease already is, in every mental state of sensual desire. To try to stop it in this way is to throw a stone, and then try to not have it fall somewhere. You need not throw any more, but that one must fall. It can only be held for awhile on its career.

And this is the practice we are considering. The outcome in bodily disease is held back, and the mind loses that power of detachment from appetite by which the mental vice could alone be cured. The *incidence* of appetite may be shifted to another organ; it often is so; for example, to the worst forms of sensuality, not less (but more) harmful because they often at first take a subtle, psychic, and subjective tendency, leading to abominations of the worst type.

Granted, for argument's sake, that the bodily forces moving among the organs are forms of mind. Then perfect body and perfect mind are two aspects of one thing. And that mind which is in a state of potential production of sensual thought is not perfect and cannot have a perfect body. The only way

to absolutely perfect body is perfect mind, mind that has not the possibility of a sensual thought.

But this is not the method of the Mind-healer. At best it is only part of his method. The other part consists in trying to reach over and deal with the body direct, through some other method than that alone by which the body can be made perfect. You cannot build in your mind the picture of the perfect body for the body to copy, until the mind is perfect; and then no such building is necessary. In your efforts the body will copy the mental imperfection—the possibility, however latent, of sensuality. The mental picture you have made is of externals only, pain or alteration of form or function. Of these your mental picture may get rid; the deeper disease remains, tincturing the whole body, unable to localize and get out, fixed and secret, poisoning the very roots of mind. Therefore the real mind-healing is to make a perfect mind, free from the possibility of sin or sensuality.

A further point, and not the least, arises when we consider the fact that healer and patient, or teacher and pupil, are often of opposite sexes. And in this case, with the mind of the patient or pupil in a semi-hypnotic state, luxuriating in subtle physical *bien-etre*, morally dazed and with almost suspended will, the too frequent outcome is easily imagined. It is time to raise the veil on this point, and call attention to the appalling amount of psychic poison developed and bred by the teaching and practice of this thing.

There is, lastly, a point of objection which does not lie in the nature of the practice itself. With all its pretensions to elevation of motive, the element of money-making is largely present. Lessons in the art are given—for cash; diplomas certifying proficiency (in the “science” of *Christ!*) are issued—for cash; “healing” (by the power of Christ and the “Holy Spirit”) is effected—for cash. It is nothing against this that some do not take cash; the point is that it is recognized that money may be taken and wealth amassed by the use of a power and by teaching the use of a power claimed to be spiritual and divine.

With the inducement of money-getting on the one hand and the implied possibility (the logical conclusion of all their teachings) of self-indulgence without incurring Nature’s penalty on the other, is it any wonder that Christian Scientists and Mental Healers should attract many to their ranks?

This completes our brief survey. And in summing up our contentions, we can but repeat that the philosophy on which this practice rests is utterly fallacious and usually supremely silly and self-contradictory; that disease is not cured, but held over, and that the mind and morals of those who seek its aid are in the utmost peril. Intellect is enfeebled and prostituted; vices of character remain and new ones are added. The path of the Christian Scientist is backwards, away from the ideal of the perfect man full grown in soul, in will, in mind. He is picking apart the fabric of his age-long growth, woven in the loom of evolving nature; and when the surely coming hour arrives for him to recognize what he has done and to find that it is too late, upon him alone and not on nature shall the blame rest.

# The Pyramid Builders

By William Scott



THESE are many pyramids in all parts of the earth. All belong to a remote past, and all are remarkable in some respects. But there is one in Egypt which far surpasses any of the others in the exquisite skill and transcendent knowledge displayed in its construction — a knowledge so vast that only a little of it can be fathomed by the brightest scientists of the present age, and a skill so exquisite that the finest mechanics in the world, devoting their utmost care, would fall short of reaching it. This is not because American mechanics are inherently incapable — possibly they were the pyramid builders — but because for many incarnations they have not striven for the marvelous degree of perfection attained by those old Egyptians.

Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the facts will find them admirably collated in a work by Prof. Flinders Petrie, called “The Pyramids and Temples of Egypt.” Prof. Petrie stands in the front rank of scientists, and is one of the greatest authorities on Egyptology. Being an agnostic his curiosity was aroused by the manner in which certain religious views, held by the late Astronomer Royal of Scotland, Prof. Piazzzi Smythe, were buttressed by forms and measurements, which he found in the Great Pyramid. He therefore equipped himself with the finest instruments that science could supply him with, and went to investigate the Pyramid himself, thinking that possibly Prof. Smythe had unconsciously twisted the measurements to accommodate his theories, and hoping by greater exactitude to upset his conclusions.

Although he found that Prof. Smythe’s measurements were, in the main, fairly accurate, and did little to upset the theories of the astronomer in that way; yet he discovered something more marvelous, and vastly more important than had been found by Prof. Smythe. He found that, even with his exquisite instruments, certain things were so accurately constructed, that he could not tell whether they were absolutely exact or not; for the discrepancy with his measurements was less than his possible error. Its orientation and leveling are still more accurate than any other structure in the world, although American engineers have done their best to obtain perfect results, and although the pyramid is variously estimated to have stood from three thousand to several hundreds of thousands of years. The immense foundation stones, which enclose more than eleven acres, do not merely rest upon the solid rock below; they are dovetailed into it and accurately fitted, so that the most violent earthquake could not move the structure in the least. Nothing short of an actual rupture of the rock upon which it stands could injure it.

The jointing of the immense blocks which form the courses, is so exact, that for some time they were taken for a solid mass. According to Petrie’s



measurements, the widest joints are but 1-50 of an inch and they vary from that to 1-200 of an inch, with a continuous layer of cement between, which no one knows now how to make. The accuracy of the workmanship, says Petrie, is only equaled, at the present day, by opticians in grinding lenses. If the whole earth were searched no such mechanics could be found able to do such perfect work.

The tools were much superior to those at present in use; *e. g.*, when we want to make a hole in a rock we take a solid piece of steel and slowly pound the rock to powder, and lift the powder from the hole as we grind it down. The pyramid builders used a tubular saw, which cut a circular groove the required depth of the hole and then knocked out the core. Spiral grooves can still be seen on the walls of certain holes, indicating the depth that was cut at each revolution of the saw. Petrie estimates that diamonds, set in the toughest steel would be torn from their sockets, if they were made to cut so deep. The mathematical and astronomical knowledge embodied in the structure, surpasses that of the most advanced scientists of the present day. The entrance passage probably points to the normal north pole in the heavens, and its angle to the base is equal to the angle of the equator to the ecliptic.

If the latitude of the pyramid had been different these two things could not have coincided. If it had been nearer to the north the angle would have been greater, and less if it had been nearer to the south.

Again, the solar cycle of 25,868 years, which was but recently rediscovered by western astronomers, is plainly pointed out; and many other cycles are indicated which modern astronomers do not yet understand. The angle of the sides to the base, is probably an angle by means of which the circle can be readily "squared." The late Astronomer Royal of Scotland, said decidedly that it is, Prof. Petrie says he cannot tell. There are two reasons for this disagreement. (1) The angle cannot be measured absolutely. (2) Modern mathematicians do not know exactly what that angle should be. The joints between the courses of masonry are not straight lines but arcs, whose centers coincide with that of the earth; showing that the builders knew accurately the earth's diameter.

These are simply a very few of the thousands of marvelous facts which prove the wondrous powers of the builders of this mighty witness of departed greatness.

What was the secret of their power; and why has it departed from among men? The secret is this, Man is both God and brute; he can be either. Those old Egyptians knew, and lived, the life of the soul. We are largely the brute. All who have studied their own states of consciousness know that in their nature there are two opposite poles which differ as widely as midnight from noonday, and that the gradations of change are as various as the changes between the darkness of night and the light of day.

He also knows that there is something within him which has the power to command the activity of either of these states at will. But there are none

who know the finality of either of these poles; for none have sunk to the lowest depths of the brute personality; and no one has risen to the highest pinnacle of his soul's divinity. Who shall say what may be the possibilities of following either course?

Although these states appear to blend as if they had their origin in a common source, a closer analysis will show that they do not. Light mingles not with darkness. Its source is different. The variations are caused by the varying numbers of light rays. In like manner the personality is variously illuminated by the divine rays of the soul.

To live in that light is the true meaning of incarnation.

We have so long refused to incarnate that we have ceased to know its truth by experience, and many now deny that reincarnation is a fact.

In the nervous system there are ganglionic centers, or small brains, which are the instruments of specialized intelligences that direct the operation of the various organs and senses of the body in harmony with the central intelligence that resides in the brain. The brain is the chief ganglion of the system, and sends its light through the connections formed by the nervous tissue, to correlate and harmonize the smaller ganglia. The Oversoul, or Higher Self of humanity corresponds to the brain consciousness; and each individual soul is united with it as a ganglion is united to the brain. Each is co-eternal with the World-Soul, and each has its function in the divine economy, as every ganglion has its function in the body.

The mind, with its brain consciousness and ganglionic ramifications, is the personality; and, when healthy and natural, should be the instrument of the soul, for the expression of its melodies and powers in physical life, as the prism reveals the hidden beauties of light in the spectrum. Each personality by its difference in development from all the others, gives a particular expression to the symphonies of the soul, as each prism gives a peculiar character to the rays of light which pass through it to form the spectrum. But the personality of today is like a prism whose surface has become coated and dulled which almost prevents it from showing any spectrum at all, and instead of expressing the beauties of the sun's rays it only makes its presence felt by its imperfections and hideous blackness, the negation of light. The personality is incased in the foul smoke of its passions, desires and habits of innumerable incarnations of by-gone ages; and it is so engrossed with these that the divine rays of the soul can scarcely penetrate the density of its darkness. Chameleon-like it is constantly changing with every passing allurements. Its memory is but a checkered record of passing events which begins with birth and ends with death. It is therefore but a fleeting shadow, the very opposite of immortality and everlasting truth, as darkness is the opposite of light.

Humanity today lives almost wholly in this diseased personality. This is why the whole social fabric of all nations is a chaos of shams and frauds. The personality of itself is incapable of anything better; it knows not the law and ever disregards it. Ever seeking to gratify its own selfish desires with the

least effort, it looks upon work as a necessary evil to make itself comfortable. It ever defeats its own ultimate purpose, which is happiness, for it violates the law at every turn, and has the whole universe against it, which brings constant suffering and misery. Everything that is foul and false comes from that source.

There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. Eating, sleeping, breathing, every step, every movement, may be in harmony with the eternal law or it may not. The individual soul, when united with the Universal Soul as the ganglion is united with the brain, knows the law and expresses itself through the purified mind, or personality, with the utmost exactitude and precision.

The old Pyramid builders lived in the higher life of the Soul, and worked, not to make the personality comfortable, but to express the powers of the soul; hence their power of exquisite exactitude and comprehensive knowledge.

Yet we have been told that they were slaves!

They must have been the freest of freemen. None but they whose lives are clean, whose hearts are pure, can do such perfect work. A man cannot be driven to exactitude any more than he can be driven to virtue; for accuracy is rectitude, and exactness is truth. Inaccurate construction is the embodiment of falsehood. He who is indifferent to exactness in anything has falsehood in his character. He is expressing himself through the false personality for its purposes, and his work, like the personality, will be but a fleeting shadow, for nothing done by the personality alone and for its own sake can last.

It is because the Great Pyramid is the work of men who knew they were souls that it still remains so perfect. The Master Workman was truly a divine instructor. He was one who had purified his character from the dross of personality, and nothing but the pure light of his soul shone through his life. He had become one with the Oversoul, or the Father in Heaven, as the Master Workman of Galilee expressed it. The will of such Masters has become identical with the Will of the Universe, in the same manner as the will of a healthy ganglion is identical with the will of the brain, for the tumor of personality has been completely removed. To reach such a state is to reach the goal of evolution so far as the necessity of rebirth is concerned. For those who have attained to that state have power to lay down the body, and power to take it up again; and they take it up only to help humanity and all creatures out of the shades of personality to the pure life of the soul which is so completely obscured in mankind that there is no other way to reach the soul-life than to follow the guidance of these true Helpers of the race. Such Helpers as H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and our present Leader and Teacher Katherine Tingley. We know them to be such, for we have seen that their life is the life of the Soul, for it is the same as the life of all the great Helpers of Humanity, such as Buddha and Christ. Their teachings are similar except that more of the Mysteries of the soul are disclosed in these later teachings of Theosophy. The workmen who follow the guidance of such Masters are not slaves, and there is a grim humor in thinking of them as striking for higher pay. They feel the justice of the Universe, and know that just wages are sure, for real pay is develop-

ment of character. The petty comforts of the personality are of small account when the life is true. To work with the law, and perform one's true function in the Universe, constitutes not merely the dignity but the divinity of labor. It is to help the divine purpose of the Universal Soul, which is evolution.

On Point Loma greater things will be done than were accomplished in Egypt. For they who guided the builders of the Pyramid again guide the Workers on Point Loma, and will continue to guide those who come after them, and for the first time, in thousands of years, little children are being taught to follow them. But they cannot compel recognition. They work and watch and wait till humanity perceives them.

## A Bit of "God's-Out-of-Door's"

I N A U S T R A L I A

By E. G. W.



TO look daily on one of the most beautiful panoramas imaginable, and say no word of it—to keep forever closed up impressions and pictures of nature's wondrous loveliness, and let none other participate, think you that is one's duty? "He that hath eyes to see, let him see." But many eyes cannot see. To reach my home I have to climb rather, track. Every step is seen to demand all riveted on the difficulties yond until, raising the light at so many beautiful masses of rock, purple wattle, dells of fern, murmur of trickling glimpses of heavenly lacing green of tree-tops. walk along a level, made uncompromising fences on conventional gardens, and strictions of conventional deadletter of things. People such a place, toiling backwards and forwards in all weathers? But what repayment for a little difficulty. Imagine the scene that greets you at last as you throw yourself down for well-earned recuperation after the daily toil. Mother Nature receives you straight into her arms,



NATIVE JASMINE  
*Ricinocarpus Pinifolius*

a steep and rocky path, or watched, and the ascent one's attention. The gaze of the way, sees nothing but eyes, one has to pause in duties crowded around. Such and gray; bushes of yellow whence comes the soft water; and overhead blue through inter- It might be easier to footpath with hard either side, railing in con- hedged in by the narrow re- thought, petty ideals, and the said, "How can you live in What a life!"

and the garments of the work-a-day world are cast off. From this elevated spot only a few tree-tops and the immediate foreground of rocks and shrubs are between the eye and the waters of the harbor, sparkling and flashing where the sun strikes them, and blue and placid elsewhere. Less than a mile distant a narrow flat isthmus is all that separates harbor from ocean. This curves around to the right and cuts abruptly in one of the sharply defined, rugged, rocky Heads of Port Jackson, while to the left the land rises gradually into softly undulating hills of purplish blue, crimson-tinted at sunset.

These encircle a portion of the harbor, which here forms a semi-circular basin, calm and limpid, reflecting the rocky, tree-clad edges, and broken here and there by strips of white beach.

In front of me beyond the isthmus lies the Pacific Ocean, stretching as far as eye can reach, until sky and water meet. How deserving of its name it is now, in its lake-like calm! Only the distant and never-ceasing roar of the surf breaking against the rocks, warns one of the mighty power of the sleeping giant.

All around my coign of vantage is untouched nature. The larger trees are mostly different varieties of the Eucalyptus. Some with trunks of the soft

purplish shade often seen in trees in Italy, others burnished white, or again covered with bark; while the oaks, the cone-bearing banksias and grass trees break the monotony. In between the masses of rock, which lie about in an apparently inadvertent, hap-hazard sort of way, grow native shrubs and plants. Here is the ti-tree with its peculiar layer upon layer of papery bark, and its delicate white and pink blossoms. Native jasmine, the bushes of which are a mass of white star-like flowers with a strong almond fragrance. Then the beronias — *Beronia desipia*, with its deep pink flower, its bushes just one nosegay of pink blossoms. The *Spacris Longiflora* too, is a delight with its wild, yet sparse growth, yielding exquisite spikes of flowers, shading from crimson to white at the tips. We must not forget the most typical, and at the same time, most beautiful of all our native flowers, the flannel daisy. Out of an unpromising handful of sand, wedged in between two rocks, springs the dainty thing. It is purity itself and reminds one of the beautiful Edelweiss brought



*Beronia Ledifolia*



TI-TREE — *Scaevola speciosa*

home by Alpine climbers. The whole plant is velvety, rather than what its name would imply, while the flower has the appearance of the daisy, only that the petals are like white velvet, long and delicately painted, clipped with a faint touch of green. In the center is a cushion of pale sage green. These are really the flowers, and the encircling coronal of white velvet are the bracts, and not petals.

Between plants, rocks and trees, the bracken fills in the gaps with its strong green fronds, and here and there a yellow one, just for variety, for Mother Nature is an artist. which I am sitting is a loving eye notes its To paint it the whole of called into requisition vegetable would both and wind and weather it, while the soul of all the sandstone, yellow soft greys with touches or. In places the iron- this again is woven in- shades. Then the lich- story all over it in soft faded into irregular white. All shades of while others more de- masses, capable of be- These lichens, as we take us back to the dim of silence and half



FLANNEL DAISY — *Actinotus Helianthi*

soul struggled for a visible expression of itself in the universe! What stories they tell, these rocks, not of stability as one might think, but really of the impermanence of form! Only the spirit endures forever. We see the rest- less movement of the ocean, its ever-ceaseless activity, and are told that the busy surging is accomplishing much. It is sifting and laying down the rocks of the future. We see the rugged boulders of rock being worn away into rounded masses, or ledged and fretted into lace-work by wind and wave, rain and storm, and we know that all points to a cycle of change,—a never-ending circle of breaking down and building up—some mighty purpose behind all—the struggle of a universe to accomplish its destiny. So we step aside from the streets and the busy hum of human warfare, to try to solve the meaning of life; and that we may find out if we are in harmony with this great relent- less *purpose*.

Even the rock upon work of art, and the multitude of beauties. one's palette would be for the mineral and vie in its decoration, shaped and fashioned slumbers in it. Here is ochre but tanned into only of the original col- stone makes it red, and to lovely purplish ens! They tell their rings of darkish green, edges of pale green or gray some of them are, fined form flower-like ing removed bodily. look at them, how they beginning of things— lights, to the time when

We wonder as we lie there in outer silence, whether if we tried to under- stand the inner voice of Nature and adjust our lives more to *her* aims, it would

not be possible to rise above the sordidness of the commonplace, and the narrow prison walls of conventionalism—whether, if our ideas were larger, grander, and more consonant with Nature, less personal and individual, and more universal, our lives would not express themselves in nobler edifices and grander monuments. Would not the rows of hideous terraces and mean suburban villas grow into palaces, and life become more stately, dignified, and beautiful? For are we not gods, if we *will* to be so?

Let us look up then from the ruggedness of the path to the beauty around, that it may carry its message to our souls; and let it sink deep in our hearts, that it may find its expression again in a grander and nobler life—for nothing is wasted in Nature.

The picture is shared with all who care to look, for we need to give if we would receive, it is the law of the Universe.

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## *The Rise and Fall of Civilizations*

By a Student of Esotero



**H**OW strangely the pictures are thrown on the screen of time! Look and behold! Spain was mighty. Where is her strength now? France dominated Europe. Whence has her influence departed? Holland ruled the seas. Who can find her navies today? The glory of Venice is a thing of the past, the gods have left Olympus; the mighty halls of Luxor and Karnac tumble into dust; not one stone is left upon another in Babylon; Atlantis is a word; Lemuria as the memory of a dream.

Did ever the shadow of a conception of the passing away cross the minds of the dwellers in these mighty lands? Yet the passing away has occurred and its record is stored in the archives of the past.

Wherefore this rise and fall, and then the rise and fall again, to be followed by but another rise and fall, like the steady cadence of the sea?

Man lives on the surface of a globule floating in space. How can he understand the nature of the starry realms of which his little globule is so insignificant a part? If he cannot understand the nature of these realms how can he understand the nature of his own star? If he cannot understand his own star, then how can he understand the nature of its satellite—the earth on which he lives? If he cannot understand the nature of the earth on which he lives how can he understand his own nature?

That man cannot entirely understand the great creation of which he is a part is true. But he should not underestimate the value of that knowledge which he does possess, because it is limited, nor imagine those limits less

than they are. The organ of sight, though so small a thing, has a field of vision of enormous extent, in which field of vision may be mirrored countless worlds. If the eye can grasp so much on the physical plane, why may not the mind do likewise on the mental?

All existence is cyclic. In matter it is shown in the movements of its own component parts from the atoms (hypothetical) whirling in their vortices (hypothetical) to the heavenly bodies revolving in their orbits. This cyclic condition holds good in the divisions of time, in mathematics, music, art and every living organism. It is, likewise, true of mental moods and all intangible forms of activity. It also applies to everything historic, and to the various civilizations, concurrent and consequent, which have lapsed upon and followed one another over the face of the earth.

If, then, cyclism is unavoidable, why pursue the subject further? Why continue a bootless investigation? But is it bootless? May it not be that the cyclic periods are not fixed but variable quantities? And if variable may they not be varied somewhat at will?

Sleep is cyclic. But is the length or time of the cycle always the same? Does a man begin to sleep at nine o'clock one evening, and the same the next, and the next? Surely not! He may begin his sleep at nine, or ten, or eleven, or twelve, and may sleep many or few hours. The cycles must come, but they can be modified.

Now, this is exactly the case with civilizations. The length of any one is not a fixed quantity. It can be altered. It can be increased or it can be diminished. It will be increased or diminished by those who have part in it, and it can be increased or diminished by them at will. That it is often so diminished is shown by history and the query arises what caused such diminution? An extended answer to this is impossible here, so only a phase will be taken up.

Back of all action lies the picture of the action. The action is the objectivization of this picture in matter. Thus, in the simple act of stepping, the picture first arises in the mind. Unless it did the stepping could not occur. There is nothing to which this does not apply, as literally and almost as perceptibly as the artist's production on the canvass. And it is just as true that all subjective pictures tend in time to become objectivized, though they may be modified before objectivization takes place.

Amongst any mass of people the recognition or non-recognition of man as a soul is a pre-eminently determining factor in the nature of these pictures. If man is recognized as a soul, then the terrestrial consciousness is placed near its correct center. *Per contra*, if man is looked upon as merely a highly intelligent animal, then terrestrial consciousness tends to function away from its normal center. When consciousness functions at its normal center harmony results; when away, discord and lack of balance. From lack of balance come disturbed relations; from disturbed relations, destruction.

To trace these workings in their many ramifications would involve endless detail; the basic principle, however, is correct. It is this, that the nearer



man's consciousness functions to its normal center—soul life—at any period, the longer will be the civilization of that period; the more man's consciousness functions away from that center, the shorter will be that period.

## Sign-Posts Along *the Path*\*



NOT only in the Theosophical Society, but out of it, are tyros in Occultism. They are dabblers in a fine art, a mighty science, an almost impenetrable mystery. The motives that bring them to the study are as various as the number of individuals engaged in it, and as hidden from even themselves as is the center of the earth from the eye of science. Yet the *motive* is more important than any other factor.

These diletanti in this science have always been abroad. No age or country has been without them, and they have left after them many books—of no particular value. Those of today are making them now, for the irresistible impulse of vanity drives them to collate the more or less unsound hypotheses of their predecessors, which, seasoned with a proper dash of mystery, are put forth to the crowd of those who would fain acquire wisdom at the cost-price of a book. Meanwhile the world of real occultists smiles silently, and goes on with the laborious process of sifting out the living germs from the masses of men. For occultists must be found and fostered and prepared for coming ages when power will be needed and pretension will go for nothing.

But the persons now writing about occultism and competent to do any more than repeat unproved formulæ and assertions left over from mediæval days, are few in number. It is very easy to construct a book full of so-called occultism taken from French or German books, and then to every now and then stop the reader short by telling him that it is not wise to reveal any more. The writings of Christian in France give much detail about initiations into occultism, but he honestly goes no further than to tell what he has gained from Greek and Latin fragments. Others, however, have followed him, repeated his words without credit, and as usual halted at the explanation.

There are, again, others who, while asserting that there is a magic science called occultism, merely advise the student to cultivate purity and spiritual aspirations, leaving it to be assumed that powers and knowledge will follow. Between these two, Theosophists of the self-seeking or the unselfish type are completely puzzled. Those who are selfish may learn by bitter disappointment and sad experience; but the unselfish and the earnest need encourage-

\* Extracts from THE PATH, Vol. V

ment on the one hand and warning on the other. As an Adept wrote years ago to London Theosophists: "He who does not feel equal to the work need not undertake a task too heavy for him." This is applicable to all, for every one should be informed of the nature and heaviness of the task. Speaking of this tremendous thing—Occultism—Krishna in the Bhagavad-Gita says: "During a considerable period of time this doctrine has been lost in the world.

. . . . This mystery is very important." We do not think that the doctrine has yet been restored to the world, albeit that it is in the keeping of living men—the Adepts. And in warning those who strive after occultism with a selfish motive he declares: "Confused by many worldly thoughts, surrounded by the meshes of bewilderment, devoted to the enjoyment of their desires, they descend to foul Naraka. . . and hence they proceed to the lowest plane of being."

In what, then, does the heaviness of the Occultist's task consist? In the immensity of its sweep as well as the infinitude of its detail. Mere sweet and delightful longing after God will not of itself accomplish it, nor is progress found in *aspiring* to self-knowledge, even when as a result of that is found partial illumination. These are excellent; but we are talking of a problem whose implacable front yields to nothing but *force*, and that force must be directed by *knowledge*.

The field is not emotional, for the play of the emotions destroys the equilibrium essential to the art. Work done calling for reward avails not unless it has produced knowledge.

A few examples will show that in Occult Science there is a vastness and also a multiplicity of division not suspected by Theosophical Occultists in embryo.

The element of which fire is a visible effect is full of centres of force. Each one is ruled by its own law. The aggregate of centres and the laws governing them which produce certain physical results are classed by science as laws in physics, and are absolutely ignored by the book-making Occultist because he has no knowledge of them. No dreamer or even a philanthropist will ever as such know those laws. And so on with all the other elements.

The Masters of Occultism state that a law of "transmutation among forces" prevails forever. It will baffle any one who has not the power to calculate the value of even the smallest tremble of a vibration, not only in itself but instantly upon its collision with another, whether that other be similar to it or different. Modern science admits the existence of this law as the correlation of forces. It is felt in the moral sphere of our being as well as in the physical world, and causes remarkable changes in a man's character and circumstances quite beyond us at present and altogether unknown to science and metaphysics.

It is said that each person has a distinct mathematical value expressed by one number. This is a compound or resultant of numberless smaller values. When it is known, extraordinary effects may be produced not only in the

mind of the person but also in his feelings, and this number may be discovered by certain calculations more recondite than those of our higher mathematics. By its use the person may be made angry without cause, and even insane or full of happiness, just as the operator desires.

There is a world of beings known to the Indians as that of the Devas, whose inhabitants can produce illusions of a character the description of which would throw our wildest romances into the shade. They may last five minutes and seem as a thousand years, or they may extend over ten thousand actual years. Into this world the purest Theosophist, the most spiritual man or woman, may go without consent, unless the knowledge and power are possessed which prevent it.

On the threshold of all these laws and states of being linger forces and beings of an awful and determined character. No one can avoid them, as they are on the road that leads to knowledge, and they are every now and then awakened or perceived by those who, while completely ignorant on these subjects, still persist in dabbling with charms and necromantic practices.

It is wiser for Theosophists to study the doctrine of brotherhood and its application, to purify their motives and actions, so that after patient work for many lives, if necessary, in the great cause of humanity, they may at last reach that point where all knowledge and all power will be theirs by right.

—*Occultism; What is it?* EUSEBIO URBAN, page 55

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The people of all nations now turn their eyes to America, and that name for them stands for the United States. Its energy, activity, and freedom hold the imagination of the foreigner, and here he thinks aspirations may be realized, unfettered by the chains of caste, kingly prerogative, or religious restraint. With all that, Europeans often laugh at the newness and crudity of America, yet admiration cannot be withheld for the tremendous nerve power, the facile adaptability, the swift onward rush of the civilization beginning to bloom in the United States. It is the occult forces working in this land and really affecting all men, whether they know it or not, that is the reason.

Men who are not counted seers often see centuries into the future; and Tom Paine, the last who could be called a seer, had one such sight about America, although he called it a thought or "that which he saw with his mind's eye." When he was yet in England he wrote that he seemed to see a *great vista opening for the world in the affairs in America*. This was before he wrote *Common Sense*, which, as George Washington said, did more for our independence than any other thing. Paine was destined to be a great factor in American affairs, and naturally—in the occultists' eyes at least—he would see in advance some slight vision of the "great experiment" in which he was so soon to take an influential share. This experiment was conceived alone by mortal minds, but is a part of the evolutionary plan, for here the next great movement has already begun and will reach a high development.

Its greatest importance for us is Theosophically. We think, quite naturally, that the Theosophic ideas and culture are supreme, but if we needed confirmation from the outer barbarians we have it in the lately-written words of the great Frenchman, Emil Bournouf, who said that one of the three great factors in religious development of today is the Theosophical Society. If we assume this to be true, a glance at statistics will point to one of the signs of the cycle. —*One of the Signs of the Times*, WILLIAM BREHON, page 58

To many it seems puzzling that we do not remember the experiences of the Higher Self in sleep. But as long as we ask "Why does not the lower self remember these experiences," we shall never have an answer. There is a contradiction in the question, because the lower self, never having had the experiences it is required to remember, could not at any time recollect them.

When sleep comes on, the engine and instrument of the lower personality is stopped, and can do nothing but what may be called automatic acts. The brain is not in use, and hence no consciousness exists for it until the waking moment returns. The Ego, when thus released from the physical chains, free from its hard daily task of living with and working through the bodily organs, proceeds to enjoy the experiences of the plane of existence which is peculiarly its own.

On that plane it uses a method and processes of thought, and perceives the ideas appropriate to it through organs different from those of the body. All that it sees and hears (if we may use those terms) appears reversed from our plane. The language, so to say, is a foreign one even to the inner language used when awake. So, upon reassuming life in the body, all that it has to tell its lower companion must be spoken in a strange tongue, and for the body that is an obstruction to comprehension. We hear the words, but only now and then obtain flashes of their meaning. It is something like the English-speaking person who knows a few foreign words entering a foreign town and there being only able to grasp those few terms as he hears them among the multitude of other words and sentences which he does not understand.

What we have to do, then, is to learn the language of the Ego, so that we shall not fail to make a proper translation to ourselves. For at all times the language of the plane through which the Ego nightly floats is a foreign one to the brain we use, and has to be always translated for use by the brain. If the interpretation is incorrect, the experience of the Ego will never be made complete to the lower man.

But it may be asked if there is an actual language for the Ego, having its sound and corresponding signs. Evidently not; for, if there were, there would have been made a record of it during all those countless years that sincere students have been studying themselves. It is not a language in the ordinary sense. It is more nearly described as a communication of ideas and experience by means of pictures. So with it a sound may be pictured as a color or

a figure, and an odor as a vibrating line; an historical event may be not only shown as a picture, but also as a light or a shadow, or as a sickening smell or delightful incense; the vast mineral world may not only exhibit its planes and angles and colors, but also its vibrations and lights. Or, again, the Ego may have reduced its perceptions of size and distance for its own purposes, and, having the mental capacity for the time of the ant, it may report to the bodily organs a small hole as an abyss, or the grass of the field as a gigantic forest. These are adduced by way of example, and are not to be taken as hard and fast lines of description.

Upon awakening, a great hindrance is found in our own daily life and terms of speech and thought to the right translation of these experiences, and the only way in which we can use them with full benefit is by making ourselves porous, so to speak, to the influences from the Higher Self, and by living and thinking in such a manner as will be most likely to bring about the aim of the soul.

This leads us unerringly to virtue and knowledge, for the vices and the passions eternally becloud our perception of the meaning of what the Ego tries to tell us. It is for this reason that the sages inculcate virtue. Is it not plain that, if the vicious could accomplish the translation of the Ego's language, they would have done it long ago, and is it not known to us all that only among the virtuous can the Sages be found?

—*Remembering the Experiences of the Ego*, EUSEBIO URBAN, page 91

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STUDENT—But you do not mean that we should remain ignorant of science and devote ourselves only to ethics?

SAGE—Not at all. Know all that you can. Become conversant with and sift all that the schools have declared, and as much more on your own account as is possible, but at the same time teach, preach, and practise a life based on a true understanding of brotherhood. This is the true way.

\* \* \*

SAGE—There is a very important thing you should not overlook. Every time you harshly and unmercifully criticise the faults of another, you produce an attraction to yourself of certain quantities of elementals from that person. They fasten themselves upon you and endeavor to find in you a similar state or spot or fault that they have left in the other person. It is as if they left him to serve you at higher wages, so to say.

Then there is that which I referred to in a preceding conversation, about the effect of our acts and thoughts upon, not only the portion of the astral light belonging to each of us with its elementals, but upon the whole astral world. If men saw the dreadful pictures imprinted there and constantly throwing down upon us their suggestions to repeat the same acts or thoughts, a millenium might soon draw near. The astral light is, in this sense, the same as a photographer's negative plate, and we are the sensitive paper under-

neath, on which is being printed the picture. We can see two sorts of pictures for each act. One is the act itself, and the other is the picture of the thoughts and feelings animating those engaged in it. You can therefore see that you may be responsible for many more dreadful pictures than you had supposed. For actions of a simple outward appearance have behind them, very often, the worst of thoughts or desires.

STUDENT—Have these pictures in the astral light anything to do with us upon being reincarnated in subsequent earth-lives?

SAGE—They have very much indeed. We are influenced by them for vast periods of time, and in this you can perhaps find clues to many operations of active Karmic law for which you seek.

—*Conversations on Occultism*, Vol. III, page 188

## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Does Karma account for the first incarnation? I have seen the statement that it does not. Will the Students' Column please answer this? F. E. B.

**W**AS there ever a first incarnation? I do not think we can answer such a question. Infinity is a concept beyond our powers of reason, we but faintly touch it by a higher part of our being, yet we dimly know that the soul ever was and ever will be. To answer this question might be compared to finding a beginning to eternity.

We have been taught that life is cyclic, that just as we incarnate again and again on earth, so do the worlds and universes appear and disappear, one succeeding another as the successive embodiments of the World-Soul or the Cosmic Universal-Soul. On any one of these new worlds or universes there would then be a first incarnation for each individual soul, but such would be strictly according to Karma, *i. e.* to causes set up in previous existences on a previously existing world.

In the question, however, it is very possible that a limited meaning has been given to the term, Karma, considering it merely as the result of, or the law governing the result and connecting it with, the cause, in the sense of a definite act. But Karma in its full meaning also includes the operation of the law in regard to inherent or previous conditions or states which, just as much as acts, are causes leading inevitably to results. Were it not for this there could be no growth, no evolution, but merely repetition of past acts.

It has been said that it is the inherent nature of the soul to seek to express itself and that it does this through and in matter. Thus if this be its nature

it provides the karmic cause for incarnation even apart from any previous or a first incarnation. For the soul by incarnating does but follow the law of its own being and this following out its own nature is the primary aspect of Karma from whence later proceeds that aspect under which Karma is more generally spoken of, viz., as the law relating effects to causes which are in the form of definite action.

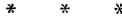
J. H. FUSSELL

## Mirror of the Movement



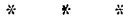
### News from Loma-Land

The chief event of the past month has been the much desired return of the Leader from her visit to New York, full of plans for the coming new developments of the work. The students received her with great joy and a hearty welcome was given to her in song and speeches; the children did their part by performing a most inspiring series of rhythmic movements, in which they showed the greatest poetry of motion. Mr. Tingley, who accompanied the Leader, was warmly received by all the comrades.



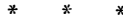
### Increase of Activities

Judging from what the Leader has said, and by appearances, the remaining six months of this year will see unexampled activity here, in anticipation of the unexpectedly rapid culmination of some of the chief lines of work, and next year, the Leader announces, the GREAT TEMPLE on the grounds of the SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY will be commenced! This great event is to come much sooner than any of us anticipated in our most sanguine moments.



### Crusade Anniversary

On June 13th the Leader and Comrades and the children celebrated, in the Aryan Temple, the fifth anniversary of the starting of the Great Crusade of Theosophists Around the World. It was a wonderful day and will never be forgotten by those who took part. There have been many anniversary celebrations but few possess such a deep feeling of unity and power as this one. The comrades assembled at 1 p.m. and after introductory remarks by E. A. Neresheimer, H. T. Patterson, one of the surviving Crusaders who accompanied the Leader upon the journey, spoke of the great privilege it had been to take part in such a momentous work.



### Katherine Tingley Speaks of the Crusade and the Future Outcome

The Leader then spoke, giving a warm tribute to the brave and loyal members of the crusade who, in spite of the colossal and apparently unsurmountable difficulties, mental and physical, domestic and general, had boldly entered upon it and had endured to the end, returning triumphant. Many of the terrible obstacles may never be published, but enough are generally known to make the marvelous character of the work clear. In spite of all, the Crusade returned safely, the Corner-stone was laid upon which at no distant date the great structure will be raised, from which the Light—Spiritual, Intellectual and Material—will flow in a never-ending radiance. Some day the shadows will disappear, and as we hold to our Duty, and, each in his own work as well as all together, send out on all planes higher and fuller Crusades, will the Light shine so that all men must feel it. The fact that “we are here”

collected in such a large number under the purple Dome tells the great story of the Crusade without words. But for the loyalty to the great cause of Truth, Light and Liberation and absolute Trust in the guidance shown by the faithful workers throughout the world this could not have been. The Crusade had made a firm link with the hearts of men everywhere, and on an occasion like this we can evoke a great power in our hearts—a stronger determination to work unselfishly, so that men will feel this spirit and surrender their baser desires, moved by the stirring in their own hearts. Today we begin a New Crusade upon a higher plane and, as the deep love, the infinite, holy Compassion, looms up in our souls in its might, so will the distressing condition of the world at large begin to mend.

\* \* \*

**Planting a Tree  
at First Student's  
Home**

attention and, after a

**At the S. R. L.  
M. A. Grounds**

formed and a start was

**At the I. B. L.  
Colony**

including F. M. Pierce one of the surviving Crusaders, the key-note being strongly emphasized by all. The Leader said it was by well-placed Trust that the great Crusade was such an enormous success, a success that was more far-reaching than was generally known. So many crusades had been conducted that it was difficult to remember them all, but this one, starting here today on a higher plane, would be the greatest of all. The New Century Guard brigade then marched around the tree in quick time singing, and all returned to the Homestead happy and serene with a deep resolve to continue the New Crusade with ever increasing power and love.

\* \* \*

**Enrolling as  
Crusaders**

signed their names on the roll which will be preserved in the archives. Brother Neresheimer presided and spoke about the greatness of the occasion. All were glad to hear him for many reasons. The fact that he is leaving us for four weeks to keep important business engagements makes all anxious to see as much of him as possible before leaving, though he will soon be again among us permanently. It is delightful to see him and others of the Aryan Society such as H. T. Patterson, working here with such energy, for their trust and devotion seem to grow daily.

\* \* \*

**Students' Home  
No. 1**

this, the latest creation of that marvelous Master-BUILDER, our Leader. The position of the house, high above the road as it stands out white against the blue sky is very conspic-

All then formed in double line and marched to the beautiful new "Students' Home No. 1," which has been leased to Mr. and Mrs. Spalding for a number of years, where an Agave was planted by the craftsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding are expected to return here about July 5. The "New Century Guard" brigade stood at a little ceremonial, all, Leader, Cabinet, children and students marched to the first gate of the S. R. L. M. A. grounds, when single file was taken till the Corner-stone was reached. Another Agave was planted with a beautiful ceremony of deep significance to the accompaniment of earnest song. The procession re-

made for the International Brotherhood League Colony, the Leader and a detachment of the ladies following in carriages. After the beautiful two-mile walk to the Colony, and a warm reception by those in charge, all gathered around the newly planted tree and inspiring speeches were made by many comrades, in-

Afterwards a beautiful ceremony took place in the Rotunda of the Loma Homestead. The students were given the privilege of being enrolled as members of the New Crusade—"To keep the link unbroken." The ceremony was simple and beautiful, all

This beautiful house, which is opposite the Aryan Temple, and close to the gate of the Esotero grounds, is now practically complete, externally. Again, as with the design of the Homestead and the Temple, nothing but unstinted praise can be given to



nous, and its beauty strikes every one with admiration. Its design, with pillared veranda around the octagonal rooms, the nearly flat promenade roof and ornate central lantern tower surmounted by a globe, is absolutely original and a model of fitness and beauty. By a "happy accident" the position of the house is such that the eye is led in a graceful line from the highest globe on the summit of the Homestead, to the smaller one on the Temple and so to the miniature sphere on the Students' Home No. 1! The internal arrangements are beautifully designed to combine the maximum of comfort and elegance with great simplicity.

\* \* \*

#### **Preparations for The Future**

Hay cutting and the building of great stacks is proceeding merrily, and a most extensive clearing is being made over a portion of the site of Esotero. The shrubs and cacti are being uprooted and burnt. Many of the bushes are of such an aromatic nature that the smoke given off comes in puffs of delicious odor across the hills and canyons.

\* \* \*

#### **Aryan Lodge work**

The great work of the "Aryan Theosophical Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood" now carried on from here is increasing, for, in addition to the regular and splendid public meetings held in the great Opera House in San Diego on Sundays, a large study class has been formed and will commence operations immediately. A special feature is made of presenting the very finest music, (piano and strings) at these public meetings, and the delight of the audience is always marked by enthusiastic encores. Music has rapidly become a very important feature in all our work. The choir meets for practice daily and several excellent songs have been written by our "bards" which embody our aspirations and teachings in effective form. We hope our well-beloved choir mistress, Miss Bergman who is not with us just now, will not think we have wasted our time when she returns to us. We all look forward to her return with pleasure.

\* \* \*

#### **Aryan Temple**

The visitors continue to attend the daily lectures in the Temple in fair numbers, though this is the dead season. Occasionally there have been great crowds, but we expect many more as the season advances. The U. S. Congressional Committee for inspecting Harbors and Rivers, who were visiting San Diego, paid us a visit early in June and were deeply interested in all our extensive activities, expressing great regret that time would not permit them to fully examine into our work and philosophy on this occasion. What they saw of the crowd of happy youngsters at the International Lotus Home delighted the ladies of the party; yes, and the grave, practical Congressmen too, for they perceived that here was a new system of training in actual operation, which as could be felt by the air of delight pervading the whole place, was bringing out the real divine nature of the children and enabling them to know that "Life is Joy" in such an intimate way that the "shades of the prison house" will not "close around the growing boy."

OBSERVER

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### **The Aryan Theosophical Society**

In 1875 the Theosophical Society was founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky and others, chief among whom was William Q. Judge. Among the first members of the Society were found to be a number who had joined under the impression that it was a new kind of spiritualism, but finding it was not so, soon withdrew. In 1883 the Aryan Theosophical Society was founded also in New York by William Q. Judge with the object of cementing together the New York members of the parent Society, and ever since its foundation the Aryan Theosophical Society has steadily grown to a position of great importance. From the very beginning it has been and is now the most powerful and important Lodge in the Organization. William Q. Judge was its President from the day of its for-



THE OLD HOME OF THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, 144 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK  
ESTABLISHED MAY, 1862

mation until his death. Under his administration the Aryan became the center and home for all the other Lodges in America and also for the individual members who were unattached to Lodges. Being situated at New York this was natural as personal affairs of business brought many members to the Metropolis and also the government of the Society necessitated that important location. Consequently there was a constant stream of visitors from all parts of the country who, calling at Headquarters of the Aryan, expected to find some congenial place to have their ideals confirmed or to exchange views on the tenets of Theosophy and perchance learn some new application of the philosophy of life. There were always a large number of sincere students at the Aryan Lodge and of these some had had the advantage of education and training. The guidance and the constant presence of the Teacher, W. Q. Judge, ensured at all times a dignified and correct presentation of the doctrines of Theosophy. The establishment of the Aryan Press by W.



THE NEW AND PERMANENT HOME OF THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER 11, 1900

Q. Judge from which, ever since its establishment in 1889, Theosophical literature has been distributed all over the world, also added largely to the growth of the Movement.

In 1892 the Headquarters of the Theosophical Movement was established in its building at 144 Madison Avenue with a large staff of workers and it at once became a veritable beehive of activity. It was also the battleground where many attacks were made by the traducers of the Leaders and of the Movement; always the Aryan Theosophical Society upheld its Leader and President W. Q. Judge and has always strongly defended his successor, Katherine Tingley.

The Chief, William Q. Judge, who during his life was a living inspiration to the Aryan Society died in 1896 after having advanced the work in the highest degree. His successor, Katherine Tingley, the present Leader, took the helm of the Movement at Headquarters with unparalleled vigor. At that time the enemies pressed forward with still greater and greater vehemence in the endeavor to destroy the Movement, but without avail. Besides the intrigues, slanders and wordy war there were legal battles also; almost every department was fiercely attacked in the courts intending to wrest the power from the Leader and to get possession of the property, archives and documents. All these attacks were defeated and those who took part in them passed out of sight, for ambitious and selfseeking persons in the ranks of our organization are never permitted to advance on those lines.

The work and influence of the Aryan Theosophical Society have grown and grown with unbreakable continuity; its Headquarters have been removed to Point Loma, California, the International Center of the Universal Brotherhood, though some of the most faithful members are still active in New York and in Brooklyn continuing the work there.

The members of the Aryan Society have always supported the plans and measures of the Leaders and on the occasion of the removal of Headquarters of the entire Movement from New York to Point Loma, they came forward with incomparable loyalty and decided by spontaneous action to build the Aryan Memorial Temple, in honor and to perpetuate the memory of W. Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky, as a mark of love and reverence for them. The Temple has been built according to designs of Katherine Tingley, the Leader, and it is truly a mark of honor to the founder of the Aryan Society. As a result of this act of devotion the Aryan Society has grown in usefulness a thousandfold, enlarging its scope in many new ways. Instead of the laborious work of trying to interest the indifferent and overworked such as make up the audiences of large cities, there has been a most remarkable change in the situation owing to these new surroundings, in which the chief portion of the Aryan is placed, namely, under the protecting wings of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Where formerly there might have been one out of a hundred whose soul was really touched by the opportunities which the Society gave to the great masses of people during the many years of its long course of faithful work, there is now hardly one out of the thousands who come to the Aryan Temple who is not touched to the very heart.

What a blessing now are these auspicious surroundings and what a world of argument and words is saved when the people flock to the Aryan Temple eager and intent to receive the benefits of the Wisdom Religion. These blessings are certainly peculiarly real and satisfactory when we compare them to the labored efforts of the past which had to be made to interest or as it were thrust these truths upon the people. Here at the Aryan Temple there are lectures daily, accompanied by the most delightful music. When one enters the Temple there is a hush, a sacred touch of something that reaches the soul; visitors to this sacred place spontaneously seek an opportunity to express the effect which the teachings and the influence of the Aryan Temple have made upon them. Even this is not all of the Aryan activities today. On every Sunday there are given lectures by specially trained students and Temple workers at the spacious Opera House at San Diego before large and eager audiences, including visitors who come from all parts of the world. This is the work carried over from the old century to the new. The foundations are so firmly built that no force of the passionate elements of human failings can overthrow them, thanks to the wisdom and indomitable energy of the successor of W. Q. Judge, and the continued and rare devotion of its members. Katherine Tingley has not only bridged the chasm of difficulties forever but has established impregnable fortresses, whence all the energies that formerly had to be spent in defense can now be utilized to build, to build, to give humanity a higher moral and spiritual code.

E. A. NERESHEIMER

## Reports of Lodges

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### White Lotus Day

U. B. Lodge No. 7, San Francisco, California

U. B. Lodge No. 7 held a special meeting May 8th in Commemoration of White Lotus Day. The following is a copy of the minutes of said meeting:

White Lotus Day, May 8, 1901. Year 4, U. B. Dr. Jerome A. Anderson in the chair. The meeting was opened by reading from Gita. Dr. Griffiths, Dr. Anderson and Mrs. Somers each spoke a few moments on H. P. Blavatsky and her work, showing that the same spiritual purpose underlying it was the basis of William Q. Judge's labors, though the manifestation was of an apparently different nature, but only apparently so, because

it was the adoption of the same energy and plan for a different time and in a different environment. This is also true of our present Leader, Katherine Tingley. She is not working for a different end than were H. P. B. and W. Q. J. She is but fulfilling the law at a time of greater opportunity.

The shell that holds the kernel is growing thinner and thinner and as we approach the Spiritual the greater seems the contrast between the new and the old. As a strong light casts a sharp, well defined shadow, so in this work for humanity, are the dark forces brought out more prominently, because of the immense force liberated for the elevation of the Race. In early days the work was largely a breaking down of the old and crystalized forms preparatory to the present more spiritual work which is operative on interior planes.

The personal nature, viewed in the light of the "Higher Teachings," may be lifted up, not killed out nor crushed, but utilized and wielded for good by the force of the awakened "Spiritual Will."—HARRY B. MONGES, JR., *Secretary, U. B. Lodge No. 7*

### Paeroa, New Zealand

White Lotus Day was celebrated by the Paeroa Lotus Group, by the Lotus Buds and Blossoms entertaining their friends.

Portraits of the Leaders were hanging on the wall against a background of white, with wreaths of flowers grouped around and surmounted by "Welcome," in Everlasting flowers of white and yellow. Our Purple Banner was hung on the left and the mottoes, "Life is Joy," "Live to Benefit Mankind," "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood Means," etc., were hung in different parts of the room, the whole looking very pretty and effective. The program opened with the song "Tiny Buds," followed by a Flower March, each child placing a flower under the Leaders' portraits; then silent moments in which the audience joined us in sending kind thoughts and wishes to all the children in the world. This was followed by dialogues, recitations and songs, making up a program of sixteen items, which were heartily enjoyed by a large audience. These entertainments are to be continued through the winter, and we trust will help the children to keep in mind their motto, "Life is Joy," and by sharing their joy with others help on the work of Brotherhood.—SECRETARY, *Paeroa Lotus Group*

*May 10, 1901*

### U. B. Lodge No. 1, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

We had the best White Lotus Day celebration last evening I think we ever had. It was stronger, more joyous, and the feeling of devotion to the work and the great cause and of unity and harmony among ourselves and with the Great Heart Center at Point Loma, reached a higher and deeper realization than ever before. We were all greatly impressed with the Leader's letter to presidents and members, and in response to a notification for all members to attend to hear it read all with but one exception, responded, although it was a very wet night. We are very grateful for the perfect assistance given us, which completely safeguards the whole question of admitting new members. What a blessing it is to have a Master Builder and Leader. As we get more in touch with the real work we see more of the difficulties and the necessity of working on the real natural lines of "Keeping the link unbroken."—T. W. WILLANS, *President*

*May 9, 1901*

### Helsingborg, Sweden

White Lotus Day, the anniversary of H. P. Blavatsky's passing from this physical life, was celebrated by a very good Lotus Meeting and afterwards by a Members' Meeting. Both were very good and harmonious. Last Sunday we had our monthly entertainment and this time I asked the Grand Master of our Masonic Lodge to let us have the great dining hall, with which request he willingly complied. We gave good announcement with a copy of the program, twice in each paper, and were pleased to have the great hall almost filled with a fine and interested audience. The time is blessed, we can feel it and we will work on forever together with you and the comrades that we may bring forward the conditions we all long for.—ERIK BOGREN, *President*

*May 14, 1901*



## A Shepherd of King Lex

By L.



SOME years ago I began to serve King Lex by looking after his sheep upon the Island of Mundus. I started in with a pretty good suit of clothes but what with fighting the wolves, rough climbing, and the thorns and briars of the mountain sides, my garments began to show signs of wear.

I never saw the king nor his officers, and I sometimes used to wonder how I should get new clothes when those I wore would no longer hold together.

One day I met a fellow servant. He was also a shepherd and had visited my region in search of a stray lamb, which he had just recovered when I ran across him. After saluting him I was struck by his splendid apparel. He was dressed in a light rosy pink cloth, rough, elastic and very strong, and on his head he wore a most becoming head-dress of gold thread. A pang of envy shot through my heart, and I thought to myself, "He is certainly a great favorite with the king to have such splendid clothes."

Although I had not spoken aloud, he smiled and answered my thought.

"King Lex," said he, "is Justice itself and always rewards according to our deserts. My last suit was much worse than this, but because I served him faithfully and did my best, he gave me these when my others were worn out."

His words put new heart into me and thereafter I never hesitated to plunge through the thorns or scramble over the flintiest rocks, or do battle with the fiercest of the black wolves who were always harassing my flock.

One season I had a very hard time of it. Never had the wolves been so persistent, never had my ewes required so much nursing with their lambs, and never was pasture more scarce. But at last the summer came and the pack of wolves retired to the distant table-land. The lambs and their mothers grew healthy and strong and the growth of the new grass made feed very plentiful. So one night I took off my tattered, ragged clothes and full of trust in King Lex, I dropped off into a most refreshing, balmy slumber.

The sunbeams peeped in next morning and woke me to a new day. My threadbare clothes had vanished, and by my bed I found a splendid costume awaiting me. It was elastic, rough and strong and of a reddish brown color. The head-dress was of a rich and glossy black, and as I stretched myself and ran and walked to try its fit, I felt a wonderful lightness and strength in all my limbs.

Knowing what I know about new suits has made me more daring and careless about spoiling the ones I now wear. No matter how torn and frayed they become *in the doing of duty*, there will always be a better suit awaiting me next morning, for King Lex is Justice itself. The other shepherd was quite right and no one knows how much comfort there is in that thought: "King Lex is Justice itself."

## *The Country of the Flying Arrows*

By Tall Sun-flower



**T**HERE were many pilgrims passing through the country of the Flying Arrows on their way to the Golden City, and I was one of the journeying throng.

Every traveler had a bow, and on his back he bore a quiver full of arrows, and the air above us was thick with arrows and sometimes one of them would fall heavily and strike a pilgrim wounding him sorely. Some of the wounded ones would tumble down, and as they lay struggling with their pain, they would shake their fists at the blue sky because they thought that a powerful archer lived up there who hit them for his sport.

But later on I came to understand that no one was struck except by his own arrow, for when I helped to pull the barbs out of the wounds of my friends, I always found their own names written plainly on the shafts. Sometimes indeed another's arrow would brush pass one's cheek or even knock off your hat, but the arrows never buried their heads save in the quivering flesh of those who had shot them thoughtlessly into the air.

Many in mere wanton folly aimed their arrows up into the air and thought they had thus got rid of them forever, but though they flew and floated

overhead for a long time, they always fell at last and buried their heads in the backs of the foolish bowmen who had shot them.

I made friends with one of my fellow-travelers named Sheelah who seemed to be very near the Golden Gates, and I noticed that he never spent an arrow except to shoot at one of the fierce animals that lurked by the wayside. He was always very happy even when he was struck by one of the fast diminishing cloud of arrows that sailed over his head. He used to say that he was glad when an arrow descended upon him with its quick rush and heavy final thud, because there was then one less overhead to fall. And one day when the last remaining arrow struck him he became radiant with exultant joy, and I saw him no more.

Here and there among the bushes that bordered the path, and always more or less concealed from view, were Mighty Bowmen pacing to and fro. They had reached the Golden City, had learned the final secrets of their craft and had returned to help their younger brothers on the way. Watchful, alert, serene, and confident, they never spent an arrow without a purpose, but with unerring marksmanship they hit without fail the dragons, and ravenous beasts that prowled among the bushes by the way.

They would often help a stricken pilgrim to his feet again and show him his own name upon the arrow, but for the most part those they helped seemed not to hear their voices, but stormed with impotent rage against the blue sky above them.

There were a few who heeded their advice and soon these wise pilgrims saw that the cloud of arrows overhead began to lessen day by day as they fell, and they took great care never again to aim their shafts thoughtlessly into the air.

Much did I learn in the country of the Flying Arrows, but the greatest lesson was this:

*Every arrow that strikes us is shot from our own bow.*

## The Town of Castries

*(Frontispiece)*

The town of Castries, St. Lucia, West Indies, is now being prepared as the British Naval and Military headquarters of the West Indies in the Leeward and Windward Islands. It is considered almost impregnable, but at present in a very backward condition excepting only as a coaling depot and a garrison. The population consists mainly of French patois-speaking people under Roman Catholic religious government. When in a few years the garrison and mail headquarters are transferred to St. Lucia, it is expected that the island will develop into a highly prosperous colony.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE—To comply with recent postal regulations, all post-office money-order remittances should be made payable at San Diego, California. The remittances, as well as other mail, should be addressed to Point Loma, as usual.



"Brave Conquerers! For so you are, that war against your own affections and the high army of the world's desires."

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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## Hypnotism---A Warning<sup>\*</sup>

By J. H. FUSSELL



IT is said that a straw will show which way the wind blows, but, save for mariners, it is only the few who care about the direction of the wind, so long as it does not interfere with their personal comfort. Much attention has been given of late to the subject of hypnotism. Almost every newspaper and many magazines contain advertisements of literature on the subject, making tempting offers of instruction in the "art" and holding out alluring pictures of its easy acquirement whereby success in commercial, social or other walks of life may be attained. In almost every newspaper and in hundreds of other publications such notices are to be seen, yet where do we find the notes of warning? On the contrary, magazines and publications of the highest reputation admit articles and reviews of books on the subject, advocating the investigation and use of this power and in the great majority of cases omitting all mention of its misuse and danger. In fact it is treated as though it were wholly good and to be employed by all alike, irrespective of moral fitness. So noticeable is this omission of warning and so increasingly large the circulation of literature on the subject, so willingly do newspapers and magazines admit articles and advertisements in regard to it, that it has become a subtle danger eating into the very heart of our social and commercial life.

A great "wind" of psychological influence is sweeping over the modern world. This wind is finding ready entrance into the recesses of the moral and mental nature of western civilization, and one does not have to look far for a straw which will show in which direction it is blowing. Here is one. In the *New*

\*A paper read at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Cal., July 14, 1901

*York Sun*, June 8, an account was given of a boy-hypnotist. A fifteen-year-old school boy about a year ago invested two dollars in a series of books on hypnotism. Since then, according to the report, he has held seances on the street, most of his subjects being younger boys and girls. Details are given of some of his performances which need not be repeated here.

From this report to an article in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* or a review in *The Outlook* (edited by Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott) may seem a big leap. Yet it is just such articles and reviews—even though the review referred to, in the issue of April 13th, 1901, is more or less negative and non-committal and is careful to say that “the lay mind may, perhaps, be allowed to await something like harmony in the professional mind before venturing to accept all of [the author's] beliefs as scientific verities” —but it is just such articles and reviews, as well as the books themselves which are the subject of review, which are largely responsible for the *laissez faire* attitude of the public in regard to this question. The danger of this power is almost entirely glossed over and only its use as a possible (?) agent for good considered, or at least the other side very much minimized.

Let me point out another straw showing the direction of this “wind.” In one of the most important of the large Eastern Universities one of the Professors is much given to the investigation of psychic matters and carries the subject even into his classes, advocating self-experimentation on the part of his pupils. One of these, becoming quite ill through most horrible night-experiences, not suspecting their cause, went to a physician. The latter on questioning the patient learned that for the sake of psychic experiment the College Professor had advised his pupils on retiring to lie in a certain position and place the mind in a negative state. The result in this particular instance was a partial obsession, fortunately only temporary, thanks to the physician's advice. Mention was made in the April issue of this magazine (Article, “Psychism and Psychic Phenomena”) of a physician's account to the Medico-Legal Conference in New York some five or six years ago, of how he had hypnotized an “honest” man and caused him to commit a theft, also stating that the man's health had probably been permanently injured as a result of the experiment.

Which way bloweth this “wind?”

The article referred to, which appears in the June issue of *Harper's*, is “Reciprocal Influence in Hypnotism,” by John Duncan Quackenbos. The writer gives the impression that this power cannot be used for evil. He says: “A mesmerizee instinctively penetrates the veneer of indifference or deception, and revolts against rapport that is sought for selfish or sordid purposes,” but there are innumerable instances, one of which is cited above, where such revolt is broken down by a stronger will and a crime is committed at the suggestion of the hypnotist. Whose crime is it? Yet the crime of theft or whatever else is as nothing to the crime of the invasion of the sacred precincts of another's soul.

Personal purity and all that it implies is held to be one of the corner-stones of true civilization. "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of the living God" wrote the greatest of the followers of Christ, and invasion of that temple, whether forced or with consent, is regarded as one of the most heinous of crimes. Yet now we find learned Professors, men who stand high in the eyes of the world, advocating the development of that power which can place not only the physical nature of another at the operator's control, but the inner psychic, moral and mental nature also—all except one part of the nature which no hypnotist can touch—and this irrespective of the moral fitness of the operator, or of his *knowledge* of the nature or strength of his patient on those inner planes, which may in turn rebound on the operator.

Even Professor Quackenbos instances what were perhaps narrower escapes than he realizes. He says, "A successful attempt to hypnotize a thief at the beginning of my investigations induced an attack of nervous depression so severe in character that I discussed the advisability of discontinuing my experiments as a measure of safety." "A lady who was the victim of a harassing delusion automatically effected an *exchange* (italics mine, J. H. F.) of mental conditions with me, whereby her unwarranted dejection became so realistically mine that I was obliged immediately to seek a change of employment." And yet these are only the lesser dangers; they are, however, indications which should be enough warning to the intelligent and discriminating observer.

There is another instance of an entirely different character mentioned by Professor Quackenbos, which one can imagine being gloated over by hundreds of silly sentimental women, but which is perfectly nauseating to any healthy mind. "Some twelve months ago," he writes, "in the midst of a series of vicious assaults upon my integrity, there came to me a spiritually minded patient with the following request: 'My dearest desire is consciously to realise my oneness with the Infinite God of Love. Impress upon me as I sleep the conviction that I have within me forces which, if I could but recognize them, would lift me to higher levels and open my soul to the Divine influence. Put in operation these spiritual powers, that I may lose myself in an acceptable service to others and therein taste the perfect fruits of faith, aspiration and love.'" He goes on to say, "I put this lady into a suggestible mind state and as the inspiration proceeded I felt myself elevated above the plane of the material and the transient, etc., etc." . . . "Association with pure souls in the realm of the subliminal has repeatedly proved similarly cheering and uplifting."

How many will see the underlying significance of this maudlin sentimentalism? Does the Professor intend to convey the idea that hypnotism can bring about a realization of "oneness with the Infinite God of Love"? Almost everyone knows of this type, one of the usual characteristics of which is a neglect of little common daily duties and the best remedy for whose vacuous dreaming would be a half day at the washtub or a good scrubbing or cleaning of the house and the keeping of it clean; then further and more important (for the houses of many may be externally clean) the bringing of a little

more sunshine into the lives of those around — oh, surely not that *I* “may lose myself,” or that *I* may “taste the perfect fruits of faith, aspiration and love,” but that some poor unfortunate unhappy one may be thereby helped and encouraged a little. If one desired this with one’s whole heart there would be no recourse to a hypnotist, for the heart itself would be the well-spring of action. What a travesty of the *Joy* of life, of the wholesome vigorous purposes of the soul, is this subtle, selfish *bien-etre*, this being “mutually improved, exalted and refined.” It is a prostitution of the powers of the whole being, but such experiences are not of the soul but of the lower nature, more subtle than the physical yet still material and sensuous. Yet so subtle is the suggestiveness of the article referred to that the great majority of readers will exclaim, “Oh, how beautiful!” and no doubt the Professor and other *professed* hypnotists will have an increased number of applicants for such “reciprocal influence,” who, too lazy or negative to “take the kingdom of heaven by violence,” as one of the greatest of teachers has told us it must be taken, yet dream of the ecstasy of soul-communion in the “realm of the subliminal,” and would be hypnotized into it. I can imagine the satisfaction with which many of the devotees of this maudlin sentimentalism contemplate the idea of becoming conscious in subliminal realms and their undefined yearning at the thought of such bliss.

Does it not behoove the intelligent observer to question how much the Professor and other hypnotists know of the subliminal realms into which they are so willing to introduce their subjects? What more do they know than what appears to them to be its “exaltation” or is it not a subtler kind of sensual “intoxication”? And do not let any be misled into a false idea of the nature of hypnotism by its use as an alleged educational and reformatory agent and the apparent results thereby obtained. May the Gods forbid!

Many a hard, selfish man becomes, when intoxicated, generous and open-hearted. Shall we therefore advocate intoxication as a cure for selfishness? It is not uncommon to find men and women, who in normal condition are ordinary and commonplace, yet who, under the influence of certain drugs, such as morphine, become brilliant conversationalists and writers, giving utterance to the most lofty and inspiring sentiments of the highest ethical order. Indeed not a few of the most brilliant writers have become morphine habitues and deliberately put themselves under the influence of this drug in order to achieve success in their work, utterly regardless of the future hell they will have to meet and the physical and mental wrecks they will become. Shall we therefore advise aspirants for literary fame to take morphine?

And, similarly, because under hypnotic influence certain barriers of habit and thought are for the time apparently broken down, and in some cases what appears to be “a high state of exaltation” is reached, shall we — overlooking the ill effects, more subtle and not less sure than those of alcohol or morphine — shall we advocate hypnotism in order that a moral and spiritual veneer may cover a life? In neither of these cases of intoxication, whether from alcohol or drugs, does the real man or his soul act, and much less does

the soul or the man himself act when under the far subtler hypnotic influence. On the contrary, *the soul is driven back, and in some cases driven out altogether* by hypnotism, and another force extraneous to the soul admitted—the rightful sovereign is expelled and a usurping power claims the throne.

Which way bloweth the wind? While on the one hand a magazine in the front rank of American publications will open its pages to such an article as the one quoted from, even though it be from the pen of a learned professor in one of the greatest of American Universities, and while, too, a great University will permit one of its professors to advocate psychic self-experimentation on the part of its pupils, and admit to the ranks of its professors a professed hypnotist, at the same time we read of a boy-hypnotist successfully experimenting among innocent little children on the public streets. And there is a real and vital connection between the former, the high-class magazine, the professor and the university, and the latter, the much-to-be-pitied boy.

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It is an age of profession and appearances and professional deceptions, and it is instructive at times to turn from the articles in a magazine to the advertisements which it admits between its covers. It may be that the magazine *professes* the highest ethics and morality and even professes to be an exponent of spirituality, but perhaps the thought does not enter the mind of the Editor that the advertisements as well as the articles are indicative of the real trend and influence of the publication. I do not refer to magazines which are run purely as commercial speculations or as merely literary productions, but to some of those which *profess* to have a mission and, as said, put themselves forward as exponents of spiritual life, the “new thought,” “divine life,” etc.

To take one example, and each one may prove the truth of the assertion for himself, one of the most prominent of this class of publications, calling itself an “exponent of the New Thought” and professedly taking a very high stand, admits between its covers, and therefore *endorses* advertisements of schemes and books, of which the following are examples:—

(a) Hypnotism—Free. Would you achieve business and social success; improve your talents; *gratify your ambitions*; and exercise wonderful power and influence over others? If so, write for our book. It thoroughly explains all the hidden secrets of Hypnotism, etc. We guarantee success to you or forfeit \$1,000, in gold. The book is *free*. Address, etc, etc.

(b) A Treatise on Personal Magnetism—Complete course of instructions that will enable all who possess them to become powerfully magnetic, etc, etc.

(c) Self-Hypnotism—Develops the psychic powers of man, enabling him to control his dreams, read the thoughts of friends and enemies. Five complete trial lessons will be sent for only 10 cents. Address, etc, etc.

(d) A book which gives directions among other things “how to command wealth.”

(e) Easy lessons in Clairvoyance.

(f) A book that unveils the Science of personal influence and magnetism—you can develop this great force in a few days at home without the knowledge of your nearest friends, etc, etc. Address, etc, etc.

What need to mention any more? Yet would the Editor of the magazine referred to, be willing to take the responsibility of the results of the practices enjoined in the above and recommended by him. Many may say that most of such advertisements are humbug, fakes, to catch the foolish and credulous, but thereby they make the Editor of the magazine a party to such humbug, and remember we are talking of a magazine that with very many people stands as high-class and even "spiritual," and I believe some of the contributors to its pages would resent any connection whatever with *e. g.*, "Hypnotism taught with the promise of enabling the pupil *to gratify his ambitions or exercise wonderful influence over others.*" Yet the same magazine that prints their articles also recommends this diabolical scheme to its readers.

Do parents realize what an awful danger is threatening the moral life of their children. Let them look at the advertisements in their daily papers and the magazines, and while it may be true that commonsense, whole-hearted young men and women pass these by and pay no attention to them, yet let them realize that besides the morally degenerate there are only too many morbidly inclined or even merely curious who are tempted by the alluring promise held out of the easy acquirement of powers, "unknown to your nearest friends, whereby you can gratify your ambitions and gain influence over others."

Mothers! would you trust your daughters with such young men, would you welcome them to your homes, and, if not, how will you guard against them, how will you recognize them? If hypnotism is recommended by such "high" authorities, is it any wonder that the public mind is being lulled into disregard of its dangers. What then can be done? Surely we ourselves can awake, we can make an active protest, we can be more than ever vigilant, we can arouse public opinion, we can sound a note of warning.

Heyday, which way blows the wind?

But let us not listen to the old, old excuse, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Am I responsible if a degenerate boy be found hypnotizing his playmates? Am I responsible if a magazine to which I contribute or subscribe recommends, not prostitution of the body—oh no! what publication dare openly countenance that, indeed the law would not permit it—but the subtler, more damnable, prostitution of the inner mental and moral nature and the very soul, involving the destruction of one of man's chiefest, most god-like powers, the power of will and choice? How am I responsible for what another should do? There are no laws of the land against such,—yet the Laws of Nature will exact the penalty to the "uttermost farthing."

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Be NOBLE! and the nobleness that lies  
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;  
 Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,  
 Then will pure light around thy path be shed,  
 And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

—LOWELL

# *The False and the True*<sup>\*</sup>

By H. Coryn, M. D.



**O**F the fact that there are two bodies using the name "Theosophical Society" you are probably perfectly aware; it will be but natural if you occasionally wonder why they remain apart.

The question was publicly asked here last week, why that Theosophical Society which is the Literary Department of The Universal Brotherhood, and which, like the other Departments and the Organization as a whole, is under the official and moral Leadership of Katherine Tingley, does not unite with another body also using the title "Theosophical Society."

I propose to produce a few facts which will make it clear why we cannot recognize or endorse this assumption of the name of Theosophy.

Let it be remembered first that we do not at all claim to have any inherent superior knowledge about life to that of anyone else. Knowledge is equally open to anyone who will tread the pathway that leads to it. And secondly that a teacher's method differs according to his audience. To those who hear for the first time what he has to say he will give quite simple outlines; to students of one year, or two, or three, or more years' standing he will naturally be able to unfold more and more. And some will be at last in a position to hear all that he can give.

The original Theosophical Society was founded, inspired, and taught, by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. To further her great mission, which was to bring again to humanity a knowledge of its true nature, origin and destiny, she showed that the highest teachings upon life of the highest men who flourished in the best periods of all nations of all times were all based upon the ancient Wisdom Religion and that only by returning to this fountain-head, Theosophy, could be found a teaching fitted to the needs of the new humanity now arising.

Beginning with India, as the nation which had preserved these old teachings in their most accessible form, she showed that the same truths were to be found in the philosophical teachings of many other peoples.

At her death, she left to her successor, W. Q. Judge, and he to his successor, Katherine Tingley, the tasks (1) of continuing this work of teaching a philosophy of life that should suit the needs of men today, in the light of those Leaders' knowledge of that ancient Wisdom-Religion from which all religions have sprung; and (2) of leading the Society she had founded upon the path of practically applying this essence of all philosophies to the life of mankind, that it might be ennobled and made to bring forth its true fruits.

<sup>\*</sup>A paper read at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, California, July 7, 1901

It used to be a great subject for debate whether or not there be a personal devil going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. For our present purpose it does not matter whether the devil goes about in that way; or whether he makes use, so to speak, of an Ecclesia or Organization; or whether he acts as a principle inherent in all of us. If the principle of *good* acts (1) so as to make men realize that they are *souls*; (2) so as to make men realize that they are *brothers* of one origin and destiny, and that no one alone can attain salvation any more than one soldier can achieve a victory while the rest of the army is still fighting; (3) so as to make men realize that life on earth can be made a splendid and glorious possession—if, I say, the principle of *good* acts so as to make men realize these three things, then the opposite principle will act so as to weaken and destroy the realization of these three. And if the devil can make himself appear as the Angel of Life, his task will be infinitely easier.

Now look at what has happened, and make your own judgment.

If a man thinks; "I *am* a soul," then he goes about with a sense of divine dignity about him; he feels that he stands above the temptations in his nature, and that however hard he may have to fight he must win in the end because of his inherent divinity. But when he comes to feel: "I *have* a soul," then he stands down among the evil things in his nature and feels himself one of them. And when he feels that he is of evil nature, and that the divine soul is away above his head somewhere, then he naturally feels that he requires help, that some one else must redeem him, that he can no more fight himself than a man can lift himself in a basket; and so he becomes negative, dependent, clinging, and afraid to act on his own initiative, afraid of his own shadow. And at the same time his intellect is perplexed, for he cannot understand what this soul can be which is not himself, which he possesses, and which he has to save, and which yet may be the cause of his own future salvation or damnation. So in his fear lest he do some unknown thing which might injure it and himself, he becomes still more negative, and looks around to some authority that may give him advice.

Thus, this twist of the idea: "I *am* a soul," into the other: "I *have* a soul," has many evil consequences.

But this idea of *having* a soul that must be saved has other consequences. The same evil power that twisted "I *am* a soul" into "I *have* a soul" juggled with another idea. Evil brings pain to the man who does it. That is true, but we have to add to it that the pain *teaches*, opens the man's eyes at last, so that he learns not to do that evil. The power I speak of wiped away that best part of the idea, and made the universe seem senseless and malignant, one or both; then it accentuated the idea of the pain, and created the nightmare idea of hell. Horrified by this, men rushed after various ways of salvation, and in the scurry to get saved often developed a selfishness and a disregard for each other that could only be paralleled by the rush to escape from a volcano-threatened city. So this principle of evil had succeeded in confusing men's



intellect, in inspiring fear, in making men negative and dependent and advice-seeking, and in weakening their sense of brotherhood. It then turned to further conquests.

Here we are on earth, and life on earth is at present a somewhat evil and painful thing. Reincarnation was once a practically universal belief; men recognized that this earth is their proper home, and that they come again and again to it till they have learned not to die but to remain in ever growing happiness, Light, Wisdom, and Love, making *here* their golden heaven. In that healthy belief, men would naturally tend to do all in their power to make life here joyous, to bring about heaven as quickly as possible.

Accordingly it was necessary to wipe away the idea of reincarnation, and make it appear that we have only one life here. Indeed one Church did formally declare the belief in reincarnation a heresy. That removed a great deal of the stimulus to noble effort; a man does not trouble to put in order a house he will only occupy a week. The next point was to wipe out the teaching of Christ that Heaven is a state *now* (if you will) *within you*, and to make it a *place* somewhere else. Then arises the scurry to arrange means to get there. From which follows a loss of brotherhood in the scramble, and a loss of efforts to bring about the state of Heaven on earth. In India, among certain classes, these diabolic jugglings reached such a pitch that it was held that the only thing worth doing was to get away from earth and your fellows for evermore, so as to pulsate like a solitary star in the limitless night-spaces of an eternal Nirvana, wrapped as with a black cloak in your own mystic aura.

And the last point arises from the fact that we inhabit bodies. It is obvious that the bodily appetites, *as they are at present*, prompt us to evil. But if the body is treated properly it is a noble instrument, allying us with all the harmonies and beauties of nature, and capable of giving rise to harmonies that shall go out into nature and lead her in the upward march. But it is not the purpose of the principle of evil to let that idea remain. It accordingly takes (as before) the guise of good, and argues thus: the body is the source of all human evil and of all lusts. Look on it in that way, and be glad to get out of it into Heaven. On this arose all those philosophies which made matter the principle of evil. It was very ingenious, for it took away attention from the real principle of evil. They all confused matter with sensual appetite.

Now we see the ideas inspired among men by the principle of evil masquerading as the principle of good, *appealing in that way to men's essential goodness*, and professing to meet their needs. They are:

- (1) That man *has* a soul.
- (2) That life on earth is brief and evil, and that each lives here only once.
- (3) That Heaven is a *place* somewhere else.
- (4) That matter is evil.

(5) That whilst we are on earth, pain must continue, and is of the nature of punishment only, not a divine lesson and warning. It never *denied* that men are brothers, but only *weakened their hold* on that truth.

It was therefore the aim of H. P. Blavatsky to combat all these things, and to teach their opposites. And the opposite truth to them all is that life on earth can become and will become a noble and glorious and golden possession, lit by love and brotherhood and expanding in immeasurable vistas of joy and wisdom; and that we all stand linked by the delicate and invisible cord of non-separateness, hand in hand for evermore facing this mighty prospect together, and moving on into ever greater and greater Light.

You will ask what has this to do with the existence of two Theosophical Societies. Much; for one carries on the work and the message of H. P. Blavatsky, and is steadily checkmating all the efforts of the subtle principle of evil—and the other does not; is, in fact, wholly unprogressive. They separated in 1895. Since that time one has remained stagnant; the other has exhibited every mark of growth in trunk and leaf and flower. One does not satisfy or answer the needs of men, and indeed proffers base metal when they ask the golden coin; the other meets human requirements daily with greater completeness. One confuses and tends to weaken man's higher nature; the other is alive and radiates life.

One of the first things done by the real Theosophical Society after the separation was to take in hand the education of children; not that education which is merely a training in knowledge of facts; but the training of feeling and imagination; the making them feel the beauty, purpose, and nobility of life, and that all the world about them is a living thing to which they are linked in every cell and thought. Hundreds of groups for this training of children were opened throughout the Organization. Music, color, the beautiful legendary resources of all peoples, the ways of nature in stone and plant and animal—all these were and are employed. The outcome of all is that the souls of the little ones are appealed to, are stirred so that they realize that they are a part of living nature, that all nature is their comrade; and that brotherhood to all that lives, to plant and animal and child and man, is the way to know the great Truth that Life is Joy, a joy which only selfishness can for a moment darken.

But at Point Loma the process goes much further. Here there are already about 90 children, from extreme babyhood onward. These are being trained from the very first as I have said, in the very key-note of Universal Brotherhood, according to the pattern of ideal life threaded on the golden threads of joy, a training that is the first step to the creation of the new race. Those who came unhealthy become healthy; hereditary taints disappear; faults of character fade out; nothing evil can long live in a child kept in contact with the higher harmonies in nature, made to feel the joy of unselfishness, and so taught that every fresh thing learned comes in happy surroundings and in close relation to life. And all these, in due course, will go out to the world to teach, with themselves for examples, of what life is capable even now of becoming; to teach of the soul and its possibilities, for they know themselves as souls. Think of the influence which the purity and happiness of these child-

ren has on the older students; and think how much more may these older ones attain with their stronger will and clearer reason, consciously and intentionally developing their minds and characters for the service of the work.

Remember that these 90 are but a nucleus, and that they are added to as fast as opportunity permits; and that they are of all nations. Think what another generation may become when all these, and the thousands more throughout the Organization, are diffused through the world in their respective countries.

The next practical outgrowth of the Theosophical Society was the International Brotherhood League. This is for the continuous doing of practical humanitarian work for the relief of human suffering of all kinds, wherever found; to relieve the results of war, famine, disease, calamity, etc.; to help fallen men and women; to establish centers for the victims of alcohol and morphine; and for many other purposes, all of which have ever since been continuously active in the name of Brotherhood and that alone.

We have been accused of being "mere philanthropists," of "serving tables," as if those were accusations from which to shrink! On the contrary we not only accept but emphatically claim them. And the same small body of opponents says that we have no philosophy. Let the two accusations pair off sweetly with each other. The practical outcome of real philosophy in simple service would not be a bad approach to that "becoming as a little child" which mankind was once told was the only way into the kingdom of Heaven.

After the establishment of these two activities, the Theosophical Society became altogether too small a vehicle for the constant and growing energy that was rushing out through it. It was, so to speak, a sort of preliminary class for the training of the workers; and it accordingly merged itself into the Universal Brotherhood, of which it became the Literary and Publishing Department; going on steadily with its work of popularizing the philosophy of which H. B. Blavatsky had sounded the root-notes.

Beyond these, there are many other aspects of life which remained to be dealt with and ennobled.

There is Music and the Drama. You know what the Drama has now got to be. A Department of the Universal Brotherhood is the "Isis League of Music and Drama," for the restoration of these two great arts to their ancient place as educators. Here in San Diego you have seen a faint glimpse of the work of this Department, and you can all understand how, on the same lines, our sense of beauty can be stimulated to the noblest degrees, and our knowledge of the Mystery of life infinitely deepened. And you will understand that as, according to possibility, all the hundreds of smaller centers of the Universal Brotherhood are taking up the same work, and giving month by month, similar representations, so the public taste will be steadily raised; and at last the Theatre will become a great school for the calling out of the inherent beauty of men's souls.

Then there is the work of women. The Department of the Universal Brotherhood called the "Women's Exchange and Mart" will not only, when in full

operation, give employment to many thousands of women, will not only call forth their sense of beauty and refinement in art, but, through its products, spread more and more widely among the people, carry real beauty into their homes, and touch the souls of the growing children with the harmony of form and color.

And because the Universal Brotherhood is a living Organism, all these Departments of work, the Literary, the Humanitarian, the Musical, the Dramatic, the Artistic, that among children, and that for women, are, in their turn, each constantly growing and branching out into new fields.

Highest of all, at Point Loma, is an example of how beautiful, how happy, and how useful, may life become when a number of people of all classes and nations live together in perfect harmony. Life takes on a new meaning, and the soul can at last show its beauty and wisdom.

Last, and not least, is the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. In this School students of all nations are taught the real inner Laws of life, laws known in the past to the highest of every great nation, and now being taught again after a silence of centuries, in a new way, suited to this race; and, when learned, carried far and wide among all peoples.

I have now touched on a few of the ever growing activities of the Universal Brotherhood Organization; and I ask you whether they do not give promise of raising at last, and in no long time, the whole level of human life? Life on earth is a splendid possession, and during its course men may learn to see their immortality face to face, finding that it is not in any far-away Heaven, but here, in the comradeship of their fellows and in possession of all that is noble and happiness-bringing, and health and joy-giving.

The activities exemplify practical Theosophy, Theosophy with its coat off, not Theosophy of drawing-rooms with much recondite talk ending in nothing and leading to nothing but the next meeting. Now against all this Theosophic life and growth and energy of the Universal Brotherhood, the opposing group of people exhibits only stagnation.

Instead of *teaching* the forsaken multitudes of India and carrying to them the new Light for which in their discouragement they are craving, instead of entering with divine sympathy into their lives and difficulties, it but refers them back to that which has made them what they are. And for us in the Western World, some of that which they offer as intellectual food for our needs in the difficulties and darkness of life is trash that libels the common intelligence of the age. It would have us stay the hand on the dial of time, and mock the Angel of Progress by going back to a Hindu priest-emasculated literature whose keys are well-nigh lost, of which but a hundredth part is accessible, and which arose in a race that reached its culmination at least fifty centuries ago, whatever be its promise of a new youth in the Light of Universal Brotherhood; a literature wherein, in its present form, we look in vain for the full doctrine of human brotherhood, and in which life on earth is uniformly regarded as the worst of evils. H. P. Blavatsky used the literature of India,

first, that through our knowledge of it, we might enter into touch with that people, and so teach them; and secondly, that we might use it as we do the literature of all ages, culling from it truths that might advance humanity toward wisdom and brotherhood. A bewildering Babel is the only outcome of taking it all literally. The group of people I speak of precisely inverts her aim and would paralyze that progress of humanity which leads to a future of brotherhood. It has developed in nothing, learned nothing, since death removed from that special work the influence of H. P. Blavatsky and took her mighty hand from the helm. At many of its public meetings the teachings of so-called Theosophy are sold at so much a head and in this way the Divine Wisdom which H. P. Blavatsky taught as for all men is dispensed for cash. It talks and does nothing. In the name of Theosophy and calling itself the Theosophical Society, it has nothing practical to show. Bearing the name of Brotherhood, it offers nothing resembling the International Brotherhood League, nothing resembling the vast work for children of the Universal Brotherhood, nothing for fallen men and women, nothing for those in prison, nothing for the victims of calamity, of war, and of the alcohol and morphine habits. It does not step forward, as has Katherine Tingley, touching and shaking hands with the people, and sympathetically entering their lives. One of its members does even actually refuse to shake hands lest her immaculate aura should be stained. The restoration of Art, of Music, and of Drama, to their rightful places in the life of mankind, forms no part of its program; the employment of women and the education of all to a fuller perception of beauty no part of its activities. Pretending much, it does nothing to enrich and ennoble human life and consciousness. In a word, to the older students, to those who have impartially studied it, it is an aspect of the cult of death, and to the living it proffers stones for food.

True wisdom gives life and joy; it produces men and women who look each other in the face as comrades in the field of the world's life, not as sickly sentimentalists with their thoughts and hopes on the other side of death in a dreaming Heavenworld or an incomprehensible Nirvana of final selfishness.

The race is renewing its youth, and the teachings it will accept must be fitting the life and joy of youth, not drawn from a literature whose soul is asleep whilst it waits a new incarnation in one more glorious than the world has yet seen, the literature of a nation which itself awaits the new wine of the West. To that nation hungry for Light, yearning for the renewal of its youth, the people who have recently been in your midst, seeking to destroy our constructive humane work, would feed, as to you, the husks of that nation's outworn past.

With their work we cannot have aught in common; union is out of the question; he who looks forward cannot journey with him who looks back. And we know and reverence and love too much the Leader we follow to leave or halt on the path on which she is traveling.

Slowly the eyes of all nations are being opened; the weary and lonely shall be comforted; new Light shall come upon all dark things; the long abyss shall be passed; and all hearts shall chant: "Behold the union of Earth and Heaven is accomplished and Earth hath renewed her youth."

# Past and Future

By H. T. Patterson



**T**HE hills of stern New England strewn with snow,  
 Their granite sides and tops white clad, to me  
 Are beautiful. The wan and wintry glow  
 Of setting sun ; the bare and leafless tree ;  
 The still and frozen stream, which seems to be  
 Held in the clutch of some gigantic hand,  
 Curb'd by a grip of steel, eternally ;  
 The cold forbidding aspect of the land ;  
 All these, if rugged, yet are picturesquely grand.

The thought of leaves upon these leafless trees,  
 This streamlet murmuring o'er its stony bed,  
 Of summer verdure rustling in the breeze,  
 Of cleanly cattle which, with measured tread  
 When driven from the wooden milking shed,  
 Seek out green grass beneath some sylvan shade ;  
 The thought of nestling bird with breast bright red,  
 Of sun-burnt mower and his gleaming blade,  
 Of farmer's patient wife, of buxom country maid ;

The thought of autumn with its garner'd food,  
 Of maples turning into red and gold,  
 Of gorgeous sumac 'midst the duller wood,  
 Of squirrels gath'ring food against the cold,  
 Of walks 'mongst fallen leaves in days of old  
 When zest was keen and youthful blood ran hot,  
 When for a ten mile saunter we were bold,  
 Now spreads a veil of beauty o'er this spot  
 Until the dreariness of winter is forgot.

Near to the house the roomy well-filled barn,  
 The curling smoke which rises to the sky,  
 The mother with her endless ball of yarn,  
 The farmer's heavy boots laid out to dry,  
 The cheerful crackling fire, the mantle high,  
 The noise of men who worked upon the farm,  
 The bustling servant, garrulous and spry,

The coo of pigeons and the cock's alarm,  
All help the scene each with its own peculiar charm.

But now the scene is changed — a warmer sky,  
Like tinted crystal dome is overhead,  
Whil'st murmuring waters singing lullaby  
And gently washing on the beach, instead  
Of wintry gales, are heard. The heavy tread  
Of cattle in the fields has given place  
To cries and calls and songs of birds, who led  
By joy, alight on shrub and bush and base  
Of pedestal and give the scene a dainty grace.

The broad Pacific stretches at the foot  
Of sloping hills upon whose sides the bloom  
Of semi-tropic western plants has put  
A glow of yellow on the nether glow  
Of brown. Beneath the waves, its glassy tomb,  
At times an ancient city 's dimly seen  
Whose every pillar, walk and wall and room  
Doth make surpris'd amazement still more keen  
To know the unknown past and future details glean.

A rising hill, upon its rounded crest,  
Doth show a structure, many pillar'd, chaste,  
In which a master-builder hath expressed  
His soul. Sky, land, vale, hill and ocean waste,  
Suffus'd with softest hues, by nature placed  
Beyond the imitator's art, invite  
To dreamy leisure and a sweet foretaste  
Of noble pleasures which the soul incite  
To live that larger life which is the soul's delight.

These nature harmonies with perfect blend  
Combine, and permeate the lives of men  
Who live within this blessed land, and lend  
Their aid to make this life sublime; and when  
The studied harmonies of poet's pen  
And painter's brush, of sculpture and of song  
Unite with these, a joy surpassing ken  
Ensues and kills e'en memory of wrong  
Done or endured when working with the thoughtless throng.

New England's hills, Pacific's peaceful slope,  
Are types. The one shows what has been—the past;

The other, that which is to be, a hope,  
 Nay! More! a promise of a day full fast  
 Approaching. Crude conditions, iron-cast,  
 Inflexible, have gone and in their place  
 Better been created. Old forms, aghast,  
 Die and disintegrate before the face  
 Effulgent, radiant, of the mighty coming race.

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## **The Woman Question**

### **IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY**

By **Phaeton**



VII

**A** WISER commentary upon the woman question has never been written than Goethe's "Faust." The life of Goethe himself was one long search for the Eternal Womanly. He touched the woman question in all its aspects, not at arm's length, but intimately, vitally, with all its boon of bliss and illumination, with all its bequest, too, of heartache and regret. But Goethe, genius that he was, transformed all the experiences of his life into a series of initiations. From the wisdom born of these sprang the mystic drama of "Faust," full of pure Theosophy. It was not the mushroom growth of a single season, but was, Goethe tells us himself, sixty years a-building.

Goethe pictures to us the Faust of the mediæval legend, alchemist and student of books, a man in middle life. For years he has been searching, searching for the true Light. Yet he has found it not and at last, in despair, determines to commit suicide.

Voices singing an Easter hymn set vibrating an unawakened chord in his heart. He flings away the poison, turns his back upon his books and plunges into life itself. He says,

"Hearken! the end I aim at is not joy;

. . . . .  
 To bare my breast to every pang, to know  
 In my heart's core all human weal and woe,  
 To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,  
 Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,



And thus to theirs expand my individual mind,  
And share at length with them the shipwreck of mankind."

Nothing but a brotherhood of soul and suffering will satisfy Faust, although, pessimist that he is, it does not occur to him that humanity may be speeding toward an apotheosis instead of a shipwreck.

After his bargain with Mephistopheles, they go together to the Witch's Kitchen, where is typed the union of the sexes in its lowest aspect. While there he looks within a magic mirror and beholds, for the first time, the form of a woman. This was intended to arouse his lower nature, but it wakens also his higher, and Faust utters the words,

. . . "Can woman be so beautiful?  
Is this recumbent form, supremely fair,  
The very essence of all heavenly grace?  
Can aught so exquisite on earth be found?"

Faust can never again rest until that vision, that divine woman, is found, is claimed and made his own. But, deluded by Mephisto (his own lower nature, personified), he fancies that the infinite womanly,—for nothing less than the infinite would satisfy Faust—is to be found in a beautiful woman whom he meets, Margaret. Faust commands the devil to win her for him, though Mephisto frankly acknowledges that she is too pure. "O'er such as she," he says, "I've no control."

But, alas! the woman nature is dual. Within the woman heart there lies the potentiality of the lower as well as of the higher.

Margaret is a wee bit vain of her pretty face, and the jewels which Mephistopheles leaves in her room are the link between her vanity and the greater weakness to which it opens the door. Goethe has stated in his own way the truth that all Great Teachers have taught, that "at each moment, as we consciously incline toward good or evil, one or the other feeds into and fills our mind." Woe to us if we encourage the evil, for in that case there is no limit to the greater evil that may sweep into our souls to overwhelm us.

In spite of Margaret's intuitive dislike of Mephisto, through her one little weakness he gains a foothold in her nature and at last the old, old story is told over again, full of terror yet so common that its fearful significance has been lost. And it will continue to be told, over and over again, until women realize that they were *souls* long, long before they were women; until they learn to recognize the duality of their own natures; until they sacrifice the lower self upon that altar reared in their hearts to the man whom they love, and not, as did Margaret, consume thereon the higher, the Christos. Verily, the world's karma has been heaped high through the mistakes of an indiscriminating womanhood.

Margaret is overwhelmed at her fate, when she finally wakens to it, and the chapel scene gives us a typical picture of the tossed soul being crushed and taunted by the very elementals which dragged it to the pit. Even the

choir chants, *dies irae*, "day of wrath." But when once the cycle of sin and pain has been entered it must be traveled utterly through, though it may, and does, lead the woman to the very abyss of the Inferno.

Faust, man-like, flies to other experiences, under the tutelage of Mephisto, and we soon find him on the Brocken mount, on the night of the Witches' carnival. He seems to have sunk very low. Yet it is at the bottom of the arc that the ascent upward begins; and thus with Faust. In the very midst of this carnival of selfishness, he sees Margaret, with his inner sight, "pale, distraught, with shackled feet and the eyes of a corpse." In vain Mephisto tries to persuade him that he sees only the Medusa image. Faust leaves the Brocken, abruptly rushes back into the world where he learns that Margaret is in prison, condemned to death for the murder of her, their babe.

The reaction, in the case of such a nature as Faust's, is, of course, extreme. He reproaches Mephistopheles in an agony of remorse, only to hear from him the words that the world even yet flings in the face of him whose heart goes out to the fallen woman — "*She is not the first!*"

But Faust rises into something like greatness of soul, at this taunt, and he compels the Devil to aid him in rescuing Margaret. Together they find their way to the prison. Margaret is babbling of her babe, her mother, of this and that, her reason quite gone. Faust begs her to fly with him, the guards asleep, the door unbolted, and his passionate words bring her to her senses. But this woman is not the Margaret whom Faust first loved, but a greater than she. From selfish, thoughtless vanity, she has become a willing channel of the Higher Law. She refuses to flee with Faust, for her doom she has borrowed, and she will pay the debt. She is conscious no more of herself, only of the great Light that has entered her soul. Within her is the peace which comes only to those who are passive to the Higher Law. Truly it has been said, "Resignation is the first step in becoming."—(William Q. Judge.)

Faust is on a lower plane than she, the plane of struggle and the personal life. Far from being resigned he is rebellious at what seems to him so unjust. "By no human soul is it conceivable," he cries, "that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first, in her writhing death agony, should not have atoned, in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest!" Margaret is more sane than he, and at last, shrinking from his pleadings, she sends him away. "Henry," she says, "I shudder now to look upon thee."

As Faust leaves her, he hears heavenly voices chanting "She is saved," and after that Margaret's own voice faintly calling to him from the heights of her own consciousness, "Henry, Henry."

Although Margaret voluntarily snapped the outer physical tie between herself and Faust, the soul-link remained unbroken. Faust may not know it, and he may wander long, yet the woman's adherence to the Higher even at the utter sacrifice of the lower, is its own assurance that she will some day draw him to herself and that their mystic inner union will become fulfilled in the outer.

Faust, well nigh insane from grief, takes refuge in nature, drinks her Lethean draught, and then plunges actively into political life at the court of the German Emperor.

The Masquerade, devised by Faust and Mephisto (now disguised as the Court Fool) touches many phases of the "woman question." It is well worth study. There are the Garden Girls, the Fates, the Furies, the Graces, and various feminine symbols of industrial life. Lastly comes the Boy Charioteer, Poesy, guiding the chariot of Plutus, wealth. But Avarice (Mephisto, the man) dismisses Poesy from the life of the Court, though the women all wish this miraculous boy to remain. By doing this, by thus divorcing material wealth from the spiritual element, Mephisto gives the tottering state an extra push downwards.

Faust's descent to "The Mothers" is a chapter which critics have failed to interpret. A few have declared it to be nonsense. Goethe himself refused to explain it. Eckermann tells us, "So much remained enigmatical to me in this scene that I begged Goethe to explain it to me. But he only looked at me with big eyes, repeating in his mysterious way:

"*The Mothers, The Mothers! it sounds so strange!*" And he finally said to me "Take it home with you, study it and see what you make out of it?"

The fact that Goethe was a close student of Plotinus, (the predecessor of Hypatia and a Teacher of pure Theosophy), gives us one key to the understanding of this chapter. The *Secret Doctrine* gives us the other six.

Faust has lost Margaret, and he renews his search for the Woman, the Eternal Woman, a search that will lead any soul to the very foundation of things. And so, inevitably Faust himself descends to the basis of things, verily into Cosmic space itself, the Great Mother, the Infinite Deep, Mother of the Gods, herself formless but within whose bosom slumber all forms. It is the germinating chaos, the matrix of all that is and is to be, the primordial Mother. The preliminaries of Faust's descent, suggest a ceremonial magic that was based upon the real.

Faust finds the Eternal Woman not there, yet within the realm of "The Mothers" he discerns the potentiality of Her and the promise that She does and must exist.

Still aflame with desire, still searching for the Woman, Faust plunges into the classic world. There he finds Helena, the Greek ideal, now purified of her sin, all her weakness transmuted into strength. Faust woos and wins her and of their mystic union a miraculous child is born, half god, half human, Euphorion.

It is interesting to know that, according to the meagre mediæval legend, Dr. Faustus once called up the shade of Helena, by magic, for the benefit of his students; that, in the course of time, he married this shade and to them was born a borderland sort of creature that died very early.

Goethe himself said that Euphorion was the Boy Charioteer, Poesy, once untimely banished, but now brought back into life. From Helena, the wo-

man of beauty and the classic world, and Faust, the man of intellect and alchemy, the mediæval ideal, is born the modern ideal, Euphorion, himself impermanent, transient. And he finally vanishes drawing Helena with him. Faust, alone, finds in his arms only the garment of the woman he had loved, the Woman, as he believed, for whom he had been seeking. But Helena was not that Woman and the time would inevitably have come when had she not vanished of herself, Faust must have put her aside.

Again must he continue his search for the Woman, for Her whom not even Faust could anticipate or describe; not the mediæval woman as was Margaret, not the classic woman as was Helena, not the woman of any one time or place, but the Universal Woman, the Eternal Woman, that lode-star which draweth all men and all creatures to higher planes—verily the Redeeming Woman, *the Woman of the Future*.

On the mountains (symbolizing, doubtless, Faust's own higher state of consciousness) he again finds peace after the loss of Helena, and a second time goes to the Court of the German Emperor. He is filled with a great desire to help a disintegrating people, a crumbling state. But he no longer keeps them, as before, at arm's length. The woman-ideal within his heart has lighted there the flame of a great Compassion. His heart is at last bared to every human tear, to every pang in the lives of a stumbling people.

He sees them, helpless, as the vast ocean encroaches on their land, and to save them he determines to build dikes and reclaim the land. Like a Master, he uses all things, even the enemies of the up-building processes of nature, in this work. The *Lemures*, grave-diggers, he arms with spades and transforms into creators, constructors. Even Mephisto is made overseer of the work. And the work of reclaiming land and draining swamps goes on, perhaps for fifty years, until at last Faust stands, a free man, a free people about him, upon free soil.

When the fifth act opens Faust is an old man, one hundred years old. Absorbed in wholly unselfish work he is supremely happy though the Woman has not been found. He has made the supreme sacrifice, in giving up the search for Her for the sake of an orphaned people who needed his help.

He little dreams how near the Woman is, and, as is the Law, the opportunity to take the one step which shall bring him face to face with her, brings with it corresponding lower forces which purpose to blind and delude him so that the supreme opportunity shall be lost. These lower are pictured as women, too, Want, Censure, Need, and Care (*Sorge*).

But Faust defies them. Woman in her lower, personal aspect can no longer tempt nor dominate nor terrify him. Care, in revenge, strikes him blind. Faust is fortunate for, the outer stilled, his inner vision is the more awake. He says:

“Deeper and deeper night is round me sinking,  
Only within me shines a radiant light.”

It is the light of his own intuition, his inner sight, the woman principle of his being.

A free man, the head and heart of a free people, to whom he has brought truth and light and liberation, Faust has found the peace, the moment of supreme joy for which he has been searching. It was this which Mephisto agreed to bring to him, in exchange for his soul.

But Faust won this himself. In it Mephisto had no share, so when he utters the fatal words which are to consign his soul to the Devil, "Verweile du, du bist so schoen"—"Stay (blessed moment) thou art so beautiful," the Devil is powerless to claim that which is not his own.

The Forces of Light, silent, unseen, even unthought of, are always stronger than the forces of Darkness on that day of the final battle. And when Faust utters these words and dies, it is Margaret, transmuted, glorified, who draws to herself and to higher planes the soul of him whom she loves and for whom she has waited. She chants,

"The loved one, ascending,  
His long struggle ending,  
Comes back. He is mine."

Yet, though even then she would stoop to lift him, she may not recede one step. She appeals to the Mater Gloriosa, almost tempted again by her great love for Faust to take a step downwards toward him—and it is significant that Goethe puts the sublime words of the Higher Law, not into the mouth of Pater Ecstasticus, nor Pater Profundus, nor Pater Seraphinus nor even Doctor Marianus, but into the mouth of the woman and mother, Mater Gloriosa,

"Go higher still! Thine influence feeleth he,  
Even unto the heights he'll follow thee!"

And Faust, the soul, stripped of the personal, at last rises into mystic union with Margaret, the Eternal Redeeming Woman whom he has been seeking.

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Let the Woman of the Present, when the weight of this old, old "woman question" presses upon her heart, learn the lesson of Goethe's "Faust." It is pure Theosophy if read with the perception of the soul. There she will find that, as there is a personal love so, also, is there a love that is universal, greater than the personal. And it is the Higher Law that the unseen link of the greater love can be kept unbroken only as the lesser love be laid, a bleeding sacrifice, upon the altars of principle. "The Self of Spirit and the Self of Matter can never meet. One of the twain must disappear; there is no place for both."

The woman who dares to do this shall, like Margaret, reach heaven at a single step, though the personal life threatens to sink and perish, though the whole world turns to ashes. Let her not fear. It is part of the Great Delusion which every soul must one day face and unveil. "It is the shadow of thyself outside the Path, cast on the darkness of thy sins." Verily, there is

no other path to go. If the man-soul, book-crammed and worldly wise, *will* go the long way, must he drag the woman with him? Not if she is a soul and realizes it. Not if she knows that such a course would mean the destruction of them both.

She must go before him into heaven, if need be, that mystic heaven which, said Jesus, "is within you," otherwise whence would come the Light on his own path, the Light which shineth in darkness though the darkness comprehendeth it not. His very salvation depends upon this and the Woman of the Future will step out of the personal life to which he would chain her into the eternal life, as did Margaret, not insane nor crushed, but strong, knowing the nature of her deed and daring to abide by it.

All things are cyclic. Never can the physical union of man and woman become transmuted into the real, the mystic union of soul, without intervening experience, alienation. It is the Law. Never, without passing utterly through the cycle of experience, will man find "Das Ewig-Weibliche," the Eternal Womanly. Not until he, as well as the woman has been willing to lose his life can he ever truly possess it. But, that found, the Eternal Womanly within himself, it is of the Higher Law that all the rest be added unto him. Then, and only then, will he rise into real union with the personal woman whom he fancied he had lost.

As with the individual so also with the race. Helena P. Blavatsky has said that "It was Woman who first took Man to the tree of knowledge of good and evil; and if she had been let alone and allowed to do that which she wished, she would have led him to the Tree of Life and thus rendered him immortal."

Like Faust, humanity today, having chosen the long cyclic Path, is searching, searching for the Eternal Womanly, *the Soul*. Dipping into physical gratification, man has found her not. The world of intellect contains her not, though for a long time it deludes him into thinking so. But on he presses, nearer to the Tree of Life today than ever before since his long wandering began, because in his dream of a Universal Brotherhood, he is nearer the plane of soul. And when Man—humanity—finds at last the Tree of Life, he will find that it is the Woman, the Eternal Womanly, that has led him to it.

Goethe was often prophetic, never more so than in the closing words of his Drama of Faust, chanted as they are by the heavenly chorus as the mystic union of Faust with Margaret is finally consummated:

"Here the Impermanent  
As symbol showeth.  
Here the Inadequate  
To fulness groweth.

"The Inconceivable,  
Here is it done.  
The Woman-Soul leadeth us  
Upward and on."

# “Growth from Within Outwards”

By J. F. Knoche



**T**HERE never was a time in the history of the world when the feeling of immortality was absent. The idea may not always have been clothed with the same mental forms by all races and at all times, yet there was ever that inner feeling that life does not become extinct upon death. And if no further reasons were available, this alone would go far to demonstrate the fact that the soul is the mainspring of existence, now and always, and in all things; for what is a dead body without this energizing force? True, it is not dead in the strict sense of the word, as each atom of that body has a life of its own, but coherency is not present, and that which we recognized as the individual is gone. If, as a few of our scientists and modern-day philosophers still hold, the soul with the faculties transcending the physical, were merely the highest expression of physical life and if death were the culmination of all, we should, indeed, find our efforts a sore trial and our lives lamentably purposeless.

However, feeling well assured that the existence of the soul as the guiding and intelligent factor in human life is beyond serious dispute, we may better appreciate the declaration that true, healthy and substantial growth takes place from within outwards. It should, of course, be understood that there is no desire to disregard the physical body, for that is a most important agent in the evolution and growth of the soul. We must hold in mind the fact that the body is the temple, dwelling or instrument of the soul, and if that temple be not kept sweet, clean and healthy, the expression of its divine occupant will be correspondingly imperfect. The body is the point of contact, the battleground, between the higher and lower planes of being, and to bring about the best results and highest expression of both body and soul, an harmonious interplay and relationship must be established. If the commanding self within is given its liberty, and to do this a natural, clean and wholesome physical, moral and mental life is necessary, it will seek out its own way and conditions best adapted for its further development, finally blossoming into the perfect flower.

Is it not a fact that we know very little about the nature of man? We are in the habit of looking upon his exceedingly complex being as little more than a physical body, without analyzing his nature closely and even without taking cognizance of the fundamental classification as given by St. Paul, *viz*: body, soul and spirit—much less the detailed sevenfold classification of Theosophy, accepted of old in the East, and now commanding the attention of the unprejudiced and intelligent in the Western Hemisphere.

An ancient Oracle declared, "Man Know Thyself:" and it is the greatest injunction ever given, for if a man know himself, he will have an understanding of every phase of his surroundings, no matter in what domain of Nature. In times past it was taught that man was an exact copy of the Universe, in miniature, and therefore contained within himself the essence of all kingdoms below, as well as the unlimited possibility of attaining to conscious Godhood. This is the teaching of the old Wisdom Religion, or Theosophy, now brought forward for consideration and acceptance through the medium of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and is worthy of our most serious attention; for, if true, it is necessarily the most important idea we can possibly grasp and act upon. We know it is unreasonable to suppose that we have reached our present state of evolution in one lifetime, nor can we attain to the state of Godhood in one short life, so that here the doctrine of rebirth, or reincarnation, fits in and is the only sensible explanation of the most important life-problems. The scoffers and doubters may say what they will, but this doctrine, coupled with its twin doctrine, the Law of Karma, or to speak more plainly, that law by which "we reap as we sow," at once affords an entirely reasonable and comprehensive basis from which to make a study of man.

What a vast difference it makes when the student has good and sufficient ground for entertaining the idea of his own divinity and potential greatness? It creates a new hope and a new joy in living and consequently disposes of the almost hopeless indifference so long displayed in the inquiry into the nature of the human being and its possibilities. Under the influence of these doctrines, man becomes more keenly alive to his surroundings, including the various kingdoms below him, which, instead of continuing to be mysteries, aid him in his comparative studies, so that he soon obtains a clear recognition of the spiritual chord running through all nature. The lower kingdoms offer many interesting and instructive analogies in this study of the soul's growth and its unfoldment may well be likened unto the development of a plant from the seed. Vegetable life grows from within outwards, because the invisible life which produces the growth is within the seed, and here we may further add that the seed-germ also contains within itself the ideal types and forms of the future plant, humble grass or giant oak. These types and forms exist in the Ideal World, generally invisible to our present senses, or, to put the statement somewhat more scientifically, they exist in a higher state than we are at present able to perceive, and, in becoming visible on the physical plane, undergo a gradual change from the finer, higher and inner plane of being, to the grosser and more material without. In some cases, as for instance the Lotus Flower, the complete form of the plant is visible in the seed; but whether we see the ideal form or not, it must exist for it would be utterly unreasonable to conclude that the vegetable, animal or human forms would always develop along certain and well defined lines, if there were no model to follow. Without this ideal type, or to use a homely phrase, without this mould for the thousands of different forms, the world in which we live would reflect a bedlam of



"freaks of Nature" and chaos. Harmonious development and order would be impossible, if, indeed, we should be able to exist here at all. Has it never appealed to you as a sort of miracle that the ears, eyes, nose and other organs and parts of the human form develop in the proper place with such unvarying regularity?

In this growth from within it is true that Earth, Water and Air and the beneficent Sunshine are absolute essentials to vegetable life, but the important thing to remember is, that the heart and life of the coming vegetation lies within the seed. So with the development of the soul within the body; the mode of training, the education, the environment, are all necessary features, but they simply bring about better conditions in which the soul finds opportunity for more perfect expression. This is most evident, for if the individual were not possessed of this possibility of development from within, the endeavor to expand his consciousness would be entirely futile. All things are possible to the soul, else how could we ever hope to gain an intelligent conception of anything? If man applies himself diligently, he may become proficient in any line or vocation, which demonstrates the power of the soul, if given an opportunity to get out of its shell. It simply needs a wholesome, clean, moral and natural physical and mental condition for its best manifestation, requiring no external stimulus to keep it alive, for it has an impetus of its own.

To bring about such desirable environment we must necessarily begin with childhood, as it is natural with children to see the truth in its simplicity, and their understanding of things is often a puzzle to the older heads. It is not a difficult matter, therefore, once we know what is right and how to impart it, to present to them simple Nature-truths and show that for the high purposes of life, the proper treatment and care of the body is needful, so as to make it a perfect instrument for the use of the Divine Soul. Few of us, indeed, are qualified to assume the high role of Teacher, with all that honored title implies, which fact behooves us to hasten to purify our own lives and thus attain to an harmonious, joyous and keenly alert state, enabling us to give expression to that fuller life of the soul. This we students are doing at Point Loma under the wise direction of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, and we do not hesitate to say that already our lives are permeated with a new joy, a consciousness of greater strength and a higher purpose in life. The little orphans, waifs and others, who are so fortunate in having found permanent homes under the care of Katherine Tingley, are responding wonderfully to the old-new methods introduced by her, as those who have had the privilege of seeing them will testify. This work demonstrates positively what may be accomplished, and forcibly brings to our view the unlimited possibilities of the soul under this simple, yet effective, system of natural education, in which "Helping and Sharing" and self-reliance play such important parts.

With us it is no longer a theory, but an established fact that this mode of training will bring out the highest possibilities of the child and is therefore

far superior to the old method of filling up the mental cavity by driving and cramming. Many parents realize only too well that much of the educational effort of this day is directed to—not what may be brought out, or developed in the young mind from within, but what can be forced into it from without. This gives rise to unwarranted rivalry and competition, frequently resulting in over-taxation of the mental capacities and later nervous wrecks and intellectual dwarfs. Further than this, it has a tendency to cultivate selfishness and relegate to the background the finer qualities of the nature, because they cannot find suitable soil in which to come to the surface, leaving the unfortunate ones victims of a one-sided education with the best part of their natures quite undeveloped. We must recognize the fact that true education does not consist in training the mental and physical faculties alone, but that the development of the spiritual qualities is of the greatest importance. This has been the conclusion of every great Sage since the beginning of time and all sacred Scriptures abound with the mandate. It is a fact, too, that human happiness depends entirely upon the manifestation of the spiritual side of our natures, as most of us well know that physical pleasures and the hoarding of wealth do not engender peace and true happiness.

If we hold in mind the pivotal idea that man is a divine being with unlimited possibilities under proper life-conditions, we can realize that the Golden Age, once existing upon earth, may come again. That such an Age actually did exist can no longer be doubted, for day by day our Archæologists are uncovering evidences of civilizations far surpassing our own in many ways. Then, too, we cannot lightly pass over the thousands of legends and traditions extant in different localities, of the Godlike races supposed to have inhabited the Earth in times past. If we take the trouble to look deeply into these traditions, we invariably find that they rest upon some basis of fact. Our own civilization is truly great along material and intellectual lines, but it certainly cannot be said to have reached a point where we may claim that it is conducive to the highest spiritual development and thus to real happiness. In substantiation of this we have simply to turn for a moment and behold the misery and mental and bodily suffering to be found in every great city and in every clime. And we assert that the primal cause of all this evil is that we have forgotten our true relationship—one to another, we have forgotten the real purpose of life, and above all, that we are Divine Beings—Gods in truth—capable of scaling now almost unimaginable heights, if we but recognize our spiritual power, and give the soul, the true man within each, an opportunity to act out its divine nature and grow like the flower, reaching up to the Light.

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I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars.

—WALT WHITMAN

# Theosophy in Proverb

By C. W.



**I**N the English language we find old proverbs, maxims, and sayings of folklore, handed down from time immemorial. In foreign languages many of these have exact correspondences whilst others have the same truths expressed under a slightly different symbolic guise.

These old maxims are valuable, inasmuch as they convey in brief form many of those wise and self-evident teachings, which we all recognize as transparently and obviously true.

For example let us take the proverb: *New Brooms sweep clean.*

This proverb is a short and pithy way of pointing out the tendency in human nature to lack fortitude and continuity of action in well-doing. The man who shows power of persevering concentration on the duties of life is a treasure rarely found. The more usual course is for men to see fitful gleams of truth and right, and to follow these by the good resolves which are more frequently broken than kept. Another proverb tells us the road to hell is paved with such resolves. So, until by the action of the law of cause and effect, a man's character is built up to the point of vantage from which he obtains a more or less clear idea of the object of his existence, he is too apt to be a constant illustration of the proverb about the new broom. Shifting visions of liberty and truth are followed by brief efforts to attain to higher things, and then he lapses again into the drifting life of selfishness and earthly sense, pursuing the illusive visions of a false happiness. As these reveal their falsity and fall upon him, he again sees a brief vision of the truth, and so the weary round goes on. In this way we slowly learn the virtue of constancy and unwearied well-doing.

"*As you have made your bed so you must lie,*" is a proverb with which we are all perfectly familiar. It is simply the recognition written upon the open bible of human intelligence, of the great law of cause and effect by which the perfection of Nature is wrought out. Such statements of law require no proof or elaboration. They are patent to every one, as lying at the root of things. They have been re-echoed and illumined by every religion which has ever uplifted humanity. The Nazarene teacher stated and restated the truth which underlies this proverb, "For I say unto you that not one jot nor one tittle shall pass away from the law till all be fulfilled."

St. Paul said, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Let us note however that "every cloud has a bright lining" and that every law has a divine and a dark side. This proverb is most frequently quoted

against the evil doer, against the man who has outraged the average standard of conscience of his neighbors. The warning that as each makes his bed so must he lie on it, is put forth that misdeeds will inevitably produce unpleasant results. It is however equally true that good deeds and thoughts are followed by a blessing. We can make our beds either badly or well, either in discord or in accord with the aim of our being. In either case we experience that which we have prepared for ourselves—we reap what we have sown.

Another maxim has come down to us from the old Roman law, and has been virtually adopted by all civilized countries to a greater or less degree. It reads:

*“Qui facit per alium, facit per se,”* which, translated, means *“He who does anything through another—does it himself.”*

This maxim is most frequently used to enunciate the general principle that any man who incites to the commission of a crime, or stands by, inactive while it is accomplished, becomes thereby responsible, along with the actual doer of the deed. Looking closely we shall therefore see that by tradition and common consent the idea is laid down, that responsibility for any action hurtful to the community must be assumed by all those whose sympathy with such action can be defined.

This is a fundamental maxim of our common law. But by reason of the imperfect way in which the law must be administered through the weakness of human judgment it is impossible to determine the measure of responsibility. It is still more difficult to wisely concert measures which shall “minister to minds diseased” by selfishness and low animal instincts and thus to bring about a tendency to betterment.

Certain it is that when any great crime has been committed, a very large number of persons, other than the criminal himself, have been responsible. The study of the mass of thought-suggestion in every community—the mental atmosphere in which people live—with regard to its influence upon certain criminal natures, is yet in its infancy; but careful analytical minds will readily find proofs amply confirming these ideas. The time has gone by when men may claim with any sincerity of belief, that their thoughts are their own. We are becoming increasingly aware that our thoughts are potent for good or ill to all around us. In this way the wretch who, absorbing and focussing in himself the evil of the thought atmosphere in which he lives, commits a brutal crime, may be put to a brutal death by those who are largely responsible for his crime, and who thus advertise themselves to be as bad as himself, finding an excuse for their brutality, under the cloak of justice.

Turning now to the other side of the picture and looking at the bright side of truth, we may observe that the well-doer also acts through others, and that good thoughts and deeds become potent apart from the man who originated them. Once more, *he who acts by means of another does it himself.”* Comparatively few men realize this, or are satisfied to take it for a rule of life. We are not satisfied to do good through another without personal reward or the appro-

bation of our fellows. We cannot take too much to heart the truth of another proverb that "virtue is its own reward." How rare are those great hearts who labor for the good of humanity, satisfied that good is done—no matter by whom! This is true altruism, so much spoken of, so seldom seen. Truly this is the great impersonal compassion which is the heart of the World-soul. It is the force which will redeem the race from selfishness and sin.

Let us then realize how closely we are bound together in the bonds of thought, how far-reaching is the influence which each man has upon the general well-being. In the words of the Scripture, "we are parts one of another."

Lastly, let us examine the good old maxim which has so often acted as an inspiration to the awakening soul, "*God helps him who helps himself.*" We clearly comprehend that this help can only imply the aid which harmonizes with the true progress of man and Nature. All other help would be personal and selfish. He who would be helped by God must look within himself for the help he needs, and rousing himself, must "take the Kingdom of Heaven by violence." This is pointed out in every divine scripture of every age. The enthroned Deity within each human heart is "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the World," and he who pursues the path of self-help, to him at last the Light will be revealed, and he will see it face to face. Then will come the knowledge of his identity with the Supreme.

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## What Is Man?

By a Student



**T**HERE is hardly a more important question than this, for upon its answer depends the whole of our outlook upon life. It is true we cannot know man apart from the rest of Nature nor can we know Nature apart from man, but is it not evident from but a cursory glance at the thought of the world that, in spite of the multiplication of books and the spread of learning, man does not know himself, does not know what he is or his relation to Nature? May it not be that the reason for this is that in the search after knowledge almost the entire attention has been given to externals while the essentials have been overlooked or ignored?

The injunction of the Delphic Oracle has been echoed in every age, "Man Know Thyself!" The poet, Pope, wrote,

Man, know thyself, presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man.

But to faithfully pursue this study we must include God and the whole Universe, the whole of knowledge and that which transcends knowledge, and as man comes to know himself, his place in Nature, his powers and destiny, he will find that all wisdom and all power will be his. Once begin to investigate along the right lines and the whole of life becomes a marvel, filled with wondrous magic. No fairy tale or ancient myth or legend ever disclosed half the wonders that are contained in the daily life of man if he has but eyes to see them. Science truly has revealed marvels in the structure and exquisite working of the physical frame, in the color and beauty of outer Nature, yet these are but the external expression of the beauty and harmony of those inner realms of life of which science knows nothing or declares beyond its domain.

What we may make of our life today and what our outlook is for the future depend to a degree far greater than ordinarily imagined, upon the point of view, *i. e.*, upon man's own knowledge and belief in regard to himself. The future destinies and fate of a nation are foreshadowed in its thought today, and from past history, its monuments, its architecture, art, music and social customs, as well as from its literature, one may read the prevailing ideas and know the estimate man in any age has placed upon life. How can a man act nobly who does not think nobly, who does not recognize nobility in his own nature? How can he do great deeds if all the time he thinks he is unworthy, a worm of the dust or a miserable sinner? Men who would do great deeds must have confidence in themselves. The stupendous monuments of antiquity, the mighty temples and pyramids, the great civilizations of the past with their art and literature that still remain to us were not the work of worms of the dust, nor of feeble-hearted miserable sinners, nor yet of the descendants of apes. And if our civilization is to continue and be one worthy of the name, able to stand beside and even rise above and crown the great civilizations of antiquity, it must be built upon a true knowledge of man, and he must know himself as able to bring this about—not superficially or as the result of mere mechanical or mental ability, but in his deeper soul-nature with all its divine powers.

There is much philosophy hidden away in many proverbial sayings—As a man thinketh, so is he. For him who wears shoes the whole earth is leather-covered. All Nature appears colored to him who wears colored glasses. All the world smiles for him who has joy in his heart, but to him whose heart is heavy the mirth of others is mockery. One courageous man can inspire a whole army and change defeat into victory, but a pessimistic grumbler is like a plague spot spreading disease and infecting a whole neighborhood.

We see at once the truth of these statements, but does man think aright, are we looking through colored glasses or with clear open eyes at life around us, have we that knowledge and that trust which will enable us to be the one courageous man in the army? These questions are momentous and their answer all depends upon the answer we give to the vital question, "What is Man?"

Where shall we find an answer? There are three main positions taken in the modern world, each of which is a potent factor in the progress of the world. The conflict between Science and Religion, or what is in general included in these terms, has been long and bitter and their antagonistic views as to man have been seemingly irreconcilable. Much of the controversy has been due to the extreme positions taken, to the inability of each to recognize the other's point of view, and to the fact that neither would concede to the other the possession of at least partial truth. It has been the conflict over again of the two knights who seeing from opposite sides the hanging sign of an inn, the one declaring it gold, the other silver, entered into mortal combat to maintain the truth of his words. It behooves us then to take a comprehensive view and not neglect any factor in man's life.

Let us look for a moment at the main scientific and religious teachings now generally held in regard to man. One of the most generally accepted and most important teachings of modern science is that of the origin and evolution of man. But from the standpoint of science, if there were no other factors than those recognized by science, what would be the logical outcome of the conclusion as to man's origin? How can the man who believes his origin to have been a protoplasmic speck and that his end and that of the world on which he lives will be to be resolved again into primordial matter, how can he ever know the higher powers of the soul, or that wider life which is not bounded by space or time? Many a man has been helped to noble and heroic service through pride in his ancestry and the example of his forefathers' great deeds, and on the other hand many a one has sought to excuse his faults and vices and sunk deeper into sin under the plea of hereditary tendencies, as though he were not responsible. If we accept the views of the extreme evolutionists we at least cannot take much pride in our animal ancestry, though it may afford us plenty of excuse for the baser side of our nature. By what perversion of all that is beautiful and noble in life can our modern and scientific investigators have ever imagined or expected to prove that man is the result of mere physical evolution from the ape?

On the other hand what is the religious teaching most commonly given and accepted. It is that man was created by God, that he is the child of God and that God is his Father. But what do we also find as a corollary to this and which is often brought forward by those who refuse to believe blindly but who think? Is man then here without his free will or consent; and he who is born with evil tendencies into a world of evil, how is he responsible for his acts? If God made man and the Universe and all things, whence the evil; is God responsible for that also? And so we find it taught in many of the churches that man cannot rely on himself, that he is a miserable sinner and the child of sin, at the same time that he is taught that he is a child of God. And, too, some teach that although God made all men, yet only a few will be saved and the rest—children of God, though they be—will be everlastingly damned. Is the picture overdrawn? Many people may not personally believe these

things, but they are taught, they are a vital part of the theology of the vastly greater portion of Christendom. And can these things be taught and believed in without affecting the thought and life of the people? But consider for a moment, let us take a common illustration from every-day life—if you needed to employ a man to accomplish an important work, would you take one who had no reliance on himself, who called himself a poor miserable workman? Yet this is the teaching of theology regarding man in the workshop of life.

But there are other factors in the lives of men, which, although unrecognized by either Science or Religion, nevertheless play an important part. In other words man is more than scientific theories acknowledge him to be, and nobler and better than is taught by theological dogmas.

There is, however, another, the most ancient and the newest teaching in regard to man, one which is permeating the whole thought-life of humanity, throwing new light upon the problems of science and awaking in men's hearts a deeper religious sense, broadening the whole outlook, giving a new meaning and a new hope to life. This new teaching is Theosophy. It is new because it is being again taught after having been forgotten for ages, yet it is as old as the Human Race, and there is not a single fact in science that it does not include nor any need of the heart that it does not satisfy. A wider and more comprehensive evolutionary theory was taught and demonstrated ages ago, and the teaching that man is divine and that God is our Father has been given to every race that has ever existed.

Let us look a little more closely at man's nature. We shall find it very complex and related to all else in the Universe. There is in it something of the shining of the sun and the mysterious glimmering of the stars as well as the heaviness and blackness of earth; all the elements—the all penetrating ether, the fire, air, water and earth, all have part in his being; in him are to be found in varying development, the characteristics of all the kingdoms of Nature, the mineral with its crystal gems, its earths and rocks, the plant world with its flowers and fruits, its grasses and shrubs and trees, while from the animal kingdom each species gives its distinctive characteristic to man, the lion, the fox, the wolf, the elephant, the horse, the ox, and—that our scientific friends may not feel that their opinion is entirely without weight—the monkey. And the birds, too, give of their natures to man—the eagle, the peacock, the dove.

It is not only modern science which teaches this but the ancients long ago proclaimed these truths concerning the nature of man. The stone, they said, becomes a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man. But they did not stop there as science does: man, they knew and taught, becomes a God—one with the Father in Heaven.

But there is one great phase of man's and Nature's life that modern science does not touch. Science has deciphered but a few chapters out of the book of life, and these begin in the middle of the story. Both the opening and the closing chapters are to it unknown and sealed, for it has concerned itself only



with the outer appearances of things. It has recorded a few of the phenomena of life, but one has only to turn to the many conflicting opinions of the greatest scientists to realize how little they truly know of the underlying causes or the purpose of existence. And what these unknown and sealed chapters are it is part of the mission of Theosophy to make known and to unseal.

Man is more than the product of physical evolution; that which is really man is divine. In him the two natures meet. Nature has slowly fashioned for him a body through which he can express his divine powers, she has built for him a temple and she gives it into his charge with all its wonderful powers that he may still further beautify it or degrade it, for its further evolution depends upon his conscious will and effort.

From what source are man's highest aspirations, the power that moves him to noble and heroic deeds, and the power of compassion that prompts him to self-sacrifice? There is no explanation of these except that given by Theosophy and by all the great Teachers, that man is divine, a son of God. A very simple line of reasoning and investigation will show that man is more than an evolution from below, and that his lower nature is an instrument for his use and is not his real self. The very fact that a man can to a greater or less degree control his body, that he can restrain his passions and appetites, that he can direct his mind, shows that he is other than these and stands above them all, and in his moments of perfect aspiration he knows his power is that of God.

Life is a great cycle, the soul descends into matter and clothes itself in garments of ever increasing density until the mineral, the outermost kingdom of Nature is built. Then begins the return journey, the refining of the garments of the soul, the ascent through all the kingdoms of Nature until the human is reached, and then, beyond, the climbing to the height of divinity and Godlike power. And when these heights of blessedness are reached the soul again goes forth for new experience, to build new worlds, to help those others who may have lost their way.

This is Theosophy's answer to the question, "What is Man?" Man is the soul—in essence divine, Godlike, a son of God; and the soul itself, of its own will, acting in accord with the supreme law which is but the expression of its own divine nature, starts forth on its pilgrimage and journeys through the cycles of being.

But what of the problem of evil? The answer to this each man can, if he will, find for himself, if he will but look into the recesses of his heart and life. Man has two natures and it is because of the presence in him of the divine, because he is divine, that he has free will and the power of choice and is himself responsible for the evil that is in the world. But so also has he the power to rise above the evil, to transmute it and turn it to good. In essence he is divine, but in his cyclic journey he has clothed himself with matter. This indeed is a part of the purpose of his journey that he shall ever raise up the material world to greater and greater heights. But in so doing, because of his

Godlike power of will and choice, he has taken upon himself the nature of the material world and gradually has forgotten his own divinity. And so it is that ever a struggle goes on, and as age after age passes there come great teachers to remind him of his royal descent and to arouse him that he may redeem and free himself from the chains which he has woven about himself.

As Goethe said, "There are two natures struggling in my breast." But which of these am I, which is the real true man? We can identify ourselves more and more with either, we can claim kinship either with the beast or the god, and as we answer this question, "What is Man?" so do we sow a harvest of joy or of pain, so do we prepare the way for the progress and happiness of mankind or its degradation and ruin.

Man can make himself what he will.

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## A Brief Survey of the Theosophical Movement

By a Student



**T**HE soul of humanity, like a Prodigal Son, left its Father's house, æons ago, to gain experience. And so it has clothed itself deeper and deeper in the wrappings of matter, until at last the time has come when this prodigal soul of man,—ourselves,—has had its fill of the husks of material life and determines to arise and go to its Father, to God, Brahma, Zeus, the Supreme,—the mere name matters not.

And in beginning this evolutionary journey back to God, the soul faces a two-fold duty. Material life has blinded, smothered it, and first of all it must tear away these wrappings as one would tear away veil after veil, that it may see clearly. Its greater duty is this,—to lift to a higher state or plane all those lower entities with which it is clothed or surrounded. The soul *must* help those lives below itself to rise or evolution cannot go forward, for the Law of Laws is Compassion.

But for ages we have not done this. We have been so intoxicated by sense experiences that, instead of lifting and purifying the lives below us, we have dragged them down and plunged all nature into confusion. That is why there is so much pain and sin and discord in the world today.

The Law of Laws includes all. And as all things below us depend for their evolution upon our help, so we in turn look for guidance to Souls greater than ourselves, the Wise Ones of the Race, the gods who, as the Bible says, once walked and talked with men.

Such men are even now upon the earth,  
 Serene among the half-formed creatures here, —  
 Who should be helped by them and saved by them.

—BROWNING

And these, the Elder Brothers of the race, guide, protect and teach us as far as may be, even though we may deny that they exist, even though we may, and do, persecute them when they walk among men as Teachers.

Jesus, Buddha, Krishna were such Teachers, who came to plant in men's hearts the seeds of truth. And as all things are cyclic, so there is a time for planting the seed, and a time for harvest. The wise man does not plant his seeds in the winter and expect to reap a harvest in the spring. And so the Wise Ones of the Race, "knowing the seed-time in the hearts of men," the recurring spring-time of the race-consciousness as it were, come only at such times to plant in men's hearts the seeds of truth.

"There was a sower went forth to sow." That parable tells us the story of all the World Teachers. And always have they brought the same doctrine, the same Truth, known under different names in different ages. In Judea was given the Teaching which later was called Christianity, without creed, without dogma, differing in that respect at least from the three hundred sects that adopt the name today. For the pure doctrines of Jesus became obscured because the movement was left Leaderless at his death.

When Hypatia taught the same doctrine to her students in Alexandria, Egypt, it was called Neo-Platonism. But she was murdered by a mob of fanatics who called themselves "Christians," the movement was left Leaderless, and these truths became again obscured.

Today this same primeval, imperishable doctrine is called Theosophy, and the first Teacher of it in this cycle was Helena P. Blavatsky.

What were the conditions when Mme. Blavatsky came? Half the world was hypnotized by an almost superstitious belief in original sin, and the "worm of the dust" conception of man. The other half had taken refuge in skepticism, materialism, agnosticism, an "Eat, drink and be merry" philosophy "for tomorrow we die" and that will be the end of us.

Religion and science were in complete conflict. H. P. Blavatsky declared that true religion and true science were one. She told the scientist that men were souls, not merely a bundle of molecules. She told the religionist that his salvation did not depend upon the indulgence of a personal God, but upon himself, for he would reap exactly what he had sown, and within his own heart was the real Savior, the Mystic Christ, *Ishwara*.

H. P. Blavatsky came to teach the world, and first of all it was necessary to get the attention of the world. So, to a people that disbelieved in soul she began to reveal some of the powers of the soul and the inner meaning of life.

She came "to establish the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood," and to those who wished to use the Society simply for purposes of SELF-INTEREST, she said "Rather let the Theosophical Society perish from the face of the earth

than that it should become an academy of occultism or a hall of magic." And she prophesied that if it remained true to its mission the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood would be established.

And thus, after Theosophy had gained the attention of the world, and even the scientists had been forced to admit that there were soul powers as well as physical, that there were planes of being finer and higher than the gross matter of earth, Mme. Blavatsky showed that the attainment of the Higher Knowledge was through right ethics, right philosophy and right living. She taught them what William Q. Judge later expressed in these words: "Ethics and occultism are not two separate paths as so many erroneously conclude. They are one. Those who think they can pursue occultism without pursuing the path of love, mistake."

Yet never once did H. P. Blavatsky seek to gather about herself a personal following, never once did she claim to be the author of even the merest fragment of this wonderful philosophy. "My doctrine is not mine but Theirs who sent me," were the words ever upon her lips. The living link as she was between humanity and the Great Ones, the Gods, she ever held these up as ideals, ever sought to lead her students into the Path that they, too, might speak with them face to face.

Mme. Blavatsky did not live to see the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood established. There is a saying in the *Book of Items*, "A pure soul brought to the notice of men will illumine the hearts of thousands but will also call forth from the corners of the earth the hostility of those who love evil."

H. P. Blavatsky died, as all Great Teachers have died, worn out by persecution. For Theosophy, assailing as it did all vice, the follies, the weaknesses of the age, became the target for the shafts of the wicked, the jealous, the ambitious, the ignorant, the conservative, all, in short, who have personal interests to serve. H. P. Blavatsky to save her beloved students and to save this philosophy that it might not again become obscured, became its scape goat. She stood between Theosophy and those who would have destroyed it, and received blows, that had she been selfish, she could have easily avoided.

Standing as she did, the one living link between humanity and its heritage, between men and Divine Knowledge, she was in the very center of that ancient battle of the ages, that has been fought between the general Evil and the general Good ever since "the gods first fell from heaven." Is it any wonder that, obscured as she was by the smoke of that battlefield, few, very few, saw H. P. Blavatsky as she really was, but thought her to be something else? The fire was hot about her. But gold is only purified by fire, it is only the dross which can be burned away. And so the fire and the trial only burned away and killed her poor body.

And when at last she laid aside her overstrained body which she had offered on the altar for humanity's sake, she was able to do what no other World Teacher has been able to do. She was able to leave her work in the hands of an occult successor, William Q. Judge.

William Q. Judge was a co-founder with H. P. Blavatsky of the Theosophical Society. "*My only friend*," she wrote to him, and said, "I trust Judge more than anyone in the world."

How significant are her last words to her students, "Keep the link unbroken. Do not let my last incarnation be a failure." In her letters she said she feared that the American section under W. Q. Judge would be the only one to profit by her teachings. "You are going to replace me," she wrote him before her death, "and take my place in America," and she begged him to be the Savior of the Theosophical Movement in the United States. "She told her students that W. Q. Judge would be attacked just as she had been attacked and she implored her students to defend him, "*when the time comes*." The italics are hers.

For she knew, of course, that W. Q. Judge, stepping into her place, as the living link between humanity and the gods, would become as she had been, the enemy's target, the Society's scape-goat, and she was not mistaken.

This strong, calm man had the same immense capacity for work as H. P. Blavatsky had, and his work after H. P. Blavatsky's death, was the Leadership of the Theosophical Society.

To be sure, *nominally*, he was but H. P. Blavatsky's General Secretary for America. But she herself, *nominally*, was only Corresponding Secretary, and today the President of the Theosophical Society, now the literary department of the Universal Brotherhood, is not the Leader, but one of her students. The position of Leader in this Movement is unique, resting on, and governed by, inherent knowledge and power and fitness and has nothing in common with any merely official position whatever, as the world goes.

To tear down William Q. Judge and in doing so, to destroy the Theosophical Movement, was the object of a more subtle attack.

It was generally understood, in fact some of the students *knew*, that H. P. Blavatsky was the link between humanity and its divine heritage, and William Q. Judge, when he became the Leader of the Theosophical Movement, continued the work which H. P. Blavatsky had begun, of teaching his students philosophy and brotherhood instead of, what some of them wanted, pandering to their motives of self-interest. He performed no wonderful phenomena; *ergo*, reasoned a few, he could not be an occultist and perhaps he was not, after all, a great Teacher as H. P. Blavatsky was believed to be.

Soon, rumors, emanating from the Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, began flying about the Society to the effect that William Q. Judge had been guilty of deceit and fraud in order to give his own suggestions greater weight and gain more power in the Society.

Finally he received an official communication from a prominent member of the Society, then in India, to the effect that an investigation was demanded in this matter. And the aforesaid prominent member, conceiving himself authorized to take action, and assuming beforehand that William Q. Judge was guilty, kindly (!) placed before him these alternatives: to retire from all offices

held by him in the Theosophical Society or submit to a full examination of the charges before a Judicial Committee.

Mr. Judge cabled simply in reply, "Charges absolutely false. You may take what proceedings you see fit."

And so, on July 10, 1894, this Judicial Committee met in London, its members having been summoned from India, America and Europe. The charges against W. Q. Judge were read and it is significant that on that day W. Q. Judge learned for the first time the nature of the charges. He had repeatedly requested copies of them,—the right of any defendant under our common law,—had been promised copies by his accusers, but had never received them. And, which must have cut him to the very heart, these charges were formulated against him by a student who owed to him everything that she did not owe to H. P. Blavatsky.

After three days this Committee ended its deliberations without having reached any conclusion whatever as to the guilt or innocence of W. Q. Judge. Its members learned several things, however, one of which was that under the Constitution this Committee could not be legally called in W. Q. Judge's case, and therefore had no legal basis whatever for coming together. From the published reports of the preliminary meeting of this Judicial Committee:—"Under our Constitution the President and Vice-President could only be tried as such by such committee for official misconduct . . . . the acts alleged concern him (W. Q. Judge) as an individual; and that consequently the Judicial Committee has no jurisdiction in the premises to try him as Vice-President upon the charges as alleged."

It would, therefore, have saved much time, expense, and chagrin, had the chairman of the Judicial Committee been familiar with the Constitution of the Society of which he was a prominent member.

Yet, even assuming that this committee had a legal basis for coming together (which it had not), to decide whether or not W. Q. Judge was guilty of the alleged forgeries, would have the effect of an official declaration and affirmation of a dogma and affix it to the Constitution of the Society. This would be the first blow toward breaking down all the results of nineteen years of unsectarian work, and would violate the foundation principle of the whole Theosophical Movement. For, which fact Mr. Judge pointed out to the members of this committee, the Theosophical Movement was and is wholly unsectarian, absolutely neutral, as an organized body, with regard to all opinions and beliefs whatever. To quote from its Constitution today, "Each person 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."

And thus, after the three days' debate of this committee had resulted in nothing at all, the chairman who had summoned other members from the four quarters of the earth to pass judgment upon one whom H. P. Blavatsky had appointed as her successor and their Teacher, said: (Quoted from the

report published by the enemies of W. Q. Judge)—“The moment we entered into these questions we should violate the most vital spirit of our federal compact, its neutrality in matters of belief. . . . I would resign my office unhesitatingly if the Constitution were amended so as to erect such a belief into a dogma; . . . For the above reason, then, I declare that this enquiry must go no farther; we may not break our own laws for any consideration whatsoever.”

Months before this committee met, W. Q. Judge himself said that the proceedings would come to nothing but a declaration, written by himself, of the non-dogmatic character of the Theosophical Society, and so it turned out. Now how do you suppose he knew?

But the real issue was other than these and it made the convention of such a committee ridiculous, to say the least. The proposal to investigate such charges brought up “serious and complicated questions” involving the higher knowledge of the soul. Such a case could not be tried by any “judicial committee” or any court of law in the world. The inner, soul faculties must be developed before anyone can assume to judge upon such matters. Not a single member of this committee had this higher knowledge,—the reports and particularly the papers and charges written by the enemies of W. Q. Judge contain abundant proof of that fact. And the spectacle of a high-souled Teacher betrayed by one student and dragged before a tribunal by others is a fearful one,—but the world has witnessed it before.

It is as if a five-year-old child should question his teacher’s ability to read Greek. Even assuming that the teacher of such a child or children would hold his Greek Testament before his eyes daily, not because he could read but simply to delude his pupils,—even assuming this, what would a tribunal of children amount to? How could they decide whether their teacher could read Greek or whether he was only pretending to, when they knew absolutely nothing about Greek themselves? Any teacher, as the world goes, who would be questioned as to his knowledge of any subject by students who were not advanced enough to comprehend that subject, would quietly remind his impertinent pupils that either they must trust him, study and wait until they reached the plane of knowledge on which he stood,—or they must leave his class.

That was exactly W. Q. Judge’s position. He was not, however, a mere teacher of the intellect, he was a Teacher of the Soul, and who will deny that, in the life and wisdom of the Soul, we are all children? And such were his students, physically and mentally mature, perhaps, but spiritually infants.

“On these grounds,” said W. Q. Judge, I shall object to a Theosophical Society Committee, while, of course, there will never be any objection from me to a proper investigation by a body of persons who know enough of occultism as well as of Theosophy to understandingly enquire into these matters. . . . By one’s own soul alone can this matter be judged and to prove objectively to another that such beings exist is impossible now, so far as my intelligence can perceive.”

And when later, a Committee of Honor was proposed, it was on these grounds that W. Q. Judge refused it.

There is one case in history very similar, even in details, to the persecution of William Q. Judge.

Go back in thought to the Jerusalem of nearly two thousand years ago. See there a young man, (apparently no more than that to the general public), beautiful, gentle, pure, going out among men day after day in steady compassion; a student of the Law of his land, a Teacher of the Higher Law, opposing with a calm courage the conventions of his day, the hypocrisies of the Pharisees. For the latter, with the scribes, stood for the intellectual culture of Jerusalem.

And we see about this Jesus a little band of students, disciples, who sustained to him exactly the same relation that the students of the Esoteric School sustained to William Q. Judge. They were called fanatics by the multitude, and for three hundred years after Jesus died his followers were despised, persecuted and killed, and to be a Christian in those days was considered to be even more queer and disreputable than to be labelled "Theosophist," ten or fifteen years ago.

Today, it is all different. The present Leader has compelled the world to throw aside its prejudices, and the time is evidently very near when the Theosophical Movement will receive honor from the multitude and when even the intellectual and the wealthy will hold it a rare privilege to be allowed to aid it in its work for humanity.

Outside of this little circle of the disciples or students of Jesus was the larger circle of the multitude, some of whom believed in the Master, others of whom persecuted him, corresponding to the outer body known as the Theosophical Society and the interested portion of the public. Yet, in spite of all persecution, even though the Pharisees sent spies to question Jesus and entrap him, he was not so much hindered in his work because his disciples stood about him like a solid wall of devotion.

For it is the Higher Law that the Great Soul, the true Warrior, may not defend himself. He fights only for others, and if he shall escape being killed by the persecution that always seeks out the Great Teacher, he must have the host about him, his disciples, like a protecting wall. Such a wall the shafts of the enemy cannot pierce.

But when Judas betrayed his Teacher one spot in this wall weakened and crumbled away and the enemy did its work. Jesus was dragged through the streets by a mob (for even his disciples turned and fled) to the palace of the High Priest and before a tribunal, not a single member of which was capable of judging as to the charges preferred against him.

For the charges made in both cases, against the Teacher in Judea two thousand years ago and against William Q. Judge, were identical in animus and in nature.



“Art thou the Christ” (the Initiate)? “Ye say that I am,” was the reply.

“Are you the agent of the Helpers of Humanity?” was asked of William Q. Judge, and he calmly replied, “I am the agent of the Helpers of Humanity.”

Both committees or tribunals desired proofs. “If I tell ye,” said Jesus, “ye will not believe.”

“To prove this to you objectively is impossible,” said W. Q. Judge.

From this tribunal Jesus was dragged before Pontius Pilate, who said, “Why, what evil hath he done? I find no fault in him.”

And strikingly similar in tone were the words of the modern Pilate, “I declare as my opinion that this inquiry must go no farther. We may not break our own laws for any consideration whatsoever.”

Neither judge could condemn on the strength of the evidence offered. Why, then did they not acquit, protect, these Teachers and save their work? Because both were deaf to the inner voice and heard only the voices of the rabble, “Crucify him! Crucify him!”

Luke, xxiii:12, is significant and is very prophetic of certain events of this cycle:

“And the same day (that Jesus was brought before Pilate) Pilate and Herod were made friends together; for before they were at enmity between themselves.” Comment is unnecessary.

“Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,” said Jesus.

These are the words of W. Q. Judge: “I freely, fully and sincerely forgive any one who may be thought to have injured or tried to injure me.”

From his trial before Pilate Jesus passed on to the mount of crucifixion. His disciples stood afar off, many of them had fled. They were not strong enough, nor united enough, to save their Teacher at that crisis and stem the tide of evil that was sweeping away His work.

But the centuries that followed have been filled with lessons and many a disciple, through sin and pain, has learned them.

When W. Q. Judge was persecuted in a similar spirit, summoned before a similar tribunal upon a similar charge, which, by its very nature was undebatable and unprovable, his students did not flee. They gathered about him like a wall of support, and tried to shield him from the persecution which did not cease when this Judicial Committee had given its report, but became even more bitter. For crucifixion is still the fashion among those who would rule or ruin.

Through it all he never uttered a word in his own defense. Not a single blow did he strike for himself. “Shut no one out of your hearts,” he said, “but work on.” But at last it became evident to his students that a portion of the Society was becoming hopelessly corrupted, for nothing so ruins the soul as jealousy and suspicion. They saw that, like a gangrened spot in a physical organism, this corrupted portion would cause the decay and disintegration of the whole body if not cut out. They saw that “the real issue was around H.

P. Blavatsky," and that the work which she founded would be destroyed if some radical action were not taken.

Accordingly, at the convention held in Boston in April, 1895, these loyal students reorganized the Theosophical Society, brought it back to the lines laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, and elected William Q. Judge President for life, with power to nominate his successor.

W. Q. Judge lived less than a year after this reorganization, and in March, 1896, worn out as was H. P. Blavatsky, by persecution, he died. His successor, nominated by himself, was and is the present Leader, Katherine Tingley.

To give an adequate survey of the work accomplished by the present Leader would require a book.

H. P. Blavatsky brought back to a world that had lost it, the "Heart Doctrine," and planted its precepts, like golden seeds, in the minds and hearts of her students.

W. Q. Judge carried the Movement through the intellectual stage, for the present is an intellectual age and men will not accept on faith doctrines they cannot accept on reason.

Katherine Tingley lifted the whole Movement from a "study" to a "work" basis, from the plane of theory to that of practice, from the plane of the intellect to that of the Soul. In a word, the third Leader has made Theosophy practical.

Within a few months after the death of "The Chief," Katherine Tingley, with seven of her students left New York (in June, 1896) on a Crusade around the World. The Crusaders were absent nearly a year, and in all the countries visited, strong centers for Brotherhood were formed, public meetings were held and in the larger cities "Brotherhood Suppers" were given for the very poor.

In February, 1897, the Crusaders touched America again on the Pacific Coast, and on the 23rd of that month Katherine Tingley, with impressive ceremonies, laid the corner-stone of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, at Point Loma, California. For the establishment of a great Temple of the Soul, a School of Occultism in America, which was to become a center of spiritual light for the whole world and for the future, was one of the great objects which H. P. Blavatsky had in view when she founded the Theosophical Society in 1875. The founding of the S. R. L. M. A. was therefore the culmination, in a sense, of all the work done by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge.

But a greater event took place a year later which placed the whole Theosophical Movement upon a higher plane, and that was the founding by Katherine Tingley of the Universal Brotherhood Organization on January 13, 1898.

One month later, on February 18, 1898, the Theosophical Society, in convention assembled, formally merged itself into this Organization and became the Literary Department thereof. And the object for which H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge gave up their lives was accomplished, for the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood was established.

The department for practical humanitarian work is the International Brotherhood League. For the present Leader holds, as did H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, that unless Theosophy be made an actual living power in the lives of men, unless those who profess it actually help to relieve the pain and want of the world, it is of no value and the Movement will degenerate into a lifeless sect or cult, useless and dead.

Besides the humanitarian work done by all the Lodges all over the world, members of this League during the late war, erected hospital tents at Montauk Point and extended relief and aid to over nine thousand sick and exhausted soldiers. Later realizing that the greatest suffering often follows in the trail of war, Katherine Tingley and a little band of her students went to Santiago, Cuba, and aided by the Mayor of that city, they gave relief, food, clothing, medicines, nursing and needed care to over ten thousand of these forsaken people, an immense work when one considers that it was done without money and without price. For the League pays its officers no salaries, it is non-political and unsectarian.

The Indian Bureau, established by Katherine Tingley, will be the means of affording much help to the people of India. Through it much aid was given the natives during the famine of 1896-7, at the time the Crusaders were in that country. Had W. Q. Judge gone to India as he intended to do, he would have prepared the way for this work, but the persecution which he suffered undermined the health of a body that was always frail and when a serious illness seized him, as the result of the persecution he endured, he was unable to resist it.

One of the most far reaching of the departments is the Isis League of Music and Drama, the members of which have presented "The Eumenides" by Æschylus, and later, another mystery-drama, "The Travail of the Soul." Today the members of the League are giving, from month to month, Greek Symposia, mystery-dramas all of them, in nearly every part of the world.

There is also an Esoteric School of Theosophy of which Katherine Tingley is the Outer Head, and which is the real heart and center of the Theosophical Movement.

But if you would investigate this stream of influence at its source, go to Point Loma. Two years ago it was a sand heap, overrun with gophers and rattlesnakes, no vegetation, no water, no inhabitants. Today it is an actual Paradise, water in abundance, covered with vegetation from almost every zone and flowers everywhere.

There you will see the Home of the Students, the great domed Loma Homestead. Close beside it stands the purple domed Aryan Temple, built as a memorial to William Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky. And within it the students daily present the truths of Theosophy to the crowds of tourists and visitors who come there.

Down by the sea extensive grounds are being laid out and a great natural amphitheatre where the Olympian Games, now re-established by Katherine

Tingley, will take place. For a perfect physical development is entirely theosophical, and it is the Leader's desire to place athletics on a plane where they shall become factors in aiding the soul to express itself and not, as is usually nowadays the case, factors in debasing it. Archery, in particular, in which W. Q. Judge was an expert, is also practised by some of the students.

But, greater than all this, there is upon Point Loma, a community of people, students, who live, *actually live*, think of it!—a life of Universal Brotherhood, each helping, each sharing, each centering his attention upon his own duty—and upon his own shortcomings as well, which latter is the great secret. All are devoted to the Leader, their Spiritual Mother, all are working together to build this City of Light.

The Great Temple is not yet built, but the stones are being prepared for it as fast as may be for they are but symbols of the living stones which are being cut and shaped by the hand of the Master Mason for their place as foundation stones for the future perfect Temple of Humanity.

And at the center of all, and greater than all in the higher sense, is the tented City of Promise, the little City Beautiful, where live the children. Here is the International Lotus Home for Children. Here the Leader, aided by her students, is training these little ones from America, England, Germany, Cuba and other lands, for their future work as spiritual helpers of their own people. They live the life of the soul, *knowing that they are souls*, to whom nothing shall be impossible, neither shall there be anything unrevealed.

Years and years ago H. P. Blavatsky said, with an aching heart, "If we had money, we would found schools which would turn out something else than reading and writing candidates for starvation. . . . We should aim at creating *free* men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and, above all things, unselfish." (*Key to Theosophy*).

Today, all and more than she dreamed of is being accomplished. Do we realize what this Raja Yoga School means for all humanity? In it alone were all other departments of the Theosophical Movement swept away, lies the pledge of the Golden Age.

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"And he took a child and set him in the midst of them; and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them,

"Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me."

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"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute,  
What you can do, or think you can, begin it."

"God cannot give his highest and his finest things except we become prepared for them; and that preparation means work."

## Sign-Posts Along *the Path*\*



**P**ERHAPS those who have engaged in discussions about whether it is more advisable to become acquainted with the Astral Plane and to see therein than to study the metaphysics and ethics of Theosophy, may be aided by the experience of a fellow-student. For several years I studied about and experimented on the Astral Light to the end that I might, if possible, develop the power to look therein and see those marvelous pictures of that plane which tempt the observer. But although in some degree success followed my efforts so far as seeing these strange things was concerned, I found no increase of knowledge as to the manner in which the pictures were made visible, nor as to the sources from which they rose. A great many facts were in my possession, but the more I accumulated the farther away from perception seemed the law governing them. I turned to a teacher, and he said:

“Beware of the illusions of matter.”

“But,” said I, “is this matter into which I gaze?”

Yes; and of grosser sort than that which composes your body; full of illusions, swarming with beings inimical to progress, and crowded with the thoughts of all the wicked who have lived.”

“How,” replied I, “am I to know aught about it unless I investigate it?”

“It will be time enough to do that when you shall have been equipped properly for the exploration. He who ventures into a strange country unprovided with needful supplies, without a compass and unfamiliar with the habits of the people, is in danger. Examine and see.”

Left thus to myself, I sought those who had dabbled in the Astral Light, who were accustomed to seeing the pictures therein every day, and asked them to explain. Not one had any theory, any philosophical basis. All were confused and at variance each with the other. Nearly all, too, were in hopeless ignorance as to other and vital questions. None were self-contained or dispassionate; moved by contrary winds of desire, each one appeared abnormal; for, while in possession of the power to see or hear in the Astral Light, they were unregulated in all other departments of their being. Still more, they seemed to be in a degree intoxicated with the strangeness of the power, for it placed them in that respect above other persons, yet in practical affairs left them without any ability.

Examining more closely, I found that all these “seers” were but half-seers — and hardly even that. One could hear astral sounds but could not see astral sights; another saw pictures, but no sound or smell was there; still others saw symbols only, and each derided the special power of the other. Turning even to the great Emanuel Swedenborg, I found a seer of wonderful power, but

\* Extracts from *THE PATH*, Vol. V

whose constitution made him see in the Astral world a series of pictures which were solely an extension of his own inherited beliefs. And although he had had a few visions of actual everyday affairs occurring at a distance, they were so few as only to be remarkable.

One danger warned against by the teacher was then plainly evident. It was the danger of becoming confused and clouded in mind by the recurrence of pictures which had no salutary effect so far as experience went. So again I sought the teacher and asked:

“Has the Astral Light no power to teach, and, if not, why is it thus? And are there other dangers than what I have discovered?”

“No power whatever has the astral plane, in itself, to teach you. It contains the impressions made by men in their ignorance and folly. Unable to arouse the true thoughts, they continue to infect that light with the virus of their unguided lives. And you, or any other seer, looking therein will warp and distort all that you find there. It will present to you pictures that partake largely of your own constitutional habits, weaknesses, and peculiarities. Thus you only see a distorted or exaggerated copy of yourself. It will never teach you the reason of things, for it knows them not.

“But stranger dangers than any you have met are there when one goes further on. The dweller of the threshold is there, made up of all the evil that man has done. None can escape its approach, and he who is not prepared is in danger of death, of despair, or of moral ruin. Devote yourself therefore, to spiritual aspiration and to true devotion, which will be the means for you to learn the causes that operate in nature, how they work, and what each one works upon.”

I then devoted myself as he had directed, and discovered that a philosophical basis, once acquired, showed clearly how to arrive at *dispassion* and made *exercise* therein easy. It even enables me to clear up the thousand doubts that assail those others who are peering into the Astral Light. This too is the old practice enjoined by the ancient schools from which our knowledge about the Astral Light is derived. They compelled the disciple to abjure all occult practices until such time as he had laid a sure foundation of logic, philosophy, and ethics; and only then was he permitted to go further in that strange country from which many an unprepared explorer has returned bereft of truth and sometimes despoiled of reason. Further, I know that the Teachers of the Theosophical Society have written these words: “Let the Theosophical Society flourish through moral worth and philosophy, and give up pursuit of phenomena.” Shall we be greater than They, and ignorantly set the pace upon the path that leads to ruin?

*True Progress,—Is it aided by watching the Astral Light?*

—Bryan Kinnavan, page 112

# Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

## THE MEMORY OF PAST LIVES

WHAT is an earth life? When towards the close of an earth life we look back, what do we find? A series of experiences of our consciousness surrounded by other centers of consciousness with which it was in contact through the senses, and the ideas aroused in us by this interaction joined to our feeling of responsibility, depending on the character which we brought along, when entering physical existence. Our life is thus a continual stream of modifications of our consciousness, and if we can recall this whole stream into our feeling, we remember our present life. Is there a man capable of doing it? We can recall certain parts of our present life vividly, and if we do it, we see the surroundings of that moment, the old faces, and all that impressed us just then, and we pass once more through exactly the same feelings we had—in fact, we live that moment once more. If we could thus recall successively every moment of our present life, we should live our present earth life once more. The difficulty in doing this, even for this present life, is very great, although we have still our brain and nervous system, which are the keys to open those parts of the world's register which are concerned with each one's thinking. The registering is done *by* the brain and the nervous system, not *in* them; for if it were *in* the brain, every recollection would be destroyed when the brain is destroyed.

We all know of certain historical persons about whose lives we have read. If now somebody should affirm to us, that we were one of these in our last incarnation, and if we believed it, would we know any more than we have read about that historical person? And what do we know about him? Merely a few facts of a life-long career without feeling his thousands of feelings which made up his life.

To remember an incarnation means to pass successively through all the impressions a man has gone through, and if we do this what else is it, than to actually live that life once more, not only in the man as a separate something but surrounded by the whole stage decoration about him, which impressed his senses, thoughts and feelings. Thus remembering a past incarnation means to live a life of a man actually once more. We might just as well say that our present life is but a remembrance of a past incarnation, which has been gone through by us a thousand years ago; and that we actually and really live in a body a thousand years younger, say in the year 2901. And why not? The real omniscient man within us may at this very moment really have another body and count the year 2901. In this way we may go ahead as much as we please, and thus get over the conception of time. As all our being is

but a state of consciousness, and whether we go back or whether we go forward, that spark of the absolute within us, partaking of the nature of the all-pervading absolute, knows of no time or limit.

It is said "History repeats itself;" we might say "History always is!" We have only to choose a moment in the illusion called time, enter into that illusion, stop there, and following the unfolding of this illusion, live in it, seemingly with body, senses, thoughts and feelings of a man, surrounded by bodies, senses, thoughts and feelings of others within this great world stage of illusion. This we can only do of course, when we are outside of illusion and choose to enter or re-enter it. But as we are actually in it, we cannot do it. Thus if we mean to enter into this maya or illusion at another moment of time than this present one, we have first of all to step out of it, and then re-enter it at a moment and under such conditions as correspond to the life of a man whose career we choose to live through once more.

If that man was once the covering of our own monad (or life-unit), then the process may be called remembering a past incarnation. This stepping out of illusion into absolute knowledge and then back into illusion is what the alchemist has to do when he transmutes one metal into another; the one must be reduced to its ultimate, which is the root of all metals, and out of it a new metal be created possessing qualities which in the physical world correspond to those named by us gold, silver, tin, etc.

What is the way to step outside of this illusion? It has been declared of old as well as now to be Yoga. There is no other way, and it must be entered upon and followed until its end by those who want to reach the goal. We know where the entrance lies and which is its first portal: It is unselfish love, Brotherhood. Let no one believe that by meddling with deceiving spooks or by astral phenomena he may get the recollection of former incarnations; on the contrary, his illusion will be increased, and the increased ignorance will have to be got rid of before the real path is entered.

Those who enter the Path certainly do not do so for the purpose of remembering past incarnations; they do it because they feel it to be right, and that it is to be done, and if recollections of former lives are unclosed to them as well as many other hidden things, these will just be new landscapes along the Path. For most of us the fact of living once more the life of a Roman slave or gladiator, or that of a cruel Roman soldier, consul or general could hardly be said to be pleasant.

M. A. OPPERMANN

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PROBLEM:—A certain pyramid has a square base  $10 \times 10$ , and its sides are equilateral. What is its altitude?

This example can of course be worked out with the aid of the 47th Problem of Euclid; but there is a far simpler method, one that teaches a lesson of its own.

Draw a square  $10 \times 10$ ; next draw the two diagonals.

The distance from one of the vertices or corners of the square to the center where the two diagonals cross will give the altitude of the pyramid.



In some respects the pyramid is a fit symbol for man. It rests on a square base, its apex pointing upward, symbolizing the earthly man whose course is upward to the divine.

In order to know the altitude to which one's aspirations will bring one, find the distance from the corner to the center, or from the mind to the heart, from the action to the motive.

Let us therefore go to the heart center for advice, its answer will invariably be Compassion for humanity.

Thus will man rise to such a height that his character be equal-sided and noble.

The sides of the pyramid will be equilateral triangles; a symbol for regenerate man, harmoniously developed and equal-minded.—R. C. H.

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## Mirror of the Movement



### News from Loma-land

This has been a month of anniversaries. One of the chief events was the impressive celebration of the Fourth of July, Independence Day, a great and special day with all Americans. At Loma-land we made it a great International festival. All the students proceeded to the Amphitheater in their students' garb, carrying the flags of all nations. The long procession in white, with the brilliant-hued flags flashing in the sun, as they marched in winding line to and from the Amphitheater was most picturesque, and the whole ceremony was deeply impressive. Many songs were sung, "My Country, 'tis of thee," "The Star Spangled Banner," etc. The words of the former are suitable to be sung by persons of any country, being expressive of the broadest sentiments of liberty and patriotism. They are sung to the same air as "God save the King," and at the suggestion of the Leader, the American comrades sang one verse of the British national anthem during the proceedings, a brotherly act that was warmly appreciated by the English students present.

Most interesting addresses were given by the national representatives, and it was observed that thirteen national flags were held by students hailing from the countries they represented, the remainder being carried by proxies. The gaining of the Independence of the Soul from the tyranny of the lower nature was the main theme of the speeches, and the lack of this independence being given as the basis of national and international difficulties throughout the world.

\* \* \*

### The Children's Celebration

In the evening the children had arranged a beautiful celebration, which also took place in the Amphitheater. All the students took the part of dark-vestured pilgrims in their search for the Path of Life and to gain entrance to the "City Beautiful," which was guarded by the children of the Raja Yoga School in their students' dress of white and gold. At last, after having descended into the depths and having helped some who were crying out in distress in the ravine below, they found the narrow way leading up to the place where the children and the Leader were awaiting them. The pilgrims next ap-

peared in white, climbing the cliffs and then formed in line around the children, making an effective picture. Songs followed and speeches from four of the lady students, each representing one quarter of the globe. Then the boys,—“The New Century Guard”—escorted the Leader to the Homestead, followed by the long procession of children and adults, a beautiful spectacle. A full account of this unique day, which closed with an elaborate display of fireworks, is given in the “New Century.”

\* \* \*

### July 6th

Early in the morning of this day the Comrades assembled beneath the Leader's window and at the hour of sunrise greeted her with a song. Some little testimonies of respect and affection were placed at her door in the name of all the students and many from all parts of the world. Later in the day a heartfelt birthday greeting was given to her in person, during which the Comrades marched around the interior of the Rotunda singing “Loma-land” and “Hail to the Wakening Glories of the Day,” and carrying the Universal Brotherhood and American flags. In the evening the Raja Yoga children gave one of their “family gatherings” at the Large School Tent to which we were all invited. It was a delightful event with the genuine home touch which the presence of the children always carries. The boys, at the suggestion of the Leader, gave short speeches explaining why, in their opinion, the Raja Yoga children were happier than the grown-up people. Many amusing remarks were made by the boys who generally concurred in the opinion that the failure of the adults to rise to the highest ideals was owing to the faults of their early education! One boy said that the grown-ups were “over-civilized” which was warmly approved by every one. Another said, one reason the children were happy was that when they had a disagreeable duty to do, they were taught to go and do it at once without worrying about it, and that then the thing became much more pleasant.

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### E. A. Neresheimer's J o u r n e y

On June 22nd the Comrades took the opportunity of Brother Neresheimer's departure on a short visit to New York to show their love for him and appreciation of his unswerving devotion to the Cause of Universal Brotherhood through many long years of severe strain and persecution and anxious work. The young warriors of the Raja Yoga School arranged and most successfully carried out a serious “Trial,” in which Mr. Neresheimer was charged with the heinous offences of being a member of The Universal Brotherhood, of preferring to lead a life of unselfishness instead of one of ease and comfort like the rest of the world, and of working for humanity and trying to make others happy! After many amusing pleadings he was found guilty of all the charges and condemned “to go on singing and working for humanity” and was conducted forthwith to a seat of honor where he was given flowers by the Lotus Buds and Blossoms. One of the children, Kate Hanson, daughter of one of the Cabinet Officers, and one of the representatives of the I. B. L. Colony school read a beautiful greeting. Many heartfelt speeches were then made and the Leader dwelt touchingly on the noble service E. A. Neresheimer had done again and again for the great cause of Universal Brotherhood, his devotion to the Chief, W. Q. Judge, his self-sacrifice, and loyalty, which had helped to preserve the work at those critical times when the enemies of humanity were straining every nerve to gain possession of it, and of the very ground upon which we were standing. In the evening at a social gathering sundry keepsakes were presented to Brother Neresheimer and many eloquent speeches were made, testifying the feelings of the Comrades. The next day, a large party, consisting of the Cabinet Officers residing at Loma-land and several other students, accompanied Mr. Neresheimer to the train and gave him a hearty send-off, bidding him “au revoir.” We have just received information from Brother Neresheimer that he will return on August 5th to remain permanently.

### Lectures at San Diego Opera House

These largely attended meetings are being continued regularly on Sundays, and great attention and enthusiasm are shown by the interested audiences which usually number about six hundred, sometimes many more. Three or four students read from the scrolls on subjects adapted to the great needs of the day; the following are some of the titles of the papers read: "Dangers Threatening Modern Civilization;" "The False and The True;" "The Joy of Life;" "Theosophy's Answer to the Problems of Life;" "The Nations' Needs;" "Theosophy in Proverb;" "Hypnotism—A Warning," etc., and exquisite music is rendered by members of the Isis Conservatory of Music who are already gaining a world-wide reputation for their classical efforts. High class trios for violin, viola and piano, violin or piano solos and an occasional song from the musical portion, which is very much appreciated and through which good, elevating work is being done for the people.

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### Aryan Classes

In connection with the above these classes have now been established, and are well attended by many who have been helped by the Sunday meetings and who wish to pursue the study of Theosophy more deeply. Our Homestead Tally-ho brings them every Sunday from the city to Loma-land where they meet in the Aryan Temple under the direction of some of the older students, thus forming a new link in the work of William Q. Judge. The highest promise is shown for the greater development of this work. The following extracts speak for themselves. They are selected from a large number of enthusiastic letters received in connection with the public meetings and classes. "We are in full sympathy with your beautiful work . . . and know that the results must be for the uplifting of, and placing mankind upon a higher plane of thought, from which, of necessity, a new and broader view of the ultimate purpose of life must be obtained." "We sincerely hope to become better enabled to co-operate with you in the noble and selfless work for humanity, which the Brotherhood, with Katherine Tingley as Leader and Official Head, have begun;" "Assuring you of my profound respect for the noble work you are doing in the line of religious progression," etc.; "I think your Sunday evening exercises are doing much good, especially because of the eminently practical character of the papers read. The excrescences that have been superposed upon Christ's teachings by a false Theology will far more readily fall away by presenting simply their opposites than by aggression of any sort. I wish you success in all presentation of Truth."

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### New Arrivals

Miss White, the well-known California artist from Pasadena has lately arrived. She is now a resident and her studio is in one of the new and delightful Bungalows. On July 9th we welcomed with great pleasure Colonel Hooper from Brooklyn, an old supporter of the work and a staunch veteran in more senses than one. Two of the Chicago comrades also recently arrived, Miss Edwards and Miss Young, the latter prominent in educational work in Chicago, also Mrs. Anna Percy from Providence, R. I., one of the staunch devoted workers who has come to stay permanently. On July 16th we welcomed home again Mr. and Mrs. Spalding and with them Madam Spalding, Mr. Spalding's mother.

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### International Lotus Home

Extensive additions are being made to the Children's Group Homes and other buildings to accommodate about forty more children who will arrive from Cuba within two weeks from date of this issue of the Magazine. The cable message sent to our worthy and esteemed Brother, Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago, read as follows:

HONORABLE EMILIO BACARDI, *Santiago, Cuba:*

It is my pleasure as Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, to give you as Mayor and as a brother, the privilege of selecting twenty Cuban orphans between three and seven years old; four under seven whose parents will relinquish all paternal claims; two twelve years old; total twenty-six, half boys, half girls; to be brought here and educated at the expense of this Organization in Raja Yoga School. Will send three reliable representatives to Santiago within three weeks. Will you not make your promised visit with them? Financial and all particulars by mail.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

The number mentioned in the cable message has since been increased.

\* \* \*

**A New Cuban  
C r u s a d e**

In connection with the above, the Leader has planned a Crusade to Cuba, the first outcome of the Twentieth Century efforts in this direction. The members of the Crusade are all Americans: Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, a member of the Cabinet of The Universal Brotherhood and Superintendent of the International Lotus Home; Miss Ethel Wood, Assistant Superintendent of the International Lotus Home; J. Frank Knoche, one of our young but most energetic students, whose business ability and training ably fit him for the general management of the Crusade. With these will go, as a juvenile representative of the Raja Yoga School, Antonio Castillo, one of the young Cuban patriots, who was brought to this country about a year ago by the Universal Brotherhood. He is thirteen years old and the Leader speaks enthusiastically of him as one of the shining lights of the future and an honor to Cuba.

\* \* \*

**L o m a - L a n d  
I m p r o v e m e n t s**

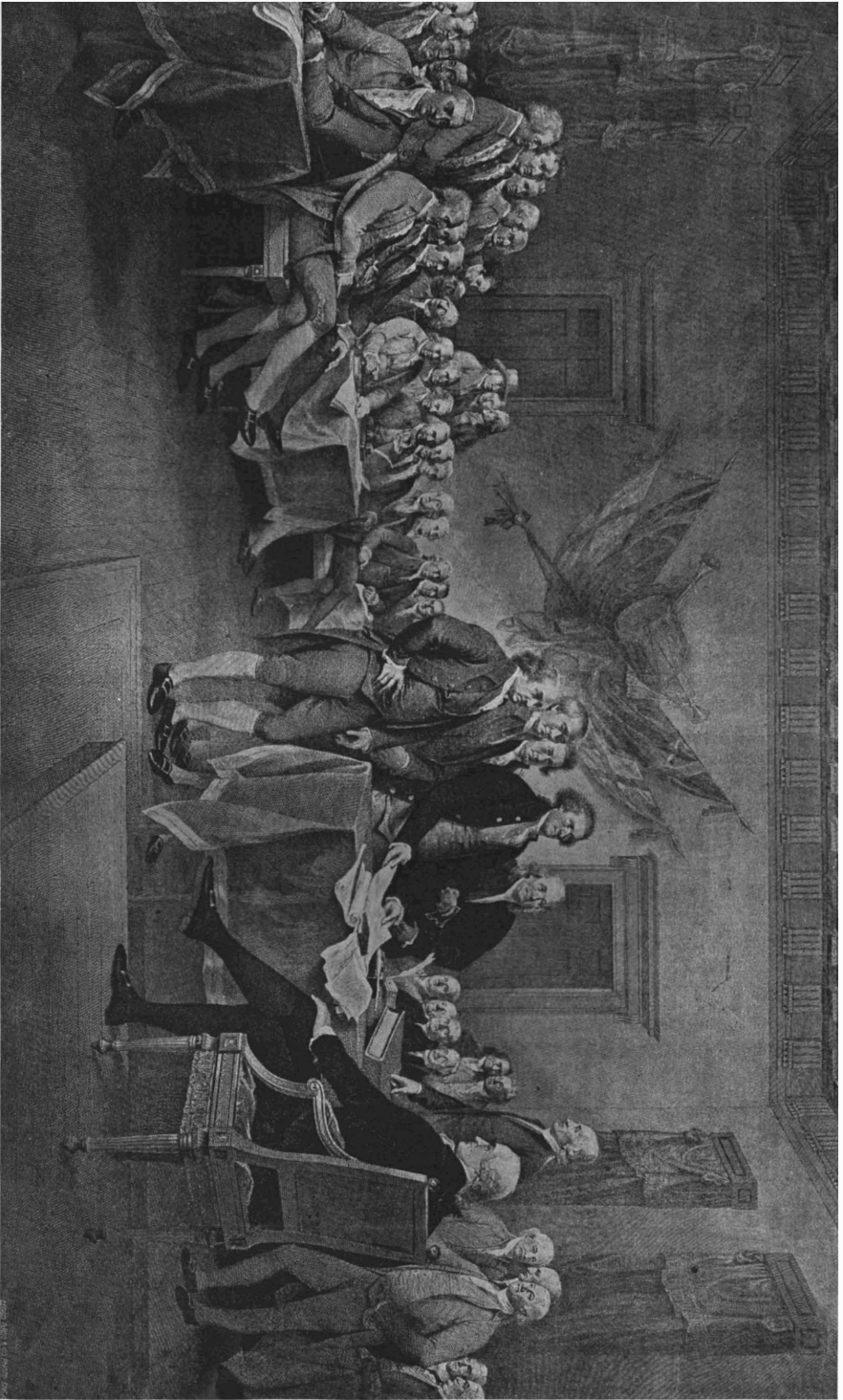
Once that Katherine Tingley makes a plan it grows like magic. To some her plan of some years ago of elevating athletic sports to a balance of refined, healthful and innocent exercise, such as will help to build up a better type of men and women, was quite intangible, but those who have the privilege of seeing this work advance *e. g.*, in the golf links which are stretched along the steep banks of the Homestead grounds and down to the shore, and the great amphitheater which she is building in one of the deep canyons of the School of Antiquity grounds, with a seating capacity of 2,000, stand amazed at the clearly defined possibilities for adapting the purifying teachings of Theosophy even to innocent games and sports such as the ancients had. Surely recreation and physical exercise taken in such a way and made a living power for good must in time turn the ordinary pleasure-seeker and lover of brutal sport on to a new path. "Life is Joy"—and this can be brought out even in its deeper sense in physical recreation which, as the Leader says, can be made to serve the purpose of the soul, and thus kill out the brutal, the vulgar and the unseemly. It will interest those who are in sympathy with our work to hear that the winter season at Loma-land will open with the inauguration of the sacred plays and games.

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**N a t u r e N o t e s**

There are still a goodly number of wild flowers in bloom but, of course, the rush of floral wealth, so wonderful a month or two ago, has now diminished. The weather is delicious, a refreshing breeze keeping the air cool and pleasant every day. The terrible heat of the Eastern States of America of which we read such sad accounts is unknown here. For health, pleasure or work, especially for our special activities, the climate here is absolutely perfect. The nights are very brilliant now, and with the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Venus and Mars all visible, the sky presents an unusually interesting spectacle. On dark nights a wonderful phosphorescent glow lights up the rollers as they gently break upon the shore. The mystic radiance is very striking and can be seen fringing the coast of Loma-land for miles.

OBSERVER



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

# Reports of Lodges



## U. B. Lodge No. 56, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

We held our Monthly Public Meeting on June 9th and had good attendance, the subject being "The Signs of the Times," was listened to with interest by all present. On June 13th we held a Social and as this was the Anniversary of the Crusade a large part of the evening was devoted to discussing the object and benefit of the Crusade and the work of the three Leaders.

The members' meetings are fairly well attended and the earnest, faithful, workers always try to be present and give what aid they can to demonstrate that Brotherhood is a fact in nature.

The Study Class in Allegheny is still being continued and we often see important points in the "Key" which only study and comparison bring to the surface.—H. N., *Secretary*



## U. B. Lodge, Sioux City, Iowa

The monthly public meeting was held in our Lodge Room May 13th. Three addresses were given by different members after which Miss Wakefield read a very interesting paper on the fifth object of the International Brotherhood League. The program throughout was instructive as well as entertaining and the audience seemed to appreciate the efforts put forth by the members. The third presentation of "Hypatia" occurred at the Court House on the evening of May 23d. It was preceded by a fine musical program in charge of Miss Bessie Scott, a violinist. Those taking part in the Symposium entered into the spirit of it more fully than ever before and it was noticeable that the audience was impressed by the dignified and earnest rendering of the play.—Mrs. H. D. Peirce



## U. B. Lodge No. 7, San Francisco, California

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 7 gave a performance of the Greek Symposium "A Promise," on June 13th.

The stage was a bower of green and flowers, and a gauze screen between the players and audience added a distant and filmy appearance to the scene.

The "Ode to Apollo" at the appropriate time created a marked impression upon the audience, coming as it did from an unseen singer. The audience was most appreciative. In every way, as it should have been, the performance was a marked improvement over any yet given of this beautiful Symposium.—H. B. Moxges, *Secretary*



## U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England---Monthly Report

The month has been uneventful as regards the public Universal Brotherhood meetings, the benefit of conserving energy still more evident. Inquiries about our work are being tendered now through some of our "Lotus Buds."

The members' meetings are full of vitality and the study of "The Key to Theosophy" is proving most helpful. New features and beauties are sensed, and in the light of current events, are very significant. Altogether this class of study is doing good, opening our minds and preparing us for the events looming on the horizon of human life.

We held our annual meeting during the month, the Lodge officers were re-elected. We are far richer than ever, and we have accomplished more work than ever in the Lodge history, from the days of the Theosophical Society in England. The Lotus work is progressing grandly. We are glad and rejoice exceedingly, for England's future depends up-

on the children being lovingly guarded, cherished and nourished in those principles which the warriors H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge laid down their lives for. We are determined to stand fast, to safeguard these young warriors and do all possible for them. On April 15th the children gave an entertainment, on lines similar to that given in New York some months ago, and the proceeds have been sent to the Raja Yoga School, Avenue Road, London. The audience were fascinated and a mother in the audience desired her children to be admitted, and the three little tots are now regular attenders. One about three years old speaks of the "Brudderhood" in a prattling way so typical of child life. Amidst the distractions of civic, social and political life, raging in our country, we rejoice in the organization, knowing full well it is the only "hope" and our hearts yearn with love and gratitude to the beloved Leader at our head and we will stand firm, for beneath all "Life is Joy" and a spiritual atmosphere is being created in our midst because of knowledge, and in time the "fountain of living waters" shall flow throughout our land and the world.—R. SANDHAM, *President*; JAMES F. CROPPER, *Secretary*

**BOYS' BROTHERHOOD CLUB**—The Boys' Club has met regularly during the month. We give much attention to drill and the boys are greatly pleased. The boys also attend the advanced class of the Lotus Group. The Club is promising and bids fair to increase. The boys acted as guard on April 15th at the public entertainment and were very proud of their position.

**LOTUS GROUP ADVANCED CLASS**—On April 4th, 11th, 13th rehearsals for the public entertainment were held. On April 18th the manual lessons were resumed and the story of "The Water Babies" was partly told. Steady progress is maintained. One feature of the work is the training of the children's voices, practising the Tonic SolFa, taking the voices collectively and individually, with remarks on Harmony, instilling the necessity of having beautiful and soul expressing voices, also the power of the voice for good or evil.

**GIRLS' CLUB**—The attendances have been very good. Sewing, drill, singing and preparation for entertainment have been the marked features. The girls are encouraged to bring material to make garments for themselves and they readily do so and are taught how to make them suitable.

**YOUNG BUDS' CLUB**—This class is making steady progress though the attendance varies. Two sisters, at a parent's request as the result of seeing her oldest child taking part in the Entertainment, have been added to the roll. The leaflet lessons are followed by suitable stories such as "Alice in the Looking Glass," also the "Water Babies." Singing and marching finish their afternoon lesson.

**CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT**—On April 13th at request of Lodge 4, Everton, several of our buds took part in an Entertainment at the above mentioned Lodge Rooms. Going home they astonished the public singing their Lotus Songs, calling forth expressions of admiration. On April 15th a public Entertainment was given on lines of one given at New York some months ago. The audience were spellbound; they applauded again and again and expressed admiration and gratitude. The proceeds were sent to the Raja Yoga School, Avenue Road.—ALICE SANDHAM, *Superintendent*; LOUISA CROPPER, *Secretary*



#### U. B. L. Lodge No. 30, Forest Gate, England

The chief event of the month has been the public meeting on Sunday, May 19th, at Canning Town Public Hall. There was a good attendance, about 250 visitors besides members. A very good address was given by Brother S. Coryn. Lodge meetings, Lotus Group, Boys' Club are all doing well.—WILLIAM JAMESON, *President*



#### B. B. C. No. 35, Providence, R. I.

The Boys' Brotherhood Club No. 35, has held four regular meetings during April. The subjects for debate have been: "Resolved, That the Pen is mightier than the

Sword;" "Resolved, That a boy with a college education has a better opportunity in life than one who has not." Some of the boys are making plans to attend the encampment of the New York Clubs.—GEORGE H. BROWN, *Superintendent*

May 4, 1901



#### U. B. Lodge No. 4, Everton, England

The Lodge has held its meetings regularly during the past month and the attendance of members has been steady. Quiet but good work has been done. The last Jubilee meeting was the best we ever had. We get fresh hints every time from the circular, *Suggestions for Lodge Work*, and the meetings become more harmonious and more as we desire them to be. The old style of visitors who came to criticise and to argue has given place to those who are seeking light and who appreciate talks from the *Heart* and not merely from the *Head*. Quietly but steadily the demand for literature is increasing.

The Lotus Group is lively and maintains its interest. The Teachers report very favorably on that work. As an example of its influence — a small entertainment was arranged for the class, a few adults had been invited but no invitations were sent out to other children. As soon as the room was opened it was filled to its utmost capacity by about fifty children and the adults had to squeeze in as best they could.

On June 13th all met at the Lodge-room to commemorate "Crusade Day." Lantern slides, Crusade songs, map with route marked with golden cord and chief places of call shown with golden stars, a short account of the Crusade, ending with refreshments, made a very pleasant and instructive evening for both the big and little children.

The Boys' Brotherhood Club and New Century Guard have met regularly and a good permanent nucleus is now formed on which steady growth is possible. They have the right idea of what the Boys' Brotherhood Club is for, and jealously guard the Club. The boys say they are not so very particular as to numbers but the *kind* of boy is more important. They always read with interest accounts of other B. B. C's and especially of that at the "Point." Indeed all the pictures and accounts in *The New Century* (to which they subscribe for two copies) of Loma-land are quite as interesting to them as to the grown members of the U. B.

Our Lodge is a "Young Men's Lodge," and dollars are not over plentiful with them, but they always respond most generously to any appeal for funds, especially for children's work.

We are busy preparing "A Promise," almost every one studying a character and the lessons they themselves draw from the speeches at rehearsals and the thorough way all enter into the spirit of the characters are better than any text book could be. We are looking forward to the public presentation of it.—WALTER LITTLEWOOD, *Acting President*

June 15, 1901



#### U. B. Lodge No. 24, Southport, England.

Public meetings have attracted outsiders who have expressed themselves interested, and have carried away literature and have returned again to Lodge Public Meetings. The members have found the work of preparing for Public Meetings educational for themselves.

The Boys' Brotherhood Club has now been reopened under care of Brother Silcock, and promises well. Closing our club for a period has done good, for the boys have earnestly asked for it to be reopened and promise good behavior.

International Brotherhood League Mothers' Meetings are held regularly every week and are much appreciated.—MARY E. NICHOLSON, *President*

June 1, 1901



**Groningen, Holland**

To KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head, Universal Brotherhood, Point Loma, California:

The Dutch members of the Universal Brotherhood send with this their hearty congratulations for the birthday of their Leader and Teacher.

The success of our work will bring you the gratitude of thousands of hearts in our country and everywhere.

It was suggested that we should offer you as a present on this day the photos of your members here, and so Brother F. M. Pierce was begged to hand you an album on our behalf. We hope it will arrive in time.

With our best thoughts and the assurance of our renewed endeavor and the hope and trust that the fires will be kept burning high in Holland through our efforts we remain, respectfully and faithfully yours—For the Dutch Members, AME GOD

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**U. B. Lodge No. 1, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia**

We are holding monthly public meetings on the first Sunday in each month in our Lodge-rooms, commencing at 7:30 p. m. They are grand, unifying meetings for members who are nearly all present at every meeting. The public are generally well represented and seem to appreciate the cheerful home feeling exhibited there. We advertise the meetings well in the leading papers and very fair reports are always inserted in the papers afterwards. We have four speakers each night who give short addresses from the Theosophical standpoint on such living subjects as "Man is the Soul," "Spiritual Teachers," "Psychic Diseases and their Cure," "The Temple of God," "The Folly of Fear," "Some Perverted Truths," "Reincarnation," "Our Possibilities?" and "The Living Power of Brotherhood," as well as a paper by our representative of the International Brotherhood League on one of the objects of the I. B. L., each evening. We have musical selections to open and close the meetings, as well as two more in between, all selected from the best composers.

The President reads extracts from the Universal Brotherhood Constitution showing the humanitarian, non-political and unsectarian character of the Organization and work for the uplifting of humanity, after which the addresses follow and questions are invited.

We have also given public entertainments each month at which we have had the rare privilege of hearing the Symposium, "A Promise," once and "Hypatia" three times, excellently read by our President, Brother T. W. Willans. The power which these Symposiums have of enchaining the attention when read show how great it must be when given by living representatives of the characters speaking therein. We have had some outside talent helping us with our vocal and instrumental part of the entertainment, and the evenings have passed off very successfully.

On the other Sundays of each month we hold members' meetings at which minutes are read and arrangements are made for the successful carrying out of the public meeting and entertainment. Part of the time is spent in reading some article from *The New Century* or UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, and each member speaking the best thought suggested by such reading. Members attend splendidly now and very happy meetings are the result.—SECRETARY

June 10, 1901

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**Sydney, N. S. W.**

DEAR LOTUS MOTHER: The children are sending you by this mail a photo of themselves for your birthday, which I hope will reach you safely. They have signed their names at the back. Little Flossie Odbert is a newcomer, so her photo is not in the group.

though her name is on the back. The group represents the full membership of the regular attendants. I enclose a "key" that you may see the names.

Mrs. Warren and I work happily together for the good of the children, and I do sincerely hope we shall be able to help in the great and glorious work of helping the little ones.

With heartfelt love and gratitude to you, dear Teacher and Lotus Mother, and wishing you many, *many* happy returns of the day. Yours, faithfully,

June 11, 1901

EMILY I. WILLANS, *Superintendent*

#### A "Point Loma Social" at Chicago

DEAR EDITOR:—The Chicago Lodges gave last evening as the public entertainment for June, a "Point Loma Social," which was well attended.

The hall was decorated with the flags of all nations and a painted canvas scene of Point Loma, and with flowers. Point Loma views mounted on card board, were passed around on exhibition. "Point Loma the Pacific" and other readings were given interspersed with good music. It being the hottest night of the season, the refreshments of ice cream and cake were particularly acceptable. The entire evening proved a very enjoyable one to those present, and a touch of the delights of Point Loma seemed to be realized.—A. M. S.

Chicago, June 23d, 1901

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#### Report of Lotus Work, U. B. L. No. 7, England

The Lotus work at 3 Vernon Place, is going on well and harmoniously. On Sunday morning at 11, there is a class of little ones, taken by Miss Kate Lambert and assisted by Miss Florrie Collinson. On Monday Mr. Dunn has a singing class for the children at 5:30 p. m. On Tuesday at 6:30 p. m., Mrs. Justice holds a Nature class with the bigger children, ages from 10 to 13. The children each have a Nature book in which they draw, press and describe the various plants. They are learning, with the help of their teacher, to become passionate lovers of each fair flower.

On Friday eight of the most earnest workers among the bigger girls hold at 6 p. m., their Rainbow Club, each girl having her own color, the eighth being Unity. These girls either sew, paint, do cane-weaving or other nice work. This class is taken by Miss Lambert, assisted by Miss Swan. On Saturday there are three Lotus classes held in the afternoon.

First Lotus class at 2 p. m. These are our babies, the tiniest of all, a sweet little company of about twenty little ones aged from 2 to 5. This class is taken by Mrs. F. S. Clark, assisted by Miss Lambert, Mr. Dunn, F. J. Woodhead and Miss Swan.

Second Lotus class at 3 p. m., children aged from 6 to 9, taken by Miss Mabel Swan, assisted by Mrs. Clark, Miss Lambert and Mr. Dunn. In this class stories are told or readings from *The New Century* or UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, songs and musical drill occupy half the time. At the present time the preparation of a children's play is taking the place of drill. The children are entering into the working up of the little play with great zeal, offering many very helpful suggestions. The lessons learnt by these children in giving up to each other, and all uniting for the general good, must be moulding their characters as future workers for humanity.

A temporary stop to all the activities among the children at Vernon Place, has been made through the outbreak of diphtheria in the neighborhood, and there being two cases among our children we have closed the classes for a short time, but we hope soon to be at work again. One girl exclaimed, when told the classes had to stop, "Oh, dear, I am sorry; whenever I felt sad or things didn't seem to go well, the thought that there was a Lotus class at Vernon Place in the evening always cheered me and made me feel better." Children and teachers all feel the link growing stronger and stronger between us and dear Point Loma.—MABEL SWAN, *Superintendent*

June 6, 1901



## Brotherhood Boys' Philosophy

Thoughts Expressed by *the Members of the Boys' Brotherhood Club No. 1, New York, While Debating at Their Club Meeting, on the Subjects Given*



### WHAT IS TRUE EDUCATION?

The true education is that which will teach a boy to be truthful, honest and faithful.

We should treat children as we would have them treat us.

Children should be gently led, not forced, because they often know better than older people.

A part of true education is to surround children with good influences and pure examples.

Place the child in good influences and teach him to be lovable, kind and gentle; help him to understand what he is in this life for, and that his nature is dual, good and bad; call out all the good tendencies and possibilities, and teach him true Brotherhood. This will make the future man cool and calm in the events of life; without this he would act rashly.

### THE HEART OR THE HEAD, WHICH OUGHT WE TO EDUCATE FIRST?

The heart is the most important, because the heart is the source from whence comes brotherly love, it is the organ of the better nature; from the head come inventions, books, etc. Which is the most important, inventions, etc., and a clear intellect, or brotherly love? An author with a great intellect, unless his writings are inspired by the heart, what good are they? If there is any brotherly love in the heart the man should educate his mind so as to bring out the heart-love. The mind should be the servant of the heart. Attune the mind and heart that they may work in harmony.

## WHICH IS THE MOST IMPORTANT, PHYSICAL OR MORAL HEALTH ?

The basis of physical health is a healthy moral nature, therefore the most important is moral health, because without it we could not long enjoy good physical health.

Few realize that it is a great privilege to have plenty of physical work, it gives us an opportunity to rivet our attention on our work, and if our minds are concentrated on the work we are doing we cannot think of ourselves.

To have the mind constantly employed is the secret to good moral and physical health.

## WHAT IS THE HIGHEST IDEAL OF ATHLETICS ?

Athletics are necessary, but the purpose should be for exercise. The true ideal is that the soul should try to make a good vehicle to express itself through, and also that it may not be a burden on humanity. It should be the duty of every boy to strengthen his body by athletic exercise. Boys have much energy which must be expended and utilized in some way, and plenty of exercise will expend the surplus energy and keep the boy cleaner and purer in body and mind. Men as well as boys cannot do without it, exercise is as necessary to man's health as good food, exercise is the distribution of energy.

The most natural thing is motion, therefore the highest ideal of athletics is perfect motion.

Expressed in other words the highest ideal is perfection, not the perfection of an individual part, but of the whole body and mind.

## Loma - Land

### A Children's Song



We are children glad and free  
 Of Loma-land—sweet Loma-land!  
 Joy we drink from sky and sea  
 In Loma-land—sweet Loma-land!

We are Buds of Lotus flower  
 In Loma-land—fair Loma-land!  
 Growing wiser every hour  
 In Loma-land—fair Loma-land!

We'll be blossoms fair and tall  
 In Loma-land—dear Loma-land!  
 Sending help and cheer to all  
 From Loma-land—dear Loma-land!

We've a Leader great and good  
 In Loma-land—bright Loma-land!  
 So we work for Brotherhood  
 In Loma-land—bright Loma-land!

## A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Be that thou hop'st to be,

\* \* \* \*

Things out of hope are compassed oft with venturing.—SHAKESPEARE

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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**Practical Theosophy *in the* Xxth Century***by* R. M.

**T**HE constant cry of the world is for practical work, practical teaching and practical results. The early Theosophy could not give this, we were not ready, we had not yet made it practical to ourselves, and how could we give what we had not to give? But now we have had time to make the theoretical knowledge to some degree a practical factor in our own lives, and surely we are in a position to meet this demand of the world for practical teaching.

It is curious to note too that, while the world actually calls in every possible way and at all opportunities for practical evidence of the truth of our philosophy, for practical proof of the possibility of Universal Brotherhood as a rule of life, and for a practical system of life, it really wants to get a philosophy that will endorse its follies and its vices, its selfishness and sensuality, and enable it *to escape the consequences here and hereafter*. This is what the world wants to find, but behind and beneath this lies the need of the Soul, the real need of Humanity. It is this deep-seated real want, that urges them to cry out for the true light of practical Theosophy, although the vicious and selfish lower nature always seeks to come in between the Soul and its savior or teacher and to persuade poor Humanity to accept all the falsehood and error that is offered to it by false teachers.

They who are just clever enough to see that the people want to be taught how to escape the consequences of their self-indulgence, they who have no

thought nor care for the real needs of the people, these wolves in sheep's clothing feed upon the credulity and weakness of the poor blinded human race. Such are the representatives of the various churches of Christendom who have departed utterly from the spirit of the Christ and who teach a means of escape from the consequences of lives of self-indulgence crowned by the crime of self-salvation. Humanity has erred in its follies, which it has dignified by the name of sins, but it has sinned in its search for self-salvation, until its religion has become more evil than its follies. For selfishness is natural to the lower man, but to carry this faith into the spiritual life, to defile the soul with thoughts of self-salvation, this is a spiritual crime, whose results will last through ages untold.

And the early Theosophists had just this horrible selfishness to contend with in the members who joined the young Society; this evil grew up so quickly and strongly that the whole work was doomed to destruction unless the purer part could be saved from this vampire of selfishness that had fastened upon it. This became possible by the sacrifice made by William Q. Judge, when he gave himself as the means by which this separation could be accomplished, and stood as the champion of Brotherhood, allowing his personality to be made the test by which the quality of all the members was tried. Then those in whom the flame of Brotherhood had burned low, in whom the desire for self-development and self-salvation had obtained the upper hand, took themselves out of the stream of progress and left the path clear for those in whom the balance had turned in favor of Brotherhood, who were prepared to make Theosophy a living principle in their lives.

But the enemies of William Q. Judge held to the name Theosophy and professed to study the philosophy taught by Madame Blavatsky while belittling her character and her work and repudiating her clear and emphatic denunciation of mere intellectual and theoretical Theosophy. She, the founder of the Society, never ceased to thunder against selfishness and theorizing, never tired of urging her students to become ready for practical work, and at all times and in all her writings insisted on Brotherhood as the first and essential aim and object of the whole work. But the enemies of W. Q. Judge had fallen under the same influence that has stirred all the false teachers and now they stand as a living example of how the churches and sects in the past had their origin.

The world cries for practical teaching, and these wolves offer them baits for their vanity, promises of wonderful powers, hopes of self-development, strange secret knowledge feeding the vampire-like lower nature by which the very life of the soul is sucked out of them leaving them empty shells of intellect and desire stuffed with dry forms of theory and fiction which they take for knowledge—they are like the skeletons left by the wolf when he has devoured his victim from the flock.

But W. Q. Judge saved the Society and brought through the crisis enough members to carry along the work almost in its completeness, though the ranks

were thinned in places. Then the time came when the testing must be repeated, and again another group attempted to stand on the same false footing and fell. And again the Movement stepped into a greater realization of its true mission, and more and more the theory gave way to the practice, and our Teacher Katherine Tingley led us step by step to a position from which it has now, at last, become possible to give to the world what it has so long needed—Practical Theosophy.

The course, that is followed in doing this, is a constant surprise to those who work under this Teacher, for none but she can see clearly the three things needful, the cause of the trouble and heartache and despair in the world, the cure of the trouble, and the time at which to do each act in the curing of the trouble. To help in this work requires strong faith in the wisdom of the Teacher, and promptitude in acting on her suggestions and hints as well as absolute obedience to her more definite instructions. Working in this way one may perhaps have to wait some time before the meaning and purpose of some new form of work become apparent. Thus in practical Theosophy each worker is trained and developed by doing in perfect trust the work that comes to hand.

One of the activities to which considerable attention is now given is the dramatic work, and in this, as in all else, the methods adopted are quite original, and contrary to much of what is usual on the modern stage. But the power and the results of what is done in this way are most extraordinary. Those who work loyally under this banner begin to see the meaning of some of the apparently strange things done or attempted, in the way of dramatic effect. They begin to see *how* the world is to be helped by such means, and why the ordinary methods adopted by persons who are charitably disposed, are useless to accomplish any real or lasting good. These people do not know the real causes of the misery they seek to alleviate and they do not know the real cure. They try to use the Drama as a means of curing the moral sickness of the world, but fail utterly, because they still think that Humanity needs more moral platitudes and sermons or else as in the case of the Religious Drama they put their trust in a revival of a method that has been proved a failure. So one looks in vain in the modern Drama for any new light or any ray of hope for the people to be gained from the modern Theatre.

The great dramatist Ibsen has gone further in the right direction than any that I know of. He has made beautiful or terrible dramas out of characters and incidents of modern middle class life, and has shown that all the elements of the most heroic drama are to be found in the lives of ordinary men and women. He has shown that we can live our lives heroically without going outside the sphere of ordinary middle-class life. This is much, and there are few of the problems of the day that he has not dealt with in a masterly and luminous fashion. But, alas! the end of it all is a pessimism that is crushing in its overwhelming hopelessness. Great as he is, Ibsen cannot lift the veil and show the Light of the Soul shining within the human heart, he can-

not raise his audience to the height from which they can look down on their troubles and difficulties as a strong man looks down on the petty details of a business of which he is master.

Unless the Drama can help mankind to realize its own divinity, it can do very little to help it upward or onward. Nothing short of this is any real help. It was this that made the power of the Greek Drama. It is this that will make the power of the new Theosophic Drama when it is fully evolved.

Already here in Loma-land we have proved to our students and to a part of the public that we are able to put into our plays an element which is entirely lacking in all theatrical work of the day. It is an element of Reality which is as far removed from modern dramatic realism as any thing can well be. This is the dawning Realization of the Soul as the reality of Life, not a far away dream or a hope to be attained in some future life or impossible heaven, but a realization here and now of the True Source of Life. As this increases and intensifies itself in the hearts of the students, so the plays they produce become more and more living, and so the interest aroused becomes more and more intense and thrilling. For the hearts of the spectators begin to respond and a new flood of life-force is let loose in them and they become conscious of experiencing something so much higher than anything they have yet realized, that they are forced to know henceforth that they are capable of higher things than they had yet dreamed. This is a first step and it means Hope.

Now it is quite certain that clever people outside our body will take hold of all these ideas and try to make capital out of them, and they will certainly degrade the ideals and give no help to any nor Light, for they have none to give. To put such ideas into the mouths of dramatic actors, who have not realized in themselves that of which they are talking, will be to produce but a ghost, a pale shadow of the true Soul-drama or Mystery-play. And the audiences will get as little help from such plays, as they now get from the learned disquisitions of the theoretic Theosophists of whom I have already spoken.

We have seen what can be done by our Point Loma students with plays of a most elementary kind and even with such a performance as was recently given at twenty-four hours notice in the open air theatre which is in course of construction. In this latter case, all dialogue was improvised and unrehearsed and the dramatic effects were mostly impromptu and often unexpected. But the Soul of the students spoke through them and shaped the events of the day, making harmony out of incongruity and purposeful emblems from unexpected incidents. The beauty of the scene was such as to astonish all, the artists most of all, for they perhaps could appreciate more readily the spiritual beauty of the scene and the pictorial arrangement of groups that no stage manager could have contrived.

I shall never forget the thrill of delight with which I saw from the depths of the canyon that group of warrior children on the height above with the setting sun bathing them in a glow of light that made it seem indeed that the



Gods were come back to earth. And when the procession of white-robed figures marched back with the host of great flags floating out in the breeze and catching the last rays of the sun on their waving folds, I looked down the line and knew that this was no theatrical display, no imitation of the old Crusaders, it was the real thing, every soul there a loyal and true crusader, every flag an emblem and every man, woman and child there conscious of the reality of the ceremony in which they were taking a part.

These are the materials from which will be built the New Soul-Drama and give to the world once more, after a silence of five thousand years, a Drama through which the great Soul of Humanity will speak to its children, through which it will awake them to their own possibilities and evoke in them the Heroes that shall make Life noble, and the World beautiful.

Is not this Practical Theosophy?

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## Through Sorrow to Joy

### A MESSAGE FROM LOMA-LAND

by Gertrude W. Van Pelt



ON one of the wonderful moonlight nights in Loma-land, I was looking from the window, watching the white line of the wave-crests roll toward the beautiful curving shore, and listening to the music they never tire of carrying to the land. The air had the quiet of intense expectancy, seeming burdened with the promises of life to be unfolded, and to be holding it as a seed holds locked within itself the tree, while waiting in silent power the moment of its revelation. I was thinking of the many in scenes so different, and longing that the hope which every leaf and stone and breath seemed telling, might be carried to the hearts of all, when I threw myself on my couch and dreamed.

I seemed to be looking from the same window, but the whole earth was laid before me. The air was full of sound and light and color, and the earth, great though it was, seemed to be but one of the infinite phases of life which I felt rather than saw. At my side I suddenly perceived a being of noble bearing, with a countenance expressing the utmost compassion. He spoke gently, saying, "Follow the history of yonder two souls"—and at that moment I saw two bright spots, like two stars which had just fallen on earth, and then quickly, I saw them moving about enveloped in their bodies as in a cloud.

Everywhere beyond this cloud, only emphasized about it was the peculiar light which I at once knew was the Light of Joy, and sounding in it and through it as though inseparable from it was the note of joy. I suddenly became aware that all the earth was as filled with these notes, as it was with souls—a note different for each, but characterized in every case by that unmistakable quality of joy, and all blending, producing a harmony that satisfied every longing. It rose and fell in cadences of exquisite sweetness, with a fullness and richness which seemed to reach every atom in space. And though so full, as to give almost the impression of substance, it was yet strangely soft and delicate, interfering with no other unusual sound, but blending with and enriching it. Presently I heard lower notes sounded by all plants, swelling the symphony as by instruments of a different timbre, but always with the quality of joy. And then in tones yet lower, I distinguished the notes of stones and minerals—my soul was filled with wonder. The sweetest strains I had ever heard in my waking moments, the richest melodies, the most satisfying harmonies, were but faint imitations of this. I listened, stirred by a joy I had never known. “This,” said the spirit at my side, “This is the Song of Life.”

I watched the two Souls shown to me, hoping to see evidence of the joy that must be theirs at the sound of this wondrous music. But as I saw none I asked if they were deaf, as no one could be indifferent to what I heard.

“No,” he answered, “they hear it but faintly and at times. Already their bodies are closing them in, and alas! but few learn how to open the doors.”

“Is it possible,” I asked, “that this music is always to be heard, that it has even been about me all my life, while I did not know it?”

“It is indeed true,” he said, “the harmonies are ever sounding.”

“By what means can men learn to hear them?”

“It is not needed, and often not desirable,” he said, “that they should be heard, as you hear now, but all should learn to open their hearts that they may be tuned to this music. They may not hear, but they will then feel joy, like a fresh spring forever bubbling up within their hearts.”

“Even through their sorrows?” I asked.

“Look again,” he answered.

My attention was once more riveted upon those Souls, who, though both so easily seen by me were unconscious of each other, belonging to different places and events. Their childhood, filled with its hopes, fears, and pleasures and disappointments, rolled before me with the quickness of thought and they entered the stage of manhood. The scroll of time was suddenly arrested as I saw them each become the recipients of great wealth.

“They have sowed the seed for this harvest in the past,” my teacher said. “Nothing comes by chance. Observe how it affects them.”

And I saw the light grow clearer and more transparent in the case of one and more nebulous and opaque in the other.

Without waiting for my question, he said, “The clouds are thickening around one, and gradually becoming less dense about the other.”

I saw them both in ease and comfort, both using their riches for others, and both receiving the adulation and approval of the world, active in works which are recognized as good.

"Why this difference," I enquired, "with lives so similar?"

"Could you see more deeply," he replied, "you would perceive that the actions of the one are performed because they are right. It is gradually dispelling his clouds, while the other is moved because he himself wishes to be good, great and virtuous. He has in other lives learned a contempt for ordinary vices, and temptations more subtle than these are before him. For him the clouds are thickening fast, so that he rarely sees beyond them."

And as he spoke, I saw the light about him grow more diffused as in a fog and as if it were more and more reflected back from something it could not penetrate.

Years rolled by, and I saw both placed in positions of great responsibility and prominence in their respective nations. The same changes continued in them, only more pronounced. The one accepted his honors, hoping thereby to render greater service; the other, that he himself might be glorified and known as a public benefactor. Fortune showered on both all her favors, a happy family, riches of mind and power, and years again rolled by ere I saw them in detail. A change in the governing powers of their respective nations had now deprived them both of their prominent positions, and they became only private citizens. While one laid aside his honors with indifference, the other hugged a secret wrath, which ate into his heart. In what seemed but a short space of time, both lost their money, and their nearest and dearest passed from earth. I saw them both on a bed of suffering, racked with torturing pains, and what seemed more cruel yet, both had a bitter enemy who stirred up against them unjust suspicions. The picture was heartrending—I could bear no more.

"For God's sake, save those men," I cried. "What a terrible thing is life! What compensation can there be for such torture?"

"Have you forgotten the song of life?" he asked. And indeed I had. It was silent in my heart.

"But," he continued, "that noble Soul yonder hears it." And I saw the light growing brighter and clearer about him, while about the other, the clouds thickened and grew dense.

"That other poor soul," he said, "is raging against the injustice of the universe. His heart is filled with hate, and he suffers hell from disappointed ambition. But the other, through his sorrows, has forced a rift in the clouds about him, and the music has penetrated to his soul. During the anguish which overcame him for a time, he reached deeper into his being, and there found the Power to open the channel which let in the light. This may close again and again, but the memory of it will remain with him. He has begun not only to know, but to feel that all lies within himself; that nothing was given to him and nothing has been taken away, but that everything was always his, as he is a part of the infinite life.

“He is beginning to realize the meaning of the ancient teaching that trials are needed but for man’s probation. When once man has learned this truth completely, under the excellent adjustment of the Law, the trials will cease, and he will conquer sorrow. As trials, they will have no more reality to him than the passing shadows of childhood, which appear and disappear in a moment, but they become transformed into instruments of joy. As soon as man can realize that he is eternal, and has all things within himself; that he has descended upon earth for the purpose of carrying there the light of joy, by dispelling the clouds which prevent its entrance, life has a new zest for him. As one whose life has been spent in a pursuit for pleasure desires again and again the chance to redeem his errors and increase his skill, so does one who realizes the purpose of life, and is seriously working to carry it out, long for a chance to try again where he sees that he has failed to hold on to his vision of truth through the trial. It is as if he rushed through a chamber of dense smoke and extinguishes a fire. If the smoke drives all else from his mind and he is overpowered by it, as he comes out again into the fresh air unharmed, he will desire to re-enter until he learns to keep his head cool. So will a man who begins to understand, gladly enter the clouds of delusion, that he may dispell them. His failure will consist in his losing himself in the clouds, and then he may fan the flame instead of extinguishing it, but, on again coming to himself he is no longer afraid of them, for they are transformed to him as a means through which he can accomplish his purpose.

“The meeting of every trial, of every temptation, is but an opportunity for him. Unless they come in his path he cannot conquer them, and until they are conquered, they will forever surround him. Let him but once firmly grasp this, and even through the temporary pain, he accepts them with courage, for he knows that if he can succeed in passing through them, carrying the light of truth and holding the knowledge of their real nature, they can be dispelled, and the reality of joy will enter where they were. Not only will he have cleared the atmosphere for himself but for others whose souls are near to him.”

“But look again,” he said, and I saw that the wiser Soul had grown radiant and that the light was clear. He was filling a place of usefulness beyond anything of earlier days, and his note of joy had grown so strong that all felt it who came near him. He had the poise which results from power, and the repose which follows conquest. Surely the victory was worth the battle. But the other was leaving the delusions of earth which he had so failed to understand. As I had seen him enter so I saw him depart. His light seemed neither more nor less. I felt an infinite compassion as I saw him again, a pure soul.

“Has he suffered all this in vain?” I asked.

“Naught is in vain,” he said. “The experience of that life is his. He now sees clearly and knows that the clouds he made are for him to dissolve. And he will not shrink, for courage is a divine attribute of the Soul. When

the time is ripe, he will return to earth again refreshed and strengthened with new resolves. He will not remember his past after he has plunged again into his clouds, but the marks will be seen in his altered character."

"Will he succeed next time in dispelling some of them?" I asked.

"All needed help will be at hand. But whether he will use it rests with him," he replied. "I cannot answer."

I breathed a prayer that all which I had seen and heard might remain with me forever and become a part of my being, when slowly the scene began to change. The outlines seemed to blur, and then sharpen again, revealing themselves as belonging to the same I had beheld from my window before sleeping. So magical was this transformation that I doubted the reality of what seemed to precede it, and wondered if indeed throughout I had seen aught else. The wonderful being who had been instructing me was no longer at my side, but on the elevation of land before me. Calmly he raised his arm, and with a sweeping gesture which seemed to include the whole earth, and in a tone of penetrating richness said:

"This I say to all the world, hoping that some may hear: 'Listen to the Song of Life. Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as those that are deaf may suppose, a cry. It is a Song. Learn from it the lessons of harmony; learn from it that you are a part of the harmony. Learn from it to obey the laws of harmony.'"

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## The God in Man

by H. Coryn, M. D.



SOMETIMES one almost wishes that the Bible might be laid on a shelf and not looked at for fifteen years, so that the narcotic aroma of the pulpits might evaporate, and that people might come at the book afresh and in a more natural manner.

For the moment the Bible is mentioned people fall into a special attitude; they try to feel pious and subdued, just as you do when the man you are talking to tells you he has just lost a relative.

Artemus Ward tells us that he once languished for twenty-seven long and weary years in a dismal dungeon. At last a happy thought struck him—he raised the window and got out.

So modern humanity has languished under the pulpitization of the Bible, and it has not the least conception of what the book would sound like if it were suddenly introduced to it and read it for the first time.

Let us try Ward's device, raise the window, let the light in, and look at the book as if we had never heard of it before, never been inside a church, and never attended a Sunday-school. Let us put ourselves into the position of a person who had never heard of any of its teachings.

He is wandering along, wondering what is the good of life, and what man is, and why some few men are good, and some few bad, and most men both; in fact he is a walking interrogation-point, as we all ought to be on these things. He sees a Bible on a second-hand book-stall and buys it out of curiosity. It seems to offer a lot of reading for ten cents, and the style is pleasingly archaic and legendary. And he notices at the end is an index.

On his way home through the streets he takes a look at his treasure and accidentally lights upon a place in Paul's letter to the Corinthians which reads: "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

The Temple of God! It seems a tremendous thing. A marginal reference tells him to look at another place in the same epistle, and he reads: "Know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?"

Again a marginal note tells him to look at a third place in that trenchant document, and he reads: "Ye are the Temple of the Living God." Three times; Paul seemed quite clear about it.

Now our man is a thinker, and when he gets home he proceeds to read all of what Paul wrote to the Colossians, the Romans, the Hebrews, the Ephesians, and the rest; and he reasons thus:

"I perceive that this Paul, whoever he may have been, was a philosopher, a mystic, a man of much common sense, not to be imposed on by humbug, of profound intellect, and not at all one to be saying things that had no meaning. I suppose I am as good as those Corinthians, and I presume that in the opinion of Paul I also am a Temple of the Living God and of the Holy Ghost. I will go further and see what the rest of the book contains."

And so he is naturally led on to see what the book has to say about God, and presently finds two things that greatly fire his imagination. In one place God is called the "*Father of Lights*," and in another "*I AM that I AM*."

The description of God as the "*Father of Lights*" leads him, by means of the index, to the Gospel of John, and there he comes across many wonderful ideas, especially in the first few verses. These verses are:

"In the beginning was the Word. . . . with God. All things were made by it. . . . In it was Life, and the Life was the Light of Men. This Light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not. This was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Our friend has made one little alteration, for as the verses are talking about the Word and the Light, it seemed to him that the pronoun referring to those things should be neuter, not masculine. You must remember that he brings to his book an intellect that has never been befogged (or illuminated,

if you prefer) by pulpit explanations, and in the attempt to understand those texts of John's first chapter he takes for himself the following reading:

"Before the beginning of anything was God—being which can only be thought of as *I AM*. The creative Word was not yet uttered; it lay silent in the consciousness of that Supreme existence. As soon as it was uttered, it went forth in its living power and fashioned all things. This is the shining power of God that shineth upon every man that cometh into the world, and penetrates into him, into his darkness; but he knows nothing of it."

Then he reads on in his own way: "As many as perceive it in themselves become the Sons of God, become Lights themselves, for God is the Father of Lights." But as soon as he has got to the fourteenth verse he is a little puzzled. This reads: "And the Word (Light or Power) was made flesh and dwelt among us." How comes that? When or where did that happen? He puts the matter aside for the present, and goes in for further researches. He is becoming thoroughly interested in this entirely new view of things.

He then finds this *I AM* described as everywhere present, everywhere conscious, unchanging, all-knowing, to be felt by the heart; but only to be perceived by those who have first found the Light, who see it by means of that Light, so to speak; that the Light is a creative power, and that when it had streamed forth from the *I AM* it took up its abode in all men. He finds it elsewhere described as the Comforter, the Illuminator, the Healer, the Guide; as refreshing, cleansing, warning, and as conferring new birth. That appeals to him, for he is tired of his old one.

Some questions here occur to him. According to the theory of this extraordinary book, what sort of man would that be who had found the Light in himself? How would his life and ways and words show that he had done so?

Whilst he is debating this he gets enthralled by some long accounts of the doings of a certain Jesus Christ, occupying more or less of the last half of his book; and at length it occurs to him that this must be one who had found the Light. Besides being called Son of Man he is also called Son of God, and the Sons of God are they who have found the Light. This man is described as being "made perfect through sufferings," having been originally "in all things like unto his brethren," having in all points been subject to the temptations of other men.

Now besides that this name Christ is applied to this man, he finds that it is also applied to the Light, for Paul says to the Galatians: "I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you." And the same idea is conveyed in the early verses of John. He turns back to John and thinks he now understands that text about "the Word made flesh," the Word or Light. For it seemed to him that his book was speaking of one who had so perfectly found the Light that his soul was filled with it; the Christ, as Paul put it, was fully formed in him, and he had actually become that creative Light clothed in flesh. Luke speaks of him as being "filled with the Holy Ghost," just as Paul told the Corinthians that they were also "Temples of the Holy Ghost."

Our man is filled with encouragement. It appears that one originally in all things "like unto his brethren" may be made so perfect through sufferings that the Christ-Light may be fully "formed" in him, to use Paul's expression, and he becomes entitled to bear the name "*Christ*" itself.

So it remained only to read the Gospels to find out what sort of life a person leads who is full of the Holy Ghost, who has found and accepted "that Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Now I take it that that man is likely to escape a danger that threatens the Christian World, the danger of having the Bible become meaningless. We are too accustomed to it; we study it in the wrong way. As children we are made to learn lists of the Judges of Israel, and the genealogy of the patriarchs, and the animals mentioned in the Bible, and a mass of things like that which are not of the least value to the child-mind. And the real thing is missed entirely—what is man and how did he come here? Children are not taught anything about their power and right to have a Christ formed within them, the Christ which is born within every one who feels the Light in him, which right action and brotherhood will bring to maturity, and which will at last so utterly become themselves that they can say: "I see God, I am immortal, for the darkness is gone forever. That is the God in man, and that is one reason why we are Temples of the living God. And instead of being taught that Christ was a *man* who had done what they have to do, and who is their proof that they also can do it, they are taught that he is wholly an exception, forever beyond them, whom they may humbly follow, but beside whom they can never stand as fellow-victors over the darkness. Think of the noble lives of effort that might be led if this great hope were taught the children from the beginning, and if they were taught, in their reading of the Bible, that the word Christ is there used in two senses; first as the conquering and compassionate man who had made himself as a Son of God; and secondly as the Light by which he conquered and by which they also may conquer. And neither are they taught that the word God is sometimes used as the name of the all-containing power *I AM*; as a mere Jewish tribal deity; and also as the Victor Jesus Christ who through the Light had attained to sight of it by means of the Light he had seized and become.

Take another conspicuous instance. Paul continually speaks of redemption through the blood of Christ. Listen to these texts from the sixth chapter of John: "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. . . . (he) dwelleth in me and I in him. As I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

Is it not manifest that by "flesh and blood" he meant the Light and Love and Energy that he poured out of his very being upon all who came near him, as a mother pours the power of her love upon her child? . Indeed he says: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Yet in the face of that careful warning, his own mystical use of the word blood, and the similar use of it by Paul in speaking of him, have actually for



centuries been interpreted as meaning *the physical blood from his flesh* shed at his death; and we are invited to regard the contemplation of *that* as our path of salvation! Does it not seem as if some evil power had always been trying to prevent such an understanding of this book as would make it a blessing to men and women and children?

That which saved, and saves yet, was the *blood of his soul*, of his thought, of his compassion, shed every moment; saves because it awakens men to the presence of their own souls, the *Light* that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was an inspiration to those who looked on him, and he spent his very life in the attempt to give out more and more of that inspiration; he breathed for the world's good. His blood was Light. His physical death was the *interruption*, not the *completion*, of his work! What might not the world have been today if he had been able to teach for sixty years, like Buddha, instead of but three?

Do you not think that all this is the way the matter would strike the mind of a man who came at the Bible for the first time, quite fresh?

He would say—if God, the root of all things, is everywhere, the consciousness of conscious things, the life of living things, it must be in me, the spectator of all I do. And if, “in the beginning,” it radiated life, it must be doing so now, and that life is mine. And if that life, in its higher sense, is spiritual Light, that Light must be shining in me, in my mind; must be my soul; and I, as I know myself, must be the darkness that comprehendeth it not. Therefore my highest duty is to comprehend it. In the person of Jesus Christ I think I see one who comprehended it completely, and in whom all the darkness was so completely dissipated by suffering that only Light remained. From which it would appear that suffering is simply the burning away of whatever hides the Light. It would further appear that the operation of the Light is to confer joy, give immortality, and open direct touch with God. Truly I see that I am a Temple of the living God, God living in my body, and my work is to get rid of whatever is not God.

Then he would say: How shall I find the Light within myself? In Christ it showed itself as a giving, a giving of the essence of himself mystically called his “blood.” He said to those he sent out: “Freely ye have received; freely give;” “give to him that asketh thee;” “it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

The mother gives when every thought is for her offspring; the teacher gives who is worn in the service of his pupils; the friend gives who asks nothing in return; love gives for ever and loses nothing. The small soul asks, takes, longs; the great soul gives, loves, and dwells in peace. This is the last word of the message of Christ, that we give in thought, in act, in soul; that we alter the very key-note of our being till it is that of giving, asking nothing. Then the Christ is formed and grows in us, we drink more and more fully of the Light, mount to higher and higher heights of peace and joy and at last gain that vision of God which is immortal life.

# Buried Civilizations

by C. W.



IN these days of travel, when almost every part of the earth's surface has been brought within the observation of mankind, a newer and truer basis of fact is found to underlie many theories advanced by scientists, to account for the history of the globe.

Time was, when to quote the name of some great writer as the upholder of a certain belief or theory, was held sufficient by many to give the imprimatur of truth to such and such an idea. Those times are past. Men are beginning to recognize that ideas move with the times, that they move with just the degree of ever advancing unfoldment which man has attained in the vast arcana of undiscovered truth.

Let us once and for all free ourselves from the dread incubus which assumes that new thought and new discovery is a plague to be avoided, lest harm should befall us. Every man of reasonable intelligence knows quite well that the world has always been advancing in the path of evolution towards the fulfillment of its own destiny. Setting aside the passing events which for the time may have appeared disastrous, we must and do realize that upon the basis of every calamity has always been raised, sooner or later, a structure more superb than the one destroyed.

Occasionally — dare we say frequently — it is useful to meditate on the vast field of knowledge which we do *not* possess. Most of our so-called knowledge is built upon a transitory and external condition of affairs, — so often miscalled fact. It is superficial and evanescent; within a century it will be valueless, because of an altered foundation and a deeper insight.

But behind all this, and most important of all, man will ever possess the *power of knowing*. This power increases with the lessons learnt from the transient knowledge of every age. It is not true that this power mainly rests now, nor has it done so for ages, with those whom the world calls great and wise. Many a great genius, like Boehme, has existed in the humble walks of life. The poet Gray has well outlined the idea :

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his field withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

A dozen instances of this will occur to the thoughtful mind.

And so in this age of dispersion of old illusions, of the raising of noble and uplifting enthusiasms, men wander forth over the earth and finding the records of ages past, they begin to understand them. The outer crusts of hyp-

notic and soul-destroying trammels, are everywhere breaking down. As men see the records of the past, scored upon the face of mother earth, engraved upon the stones of many a rocky chamber, pyramid and temple, they at first faintly and then plainly discern the hidden meaning. Comparing this with the records of folklore tradition and ancient history, they see and know the truth. Then perhaps as they ponder over these revelations some faint memories come, wafted along from the dim past. They see themselves as actors in the moving scenes and pageants of extinct empires.

One of the most interesting of the well authenticated traditions of the past is the one-time existence of a vast civilization now buried beneath the Atlantic Ocean. This civilization preceded that of the Aryan race. It was brought to a high degree of advancement and temporal prosperity. Many arts and sciences were then known, which have since become extinct. They must be rediscovered. Far beneath the waters of the Atlantic lie the buried cities and treasures. Over them the stormy ocean bears witness to the passions of the men who wrought destruction. The record of the calamity which brought about its downfall is found in the sacred books of many peoples. In all cases wickedness and sin is pointed out as the cause.

Thus that which works eternally for good wrought out its own ends and the empire of Atlantis fell. With the exception of a few outlying colonies its myriad population died away. Such colonies would bear but little evidence of the luxurious civilization from which they were derived. Gradually from these colonies sprang those archaic and pastoral peoples who founded the Aryan race and they, in their turn, began on a higher cycle the upward striving for spiritual ideals.

One of the monuments referring to the destruction of Atlantis has lately been described by Dr. A. Le Plongeon in a recent article in the *New York Herald*. Dr. Le Plongeon is well known as the author of that entrancing book, "The Sacred Mysteries of the Mayas and Quiches," and his great erudition has brought to life a most interesting and important contribution to human history. Says Dr. Le Plongeon:

"The Pyramid of Xochicalco, situated at an altitude of 5,395 feet above the level of the sea, to the south-southwest of the city of Cuernavaca, four and a half miles from the Indian village of Tetlama, is, if not one of the most ancient constructions made by human hands, at least one of the most important in the history of man among modern civilized Christian and Mohammedan nations. This monument is a record, written on stone, of the tremendous cataclysm which caused the submergence and destruction of the land of Mu (Plato's Atlantis), together with its population of 64,000,000 human beings, about 11,500 years ago.

"A few weeks ago Mr. C. V. Collins, manager of the *Northwestern Agriculturist*, published at Minneapolis, Minn., kindly lent to me several photographs of ancient monuments in Mexico, from which country he had recently returned, and upon which he was lecturing in Western cities. Among these photographs

were some of the south side of the Pyramid of Xochicalco. For more than a century this pyramid has been visited and written upon by world-famed European scientists, such as Alexander Humboldt, and in our times Mehedin, member of the French Scientific Commission to Mexico; Dr. Seler, of Berlin; Dr. Antonio Penfel, of Mexico, and others. Before them a Mexican monk, Father Jose Antonio Alzate, a learned physicist and astronomer, after visiting the famous ruins, wrote a description of them that was published in Mexico in 1787, and attempted a restoration of the monument; also Captain Dupaix wrote a description of the same by order of the King of Spain in 1807 (published in Kingsborough's great work, "Mexican Antiquities," V. 5, p. 222).

"Strange as it may appear, none of these scientists ever suspected the object the builders had in view when they erected the structure, therefore its great historical and scientific importance remained unknown to them. Humboldt calls it a military fortification, and Dupaix seems to have been of the same opinion; but both were unable to make out the nature of the designs adorning the edifice. Humboldt sees in them crocodiles throwing water; Dupaix, garlands of flowers, fruits, animals and other mysterious objects; the meaning of the whole he was unable to make out.

"A short description taken from the narratives of these two writers, who visited the monument a century ago, may not be out of place.

"It is built on an isolated natural hill, 117 metres high, divided into five terraces by the hand of man, so as to form a graduated quadrilateral pyramid, whose faces front the cardinal points, the orientation being perfect. The sides were faced with walls of porphyritic stones, hewn perfectly square, forming courses of great regularity, covered with hieroglyphs and painted red.

"The base of the pyramid was surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, measuring 4,000 metres (about three miles) in circumference. The ascent to the platform was by a steep incline and a stairway on the west side of the monument. Said platform was about 9,000 metres square, and on it were yet to be seen the ruins of a small square building, according to Humboldt. This was surrounded by a dry stone wall, which, according to Dupaix, served as a parapet.

"In the center of the hill are galleries and chambers dug by the hand of man, their entrance being on the north side. There is little doubt that from these were quarried the stones used in the building of the monument.

"This description is certainly most interesting on account of the many points of resemblance it bears to the hill upon which was situated the palace of the ancient kings and the temple dedicated to Cleito and Poseidon, on the Island of Atlantis, according to Plato's narrative.

"The language used in the inscriptions, in which the record of the cataclysm is related, is the ancient Maya, and the writing, also Maya, is in part alphabetical, in part syllabic, in part pictorial and symbolic, but still of easy interpretation for one who holds the key.

"The translation of some of the hieroglyphs will suffice for the present to show the object the builders had in view when they constructed the edifice.

Who were they? To what race did they belong? With the means at our disposal today it is impossible to surmise. That they were not Mayas is certain, although they made use of the Maya language, alphabet and symbols.

"The personages represented in the sculptures have their skulls artificially deformed and are seated cross-legged. The Mayas never changed the shape of their heads by artificial means, and they very seldom, if ever, sat cross-legged.

"It is astonishing that the learned men who have visited and described the Pyramid of Xochicalco never even suspected that it was a mausoleum erected



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4

to commemorate some great and terrible event. A glance at the attitude of the personages pictured on the wall should have told them that this is such as anyone would assume to express horror; for the men of old manifested their feelings by the same instinctive motions as do modern men.

"What it was that inspired them with such consternation is made known to us by the following characters.

"In my book, 'Sacred Mysteries,' now out of print, on page xii, of its introduction, is to be found the Maya alphabet, discovered by me, side by side with the Egyptian hieratic alphabet. Here it is seen that this (fig. 1) is one of the signs for our letter H, and that the Maya character (fig. 2) corresponds to our letter U. These together give the Maya word huu (destruction), a word which is also the radical of all vocables indicating destruction. (See J. P. Parez's Maya Dictionary.)

"Under this word we find signs the meaning of which is "land in the Atlantic Ocean." I will explain:—If we follow the eastern coast-line of the American continent from Newfoundland in the north to Cape Saint Roque in Brazil, we have exactly this Maya symbol (fig. 3), which repeatedly appears



Fig. 5



Fig. 6



Fig. 7



Fig. 8

in the Troano manuscript in connection with the land of Mu. The square inside (fig. 4) is the Maya sign for our letters P and B. It stands for the Maya word balcah, which makes the "country and its inhabitants;" hence the land and its people in the Atlantic Ocean.

"Inside of the square are a full face with open mouth and the croup of an animal. (fig. 5.) These signs give the Maya word ppay, which means 'to be reduced to atoms.' Thus the whole sentence may be translated, 'Destruction of the land and its inhabitants in the Atlantic Ocean by being reduced to

atoms.' Here, then, we find an explanation of the attitude of horror and consternation portrayed by the human figures on the structure.

"As to the serpent which Humboldt mistook for the crocodile ejecting water, and whose undulations Dupaix imagined were a garland of flowers, getting his idea from the Mexican name Xochicalco (the house of flowers), what does this really represent? Again, it is the Ocean, the sea, that involved everything within its folds after the earthquake. The serpent is different to the one used in the Maya inscriptions, books and paintings as a symbol of the country, for it has no wings and no dart at the tail, nor is it the symbol of the king, for it has no mantle of feathers and no rattle at the tail. But it is, as the inscription under the characters I have just explained tells us, Canah, the mighty serpent, the ocean, the sea, whose symbol in the Troano manuscript is always a serpent head. On the fillet are again seen a number of figures seated cross-legged, with one of their hands resting on the land of Mu, and by them are these other signs, ma, the land (fig. 6), and (fig. 7) earthquake. Lack of space prevents the presentation with interpretation of more of the hieroglyphs, but elsewhere these will certainly be fully given; meanwhile, the few here translated suffice to show that the pyramid was erected to commemorate a great catclysm which occurred in the Atlantic Ocean on the day of 13 Chuen (fig. 8), in the Maya month Zac, in the year Kan, which corresponds to our February 7, as also related by the authors of the Troano manuscript and the *Cortex Cortesianus*.

"This, then, is the fifth and most important of the records in the Maya language of the cataclysm, a memory of which lingers as the appalling tradition of the Deluge among Christians, Jews and Mohammedans, in whose sacred books the narrative is preserved."

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## Universal Brotherhood

*The SAVING MESSAGE of the NEW TIME*

b y E. A. Neresheimer



**W**E need not search very far for confirmation and proof that the conditions of human existence are not satisfactory. This is not owing to the conditions themselves with which we are surrounded, — it is purely on account of man's ignorance to understand his place in the universe, his station and the purpose of his existence.

Many people believe, or think they believe, that their lives are separate from the lives of the rest of humanity, that they can do as they please while living, and that when they die all is over. Of all the views that are held about human life this is the poorest. In the first place, all the really wise people have come to the conclusion that human existence is continuous, that it is a wonderfully interesting and joyous thing if understood in the light of nature's laws and justice. The mechanism of nature is so wonderfully exact

that every condition in which we find ourselves is really a just one under all circumstances; there are no occurrences, either in human life or in the growth of plants or in the changes of wind and weather, or any other possible phenomenon that is not preceded by adequate, just and reasonable cause. In other words,—all that is, is right, as being the just and right consequence of previous causes.

This does not seem to be so to the ordinary man and woman, but we can be certain that the notion, that circumstances are accidental, can be laid at the door of ignorance or want of knowledge of the laws of the universe. Moreover, the laws of nature do not change, chafe as we will. Sooner or later all people will have to recognize that if life is not what we wish it to be, we must look for the shortcoming in ourselves, and not with God, or nature, or with circumstances. Life is a riddle to most people and a snare to some, and the thought does not lie far from many,—“I wish that I had never been born; what is the good of living, anyhow;” or “it is nothing but an alternation of pain and pleasure, mostly pain, and no end in sight;” yet, deep down in every breast there is a feeling which at times comes to the surface that *life is joy*, joy unbounded and forever, and such, really, it is, but we have to win our way.

The masses of people have floundered around long enough on the sea of existence without finding an anchorage or a hope for ultimate redemption; some have tried a life of piety, some a life of debauchery, and most of them have been compelled to lead a life of downright drudgery. But it appears that little progress, as a whole, has been made, or that many have gotten hold of a satisfactory philosophy of life upon which they could look with hope and contentment.

If there is any truth in the declaration that “life is joy,” and that humanity can attain to a realization of it, it can only be found in the recognition of the truth of the message of the Wisdom-religion, “THEOSOPHY,” which declares first and foremost that UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD is a fact in nature. The recognition of this is the first step, and to make it a living power in one’s life is the second.

Perhaps it does not appeal to everyone at first glance, that the dirty urchin is our brother. “What can I have in common with such low class individuals?” But reflect: put yourself in thought into the position of such a person, and you find that there are the same elements of joy and sorrow in him, the same endeavor to obtain happiness (which ever eludes), the same pains and pleasures, the same aspirations towards reaching a better moral condition, the same passions and temptations, and the same weakness in resisting them.

Is it not true that the urchin was born in the same way as yourself, and must not he die like you? And when life is ended, he is in exactly the same position as everyone else, *i. e.*, he takes with him no more nor less than the result of his experiences. The difference in clothes and the amount of money and furniture is no difference at all, because these vanish from him at death,

but his experiences remain just the same as do yours. He is a sinner against conscience, the same as you, and he will be held to account for it to the last degree; and perchance in his next life he may be where you are today, and you may then be where he is now. Have we ever thought how and why it is that we should all be so much alike intrinsically, and still consider ourselves so separate? We come constantly in contact with experiences that point to the fact that there is an intimate connection between all human beings. We cannot see even our enemy's finger cut or receiving bodily injury without feeling it in some degree ourselves. How is that? if we were really separate, we should feel glad at the injury to a supposed enemy, but there is no denying the feeling of irrepressible sympathy with all suffering, no matter whom it touches. This points to the subtle but certain and complete connection which exists between all human beings. When we think how sorry we feel sometimes for the sick and heart-broken, how hilarious we can become by contagion when others enjoy themselves,—then surely we must come to the conclusion that there is a connection and a bond between us all, and that we have some deep interest, somehow, in other,—yes, in all human beings.

Now, let us look at the efforts when people combine together to accomplish something, say as an army, or in commercial enterprise or the opening up of a country,—is it not established that concerted, harmonious action lightens the burden and brings more success than if each individual were working alone though exercising the same energy? For want of co-operation, three-fourths of our energies are wasted. When the close, natural ties of Brotherhood are once recognized as they must some day, there will be less friction, and the energies which are now wasted will be utilized for the benefit of the masses. In the great cities there is more waste of energy, notwithstanding that people live close together. In reality, they are very far apart; they cultivate indifference, and therefore lose the advantage of co-operation and the benefit of combined energy. There is a strong tendency of the soul to gain experience in manifested life; it is ever active, and seeks to express itself; if not engaged in activity tending to its welfare, it will act in the opposite direction, since active it must be. It is thus also in social life. Many people indulge in slander, and show a disposition to belittle the merits of others. This fact, instead of arguing against the doctrine of Brotherhood, is a negative proof of it. It shows the attraction and tie of attachment which exists between them, but the virtue is perverted, owing to the predominating characteristic of selfishness in mankind, of which jealousy and envy are the outcome. It is this same energy which, when directed rightly, will transmute action into helpfulness.

There is hardly a person who does not in some way sympathize with poverty. This is another proof of the existence of Brotherhood manifesting in the universality of that sympathetic quality. Looking around us in the world, we see that there is no need of poverty, and this fact is innately perceived by all, even by those who transgress nature's laws by causing the great discrepancies in the distribution of nature's products. It is an institution of nature



to supply abundantly for all. It is man's province to see it applied. It will not be done until Universal Brotherhood is recognized as a fact in nature.

Now let it be understood that Universal Brotherhood in the sense herein expounded, is not socialism, which is said to aim at equality of rights, station and possession. Such a notion is wrong altogether. While there is complete and indissoluble unity in nature, there is no equality anywhere. No two blades of grass are alike, nor any two things, and certainly no two human beings. As to equal rights of human beings, that is the worst doctrine of all. There are no rights that any individual has, except it be the right to give and to help those who need it. Nothing of whatsoever nature belongs to anyone separately; all belongs to nature's own storehouse, and the arrangement of its supervising laws is such that there is enough for all. If some use their talents and accomplishments to take away from others, they do it at their peril.

The entrance to the house of happiness is over the bridge of charity and helpfulness to mankind, and it is not such charity, either, that gives lavishly of money and clothes. A man may give away his whole fortune and it avail him not. Something more he must give,—he must give part of himself—the heart must be opened to the brother pilgrim, and help given of the abundance with which he has been endowed. The moral gifts are more valuable,—a kind word, a helping hand, a sympathetic look, a brotherly hand-shake,—but these must come in obedience to the inner nature,—from the eternal spring of joy,—the soul. Every man and woman has a trust in what they possess that is useful to others, to give, to share, to help wherever it is needed.

There has been much effort lately to centralize and combine commerce and manufacture into trusts, but of all the trusts that have been formed, there is but one that can survive them all. It has been formed by one of the benefactors of the human race. It is more successful than any, because it is in accord with nature's laws, and nature's design. It is a trust of living Help that will bring a real and continuous joy to the whole race, an ideal actualized, a veritable UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, a blessing and benediction.

This trust is nothing so new that it should not already be known to every joyous soul on earth, for that great humanitarian worker, Katherine Tingley, who is at the head of it, has not come on a night out of the unknown. She is the Leader of a grander movement than the movement which has established Christianity in the Western Hemisphere during the last 1900 years. That trust is the only trust that is destined to stay, for it is built upon nature's own sublime design, purpose and plan, it is a trust of mutual help that utilizes every atom of energy for the advancement of all of nature's children.

The Great Helpers of the race, the Saviors of Humanity, are not deaf to the supplications of suffering mankind. The cry has issued and help has come. Many a Helper has come to the race, always with the same message, "LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER."

The present messenger has made her timely appearance to save the world from destruction. When we reflect that the faith in universal justice is

crumbling and that the religious spirit is being crushed out, it would seem that a mighty wave of regeneration must come to save the world from another collapse. Civilizations have perished before, and ours will surely perish also unless this Trust now established with its branches throughout the World, prove a saving, regenerative power.

The selfish greed of the intellectual classes would certainly eat up finally the life-blood of the masses, and destruction of the whole progress of hundreds of centuries would undoubtedly follow and throw humanity back once more to a point where it would have to start anew the journey of trouble, pain, darkness and despair.

However, there is a certainty now that this Trust will prevail. The old-new philosophy, which contains the Key to the new time, has been resuscitated from oblivion by H. P. Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society in 1875, with William Q. Judge and others,—but especially the now living messenger, Katherine Tingley, the successor to both of these great teachers and benefactors. Universal Brotherhood will surely stem the tide and deal the last blow to the all-devouring materialism with which the last few centuries have been especially marked.

It is gratifying to note the progress which has been accomplished by this movement during the last twenty-six years, and by the light of its accomplishments, and by the irresistible power of the Great and Glorious Leader, there is reason to hope,—yes,—there is a certainty of success at once, even now in the twentieth century.

The decline of spirituality and the growing disbelief in religion during the reign of the materialistic era of the last fifty years has destroyed the belief in universal justice; it has deprived its devotees of the hope of immortality and the perfectibility of man. And what has this period of five decades given us in exchange for these ideals? Nothing but accentuated greed for money,—more money, more power, more vice,—and all at the expense of our fellow-men, so that now the impoverished and bewildered masses do not know where to look for help, for hope, for life.

While this state of things was running its course with apparently unchecked swiftness, and culminated in the ultra-centralization of commercial supremacy in the hands of the few, there came to the world these messengers of truth who have infused a new force into the hearts of men,—love for mankind, Brotherhood! And now there is hardly a book or a newspaper or an enterprise of any kind that does not show a note of hope on the lines of Brotherhood, and also some of the distinct ideas which have been brought to the world by these great teachers of the Theosophical Movement. The words,—“LIFE IS JOY,”—uttered by Katherine Tingley a few years ago, echoes and re-echoes now from one corner of the earth to the other, and in spite of the troubles and tribulations which individuals have to suffer, its purport is beginning to be understood in the light of the truth of man’s stability as a conscious, indestructible unit,—immortal, unborn,—himself a part of the creative

spirit. The knowledge also of his long pilgrimage through the ages in the course of evolution, which have brought him to this present recognition of his powers, and a certainty with which he enjoys the prospect of further evolution towards perfectibility and immortality, are the boons that are given to mankind—they are indeed as a beacon-light illuminating the dark places on his path.

The fact that we have lived many lives on earth, and that by our acts and thoughts we are shaping our bodies for the future are so patent that it seems almost ridiculous that we have so long indulged in the silly notion of special creation out of nothing, of a new soul for each body.

The progress of the dissemination of these ideas which in a measure already permeate the whole literary and commercial world, has wrought many and great changes, during the last twenty-five years. Look and see: there is an honest endeavor on the part of employers to lighten the burden of drudgery among the working classes. There are new relations between employer and employed which had not existed twenty-five years ago, and a philanthropic spirit begins to manifest itself in many marked ways in every walk of life. There is a perfect scramble among the moneyed classes to do some notable and useful thing,—some fairly tumble over one another endowing scientific, benevolent and humanitarian institutions. Though these things are not done entirely with unselfish motives, they show the trend of the time. All this has come as the result of the new forces of love and brotherhood which have been set free by the efforts of this Movement. The influence of these efforts penetrates the soul-consciousness of every man—the real man. It appeals finally to his higher nature and brings about entirely new conditions of helpfulness and desire of service to humanity. We should recognize that this is in accord with natural laws, and that sooner or later every man must realize a feeling of brotherliness to every living man, woman and child. To the extent that one has failed in this he has lived his life in vain, and must go through the same experiences again until he has learned his lesson and becomes in harmony with his destiny.

There is nothing that a man takes with him when he dies, except the sum total of his experiences. These experiences are assimilated after death to the stock of wisdom of the soul. The real, immortal man has accumulated much wisdom during the many millions of years which he has lived on earth, and at each new birth to earth-life, he comes back with the results, helping or hindering him, of the thoughts and acts of his previous life. Thus we can see how it is possible that one man is wiser than another,—some, while living, having made more of their possibilities, yet no one has any more than that which he has evolved out of himself. The potency of all wisdom lies within everyone from the beginning, and there is no end to earthly existence until man becomes perfected,—verily a God.

The Great Teacher, to whose philosophy this is but an illusion, seeks no disciples. These come to her by thousands. They are increasing in numbers daily, seeking the fountain-head of wisdom, not for their own sakes, but for

what help they can render to Humanity. All men will come more and more to revere that world-benefactor and Teacher of the old-new message,—Katherine Tingley,—for she brings to the world the only saving message of redemption and, at last, in the way in which it shall be understood and practiced,—the doctrine of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD. At the International Center, Point Loma, Cal., where the Leader directs the vital issues, she works day and night, using superhuman energy and patience in the instruction of her pupils, students and workers. Here are buildings of the most remarkable architecture that the world has ever seen,—all designed by her. Students and many children of tender age from all nations are gathered there, thankful for the opportunity of being near the Teacher, and devoting all their powers to the furtherance of this glorious work.

The methods of teaching are not confined to the dry kind of the selfish intellectualism, they are practical and by living a life of purity are an example and an inspiration to pupil and disciple and to the world. One of the special institutions is the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, through whose agency lofty dramas are performed in the open air under most exquisite auspices, including natural advantages of scenery, climate and most extraordinary accessories no where else to be seen. There the secrets and evolution of the soul are made plain. The daily throngs of thousands who come and look, go away edified; better men and women,—many of these know afterwards how to apply some of these beautiful and beneficent lessons to daily life and themselves become more useful members of society, instead of drifting, aimless individuals who know not whether it is better to lie and steal, or to live a life of virtue, one that benefits their fellow-men.

There are daily lectures at the Aryan Temple by Katherine Tingley's trained students, which are visited by thousands of people from all parts of the world, and many children are being trained in the philosophy of joy, who, at a very tender age, are already able to impart some of the most needed doctrines to the thirsty multitudes with whom they come in contact.

There are already centers in nearly every country on the earth which are connected with the International Center at Point Loma. Over all of these Katherine Tingley is the head. It portends well for the New Time that the Theosophical Movement has the Leader at the helm by whose wise direction and irresistible power the disintegrating forces shall be stayed and the regenerating forces put into action.

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“Manufactures, trade, commerce, agriculture, if once the thought of personal gain can be subordinated to the thought of public service, offer scope for the most chivalrous and enterprising and courageous. It can only be through some misapprehension that it seems nobler to lead a regiment to the battlefield than to inspire the workers in a factory with the enthusiasm of labor.

—BISHOP OF DURHAM

# The Spider Incident

by the Peripatetic Pedestrian



I WAS making a tour of inspection of my estate in Somersetshire one sunny October morning of last year. I was luxuriating in the keen freshness of the air and the wonderful tints on the fading foliage, when a shrill scream pierced my ear.

I was not alarmed, for, save an occasional "trespass" in the orchards, and a little quiet poaching, crime is unknown in our peaceful village, so I turned up the path leading to the nearest cottage and reached the open door at the same moment as Jim Sturdy arrived from the onion bed, and together we questioned his wife as to the cause of her alarm.

From her incoherent remarks we gathered that in her sweeping she had dislodged an enormous black spider which was in hiding behind the flour barrel and liable to charge us at any moment.

As soon as Jim understood the cause of the excitement he burst into a boisterous laugh and after making some very uncomplimentary remarks upon the intelligence of women was about to return to his work; but I stopped him.

We were soon head over ears in a conversation in which Jim was defending his contention that spiders were harmless, ingenious and worthy of protection, while I took a rather different ground which will develop as I proceed. Jim based his position mainly on the Bible statement that God had created all "creeping things." Did I deny that spiders were "creeping things?" I was bound to confess that they were, and, that point gained, Jim triumphantly pressed home his contention that being divinely created they must of necessity be worthy of our admiration and reverent study.

"I am not at all sure," replied I, "that the Bible does claim a divine origin for spiders. Granted that God made creeping things, does it necessarily follow that he made *all* creeping things? Are we not told that thorns and thistles only appeared as the consequence of the fall of man, and may it not be that poisonous serpents, scorpions, and noxious vermin generally are really due to human depravity?"

But Jim was hardly prepared to admit that man had the power to express his evil imaginations in visible form. So I went on as follows:

"You know old Giles," said I, for we all knew Giles as the one thoroughly bad character of our village community. "I remember Giles as a fair-haired, beautiful boy, and yet now you know his face is stamped and seamed by sin, his evil mind has in the course of years actually molded his features. Giles cannot accuse God for having given him his present ugly face, he has made it what it is by persistent wrong thought.

"Do you suppose that Infinite Goodness could deliberately plan the grotesque and horrible sharks, the cruel tigers, or the microbes and bacilli which run riot in our bodies and produce so many of the diseases which afflict mankind? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that Man 'the lord of creation' introduced discord and ugly shapes into the world by his sin and has deformed the very herbs of the field, until they now appear bristling all over with thorns and prickles."

Here Jim broke in and quoted the text which asserts that the Creator had pronounced all that he had made as "very good."

"Precisely, that is my point," I rejoined. "Things started right, but man 'fell,' and ever since the harsh jangle of his untuned desires has distorted and marred the fair face of Nature."

"Come now," I went on, "you are a gardener. Answer me candidly, is a thistle 'very good?' Last year a weasel got into your chicken yard and sucked the blood of three of your finest pullets; was the weasel 'very good?' I happened to call in just as you discovered the dead birds, and I remember that your language was not 'very good' either."

"But we can't settle the question by reason alone, have you no feelings? Women are often better judges of character than we are though they may not be able to give reasons for their likes and dislikes. They appear to be guided by a kind of instinct in these matters."

Janet who up to this point had been silent, now began to laugh inwardly with infinite relish and gave us a most entertaining though terribly long-winded account of an incident to illustrate my statement. In brief, a plausible stranger had asked Jim for a dinner and touched by his piteous tale Jim had taken him home with him. Janet instinctively felt him to be an impostor but to preserve domestic harmony had given way, and allowed him a place at table. The upshot of it was that just as the meal was finished, the guest announced that the neighbor's cows were among the cabbages, and when the simple couple had returned breathless from a fruitless search for cattle at the end of the garden, the stranger had vanished and some spoons were also missing.

After the laughter had subsided I produced my trump card—an authority whom Jim greatly respected.

"You admire John Ruskin, don't you, Jim?"

"What, him as wrote 'Sesame and Lilies!' I do, zur, why that there little book —"

"No matter now, Jim, all I wanted to say was that Ruskin whom you acknowledge to be a wise man, held very strong views about the evil origin of poisonous vermin, and though I do not believe in using an authority as a bludgeon to stun an antagonist with, you must admit that a position which a great thinker adopts is at least worthy of our serious consideration."

"But what should us do about flies, zur, but for them spiders?"

"I am quite sure," replied I, "that as long as Janet can handle her broom

you will have no assistance from spiders in your cottage, Jim. Of course the swallows are our great allies, and a host of other fly catching birds, and besides," I added significantly, "if we will allow garbage piles to accumulate in our back yards we shall certainly suffer from an overproduction of flies, and here again, Jim, you may observe that man himself is mainly responsible for his troubles."

As Jim was muttering some apology for breaking one of the most stringent rules in force among my tenants, I suddenly remembered an appointment I had made for twelve o'clock and took a hasty departure. Before I left we looked behind the barrel that we might deal with the spider in the usual way, but he had escaped while we were talking.

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## Our Hopes

by R. B.



**I**T does not impress us as we go on from day to day on our journey of life what a mighty moving power our hopes really are. We are not conscious that they mould our lives. The truism that "A man is as he thinks" is just as true in the words "A man is as he hopes." For our hopes color all our thoughts and enter into all we do. They guide, direct and lead us.

In view of the fact that most men are ever striving and hoping for something, giving years and years and a whole life-time of toil and energy in the pursuit of its accomplishment, is it not a matter of the most vital importance to ask, what are the hopes of men? What are your hopes—and mine? What an object lesson they might serve to be if they could all be written down in a book and then read by us. Such a volume would be a wonderful mirror. If we chose to look into it, it would reflect a likeness of ourselves that we have never seen before. It would be one of the rarest happenings, for we would thereby be brought face to face with ourselves; see ourselves as we really are—in the things that we have been thinking and desiring and wanting and toiling for—these being the embodiment of our hopes.

However, we need not go to the special task of writing or reading a specially prepared volume. Such a book is already at hand—complete up to date—with an accurate record of all the hopes of men—the Book of Life. In it we may read the story as we run, in the millions of sad faces, the millions of aching hearts, and the millions of lives sunk in the depths of wretchedness, degeneration and despair. This picture before us is the concrete expression of

what the world has been hoping; it is the result of man's own work; and herein is the question answered.

The world says—we have not been hoping for this. We have been looking for something better—for the good things—for peace, happiness and joy. It may be very true that we have been *looking* for these things, but our works have been of the *contrary* things. There is no escape from the law by argument. Misdirected efforts, misguided energies and selfish pursuits cannot alter or argue away one iota of the law of absolute justice. The result *proves* what we have been hoping and doing; it stands out boldly as a mighty vindicator of that law. Is there anything that can tell the truth of our lives as forcibly and as plainly as our *deeds*? No matter what we *say* we think or believe or hope—what we *do* verifies it. Jesus said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." And he also admonished the multitude and his disciples of that time, speaking of the scribes and pharisees regarding their hypocrisy, in these words: "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat: All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they *say* and *do* not,"—"For they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."

The justice of the world's condition is a great mystery to most people. There are various reasons for this. The past centuries have marked conspicuously this age as an age of material activities; they have developed the material tendencies paramount to every other part of man's nature. This is an age of machinery and money, and so we have been too busy and altogether disinclined to think deep enough—if we did any thinking at all—to get at the *reality* and the *soul* of things. Hence, that has been left out of our calculations and interests, and so we do not understand.

Many, who have not been so busy gathering material stores, have sunk into a pitiful mental lethargy because of centuries of joyless religious teachings which did not *require* any thinking; these are still under the impression that they must keep on forever in the same old way in spite of their sufferings. They are hide-bound in their slavery of narrow traditions and custom, and that makes the struggle toward progress and freedom so great.

Many other people, who cannot account for the present conditions in the light of justice, give for the reason that we have been here on earth but a few years, and that we could not possibly have had anything to do with the bringing about of a world like this, and that, consequently, we ought not to be sharers in the burdens. Could there be any *possibility* of justice in *anything*, if man's life were but a few years? Could there be any *purpose* in anything or any sane reason for *living at all*, if man were not immortal? Would not life be the greatest mockery and the world the most heinous criminal institution imaginable, if the beginning and end of all were—to be born, to go through the miseries of earth, and then die! Surely the purpose of life is more than this!



We are immortal beings, and that means that we have lived in the past as well as that we shall live in the future. Is it any more wonderful to come here a million times than it is to come once? And so we have been here before, many times, having had our chances and opportunities over and over again, and we *have* had something to do with making the world what it is. We have led up to these conditions from previous lives.

By all natural law, a harvest can only be reaped where the seeds have been sown; and does it not follow by the same law that those do the *reaping* who do the *sowing*? Jesus taught this 2000 years ago in the parable of the sower. The hopes and deeds of previous lives here were the seeds that have brought the present reaping. The sower may sow any kind of seed that he desires. Therefore, we shall continue to live in the conditions of today until we get ourselves out of them. We are the builders of our lives—and we can build as we will. Is there not justice and joy in such a law?

There are many who put the responsibility of all the misery and crime of earth upon God; they say it is all right because He did it; that He did it in mercy and love, and it is His will that it should be so. And this is supposed to explain the woes of men; and we are expected to be satisfied with it. But, the rapidly approaching light from the awakening science of life is fast dispelling this particular phase of darkness from the face of the earth.

Now, if we will rouse ourselves to deeper thought, and make true and honest analysis of the hopes even of the few years of this present life experience, leaving out of consideration the particular views of life that we may hold, we will discover that we have had hopes of different *motives*; that some have been high and some have been low; some have been good and some bad; that a few have emanated from the better, the diviner side of our nature, but the many have emanated from our lower, selfish nature. This fact is the only clue to our individual miseries, and it alone accounts for the miseries of the nations and of the world. Witness the years we devoted in efforts to gratify our millions of petty, personal wants; note the results. Analyze the ambitions, the motives, the hopes involved in the wars of the nations. Are not nobility, honesty and virtue sacrificed to all the vices and to corruption in the hope of getting gold? Are not a million chains of slavery being forged for the people in the covetousness and the hope of power? These are the boldest facts in the life of men today. Can it be possible that the world has been or is hoping that joy may come to it, and peace, while it has been working in these ways? Do we as individuals or as nations care what happens to the rest of the world, except as we may be particularly benefited by that happening? Do our dealings as individuals or nations indicate that we are concerned about the welfare of others, least of all, about the welfare of humanity, except as it concerns our personal interests? The law of Right Living involves duties to others; nay more, it enjoins upon us that we love others—even as we love ourselves. We do not work with this Divine law—we work against it. Surely we do not love our neighbor as ourself; we love only ourselves.

Now, knowing how the law works when we work against it, and knowing that our hopes come under the law, is it not plain that we must know how the law works if we work with it? and that the result will be according as we work and hope?

If selfishness wrought misery and degeneration, will not unselfishness uplift and create happiness; if our hearts go out in love to all who need sympathy and help, instead of giving it all to ourselves, will not a ponderous weight be lifted from the world's load of sorrow; what would take place in the life of humanity if the monster of greed disappeared, that is trying to get all he can and cares not how he gets it? Just suppose the whole world would make up its mind to be kind instead of cruel—how the crushed heart of humanity would stir with gladness if the sunlight of our Higher Hopes could be felt by it! Is not then the welfare of humanity a matter of what we shall hope?

Then let us *dare to change* our hopes! Let us bid the old selfish hopes pass away that the new may come! Let us break away from the old treadmill of mean and petty striving and get into the freedom of the universal law! Then it will be *easy* to dare to hope for the uplifting of the whole human race; for a better, brighter day and a higher life for men.

Such striving will turn all our work and labor into joy and shame away our million little worries. Such hopes alone are worthy of our manhood and womanhood; they dignify and ennoble life; such hopes have been the ideals that have made heroes; and such are the hopes that make possible the unspeakable, sublime self-sacrifice of all world Teachers and Helpers of the race. It is such hopes that the spiritual Teachers have tried to bring to the realization of men age after age. It is the same hope that now again, at this very moment, our present Teachers are trying to rekindle in our hearts. In their marvelous courage and example we see the possibility of attainment. We learn that with unflinching effort and courageous determination, and with the Law of Right on our side, we can accomplish everything.

It is a battle indeed, great and mighty! But it is the battle of the True Warrior—fighting with self—the battle for others.

By the Sacrifice of Selfishness; through the Power of Selflessness; with love in the heart and a fearless tread, we can march on and *win* the battle!

How many people in the world are wondering what Jesus meant when he said, "He who loses his life shall find it."

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And thou shalt find, though small at first it seemed,  
The present moment is divinely sent;

The present duty is thy Master's will.

O thou who longest for some noble work,

Do thou this hour thy given task fulfill!

It is the work of which thou oft hast dreamed.

—Selected

# The Vital Power of Faith

by A. D. P.



WHEN the mind turns inward to reflect upon any of the problems of life, immediately an army of conflicting thoughts is marshalled before the mind's eye and they appear as a panorama of living pictures, of such variable coloring and diversified theme that the brain becomes confused. It is necessary to focus them all into one picture which will bring the vital points into bold relief and place unimportant details in their proper place.

This mental confusion is caused by a vacillating viewpoint. The uncontrolled lower mind leads us hither and thither and we are unable to hold it for long at any one point.

Every question must be studied from at least two positions and both sides of life's picture analyzed. Each human being embodies two distinct and opposing natures, the two conflicting world forces. An angel and a demon struggle within him from the cradle to the grave and at each moment of his life, one or the other is reigning on the throne.

In face of our boasted twentieth century enlightenment, the world is full of ignorance, degradation and suffering, and human beings are tossed about in the whirlpool of material life, trying in vain to find an anchorage.

Although much progress has been made on some lines, the verdict of millions of unhappy hearts is that in the main it has not been on the right lines. For if it were, men would by this time be living together in brotherly love instead of amidst the strife and despotism we know exist everywhere, with their souls still hungry for truth and their hearts starved for love.

For the cause which has brought about this weight of woe and made the burden almost heavier than we can bear, we have not far to search. Every one of us knows that it is because of an innate self-love and man's inhumanity to his fellow man. And we have each helped to make this fair earth of ours a world of sorrows and human life a wail of anguish instead of a song of joy. We should also know that the only remedy for the existing condition, lies in retracing our steps and living again a simple, natural life in the bonds of universal brotherhood.

While selfishness in some form is the root of every evil, there are certain phases of the malady which are especially prominent and dangerous at this particular time. And not the least of these is a growing skepticism and mistrust of anything which cannot be cognized by one or more of the five physical senses.

The ingress of this powerful foe to real knowledge is marked by its narrowing, withering influence upon the minds of men. The moment doubt is allowed to creep into the heart it takes root and rapidly grows into a rank weed which crowds out the pure impulses and clear perception of a trustful nature. It is a most subtle poison and surely grave responsibility rests with those who deliberately inject it into another's mind. The natural, simple faith of little children should be an object lesson and example to us, but instead of this, parents and teachers take great pains to crush out this bright flower from a higher realm and in its place encourage the growth of the hideous weeds of mistrust and suspicion.

Close upon the heels of doubt follows its inseparable companion, fear. An insane fear and mistrust of our magnificent powers is holding back the world with iron chains. "Faith" must be the basis of every act of our lives. If we do not believe that an undertaking will terminate as we plan, what incentive is there for attempting it? The successful outcome depends upon the quality of the faith. If we start out to do a thing with the thought, "it is no use trying, I cannot do it," how can we ever expect to accomplish anything?

No matter how many times we may fail, the fact that we keep on trying proves that we really know it is possible to succeed. In approaching any duty, if we would take the positive attitude of mind that "I can do this thing and will," already the ultimate success of the undertaking is assured.

It is a fact worthy of note that skepticism increases in the same ratio that advance is made on purely intellectual lines. Men who want tangible proof of everything generally turn to physical science thinking that here they will be able to prove as they go. They place implicit faith in the inexorable laws of nature which have already been discovered, but forget that every physical science began by assuming an hypothesis, which after countless experiments was modified until finally the governing law was discovered.

Our introduction to the study of mathematics, the only exact science known to the world, is to imagine something which has neither length, breadth nor thickness—the point—and by extending this imaginary something produce a line, and from this also hypothetical something, a surface. Upon this basis of imagination, or faith, is built the strong and magnificent foundation of all the sciences.

Likewise, the essence and spirit of all phenomena are above and beyond the material form. The anatomist may probe and dissect until the end of time and the vivisectionist, under the cloak of scientific investigation, may continue his fiendish cruelties, they will never come any nearer to grasping that something for which they are in search, and which ever eludes them, as long as they have only the physical senses at command.

Belief in the higher, spiritual laws is not based on inference any more than belief in physical laws. It is based on knowledge supplied by the higher senses. For we have other senses than the five which science admits. There is a sixth sense now rapidly developing in the race, that is intuition, and there

are others finer and higher than this. It is through these that we are able to get a glimpse of the beauties and splendors of the realms which lie beyond gross matter.

With telescope and microscope men are searching the universe to discover the truth of things, but because they are still groping in the dark for the deepest truths, many have grown tired and lost faith that the mystery of life will ever be fathomed. And yet, down in the consciousness of every heart there surely is a profound conviction. We know that the light is breaking.

Faith in mere man-made creeds and dogmas may be decreasing and is, but confidence in the Divine Intelligence behind all manifestation is a flooding tide. Faith in our own divinity and infinite possibilities is a sovereign remedy for ills of the mind. Harmony is restored, and contentment and peace take the place of discord and strife. The whole outlook of life is altered and even the stagnant pool of physical vitality aroused to healthy activity.

It is the lower mind with its limitations which causes distrust of the intuitions of the higher nature to creep into the heart. We have an idea that the less we take on faith, the more reasonable we are. But in spite of the belief which most people have that "I am not deluded," the credulity of the mass of humanity today is amazing. We allow ourselves to be deluded and deceived every day of our lives by listening to the flattering, pampering voice of the personality and turning deaf ears to the still, small voice of our better selves.

Not only in matters which touch the moral and ethical side of the question are we blinded, but in the affairs of practical every-day life.

For instance, we know perfectly well that traps are set on every side to ensnare the unwary and yet we deliberately fall into them, enticed by some sugar plum, by plausible schemes that sound as though the only desire of the originator was to give you something, and your welfare his greatest care. There are large concerns doing business on these lines, with their success entirely dependent on gullible people. And they thrive and prosper. Is it not rather humiliating that our stupidity should have a commercial value?

But, thanks to the working of the great law, at last people are beginning to rouse themselves and are tearing away the veils which have been pulled over their eyes and commencing to realize that they are something more than intelligent animals. It is not a time for sugar-coated pills and conscience-drowning phrases, it is the pivotal time of the ages, and the evil forces are in the death struggle.

Already humanity is standing with abated breath, expecting some great event, they know not what.

We are standing at the threshold of the "Golden Age," the time of which poets have sung and prophets told. A time when human beings will dwell together in harmony, and wisdom and peace will abound. We have within us the power to re-create the glories of the past and greater glories and our responsibility is great.

We have pictured this as still in a dim and distant future, but *now* is our opportunity to realize the dream. Do not let it be recorded of us, as of the disciples of old, that we failed in the great hour and could not enter in for lack of faith.

## Sign-Posts Along *the Path*\*



**A** LETTER to the editor from Holland upon this subject deserves a reply, as it must give utterance to the questions of many other students.

The complaint in this letter is that when one goes to Devachan much time is lost away from earth life, where otherwise unselfish work for others might be continued by instantly returning to it after death. The reason given is that Devachan is an illusion, while the so-called illusions of earthly existence are in such a sense real that they are preferable to those of Devachan. In illustration of this, the supposed case is given of a parent in Devachan imagining that the beloved child is also there, when, in fact, the child not yet physically dead, remains on earth perhaps in misery or leading a life of vice. This is the root of the objection—the supposed illusionary character of Devachan as compared to earth-life.

Now these feelings are always due to the thirst for life in the form which presently is most known to us,—that is, in a physical body. We cannot argue Devachan away any more than we can the necessity for incarnation upon this earth; the one is as philosophically necessary as is the other. A very easy way out of the difficulty—which arises almost wholly from our feelings—would be to calmly accept the law as it stands, being willing to take whatever may be our fate, whether that be in Devachan or in this earth-life. Our likes and dislikes can have no effect on the course of nature, but they may have an effect on ourselves which will be far from beneficial. For the dwelling upon pleasure or the constant desire to fly from “pain not yet come” will inevitably create Karmic causes which we would wish to avoid.

But perhaps there are some considerations on the subject of Devachan which may be of use. In the first place, I have never believed that the period given by Mr. Sinnet in *Esoteric Buddhism* of fifteen hundred years for the stay in that state was a fixed fact in nature. It might be fifteen minutes as well as fifteen hundred years. But it is quite likely that for the majority of those who so constantly wish for a release and for an enjoyment of heaven, the period would be more than fifteen hundred years. In-

\* Extracts from *THE PATH*, Vol. V.

deed, the Hindoo Scriptures give many special ceremonies for the attainment of heaven, or the regions of Indra, which is Devachan; and those ceremonies or practices are said to cause a stay in Indraloka "for years of infinite number."

The first question, however, must be "What is the cause for passing into Devachan?" Some have said that it is good Karma or good acts that take us and keep us there, but this is a very incomplete reply. Of course in the sense that it is happiness to go into that state, it may be called good Karma. But it does not follow that the man whose life is good, passed in constant unselfish work for others without repining, and free from the desire to have somewhere his reward, will go to Devachan. Yet his Karma must be good; it must act on him, however, in other lives, for the earth-life is the place where such Karma has its operation. But if at the same time he is thus working for others he wishes for release or for some place or time when and where he may have rest, then, of course, he must go to Devachan for a period which will be in proportion to the intensity of those desires.

Again, it should not be forgotten that the soul must have some rest. Were it, before coming bright as the diamond, hard as adamant, and strong as steel, to go on working, working through earth-life after earth-life without a break between, it must at last succumb to the strain and come to nothing. Nature has therefore provided for it a place of rest—in Devachan; and that we should thankfully accept if it falls to our lot.

But does Devachan suffer in the comparison made between it and this life on earth? To me it seems not. Human life is as great an illusion as any. To the sage Ribhu, Vishnu said it was the longest lived reign of fancy. To say that it is a terrible thing to think of a mother in Devachan enjoying its bliss while the child is suffering on earth, is to prefer one illusion over another, to hug a philosophical error to the breast. Both states are out of the true, while the Ego, who is the real witness, sees the lower personality struggling with these phantoms, while it, whether the body be living or its other parts be in Devachan, enjoys eternal felicity. It sits on high unmoved, unmovable. The great verse in the Isa-Upanishad settles this matter for me in these words: "What room is there for sorrow and what for doubt in him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind, though differing in degree." Therefore if I believe this, I must also know that, no matter whether I and my best beloved are in Devachan or on earth, they and I must forever partake of the highest development attained by the greatest of sages, for, as they and I are spiritual beings, we must have communion forever on the higher planes of our being.

Then again the fact seems to be lost sight of that each night we go into a sort of Devachan—the dream state or sleep without dream. The loving mother no matter how unfortunate or evil her child, must sleep, and in that state she may have dreams of her loved ones around her in just the very condition of mind and body she would have them enjoy. If Devachan be objectionable, why not also rebel against our necessary sleep which acts on our physi-

cal frame to give it rest, as Devachan does upon our more ethereal parts?

Lying unnoticed at the root of this matter is the question of time. It goes to the very root of the objection, for the aversion to the stay in Devachan is based upon the conception of a *period of time*. This period—given or supposed as 1,500 years—is another great illusion which can be easily proved to be so. What we call time, measured by our seconds and minutes and hours, is not necessarily time itself. It is not the ultimate precedence and succession of moments in the abstract. For us it depends on and flows from the revolutions of our solar orb, and even with that standard it can be shown that we do not apprehend it correctly. We speak of seconds, but those are such as our watch-makers give us in the watch. They might be made longer or shorter. They are arrived at through a division of a diurnal revolution, the observation of which is not necessarily mathematically accurate. If we lived on Mercury—where we must believe intelligent beings live—our conception of time would be different. From our childhood's experience we know that even in this life our appreciation of the passage of time rises and falls, for in early youth the twelve months from one Christmas to another seemed very, very long, while now they pass all too quickly. And from watching the mental processes in dreams we know that, in the space of time taken for a bell to drop from the table to the floor, one may dream through a whole life time, with all the incidents of each day and hour packed into such a limited period. Who can tell but that in a Devachanic state of three months the person may go through experiences that seem to cover thousands of years? If so, why not say for him—since time as we know it is an illusion—that he was in Devachan for those thousands?

Devachan, however, is not a meaningless or useless state. In it we are rested; that part of us which could not bloom under the chilling skies of earth-life bursts forth into flower and goes back with us to another life stronger and more a part of our nature than before; our strength is revived for another journey between deaths. Why shall we repine that nature kindly aids us in the interminable struggle; why thus ever keep the mind revolving about this petty personality and its good or evil fortune?

—Devachan, W. Q. J., page 190

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Having taken the bow, the great weapon, let him place on it the arrow, sharpened by devotion. Then, having drawn it with a thought directed to that which is, hit the mark, O friend—the Indestructible. OM is the bow, the Self is the arrow, Brahman is called its aim. It is to be hit by a man who is not thoughtless; and then as the arrow becomes one with the target, he will become one with Brahman. Know him alone as the Self, and leave off other words. He is the bridge of the Immortal. Meditate on the self as OM. Hail to you that you may cross beyond the sea of darknes.

—MUNDAKA UPANISHAD

Archery has always been in vogue, whether in nations civilized or among people of barbarous manners. We find Arjuna, prince of India, the possessor of a wonderful bow called Gandiva, the gift of the gods. None but its owner



could string it, and in war it spread terror in the ranks of the enemy. Arjuna was a wonderful archer too. He could use Gandiva as well with his right as with his left hand, and so was once addressed by Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita dialogue as "thou both-handed." The bow figures in the lives of the Greek heroes, and just now the novelist Louis Stevenson is publishing a book in which he sings the praises of a bow, the bow of war possessed by Ulysses; when war was at hand it sang its own peculiar, shrill, clear song, and the arrows shot from it hit the mark.

Archery is a practice that symbolizes concentration. There is the archer, the arrow, the bow, and the target to be hit. To reach the mark it is necessary to concentrate the mind, the eye, and the body upon many points at once, while at the same time the string must be let go without disturbing the aim. The draw of the string with the arrow must be even and steady on the line of sight, and when grasp, draw, aim, and line are perfected, the arrow must be loosed smoothly at the moment of full draw, so that by the bows' recoil it may be carried straight to the mark. So those who truly seek wisdom are archers trying to hit the mark. This is spiritual archery, and it is to this sort that the verse from the Mundaka Upanishad refers.

In archery among men a firm position must be assumed, and in the pursuit of truth this firm position must be taken up and not relaxed, if the object in view is to be ever attained. The eye must not wander from the target, for, if it does, the arrow will fly or fall short of its goal. So if we start out to reach the goal of wisdom, the mind and heart must not be permitted to wander, for the path is narrow and the wanderings of a day may cause us years of effort to find the road again.

The quality of the bow makes a great difference in the results attained by the archer. If it is not a good bow of strong texture and with a good spring to it, the missiles will not fly straight or with sufficient force to do the work required; and so with the man himself who is his own bow, if he has not the sort of nature that enables him to meet all the requirements, his work as a spiritual archer will fall that much short. But even as the bow made of wood or steel is subject to alterations of state, so we are encouraged by the thought that the laws of karma and reincarnation show us that in other lives and new bodies we may do better work. The archer says too that the bow often seems to alter with the weather or other earthly changes, and will on some days do much better work than on others. The same thing is found by the observing Theosophist, who comes to know that he too is subject from time to time to changes in his nature which enable him to accomplish more and to be nearer the spiritual condition. But the string of the bow must always be strung tight; and this, in spiritual archery, is the fixed determination to always strive for the goal.

When the arrow is aimed and loosed it must be slightly raised to allow for the trajectory, for if not it will fall short. This corresponds on its plane with one of the necessities of our human constitution, in that we must have a high

mental and spiritual aim if we are to hit high. We cannot go quite as high as the aim, but have to thus allow for the trajectory that comes about from the limitations of our nature; the trajectory of the arrow is due to the force of gravity acting on it, and our aspirations have the same curve in consequence of the calls of the senses, hereditary defects, and wrong habits that never permit us to do as much as we would wish to do.

Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is the indestructible, the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of.

*Hit the Mark*—William Brehon, page 185

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The ethics of life propounded by Jesus are not different from those found in Theosophy, but the latter holds in its doctrines a compelling power which is absent from Christianity and from those systems which require a man to be good for virtue's sake alone. It is not easy to practise virtue for the simple reason that we ought to do so, since the desire for reward is inherent in humanity, and is a reflection of the evolutionary law which draws the universe ever upward to higher points of development. A man reads the command of Jesus to turn the other cheek to the smiter, to resist not evil, to forgive without stint, and to take no thought for the morrow, and then—pauses. His next thought is that such a canon is wholly utopian, and would if followed subvert society. In this he is sustained by eminent authority, as well as by example, for a great Bishop has declared that no state can exist under such a system.

Theosophic doctrine, however, on either the selfish or spiritual line of life, convinces that the moral law must be obeyed. If we regard only the selfish side, we find when people are convinced that evil done in this life will be met with sure punishment in another reincarnation, they hesitate to continue the old careless life when they lived for themselves alone.

Hence practical Theosophy must enter into every detail of life in our dealings with others and our discipline of ourselves. It reminds us that we should be more critical of ourselves than of others, that we must help all men if we are to be helped ourselves. And herein the Theosophist may escape the accusation of selfishness, for if in desiring to lay up for a future incarnation a store of help from others by giving assistance now himself, he does so in order that he may then be in a still better position to help humanity, there is no selfishness. It is the same if a man were to desire to acquire this world's goods in order to help those dependent on him, and surely this is not selfish.

The practical Theosophist adds to his charitable deeds upon the material plane the still greater charity of giving to his fellow-men a system of thought and life which explains their doubts while it furnishes a logical reason for the practice of virtue. He extinguishes a hell that never could burn, and the terrors of which soon faded from the mind of the sinners; but he lights the lamp of truth and throws its beams upon the mortal's path so that not only the real danger, the real punishment, can be seen, but also the reward and compensation.

The civilized man cannot be guided by fear or superstition, but reason may take hold of him. Theosophy being not only practicable but also reasonable as well as just, its doctrines are destined to be those of the civilized man. They will gradually drive out the time-worn shibboleths of the theologian and the scientist, giving the people of coming centuries a wisdom-religion deeply based and all-embracing.

Were Theosophical practice universal, we should not see the unjust Judge plotting beforehand with the officials of a railroad company about the decision he should render, nor the venal public officer engaged with the Judge and the officials in arranging the virtuous protest to be offered in court against the foreordained decree, for both would fear to rouse a cause which in their next life might issue in unjust accusation and punishment. Nor would men save their lives, as now they often do, at another's expense, since in succeeding incarnations that person might be the means of depriving them of life twice over. The rich man who now hoards his wealth or spends it on himself alone would not be thus guilty seeing that, as compensation in another life, his friends would forsake him and nature seem to withdraw subsistence.

The practical Theosophist will do well if he follows the advice of the Theosophical Teachers now many years in print, to spread, explain, and illustrate the laws of Karma and Reincarnation so that they may enter into the lives of the people. Technical occultism and all the allurements of the Astral Light may be left for other times. Men's thoughts must be affected and this can only be done now by giving them these two great laws. They not only explain many things, but they have also an inherent power due to their truth and their intimate connection with man, to compel attention.

Once heard they are seldom forgotten, and even if rebelled against they have a mysterious power of keeping in the man's mind, until at last, even against his first determination, he is forced to accept them. The appreciation of justice is common to all, and the exact justice of karma appeals even to the person who is unfortunate enough to be undergoing heavy punishment: even if ignoring justice, he does good in order to make good karma, it is well, for he will be reborn under conditions that may favor the coming out of unselfish motive.

"Teach, preach, and practise this good law for the benefit of the world, even as all the Buddhas do."

*Practical Theosophy*, Quilliam, page 122

Yield not thy neck to fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind ride still in triumph over all mischance.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, and another thing to fall.

Of your philosophy you make no use if you give place to accidental evils.

—SHAKESPEARE

# Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



The great point of attack in every elevating force for humanity is selfishness. "Forget self" is the cry! How can self be forgotten or in the slightest degree staid from activity when encouraged to the belief that it existed in the ages past and is going to exist in the ages to come; in other words, this theory not only gives birth to the creature "self" but usurps the power of giving to it life in the past and in the future. To me this theory is the incarnation of the very seed of self. . . . You say we have lived and will live again. What do you mean by "we?"

**T**HE above is part of a long letter on the subject of reincarnation, which would take up too much space to quote here in full, but as it has been handed to the Students' Column for reply the above main points have been selected for consideration. In the first place it is evident that the writer has only a very limited knowledge of the Theosophical teachings in regard to the nature of man and I would recommend that he study further. But mere intellectual study will avail little and will not remove the mental preconceptions or enable the writer to find his way out of the intricate maze of brain-mind argument.

To know, one must live; to see, one must have eyes and must open those eyes. In order to understand life and nature and God one's whole being must become clarified and this cannot be done by arguing, but by doing and living. Christ said, "If any man will *do* His Will he shall know of the doctrine," and Krishna said five thousand years ago, "He who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time." If a man has his back turned to a beautiful landscape, no amount of argument will make him see it, he must turn around and then he may behold the beauties of the scene. Sometimes, however, we can place a mirror before him, but even then at best, it is only an imperfect reflection he will see.

Such a mirror exists today for the world in the work and lives of the members of the Universal Brotherhood, but these cannot be understood in their full import save as one enters into that work and life, and that implies more than argument, it is more than a mental conception. A certain man, a great student of books who had studied much about physical phenomena but had done no practical laboratory work received from a friend a fine static electric machine. He immediately tried to work it, but it was a very damp day, the machine was not enclosed, he had forgot entirely the necessary condition of the dryness of the atmosphere in order to obtain successful results in static electricity. How foolish would that man be to declare that the electric phenomena were all imagination, impossible of attainment, yet precisely the same attitude is taken by agnostics and materialists, and doubters generally. All knowledge lies open to him who will fulfill the conditions thereof, and these

are not arbitrary but in the very nature of things. Little man may think to impose his own conditions, but Nature works on unmoved, she can wait and man at last must turn to her and fulfill her behests.

Forget self! Does the writer of the question believe it possible? Has he ever actually forgotten self or sought to do so? If so, what was the result? Did he cease to be? On the contrary, did he not find life fuller, more intense, more beautiful? In other words by forgetting self, he found, whether he was fully conscious of it or not, a wider self. If the writer will analyze his nature and will *dare* to be unselfish, he will find that by being *unselfish* he will come to know something of his true "Self." He will find that as Christ taught, "He that loseth his life, shall find it." He will find that the true Self is unselfish.

"We have lived again and again." Yes, if the true Self is referred to and that Self *knows* it has ever existed and can never die. But the "we" as it is ordinarily conceived by men and women, never did live before and never will live again; in fact it changes and grows and may be utterly obliterated even in the present life. Most "civilized" people use the expression "I" am tired, "I" am hungry, "I" am sick. But some of the "uncivilized" say, "my body" is tired, hungry, sick; or "my mind" is tired, worn out, etc. Which is true?

What is the true Self? Is it the body? Man is not his body, though alas, through willful neglect of ages of refusing to follow the guidance of the light within his soul, he has identified himself with his body. Yet he can control his body, he can demonstrate to himself that he is not his body, but can use it as an instrument, a tool. Is the Self then the desires or passions? Cannot man rise above these also and control them? Is he the mind? Yet man can turn his mind hither and thither, he can control it so that it shall serve instead of, as is the curse of modern civilization, control him. Push the analysis as far as you can and you will find that that which is nearest to your true "Self," your highest thoughts and feelings, your aspirations, your impulses towards self-forgetfulness in the service of others, link you more and more with all that is and open the very door to the secrets of Nature. But we so rarely touch this high note of our being, yet it alone will enable us to know ourselves as we are; all the rest, the lower nature, is transient, we identify ourselves with it and must sink ultimately into oblivion. Yet the Soul knows even this and must suffer for it and must build for itself a new body, a new mind. It must do this, for it seeks ever a full expression of itself on all the planes of life. And while it is a new body, a new mind, which it builds, it uses again as it were, the old tendencies, the old habits of the former body and the former mind, and so each child is born with a character. In the ordinary sense save in exceptional cases it has no memory of a former life, but the full record is there in every life—the record of character, of tendency, of natural impulse and natural ability or—natural depravity.

But the full arguments, the evidence of the truth of Reincarnation, would take a volume and even then would avail nothing to him who having eyes will not see, and having ears will not hear.

J. H. FUSSELL

## A New Mammal



SIR HARRY JOHNSTON has discovered in the Semliki forests a mammal which, in its living form, is entirely new to science. It is the size of an ox, and distantly related to the giraffe. This remarkable creature, in fact, appears, so far as a cursory examination of its skin and skull may guide us, to be a living representative of the Helladotherium, a creature found in the fossil state in Greece and Asia Minor, and supposed to be extinct.

After sending home incomplete fragments of skin which he obtained *in situ* from the natives of the Congo forest near the Semliki river, Sir Harry Johnston has at last secured, through the kindness of the Belgian authorities at the frontier post of Fort Mbeni, a complete skin and two skulls of this animal, which is now shown to be not at all a horse, but a cloven-hoofed ruminant of extraordinary coloration and appearance, which seemingly is either of the extinct genus Helladotherium, or is some closely allied creature belonging to that somewhat vaguely defined group of which the giraffe is an exemplar. The skin and the skulls which have been forwarded by Sir Harry Johnston to the British museum were obtained by native soldiers of the Congo Free State in the vicinity of Fort Mbeni.

We are informed that the complete skin sent home now shows the animal to be colored in the most extraordinary manner. The cheeks of the rather large head are yellowish-white, and the tapering muzzle is blackish-brown. The forehead is a most vivid red, narrowing down into a thin black line continued along the ridge of the nose to the nostrils. The long ass-like ears are of a deep reddish-brown, with silky black fringes. The neck, shoulders, stomach and back are a deep reddish-brown, which in parts has almost a crimson tinge, and in others becomes blackish. The hindquarters and hind legs, down to the hocks, and the front legs from the elbow to the wrist joint, are boldly striped in purplish black and white, the white having here and there faint touches of orange. The hind leg from the hock downwards are of a creamy color. The front legs are also cream-color, but a bold black line runs down the front of the leg in an oblique manner. The fetlocks of all four feet are black and cream-color. The tail is bright reddish-brown, with a black tuft at the end. There are no horns, but it may be seen from the skulls that far back in its history this creature possessed three horn-cores similar to those of the giraffe, but by long disuse these horn-cores have degenerated into rounded bumps on the skull, two of them being situated a little above the eyes, and one at the beginning of the nasal bones. On the skin, just over the two bigger bumps, are two tiny and comical little twists of hair, which represent all that remains outwardly of horns or horn-cores. The animal stands slightly higher

at the withers than at the hindquarters, but its neck is not proportionately longer than that of a horse. The head is rather large in proportion to the body, and in outline slightly resembles the head of a tapir. The nostrils are two long slits, completely covered with hair, and resembling the nostrils of a giraffe. The lips apparently taper to a point. There are, of course, no front teeth in the upper jaw, as the animal is a true Ruminant. The front teeth in the lower jaw are so small and feeble as to suggest the idea that the creature, like the giraffe, must possess a prehensile tongue for furnishing food for the molar teeth to grind. If this is not the case, then the rather long and prehensile lips secure most of the animal's nutriment, which consists of leaves. Other particulars will, no doubt, be furnished to us before long by the authorities of the British Museum when they are able to examine the specimens. The build of the animal is rather heavy in the case of the male. The female is said to be much more lightly built, and her skull is considerably smaller than that of the male. It is not yet known whether any difference of coloration exists between the male and female; the natives say that they differ only in size. The same authorities state that the creature is found only in the densest parts of the forest, and that it goes about in pairs of male and female. It would seem to be quite inoffensive, and very easily killed. It is ordinarily captured in pitfalls, and from what Sir Harry Johnston ascertained on the spot its extinction is being rapidly carried out by the natives of the Congo Free State. It is earnestly to be hoped that the British and Congolese authorities may combine in placing the Okapi on the "wholly-protected" list of the animals which are preserved by the Game Regulations, and that strong efforts may be made to prevent the natives from continuing its destruction.—*The Times Weekly Edition Supplement, London, May 10, 1901*

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## A Visit to *the* Pan-American Exposition Buffalo



**T**HE site of the Pan-American Exposition is an ideal one. It is on high ground and includes many acres of improved park lands. It would be difficult though, for a stranger to distinguish the division line, so perfect is the blending of the parts. There is a wealth of foliage and hundreds of beds of lovely flowers, interspersed with grassy glades and graveled walks.

The buildings, of which there are some twenty very large ones for exhibits and about one hundred smaller ones, including state and foreign buildings, midway show buildings, etc., are radiant with color. This is a distinct de-

parture from the custom which obtained with the earliest expositions and has been followed up to this time. At nearly all the expositions the buildings have been white. The idea of the color scheme for expositions is not a new one. It has been attempted a number of times and as often abandoned. It has remained for the creators of the Pan-American Exposition to carry out the scheme successfully. The variety of colors adds wondrous beauty to the scene and relieves the eye of that strain which solid white walls gave.

In the midst of these buildings is a tower 410 feet high, most beautiful in design and graceful in proportions. This is the Electric Tower. From a niche in the face of the tower pours a great volume of water which is broken into spray by a deflector and falls upon broad ledges from which it flows into an immense basin, in which are several fountains, jets of which rise to a great height.

Standing upon the Triumphal Bridge, which is itself an architectural masterpiece, with massive pylons and grand sculptured groups, and looking across the broad Esplanade to the Court of the Fountains one gets a view the remembrance of which must be forever.

On the north are the Propylæa or monumental entrances to the Plaza from the railway station. On the east is the arched and towered entrance to the Stadium in which the sports are held.

Encircling the larger buildings of the Exposition is a grand canal on which are always to be seen gondolas, electric launches and other craft. These pass under the Triumphal Bridge and through grottos of great beauty and interest.

There is a fine natural lake in the grounds, and it is always dotted with gay craft. On the shore of the lake is a United States Government life-saving station, completely equipped with all the latest up-to-date devices for saving life along the coasts. A crew of United States life savers are stationed here and they give daily exhibitions of their work.

An interesting experience, and one which visitors to the Exposition generally avail themselves of, is at the Electric Tower. Elevators run to a landing 270 feet above the ground, from which there is a grand outlook, the vision having a wide range for many miles around, sweeping the entire Niagara Frontier.

One of the most picturesque parts of the Exposition is the Court of State and Foreign Buildings. Many of the states and foreign republics have magnificent buildings. All of them are used as headquarters for visitors from the states and countries by which they were erected, and a few contain exhibits.

The Temple of Music is declared by all who have attended the world's great fairs to be the most beautiful building ever erected for Exposition purposes, and at night witness an illumination, the extent and beauty of which were never before contemplated.

In this letter I have mentioned only a few of the myriad wonderful features of the Pan-American Exposition. To say a few words about all of them would require a great amount of space.



## “Out of the Mouth of Babes”

By Ethne



“OH! Bertha I am so glad you have come,” said poor Mrs. Twynam, “I am so unutterably miserable and I feel if any one can help me to bear my sorrow you can, for you have taken your own so bravely. I *cannot* believe my boy was taken by the Will of a merciful Father, it is too cruel! Such a young life, better if he had never been born, and yet all the people who have come have preached that to me, and to me it only seems a mockery. Oh! the loneliness and horror of it all,” and she wrung her hands while the sad tears rolled down her face.

Her friend took her hands in hers and bent and kissed her.

“Poor darling,” she said, “it is a great grief and my heart bleeds in sympathy for you, but it is a great truth that in our blindness we make our sorrows far more heart-breaking than they need be. I *know* that now, and that is why you feel that I can help.”

Turning she saw her friend’s little girl had come into the room unnoticed and was listening with the deepest attention.

“I feel that here,” she said, laying her tiny hand on her heart. “*Charlie* isn’t dead, only his house, because Charlie is with the Heart-Angels, and his Heart-Light is flaming now, and so he is bright and happy. He used to love to say ‘Heart-Light makes Sunlight’ at our Lotus Group and that helping and sharing with others makes it shine. I miss him, but I know he is happy, it isn’t miserable to die. really—it is only going to sleep and waking on the other side and *staying* there. We go at night too, don’t we? Only *we* come back and Charlie has left his house. But *he* isn’t dead,” she added insistently, “*he* is with the Heart-Angels ’cause he always loved helping.”

The blue eyes were earnestly fixed on Mrs. Williams’ face. Tenderly she smiled at the child.

“Yes, dear,” she said. “That is true. *Charlie* has not died, for Charlie is the Soul, and that never dies. It is a beautiful idea to think of him with his heart-light shining. All the heart-warriors go to the Heart-Angels, the Brothers of Compassion. Charlie has left his present house, but he will build himself another.”

“Yes I know,” said the child with a grave little nod of her head.

The mother listened wonderingly, then sighed deeply. “You support the child in her queer ideas,” she said.

Her friend turned to her, then bending down to the child she whispered,

“Go and gather poor mother some flowers, dearie, we want to have a little talk together and you can help her best that way.”

Little Violet went up to her mother, threw her arms around her neck and kissed her and then went quietly away.

Left to themselves the two friends sat in silence, broken at last by Mrs. Twynam.

"It is a dreadful blow, she said, only a week ago he was so well and strong, and now,"—and she threw out her hands with a gesture of despair.

"And now," said Mrs. Williams, "*now* he is living in the Soul World, it was not the *body* of your boy that you loved, it was the loving conscious Soul shining in all his acts of love to you, and that cannot die. This truth Violet feels, because children are less selfish than we, the child grieves not for herself but rejoices for him. Our more matured minds need more reasons to convince us, because we have lived in the mists of illusion longer. When the heart speaks *we know*, and children are often nearer the truth with their quaint sayings than we think, for they are more nearly in touch with nature and thus with truth—than we are."

"Yes! I see," said the mother. "Violet is content with the idea that Charlie is happy, she has not a regret that he has left us. When I showed her the little form lying there, so still,—'Oh! that is not Charlie,' she said, 'it is only his house, poor little house; it is no good now, it can't see or anything without him. Our houses are no good when we leave them'—I have never thought much about these things," she added slowly, "but this brings it home. Where is he? *why* did he leave me?"

"It is this way," said Mrs. Williams. "We—the Soul—come to earth to gain experience, to learn to know and love God and to love our brother men who are struggling to learn the same lesson. In our long journey we have periods of alternate activity and rest, sometimes we are on earth in bodies, sometimes in heaven without them. The kind of lives we shall have, we fix for ourselves by our acts and thoughts; all evil selfish thoughts result in pain and strife and sorrow; all loving brotherly ones in peace and joy. Often we make mistakes and for these we must pay; maybe in some other life you have felt your children a hindrance to the gratification of some selfish desire and wished them removed. You have since grown wiser, but a cause once set in motion must have its effect. I do not say it *was* so, but give it as an illustration. *All* thought has an effect on our lives and on our characters and the same may be said of feeling and of action. Whatever happens to us, we have deserved because our own past actions and those of others have enabled that result to come about. In the old biblical words, we reap what we sow, and we cannot in justice complain at the results of our own actions. Charlie's past would also of course be considered, events so working that you would both reap the results of the past you have sown.

"*And all sad experience is not evil.* If your present sorrow rouses you to think more of the realities and less of the shadows, then as in my case also, it is clear gain; we most of us need to bathe in waters of sorrow to reach the realms of peace, for the illusions of life have so strong a hold upon us. But

see the still form of our loved ones, and the tortured heart revolts at the idea that we have lost them. And truly so. As surely as we sleep at night and wake in the morning, so surely in the dawn of a new earth life, will those who have loved come together again, awaking anew to begin a new day. We *never* lose those we love; how can we since both are immortal? We may not see them with our physical eyes, but we feel their presence in our inmost hearts, in the deepest recesses of our being."

She paused--and in that pause the child returned. "Here Mother dear," she said laying a tiny bunch of flowers in her mother's lap, "I have brought you flowers from both our gardens. Charlie always loved flowers; and see these little seeds here, too! He always called them the flower fairies' winter houses where they rest to grow strong to make new summer houses for themselves when the new spring comes." Then she added slowly, "Charlie is in *his* winter house now, I think, waiting for another spring to come."

## In the New Forest, England

by I d r o n e



One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,  
 He chanced to come, far from all people's troad,  
 Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere,  
 To passe all others on the earth which were,  
 For all that ever was by nature's skill  
 Devised to worke delight was gathered there;  
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,  
 As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

—SPENSER

**H**OW magical is the glamor of an ancient Forest! Sherwood Forest, with its memories of Robin Hood and his merry men,—the New Forest where William Rufus perished by treachery; their very names are charged with romance and poetry!

The pictures here reproduced were taken in the heart of the New Forest, in one of the most romantic portions near Ringwood and not far from the spot where Rufus fell, and whence his body was taken in a rude peasant's cart to Winchester Cathedral where his tomb can be seen in the Lady-chapel of that stately building.

The New Forest is not entirely wooded, in fact the main portion is heath, breezy and open to the sunshine, and glorious with golden furze, or purple heather, or warm brown fern according to the season. There is little water in the Forest, but the sea is close by, and the famous fishing river Avon winds its way from Salisbury to Ringwood, almost skirting the western borders.

But the glory of the Forest is in the noble glades and vast natural corridors and halls columned with ancestral oaks, beeches, or hoary yews. One noted yew wood near Lyndhurst gives the impression of immeasurable age, and yet it is sufficiently open for a thick carpet of flowers and ferns to enliven it, modifying the natural gloom of the evergreens. With a little imagination a vision of ancient Druids, robed and garlanded, quickly rises in this romantic spot, where every grove seems designed for the celebration of their mystic



rites. Towards nightfall, when twilight begins to deepen and the wind is stilled, a wonderful peace spreads over the wild heaths and solemn woods; in the faint rustling of the leaves the Dryads whisper mysterious secrets, and presently, as the darkness falls completely, perhaps a will-o'-the-wisp or jack-o'-lantern will be seen flitting along the marshy ground. These curious patches of light are less common than formerly, though the reason why is not quite clear. The foresters have many stories to tell of them, and many superstitions are connected with their appearance.

As night falls great numbers of moths come out of their hiding places, bats wheel softly around, and the semi-human hooting of the owls begins. A fine summer's night spent in the forest is a delight never to be forgotten. A new world seems to open to the imagination. As the moon mounts the sky, here and there glittering through the openings in the leafy canopy, the sense of mystery deepens, and familiar scenes are transformed into a fairyland. Sometimes a nature-lover, a poet, or an artist comes along, and to such the forest breathes its secret in scattered tones, but, to him who knows the key, comprehensible. Perhaps, too, the simple folk who live in the forest catch a word here and there. But now the King of the Day comes up in all his glory, and

the shadows of night slip away into the deeper groves. The moths and bats hide away in the dark corners, for the birds are awake and are singing a morning greeting, and brilliant butterflies are fluttering through the open glades.

The New Forest is noted for the remarkable number of its flowering plants and great variety of birds and butterflies, etc. Even the splendid "Purple Emperor," the "Hair Streaks," and "White Admiral" butterflies are fairly common. Among the plants the scarce and curious carnivorous sundews



(*Drosera*), of two varieties, are comparatively frequently found, covered with dead flies, their natural food. The rare Bladderwort (*Utricularia*), the extraordinary floating rootless water plant, also insectivorous, is a denizen of the forest. For the artist, the poet, the naturalist and all lovers of the simple beauty of nature, the New Forest is an ideal spot, as it contains an unsurpassed variety of sources of interest, and an old world atmosphere rarely to be found in this prosaic age.

THE locust by the wall  
 Stabs the noon silence with his sharp alarm.  
 A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
 Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
 On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
 Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,  
 The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still  
 Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
 A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,  
 And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette—  
 Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends  
 To the pervading symphony of peace.

—WHITTIER

## Mirror of the Movement



### News from Loma-Land

Quite a number of events of interest have happened here lately, and in view of the rapid development that takes place in each activity when once started, their importance cannot be over-estimated. A striking feature of the work of the Leader is the way great results, far-reaching work, follow at once, "or after many days" from an apparently unimportant beginning, the "grain of mustard seed." Daily examples of the teaching that Nature, and those who follow her example, work from within outward, from center to circumference, are before our eyes. Trust in the Higher Law, absolute compassion that is not emotionalism, a readiness to turn all circumstances, however seemingly unfavorable, to the good of this Movement for man's redemption, are dealing characteristics of Katherine Tingley's wisdom.

\* \* \*

### Great Work at San Diego among Children

An important key-note has been struck at San Diego by the establishment of Lotus work among the children of that city on a permanent basis, by students from Loma-land under the immediate direction of the Leader. On Sunday August 4th, a large number of the children from the International Lotus Home at Loma-land helped to inaugurate this new activity. An excellent hall has been secured at No. 1125 Sixth Street, which will be large enough for marching, drill, etc. The parents who came to have their children enrolled completely filled the hall and listened to the songs and speeches with great interest, and all the children present entered their names with great rejoicing. Boy's and girl's clubs were arranged, and the work gives the greatest promise for San Diego's future as these children will have unusual opportunities of help owing to the proximity of Loma-land where the Leader resides with her band of trained teachers. Music of course will be a prominent feature in the work and children gifted with musical talent will be offered special advantages at the Isis Conservatory of Music. The Leader intends to arrange a special time for the musical training of the group by Miss Bergman whom we are expecting shortly to return from Sweden. In no long time we shall see some of the results of the Lotus work in San Diego, for the motto of the children being "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means" they will not be content until they have given out in song and simple plays some of the joy evoked at the Lotus Group.

\* \* \*

### Lectures

At the great meetings held every Sunday in the Opera House, San Diego, particular attention has been lately given to the teachings of Theosophy in the Bible and many valuable addresses containing new interpretations of the Scriptures have been delivered to deeply interested audiences. Some of these will be published shortly in pamphlet form and will be of service in answering the many inquiries of truth seekers who feel the injustice of the misconceptions of prejudiced persons. Such enquirers are always glad to find that the whole truths and vital teachings about man's duty and destiny given out by Jesus are illuminated and made a living power through the Theosophical work and philosophy. The Aryan Classes at San Diego are increasing in interest and membership.

**Cuban Crusade**

On Saturday August 3d, a Brotherhood Crusade started for Santiago, Cuba, to carry more light and help to that promising country and continue the work initiated by our Leader in 1899. The Crusaders, with Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt in charge of the medical department will bring back a large contingent of children—about fifty—to the International Lotus Home at Point Loma to be trained with those now here for great future work in Cuba and elsewhere. The Honorable Emilio Bacardi, formerly the Mayor of Santiago, has taken the greatest pains to carry out Katherine Tingley's plans in the selection of children and in



TWO SWEDISH LOTUS BUDS

anticipation of the Crusaders' arrival. The children's Group Houses at the City Beautiful in Loma-land are being greatly increased in size and convenience. Great expense has been incurred in making all the necessary arrangements for the journey and accommodation of this large number of "little sunbeams," and, knowing of what great importance this work is, and how close it is to the heart of the Leader, many of the students have gladly subscribed generous sums but the amount is not yet sufficient to cover the expenses.

\* \* \*

**Activity in the Loma-land Industries**

Great activity has been more than ever apparent in the various industries of Loma-land just lately culminating in some of the Departments moving from their temporary homes to much more commodious premises in new Bungalow quarters. The Publishing Company, Woman's Exchange and Mart and the Silk Industry are already installed, and tourists visiting Loma-land, after being shown the Temple, the Homestead, the Picture Gallery visit these Departments where photographs of Loma-land and other souvenirs are on view and where they can look over the books. The Publishing Company re-

ports that the interest in Theosophical literature is increasing all the time and that very many of the tourists are eager to purchase and read our books.

During last week the splendid library of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity was placed in one of the spacious rooms of the Aryan Temple which was designed for the purpose by the Leader.

\* \* \*

**Visit of Boys'  
Brotherhood Club**

The Boys' Brotherhood Clubs of Los Angeles and Pasadena were invited by the Leader to spend a visit here and have had a splendid time camping out in tents in regular military style on a high bluff overlooking the ocean and near the Homestead. We were delighted to see them, and they presented an imposing sight as they marched up the



CHOIR PRACTICE IN THE ROTUNDA OF LOMA HOMESTEAD

drive in quick step, with flags flying and drum beating, escorted by the boys of the New Century Guard No. 1 of Loma-land, who were in high glee, and stepped out like veterans.

\* \* \*

**Original Play by  
Raja Yoga Children**

A remarkably good dramatic entertainment was given by the Raja Yoga boys to the visitors and students. It was designed by young Antonio Castillo who is hardly thirteen years old and represented in a very original and amusing way the hollowness and folly to be met with everywhere in daily life, teaching a great lesson in burlesque. It gave conclusive proof of the high abilities unfolding under the wise and loving care of the Leader. Many of the Raja Yoga children show marked talent in many directions which will be carefully fostered. The boys from the Los Angeles and Pasadena clubs es-



corted the Cuban Crusaders to the city and stood in line alongside of the train as it left the depot, giving three hearty cheers as it slowly passed out. They later took train for their homes, one and all expressing their appreciation of the pleasure and the opportunity of the weeks camping at Loma-land. Three of the boys, bright manly fellows, have since returned to stay here permanently.

\* \* \*

### **New Arrivals**

We have had many welcome arrivals at Loma-land during the past few weeks. Among others Colonel H. N. Hooper of Brooklyn, one of the veterans of early days, held in high regard both by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge and now by our Leader. His is one of those beautiful rare natures without a discordant note and the influence of whose presence is always refining and elevating. He is beloved by all who know him. Mrs. Percy and Miss Bolting from Providence, Miss Pierce from Los Angeles and Miss Lester from Pasadena are also here, and Brother Milner from Macon has been spending his vacation at the Homestead. Miss Sarah A. Coman a life teacher of art in the New York Public Schools has also been spending her vacation here as a guest at the Homestead and her long experience in educational work has enabled her to appreciate in a peculiar degree the wonderful work of the Raja Yoga School.

\* \* \*

### **Musical and Dramatic Work**

Active preparations are being made by the members of the Isis League of Music and Drama for the production of a new play on the completion of the new amphitheatre in the picturesque canyon adjoining the School of Antiquity grounds. Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Spalding, the Directress of the Isis Conservatory of Music is now permanently with us. The new house, Students' Home No. 1, which has been leased to Mr. and Mrs. Spalding is rapidly approaching completion and all the Comrades rejoice at seeing this ideal home established. It has been fittingly named by the Leader "Yerba Santa Cliffs." It is situated at the top of the canyon close to the Homestead and Aryan Temple and from one side commands a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean and on the other of the Bay and City with the mountains beyond. The Yerba Santa is the sacred herb of the hill and is to be found all over Point Loma. As an herb it has wonderful properties and its blossom is one of the most beautiful of spring flowers, of a delicate violet tint.

We are looking forward to the return of Miss Ellen Bergman from Sweden. In the meantime the choir have been keeping up their practice and the morning service of song gives a key-note of harmony to each day. The exquisite music rendered by the Students of the Isis Conservatory of Music at the Sunday evening meeting in the Opera House, San Diego is a feature looked forward to by all who attend and many have asked what is the secret of its charm. "It is a new kind of music" declared one of the prominent musical teachers of San Diego.

\* \* \*

### **Camp Life**

After the Boys' Brotherhood Club boys had returned home, several of the male students went into camp. In the ordinary sense camping out is delightful, but imagine a camp of comrades who are true Theosophists. Its purpose is the doing of important literary work by the Theosophical Literary Staff under the direction of Katherine Tingley. The camp is situated on a high bluff overlooking the ocean, part of the new land just purchased, and is one of the most beautiful sites on the whole Point, there is a large tent used as a library and writing tent, and only those who have known the strain of writing in a shut-in office can appreciate what writing is under such ideal conditions, the comrades working together for a common purpose, and all nature conspiring to aid the work. The early rising just before sunrise, the guard, taken part in by each in rotation, day and night, the proper care of the camp, the simple meals, the work hours, the evening chat around the big camp fire, all have their charm, but the inner charm cannot be told in words. Among those in the

camp are Brothers Neresheimer, Pierce, Patterson, Machell, Hanson, etc. Every day Colonel Hooper comes over from the Homestead, and often in the evening the Leader will come to hear reports of the work, give words of advice and lay out plans for future work. It is a new phase of the new life of Loma-land, full of untold possibilities for usefulness.

\* \* \*

**New Literature, etc.** The glorious sunsets have been magnificent lately, blazing with gold and purple and delicate greens. They are a constant source of delight, and as evening shadows steal over the hills the phosphorescent glow on the ocean becomes visible with the breaking of each wave, the sense of rare poetic beauty and poetry deepens. The new descriptive pamphlet "Loma-Land," is now issued and has been highly appreciated. It gives a full description of the activities, and a very interesting sketch of the life of the students and the advantages and pleasures at the disposal of the guests. It is splendidly illustrated, and anyone who peruses it cannot but help longing for the privilege of residence in this favored land, surrounded by the finest beauties of nature, and with the benefit of associating with the harmonious and dignified social life among the students and friends, inspired by the presence of our beloved Leader.

\* \* \*

**Sweden and Holland** Two new Lodges in Sweden and steady progressive work is the gist of last month's report. In Holland the same enthusiastic spirit exists among the members, and a healthy activity characterizes all their work.

OBSERVER

## *The Service of Smiles*

*(Selected)*

Go smiling through this world of care,  
And make the days more bright and fair.  
So much the clouds o'erspread the sky—  
So many hopes and comforts die—  
And we can all some cheer impart  
To soothe a dull and careworn heart.  
He serves the Lord, who thus beguiles,  
The gloom from souls with sunny smiles.

Go smiling through this world of care,  
'Twill easy make the loads to bear,  
And bring some rest and sweet relief  
To souls borne down by care and grief.  
In each one's heart some sadness lies,  
And tears have bathed all human eyes.  
He serves the Master who beguiles  
The gloom away with sunny smiles.

Go smiling all the way along,  
And fill the days with joy and song.  
Go speak a word of hope and cheer  
To every soul that passes near.  
For each of them, as well as thee,  
That blood was shed on Calvary.  
Ah, Christlike he is who beguiles  
Away both sin and grief with smiles.

—W. C. MARTIN

# Reports of Lodges



## Boston, Massachusetts

The monthly public meetings of the Lodges of Boston, Cambridge, Somerville and Malden have been well attended during the season just closed, and not alone by strangers but by the members of these different Lodges. The endeavor to make these meetings entertaining as well as instructive to the public by having good music and short vigorous talks, has been successful. Then, too, the attendance at the different public meetings by the members of the other Lodges here has created that helpful atmosphere appreciated by all speakers at Theosophical meetings. The awakening of the members to the fact that their attendance at the public meetings, especially at this time, is their duty to the Work in this respect, is continually on the increase. A repetition at members' meetings of the importance of such attendance and its great help in making these meetings powerful in affecting the public, is surely causing the comrades to resolve that they will come and give their best thoughts to such meetings whenever possible.

The most interesting and portentously hopeful occurrence of this month of June's work here was the occasion of the closing meeting of the Lotus children. It was decided by the Lotus workers of this vicinity to have a union Lotus Group meeting in the Boston hall, and so on Sunday, June 30th, sixty-two children and eighteen active Lotus workers, —superintendents, teachers and secretaries, gathered in Boston's beautiful hall, and sang Lotus Songs, recited Golden Precepts, marched with the Golden Cord, —and altogether had such a truly Brotherhood meeting as is now only possible when children are present who enter heartily into the spirit of the gathering as these children did. This meeting gives every wished-for promise of the success of the idea of the Lotus workers here of having a monthly union meeting of the Lotus children next fall and winter when the Lotus Groups again assemble. The only difficulty in their way is the matter of car fares, which burden falls on the suburban Lotus teachers. But all difficulties are removed for those who truly desire to become helpers.—W. H. S.

*Boston, July 12, 1901*



## Sioux City, Iowa

The regular public monthly meeting was held in our Lodge-room on the 14th of July. Addresses, music and a paper by Miss Wakefield, explaining the objects of the I. B. L., made up a very interesting program. The entertainment was given in our Lodge-room on the evening of the 15th. The second part of the Symposium, "Hypatia," was given with all the stage setting (except platform). This was followed by two Lotus songs by the children. Altogether it proved to be one of the most enjoyable evenings our Lodge has had in a long time. There was a good attendance.—MRS. H. D. PIERCE.



## Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

Thanks to much help from some of the members of Lodge No. 14 (Market Larington), we were again able to give a Symposium in the Hall in Park street on Thursday, June 13th,—this time "A Promise," but we called it "The Conquest of Death," as being a more attractive title. Only two of the members of Lodge No. 2 took part in it, but were joined by five members from Lodge No. 14, and four from Lodge No. 1, Wales (Cardiff). The musical selections preceding the Symposium were excellent and rendered by harp, piano, violin, 'cello and four vocalists —our old friend Miss Amy Perry assisting us both

before and during the performance. The other artists were also professionals and most generously gave their services. Miss Willians, a member of Lodge No. 1 (Wales), suddenly decided, towards the end of May, to take lessons in scenic painting in order to paint a setting for this Symposium, and began only ten days beforehand. It represented four white marble columns, each several feet apart, connected with the usual triangular top, a little in front of which, between the two middle pillars, stood the altar—a white column of Grecian architecture about three feet high standing on its pediment—from it hung a garland of roses surmounted by a vase holding more roses. Between the marble columns delicate and luxuriant palms and flowers were depicted, the eye being carried far into the distance, and illuminating all was a sun (a diamond heart), from which radiated all colors. On either side of the altar, around which grew ferns and moss, were four white marble seats, behind and overshadowing which stood tall palms. The effect was decidedly good, and there was a rather larger audience than on the first occasion. We are steadily accumulating our own stage-furniture sittings of all sorts, with a view to giving these entertainments every month when possible, and with every confidence that in the immediate future we may be able to materialize the settings which present themselves to the imagination. The generous kindness and courtesy which we meet with all the time from the many perfect strangers whom we contact while preparing for these entertainments is very noteworthy. But all this preparation—interesting and delightful though it may be, is as nothing compared with the experiences of those who actually take part in the Symposium, and it would be well worth the effort and expenditure entailed even were it only performed before empty benches. The flowers and garlands were all beautifully arranged by our constant helper, Christine Charbounier. E. C.



#### U. B. Lodge No. 7, London, England

The Lodge is now holding Meetings for Members every Thursday at 3 Vernon Place, and Public Meetings the third Sunday in each month.

The Boys' Club meets every Monday at 8 o'clock, and is making satisfactory progress. The boys are showing a strong appreciation of its value to them, and enter heartily into the work. Part of the time is occupied in drill, the rest of the evening being devoted to games or orderly talks on subjects of interest, the boys freely expressing their opinions.

Lotus Group, Sunday mornings at 11. Three Lotus Groups are held on Saturday afternoons; Singing Class (for children) on Mondays; Nature Class on Tuesdays; Girls' Club on Fridays.

*June 10, 1901*

WILLIAM A. DUNN, *President*

W. HAMMOND, *Secretary*

Other reports of Lodges are held over this month owing to lack of space.

What is meant by "making the thoughts sincere," is the allowing no self-deception, as when we hate a bad smell, and as when we love what is beautiful. This is called self-enjoyment. Therefore, the superior man must be watchful over himself when he is alone.

There is no evil to which the mean man, dwelling retired, will not proceed, but when he sees a superior man, he instantly tries to disguise himself, concealing his evil, and displaying what is good. The other beholds him, as if he saw his heart and reins: of what use is his *disguise*? This is an instance of the saying—"What truly is within will be manifested without." Therefore, the superior man must be watchful over himself when he is alone.

—CHINESE CLASSICS

## Catholic Finances in Cuba



REPORTS from Cuba just at hand, and from inside sources, say that Bishop Sbarretti, formerly the auditor of the delegation at Washington, but consecrated Bishop of Havana a little more than a year ago, is having close times with money matters. He is offering to real estate men all manner of property for which there is any sale, and doing so at a discount of sixty-five cents on the dollar. According to the concordat of 1878 the Spanish Government paid to the church in Cuba a sum approximating \$300,000 a year. American occupation cut this off, and immediately recourse was had to church coffers in Spain and in Italy. From these sources, it is said, large sums were borrowed. This paper is now coming due and Bishop Sbarretti is being urged from abroad to pay up all he can. Recently he offered to sell a cemetery to be turned into building sites. This and other property is held subject to a mortgage that cannot be called, as the local expression is. That is, the holder cannot foreclose. Hence the offer of a thirty-five per cent discount. It is stated that little property has been disposed of by the bishop, whose financial problems are at times desperate. Poor success is making in training Cuban Catholics to support their religion by money gifts after the plan in use here.

According to the same authority, a large real estate operator in Havana, who is a Jew and has transacted business for both sides, Protestant efforts on the island are meeting with moderate success. He says that the assumption that Protestant work there must grow, if grow at all, at the expense of Catholic membership, is all wrong. As here, there are many persons who never attend any church services. The great task of both must be to bring about better conditions of morality. In this work, he says there is plenty for all to do. He has little faith that improvement will come until morals are better. This Jew real estate operator is in position to know church conditions, for at the moment he happens to have in hand negotiations with Episcopal, Presbyterian and Congregational organizations in this country, as well as some important affairs for Bishop Sbarretti.—*Boston Evening Transcript, June 30, 1901*

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We must not stint our necessary actions in the fear to cope malicious censures.

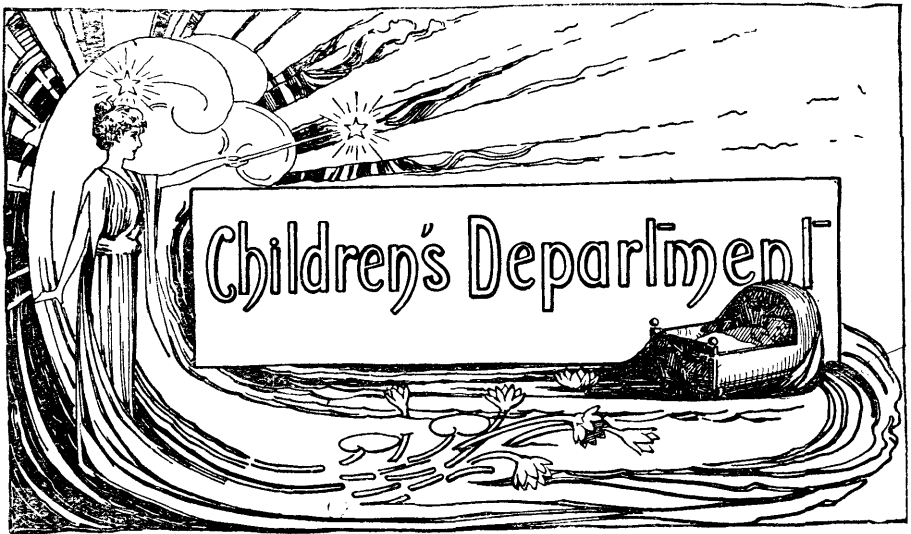
—SHAKESPEARE

The old oracle said "All things have two handles; beware of the wrong one."

The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common.

The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken and in heaps, is, because man is disunited with himself.

—EMERSON.



## The Mystery on the Hill

by a Student



ONCE upon a time there was a great King, who lived in a wonderful white palace. Its domes, one of a sea-foam tint and one of violet, could be seen from far out over the sea and over the land.

The subjects of the King were people of great interest and talent. They practised all the crafts. They were skilled in Music and Masonry, in Painting and Poetry, in Literature as well as in the arts of the Kitchen, the Needle and in all the affairs of the Home.

All their talents and efforts were energized by the heart force, which like the rainbow hues from the highest heavens, colored all their thoughts and deeds.

People said, they looked and walked and talked like Gods. Peace floated in the atmosphere of their Homes and Temples. Joy filled their hearts. Harmony was the presiding Muse. "Love and Compassion for all that lives" was their watchword.

Well, the King was a mighty conqueror. The wreath of victory was his crown. His ear was so attentive that it heard the woe and sorrow of all discouraged humanity. His eye was so keen that he saw the thoughts and compassionate impulses leap from the hearts of his people to soothe the aching hearts of the world. His heart was so big that he felt the need and heart-cry of every living thing and as he wrapped his purple mantle about him it was as though it were a mantle of love and protection for all earth's creatures.

His great example inspired all the good thoughts and aspirations of his people, and so his subjects provided the world with the best literature and the

best dramas, and showed to the people all the noble qualities of the higher life.

Every musician, every warrior and craftsman, he touched with the magic power of his love, which poured in steady streams from his heart. He taught his people so that they became the sweetest singers, the most fearless warriors for Truth, and the most capable builders and mighty craftsmen of the Age.

The world who saw these people wondered why they were so happy, so talented, so intelligent, and less selfish than other people.

The King had given them the wisdom of the ages which had been kept sacred by his trusted custodians. His people became wise and their feet were lighted by the lamp of Truth. He taught them that Love and Compassion are the keys to the gates which lead to immortality. His people became lovers of the spiritual life and of all humanity. Their thoughts, deeds and words were vivified by the power of compassion and wisdom.

Could these fortunate disciples ever do sufficient honor to their King?

Who are these people? Where is this Sacred Hill? Whence comes this King of Light and Love who holds the powers of Life and Death within his grasp?

Does he not teach the Science of life, the Art of Living?

## Good Weather Thoughts

by Aunt Louise



“O H! it is so hot!” groaned a little girl. Why does God make the weather so hot when he could make it cool just as well?” So she blamed God for the heat, while all the time another little girl no bigger than herself, had been helping to make it hot, but she did not know it.

You see it is this way. Thoughts make things. They have wings and float in the atmosphere about us, which we cannot see. One day, not long before this happened, the little girl no bigger than the one who complained about the heat, had been angry with her little sister and scratched her until the blood came. Her mama was very much displeased, and for awhile that home was filled with angry thoughts, so that it seemed as though a fiery cloud was all around it, made out of the angry thoughts.

After a while some loving thought came floating in, and the angry thoughts had to go away. It would have been a happy thing I think, if they had died on the spot, but they have to live awhile on earth when they are born. They never stay long where there is love, they just fly away to the nearest angry spot they can find, where men, women and children are beginning to get an-

gry and bad, and then they make them worse. And so as long as anyone thinks angry thoughts the fiery cloud grows bigger and bigger until it spreads over a great part of the world like a fiery blanket which will not let through the Life and Joy of the Sunshine, but only its fiery, burning rays, which do not give us all the blessings of the true sunshine. And all this makes many people uncomfortable and causes sickness and pain.

Now dear old Mother Nature loves to see people happy, and does all she can to help. When the big clouds of anger arise she sets to work at once to make things pleasant by bringing the cool breezes and showers, but she cannot always do this right away, because the fiery clouds are so thick and large. But she does it as quickly as she can, and wants all the children to help her by sending out thoughts which are joyous and happy to all the children of the world. This is what the Lotus children at Point Loma do in the fairy boats, which they send out, carrying a big, big cargo of love and sunshine. She, wishes, too, that the children would not send out one single thought which will make men, women or children, or even animals or plants suffer, for unkind thoughts make the flowers droop their heads and sometimes die, unless Mother Nature can get her breezes and showers there in time to save them alive.

Surely children and all people, there is great reason why we should have good weather thoughts and make the light shine out of our hearts just as the sun shines in the sky and makes the whole world bright and happy.

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## Do Not Bite Your Own Tail



**W**HAT lessons in Brotherhood we can learn from watching animals. The other day I was watching a little kitten, sitting in the sun. Every now and then the furry tail would whisk round and strike the kitten in the face; whereupon she would give the tail a spiteful bite. But every time she did this a sudden pain would start up somewhere in the back end of her body, and it puzzled the little cat very much. She didn't know that the tail was part of the same cat, and it was taking her considerable time and trouble to learn it. There was a nerve running from the head to the end of the tail, connecting them together, so that when one was hurt the other felt the pain. I wonder if there isn't an invisible nerve connecting you and me, and all of us together, so that when one is hurt the others are hurt too. The nerves of brotherhood run from one heart to another, so that we all feel together; and we want to send out nerves of Brotherhood through all the world, joining all hearts together.

THE WISE OLD MAN



## H U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.

The Master said, "Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practises it will have neighbors."

— CHINESE CLASSICS

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

VOL. XVI

OCTOBER 1901

NO. 7

## "I Am a Ray from a Star"

*by* H. T. Patterson

**C**REATION, not past or future, but now  
 And eternal, how wonderful are thy ways!  
 Hail, Ptah!

From a far distant star I descended,  
 My glorious light, which flashed through the night,  
 I hid in the womb of the earth. Sun rays  
 And moonbeams, at my command, for my birth  
 Wove a garment of silver and gold—  
 A garment my starlight to cover—  
 Whil'st the earth lent a mantle of brown.  
 Thereafter 'mongst men did I dwell and held converse with them.

Osiris I worship and Ra!  
 I bow down before Isis, and Amen the Lord of the Throne, I adore;  
 Yet ever I search for the far distant star  
 Hail, gods, in Amenti!

Hail, Thoth! Hail, scribe of the gods!  
 Hail, in Amenti, recorder!

By the scrolls, unerring and endless,  
 My name, whispered only to gods, is my pass-word and guard.  
 My heart I retain and I wander at will where I choose,  
     Hail scribe, in Amenti!

From eyes I look forth, and then, lo!  
 Behind other eyes stars behold,  
 Betokening the starlight within.  
     Hail, in Amenti! ye bright burning stars!

Didst thou, O Sahu, give me birth?  
 Or did my swift sailing bark reach this earth  
 From some twelfth of the infinite space, unsuspected?  
 Not knowing the place of my birth,  
 How, then, to this earth shall I draw  
 Starlight from my far-distant star?  
 Oh, creation, not future, or past, but eternal, how  
 Shall I, a wand'rer on earth, take part in thy work?  
     Hail in Amenti, ye wondering, wandering stars!

Osiris I worship, and Amen adore;  
 And bow down before Isis and Ra;  
 Yet ever I search for that star  
 Whose ray, past, future and present,  
 Fallen down on the earth has given me birth.  
     Hail, Amen and Isis, Osiris and Ra!

Oh, earth, thou terrestrial womb,  
 The sun and the moon,  
 With life and with form,  
 Feed the seed sown in thee;  
 But, the starlight concealed  
 Createth a star, which from thee  
 In æons, perhaps, or ages, or days —  
 Who measureth time but he that's not free? —  
 Shall burst forth.  
 In its glory shall be the glory of stars,  
 Each star-ray an atom of numberless tints,  
 Shall expand into infinite light in this star  
 In whose glory shall dwell the glory of numberless stars.

Farewell, oh far-distant star!  
 I draw down a glory eternal, from thee unto earth.  
     Hail, Amen, Osiris, and Ra!  
     Hail, Ptah!

# *The Warrior and the Flag*

by a Student



IT is difficult to think of conditions, as they exist throughout the world at present, without a feeling of bewilderment. Everything seems to be passing, changing, expanding. "These are the times that try men's souls." Many occurrences, apparently important and to which the newspapers have given a great deal of space, are seen to be really insignificant from the standpoint of the soul life of humanity. Others, scarcely noticed in the passing, have sprung so directly from sources that were Infinite and Eternal that they have changed the course of human evolution for all time to come.

One of such events was the Crusade of American Theosophists around the world, undertaken in 1896 by Katherine Tingley and a little band of seven of her students. Their object was to encircle the world with a cable-tow of brotherhood, to give to all the nations of the world a philosophy of hope, based on brotherhood as a fact in nature, the only philosophy that could unify the various nations. These Crusaders went forth for the sake of peace, telling all who would listen that they were souls, divine souls, entitled to know the truth entitled to walk in the light, destined for final liberation; telling them that all German, Greek, American, Spaniard, Indian, Chinese, Maori, civilized and so-called uncivilized, all, had common interests, common sorrows, and a common destiny,—for Soul is one. And this in 1896, when the nations of the world were up in arms, ready to fly at each other's throats!

The influence of this Crusade was immeasurably great because undertaken at just the critical time, just as a harvest is more abundant if the seed be planted at the right time instead of the wrong. Theosophy, as given to the world by Helena P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, like a spiritual plow-point, had broken the old, hard crust of things and brought the new fresh soil to the surface. It was to plant in this waiting thought-soil the ideals of brotherhood, unity and peace that these Warriors, these Crusaders, went forth.

From this Crusade Katherine Tingley brought back to her students the flags of all the nations visited, doubtless that they might better understand those who, on the surface of things, were widely separated from them. For sympathy and understanding are the first steps toward a recognition of that inner unity of soul upon which alone a Universal Brotherhood may be established.

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Flags are not meaningless devices of line and color. Even the most prosaic person knows that they convey a distinct message to those capable of reading it, and what our army of soldiers, sailors and railroad men would do with-

out flags it is difficult to conjecture. Our navy would be seriously hampered without its present complete code of color signals, in fact, under certain conditions flags are the only means by which ships may communicate. Familiar to all are the white flag of truce or brotherhood and the red flag meaning "powder." *i. e.*, continued war.

Yet there are deeper soundings in this subject that only the mystic or the occultist may reach. Flags speak to us not in words but in colors. They appeal not to our brains but to our souls. For color and sound are the language of the soul. Those who know tell us that the very ideas we get come to the mind at their source in sound and color, and that we only half translate them because of our ignorance.

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In all flags, without exception, the colors used are those of the spectrum. This is significant. Not a single flag contains "tints" or "shades," such as man had devised, only the pure rainbow colors, the separate color elements into which the pure ray of sunlight is resolved by the prism.

It is significant, also, that all flags, without exception, have sprung from the hearts of a people, not from their brain minds. All have been born from the religious instinct of a people or from their soul need at some crisis or other. All have grown, changed, expanded, as the ideals of the nation have grown and its inner life expanded.

Recall, for example, the history of our own American flag, the "stars and stripes" which, in its inception was a Crusade flag.

In the latter part of the twelfth century, when Richard I of England went to Palestine on the Third Crusade, he felt the need of something, doubtless, that should serve to unify his more or less disunited followers. For the first and second Crusades had enlisted and nearly exhausted the real knighthood of Europe. The later Crusade armies contained an irresponsible, shiftless element; a natural consequence of the action of the Church in granting to all who would go complete absolution from the payment of all debts, the fulfilling of all or any contracts made, and the consequences of sins already committed or which would be committed during the course of the Crusade.

At any rate Richard I asked the aid of George, a Bishop, who gave him a white flag with a red cross upon it. Its unifying effect upon his followers was so marked that it did not pass with the passing of the Crusades. For five hundred years the "Red Cross of St. George" was the banner of England.

The flag of the Scottish Crusaders was blue with the white diagonal cross of St. Andrews. When England and Scotland were united under James I, these crosses were united and to them, later, was added the blue diagonal cross of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, thus forming the Union Jack, the flag of England today.

It was this flag which was brought to America four hundred years ago, in the Mayflower. But the uncompromising Pilgrim Fathers refused to use it because the crosses of which the Union Jack was formed, were those of patron

saints of the Catholic Church.\* So the Massachusetts colonists designed and used the "Pine-tree flag," and other banners were used in other colonies.

But these were only make-shifts, and Washington, seeing this, talked over with Franklin and one other man the matter of a national flag for America. And at last these men designed the first American flag, thirteen red and white stripes with the Union Jack in the corner. It was hoisted in honor of the thirteen United States, on January 2, 1776, with a salute of thirteen guns. Later, when the United States had declared themselves free and independent, the Union Jack was removed and a square of blue, containing thirteen stars arranged in the form of a circle, was substituted.

And our own "stars and stripes" indicated what is true of every flag in the world which has stood the test of wars and of time. Every flag, if one can interpret its colors and devices, epitomizes not only the history of its own nation but its ideals as well.

Examine the flag of England, the Union Jack, with its romantic history, symbolic of that knightly past of which England is so proud. Three-quarters of her ensign is red, emblematic of her history which has been a tale of conquest from the beginning, and of her national ideal,—naval and military supremacy. For red is the war color, the danger signal, a recognized signal in our navy, meaning "powder."

Red is conspicuous in the flags of all nations, with few exceptions, although the general peace sentiment that prevails today has made many of us feel that it belongs only to the anarchist. Yet we need the war color, the red, in our flags and we need the Warrior Spirit in our nations.

As red itself has many uses and many shades, so war has many aspects. As there is a war of plunder and selfishness, so also is there a war of compassion. And, though the wars of Kali Yuga, the dark age, have been selfish, America has set a new ideal before the nations of the world in her war with Spain for the sake of Cuba, the ideal of war waged not for self but for others.

Such war is holy, divine. And why not? Is not the Soul always a Warrior? Is not the Warrior-spirit in his breast the very divinest part of man? Jesus, the Prince of Peace, said to his disciples, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am come not to send peace but a sword.

We are all warriors, all of us who are not asleep. Some of us know that we are. Everyone in the world, excepting those who are wholly indifferent, is today enlisted either in the ranks of the Army of Light or those of the Forces of Darkness. Those who are ambitious, covetous, revengeful, hypocritical, selfish, are enemies of the Light and of God. And pitted against them in this age-long struggle are all who are not selfish, those who are more eager to eradicate their own short-comings than the short-comings of others, who are more anxious to fight and conquer the foes within their own souls than the less important foes without. It was this inner battle which Jesus called upon men to enter. It was this inner struggle that he referred to when he said that the one

\*From article in one of the earlier issues of THE NEW CENTURY

who overcame himself was greater than he that taketh a city. It was to the inner battle that John referred to when he wrote, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out."

It seems to be the flaming desire principle in our nature that the Warrior-soul generates and uses, just as the engineer generates and uses the steam in his locomotive. In both cases, the power generated, if harnessed and kept upon the track, is immensely useful. Otherwise, it becomes the agent of untold destruction. And the man who will not harness this principle of his nature and use it in fighting the inner battles is almost certain to be drawn into the outer, to his final sorrow,—the selfish battles of social life, business or industrial life or, perchance, the bloodier wars of nations. In this may be found the explanation of much of the present confusion and war throughout the world.

Thus, since war has a high as well as a low aspect, the war color, red, in our nations' flags, speaks of high possibilities if the national motive be purified and the national ideal raised.

In the "stars and stripes," the red of war and the white of brotherhood are evenly balanced, indicating that the Warrior spirit of this nation, from the day that the Declaration of Independence changed a simple insurrection into a revolutionary war, to the present day, has ever lent its urge and power to a high ideal. And doubtless it is significant that the red and white stripes alternate, suggesting the rungs of a ladder or corresponding points of sequential cycles, for each advance toward our national ideal of brotherhood has been preceded by a period of war.

Symbolic, too, is the blue square in our flag, dotted with stars. Blue was a sacred color in ancient days. Even during the Dark Ages, when Raphael, and before him Botticelli, Fra Bartolommeo and others, were helping the Renaissance to birth by their religious paintings, a symbolic significance, though doubtless not the correct one, was attached to the color blue. It was invariably this color which was used for the outer robe of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

In nature, which brings us far nearer the truth than paintings or books, we see blue chiefly in the sky, a mystic, impenetrable dome over our heads, protecting, inspiring, and guiding us with its constellation of stars.

The star is one of the most ancient and occult symbols. One proof of this lies in the fact that such common expressions as "the star of destiny," "the lode-star," "the guiding star," at once lift our consciousness to higher planes. The Star in the East guided the Magi to that little cave in Bethlehem, two thousand years ago. "He that overcometh and keepeth my works to the end, to him will I give power over nations, . . . and I will give him the morning star," is written in the Book of Revelation. Sacred writings of far greater antiquity refer to the Star of Initiation. "Fix thy soul's gaze upon the star whose ray thou art, the flaming star that shines within the lightless depths of ever-being the boundless fields of the unknown," is written in the *The Voice of the Silence*.

Thus the star, in all ages, has been the symbol of divine guidance, such as we might receive daily and in full measure if we would only turn to the Great Ones and trust the Great Law, trust and trust and trust, without any reservation or any fault-finding or any tears. Those who believe in God and the Higher Law, cannot doubt that there were critical times in our history when Washington and Franklin and that other man who designed our flag, were very plastic to the guidance of the Great Ones, the Teachers of men, and that our flag is not an accident but is symbolic in every color and every line.

The "stars and stripes" have set the fashion in colors, as has our nation in ideals, for the states in Central and South America and the islands of the West Indies, Honduras, Nicaragua, Guatamala, Argentine and Uruguay float banners of blue and white, Peru, of red and white, Hayti of red and blue, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Paraguay, Chili, the Dominican Republic, and Cuba, of red, white and blue.

The flag, of all these American states and colonies, with which we are most familiar, is that of Cuba, a star and stripes, its colors, red, white and blue. Its broad bars of blue and white are symbolical of peace and brotherhood, and of the hope that it may be realized; its large red triangle speaks of the courage, fire and devotion which the Cubans certainly possess, as a nation. Lacking means, education, everything, it would seem, that would qualify a nation to win its freedom by force, the Cubans yet had trust and the courage to enter into a battle for the sake of a principle, and today Cuba is free. It was doubtless this quality in their national character which placed the star in their flag, not, as in the stars in our flag, upon a square of blue, but upon a triangle of red. That, too, is symbolic, for Cuba's star is rising, though out of a red field of blood and war.

Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela have none of the peace color, white, in their flags. To the bars of red and blue are added, in each of these, a broad bar of yellow. Mexico's flag, very similar to that of Italy, adopts red, white and green; Bolivia, green, yellow and red; Brazil, azure, yellow and green.

*(To be Continued.)*

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If Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy strikes deep root into the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words, of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then, indeed, will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are out-cast. For real Theosophy is Altruism, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possession, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then the Golden Age will be there, indeed.

—*Our Cycle and the Next*, H. P. BLAVATSKY

# Theosophy and Christianity

by F. M. Pierce



THE truths which I shall present to you are suggested by the present condition of the Christian world, viewed from the stand-point of duty illuminated by Theosophy; and the following extracts are from the Christian Bible:

Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the Doctrine of Christ, hath not God.—*Second Epistle of John, 9th verse*

The Angel said: “Go, stand and speak in the Temple to the people all the words of this life.”—*Acts v, 20*

The key to the text is “Christ’s Doctrine.” All intelligent students of Christ’s life and work have discovered that His Doctrine is the “Doctrine of the Heart,”—“Love ye one another.” Filled with this spirit, and continuing His Work, we obey the Angel’s command to “Go, stand and speak in the Temple to the people all the words of this life.” Thus impelled, we speak the truth with fearless love for all.

The true Theosophist brings an immense advantage to bear upon the consideration of any live, practical, scientific or religious question, because, in passing through these various phases of the soul’s evolution or awakening, he has been, and is today, a most earnest and honest investigator and actor in these developments.

For this reason he is too wisely experienced to even permit himself the unsafe and ludicrous license taken by ignorance, of expressing himself, or preaching on any subject which he has not first, and without prejudice, fully and intelligently investigated.

Doubtless he has been an honest, perhaps like many today, an almost hopeless believer in some one of the multitudinous religions, amidst the soul-unsatisfying offerings and entanglements of which he now sees his less experienced brothers struggling towards the light. But knowing that every soul must work out its own experience, he does not attempt to ruinously disturb the only point these fear-palsied souls see to rest upon, and perhaps throw them back deeper into the sea of human selfishness. He aids and strengthens such by asking them to examine that upon which they rest; doing this for themselves, and in their own way, that they shall be satisfied, or know why they are not, while moving on in their evolution under the law of progress. Through experience, he has proved the fallacy of attempting to conduct any enterprise on theoretical lines laid down in advance by himself, or in learned dissertations by eminent theorists. Like the successful ranchman, he has learned to disregard collegiate theories on horticulture, unintelligently compiled from frag-

\* A paper read at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Cal., Aug. 4, 1901



mentary data culled from busy practical men like himself. He selects plantings adapted to the soil; cultivates and waters them with due regard to both, and to climate and all related conditions.

The true Theosophist has learned to study, live in, and become a ceaseless, active, practical part of whatever he undertakes. In this way alone can he arrive at discrimination and a perception of the truth either in temporal or spiritual concerns. He has learned that no person can give him possession of Wisdom; that no power or miracle of Divine Providence can do for him the duties which the Supreme—The Great Law—has created him to perform for himself.

The true Theosophist has learned the power of that most practical command, "Work out your own salvation." He realizes from his own experience that salvation is not rescue from the wrath of a loving God, from eternal punishment, from the Devil, nor from Hell; but that it is the freeing of his soul from the lower selfish passional and material desire-nature, the power and satanic qualities of which are recognized by those who have the desire and manhood to challenge their supremacy in their own lives.

False fear of the Supreme has so weakened man's spirituality that he has lost the courage to attack and subdue his brutal and subtle selfishness. In consequence, men have mentally created the multiform powers which rule their lower natures, into a Satanic Personality who presides over their mind-constructed Hades.

Dominated by fear and mental laziness, they hope to escape these evils by the grace and interposition of God, while they continue to diligently foster the Satan of Selfishness ruling in their own lives, and give it their best energy and strength to make life a Hell for themselves and others.

Theosophists know these most of all practical facts, through having used and abandoned to the weak and inexperienced, the various exterior aids or crutches with which they helped their past limping spirituality. Relying upon themselves and the Great Law, they have challenged for subjugation these evil forces of the Universe, found localized in their own lower natures, and the natures and lives of all men.

In doing this self-salvation work, as commanded by the God of every religion on earth, the Theosophist has found a far greater and more glorious truth, as will any obedient soul sensible enough to take God at his word. Energized to work out his own salvation and becoming obedient, he has awakened and set free within himself an intelligence so powerful, wise and subtle as to discover the plans, schemes and crafty machinations of all his devils, and by frustrating their issue, confound, discourage, defeat, subjugate and finally make of them obedient servants. The lower, spiritually blind forces in his nature, have finally found their master for whom they have been searching, guideless, blind and in maddening pain. He has realized the "temptation;" sees "the way," and knows that he can, must and will under the law, win the same victory as did the Man Jesus, who, through evolution ascended the mount

of spiritual perception, where he had in full view and command the "Kingdoms of the earth," epitomized in His completely subjugated material nature, which then lost its power to tempt. Then the higher Self—Christos—Divine Soul or Christ-Side of his dual nature, took complete and final command of his earthly and eternal life. In doing this he also found God; not remote, intangible and impossible, but within himself. "He and the Father then became One." The individualized soul had come into full consciousness with the ALL-SOUL of the Universe—The Supreme. The great throbbing heart had found its own.

This is all perceived and realized by the Theosophists as being a simple, living, practical and inevitable fact in nature, under the irresistible, ceaseless and eternal sweep of the Great Twin Laws of Evolution and Reincarnation. He knows that from his material body, evolved from and through all the lower kingdoms of nature by the "inner urging" soul or spirit in matter, there will finally develop the incorruptible spiritual body, which, like Christ, will roll away the blocking stone of the brain-mind from its sepulcher of flesh, and emerge, to be seen and talked with by those who know that they are themselves Divine Souls in material bodies, imprisoned and rendered directly inoperative by the brain-mind, excepting as the "small voice" of conscience, until, through mortal suffering—the religionist's hell—the material man's mind grows to a full recognition of its Higher Self or soul, and acknowledges it as Master—its savior.

The Theosophist knows that the Apostle did not lie, nor speak in parable, when he said of Christ, "Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren" and that he was made "perfect through sufferings," being "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He knows that all men can and sometime must, in the eternity of time, become like him, without sin; become like him here on earth, through the practice of unselfishness and ceaseless, fearless helpfulness or brotherhood among his fellow men; become known as disciples, "In that ye love one another."

With such an every-day practically useful knowledge of Christ's divinely simple teachings, gained through the "fiery furnace" of experience, and a thankful realization of its purpose as the unfold of the soul, the Theosophist notes with a sorrow and pity which spur him to ceaseless and fearless action, the sad contrast between the living, truth-energized teachings of Christ, and their frequent mis-interpreted presentations in lifeless form, by some of the modern, so-called Christian teachers.

This is specially true of those who have substituted creeds and dogmas in place of universal truth as taught by Christ: and of men who have turned aside from their adopted field of work to criticise, ridicule and, most of all, condemn and attempt to destroy others who work as honestly, and, "judged by their work," more intelligently, to establish the rule of truth, harmony and a spirit of tolerance and mutual helpfulness among men, as the constituted basis and component parts of spirituality.

The true Theosophist's life is directed by practical spiritual knowledge, gained through his well analyzed, understood and applied experience.

With his higher intelligence awakened through subjugation of his lower, he is open-minded to truth. With the same faculty, he sees the false emphasized by contrast, and how to defeat it; hence his opinions—or, better,—his convictions, are grounded and expressed only after exhausting every reliable source of information—not excepting his own unprejudiced judgment—in order to avoid deception, false conclusions and the propagation of error.

With such armament, his fearlessness in act and speech for and in defence of truth, is tempered and made potent by due allowance and helpfulness for ignorance; tolerance for opposing *honest* opinions, and a relentless compassion in the handling of intolerance, bigotry, calumny, jealousy, hatred and other companions of the evil minded.

If the foregoing is true, then Theosophy, while being more comprehensive, alive and all penetrating, is not only in no way opposed to Christianity in so far as it *practically applies the true* teachings of Christ, but disentangles, confirms and makes them plain as it does also the true teachings which have come down from all the great spiritual Teachers of Humanity.

Universal truth states and proves that spirituality is the discerning of equity, and the putting it in loving control of every thought and deed.

*Theosophy not only teaches, but through awakened intelligence, compels a universally true and spiritual life.* Is this like unto the fruits of modern Christianity?

*Let this be distinctly understood! That we as Theosophists have no issue with the teachings of Christ. Insisting that they are basic, fundamental and true, we also ask that his claimed followers shall either interpret, teach and practise them as he taught and practised, or make plain why they do not.*

If, as they claim, they do these things—after Christ—then their works and the results will prove that they are true and faithful servants of the Master! If not, then their works will prove them false to Christ, His teachings and work.

Is it not an admitted fact the world over that man is inherently and primarily a devotional being? That he feels out in the darkness to some power or being beyond his mental or brain-mind conception for help and guidance, even in his material affairs? This makes his inner or spiritual concept the real and dominant factor in his life; but from causes to be mentioned, he has, in gradually becoming immersed in materiality, separated his material from his spiritual life to the extent of largely leaving the latter and the interpretation of God's word in the hands of religious professors of spirituality. They map out and furnish him chart and compass by which to steer his spiritual course; he even places the command of his spiritual craft in the hands of professed navigators—at a price. Through teaching, and perhaps inclination, men have come to trust and largely follow these religious guides.

This is true, with isolated exceptions, where one or a few, believing that they saw imminent and appalling danger to themselves and humanity, have

stepped out of the carelessly contented throng and called in warning to their comrades.

Here let us begin to examine and "judge by works." How have these earnest and broadly fearless men and women been treated and by whom? Honest or dishonest, right or wrong, have they been approached and reasoned with in the spirit of love as taught by the Master? Have Christ's professed disciples "turned the other cheek also?" Have they cast the devils out of these brothers that they might live and repent? Or have these been killed that the devils might escape? Have not these time-proved honest, fearless disciples of truth, been pursued, persecuted, excommunicated, tortured, burned and crucified even to Christ himself? And by whom? History of facts universally fix these abominations and hideous crimes upon the religious guides and teachers of the time. Who killed Christ; the wise and gentle Hypatia; Joan of Arc,—the heaven guided savior of France? Who destroyed the priceless Alexandrian records of the ancient truths, and why? Who operated and furnished the refinement and purity of Europe as human fuel to the Inquisition? Pillaged and led Europe into the Dark Ages? Incited war among nations, and does today,—as witness Cuba, the Philippines and China? Have not all these, and most of the world's horrors been perpetrated in the name of Christ by the Christian Church?

In view of these things which have been the world's unbalancing, would not the world and the minds of men be at peace today, if religious wranglings, jealousies, hatred and wars over creeds, dogmas and secular power were removed from the life of Humanity? "Judged by their works" and measured by the "Golden Rule" what other conclusion is permissible even to a sensible religiously prejudiced mind?

While the rank and file of the religious Christian world is responsible for the blind mass-force with which many of these crimes were effected against humanity and the Holy Ghost, Its crucified Soul—who was it planned, incited, directed and led the hosts of devastation and death? Surely not the rank and file, but in the nature of these things, their religious guides; and history does, and humanity will, hold them responsible; for had they not projected these cataclysms of horrors, they would not have eventuated, and humanity would have retained its now lost spirituality.

These are not theoretical presentations, nor over-drawn pictures projected as proof in an argument. They are stern facts with which only the ignorant and the guilty will venture contest.

Such is the condition of things today in the materially religious life of humanity as it stands under the leadership of its deluded, careless and false guides, facing a future so filled with its material and spiritual interests, that the great past, by comparison, sinks into insignificance.

As men and as Theosophists, we have no contention with the Christianity of Christ, nor with any religion or thought which aids the upliftment of humanity. We hail all such with joyful hearts and the outstretched hand of

true fellowship, as "worthy laborers in the Master's vineyard." But as good citizens, as a part of humanity, as men and women spiritually awakened and enlightened by the Divine Teachings of Theosophy, we do recognize the almost fatal existing conditions and their cause, and that the remedy lies in the reformation of religious thought and leadership which are responsible for them.

These proving facts, and the thankful responsibility of true knowledge brings us, as worthy citizens and Theosophists, squarely and fairly at issue with the proved ignorant, careless or unfaithful professed teachers of Christ, and the selfish, false guides who cannot plead ignorance. Nor would we accept the defence of truth against those who have opened the attack, were it otherwise possible to reach the hidden impelling intelligent force, which uses them to an extent as unconscious Agents. To make this plain: *There is a sum-total of Goodness manifesting through Nature and through man as its lawful Master, to the extent that he is responsive to goodness. So likewise must there be a sum-total of evil, resulting from perversion of goodness, which similarly manifests; and as man—for reasons already shown—is now more prone to evil than to righteousness, this perverted intelligent force finds its most responsive agent in man. This being true, its logical arraignment with conditions and their cause, as noted, leaves but one conclusion as to what units it selects from among the mass, as its most efficient agents, to first blind and delude, and then make of them efficient helpers in misguiding and leading their fellows into the darkness of material selfishness.*

Here, man is now imprisoned with his religious guides, though both are blinded to their condition, by the dominant force which has psychologized them with a counterfeit spirituality. In this hypnotic dream of an imagined spiritual life, the religious guides, acting under the spell of their evil hiding master, in like manner act upon their following and produce the present resulting conditions.

*The religious world is psychologized by an utterly false spirituality. This is proved by the almost wholly selfish and unbrotherly methods by which it is sustained and operated. Men being in this unnatural and false condition, we are perfectly aware that this stated fact will meet with denial and ridicule, and those who make the statement will be objects of religious hatred and fiendish persecution, projected through men, by the now unseen propelling evil intelligence, which is by this act forced into the light of truth and under the observation of awakening intelligent reason.*

History, facts, the logic and continuity of past, present and impending events, will not permit of sidetracking nor explaining away this stated truth. *These as witnesses and the constituted judges of the Great Law's august court, have pronounced sentence against the continuance of this organized abomination.*

Being in the light, and living as conscious souls within the Law, through following the divine teachings of Theosophy, we hear the Law's decree,—we hear the appeal of humanity's great despairing Heart and are moved in their high service to engage the attacking enemy!

The time has struck for honest intelligence within and outside of our ranks, to begin the spiritual awakening, by challenging the erroneous and false interpretations and presentation of the Christian's Bible-truths. These have in vital points been robbed of "The spirit that maketh alive;" are buried in the form and the "letter which killeth;" have become "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" in the mouths of those who "see and know not."

Being in the light of this spiritual awakening, we as Theosophists see, know and reverence these truths as first given, by making it our momentary and ceaselessly conscious purpose and rule to live them. Awakened, energized, and made fearless as eternally living souls, through the realization of the basic, universal and divine primeval principles of Theosophy, the divinity of the soul,—the sweet and joyous sublimity of the soul-inspired life, we discern the truth, and propose to make it manifest to the Christian world through the right interpretation of its Bible truths, so presented that "He who runs may read," and may "drink of the waters of Life freely," without money and without "trade price,"—doing this righteous thing in the name of our own and the world's present and all past spiritual teachers; doing this for the sake and saving of our common humanity, and that the Father and the Master, His Son, may become glorified in and through us.

In doing this work, answering the great Heart Cry of Humanity, we joyously obey the good Angel's command to "Go, stand and speak in the Temple to all the people all the words of this life."

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## A Lesson of Devotion

by a Student



And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat.

And behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,

And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head and kissed his feet and anointed them with the ointment.

Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner.—*Luke vii, 36 to 39*

**T**HE Pharisees had wholly lost the spirit of the Law, their religion, through a slavish, witless following of the letter of it. The inner was to them wholly veiled; they beheld the outer only. Their ritual was a ritual of externals. They stood, like a phalanx of self-righteousness, against the "heresies" of this Nazarene, never dreaming

that they themselves were guilty of the cardinal sin, the "Great Heresy," the sin of separateness.

The Scribes and Pharisees were nominally the religious teachers of the common people, yet they failed entirely to comprehend the significance of such an office. The people looked to them for a sympathy and a spiritual guidance which they were incapable of giving. They had cut themselves off from the Infinite Source of supply because they lacked Compassion, carefully keeping the ignorant and the sinner at arm's length with an "I am holier than thou" attitude which made them incapable of giving these any real help.

It was against these, the Pharisees and the Scribes, that Jesus warned his disciples.

"Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness."—*Luke xi, 39*

"Woe unto ye, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them."  
—*Luke xi, 34*

No other sin did Jesus so denounce as this sin of separateness, this feeling that they were better than their brothers, which was characteristic of the Pharisee. His words to them seemingly lack that love and compassion which he always showed to the sinning, penitent woman; always to his stumbling, at times even faithless disciples; yet was his severity a mark of the truest love and compassion, and as a true physician he did not hesitate to use the surgeon's knife to cut out the diseased parts.

Yet the acts of Jesus indicate, as the acts of all World Teachers have ever shown, that he came to point out the Path to sinners, not to saints. All men were his children, wayward, heedless, rebellious, blind. To all he poured out a Father's love, even though they were unworthy of it. For the Path was for all, not for the few.

"Not one recruit can ever be refused the right to enter on the Path that leads toward 'the field of Battle.'"—*Voice of the Silence*

Thus, when even the Pharisee, a member of a class which was in open enmity to the work which Jesus came to establish, desired of Jesus that he should dine with him he "went into the Pharisee's house and sat down to meat," doubtless foreseeing the opportunity to teach the Pharisee a needed lesson.

When the sinning woman came and knelt at the feet of Jesus, craving the boon of even the humblest service to the Master, of course the Pharisee drew the closer about him his spotless garment, saying to himself, "This Man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner."

Jesus, divining his thought, answered him in parable, but there is no evidence that the Pharisee understood or learned the lesson that this incident should have taught. Too long had his soul withdrawn itself "within the carapace of selfhood." The carapace must needs be shattered by some fearful

karmic shock ere this man could ever see that Soul is one, that the same Infinite One Life throbbled alike in the hearts of all men, rich and poor, sinner and saint, the Pharisee and the sinning woman.

To the Pharisee Jesus made no apology, no explanation as to the manner in which he dealt with the woman. The Master never never explains, and the Pharisees who, in all ages, are constantly looking for "proofs," for "explanations" from the Great Teacher are forever destined to be disappointed. Do the Laws of the Universe, of gravity, of magnetism explain themselves to men, or do they calmly wait until men are able to recognize them? "As below, so above," taught Hermes Trismegistus, Hypatia, H. P. Blavatsky, in fact all Messengers of Truth. And if this be true with regard to physical laws must it not be true in a more vital degree, even, with regard to spiritual laws? For the Messenger of the Great Brotherhood of Souls, the Master of Compassion, is the mouth-piece of the Higher Law, and all his acts are of the Law.

Jesus looked so deeply into the nature of this sinning woman that it seemed to the Pharisee that he did not look at all. Beneath the rubbish of her personal life he saw the spark of the Eternal Womanly, only waiting for the breath of the Master to fan it into flame. Jesus looked far into the past of this woman, seeing not alone the struggles of this one life but of past lives as well. He saw the entire line of causes leading up to her present condition, indeed we belittle the Master to think otherwise,—whereas the Pharisee, keeping her at arm's length, saw but the surface effects. Had she earned the chance "to enter on the field of battle" the Master was bound by the Law to give her the opportunity, even though he might know she was certain to fail, perhaps even to betray Him who had lifted her up.

Perhaps this suggests one of the reasons why Jesus should have permitted,—even chosen,—Judas to become one of his disciples, knowing as the Master always knows both his weakness as well as the karmic temptations that would beset him. And thus with all World Teachers. H. P. Blavatsky heard constantly from the Pharisees about her the same old query, "Are you then incapable of judging human nature? Did you not suspect that this or that student to whom you gave so much time and help would turn against the Cause and betray you later?" William Q. Judge heard it while he was being hounded to death by one whom he had befriended and taught, Katherine Tingley hears it, in her turn, but not from her students, for fortunately the body of Warriors about her are wiser than the Warriors of early days, and are united, devoted. History repeats itself, and as the earlier Teachers disdained to reply to such inquiries so these later Great Ones keep the prophets' silence. Their Warriors understand. Karma will teach the others.

The Pharisee is the logical product of the Eye Doctrine. His brain was always in the way, instead of being made the instrument, the window of the Soul. The sinning woman had the heart-force, though even that, by the errors of her life, had been perverted. Yet her Soul was not blinded by vanity and self-esteem, the two qualities which always prevent one from recognizing



the Great Teacher. She was humble, penitent, pleading silently, as a child would plead, to be taught.

The Pharisee had allowed his intuition to become atrophied, covered by any amount of intellectual debris. Her intuition was all this unlettered woman had. Yet she was the richer, for is not the intuition the voice of the Christos, the *antaskarana* leading the warrior who dares to battle his way through its dangers and storm its heights, to the shrine of the Christos itself, the Jewel in the Heart of the Lotus? And it was over this "path that lies between the Spirit and the self," *antaskarana*, that Christ touched and wakened the divine principle in this woman, the Christos at the center of her being, the mystic Christ.

The tears this woman shed, I fancy, were tears of joy. "By her renewed endeavor all the karma of her past had been altered. It no longer threatened. It was lifted from the plane of penalty to that of tuition." She knelt before the Master as a little child would have knelt. A modern Bible reads, "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." An ancient Bible reads, "The pupil must regain the child state he has lost ere the first sound can fall upon his ear."

This sinning woman has taught us a greater lesson still, the lesson of devotion. The Great Ones have ever maintained that devotion is the secret of all real advancement in spiritual life, the secret of all power to help humanity.

"He also is worthy of my love who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault, whose heart, full of devotion, is firmly fixed.

"I (the Supreme) am not to be seen, even as I have shown myself to thee, by study of the Vedas, nor by mortifications, nor alms-giving, nor sacrifices. I am to be approached and seen and known in truth by means of that devotion which has Me alone as its object."

Devotion is a fire, the fire of spirit, burning away the dross of the lower nature or bringing it to the surface, like scum, to be thrown off. Thus it is that the Teacher purifies the soul by lighting within it the fire of devotion, as the chemist's fire purifies the ore in the crucible by separating the dross from the pure gold. "Gold in the crucible is he who stands the melting heat of trial and lets only the dross be burnt out of his heart."

Devotion is the angel in shining garments who rolls away the stone from the tomb and brings forth the Christos, the Soul, to rule and guide the personal life. It is the royal road to perfection, for unto Raja Yoga, the Royal or Kingly Yoga, the path must of its very nature be royal. "Some, so great is their devotion, may attain the goal in one year, some in seven years, some in seventy times seven," says a Teacher. It was this one quality which made it possible for Jesus to say to the thief, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" and to the sinning woman, "Thy sins are forgiven." Not that Jesus thereby wiped out the penalty for past sins. He could not. The Law is just, and the Master is its servant. Old debts must be paid, but through devotion the disciple has linked himself with that eternal treasury of Spiritual Wisdom out

of which resources may be drawn sufficient to pay all the old karmic debts, which would otherwise confront the man only to crush him. "Every disciple is superior to his karma."

Devotion makes one willing to do anything, simply *anything*, for a cause. It elevates the most menial service to the plane of dignity and joy. It clarifies the whole nature. It purifies the motive. It is the quality which all who really wish to help the world need most to acquire, the very quality that those who are bent on acquiring mere information, or occult powers or psychic lumber of any kind, most conspicuously lack.

Verily as the Gita says: "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."

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## Thoughts on the Divine Ratio

by C. W.



The Universe is built by number—PYTHAGORAS

Take care of number *One*—OLD PROVERB

**T**HE great philosopher Pythagoras taught that the Universe is built by number. Lesser minds than his have written many dissertations upon the meaning of this, but probably no two minds would look at the statement from the same stand-point, or realize it in just the same way.

Take it which way we will, the maxim is a very striking one. As we ponder over it glimpses of its meaning come to us from various sources.

For ages every recorded teacher of humanity or founder of a great religion, has taught that there is only one God, one Spiritual Essence—the origin and cause of all things. This can be no personal God,—it is beyond all words, limitless, all pervading, indescribable, yet from man's attempts to define and describe it have sprung all the limiting and limited ideas of a personal God which men have made and conceived to be of like passions with themselves. The Great Spirit which ever works for righteousness through the action of the good law of cause and effect is like unto no man. From It all things have sprung,—to It all must return when the cycle of humanity is accomplished.

If then the universe is built by number the first cause of all things is represented by that number which is the source and origin of all other numbers—the unit, One.

Now it will be clear that in the orderly progress of manifestation according to law there is, and must be, an established plan of emanation in that aspect of the one God which we comprehend as the Divine mind. This plan which we cannot now fully grasp presents many points which we can discern, whilst others are, as yet, hidden until we attain to higher possibilities of understanding.

The claim which is made by the teachings of Theosophy is, that man can comprehend this divine plan, because he is himself endowed with the divine mind, in a greater or less degree—because in fact, he is now on the road to the final great comprehension of that which is *Himself*.

The divine plan upon which the Universe is built, is thus partly comprehended by us, and we can see the truth of the statement of the Greek philosopher that all is effected by orderly evolvment and by number.

The first stage of this unfolding is the expression of duality in Nature, the *two* referred to in all religions under various symbolic guises. This is the differentiation of spirit from matter, the opposite poles of the one out-breathing, within which are enfolded the germs of all experience. From the two proceeds the *three*, the Trinity, and then from and within the three, are the seven combinations, the primary root octave of manifestation.

To fully comprehend this, is clearly beyond the ken of the human mind, in these dark days of the black age, when men have so far left their first estate in search of the knowledge of good and evil. Buried as we are, in materiality, our minds have lost the grasp which they once had in the far past. Some day we shall again attain. Enough for us to know that the law of progress is beautiful in its rhythmic and majestic harmony.

Yet for those perceptions of the divine which we can claim as our own, we rely upon the universal intelligence of true manhood,—that heritage of our race and nation. This intelligence is not to be gotten from books or from the oral teaching of others. Such teachings merely serve to draw out, illustrate and cause to be realized, that which is already existent and latent in the constitution of man himself, and which may be found by diligent search within. For this reason the authority of another is of no value, further than as a pointer to that which each may discover for himself. A realization of this tends to self-reliance, and upon it is founded the conviction of the divine character of man, and the truth of the teachings of Theosophy. Upon this foundation is built the grand conception of the Universal Brotherhood of Man by the recognition of the inherently divine origin of that intelligence which is common to all humanity and of which each man is but a focalized center. In varying degrees each one in his measure forms a note in the general harmony of progress, whether or not he recognizes the source of the supreme fountain of intelligent consciousness from which he derives his sustenance of comprehension.

The full recognition of this must eventually put an end to the strife and contention of the self-seeking for, knowing that our brother's error cannot be measured by any yard-stick but his own, we shall recognize firstly, that we can

have no true interest in his error but to help him out of it—and secondly:—that the only true way to help is either to let him alone that he may realize his error, or to hold out a helping hand. By so doing we return to first principles and act upon our neighbor through the divine nature common to both.

Let us now endeavor to analyze a little more fully how this perception of the true and harmonious works within us, according to the idea of Pythagoras. We believe it to be true that man owes his kingship over nature to that sense of the proportion or relative value of things which we may call *wisdom* or *reason*, taking that word in the noblest and highest aspect. Some people call it common sense.

It may here be noticed that the word *reason* is derived from the Latin *ratio*; also, mathematically, a ratio is an expression denoting no concrete value, but the relative size of two quantities. It is evident therefore that originally the word reason implied the power of judgment of proportion.

Is it not true that man's perception of truth and beauty is all a question of proportion or relative number, taking number as the equivalent of subliminal value.

Let us illustrate: That the world of sound and color are built upon number is clear to every student of natural law. Scientists divide the musical scale into groups of *seven* notes, which differ in pitch according to the number of their vibrations, and in quality and timbre by the number and variety of their harmonic divisions. Again, the colors of the rainbow are seven in number, and the vibrations which manifest as color are continued beyond the sevenfold solar spectrum in both directions through octaves which can be measured by delicate instruments replacing the human eye.

Listen to the music which lifts your consciousness from the thought of material life to the inner harmonies. If you try to analyze the situation you will convince yourself that the succession of sweet sounds has within it an undercurrent of rhythm which lifts you to a vision of the eternally harmonious proportions of something which you cannot grasp.

Fix your gaze on the hills opposite the setting sun and drink in the delicate shades of opalescent pink and purple and gold, ever shifting and blending as the master of the day sinks below the horizon. Whence comes the peace and delight which silence only can express, if it be not from some hidden sense of the beautiful expression of nature's colors, in the relative value of the outpouring.

Again, it is a well known fact that most people are influenced by the shape of the room in which they may be living or working. Certain proportions are generally accepted as pleasing. If the ceiling is low we feel depressed. If the room is long and narrow one feels drawn out of shape. If the room is circular the effect is altogether different. Possibly our consciousness expands in some way scarcely recognized by the brain mind and fills the chamber. Should the dimension be out of a certain standard of proportion, we feel it, and when we go out into the open air, we have a sense of "freedom"—from what?

Look at a beautiful spire like that of Antwerp cathedral. It strikes you at once as a work of genius evolved by some one who possessed this innate sense of beautiful proportion in high degree and who *knew how to express it*. One may examine it for hours and still see fresh harmonies. It rises, tier on tier, each one different in detail from the other, and yet the whole blends into a perfect ideal. Whence comes this sense of harmony? Follow it out to the end, and we shall find that although we cannot tell what relative measurements underlie the various proportions, yet the harmonious whole depends upon the fact that it is a poem in number.

If then it be true that the outer senses can distinguish the relativeness which overlies harmonious and rhythmic beauty, it is also true that the inner senses, those of the mind and heart, have the same power of discrimination in their own fields of action.

For instance, it may be doubted whether any man was ever truly great who was not liberally endowed with a sense of humor. What is the origin of this sense? Is it not a power of keen discrimination of the relative value of ideas, seeing underneath the lion's skin which covers the ass, feeling the inadequacy of the feeble to compass its ambition, knowing the folly of the strong in pursuit of illusion, or any other blind incongruity produced by an ignorance of the true relation of things.

And so, deeper still, the selfishness which is the world's great insanity, is caused by the false value which each mistaken pursuer of illusion places upon the relative value of his ideal.

See a man in whom selfishness and avarice have stultified the finer activities of his soul-consciousness, as the beat of a tom-tom would drown the sound of a violin, and you will find that the sense of inner harmony is lost in the tumult of fleshly passion, and the realization of that proportion which makes him man, has given way to the blind elementals of the lower kingdom.

The more one thinks of it the more one becomes convinced that true wisdom lies in our being well grounded in the proper proportion of things and particularly in our own infinitely small value in the general sum total. Once this is realized we may find true happiness in the constant consideration of the fact that we are a *part of the whole*—and that any attempt to increase our own infinitesimal value at the expense of our fellows is an offense against the welfare of that whole. Our destiny is eternally bound up with that of our fellow men on the march onward to the goal. In the same divine life we move, and live and have our being. We influence them and are influenced by them at every moment of our existence whether in life or death.

Wise old Pythagoras! thou hast truly said, "The universe is built by number."

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Heaven doth with us as we with torches do; not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues go not forth of us 'twere all the same as if we had them not.—SHAKESPEARE

## Faces of Friends



**C**OLONEL HENRY N. HOOPER, one of the old veterans of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, was born in Boston in 1834 of an old New England family who came to this country from England early in the seventeenth century. As a young man he went into the Estancia business (sheep and cattle) in Banda Oriental, South America, but left this in 1862 to join the Union forces, taking the place of his brother who was reported killed at Balls Bluff, Virginia. He joined the 32nd Infantry Volunteers, Massachusetts, which was at once attached to the Army of the Potomac. He remained there taking part in its fortunes until after the contest at Gettysburg. He was then transferred to promotion into the 54th Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, the well-known colored regiment, first commanded by Colonel Robert G. Shaw to whom and his fallen comrades the St. Gordin's monument in bronze now stands on Boston Common. On the conclusion of the war Colonel Hooper went to Colorado. The connections which he made there and in New Mexico finally brought him into business relations with the magnates of the projected Texas and Pacific Railroad, Marshall O. Roberts, Thomas Scott, and General Fremont. When this railroad project was abandoned, due solely to the disastrous state of financial affairs, precipitated by the panic of 1873, Colonel Hooper returned to Massachusetts, finally entering into business in Brooklyn in 1878.

In the winter of 1884-5 his attention was first called to Theosophy and he sought out the Theosophical Society in New York which then met in a small room in a private house up-town. Greatly attracted by the teachings he continued to attend and soon became a member. So deep were his convictions of the immovable foundation of the Society that, although it had then but very few members, the majority of whom appeared to be working from very mixed motives, seeking for the marvelous rather than the true, he nevertheless felt that it had all the stability of its foundation, and from that time onward he had but one conviction of its future, namely, that it was destined ultimately to enlighten and guide the progressive world.

Shortly afterwards and for eighteen months following, until some time in 1888, the Aryan Theosophical Society met in Brooklyn in Colonel Hooper's house. H. P. Blavatsky always held Colonel Hooper in high regard and sent him a charter for the establishment in Brooklyn, of a group of the inner esoteric body of the Society, appointing him and such as might thereafter be joined with him, to be members thereof. This was the original Brooklyn group of that inner body.

From the first Colonel Hooper was aware that the real benefit of the Society lay in its power to help in the purification of the world by primarily ex-

ercising its purifying influence in the lives of its members, and he greatly appreciated the attitude of William Q. Judge, from whom he scarcely ever heard a word on phenomena and psychism. The life, the purification of one's own life, was the constant watchword sounded and taught by William Q. Judge as the most important object of attainment.

At the request of William Q. Judge, Colonel Hooper accepted the presidency of the Brooklyn Branch of the Society. When the Theosophical Society was merged into the Universal Brotherhood under the guiding hand of Katherine Tingley, Colonel Hooper immediately and of his own volition gathered together the enduring elements of the Brooklyn branches and formed of them the New Cycle Branch, which was at once changed into Brooklyn Lodge No. 1, of the Universal Brotherhood Organization.

Speaking recently of the great progress and vast scope of the work, the Colonel said, "It is a matter of great rejoicing to those who have stood undaunted under continued onslaughts from foes within and without, and the disharmony and strife that formerly existed among so many of the members, to see now the sun arising and the Organization under its great Leader sending forth the sacred light of truth into the world. The days of weakness are over, and by its irresistible momentum it has escaped from clogging hindrances. Each day the inner harmony of its members binds its ranks more closely together, in united and joyous service."

AMICUS

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## Theosophy *the Religion of the Heart*

by Col. H. N. Hooper



**I**T does not seem necessary to define the word religion, for none of us have any doubt as to what we refer when we speak of religion; so let us not waste time on its definition.

I wish you to note that there are two aspects of religion which obtain everywhere among mankind, namely:

That which is only an intellectual belief—it may be a belief in Theosophy, or one built upon Christian or other creeds and dogmas.

The second aspect is contained in the action of certain divine principles on which its devotee bases, or ever strives to base, his entire life of thought and action.

The former is believing a religion and the latter is living religion itself. It is true that the latter—life in religion—may be added to the former, an intellectual belief of a religion.

In the religions of the former aspect, whose basis is belief without fundamental regard to religious life, we may truly say that they are almost without number; for men differ in their powers of deduction and there is a proclivity among men to take anything of religion for granted which comes to them from those whom they hold to be their superiors or their teachers.

Beliefs multiply and differ—and it is said of Christians alone, there have been above seven hundred different forms of religious belief organized into so-called churches, each claiming to hold the true way to God.

Now without doubt man may attain to union with God by all paths whose trend is to, and end is God, yet never by bald acceptance of any religious belief. It is always by the fervor with which man courts and puts divine nature into his daily life, that he moves God-ward. We must remember that it is the divine nature of God which should animate man, and that it matters not what name we give it or in what language it is defined. It is possible that a man may never have heard of Divine Law in any language spoken or written, yet his life be an embodiment of that law, and he, a very God-man.

We have to admit that God is universal; that the Divine is the same here, there and everywhere. In other words that God is universal law; that universal laws are part of the Divine being and so—changeless. Consequently those laws which bind man and God together are the universal and immutable laws of Religion, operative in every race and age of the earth.

We can readily perceive that mere beliefs, based on creeds and dogmas—mostly at variance with each other, cannot be classed as unchangeable, immutable and universal law. The fruits of these changing beliefs have, in their dearth of God-life, been bitter hatred and dire persecution in days past—but now mostly confined to uncharitableness and an I-am-better-than-thou assertion by members of one belief toward others, and thus anything rather than of God.

Theosophy recognizes the Eternal Father, no matter by what name called. It recognizes the Son who forever lies in the Father's bosom. The Son is the Christos, and in a special sense is the Teacher and the Savior of man. Theosophy makes it clear that every man's destiny—unless he himself mars it—is to be that Christos reposing in the bosom of the Father. Does not our Christ say, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect," and how could that be possible if you could not find a home in the Father's bosom and so become eternally joined to the heavenly One? Theosophy declares this to be man's true destiny. Knowing this how can true Theosophists fail to strive to make their lives God-like, and so, a religion, just so far as enlightenment from on high comes to them severally? Of the coming in of this enlightenment what says the Christian's Christ—"Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." Theosophists believe this saying—know it to be true and constantly practice its injunction. Theosophists have a warm and sparkling love and adoration for Jesus the Christ, of which Christians are but little aware. It is through Theosophy alone that they ever came to really comprehend Jesus the Christ, in both his mortal and immortal nature. To them his



life is not only a promise but a clear picture of the way by which everyone may attain to the Christ state and live in the Lord's bosom—at one in nature and purpose with the Universal Law.

Now to speak more in detail: What does Theosophy specifically demand of a man in order that he shall inherit eternal life?

First of all, Purity, purity of person, purity of deed, and, more fundamental still, purity of thought.

The Father and the Son are spotlessly pure; how can we be at one with them if we are tainted with impurity? We, who seek an eternal life, who seek to commune and be with the Everlasting One in all its unbounded love and glory—in all its limitless bliss, must be pure. So declares Theosophy.

Second: Absolute devotion to the daily duties which we find to be ours in life.

Theosophy maintains that life here is a school wherein we are to learn to transmute the lead of a domineering material nature, on a purely material plane, into the gold of spiritual life whose home is with the Father on spiritual planes behind a veil which ordinary human vision cannot penetrate.

Of doing duty: Theosophy demands a certain underlying motive in its performance, and the abandonment of other motives. That motive lies in simply doing the duty regardless of results. Our life, our very existence from moment to moment, consists only in what we are doing—the past has fled—the future is beyond us—the present only is ours, and it is our very life.

Life although active in the present moment, is, nevertheless, the outgrowth of an endless past, introduced now into new and changing environment.

Theosophy teaches that consideration of the results of doing duty is of secondary importance to the actual duty performed because, also, a thousand elements out of our own past, and out of the past of other units, out of that of one's Nation, or another, or others, may step in to control the result, to warp and twist it far from ourselves. The doing is what we owe, and if that be well done, we can rest in absolute content.

Third: The abandonment of selfishness. I take it for granted that we all expect to be some day at one with the Divine Unit, whose love we can now in no just measure estimate. Surely we can never be at one with the Great Cause until we are immersed in it. One thing the God-head is, certainly—it is Universal, separated from nothing. Extend this thought as far as you can—you cannot now spread it broad enough to cover the whole truth. Hence Theosophy says, "Be ye Universal." Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect. Extinguish selfishness, which has its core in separateness. While a man is encrusted in selfishness he is separated farther from God than anything else in the Universe.

He who seeks to make the Universe his servant for his own self-centered desires, is but a walled-in point. God and he are separated by the chord of the Universe. They are as the infinitesimally small to the boundless Great. Understanding this, is it strange that Theosophy declares itself for the utter

abandonment of selfishness? The millions of opposing forces set up by the selfishness of man, each striving to build up his temporal powers by devastating others,—these, these are what are putting off the day of the Rule of Divinity.

It does not matter whether this fighting for self, and at the expense of others, be by direct interest or only through the indolent following of the ways of men, for the effect on the coming of the day of Divine rule among men is the same.

The content, the happiness, the saving of friction in the wear and tear of life, the delight in the positive knowledge that humanity is served to its best ends by one's unselfish devotion to the good of others, these are some of the results bestowed by the religion of Theosophy.

Thus, through Theosophy, do its devotees bind themselves back to that unseen God from whom they came and to whom they are striving to return. It is the Religion of the Heart, the Universal Brotherhood.

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## With What Measure Ye Mete

by Elizabeth Knight



“**W**ITH what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.” After Jesus had withstood the temptation of the evil one and been ministered unto by the angels, he began his life-work of teaching the people. The sermon on the mount, his first great lesson to the world, is replete with the doctrine of cause and effect. “With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.” He taught that men could hope for no greater reward than the consequence of their own acts. “Think not that I am come to destroy the law. I am not come to destroy but to fulfill.” The Jews had looked for a king that would lift them out of the degradation they had brought upon themselves. This he would not and he could not do. But he could point the way, he could show them the way to turn the consequences of an evil past, “from the plane of punishment to that of tuition.” He, being a Master, knew what the people did not know, that, although he understood the forces of nature so as to use them in ways which seemed miraculous, he worked under law. He could not *cancel* the past. The Jews had sinned, both ignorantly and knowingly. He could not liberate them from the terrible consequences of their sin, but he could teach them the law; show them how inexorable its workings are and teach them how, through it, they could liberate themselves. That is all any great Teacher can do for any people, for individual responsibility cannot be escaped. Results of causes set

up by a people must be experienced by them as surely as harvest follows seed-time. "Verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Not one jot shall pass until it has had its full effect and the law has so been fulfilled. Here is no threat of a hell of endless torment. Here is no lavish promise of an eternity of bliss. Far more potent than such final conditions could ever be, is the simple statement of the law. No extravagant punishment, no disproportionate reward, but the simple and just consequence of action; each cause followed by its effect according to unerring law which shall endure as long as heaven and earth endure. The law takes account of every action, great as well as small; those we should like to conceal, as well as those we are willing to have known, the acts which take place on the planes of thought and feeling as well as those on the physical plane. To the great law the result and the cause are as one. It is as impossible to prevent the result as it is to obliterate the cause. Let us apply this to our daily lives; let us realize that for every act we shall receive simple justice. We have been fed so long on the hope of an eternity of heavenly bliss that justice seems rather meager. But it is all that Christ promised us; it is all we can see in the working of physical nature. We are not dwelling in a fairyland where knowledge and wisdom and spiritual power can be *bestowed*; where we can sin and be emancipated from the consequences of sin. We live in a universe of realities, governed by law, whose power holds worlds in their appointed places; from whose watchful eye nothing can escape, for "the very hairs of your head are all numbered;" whose unerring action brings to everyone that which he has made for himself, measuring to each as he has measured.

Is such a law merciful? It is merciful in the truest sense. Only by being brought face to face with the consequence of our ignorance can we learn that there is a law higher than personal preference. Only by suffering the result of selfishness can we learn that man is part of a whole from which he cannot separate himself, and again it insures progress and evolution. Every aspiring thought, every unselfish deed shall have its reward in a purer mind, a broader vision, an added power of action for the right. So that under the tutelage of this Divine Law man may progress, learning from his failures, gaining strength from his victories until he has become worthy to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus taught a righteousness greater than that accepted by men. He spoke to the people as souls; he told them of the soul life and showed them that spiritual darkness is the result of ignorance and wrong-doing, but that great is the reward of those who work for righteousness. That His teachings are now considered impracticable and even impossible is due to the fact that soul life has been lost sight of. From a purely physical and temporary standpoint it may perhaps seem profitable to consider personal gain before the mandates of the law, just as the short-sighted inebriate chooses to drink his fill, thinking only of the pleasure of the hour, forgetful of the fact that he is sure to suffer the torments of remorse and sickness afterward. It weaves for us a garment

of the threads of past lives. If the threads are selfishness and worldly wisdom it is but a dark mantle to be worn before men. If the strands of altruism are woven with those of unflinching trust in the law the raiment will be pure, a sign of entrance into a higher life.

“Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in nowise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.” This plainly shows that the high spiritual state spoken of as the Kingdom of Heaven is to be attained only by personal effort. Another point to be noticed is that Jesus did not speak of this taking place after death or of heaven as remote from this earth. He taught the people how to *live*, for life is continuous. He gave them enough to keep them busy for many lives; he gave them the means of emancipating themselves from spiritual blindness. But he gave them no hope of escaping one iota of the results of their blunders, weaknesses or evil-doing. “Verily I say unto thee thou shalt by no means come out thence until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.” This same law which exacts the last farthing gives plenteously to whom it may. “Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you; for everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened”—always effect following cause. The knocking was the only thing which made it possible for the door to be opened; the seeking was the necessary antecedent to the finding.

Then Jesus warns the people against false prophets. He tells them to distinguish between true and false prophets by their works. If they are wolves in sheep’s clothing, try as they may, they cannot long conceal their real nature, for the Law lays bare their secret. “A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit; neither can a good tree bring forth evil fruit. And every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them.” Those who oppose their will to the Law and work against it cannot stand long, for with its mighty sweep it brushes them aside and reduces them to ashes.

Nearly two thousand years have passed since Christ taught. How many have built their houses on the sand, how few have built their houses on the rock of the eternal Law. Even the Law itself has been lost sight of, and the spirit of Christ’s doctrine missed in an eager desire to conform to the dogmas of the church.

But there have come other great Messengers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and our present great Leader and Teacher. They too are known by their works. They too teach as having authority. In their teaching of the divinity of the Higher Self of Man, the unity of the human race, the unerring action of the law of Karma, they have given us a key to this interpretation of life and of the sacred scriptures of all races. But more, they teach what Christ in His time could not teach. They tell us “The time of attainment is now.”

## Indians of New Hampshire\*



THE origin of the American Indians has been a question of much doubt and speculation. The claim that they were of Asiatic extraction was strongly believed in by those who first landed on our shores. One reason for this belief was the similarity of the language spoken by the Aborigines to the Greek and Hebrew. More recent investigation has led to the belief that the primitive man had his abode on this continent.

Mexico and the South American states retain the evidence that at a most remote period in the world's history there existed in these countries a race of people whose records as shown on monuments and ruined temples antedate any records found in the old world.

The discoveries recently made in Yucatan would indicate that the people of Asia were the descendants of the race that inhabited this country at the time, and long before the destruction of the continent of Atlantis. From this country, they emigrated to the east, and a portion of them in after years reached this country by way of Behring straits, and their descendants are the present native inhabitants of Alaska. Those who remained in Mexico and other southern countries, at the time of the eastern exodus, had a written language expressed in hieroglyphics which have been interpreted, and from these writings, much has been learned of this, now almost extinct people.

From their ancient seat, they migrated to the north and east, and became the mound builders and cliff dwellers of other parts of this continent.

As they drifted away from their seat of learning they gradually lost their written language, and when the discoverers of America found the red man in New England, which for want of knowledge they called Indians, which name has been since retained to designate the Aborigines, it was found they possessed only a spoken language and that of a very limited character. When the English first settled in New England, and the French in Arcadia, they found numerous tribes inhabiting this section of the country, divided into several minor tribes, each tribe located at different points, and under its own chief. These tribes, having no written language, their vocabulary was not only limited, but as various as the tribes themselves.

Some words in use were common to several tribes, but in the main their spoken language was different and it was with difficulty that one tribe could communicate with the others, though living a short distance from each other. This fact is affirmed by Roger Williams, who devoted much time to the nomenclature of the Indians of Rhode Island.

\* Extracts from a paper by Hon. John G. Crawford, read before the Manchester Historic Association, March 17, 1897

What language they were able to speak, was confined in a measure to the common objects of nature, and to convey to each other the necessary information to supply their limited wants.

When the whites came among them, their vocabulary was extended, and in the effort to civilize and educate them, the whites undertook the task of giving them a written language. Catching the sounds, and giving the same force to their words as was given by the whites, they were able to construct a language that could be used in their education.

The orthography given by the English to the language in Massachusetts and Rhode Island was as different from that given by the French in Maine and Arcadia, as the difference in the French and English used today. The sounds of the words and letters was in the one case English and in the other French, and this fact is what has caused so much dispute over the names of localities bearing the Indian name.

The Indians that inhabited Maine and Arcadia and extended across New Hampshire, and which gave the names to most of our mountains, lakes and rivers, were those who had their language written by the French missionaries, and when we attempt to interpret these names from the English orthography, we find ourselves in error in most cases, and thereby we have failed to retain or to preserve the true meaning of those localities bearing the names the Aborigines applied to them.

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The meaning and pronunciation of Indian names cannot be given correctly, unless some attention is paid to the construction and force of the language spoken by them. In order to do that, we must not forget that the orthography was given by the French, and not by the English who settled in Massachusetts.

In the work of making a written language from their vocabulary and catching the sound of their spoken words, it was found that in the construction of an alphabet the letters necessarily used were all the English, with the exception of the letters f q r v x y.

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Their adjectives were not only invariable and single but variable and contracted. Their simple adjectives signified nothing when standing alone, but when prolonged by some other syllables.

Wli-good, gentle; wligo, he, she is good. Wobi, white; wobigo, he is white. Wligen, it is good; wobigen, it is white; the termination —go—was the personal pronoun, he or she, as they had no word to indicate sex; the termination —gen—was the pronoun it.

There were prefixes and suffixes that meant the same, as Mamlaw, a prefix which denoted largeness or abundance. Lake Memphremagog derives its name from the prefix Mamlaw, abundance, and бага, a particle denoting water, and the termination of the letter k, which gives it in local term. The suffix denoting plenty is—ika—this termination to a noun as *sen*, rock, stone; *senika* would mean, there are plenty of, or many rocks, it is rocky. *Monika*, there is plenty

of money. The termination ending the plural of animate nouns, when used as terminations of inanimate objects, indicated by the preposition at, to, from; wajos, a mountain of middling height, with the termination ek, means at the mountain. This is the name of Mount Wachusett, in Massachusetts, and from this the state derives its name, with the prefix Massa, which means large or great—the state of the great mountain.

The word moni or mona, was derived from the whites who, when they came among them had only silver for money; the Indians hearing it called money applied that name to all silver. Wajos, or wachos, was one name for mountain. They had also a name for mountain which was used in composition; this was, aden.

From this we have the name of Mount Monadnock, Monaden-ok; from Mona, silver, aden, mountain with the termination ok, which as stated before has the force of the preposition, at—at the silver mountain.

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At the lower end of our state we find that some of the names of the several localities bear the names given from the Massachusetts Indian dialect, yet most of them are from the Abenaki who occupied this territory.

The name Abenaki was first applied to the Indians of Nova Scotia, but afterwards was applied to all the tribes who resided east of Massachusetts. The name comes from "Wobanaki," land or country of the East, from Woban, day-break, and ki, earth, land, or rather Aki, which is a term employed in composition for land, ground, place. It means also an Indian from where the daylight comes. The plural makes wobanakiak.

Pawcatuck is from either the word for shaking river, or perhaps from pogwkatégw, the shallow river.

Pawtucket, from Pawtagit, who shakes himself; which shakes itself; a figurative sense applied sometimes to falls.

Piscataqua, by the standard dictionary, is said to mean great, deep river. Father Aubury in his manuscript vocabulary of the language of his tribe says it comes from the word *Peskata*, which means dark or gloomy.

Ammonoosuc, from O'manosek, the fishing ground, or better, the small or narrow fishing river. Some pretend that it comes from pagonozik, at the walnut tree, from pagonozi, walnut tree. The absence of walnuts in this locality would go to confirm the name as from O'manosek.

Aroostook, in Maine, from Wlastégw, good river. There were two words which meant river, sibo or sipo, and tegw; the latter was used in composition and the word *sibo* when the word river was used alone.

Awasoswi Menahan, the name of Bear Island in Lake Winnepesaukee is from Awasos, bear, and menahan, island; the *wi* which terminates so many of the Indian words does not seem to have any particular signification, and is usually omitted in composition.

Connecticut from Kwenitegw, long river; Kwen, or Kwuni, long and *tegw*, river. The Massachusetts used the letter Q where the French used K. Qwin, is for long in the Massachusetts dialect.

Great Falls was known as Kchi Pontegok, at the great falls.

Housatonic, from awasadenik, beyond the mountain; over the hill; from Awasi . . . beyond, aden, mountain or hill (only used in composition) and ik, one of the suffixes which gives the name in local term.

Katahdin, from Ktaden, the big or high mountain.

Kearsarge, from Kesarzet—old Abenakis—as it will be noticed that the letter r is retained—the proud or selfish. This mountain standing out proudly alone gave the name Kesarzet.

Merrimack, from Morodemak (old Abenakis) deep or profound river.

Nashua, from Nansawi . . . between, and most likely took its name from the Indians who resided on Wachacum lake near Lancaster, Mass. They were thus called for the reason that they were located between the coast Indians and those who occupied the Connecticut river valley. Wachacum in the Massachusetts Indian dialect, was sea. The original name of the Nashua river was Watagua, which meant pickerel, as the river was a great place for this fish.

Massabesic, from Mase, large, nebe, lake, water, with the suffix, *ik* which gives it a locality. At the great or large lake or pond.

Cohas, this brook is the Massachusetts orthography for pine tree. Coa, or Koa, was a pine tree, Coas, the diminutive, and means little pine tree. The full Indian name if applied to the brook would be the diminutive of the word sibo, river, viz.: Coas sibosis.

Uncanoonuc is a name given by the Massachusetts Indians, and is the plural of the word Kuncannowet—breasts.

Amoskeag, from Namos, a fish—ki—a place—at the fishing place. The ki, is the contraction of aki, or aukee, which when applied to a location on a river the a or au was suppressed, and the preposition k,—at the fishing place.

Penacook, from the Massachusetts word, Penayi, crooked, and tegw, river.

Suncook, from senikok, at the rocks. From sen, a stone, with the termination ok, at. If applied to the river it would be sentegw, stone river.

Winnepesaukee, or as sometimes spelled Winnepesaki, is from Wiwinineb-saki, a lake in the vicinity of which there are other lakes, or better, lake region. It is from Wiwin, abbreviation of wiwniwi, around, in the vicinity, nebes, a lake, and aki, land region, territory.

Winooski, Vt., from winos, onion, and ki, land. Onion land.

The White mountain region was called Wawobadenik, Wawob, white, aden, mountain, ik, at, at the White mountains.

Megantic, from namagwottik, which means lake trout place. Namagw, means salmon trout, while Mskuamagw, was salmon.

Passumpsic, from pasomkasik, diminutive term, which means river, which has a clear sandy bottom.

Sako, comes from sokwai, which means from the south side, southern, hence the name sokwaki—modern sokoki—southern country, Indians from the south.

Ossipee, from Osibi, a lake formed by the enlargement of the river.

Moosilauke is from moose, or the French orthography moz and aki, or



aukee, region or land. The letter l does not properly belong in the word, and is thrown in simply for euphony. The correct pronunciation of the word would be Moose(l)aukee. Its meaning is a place or region where there are moose, and undoubtedly applied to the whole region, and finally became applied to the mountain now bearing that name.

Coos, from the diminutive of Coa, pine tree.

Mascoma, the name of a lake in Grafton county, has met with great change since the Indians gave it a name. I am informed that one of the earlier settlers said that the first white man who had heard the name from the Indians called this lake Masquane, and if that was true, which is most likely, it would be Birch-bark lake, from Maskwa, birch bark, and ne, from nepe, lake or water. Places bearing these names were localities where could be found bark or other material required in their rude condition.

Baboosuc, brook or pond in Amherst, is from Papposuc, the termination, suc, was often used by the Massachusetts Indians when applied to a person, or the final ok, *at*.

Pemigwasset, from Pamijowasik, diminutive of pamijowak, which means the swift or rapid current, Pamijowasik, the narrow and shallow swift current.

Mount Washington was called Kodaak-wajo, the hidden mountain, so called because the top was so much hidden in the clouds.

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That race of peculiar people who roamed over our hills and paddled their light canoes upon the beautiful waters of the old Granite State, have nearly disappeared. The small remnant that remains have become, to a great extent, mixed by intermarriage with the white race, but their language and their names, as applied to many localities, are yet retained. Let them be cherished in everlasting remembrance of that race, who fell before the advancing columns of a cruel civilization.

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Is it not enough to bear the burden of knowledge that from birth to death, the least, the most unimportant, unit of the human family exercises an influence over, and receives in his turn, as unconsciously as he breathes, that of every other unit whom he approaches, or who comes in contact with him? Each of us either adds to or diminishes the sum total of human happiness and human misery, "not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity," as shown so ably by Elihu Burritt, who says:

"There is no sequestered spot in the Universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence from which he (man) can retreat from his relation to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathoming import, that *we are forming characters for eternity*. Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both—and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence."

—On Pseudo-Theosophy, H. P. BLAVATSKY

# The Doing of the Law

by H. M. S.



**W**HAT is the Law? Plutarch says it is "The King of mortal and immortal beings."

Do we require proof that everything is under the dominion of the Law; that there must be a great all-embracing something ever present, ever active, which is the superintendent, the controller, the governor, of everything that happens or can possibly happen in the Universe? Look upwards at night to the starry hosts, contemplate the vastness of the empyrean depths, return again to this speck of dust we call our earth, and, viewing the endless processions of order which comprise the whole of nature around us, then ask! Is not every instant full of the proof of Law triumphant, from the lowest of the kingdoms of nature to the highest, not only in this world and planetary system but also throughout all the unthinkably vast realms beyond us? And that which is the source of all action, all motion—that Supreme regnant principle, is unseen, its workings are silent, sure, relentless, impersonal, beneficent. It we call the LAW.

All nature acts in accord with the Law, or that aspect or function of the Law which is in relation to it. If, then, every thing, every atom of the universe is always subject to the Law, acting under its governance, how does it come about that a hiatus seems to exist, a break in the great chain appear, when we come to a consideration of the human race? Here, so far as actions are concerned, many things seem to be at cross purposes, disorganization seems to reign, everything seems lawless and going on at hap-hazard? And yet it is manifestly unthinkable that one section of nature should be outside of the Law. "Come, let us reason together" and endeavor to find a satisfactory solution to this seeming problem.

In the stupendous journey through all states of existence prior to the human plane, all things are cared for, governed, guided in their every action; the Law acts for them, or rather impels them to act in accord with its behests. But reaching the human stage a great gulf is passed, an upward leap is made in the scale of consciousness, and the "Eternal Pilgrim" is hidden with many veils; it is concealed, imprisoned within the personal being whose lower mind imagines it is left to itself to grope and struggle and stumble on of itself. It thinks itself to be free to act as it may choose, though in the greater things it realizes that it is still subject to the rigid arm of the Law. Hunger, fatigue, sleep, physical functions, decay of the body, and death are beyond its control; and yet apart from these there is a freedom which the human being has, and which each human being is bound to use, through many many lives. For

once the human condition, or the point of self-consciousness, is reached in the vast cycle of evolution, each being feels and knows that he is bound to weigh, consider, decide, act, from his own free-will. He knows he is free (though as yet in the dim twilight) he knows he can create his every step, can act as he wills, can carve his own pathway, and fashion his own destiny. It appears to him he is not under Law but apart from it. Herein is the paradox, and the truth is in the paradox.

For the reasoning mind is not the Soul. It sees but a distorted presentment while the Soul knows the reality. The lower mind, the personal being, cannot discern the reality because of the numerous evils overshadowing the Soul. The Great Law gives the personal self this semblance of freedom that by slow and painful degrees it may learn to find out more and more of the Law, through its errors, its pain and suffering, its falls, that eventually it may rise into the full light of wisdom (or knowledge of the Law) and be at one with the Soul, having pierced the clouds so that the Soul may shine forth in glorious radiance.

In man's present condition—the personal being imagining itself to be the real man, the actor—it is impossible for the whole light of the Law to illumine him, it is impossible for him to grasp the whole of Truth; he can but get partial glimpses, and appropriate for his use but small fragments. All statements of Law are but small rays from the Great Law which governs the whole universe. Swedenborg says, "If truths should be proposed nakedly from their Divine origin they would never be received, but would exceed the whole of a man's power of apprehension." Yet each man is always able to know sufficient of the Truth—the Law—for his present needs. He has constantly with him "the light shining in the heart"—the Conscience, that unerring guide and infallible director, and no one acting according to the directions of this interior monitor can go wrong, for it is the voice of the Soul. But no two consciences are precisely the same, for no two human beings are at exactly the same point in their great journey, nor do they hear the still small voice in exactly the same way. The quality, the character, the clearness of this voice of the soul is apprehended only in the degree to which the person has progressed.

Law appears to the human being in his early stages as a menacing power, as a great arm always held above him ready to destroy him. In fact this feeling exists for ages, and persists in accompanying him a long distance on the path of evolution. Even having reached the stage of development symbolized by the Israelites of old, the Law (the Lord) is still regarded as a jealous God, exacting and revengeful, to be feared and propitiated. Primitive races somewhat in the same way fear natural phenomena, expressions of law in the physical world. But as ages roll on mankind learns of the benefits to be derived from these forces produced by the Law's actions, and the scientist begins to utilize the forces and guide the powers to his own behests. The further stage has yet to be attained when the Law, as a grand whole, will be actually realized as THAT in which "we live and move and have our being"—by

which we are surrounded, guarded, guided, impelled, nay, that of which *we ourselves are a part*. For if we could but only comprehend it, we *are* part and parcel of the Law.

Nations always have declined just in proportion as they failed to rise to an appreciation of the spirit of the Law. The decline takes place gradually by their becoming more materialistic, more literal, more selfish in their interpretation, not only of the Great Law, but of their own ordinances or statements of law framed primarily for the governance and direction, the well-being and the protection of the many against personal encroachments. In other words the retardment begins as they fail to allow the divine light of the Soul to shine forth and enlighten their whole being. They are prolonging the Soul's bondage, they are covering it with garments of their own personal fashioning, and thickening the covers round about it; so that, like the Pharisees, though they may still appear to do the Law, it is but an outer seeming, and the spirit languishes or is well-nigh quenched. This sorrowful drama has been enacted time and again in the history of the nations and of civilizations, witness India, Egypt, Greece and Rome.

To keep the letter of the law is a necessary preliminary step, that even the outer action may help in the great work of aiding the individual to an appreciation of the meaning behind the mere letter. For this (as an ulterior reason) was why the Mosaic laws were laid down with such exactness, and it was because of the symbolic meaning of the outer observance that such severe penalties were claimed for every breach. Moreover the Jews were told "the Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the Soul."

We have, then, to find out the Law within ourselves, to try and get back to that point where all order, all truth, all beauty, reign, and where all is harmony. It is our inestimable privilege to have had these things pointed out to us, and to have learned that beauty and truth, and love and order, and harmony and righteousness, aye and eternal happiness are THE LAW, and we can prove for ourselves in all our actions that the more we place ourselves in the stream of the Law the more shall we become its living expressions. We know that only by curbing the desires of the lower mind, by stilling the clamorings of the personal self, by allying ourselves with the great silent and unseen Law, and acting without selfish consideration shall we attain to bliss. And it is in the silence that wisdom is gained, in the silence we are uplifted. "Be still, and know that I am God!" Then indeed the Law can no longer be feared as a Sword of Damocles suspended over us, ever ready to execute vengeance, but is *re-cognized* by the Soul as being in itself the genesis of beneficence, of love, of harmony; and to dwell in this knowledge is to rest in supremest content that the Law worketh for the good of all and that Life is Joy ineffable.

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Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
 Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;  
 Choose her thistle for thy scepter,  
 While youth's roses are thy crown.

— WORDSWORTH

# The New World\*

by A. A. Smith



**I**T is not to a new physical world that I refer, but to a new state or new conditions on this same old world. A renaissance of a long forgotten and almost lost state of consciousness which will also bring back into the world a renaissance of Art, of Music, of Drama, Literature, Poetry, Industry and social life generally.

Whenever a great truth has been brought to light on this old world, we know well from history that it has been succeeded by a great destruction of old, dogmatic and conventional ideas and methods. The great idea of Columbus of a new physical world which resulted in the discovery of America caused a revolution in geographical knowledge and in navigation, while at the same time the dogmatic and conventional idea that if you sailed far from land you would fall off the edge of the earth was exploded. That great idea of Columbus is paralleled today by a greater idea that another new world is to be discovered here and now if we will but prepare our ships, charts and compasses, take our bearings and boldly start on the enterprise.

The New World of today has been sighted and the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood has pointed out the way to achieve it. This New World comprises a new spiritual idea which has to be lived; it brings a new consciousness that life is and should be joy, that as we try to reach it, a joy, a gratitude, a victory will be ours, far transcending what we can imagine was felt by Columbus and his brave company, when they found the new continent of America.

This new spiritual world is to be found by embarking on the ship of Universal Brotherhood, by the active living of a true life, and loving to live it for the benefit of all that lives. The charts display right thought, right speech and right action! The discovery will disclose a world of enlarged usefulness, of increasing love for all, and a state of consciousness which is felt in every direction of our natures with ennobled endeavor, increased insight, and healthy joy. Now imagine the result of such a condition as this! Would not the world be so transformed that we should feel we had awakened out of some horrid dream? The promptings of our aroused better natures would radiate to all others and be felt as heart impulses to nobler thoughts and nobler deeds, and as each came to realize his increasing power he would be moved to work and live at his highest and best for the sake of all mankind. The evil, the shame and the misery of the present would vanish like a morning mist before a gorgeous rising sun. Social wrongs would right themselves and people would live for the joy of life and not as now ever seeking its misery. We should have

\*Read at a Public Meeting, Sydney, N. S. W., August 4, 1901

heaven upon earth, and in our New World the new Art, Architecture, Music, Drama. Industry would spring up as if by magic, and produce a new civilization more glorious, more enduring than the ancient greatness and glory of Egypt and all the past.

What is it that is bringing all this about? It is the great Light and Truth which Theosophy is showing to the world—the great force of that Light and Truth as shown to the world by those great Souls, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. This may seem too wonderful to think of at the moment. But it has commenced, and commenced successfully. At Point Loma, in California, this civilization of soul-life has begun and it will be the type and beacon light to the whole world.

To live and manifest a spiritual life—the soul life—is a force so strong and so attractive that the whole world will turn to it with admiration and gratitude, for every man is an immortal divine soul, and he will perceive that this is the life which he in his inner higher nature wants to live and that this life can be his.

What will happen then? The Soul-life will be lived once more on earth and a new world will be ours. In the course of a few years, who can say what will be the result of this great force and example? Truth is mighty and will prevail.

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## The Organic Nature of Brotherhood\*

by T. W. Williams



THE subject of changes in consciousness is one in which the possibilities are unlimited. When it is customary to look at life in one way, and when those with whom we are associated, also take the same point of view, seeing only one phase of life, this often comes to be regarded as permanent and real; but, practically, this personal way of looking at life, dependent on the domination of a *certain prevailing idea*, is largely a matter of habit, and may be altered at any moment.

The weakness of all individual and collective effort, based on the foundation of certain prevailing ideas, is just in this unstable *personal* view which cannot be permanently relied upon, and, when its end comes, will bring down with it all in which it has a preponderating influence. If, instead of the prevailing idea of what is thought to be known or is the common belief of the hour, all real knowledge, say, about electricity were actually known, no one

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would have thought it absurd, or impossible, as was the case a few years ago, to send an electric message without wires!

Brotherhood is commonly understood as a family relation between two or more separate individuals born of the same father and mother, or as kindly help of one to another and of grateful acknowledgment of that help, or again of those closely united in a common tie or interest. But none of these ideas expresses the root-base and vital nature of brotherhood, for all are dominated by the prevailing idea of distinctly *separate* persons—these being or not being in a certain relation one to another and doing or not doing certain things to each other. But the basic root and vital fact of brotherhood lies in its *organic nature*. It is this which makes us mutually interdependent, and by this also is the possibility of its realization; for, in organisms, there is room for a vast variety of parts and functions, having differing aptitudes and degrees, all being for the common weal. It is not so much a matter of each reaching to the *same degree*: but of becoming specialized with relation to the various organs and parts suitable to each and for the benefit of all.

We find in nature a vast multiplicity of being. As a living demonstration and mirror of this we have the human body—a most complex organism, yet established upon broad, universal, and simple principles—one life composed of myriads of smaller lives. The more we think of and study this organic system of nature, in a practical way, the clearer will be the truth of its universality.

These millions of small lives that form the human body are distinct beings, yet they form a vital part of the one body. The vital relations they bear to each other, and the perfect system in which they are specialized into organs for the common weal, give a living example of the organic nature of brotherhood that runs throughout all life. As these small beings grouped together form a human body, so does each human being in himself form a living part of a greater combination of lives, comprising humanity and all that lives. This will be consciously known, and felt, as men and women work together for this *larger life* and so realize their vital connection, one with the other and with all. The only obstacle that keeps this from being commonly realized is the *dominant prevailing idea of separation*; but this is only a personal idea that has taken possession of the consciousness of the people and as it is not upon a true basis, it will come to an end. This may happen to any one at any time, and most certainly will happen as men persistently work for the realization of this ideal.

As the heart of humanity is touched, so will the consciousness expand, and once a state of true realization of this larger life is experienced, even for a moment, it can never be thought impossible any more, nor can the permanent possession of it ever be believed to be impracticable.

As we dwell upon this grand note of Nature, which includes all that is, from the highest Spiritual Beings and the consciousness of Deity, down to the smallest infusoria, we can see why it is the Master key to the problems of life,

and why it has been so persistently and gently urged upon our attention by all Great Spiritual Teachers, from time immemorial to the present day; and it is the foundation and ideal of the life and work of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, the three great modern spiritual and practical Teachers and *Leaders of Humanity*, as it was of Jesus, Guatama Buddha, Krishna, Confucius, and the Mighty Host of other Great Helpers of various degrees in all ages.

To establish the organic life of Universal Brotherhood in the heart of the World of men, has been the Great Ideal held to and worked for in countless different ways, till now, at last, in this 20th Century it is a Living Power in our lives for the benefit of all, and will mould the future Soul-civilization of the Earth, dissolving like mist before the Rising Sun, all false ideas that have so long held their hard iron grasp on the minds of men.

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## Freedom\*

by E. I. Williams



**F**REEDOM! It is the war cry of the dawning century, the rallying cry that will draw together all who love the Light—the Truth.

It is the Truth that shall make men free, and the standard of Truth is planted firmly in the world today, and the army of defense is daily growing stronger, daily more ready for its advance upon “chaos and the dark.” The first shout of the exultant hosts of Light has cleared the blue dome of heaven and stirred the expectant heart of humanity.

Freedom! the imprisoned Soul leaps against its prison bars! Nought can stand against the *awakened Will!* Arouse! arouse! ye prisoners of the flesh! Ye are not bound unless ye *will* it so.

The Soul is mighty and its energy is resistless. But we look not towards it for aid. We look without; we cry for better conditions, for other men to help us, to the Sun, Moon, or Stars, to a God far off in the Heavens, and we turn not to the *God within*, the true Self which is the Self of all creatures. Thus we groan in slavery, the slavery of *desire*, the hell of separateness. We walk the labyrinth of “mine” and “thine” with all its tortuous chambers and winding ways, ending always in a *cul-de-sac*. Thus has been born the pessimistic idea that “life is not worth living” and what we have falsely called life is but mere existence divorced from the inner realities, and is not the

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proper sphere for man's consciousness to dwell in. So by all means let us cry for Freedom and let us work and *work* until we obtain it. The onward path of our evolution lies through and in the process of its attainment, the subjugation of the animal in us and the liberation of that Divine element of our being—the soul.

There is one power which is supremely man's—*his power of choice*. It is the gift of the Gods which lifts him above the brute creation, and brings with it attendant responsibilities. *Man* must *choose* and it is through *right choice* that he wins his way to Freedom. For what is Freedom! Is it the license of unbridled desire, the selfish gathering together of treasures, material, mental, or even spiritual for one's own benefit and aggrandizement? Surely, no! the path of selfishness and personal possession leads headlong to destruction, to slavery.

The road to Liberation is marked out for us by well attested milestones, by those who have trodden the way before us. Charity, love for our fellow man comes first—for it is based upon the great fact of Unity, that Royal Truth, which we cannot too deeply impress upon our hearts and minds. To the traveler along this path, the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma are tremendous aids, for they are Nature's laws under which we work out our freedom. Earth life, after Earth life we sow, and reap what we have sown, and sow again to reap in the future; the past good brings us happiness, and the past evil pain, for "rigid justice rules the world" and for each act and thought we receive the exact due. All hidden evil will one day result in Sorrow, all secret good brings us nearer to our Freedom under the Great Law of Karma, the law of perfect balance. Purity and charity in thought and deed, devotion to the interests of others, trust in the Higher Law, unbind our shackles and help us to slough off the snakeskin of the selfish personal self and stand transformed, radiant and God like, strong to aid those weaker than ourselves, free from the vices and pettiness inseparable from the dominion of the personal or lower self.

As a Soul, Man is divine, a son of God, dwelling in an animal body to gain experience, and for the purpose of subjugating the lower forces of nature, the desires and passions, common alike to the animal and human kingdoms and so aiding them in their evolution.

The destiny of man is *Freedom*, and in his Soul, man is *conscious* of his destiny and so humanity struggles mightily to more and more make manifest the impress of the divine in outer life. "Thy Kingdom come on Earth, as it is in Heaven" taught One who also taught that "the Kingdom of heaven is *within you*," and as each individual learns to lose the inordinate sense of personal importance which has been so large a factor in XIXth Century civilization and instead works on the true lines of evolution and progress merging his separate interests in the interests of the whole, he begins to bring into play the energies of the Soul and finds that "Life is Joy."

We are all pilgrims journeying towards Freedom. Some have reached the goal. These we call the Saviors of humanity. They have appeared at various

times and to many nations and all belong to the same great Brotherhood and teach the same truths. Those who are wise heed their words and honor these Messengers of Truth. We rejoice that once more the opportunity is given to humanity of learning the Truth about the Soul, about its destiny, and the purpose of Life undisguised by dogma, and guided by a master-hand to make right choice and enter the path of Universal Brotherhood, the gateway to Freedom!

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## Sign-Posts Along *the Path* \*



**E**VERY day in life we see people overtaken by circumstances either good or bad and coming in blocks all at once or scattered over long periods of time. Some are for a whole life in a miserable condition, and others for many years the very reverse; while still others are miserable or happy by snatches. I speak, of course, of the circumstances of life irrespective of the effect on the mind of the person, for it may often be that a man is not unhappy under adverse circumstances, and some are able to extract good from the very straight lines they are put within. Now all this is the Karma of those who are the experiencers, and therefore we ask ourselves if Karma may fall in a lump or may be strung out over a long space of years. And the question is also asked if the circumstances of this life are the sum total result of the life which has immediately preceded it.

There is a little story told to a German mystic in this century by an old man, another mystic, when asked the meaning of the verse in the Bible which says that the sins of the father will be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation. He said: "There was once an Eastern king who had one son, and this son committed a deed the penalty of which was that he should be killed by a great stone thrown upon him. But as it was seen that this would not repair the wrong nor give to the offender the chance to become a better man, the counselors of the king advised that the stone should be broken into small pieces, and those be thrown at the son, and at his children and grandchildren as they were able to bear it. It was so done, and all were in some sense sufferers yet none were destroyed." It was argued, of course, in this case that the children and grandchildren could not have been born in the family of the prince if they had not had some hand in the past, in other lives, in the formation of his character, and for that reason they should share to some extent in his punishment. In no other way than this can the Christian verses be understood if we are to attribute justice to the God of the Christians.

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\* Extracts from *THE PATH*, Vol. VII.

Each Ego is attracted to the body in which he will meet his just deserts, but also for another reason. That is, that not only is the body to give opportunity for his just reward or punishment, but also for that he in the past was connected with the family in which the body was born, and the stream of heredity to which it belongs is his too. It is therefore a question not alone of desert and similarity, but one of responsibility. Justice orders that the Ego shall suffer or enjoy irrespective of what family he comes to; similarity decrees that he shall come to the family in which there is some characteristic similar to one or many of his and thus having a drawing power; but responsibility, which is compounded of justice, directs that the Ego shall come to the race or the nation or the family to which its responsibility lies for the part taken by it in other lives in forming of the general character, or affecting that physical stream of heredity that has so much influence on those who are involved in it. Therefore it is just that even the grandchildren shall suffer if they in the past have had a hand in moulding the family or even in bringing about a social order that is detrimental to those who fall into it through incarnation. I use the word responsibility to indicate something composed of similarity and justice. It may be described by other words probably quite as well, and in the present state of the English language very likely will be. An Ego may have no direct responsibility for a family, national or race condition, and yet be drawn into incarnation there. In such an event it is similarity of character which causes the place of rebirth, for the being coming to the abode of mortals is drawn like electricity along the path of least resistance and of greatest conductivity. But where the reincarnating Ego is directly responsible for family or race conditions, it will decide itself, upon exact principles of justice and in order to meet its obligations, to be reborn where it shall receive, as grandchild if you will, physically or otherwise the results of its former acts. This decision is made at the emergence from Devachan. It is thus entirely just, no matter whether the new physical brain is able or not to pick up the lost threads of memory.

So today, in our civilization, we are all under the penalty of our forefathers' sins, living in bodies which medical science has shown are sown with diseases of brain and flesh and blood coming in the turbid stream of heredity through the centuries. These disturbances were brought about by ourselves in other centuries, in ignorance, perhaps, of consequences so far-reaching, but that ignorance lessens only the higher moral responsibility and tends to confine the results to physical suffering. This can very well lead, as it often does, to efforts on the part of many reincarnating Egos in the direction of general reform.

It was through a belief in this that the ancients attempted to form and keep up in India a pure family stream such as the highest caste of Brahmin. For they knew that if such a clean family line could be kept existing for many centuries, it would develop the power of repelling Egos on the way to rebirth if they were not in character up to the standard of that stream of life. Thus

only teachers by nature, of high moral and spiritual elevation, would come upon the scene to act as regenerators and saviors for all other classes. But under the iron rule of cyclic law this degenerated in time, leaving now only an imitation of the real thing.

A variation of the Eastern story told above is that the advice of the King's counselors was that the broken stone should be cast at the prince. This was done, and the result was that he was not killed but suffered while the pieces were being thrown. It gives another Karmic law, that is, that a given amount of force of a Karmic character may be thrown at one or fall upon one at once, in bulk so to say, or may be divided up into smaller pieces, the sum of which represents the whole mass of Karmic force. And so we see it in life. Men suffer through many years an amount of adverse Karma which, if it were to fall at once, would crush them. Others for a long time have general good fortune that might unseat the reason if experienced in one day; and the latter happens also, for we know of those who have been destroyed by the sudden coming of what is called great good fortune.

This law is seen also in physics. A piece of glass may be broken at once by a single blow, or the same amount of force put into a number of taps continuously repeated will accomplish the same result and smash the glass. And with the emotions we observe the same law followed by the most ignorant, for we do not tell bad news at once to the person who is the sufferer, but get at it slowly by degrees; and often when disaster is suddenly heard of, the person who hears it is prostrated. In both cases the sorrow caused is the same, but the method of imparting the news differs. Indeed, in whatever direction we look, this law is observed to work. It is universal, and it ought to be applied to Karma as well as to anything else.

Whether the life we are now living is the net result of the one just preceding is answered by Patanjali in his 8th and 9th aphorisms, Book IV.

"From these works there results, in every incarnation, a manifestation of only those mental deposits which can come to fructification in the environment provided. Although the manifestation of mental deposits may be intercepted by unsuitable environments, differing as to class, place, and time, there is an immediate relation between them, because the memory and the train of self-reproductive thought are identical," and also by other doctrines of the ancients. When a body is taken up, only that sort of Karma which can operate through it will make itself felt. This is what Patanjali means. The 'environment' is the body, with the mind, the plastic nature, and the emotions and desires. Hence one may have been great or the reverse in the preceding life, and now have only the environment which will serve for the exhaustion of some Karma left over from lives many incarnations distant. This unexhausted Karma is known as stored-up Karma. It may or may not come into operation now, and it can also be brought into view by violent effort of the mind leading to such changes as to alter the bodily apparatus and make it equivalent to a new body. But as the majority of men are lazy of mind and

nature, they suffer themselves to run with the great family or national stream, and so through one life make no changes of this inner nature. Karma in their cases operates through what Patanjali calls 'mental deposits.' These are the net results stored from each life by *Manas* [the Mind Principle]. . . . Hence, and because under the sway of cyclic law, the reincarnation can only furnish an engine of a horse-power, so to say, which is very much lower than the potential energies stored in *Manas*, and thus there remain unexhausted 'mental deposits,' or unexhausted Karma. The Ego may therefore be expending a certain line of Karma, always bringing it to similar environments until that class of Karma shall be so exhausted or weakened as to permit another set of "mental deposits" to preponderate, whereupon the next incarnation will be in a different environment which shall give opportunity for the new set of deposits to bring about new or different Karma."

The object that is indicated for life by all this is, to so live and think during each life as to generate no new Karma or cause for bondage, while one is working off the stock in hand, in order that on closing each life-account one shall have wiped off so much as that permits. The old "mental deposits" will thus gradually move up into action and exhaustion from life to life, at last leaving the man in a condition where he can master all and step into true consciousness, prepared to renounce final reward in order that he may remain with humanity, making no new Karma himself and helping others along the steep road to perfection.—*Thoughts on Karma*, Eusebio Urban, page 157

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Recently a book on the subject of Mesmerism having been published in London, I read in it some astounding statements about the relation of the Higher Self to Mesmerism. The author says that it is the Higher Self that acts in the case of those mesmerized subjects who show clairvoyance, clairaudience, and the like, of a high order. That is to say, the views expressed amount to the doctrine that pure spirit, which the Higher Self is, can be acted on and affected by the gross physical power of mesmerism. This idea seems to be quite contrary to all that we have read in Theosophical literature on the philosophy of man and his complex nature. For if there is anything clearly stated in that, it is that the Higher Self cannot be affected in this manner. It is a part of the Supreme Spirit, and as such cannot be made to go and come at the beck of a mesmerizer.

It is a well-known fact that the more gross and physical the operator, the stronger is his influence, and the easier he finds it to plunge his subject into the trance state. Seldom do we find the very delicate, the nervous, or the highly spiritualized able to overcome the senses of another by these means. Not only does the whole of our philosophy sustain the contention that the Higher Self is not acted on, but we have also the eminent writer H. P. Blavatsky saying that the human spirit—and that is the Higher Self—cannot be influenced by any man.

Mesmeric force is purely material, although of a finer sort of materiality than gas. It is secreted by the physical body in conjunction with the astral man within, and has not a particle of spirituality about it further than that spirit is immanent in the whole universe. And when it is brought to bear on the willing or unwilling subject, the portion of the nature of the latter which is waked up, or rather separated from the rest, is the astral man.

Probably the reason why the author of the book referred to and others make the mistake of confounding this with the Higher Self is that the utterances of the one entranced seems so far to transcend the limits of ordinary waking consciousness. But this only makes the possible horizon of consciousness widen; it does not prove that we are hearing direct from the spirit. The vast powers of memory are well-known, and when we add to the worldly estimate of its powers the knowledge of the ancient esoteric schools, we can see that the uncovering of the sub-conscious memories will give us much that a spiritualist might attribute to a denizen of the summer land. Thus in the famous case of the ignorant servant of the pastor who was in the habit of walking up and down in her hearing and repeating aloud verses from the Latin and the Greek, we know that when she fell sick with fever her constant repetition of those Latin and Greek verses was an act of the under memory which had caught and retained all, though she was, in her usual health, too ignorant to say one word in either of those languages. These illustrations can be multiplied a thousand-fold from the records of clairvoyants of all sorts and conditions. When the barrier to the action of the sub-conscious memory is removed, whether by sickness, by training, by processes, or by natural change of the body, all the heretofore unperceived impressions come to the surface.

Clairvoyance and similar phenomena are explicable by the knowledge of the inner man, and, that being so, it is straining a point and degrading a great idea to say that the Higher Self is involved. For the inner astral man has the real organs which partially function through the one we know. The real eye and ear are there. So what happens in mesmeric trance is that the outer eye and ear are paralyzed for the time, and the brain is made to report what is seen and heard by the inner senses.

These, it is well known, are not limited by time and space, and so give to the operator very wonderful things when viewed from the ordinary level of observation.

And at the same time it is well known to those who have experimented strictly on the lines laid down by the masters of occultism that the sight and hearing and ideation of the mesmerized subject are all deflected and altered by the opinions and thoughts of the operator. And this is especially the case with very sensitive subjects who have gone into the so-called *lucid* state. They are in a realm of which they know but little, and will give back to him who has put them into this state answers on such subjects as the inner constitution of man and nature which will be enlarged copies of what the operator himself has been thinking on the same subject, if he has thought definitely on them.

From the tenor of the parts of the book I mentioned, it seems clear that the ideas as to the Higher Self there expressed emanated from sensitives who have in fact merely enlarged and confirmed the views expressed by the author of that work some years ago in "Transactions of the London Lodge" on the subject of the Higher Self, as may be seen from reading the latter. A simple subject of the mesmeric influence, no matter how far advanced of other sensitives, is not by any means a *trained seer*, but in the opinion of the esoteric schools is untrained, for training in this means a complete knowledge on the part of the seer of all the forces at work and of all the planes to which his or her consciousness gains entry. Hence one who merely goes into that condition by the force of the mesmeric fluid is a wanderer wholly unfit to guide anyone. It is different in the case of the previously trained seer who uses the mesmeric fluid of another simply as an aid toward passing into that state. And the assertion can be made with confidence that there are no seers publicly known so trained in the western world yet. Hence no operator can have the advantage of the services of such, but all the investigators are compelled to trust to the reports from the state of trance made by men or women—chiefly women—who never went through the long preliminary training and discipline, not only physically but mentally, that are absolute prerequisites to seeing correctly with the inner eyes. Of course I except from this the power to see facts and things that take place near and far. But that is only the use of inner sight and hearing; it is not the use of the inner understanding. But on this subject I should like to say a little more at some future time.—*Mesmerism and the Higher Self*, WILLIAM BREHON, p. 47

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It is said in the Book of Poetry, "Although *the fish* sink and lie at the bottom, it is still quite clearly seen." Therefore the superior man examines his heart, that there may be nothing wrong there, and that he may have no cause for dissatisfaction with himself. That wherein the superior man cannot be equalled is simply this,—his *work* which other men cannot see.

It is said in the Book of Poetry, "Looked at in your apartment, be there free from shame, where you are exposed to the light of Heaven." Therefore, the superior man, even when he is not moving, has a feeling of reverence, and while he speaks not, he has *the feeling* of truthfulness.

CHINESE CLASSICS

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"Sincerity is the way of Heaven. The attainment of sincerity is the way of men. He who possesses sincerity, is he who, without an effort, hits what is right, and apprehends, without the exercise of thought;—he is the sage who naturally and easily embodies the *right* way. He who attains to sincerity, is he who chooses what is good, and firmly holds it fast.

"To this statement there are requisite the extensive study of what is good, accurate inquiry about it, careful reflections on it, the clear discrimination of it, and the earnest practice of it."

—CHINESE CLASSICS

## Butterfly Culture



**A**S an instance of the growing tendency to enjoy wild things in their living state, nature-lovers will note with pleasure the published results of an experiment in rearing butterflies for the London Parks. The English correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* says (September 1):

“It was a famous book publisher, C. J. Longmans, who thought of this queer ‘butterfly scheme,’ as it is called. It occurred to him one day a few months ago how immensely it would add to the picturesqueness of London’s breathing spaces if here and there blithe, joyous butterflies could be seen flopping along over the grass.

“Battersea Park, which lies along the Thames ‘up Chelsea way,’ is the scene of London’s first attempt at butterfly culture, and here in one of the most sunny corners of the botanical gardens there now rises a little glass house which looks much like a miniature conservatory, but which is at present the local habitation of London’s caterpillars. Most of the caterpillars are picked up by the railway men along the Devonshire lines and sent on to London by post.

“At present only three varieties of butterfly are being bred for the London parks: The Red Admiral, the Peacock and the Tortoise Shell. They are all natives of England and common enough in the country districts, having been selected mainly on account of their brilliant colors and also for the reason that none of them does any harm to foliage. This nice discrimination on the part of the committee makes it necessary that all caterpillars sent in shall be carefully inspected by Professor Furneaux, head master in the municipal butterfly asylum, lest any undesirable interlopers with a taste for tender young buds should have crept in uninvited. As soon as every lot of caterpillar recruits has thus passed the preliminary inspection, they are placed in the incubating-house, some of them turned loose to take care of themselves, and others being placed in long bags of transparent gauze, the better to observe their little idiosyncrasies. The favorite diet of these breeds of caterpillars is the common nettle, and several beds of these have been planted in the culture-house for the delectation of the free caterpillars, while the prisoners in the gauze bags are served with a liberal supply every day.

“There seems to be some doubt whether it will be possible to keep butterflies in the parks, owing to the voracity of the sparrows, who are their chief enemies. If the scheme succeeds, it may be the means of preserving some rare species of English butterflies and also of introducing into the country many beautiful varieties from other lands.”



It may possibly dawn upon our minds some day that the study of living creatures is more interesting than the habit of "collecting" and preserving their withered remains, and we shall then find more pleasure in watching the common white butterfly unroll his wonderfully tubular tongue and sip the nectar from a flower, than in gazing upon the dead beauty of a Brazilian moth under a glass cover. L.

## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Does the theory of Reincarnation provide for the continuance of family relationships which now exist? Can, for instance, a mother who has lost her child look forward to being with her child again and having that child for her own, or among the multitude of souls in the world is there but a meeting for a brief time and then an eternal parting?

The true mother's heart calls out ever for her child and the reverence of a true son for his mother endures beyond the parting of death. How does Reincarnation satisfy these deepest longings of the human heart? Are mother and child, husband and wife, brothers and sisters to be parted never to meet again?

**B**ELIEVING with the writer of the question in the sacredness of these ties, yet I think the other side of the picture must not be overlooked. What about the mother whose life is a curse to her child, whose child has come into the world unwished for, what about the father and son, the brothers and sisters, the children of the same parents, the husbands and wives, between whom the bitterest enmity exists? We cannot shut our eyes to these facts which, alas, today characterize the family relationships in greater number than the sacred tender ties of kinship.

An answer is given indirectly to this question by Christ himself on two different occasions:

(a) In reply to the question of the Sadducees, regarding the woman who had had seven husbands: "Therefore in the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the seven? for they all had her. Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." *Matthew xxii, 28-30.*

(b) "While he yet talked to the people, behold his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him. Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever will do the will of

my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother.”  
*Matthew xii, 46-50.*

Everyone of the natural family relationships has been degraded and though they hold in the eyes of the law, yet of themselves they represent no inner bond of union. There is, however, one relationship, one word in our language which has not suffered degradation and that is, *friend*, and unless the natural ties of family include also this bond of friendship, they are but empty names and too often the cloak for the bitterest enmity. To say of another he is my husband or my wife or father or mother or brother or sister or child reveals nothing of an inner bond or sympathy or a sacred union of hearts. Truly each of these relationships ought to imply this but they do not. On the contrary, even Religion which should most *bind* men together and give a deeper meaning to all the natural ties of kindred has in most cases the opposite effect. Even Christ said, “I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man’s foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.” And “If any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.”

Let those who say that Theosophy and the Leaders of the Theosophical Movement separate and break up families, let them study these words of Christ. Such people and the people to whom Christ spoke judge only after the flesh and know nothing of the sacred bond between soul and soul of which Christ spoke when he looked around and said, “Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.”

And what the true relationship between soul and soul is we may learn in part from Christ’s words again in his reply to the question “Who is my neighbor?” and also when he said, “This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.”

He does not speak of love between husband and wife, brothers, sisters, parents or children, but between friends. All these other relationships, from Christ’s own words are transitory and external,—not of the soul, but the relationship of the soul, that of friendship, is eternal and real. Happy are the husbands and wives, brothers, sisters, parents and children if they are friends, yet even then the *natural* ties may be for this life only, but the tie of friendship will endure from life to life. It was this bond of friendship, of “Brotherhood,” of love, that Christ came to awaken all men to, this was the purpose of his mission and life. This was his great message “That ye love one another” and this too is the message and purpose of Theosophy.

Then again there are many anomalies in family relationships and it is not at all uncommon to find a son or a daughter who is the real head of the household. Many a daughter is younger than her mother *only in years*, but older far in experience and knowledge, and so too with many a son who becomes the protector and guardian of the home, and verily, a teacher of his parents even while yet a youth in years. And many a sister or a brother becomes in reality the mother or father to the other children of the family.

Can we not see from this that the true ties of inner relationship, of friendship, endure always, and that in the very nature of things, each one comes and will come to his own people, his own friends, again and again, and that the inner tie of true friendship can never be broken but is stronger than death.

J. H. FUSSELL

## Mirror of the Movement



### News from Loma-land

The greatest activity prevails in every department of our rapidly increasing work, and many new lines are being quickly pushed by the Leader.

\* \* \*

### Camp Karnak

The Camp of the Literary staff, which was located on the bluff North-west of the Homestead, has been removed to the breezy summit of the Sacred Hill of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity grounds and now occupies part of the site of the Great Temple. The long row of tents, stretching from the flag-staff on which flies the Universal Brotherhood flag, at the time of writing alas, at half-mast in sorrowful tribute to the memory of the assassinated President—to the high watch-tower, from which flies the United States flag, forms a most picturesque spectacle standing white against the sky line. (See illustration in this issue). The situation of the camp is superb. The celebrated panorama of the ocean, the islands, the mountains with San Diego City glittering above the landlocked harbor, glows in the sunshine. In the middle distance the white walls and tinted Domes of the Homestead and Aryan Temple stand out boldly, and close by the great Amphitheater is seen, rapidly becoming a striking object in the prospect. At night the lights in the windows of the Homestead and upon the summits of the Domes sparkle like some new constellation, bearing the promise of hope and joy. Here, in the pure atmosphere, and with the unique opportunity of working under such circumstances, the Theosophical Literary Staff under Katherine Tingley's most attentive direction and supervision is progressing rapidly with important work on several lines, the results of which will be soon manifested. With the arrival of that old-time warrior, Clark Thurston, the camp was completed. All these members of the Literary Staff who have had the advantage of working near to Nature in this ideal life have expressed the highest appreciation of their great opportunity.

The weather, as usual, is perfect, sunshine every day and a pleasant constant breeze, which keeps the temperature at about 60° to 65°. Owing to the great planting and rapid growth of trees over the Homestead grounds there has been a considerable increase in the number of wild birds, and their sweet songs are making the air melodious again after a few weeks' partial silence.

**Great meeting at San Diego Conducted by the "Daughters of Loma-land"**

The regularity of the Sunday evening Lecture-Meetings which have been given at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, to crowded audiences for the past six months was pleasantly broken by a delightful meeting on August 25th conducted entirely by Mrs. E. C. Spalding and the "Daughters of Loma-land." The theater was exquisitely decorated by an energetic committee under the supervision of Mrs. W. T. Hanson, wife of one of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet Officers. Very interesting scrolls were read on the subject of "True Womanhood," and a beautiful program was carried out to the delight of a very large and sympathetic audience. The program was as follows:

Announcement, Mrs. E. C. Spalding; Tannhauser March, (Liszt) Miss Julia Hecht; Woman in the Home Life, Mrs. W. T. Hanson; Woman's Relation to Posterity, Miss Alice Bolting; Violin solo, "Romance," by Swendsen; True Womanhood, Mrs. E. C. Spalding; Recitation, "The Nautilus," (O. W. Holmes) Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick; Violin solo, "Berceuse," by Allen.

The women wore the graceful white students' gowns of the order to which they belong, and the boxes on either side were filled with those students who were not taking part but who wore their white costumes, forming a most effective tableau. The sincerity, earnestness, and purity which marked the whole proceedings strongly impressed the audience with the value and nobility of the work of the Universal Brotherhood.

\* \* \*

**Important Debate at San Diego,---"Is Theosophy the Antithesis of Christianity?"**

There has been recently a considerable stirring of dry bones at San Diego from the result of a sermon preached by a Methodist minister in that City, who took upon himself the task of attacking in unmeasured terms the principles of Theosophy and the work of the Universal Brotherhood. A number of other Clergymen of San Diego and neighborhood countenanced his action and made a statement in the public press that in their opinion

Theosophy was the antithesis of Christianity. This was promptly denied by the students at Point Loma, and under the direction of Katherine Tingley they forthwith challenged those ministers to a series of public debates in the Fisher Opera House. The ministers having declined to defend their position, Katherine Tingley through the students requested the Rev. S. J. Neill to hold a brief for the churches in order to enlighten the public upon the true relation of Theosophy and Christianity by means of public debate. Mr. Neill is well qualified for such a work, for, though he is now a staunch worker in the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma, yet in addition to having been a minister of the Presbyterian Church for twenty-five years, he has held the important position of Examiner of Candidates for the Ministry in Theology and Ecclesiastical History, and is thoroughly acquainted with the whole subject under discussion. Several Sunday evenings have been devoted already to these debates and great interest has been aroused in San Diego and the Coast, very large audiences listening to every point with closest attention. The students taking part included Dr. H. Coryn, Dr. Jerome Anderson, H. T. Edge, etc.

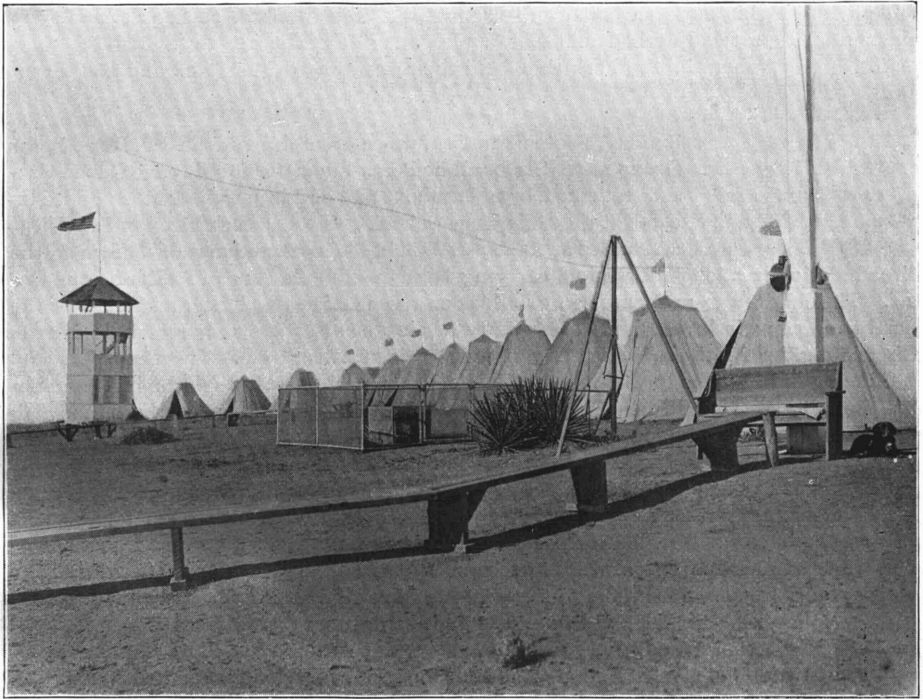
\* \* \*

**Dedication of the First Students' Home at Point Loma**

A most beautiful and impressive ceremony was arranged by the Leader for the dedication of "Student's Home No. 1," named "Yerba Santa Cliffs" now completed and in the occupation of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding who have leased it for a term of years.

The "house-warming" took place in the evening of September 10th, and all the students and the Raja Yoga children took part. As the evening shadows deepened and the stars began to illuminate one of the customary nights of Loma-land, a group of white figures was discerned by the light of colored fires approaching and calling to each other in wonder and delight as they came out of the darkness into the

glow shining from the ideal home. Intoned recitations, speeches and songs followed, hailing the auspicious inauguration of the new object-lesson for the world. By the example of this house, which is so perfect and beautiful in all its parts, and by the illustration of pure family life given here, another key-note has been successfully struck by our Leader, which will echo far and wide. When the wanderers had all arrived in line before the front steps a long procession of women students and children approached from the Aryan Temple also dressed in white, garlanded and holding lights aloft. As the line descended the Temple steps and formed an extended winding column, sparkling with



CAMP KARNAK, ON THE SACRED HILL, SHOWING CORNERSTONE OF SCHOOL FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY

star-like points of light, the sight was extremely beautiful. When all were assembled, "Loma-land" and other songs were sung with hearty good-will, and then a beautifully illuminated scroll of verse testifying the importance of the occasion and the promise of hope involved in the inauguration was handed to Mr. and Mrs. Spalding by F. M. Pierce, with a few words of welcome. The new tenants escorted by the Raja Yoga children strewing flowers, and by the "Daughters of Loma-land," then entered their future home. A number of specially invited guests followed and watched the completion of the ceremonial which took place in the large central apartment, gay with flowers and bright with light. Among the guests was the daughter of the ex-Mayor of San Diego, who has recently left the church and become much interested in Theosophy and the work of the Universal Brotherhood. In this hall were assembled Mr. and Mrs. Spalding and Madam Spalding, and when the Raja Yoga children and the women-students carrying their lights were all in place a highly symbolic and impressive rite was carried through in silence to

the accompaniment of very soft music, after which was more music and the Cubans sang one of their national songs.

\* \* \*

### **Lotus Work in San Diego**

This work which the Leader has recently organized in San Diego, is proceeding apace and many new children are joining. It is under the direct supervision of the Leader herself, and already some entirely new features have been introduced. The children sing well and even when unaccompanied by any instrument it is noteworthy that their voices do not drop in the key.

The Boys' Brotherhood Club is also doing well. At the last meeting it was found that the Hall where this work is carried on was not able to be used in consequence of fresh paint, and the party adjourned and took a pleasant ride in the cars to the heights above Mission Valley, where in the Park they held their meeting, drilled, etc., and had a good time.

\* \* \*

### **Arrival of the Cuban Crusade and Cuban Children**

Sunday, September 15th, was a great day for the San Diego Lotus Group as well as for all at Point Loma, for this day the Cuban Crusade returned, bringing about fifty children to be trained and educated at the Raja Yoga School. The Lotus children of San Diego assembled at the Lotus Hall at 3 o'clock and marched down to the railroad station in a long procession, carrying banners and flowers and gifts for the Cubans. The children were formed in two lines on the platform and after a short wait the special train came in bringing the great party who were enthusiastically received with the "Circle Song," "Brothers We," "My Country 'Tis of Thee," etc. The Crusaders and the Cuban children, who looked in splendid condition, marched through the lines and entered the tally-hos in waiting. They were then driven off to Point Loma where the Leader and comrades were anxiously expecting them. Here an elaborate and very hearty greeting awaited them. The Temple, which has just been greatly increased in beauty by the addition of eight new pillars within forming a circle under the Dome, and by the fitting of the magnificent oak doors carved by R. Machell, was thrown open for the first time for some months, for the Cuban children's reception. The "Sons and Daughters of Loma-land" were arranged in white to receive them, the New Century Guard and the Raja Yoga children escorted them to the platform, and then came a few speeches of hearty greeting to the children and a welcome home to the devoted Crusaders, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, Miss Ethel Wood, J. F. Knoche and young Antonio Castillo, whose services have been invaluable. An illuminated address in scroll form was presented to Dr. Van Pelt to keep in memory of the successful journey. The Cuban children are interesting and well behaved and show promise of becoming good workers for their native country.

\* \* \*

### **New Arrivals and Visitors**

Accompanying the Crusaders from Cuba Senorita Bacardi, the daughter of the Mayor of Santiago, came on special invitation as guest of the Leader. Mayor Bacardi is enthusiastic about the immense assistance the Leader is giving to Cuba, and took extraordinary pains in helping to select the children to come to Point Loma, and he speaks most warmly of the happy condition of things that will be brought about when the children are sufficiently trained to return and work for the uplifting of their countrymen. All the students were delighted to welcome Senorita Bacardi to Loma-land, and all hope that Senor Bacardi himself will be able to visit the Leader soon as he has promised, and see for himself the happy life and smiling faces of the Cuban children here.

Colonel Hooper has left us for a while, but we expect to have him with us permanently in a few months. He will be heartily welcome. Dr. Jerome Anderson and his family from San Francisco have occupied a Bungalow for some weeks. While here Dr. Anderson has been able to render excellent service in the public debate.

**New Buildings**

The Students' Home No. 1, and the addition to the Temple having been completed, many new buildings have already been begun. Children's Group houses for the new arrivals are ready and other work is being taken in hand. It will not be long before the Amphitheater will be ready for the first great open air play which is being rapidly prepared.

\* \* \*

**Boys' Brotherhood Club of Senior Boys**

A Brotherhood Club of senior boys of Loma-land has just been formed and bids fair to be a power in the land. It is for those young men who are too old for the younger Boys' Clubs and yet who wish to have the benefit of the excellent training in drill, debate, etc., furnished by these associations. J. H. Fussell has been appointed by the Leader as President of the Club and E. M. Pierce commands the New Century Guard.

\* \* \*

**Death of President McKinley**

The terrible assassination of the President was felt keenly here by all. The Leader was deeply affected when she heard the news, and at the meeting on Sunday, September 15th, at San Diego a tribute of respect was paid in silence to his memory.

OBSERVER

**Inauguration of Lotus Group in San Diego**

The usual earnest and unmistakable spirit of joyous effort marked the inaugurating of this new opportunity which is being given to the children of San Diego by Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma.

The pupils of the Raja Yoga School are to share some of their blessings with those who wish to join with them for an hour each Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in their new Lotus Hall, No. 1125 Sixth Street.

The children will do much of the work themselves with supervision of a few of the students. What we wish to do with the children is completely told in their own words which are so true and direct as to preclude any misunderstanding as to the real character of what our children are having done for them in the Raja Yoga School. We refer our readers to the 5th Chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew for a synopsis of the *basis* of our work with children.

We know it sounds too good to be true as we say — to really live to see the day when the mothers and fathers can have a place in the world sacred to their children's higher development along the magic lines laid down by the "Heart Doctrine" and which is so marvelously expounded in a simple way by St. Matthew. We know that the eyes have to learn to see and the ears to hear and the heart to feel, before the sweet child nature can find a clear atmosphere to breathe in, because the old world has become crusty. Even when we grown-ups break in a little on the "old school formula" we get scratched and hurt by the sharp edges and are glad to get back to easy places and give it up and not bother. Sophistry! Sophistry! Ah! how the human heart has ached and ached, and all that it has received in answer has been Sophistry. But we students in Loma-land will have no more of it; we are bound for the higher places, the truer life, the immortal Self, and oh, "the children, the children" as our dear Leader says with volumes of unspoken meaning in her heart, how they come, ready, fresh, sweet, responsive, from heaven's own portals, — and truly they are our inspiration and our hope.

Who does not wish the world could be made brighter and the kingdom of happiness nearer, and joy a veritable reality in life. Do the mothers and fathers live who would not do all in their power to know that their children would not have to face the injustices and evils in the world that they themselves have endured?

Truly some great event portends and you may well ask questions about it, when we plainly state that our Raja Yoga children are already proving the divine law in themselves and showing great promise that they will be equal and ready for the serious affairs of life a few years later. At the preliminary meeting on Sunday last, the sincere interest evinced has called forth this brief statement, which, together with the children's papers written by themselves and read at this occasion, may convey to you some clearer conception of what Katherine Tingley is doing for the children of your city in placing her Lotus work in your midst.

The program included songs by the children, marches with flags and banners, and original addresses of welcome by children of the Raja Yoga School and the Boys' Club, Point Loma. After these came short addresses by the assisting students, followed by the work of organizing the new Group, preparatory to the regular Sunday classes which will meet hereafter. At this first meeting we registered fifty names in all, out of which many of the boys entered their names for the Boys' Brotherhood Club which will meet on some week-day evening. Some week-day evening the Girls' Club will soon be put into operation, and exhibitions of all this work among the children will be frequently made and the public thus grow more and more acquainted with our educational ideas, as the children mirror our work more truly with them than any pen can describe, or any tongue can tell.

I. B.

NOTE — The full program, with papers read by the children, will be printed in the next issue.

## A Word to Members

The attention of members has been several times called to the fact that lecturers and others belonging to other societies using the name Theosophical, who are not in any way connected with us, are trying to impose upon the public mind by leading people to suppose that they belong to our Organization.

The plan usually adopted is that in advertising lectures they will use the name Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood with the object of attracting, through them, to their meetings some of the many people who know of our work at Point Loma and its world-wide activities. Among these lecturers is a man named Titus who has been visiting several cities, professing to be a lecturer and member of the Theosophical Society. These lecturers take no means to inform the public that they are not connected with our Organization, but leave it to be inferred that they are, and members should therefore be on guard against all such and give warning in regard to the same whenever opportunity presents itself.

We are informed that the subtlest methods in making insinuations and false statements of our work are employed by those who seek to tear down our Organization. Most of the old members are aware of these tactics, but they should take care to warn new members and the public that they may not be misled into thinking that anyone not properly endorsed by the Universal Brotherhood Organization belongs to it or has the right to represent it in any way.

Members should bear in mind that not only the above named class but all opponents to our work and teaching are endeavoring to confuse the public mind by labelling us as promulgating teaching which we abhor and which only immoral minds would listen to.

## Telegraphic and Cable Addresses

An office of the Western Union Telegraph Company has been established at Point Loma Homestead and telegrams can now be sent direct to the Homestead.

Address: "UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OFFICE (Western Union), SAN DIEGO, CAL."

Cable address of Point Loma Homestead: "THEOSOPHY, SANDIEGO" (Cal.)

Cable address of Katherine Tingley: "YELGNIT, SANDIEGO" (Cal.)





## The City of Light

by E. W.

**H**ER papa had gone to the war to fight the enemy and save Cuba. Dark clouds hid the sunshine and a sadness came over all. The enemy took away her home and nearly all her people were killed in the terrible fight to save Cuba.

When the war was over, many people were corralled up in the mountains. The lost child was picked up by a kind lady who had five children of her own, but her heart had room for this little one who was left alone. They lived on berries and things that grew in the mountains, and when they were sure they would not be killed they went back to the city and the child was helped to find some of her people who had not died.

All Cuba was suffering very badly from not having homes, and food, and clothes, so Helpers came to look after the poor, sick, hungry people. They gave them clothes, food and medicine, and told them of a home that was being made ready, a great, wonderful, universal kind of home that would take in all who had suffered anywhere in the wide world. And the Helpers did more. They promised that some should go now to that home, and if you will believe it, the kind lady with her five children, were among the lucky ones chosen.

I tell you, Cuba thought a good deal about the Promise of some day going to that home. It seemed like a place of Light, and Cuba never forgot the Helpers who had come from this place of Light, to lift them out of the darkness.

After two years, Messengers from the Light were sent to Cuba to keep the Promise made by the greatest among the Helpers, who was the Leader and

guide of all the others ; and oh, how glad the people were and eager to be chosen ; children by hundreds came and begged to be taken to the place of light. As many as the Messengers could travel with, were soon on their journey, and when they arrived they found really and truly a City of Light. This was their promised home. They had never dreamed of anything so beautiful. They were greeted with flowers and smiles of joy by happy children, and escorted to a Temple that was guarded by noble young warriors and little Temple mothers. Into this Temple they were received, and welcomed home, by the greatest Helper of all, that one who gave the Promise to the whole world, that a home would be made where there should be no more suffering and sorrow.

It all seemed too good to be true. Next day, the kind lady, who had been one of the first chosen went out to see the children play, and think of the joyful surprise when she saw the child who had been lost in the mountains ! - who had gone back to her people and been lost again, and now was come to the City of Light where she could never get lost, or be unhappy any more.

Well, it was wonderful. But that is the way with every thing in the City of Light. It is full of wonder from morning to night.

In less than a week, the lost child and the others were singing in the new language "Happy Little Sunbeams." Already they had learned that this home could never be taken away by the enemy, no matter how terrible and bad. And they had learned that every boy and girl who comes into the world is a Helper whose business it is to help make a beautiful home. But there is a secret about home that can only be learned in the City of Light. That is why every one tries so hard to get there.

So the lost child and the others made up their minds to learn just as fast as possible, all that they could, in the City of Light and hurry back to help those who were left behind and then they will fight for them a bigger battle than the famous one of San Juan Hill, a battle in which the noble young warriors of the City of Light will conquer the evil enemy of darkness, and make the whole world glad forever— and ever—and ever.

## ***The Picture Within***



**by I. C. D.**

**T**HERE was once a little seed  
 That fell in the depths of the mire,  
 But close within its heart, it kept  
 A dream of something higher.

Within itself it hid away

A picture of what it might be;  
A beautiful Lotus Flower,  
A symbol of purity.

"But I am so very small,  
My coat is so hard and brown;  
How can I change to gold and white,  
With only mud around?"

But when it looked at the picture there,  
That picture of what it might be,  
It vowed a vow in its little heart,  
"I'll strive for purity."

Then the hard brown shell, that had held it fast,  
Was broken at once in two,  
And to its delight, a stem and root,  
At once came into view.

"So far, so good," said the little seed,  
"I'm getting nearer my goal;  
But how can I ever hope to find  
In this mud, what will feed my soul?"

Then it looked again at the picture there,  
That picture of what it might be;  
"Whatever food must be mine," it said,  
"Shall make for purity."

Bravely it sent down its little root,  
Seeking to make all good;  
Searching through all the mud and the mire,  
In order to find its food.

Bravely it pushed up its little green stem,  
Pushed it up out of the mire;  
"So far so good," said the little seed,  
"But still I must climb much higher."

So it pushed its way on through the waters dark,  
Until it could see the Sun;  
And feel the leaves growing out of its heart,  
Then it thought its work was done.

But, alas, when the leaves grew out of its heart,  
They were green as green could be;  
"What does it mean?" said the little seed,  
"For white is the symbol of purity."

And again it looked at the picture there,  
 That picture of what it might be;  
 "I'll sacrifice even my life," it said,  
 "For I must have purity."

Earnestly studying the picture again,  
 "Help to all I must give, I see;  
 And all will help me to gain my end,  
 And attain to purity."

So it pushed its roots deeper down in the mud,  
 Asking more nourishment there;  
 And whispered the waters, "Sustain me, I pray."  
 And drew in long breaths from the Air.

And opened its leaves fully out to the Sun,  
 Demanding more beauty and strength:  
 For it felt the bud, pressing out of its heart,  
 The reward of its life-work at length.

When the bud appeared from the midst of the leaves,  
 'Twas as green as green could be;  
 And the little seed moaned in bitter pain,  
 "Alas for my dream of purity."

Then it looked once more at the picture there,  
 That picture of what it might be;  
 "Help me again," it cried to them all,  
 "And grow with me to purity."

Then, from out of the midst of the bud there grew  
 A wonderful heart of gold,  
 And petals of such a shining white,  
 Their beauty could not be told.

"At last, at last," cried the little seed,  
 "I have gained my quest, I see,  
 And now I'll return to the mud again,  
 Helping others to purity."

And ever thus works the Lotus Flower,  
 Gathering good from all, you see,  
 And because its white has come from the mud,  
 It's the symbol of purity.

And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

--MATTHEW III, 10

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

VOL. XVI

NOVEMBER 1901

NO. 8

## Anarchy===A Living Question

by G. D.

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**T**HE subject that has most deeply affected the public mind during the past month is, of course, the assassination of our late President. We find ourselves compelled to pause and think. What does it indicate as to the past? What does it signify as to the future? We are face to face with a great problem.

Time was when many would have felt the assassination to be in some measure atoned by the death of the assassin. No one feels so today. His trial, conviction and all that have followed during the current month are disagreeable contingencies which do not in any degree solve the real problem, but in fact, make it harder to solve. In spite of current talk of changed legislation with regard to anarchy, more stringent laws as to immigration, treason, etc., deep, deep beneath all this chatter there is in the national heart a conviction that these man-made laws will avail little, that we must begin to understand and follow the Higher Law. There is a growing conviction that all this calamity is "God's will" and that any remedy which leaves out of the question the Higher Law or God, will be no remedy at all.

What is the meaning of this expression, "It is God's will"? Not at all what it meant a hundred or even twenty-five years ago. For we have to thank the Dark Ages for a degrading ideal of God,—an arbitrary being who dwells outside of the Universe, ruling it in an arbitrary way, yet who may, by prayers, be induced to confer certain penalties or benefits.

Today there has sprung up in the hearts of many an unshakable trust in Law as the basis of all the processes of nature and of life. With it we find a higher conception of God, the Causeless Cause of all that is, informing and permeating all things, stone and atom as well as man, the One Life of which all nature is but the garment and expression.

In the words of the Bhagavad-Gita: "Understand that all things are in me even as the mighty air which passes everywhere is in space. . . . I am the father and mother of this Universe, the grandsire and the preserver. I am the goal, the comforter, the Lord, the Witness, the resting place, the asylum and the Friend. I am the origin and the dissolution, the receptacle, the store-house and the eternal seed. . . . I am the cause unseen and the visible effect."

One who builds on a true conception of God is certain to think, certain to look below the plane of effects to that of causes. And there is every sign that throughout the nation there is coming to birth a deeper trust in God, a more abiding refuge in the Great Law of cause and effect. That is the assurance that this problem of anarchy, which has faced every nation of the Old World and so far has not been solved by any of them, this problem of which we are reminded by the recent assassination, will probably be solved by us.

The fact is, the entire current of the world's thought has been changed. And if we will examine the various theories and doctrines that have been given to the world during the last fifty years, it will be plain that we owe this to H. P. Blavatsky. She was the first messenger in this cycle of a true philosophy of life, a truer and diviner conception of God, a conception of the Higher Law as the basis and the dispenser of all that is.

When she came she found humanity apathetic, unlighted. She brought it a philosophy of hope and of inspiration which has come to so permeate our mental atmosphere that many who may never have heard of her or of Theosophy as a specific doctrine, have felt a new light enter their lives and have found a fresh courage to go on and fight the battle out along higher lines. This is true because H. P. Blavatsky spoke to the soul of humanity and soul is one. Because she brought to us higher ideals of life and conduct and then proved them practical and true by a philosophy which is unassailable. She did what no other World Teacher has been able to do in centuries, she builded a bridge between the actual and the ideal, and over that bridge all humanity is one day destined to pass.

And that is why, with regard to the many problems that confront us, we are more honest than in the past. We used to think that, whether we did our share or not, evolution, somehow, would go on just the same. Today we realize that we are not separate from humanity or from the world and that we cannot pass into a higher grade or evolutionary state until we have solved the problems and passed all the examinations that pertain to this one. Our souls realize this even though our brains may not and that is why there is something within us that compels us to think and think and think over this prob-

lem of anarchy. How shall we reach the hearts of the lawless, the jealous, the discontented? How shall we teach them that law cannot be abolished, that this is a law-governed universe with chaos as the only alternative, and that it is only by the help of the wise Law that the soul is able to lift the self to higher planes. How shall we teach them that all men are brothers, because all come from the same Absolute Source? How shall we lead them to understand that all the pain and disappointment of their own lives is but the result of past deeds, if not in this life then in another, that God is not mocked and that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. How shall we transform an element which today would destroy our civilization into an element that would desire to be a help to it and a part of it?

What is anarchy? The two Greek words of which it is composed mean "without a Leader." To us it signifies a total absence of government, total lawlessness. Those who believe in the Divine Order of things, who believe that the Universe and all that is sprang from the very bosom of the Infinite Law, realize what complete chaos would exist under a reign of anarchy. Imagine for a moment that the Solar system should abandon all law and whirl into anarchy. What would become of us? Suppose the seasons of the year should break the laws which govern them and vouchsafe to us a spring six months long and no harvest time at all, for two or three years? The people of the earth would starve. Suppose the law of gravity should become inoperative. Yet the same laws operate in the world of mind and soul, unseen, yet swifter, more far-reaching in action, more terrible in the penalties that befall those who break them. It is inconceivable that there are those who would sweep them aside. Yet there are such.

But the beauty of it is that the Great Law is stronger than the caprices of any person or collection of persons. Its march cannot be stayed. Such a thing as anarchy is a simple impossibility. Yet, while it is true that a state of anarchy simply could not exist, we have had in our western states, at times, conditions that approached it. In California, during the rush which followed the "gold fever" in '49, hundreds of mining camps sprung up in isolated districts in a very short time. At first, in some of these, there was a condition bordering on anarchy,—no Leader, no head, no government, each man for himself. But this did not last. Disease, crime and horror soon taught these men a sharp lesson. In no long time, invariably, the Leader appeared and organized his followers in the interests of law and order. Though the earliest of such organizations was not on a particularly high plane, though they were agents of much that was unjust and unwise—the very fact that these "Vigilance Committees" recognized the function and office of Leader, indicates that they were the first step toward good government. It also indicates that even reckless men prefer a Leader and a Law—though the Leader may be untrustworthy and the Law fallible,—to anarchy.

The anarchists have very much to say of freedom. Yet their ideal of freedom differs greatly from the Theosophical ideal. And to understand the lat-

ter one must go back to the soul, the source of all. For the soul is the fundamental proposition. The ancient Wisdom Religion, today known as Theosophy, is the eternal, primeval Doctrine of the Soul. For the World-Saviors have always taught that the soul is the real man, and the brain and body are but the garment he wears, the instrument he uses. Just as the sunbeam is of one light and substance with the Sun, its parent, so the Soul is of the essence of God, the Absolute Source of all that is and ever will be. Thus, born of God as the sunbeam is born of the Sun, the soul descends into earth life and clothes itself with matter, that is, with the bodies it builds and uses. And the purpose of the soul in thus permeating and informing matter, has ever been to lift and spiritualize and purify matter, to lift it into a freedom as absolute as that of the soul itself. "Compassion is the Law of Laws, Alaya's Self," and this gives us the key to the process.

Freedom is the Soul's heritage, and the acts of the Soul are followed by no penalties, only by rewards. But our lower tendencies concern themselves mainly with self-indulgence. The elemental self never goes out in compassion, but, unless the soul prevents, it turns continually in on itself, a suicidal method. The very fact that the lower nature, if allowed to act unguided by the Soul, brings upon itself penalty after penalty is proof that it is not working with the Higher Law, but against it.

Thus the Soul's task is not easy and no doubt the elemental self often believes itself to be under a hard task-master. For the pricking of conscience which is the voice of the Soul often prevents a man from following the bent of his desires or appetites. Yet if he obeys the Soul's still voice, is he less free or more so? Has he not by that very yielding to the Higher Law made a step upwards toward true freedom? For freedom is not a state wherein one may break all laws with impunity but a state in which the man works in such perfect harmony with the Great Law that he becomes verily one with it.

Most of us do not find our freedom interfered with by the law against stealing. Yet the criminal does. And yet the laws upon our statute books are very fallible, at best but an outward and inadequate expression of the Higher Law. For the Higher Law is that of the Soul, unseen in workings but swift and sure in results, needing no detectives, no police, no executioners, for, as has been said, it contains within itself its own executioner.

It seems strange that there are those who cannot distinguish between true freedom, perfect harmony with the Soul, and a licensing of appetite and desire. But there are such, a fact which can only be explained because man's nature is dual. Within each heart is the angel and the demon, one seeking to lift man into true freedom, the other seeking ever to pull him down into the slavery of appetite or some selfish desire. If the man centers his consciousness in the lower, the process of being brought into harmony with the Soul is certain to be very uncomfortable and even terrible. It may be that the lower nature will utterly rebel and then the man will sink back into darkness and the Soul will leave him to his own devices. For this the Teacher must always do when his



pupil refuses to learn, and the Soul is the Teacher of the personality.

But the wise man will lift his consciousness to the plane of soul, will endeavor, in spite of continual failure, to keep it always at its highest point and will be thankful that the Great Law has hedged his lower nature around with laws and penalties. For without these helps the soul could never lift it.

We do not need fewer laws, we need more. We need to know more and not less of the Higher Law. We need to discover new phases, new applications of it as diligently as may be. Then, if we have the will and the perseverance to bring the lower nature into harmony with it, we shall be free, gods actually, creators. That is the theosophical ideal of freedom.

It is not strange that anarchists have a perverted idea of freedom. "God! I don't believe in God," are the words of one of their exponents. "The first thing anarchists have to do is to destroy every altar, extinguish every religion and tear God from the heavens." This then, is the basis upon which they build, a basis of nothing at all, of denial.

It is not strange that they advocate the extermination of rulers, the very doctrine which incited the assassin to commit this crime. Yet these who taught him shrink away from him and say: "He is not one of us. He does not distinguish between violent anarchy and philosophical anarchy. Certainly we teach these doctrines, but only theoretically."

Do we need anything more to enable us to place doctrines of this stamp where they belong,—in the realm of confusion and of the shades. This age has no use for anything that is merely theoretical. It demands that theories be proven, be made practical or abandoned. And there is something grimly humorous in the spectacle of a group of people endeavoring to gain our respect for their doctrines on the plea that they are merely theoretical!

Today, those who believe in theosophy and the theosophical movement are prouder of nothing than that every principle of this wisdom religion is practical and that the Universal Brotherhood stands before the world today as a practical organization and not a collection of dreamers.

Another truth is brought to our minds forcibly at this time by the statements of the assassin and his associates: "Why should we grieve at the death of the President? His death is of no more consequence than that of a common laborer."

We are shocked at this expression because our souls remember, though perchance our brains do not, that ancient doctrine that humanity is a vast organism, having its head, its heart, its ganglionic centres, its innumerable conscious cells, each with its own function to perform. That this knowledge inheres in the soul is proven by our commonest expressions, "the public pulse," "the public conscience," "the public mind," "the national heart;" another proof that H. P. Blavatsky did not bring us new doctrines, but came to remind us of old truths which, somehow, we had forgotten. And the truth that humanity is a living, pulsating organism and not a mere collection of isolated fragments, is one of the basic principles of Theosophy.

In degree, therefore, is our nation an organism and our President, on outer planes, functions as its head and heart, a centre of force, guiding, holding all together. Therefore the assault upon our President is as much more serious in its consequences than an assault upon an ordinary citizen, as an injury to the brain or heart is more serious in its effects upon the physical body than a similar injury to one of the extremities. It has been well characterized as "A stab at the Heart of American liberty." Whether our President was wise or unwise scarcely enters the question, from this point of view. That he had both wisdom and goodness is our good fortune, and doubtless one reason why this nation has had such a marvelously rapid and healthy growth is because the head and heart has always been vigorous and full of health.

How deeply significant are the words of Plato: "Not until kings are philosophers and philosophers are kings will cities cease from ill; no, nor the human race." (*The Republic*).

And because the innumerable cells of a healthy physical body work together in common helpfulness and harmony, we know that they are interdependent of their very nature. If certain cells refuse to perform their functions, or perform them badly, or try to perform functions that belong to other cells, which sometimes happens, disease and ill-health results. If the unbrotherly cells cannot be brought into line, there is but one alternative, they must be cast out of the body. If, perchance, the body is not strong enough to do this, certainly then, sooner or later, it perishes.

And as with the body, so with humanity. Each unit soul is a part of the great whole, interdependent, with a certain place to fill, certain work to do. Not one of us can do his own work, can even exist independent of the others. It is utterly impossible. Not one, if he do his work poorly or unwillingly, but can so interfere with the health of the whole, that more or less disturbance, or social disease is the result. We see all about us evidence of such a condition. Yet we dream of better days, when all shall work together and social health will result. And those who can "discern the signs of the times" know that such an era, a Golden Age, is even now coming to be. For beneath all the surface differences that appear to separate men, runs the golden cable-tow of brotherhood, linking all men together. It is the thread of soul, for soul is one, and it is because of this that all souls are verily children of God.

No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself. We are our brother's keeper in a deeper sense than we realize. Our acts, our words, our very unspoken thoughts influence others more than they do ourselves, though we may not realize it, may not even believe it. It is useless for those who have been preaching a counterfeit philosophy, called anarchy, to repudiate this abject fellow who has tried to practically apply their theories. They are more guilty than he, for their insight into life is greater, their opportunities have been more abundant. And not these, alone, are guilty. All about us is the mental atmosphere. Into it we pour our thoughts, good or vile, pure or

selfish. It is the air that the mental self breathes. The pure and wise and strong choose from it as they will, strong enough to refuse all that is selfish or sensual, and aware that the pure elements within it will gravitate toward themselves, inevitably. For the laws of magnetic attraction operate in the metaphysical as well as in the physical world.

But few are strong enough so to choose. The weaker majority are constantly fed and vampirized by the evil in this mental atmosphere about them. How often do we hear of a criminal saying, "I am sorry. What made me do it?" And today the half responsible fellow who took the life of our President is less guilty than those who have made our thought atmosphere filthy with thoughts of revenge, of jealousy, of discontent, of atheism. Though our statutes do not recognize this, and inflict no penalty, yet there is a Higher Law which will exact its due even to the uttermost farthing.

Yet does this relieve the assassin of the responsibility for his act? Not at all. Life after life he has had the chance to choose between good and evil, life after life has he chosen to drive out and crucify the warrior and to strengthen the demon within him. He has opened the gateway of the fortress of his soul to enemies, jealousy, deceit, unbrotherliness. And these traitors, once within the Sacred City, have held open the gate until the evil of the race has entered in and the man was lost. Once he might have driven out these traitors and barred the door. At last it became too late. How true it is that "we do not possess our ideas; we are possessed by them." The assassin has been his own victim. He might have been his own creator. Instead of choosing the true philosophy as his guide, he has chosen the false.

But how are we to discriminate between the true and the false? Is there no criterion? There is an infallible criterion—the *Soul*. And the philosophy which alone can lead the restless mind into soul-knowledge, is and must be the eternal Doctrine of the Soul, as ancient as time itself, as necessary to the budding soul as is sunlight to the flower. And if today we are groping blindly, it is our own fault. The world has never been without the Great Teacher. The Cycles fail not of their due. The Higher Law forsakes not those who trust in it. And today, at their own Cyclic time, the Great Souls have come to teach their own, Helena P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Theosophy alone contains the solution of this problem of anarchy. And it does not counsel force. "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred," said a great teacher of the Heart Doctrine centuries ago, "hatred ceaseth by love." For Theosophy is the Heart Doctrine and never until it reaches the heart of humanity can we hope to solve the problems of human life. Once let the anarchist realize that all men are his brothers, King, President, statesman, that all have common interest, common sorrows, common temptations, and this problem will be very near solution.

Yet we have a great responsibility here. Do we really feel as if the anarchist were our brother, or do we carefully keep him at arm's length while we

talk law, and police, and deportation, and electrocution? It is plain enough that not until we have conquered ourselves, our own vanity, our self-righteousness and sense of separateness, can we hope to conquer him.

On the other hand, as long as the anarchist denies God, denies the soul, so long as he refuses to recognize the soul thread that binds all men into one vast brotherhood on the soul plane, the gulf between the anarchist and humanity can never be bridged.

Yet the matter is not hopeless, for these are the children. They belong to the nation to educate. And the nation is already beginning to realize that mere intellectual learning is not enough, that the heart has been neglected far too long. President McKinley was intellectually a great man. Yet his greatness is never associated with that, but always with the heart qualities that he possessed, his gentleness, purity, courage and brotherliness. It is the straw which shows the direction of the wind. It is plain that the world needs but the example of education on right lines, to follow and copy. And such an example is already before it in the Raja Yoga School for Children at Point Loma. There the children realize that they are Souls, they live in the sunshine and the joy of soul life, and the methods used are not experimental but are founded on principles that the ages have sifted and proven. When we can find men of good education in every penitentiary, every insane asylum, every disreputable line of business, it is evident that modern education does not educate. But these conditions will pass, for the education of the future will build upon that eternal foundation called the Soul.

The test of greatness in a nation, as in an individual, is this; the ability to turn all circumstances, however unfavorable, to good. During the recent crisis this nation has stood the test. Above all petty political differences is a strong feeling of unity, of brotherhood. Above the snarl of those who say "I don't believe in God," there rises, like a song, from the heart of the nation a deep conviction that God is, a deep, abiding faith in the Higher Law. The whole nation uttered its faith in the last words of the President "It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."

As a shock clarifies the mind of an individual, so does a great calamity act to clarify the public mind. And it is plain at last that this nation has taken refuge in the Soul. On that basis is our future to be builded. Much that was dawn before to our statesmen will now become daylight, for *the Sun is rising*.

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The Master said, "I have talked with Hwuy for a whole day, and he has not made any objections to *anything I said*;—as if he were stupid. He has retired, and I have examined his conduct when away from me, and found him able to illustrate *my teachings*. Hwuy!—He is not stupid."

The Master said, "See what a man does.

"Mark his motives.

"Examine in what things he rests.

"How can a man conceal his character!

# Crisis in *the* Affairs of Humanity

by H. T. Edge



**T**HERE are times to rest and enjoy the charms of leisure, and there are times to bestir oneself and if need be, fight. No man can, without shameful neglect of duty and without certain danger to himself, indulge in peaceful inactivity, however apparently innocent, in times of change and struggle.

It must be apparent to all with eyes to see, that the world is now in the throes of conflict. One of those critical epochs has arrived, when compromise and neutrality are for the time no longer possible. The forces of light and darkness, truth and falsity, magnanimity and selfishness, which have been growing for so long side by side in the soil of human character, have now waxed lusty and large. They threaten each other, and vie, each for a larger share in the life of humanity.

Each man must choose which path he will take, which banner he will follow. The one will lead him to terraces of enlightenment yet unscathed by man; the other seeks to drag him down to levels of servitude and ignorance of which past days of mediæval darkness give but a faint hint.

Thou who wouldst lead thy peaceful life apart from strife and endeavor, know that what in times of peace would be moderation becomes indolence in times of action; and indolence is a vice. The mark of indolence shall record thee in the ranks of darkness, and by thy indulgence thou shalt play into the hands of those who would fain see evil active and good inert.

No man can sever himself from humanity. Nor is anyone willing to follow such an ideal of isolation to its logical conclusion. The most indolent and indifferent inconsistently crave the joys of fellowship while shunning its responsibilities. He who enjoys the privilege of being a man among men, must, and should be willing to take his share of toil and responsibility. Yet how many are ready to live on the labors of others, to enjoy the peace won for them by forefathers who knew not what it was to lay down sword and axe. How many even plume themselves on this attitude and talk of strife as vulgar. How many sit in arm-chairs and carp at the corruption of leaders, when they should be up and ousting those corrupt leaders, and filling the places they have allowed them to usurp.

Unless we bestir ourselves and do our human duties, we shall forfeit our human prerogatives; for the dark powers that manipulate our vices are forces of destruction and hostile to the human ideal.

And what is this task which, as men, we are called on to share with humanity, as an alternative to forfeiting most of our human prerogatives?

To put it shortly and definitely—*humanity is ill, and is struggling to get well*. It has reached an epoch of painful organic change, like the throes of some cleansing fever. Whatever the reason may be, whatever philosophical explanation may lie behind, the fact remains; and we, as men (unless we desire to lose the title) are called on to share in the process.

Let us for awhile look up from our narrow purview of self-catering, or our devotional and philosophic explorations into the mysteries of our own Higher Selfishnesses, and regard Man as a whole. Nor, in our survey, shall any narrow "scientific" vision of a race sprung up in a few centuries, by some mysterious, purposeless "evolution" from an ape-like stalk, satisfy us. We go back to ages when "the sons of God saw the daughters of men . . . and took them wives . . . and there were giants in the earth." Days when the divine being called Man descended into the material earth to know and conquer its forces and "subdue the beasts of the field."

Looking back to those days, we see men at first misusing their new powers and being deluded and ruled by the forces of nature, instead of controlling them. "The wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Looking further on we find that the divine light thus obscured and defiled was destined to be reborn in Man as the "Christ," and to redeem him, leading him out of the mire of sin and destruction, and re-subjecting his rebellious members to the imperial divine-human will.

At this day do we not see this Christ urging all humanity on to higher things and struggling into a thousand forms of expression? And do we not also discern that Antichrist, the antagonistic power that is called into being by the efforts of its opponent? The one is the focus of our good, expanding, generous aspirations; the other the nucleus of our violent, dark and disruptive propensities.

In our struggle, cool philosophic considerations as to the duty or advantage of "unselfishness," and the wrongfulness of "selfishness" are not of much use. Man has acquired such a cultured and unconscious insincerity—such an isolation of the mental from the actual life—that his words do not stand for deeds, and the most lofty "ethics" may imply no more than a cultivated mind. Experience and sorrow must finally bring us to realize that each individual life is so inextricably blended with the whole life of humanity that no man can really have a separate and exclusive interest.

Selfishness is the undue predominance of a minor force in our make-up—a bursting-out of the fires that energize our lower nature from their furnace. It is a disruptive force, and brings misery upon the man whom it dominates. Unselfishness is the keeping of the minor forces of our character in their place, and making them subject to the dictates of the higher forces—those that proceed from our gregarious and collective nature.

Humanity is called on, in this crisis, to take another step towards its goal, and to remodel itself on lines of greater unity and harmony than have dis-

tinguished past and passing phases of its development. All will be forced by the pressure of circumstances to leave their exclusiveness and retirement and take an interest in their kind, choosing the rising tide or the back-wash.

## Love and Knowledge

*The Need of a Larger Love for Humanity and the Knowledge to Apply It*

by Rev. S. J. Neill



**T**HERE are two opposite poles in human nature, love and hate, or selfishness. The sum of human misery is mainly the result of selfishness, leading to injustice, strife and death. The cure is in unselfish action, based on pure love and compassion, and operating under the direction of Wisdom.

There is great need for a larger love of humanity, and not only for that, but for the proper wisdom to apply this larger love. Men perish for two reasons:—lack of wisdom, and lack of right desires. There may be great knowledge, and yet the possessor of this knowledge may be selfish. Some of the powerful men of the world have been selfish, and, as a consequence, their powers have not tended to benefit men, but rather the opposite. On the other hand, many have been well-meaning, but have lacked the wisdom to carry out to a successful issue their good intentions.

The evils sometimes resulting from ill-directed motives have led one of the poets to say, "’Twere hard to tell whether greater want of skill there be in thinking or in judging ill." Wrong judgment, or lack of discretion, even where the intentions are excellent, may lead to most disastrous results.

As a rule, however, the miseries under which the world groans today result chiefly from selfishness, and its consequent injustice. As society grows more complex it becomes less easy to trace the evil workings of selfishness. In our commerce, our financial system, our complex industries, it is often not easy to say, "here is where right dealing stops and wrong dealing begins." Nations as well as individuals will sometimes try to shelter their conduct under the plea, "If we had not done so and so, some one else would." We may be individually the cause of the "Sweating System" by seeking for cheap things, and yet we may not always benefit the workman by giving the seller a high price for an article.

It is plain that under the complex conditions of modern society, and the load of misery which is entailed, that the cure must be deep, radical and lasting. The passing of better laws may be some help, but it is not always the panacea that some suppose. And even the improved laws must result from a

growing love for humanity. While it is quite true that "you cannot make people honest, or sober, or truthful, or loving by act of Parliament," yet all legislation for the betterment of the nation must spring out of a love for the welfare of the nation. It will therefore be seen that the thought-plane is the realm where the improvement must begin. Of course it should not stop there, it should descend to the plane of action, to the plane of ordinary life. Dickens and other writers have held up to deserved ridicule those who neglect home duties, and duties close at hand, for the glamour or excitement of great things in some distant land.

Our love, our charity, our compassion should expand as the flowers expand, from within outward, leaving no yawning gaps between the center and the outmost rim. The love of home, the love of one's friend, the love of one's country; these are the natural steps to that greater love of humanity. To dissipate our energy talking of the good of humanity has been the way of some who have left behind them little else than "talk," and who have shown the hollowness of their profession by neglecting the duties nearest them. Some who talk much of reforming the world have not been very pleasant people to live with. But the true reformers, the true helpers of humanity, have ever been sound at heart, true and compassionate from the very center to the utmost circumference of life. It is this heart-soundness which has made their lives a lasting power—a light and saving health to the world.

Close observers of the business world can see that in the terrible struggle for gain the very countenances of those engaged in the mad race gradually assume a wolf-like aspect. They become less and less human. This is a sad state of things, and as we are all linked together it reacts on every member of the whole race. "We are members one of another, and if one member suffers the other members suffer also."

Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature, and therefore, even on the ground of self-preservation, we must seek the regeneration of the world. But there is a higher ground than that. It is the peculiar nature of the Divine love that it seeks only the welfare of those who are in need. And this is the true love, the "larger love" for humanity which we must feel and show, in order to touch, and change, and save those who are wretched, and poor, and blind and naked, though often possessing much money and "moving in good society." It is only this "larger love"—this Divine, unselfish love—"which suffereth long, and is kind; which seeketh not its own; which is not easily provoked; which believeth all things; and hopeth all things;" it is only this larger love that can possess that patience which never fails, and which is so necessary to win the victory in the end, over selfishness, perverseness and all the things which hinder reform and man's salvation.

We have, all of us, the germ of this all-conquering love in our hearts, for we all have within us the Divine Life, and that Divine Life is Love itself; as the Scripture says, "God is Love." We have it, but we need to fan the spark into a flame. The flame must leap upward at the cry of human need. The



cry of the suffering, the despairing, rises from every land. The dehumanizing influence of much of modern civilization is only too sadly apparent in all large towns. The evil, the misery, the degradation are pressing everywhere. The better instincts are being smothered, the aspirations are dwarfed and stunted, hope is giving way to a dull despairing endurance. Truly there is terrible need for a larger love for poor suffering humanity.

One of the first things needful in helping others is to make them *feel* that we *really* care for them, and that our action towards them springs not from the motives of any personal gain or aggrandizement, but out of pure and unselfish love. There have been, and there are, so many would-be helpers who have shown petty motives that suffering humanity has largely become skeptical of all helpers, and all schemes for its improvement. It must, therefore, take some time, even with the truest, loftiest and most genuine movement for reform, before the hearts of men outgrow the fear, and suspicion, and doubt born of many past failures. But there can be no doubt that once the heart of mankind is really touched, and a genuine feeling of hope and trust is begotten within it, little time will elapse before it rises and clasps the hands of its real helpers with a great cry of joy.

The larger love must also be the wiser love—ever trusting, always hoping, always patient. We need a mighty faith in the good result of good—we need to *see* and to *feel* that no good word, or thought, or deed falls fruitless to the ground.

With parents, with preachers, with statesmen, with reformers the temptation is often strong to give the spoilt children, the spoilt men and women what they cry for, rather than what they truly need for their salvation. Hence we can see the absolute necessity for wisdom co-operating with the larger love in the redemption of the race. The Scripture recognizes this truth where it says that though *God is love*, he is also a *consuming fire*; and that *He kills to make alive*. It can only be in the power of this all-wise love that the Great Helpers of humanity, seeing the sorrows which men bring upon themselves by wrong-doing, can behold with great compassion, but without tears; for they see the result of the “cleansing fires,” the love that wounds to heal, and kills to make alive.

It may be that humanity must needs suffer yet more deeply before it becomes thoroughly convinced of the inevitable bitter results which must follow the wrong ways in which it has been acting—before it sees in noon-day clearness the hell to which all forms of selfishness inevitably lead. But along with the cry of the suffering should rise the song of hope, the tender voice of compassion, and the kindly touch of helping hands. In this way, it may be, the suffering will be shortened, and it will produce a softening and not a hardening effect on the souls of those who suffer.

The need for wisdom to guide good intentions has been made clearly manifest in this country. For again and again men and women have banded themselves together for the purpose of bettering the world, but their efforts

were not guided by wisdom, and they consequently failed. It is at this point that the *Universal Brotherhood* appeals to the world. Moved by the larger love which works and waits, and will not fail, it is steering clear of those pitfalls into which so many "brotherhoods" and associations, in spite of their good intentions, have fallen.

Ruskin tells us that one of the words of Scripture which, all through life, proved helpful and sustaining to him was, "Let not *mercy* and *judgment* forsake thee." It is the Universal principle of all right action—*compassion* and *wisdom* joining hands in the great work of saving humanity. In no other way can the Race be lifted to a higher level: and by the conjoint action of these two divine qualities, *true love* and *wisdom*, the race *must* be lifted up out of all darkness, and established on a higher plane of life. Then will the cry of humanity be turned into a song: then will the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose; then men will believe in heaven, for it will have come in their hearts and lives—may these things be.

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## Arise, Shine, for Thy Light Hath Come

by Idrone



**T**HROUGH the observation of the dismal contortions of men in their frantic search for pleasure the student of human nature can perceive that practical atheism—the denial of anything beyond the visible, the material—is rampant everywhere and is ravaging this fair-seeming world. The cry arises in innumerable forms, even in words: "There is no soul. Animals we have *descended* from, animals we are, as animals must we perish." But usually in words we hypocritically say, "I believe," while our lives and actions smite us as liars.

Do we want proof of the Soul's being? Do we dare to lift the awful veil which hides the truth? Or are we content to remain, forever, blind and deaf?

Do we think that we *can*, forever, resist that increasing call which bids us to action, which urges us to tear down the veil, let betide what may?

Indifference will not satisfy the soul. Through the mad whirl of so-called pleasure an undertone of unrest throbs with growing loudness. Thank God, we are *not* satisfied. In moments of honesty we admit it, even if but to ourselves. Look at the faces in the street, in the theater or church; careworn, hopeless, twisted out of almost all likeness to the godlike beauty natural to man. Our dress fashions, our habits of feeding, our mania for "killing time," our social entertainments, our marriage customs, our architecture—all confess in various degrees to the unsatisfactory state of things prevailing. Our

art and science, our philosophy and religion, our home-life system and political ambitions are based on shifting sands, and deep down we know it. Are we content to let things drift? Is expediency a nourishing diet for soul life? We feel that some change is needed. We even look back with a tinge of regret to the days of the eighteenth century for examples of men of simple dignity, who in some respects conformed more nearly to Nature's laws than we, and whose lives were not consumed so utterly with the passion for sensation as ours. Half blindly we desire the Light, and trying to find it in the modern rush for something, anything out of which pleasure can be got, we are entrapped by wine, "the mocker," which can change our state of consciousness and produce a tawdry imitation of the exaltation of spiritual life. And, perhaps worst of all, we admit fear into our thoughts to block our way, fear of public opinion and of Mrs. Grundy in all her guises; and we seek applause and recognition for our good works. We forget that "The fear of man brings a snare,"\* but "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,"† and "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil,"‡ and yet three-fifths of civilized mankind is too cowardly to face the problem and defy the hosts of conventionality and custom.

But there is Hope, there is Light and Liberation, notwithstanding the efforts of crafty theologians, who would hypnotize us and draw us into their various conflicting camps by the promise of vague glories in the future; or of the denials of the materialists who have led us nowhere, hopelessly telling us that the Real things, about which alone is the Soul concerned, are "Unknowable." There is joy and peace ineffable waiting to be grasped. The true Teachers, the Single-eyed, know it and would have all know it, for they have been where we are now, and they know our perplexities.

One such says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."¶  
 "We are tired of asking. There is no reply."

Before we give up the contest let us see if we have asked in the only way likely to get an answer from the Highest Source. Have we not rather asked others to do our asking for us? Have we not begged Jesus or Mary or some other to do our rightful duty for us? Or, perhaps, as the New Testament puts it, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your own pleasures."\*\*\*

Here is the clue to the failure of so many who think they ask. They ask for good things, both for mind and body, with only the satisfaction of the personal, self-centered lower nature in view. Occasionally they receive the material benefits demanded but "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" They have not received the treasures of wisdom and joy laid up in heaven for them, which are to be had by asking in the language of the soul. But the Law as revealed to the simple and pure soul who seeks for light in the true manner, answers in such ringing tones

\* Proverbs, 29. † Proverbs, 9. ‡ Proverbs, viii. ¶ James, I. \*\* James, iv: 3

that it is surprising that even one who asks rightly can fail to comprehend and obey.

Let us regard the question of the soul's existence and opportunities from a new standpoint and consider what evidence of its presence we might expect to find, and above all, how should we proceed to evoke it?

To answer rightly we must study human nature in ourselves and others; the most ignorant person knows that there is some exalted Power which at times takes charge and compels him to do Its will, even to the sacrifice of his life. Then is not everyone acquainted with the inner sprite which has by far the largest part of our nature as its playground. This devil has become very strong and is sleepless in its cunning. Its aim, which is generally successful, is to get us to believe he is our very precious self, and so willingly to let him have his own way. Unfortunately for our welfare he has got such a hold that there is no need to invoke *him*, he is always at hand, but man, the human Soul, stands between the Angel and the Demon, and can choose to follow the Light and to starve the lower nature into submission.

As this struggle, the beginning of which we call self-restraint, intensifies, the lower nature melts imperceptibly into the higher and at last, if successful, man becomes Divine. Working with Nature's laws he becomes one of her creators, old things pass away, and a truer, greater life opens. Everything quickly adjusts itself, and with vision cleared by unselfishness, the object for which the events of life have been experienced boldly stands out. Business and pleasure, home life and travel, joys and sorrows, are seen as part of a great whole and not as of intrinsic importance in themselves but only necessary incidents in the experience of the soul in earth-life.

How, then, can we heed our better nature, which, though it knocks continually at the heart for admission, we so seldom hear? By realizing the unity of the race through service, Universal Brotherhood in action, we shall draw out the spirit of Unity. At the root of all life is Divine Compassion, "no attribute." Therefore, as we become more transparent to the rays of the Spiritual Sun through unselfish work, which seeks no reward in money, thanks, credit or reputation ("let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," the rule of the ages), so the cold ice of selfishness in the heart, which binds each in the illusion of false personality, begins to melt. Overshadowing every man is the Higher Self, the power of Divinity but, like the "man with the muck-rake" in the allegory, how few will look up, or, like Jacob, seize the angel, wrestle with him and hold him fast.

This Guardian Angel must be invoked by us; the Warrior will not come unless called by his secret name which he can hear above the din of battle. The smallest act of self-sacrifice rings out that tone to which the Warrior-self will reply; it opens a door, even if but a little way, and soon the light will increase as the door is pushed back by the power of loving deeds and thoughts.

Then a glimpse of the "spiritual will" is obtained. "The true will which comes from the Spirit, is that subconscious force which wells up within us and

governs every movement before we know it, before we can seize it, causing us to swerve aside before we have realized a danger with our brain. This will made *self-conscious, trained and developed*, is the will-power of the Adept; that force of which a great mystic wrote: "The will accomplishes all that it does desire." The inner will, reflected from the Divine Spirit when it surges up *conscious of itself*, is the faith which moves mountains. Often we instinctively obey it. We need to try, over and over, to trace it to the hidden well-spring within. Also to obey it when it manifests, for such exercise "increases the manifestation." (THE PATH, Vol. III, p. 389.)

Then the spiritual fire will descend, like that which fell on the sacrifice of Elijah at Carmel, and if we continue the aspiration and weary not in well doing, the animal passions will, like the bullock on the altar, be entirely transmuted into pure flame; though in the process a good deal of smoke may be given off.

So we find that the way to Life is the old path of loving service, careless of self. Heaven can be taken by violence, but the heavenly state, or kingdom, by its very nature is protected from the unfit; only those can partake of its joys who are not seeking "the special lots," as W. Q. Judge says, for themselves. When the desire to uplift the whole world fully possesses the disciple, leaving him regardless of his own personal progress or "rights," he will quickly find the means of helping, for this deep Compassion, a Love beyond what is ordinarily known as love, is an active power. Though the start may be made under most discouraging circumstances, in deep gloom, yet if the motive be pure and the aspiration continued, the difficulties will become opportunities—the very conditions we desire—and every shadow an occasion for unveiling the fire in the heart.

The effort to give, to share, to help in every way, is the needed factor for true progress; with it all can be done, without it nothing; it opens a channel through which the prisoned power of Love can pour, impersonal and potent. To use a familiar illustration, how common is the experience in school work that the teacher learns more by the effort to teach others than by laborious poring over text-books alone. In spiritual matters this is still plainer. By freely giving of what little he may know, a current of thought and feeling is set up,—a way for more light to come from the Source of Wisdom. A soul power has been evoked, and the sense of Unity; for the moment the teacher and pupil are one—a flash—and the meaning of Brotherhood is realized.

And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday.

. . . to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, . . . to deal thy bread to the hungry and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house; when thou seest the naked that thou cover him. . . . Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; . . . and the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.—*Isaiah, lviii:6-10*

# The Magic of Theosophy



by W. T. HANSON

PERHAPS in time it would be possible to eradicate the belief that abnormal things are done in Loma-land were it not that the belief is based on fact.

Writers on some papers who are induced to fancy it to their personal interest to endeavor to prejudice the public mind concerning Katherine Tingley and her work, speak, without intending, important truths to those who can read between the lines. How is this? And why do some people persistently connect Theosophy with spirits, ghosts, etc.?

Blackstone, who is generally accepted as an authority of weight on all matters with which he assumes to deal, declares to the effect that the tremendous pressure which has been directed against all practice and belief in magic, would long since have destroyed all idea of it, were not the testimony and evidence in its support equally strong. Throughout the ages the belief has lived and it will continue to survive.

Of all words Magic is the most abused. It is almost wholly true, that when you understand a word to mean one thing, and another man something else, and you use it to him, you do not convey to him *your* conception, but you call up in his mind his own idea, and he imputes to you that which he himself maintains. There is certainly this magical power in the word itself. He who uses it, discloses by the meaning he gives it, the grade of his own intelligence, the temper of his character and the nature of his motives.

Small wonder that so many fear the word and strive to rob it of all serious import.

A co-relative idea to magic, which also appears endowed with a robust vitality, is that a knowledge of magic is not to be attained through mere words in speech or writing. Yet, judging by what has happened—if by nothing more—the false notion that it can be so attained will ever prevail, for there be they who having eyes, see not; and having ears hear not, neither do they understand.

Many of the common axioms embody the most profound truths. But the deepest, if taken superficially, will often serve to inculcate and foster error, confuse the mind, and lead to mistake. A worthy instance, which will serve as a type, is that “human nature is ever the same the world over.” Rightly understood, it is no doubt quite true, but the notion of it generally current is at least distorted or incomplete if not perverted. The evidence commonly cited in proof of the misconception is to the effect that if you scratch a civilized man the savage will be found immediately beneath the skin. This is bad

reasoning. It grows out of loose and inaccurate perception and simple and harmless as it appears to be, has operated with much force to close the understanding to one of the most wondrous, useful and sublime facts possible to human existence.

The very necessity of the scratch to find the savage beneath the skin of the civilized man, proves the human nature in the two cases to be not the same but different. A something is present in the one which, thin though it may be, at least not only conceals the savage but tends to bind him in and hold him in check. If it were not for this delicate something there would be no civilized man but just savages through and through.

This delicate something coming into the savage nature is powerful enough to civilize it. Would it not be worth while to know more of this something, what it is, whence it comes and how it proceeds? Some will tell you that such is simply a matter of evolution and growth. That may be true enough now, but when this something first came, and when the first stage of the metamorphosis was being accomplished, was it natural then?

More probably it was Magic.

Though there be many processes of life which, however common now, are none the less wonderful, and from which we complacently derive whatever we have to bless us, just as we partake of the air and accept the sunshine, does that make it certain that there is nothing more and immediate for the participation of him who will enter therein?

Will any sane, right thinking, right *intentioned* person hold that those common and wonderful processes of choosing and thinking and feeling and acting, which are of paramount importance because affecting for good or ill every moment we live—that these are inscrutable and not to be understood? Let us beware of any who so maintain by word or deed or inference.

Is it not wise to recognize that the laws and essential forces which operate in and mould our existence are as discoverable and susceptible of practical use as those of mechanics, electricity, chemistry, mathematics? And would it not be wiser still to conceive that, only when more attention and living effort are directed to the first, will we more than begin to comprehend and be able to utilize and enjoy the possibilities of mechanics, of chemistry, of agriculture, of mathematics, music and art, of all business and all industry?

Among the teachings of Katherine Tingley, as she brings out Theosophy, are these:

There are ennobling qualities and energies of character which humanity has had and which it has lost. These can be regained.

Many traits and propensities curse human nature now which once it did not contain. These can be expelled or transformed.

There are not only new and greater ideas and conceptions awaiting expression than the world knows, but feelings more divine and in fullness beyond what has ever existed in this earth.

To revive and call again into action a pure and noble element of character,

which the human race has failed to cherish and permitted to die or has driven from its nature, is the function of Magic. But he who does the work is not a seeker or a worshipper of ghosts. The pity and the trouble is that there are beings in human shape from whom all divinity has so long departed that to speak to them of magic and spiritual things calls to their minds only ghosts— which require but little space— nothing live and substantial could find place or breath.

Yet even for the images of men there is a hope—for nothing useful, not even the exorcism of devils, is impossible to the Magic of Theosophy.

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## *The Spirit of Life-Stealing*

by C.



. . . The son of perdition, he that opposeth and exalteth himself against all that is called God or that is worshiped; so that he sitteth in the Temple of God, setting himself forth as God.

THE APOSTLE PAUL. (*11 Thess. 2-3 et seq.*)

**N**OT all Life-thieves know what they are doing. And some, who have Life offered to them, even forced upon them, use it aright and in complete unselfishness pass it on.

The obscure warning of Paul in his second Thessalonian letter concerning "That Wicked One" has been variously interpreted, punctuated, and commented on. Sometimes, on the strength of a passage in John's gospel, (*17:12*) it is thought to refer to Judas Iscariot; but this is manifestly absurd.

Others have considered that as Jesus Christ may be regarded as an embodiment of the Principle of Light, there exists somewhere, or has existed, or will exist on earth, an embodiment of the Principle of Darkness.

And if the Principle of Light is that of Life-giving, then that of Darkness is the Principle of Life-taking. It is in this sense that the matter is well worth considering.

For there *is* a vast system of theft going on in this world, but so subtle and recondite in its methods that it goes utterly unrecognized. Yet it has been the downfall of whole peoples and may be found everywhere in operation.

In one of Ibsen's plays the first scene represents a Rector in a small country town sitting in the afternoon with a company of more or less adoring ladies, most of whom are in a permanent rapture at the wisdom that exhales from his reverend lips.

The picture is not overdrawn, and it is common enough in most small towns. Adoration is offered on one side, and accepted on the other.



The mental attitude of peasantry to their priest is generally of the same kind. Indeed it is an attitude general among mankind to those regarded as having—or perceived to have—intellectual or physical or spiritual pre-eminence.

In high perfection it may be seen in the attitude of emotional women towards musical and dramatic lights.

This incense of adoration is a kind of *Life*; and the evil of the offering is that it is made to one who does not give it back, but who for his own enrichment and pleasurable thrill keeps it.

Offered to the soul, it comes back in higher form, made more; it is treasure laid up in heaven and bears interest all the years.

Were it offered to another, who was generous, not self-seeking, modest, spiritual, who had touched his own divine nature, then it would provoke a rich return current.

But it is blood offered to a vampire—none the less that, though he does not know it, and seeks only the addition to his selfish life that comes as a thrill and therefore a pleasure.

The offerer is the poorer in self-reliance, less of a power, less of a self-cognizant soul, leans, is further from the path which is fore-ordained for him or her to tread as a doer of one part of the world's work. He has given from the storehouse of his central being.

The acceptor, so often a clerical tax-gatherer from the willing women, has gained a thrill, a pleasure, an accession in his personal nature, that part of our nature which in all of us is a veritable black stone across the mouth of the living sepulchre wherein the soul lies entombed. And some become so gorged with these taxes that they are at last neither capable of nor desirous of any *honestly* won accession of life. They do not work, though they seem to. They do not think; if they seem to, it is because of the fruit of *past* thought. They do not aspire, or commune with their own souls. Thus they have renounced the three sources of honest income of life, spiritual, intellectual and physical. They live wholly on illegitimate receipts. And when they meet their Osiris-Soul after death, he will say: "In life thou didst not seek me, and now I know thee not."

Vanity on the part of the receiver and adulation (sincere) on the part of the giver are the names of this life-current at its two ends.

As to *insincere* adulation, it is a Barmecide feast to the receiver. But as it is a sham and has no life, it gives him a chance to attain honesty.

But there is a dangerous group of tax-gatherers who do not merely purr and batten on the life they get from others, who do not merely let it flow into them in half unconsciousness of what is going on; but who take it, and exact it, with full intention, who consciously *use* it as a means to their own further development, who do not lie gorged with it, but strenuously work it into their personalities and make instruments of power out of the raw material.

The power they achieve is *hypnotic*; they strive to become universal hypnotists and psychologizers.

The impulsion under which they live, move, and have their being, has its personified origin in that "Son of Perdition" of whom Paul spoke.

They are the enemies of intellectual and spiritual freedom, the fosterers of *fear* in their devotees, the enemies of progress, the enemies of whatever philosophy teaches man his inherent dignity, his divinity, his position as a soul in this world of souls.

They numb the minds of their devotees, kill their wills, teach them to lean and lean till no strength is left for worthy life or worthy death.

They would fain psychologize the whole world, as they have whole nations, with their breath.

Since they serve one Master Principle they make one body, united; a sort of black brotherhood whose members may not necessarily know each other.

Continually taking, they give back nothing. They must perforce be the friends and fosterers of hate and quarrel and war; first, because these things stop men's thinking; second, because perhaps in the end they may proffer themselves as the only possible mediators, the only disinterested. Thus they will gain weight in the world's arena, a gain of far more import than territory, indemnities, and confiscations.

And they are making some of their number the inner advisors of every government.

At all times in the Christian era has the term "Anti-Christ" been freely flung here and there; but if Christ, as a Principle, is the spirit of life-*giving*, then *this*, as the spirit of life-*taking*, must be the real Anti-Christ.

With *length* of life we humans need not concern ourselves; with its *depth* and *breadth* we have every concern and responsibility. *These* are with our disposing.

The "Anti-Christ" spirit, the spirit of the "Son of Perdition," steals life from its deeps, shallows its fullness. To reap life's richer harvests, each must live an inner life self-dependingly. They do not live so who lean or fear or commit their destinies to another. To the extent that a human leans on another rather than on his own soul does his soul withdraw. "Anti-Christ" is a soul-killer whilst professing to be a soul-saver, "setting himself forth as God" or as God's Vicegerent.

The true Teacher and Helper *teaches*, does not mediate, holds out the mirror of the disciple's own soul to him, will not psychologize, calls forth self-reliance and courage, does not claim sole holdership of "The Keys" but says rather to his disciples: "Ye have the Key within yourselves; use it." He shows them how to use the Key, but never for them will he pretend to use it.

"Anti-Christ" guides his shorn victims further and further into his own embrace, psychologizing them into a deadly restfulness like that of the man dying of cold whose only safety lies in motion.

"Antichrist" in one or another of his embodiments has wrecked every civilization that the world has ever seen.

He makes but a show—when so much—of the condemnation of effeminizing luxury and virility-eating sensuality; for, like wars, these serve his pur-

pose in distracting and enfeebling thought. Free thought he quells by persecution and anathema. His agents preach submissiveness to a spiritual hierarchy as the only worthy and God-pleasing ideal of attainment. Standing, like the Roman augurs, as the only authorized vicegerents of the Gods, they draw between themselves and the people a line which they teach to be impassable.

A nation or civilization only survives whilst its life is deep and unstained and untrifled; whilst each unit feels himself a somewhat in himself and also an integral part of the whole band.

But when, from thinking of the welfare of the state, and in that thought pouring into the general life-coffer a generous tax from his inner life, each on the one hand fritters away his thought-life in sensuality, and on the other yields up from his relaxing grasp the key of his ultimate fate and destiny to a self-constituted hierarchy, becoming negative and (for himself) opinionless as to all the greater issues of life, such a nation or civilization has lost the springs of progress. And this is an urgent danger for our own civilization.

\* \* \* \*

These men, waiting by bedsides, drink into their own being the life in the last sigh of the one dying; drawing his attention from his own soul, they compel it upon themselves. By them, and not by his own soul, is he received. They guide the last volition, the last aspiration, by which alone is directed the course of the boat that now carries the naked and trembling traveler upon death's dark and cloud-covered waves.

Their image and superscription is stamped, month by month, upon the consciousness of the unborn child because of the presence of that image upon the mind of the now sensitive and dominable mother, who to them looks for comfort and relief in her flitting and wayward moods of fear and despondency.

They baptize the humble penitent—with something more than water; they administer the Eucharist, and from their hands the communicant gets something more than bread. They hold up the cross before the kneeling and submissive congregation.

At every epoch of life they have contrived that *they* stand pictured in the minds of their devotees as crowned with power, and as wielding the mighty key of destiny.

Mothers, fathers, *men*, liberty-lovers, patriots, awake and look around!

\* \* \* \*

The divine Spirit of Life arises and breaks into flame. The long cycle of old things and forces may close now—*if we will*; and, though “the signs of the consummation of the age” may be dark and lowering, and though the old things and forces may pass away in bloodshed and confusion, yet a happier order, beyond all dreaming, may quickly come forth from the palace of the morning.

But not so if we hand over as now and in the past, the new energy, as it reaches us, to these vampires of life. *They* read the signs of the times; *they*

know of "the consummation of the age;" *their* preparations are made. Unless we also make ours, *they* will emerge from the tumult—which *they* indeed are now stirring and fomenting—as the arbiter-victors. The last conflict will have been fought; the triumph of evil will be complete.

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## *The Key-Note of Progress*

AT THE CENTER OF THE WORLD-MOVEMENT OF THOUGHT

by E. A. Neresheimer



**A**N ALLEGORY: Ages ago, before the earth had felt the tread of man, there dwelt many fishes in the waters. Soft and cool was their element and they enjoyed life in their sleepy way. They ate and drank and slept and floated in the sunbeams or under some dark rock. They died and were born again, and so passed many and many drowsy lives.

But Father Time came with his hour-glass to dry up the waters; for it was the dawning of a new Age on the earth. And Father Time said: "The hour has struck for the Fish to enter a higher kingdom. Let them enter the bodies of creeping things, that they may continue their life's journey on dry land that thus the great Law of Progress be fulfilled."

But there were some that said: "Not yet will we give up our cool and easy fish-life. Let those that are not content pass on; as for us, we will wait yet a little longer."

And Father Time dried up the waters. And they that dallied passed into the bodies of yet lower creatures that lie inert in the mud; for there were no fish upon the earth in that day. And when they besought Father Time, saying, "Lo, we have changed our mind," he answered them, "'Tis well; tarry thus till I return." And he went about his other business.

But they that had listened to the call of Time dwelt in the bodies of things that creep on dry land. And Father Time said: "Had ye all been tardy, even as they, my work had been stayed for many a millenium. For even the dullest clod may clog the wheels of Time."

The history of the spiritual progress of Humanity is a weary tale recorded on the tablets of time and, though the end of misery is at last in sight,—it is not yet.

*La Grande Sentiment*, whatever it was at any time, was subject to the coloring of its time, and so were the systems of religion and philosophy, which have ever shifted to suit the requirements of each period. Every new theory, it was hoped, would solve the perplexing problems without delay; even at this late day, the doctors of speculation still think that some pet theory or brain-made scheme may be ultimately worked out that will somehow lead safely out of the mire. In the meantime, if it were not that the Gods are still with Humanity, it might perish in the throes of despair.

How incompetent are these human attempts? We have had the spectacle in history of seeing some of these systems backed by governmental power and enforced to the extreme through centuries, and still they have left nothing but mental and spiritual wreckage.

Christianity, before and after the reformation, has failed; other religions have also failed and the so-called philosophies—the make-shifts of speculation—have utterly failed. Perhaps some of these efforts would not have so badly miscarried had they been practically applied in daily life as was inculcated by their preceptors and Teachers; but human indolence, greed and misuse of power have made such sad perversion of the real character of these doctrines that most of the good that was in them has been obscured. The tenacity too, with which old and worn out dogmas have been clung to, has been ever a drag on the natural progress of Humanity. One such dogma is the “Vicarious Atonement,” which allures with its false hope, promising final redemption through an outside source, from its “on high,” but without motive or reason and exacting no effort on the part of man himself. The result has been to bring about inertia of the race and to materialize the whole western civilization.

There is a doctrine of Atonement:—a true one.

It is the voluntary sacrifice by the higher principle or kingdom for the sake of raising the lower to its own height. Nature’s processes of evolution testify to its universality. The vegetable kingdom transforms and uplifts the mineral kingdom; the animal kingdom transmutes the vegetable; the human transmutes the animal and the godlike transmutes the human. It is clear that each higher kingdom offers itself on the altar of sacrifice for the redemption of all the kingdoms below.

This is a vital truth upon which rests the keynote of evolution.

The Gods then are the redeemers of humanity? Yes!—as many Souls, so many Gods. It was Christ who said, quoting an ancient scripture, “Know ye not that ye are Gods?” And the time is now when they shall become manifest.

Desire of the Soul for sentient life is the cause of existence.

The Universe exists for the sake of the Soul’s experience.

The Soul has been involved and must become manifest through evolution.

Without sacrifice of the higher for the lower, there is no evolution.

This keynote to the evolution of Humanity is given by Katherine Tingley, the Teacher and Leader of the World Movement of Thought, the “Wisdom Religion”—Theosophy. Katherine Tingley declares and insists that the lower cannot be killed out, that it must be lifted, transmuted by the Higher into its own pure state. This task lies before Humanity collectively, and separately before each individual. It is to be attained as a *sine qua non*; its realization is the destiny of Humanity.

The first step is the recognition and affirmation of the powers of the Soul, the second is the recognition of the powers of the lower orders of evolution and the adoption of practical methods to control them. Great are the powers of the higher nature of man and infinite is the promise of their unfoldment, but pow-

erful also are the forces of the lower nature whose resistance must be overcome. A thousand-armed demon now hovers over and holds in enslavement every struggling soul. No mere intellectual precept will avail to induce humanity to lay aside the slavery of sensuous life, it requires the guidance of a wise Teacher who can actually reveal the hidden mysteries of the dual constitution of human nature, and show forth the sublime and hopeful doctrine which will redeem the godlike soul from its crucifixion in the body.

In the divine economy, in nature's own storehouse are active principles which belong to the lower orders of evolution; they are as necessary as the higher energies. It is, however, man's province not only to use these active principles for his own evolution, but to transmute them by degrees into spiritual energy; the one is not possible without the other.

Man is a creator; and certain it is that he must meet the result of his creations.

Being midway in evolution, between the highest and the lowest, he is himself the battleground of the natural forces to which are now added the forces of his own creations. Man should long ago have dominated the lower powers in himself, but he did not. Instead of riding over them and being their master, he has become their slave. Moreover, by the power of his superior qualities he has betrayed and demoralized the domain of his animal nature by infusing into it his intelligence, and thus he has condescended to become an animal *plus* intelligence instead of a God with the animal nature humanized.

Animal propensities in the animal, as we see, are not only legitimate as belonging to that special order of evolution, but these qualities, being part of the great economy, are stepping stones to higher states. However, when the human steps down and, after infusing his divine intelligence into his animal nature, forgets his high mission and becomes the slave of the animal, is it a wonder then that in such case man is worse than beast? Can we not see that the devil is man's own creation? Here is the key to the inhuman vices, abnormal greed and love of power. No human being that is in any way dominated by his lower self,—no matter how successfully it may be concealed—is fit to be trusted with power, for, under certain circumstances he will be more selfish and more cruel than any ferocious beast. Dishonesty, crime, sensuality, even new and heretofore unknown passions may characterize him at any time if perchance he could become possessed of power. Such a dangerous privilege is not safe in his hands so long as he has not passed the stage of a mere intellectualized animal;—witness the holy popes and inquisitors of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages who had almost unlimited power over certain nations, and who were the most inhuman and cruel of human ingrates. Man is the same now as then, he would be capable of doing the same things or worse (if that were possible), had not stern necessity and bitter experience provided timely restraint.

It is all-important that we first recognize *what it is* that is in human nature which causes these unnatural aberrations before we can apply adequate remedy. If it were not for the Leaders and Teachers of the Theosophical

Movement, whose teachings have caused such a revulsion of thought away from downward materializing influences during the last quarter century, we should not even at this day descry the cause much less know the remedy. No reform can be complete that does not go to the root of the evil and appreciate to the full the nature and extent of the enemy's power.

There are yet other causes of humanity's degradation, more remote but equally potent, which have been pointed out by the Leaders and Teachers of the Theosophical Movement.

The present Teacher says that the impulse to misdeeds often comes from a monster-psychological-force, which a moral weakling is powerless to resist. For centuries men have been punished for crimes in the perpetration of which they have been mere tools, while those really responsible have remained unknown. Our law courts are sometimes sadly puzzled; the evil is not yet properly located. The responsibility rests with those who have created this monster-force in which every human being, living or dead, has had his share.

Every thought makes an impression in our mental atmosphere and thus do the thoughts of Humanity swell the ocean of force in the aggregate mental atmosphere. Civilization, for several thousand years gone wrong, has made an entanglement of very complicated consequences.

Thoughts are things.

A mighty thing, a powerful enemy to the human race has actually been created by the vile and vicious thoughts, deeds and passions of men through hundreds of centuries. The strength and persistency of these have produced a real entity, ensouled by these creations and holding strong psychological sway over mankind.

Every thought that is contrary to the dictates of conscience is a particle of force that adds to the already existing sum-total of evil and consequently feeds the energy of this evil entity. Its power is enhanced by exactly that amount of force that is expended in the creation of such thoughts. Man, animal and every living thing is subject to its influence, in the measure in which it dwells in the strata of life, thought or feeling in which that activity operates. Some few persons have the power to resist its influence but most have not. Every successful effort in resisting it is a gain not only to the individual but to the whole of humanity, for, the power of this elemental monster is thereby that much decreased. The brooding fiend, being an entirely human creation, depends for its life and sustenance on the mistakes and weaknesses of mankind; likewise, its destruction can only be wrought by man himself.

These facts have been given to the world theoretically since the inception of this World-Movement, but there was little hope that a remedy could be practically applied in the selfish world without guidance and further self-sacrificing example on the part of the Great Teachers who take such an active part in the spiritual evolution of Humanity.

No one individual, nor all the teachers and well-wishers of educational and benevolent institutions and organizations, as the world goes, can even remotely

hope to defeat the progress of this, now vital force. The problem is far too deep and the power too all-embracing. No one but a Real Helper, Saviour of Humanity, can deal with so grave a matter.

Whether the world recognizes it or not, this is the time in human evolution when the opposing forces are arrayed in battle for final combat. Though it is in the universal plan that the Hosts of Compassion shall prevail at some time, it is not to be accomplished without self-induced effort on the part of Humanity, and the victory must be won on all the planes of activity. Man himself must destroy his self-made enemy. And the Golden Age *Shall* come again!

The keynotes to the successive steps which are leading Humanity into the promised land are given by our Guide and Teacher at the centre of the World-Movement of Thought. Her daily instructions are eagerly received by her students, all of whom have dedicated their lives, their all, without pay or promise to this great and noble regenerative work.

The Raja Yoga school for children of every clime and nationality at Point Loma, Southern California, is certainly the most unique institution in the world. Here are remarkable instances of genius and extraordinary possibilities; some with quite unfamiliar but decidedly spiritual attributes. Perhaps none of these would have brought these qualities to fruition in this life, but for the felicitous touch of the Leader. Undoubtedly some of these foreshadow the approaching of a new day for humanity. The limitless depths of the Beauties of the Soul are here revealed, the promise of a glorious future in which all humanity will some day share. The practical results of the Raja Yoga training already far outstrip the wildest hope for the future. The methods too are unlike those that are usually applied.

Each victory at the World's spiritual centre means a great deal to the whole human race. Here is the place for actual final contest on a large scale. The result of every practical defeat of the inimical force, if once recorded here on the physical, mental and moral planes is a triumph that is thereafter accessible to the whole of Humanity.

And, oh, the promise of the fulfillment of Humanity's hopes. Numerous children from all nationalities are drawn thither as by an irresistible longing; the rich and the poor, the homeless, the orphans; and, like steel filings are attracted by a powerful magnet, so are attracted to this chosen place on earth, one by one, the matured souls and helpers, ripe in compassion, divested of the retarding clogs of personality, ready and eager to join in this immense work under the inspiring Teacher whose every touch is success and a blessing. Pity it is that in the great household of humanity there are yet many who do not discern the incoming wave of *Spirituality*; they tarry yet awhile in the ruts of pleasure, which is the seed of pain. Little do they of the whirligig world know of the delights of a life of service in so noble and so great a cause as this; they do not even know that such a life is possible, a life that has for its aim the unveiling into the light of the highest design in the evolutions of that enigma — man.



How beautiful the thought on the other hand that Real Life only begins at this point of service and that the ultimate destiny of every man is that he give his life, his whole life and his all in the service of all."

"Compassion is the Law of Laws—Eternal Harmony; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting Right, and fitness of all things, the Law of Love Eternal."

The whole race, when it once knows its mission and its destiny will gladly follow the Great Compassionate Teachers, the Saviours, who have voluntarily undergone the pain of reincarnation, to show once more the way, the path, by which alone the Orphan Humanity may be redeemed from its great sorrow and pain.

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## The Warrior and the Flag

by a Student

### II

**T**HE color green is to be found in the flags of only eight of the nations of the world;—Persia, Austro-Hungary, Bolivia, Bulgaria, Italy, Mexico, Brazil and Ireland. Persia surrounds the broad white ground of her ensign by a narrow border of green, Austro-Hungary uses but a small oblong of the color, one third or more of the flag is green in all the others, with most of all in the flag of Ireland. Has the use of green in these flags any significance? I think it has.

As the Sun, in all ages, has been the symbol of the Infinite Source of all, the true Spiritual Sun, so nature has been the symbol of matter. And these, Spirit and Matter, are the basis of all the "pairs of opposites." Green is the color of nature, and the green of vegetation seems to be at one pole, the yellow sunlight and blue sky at the other. Blot out the sunlight and all the green of earth would disappear, the expression and reflection, as it is, of the life and light which emanates from the Sun. As are all reflections, it is but the illusionary opposite of the real thing. Green, the nature color, speaks to us, therefore, of things below rather than things above, of separateness rather than unity, of cold intellect rather than Soul.

It is not likely that the use of green in certain flags, is accidental. One who examines, even briefly, the mental and moral condition of each of these countries, in the light of history, will perceive that a certain downward mental tendency is common to them all. All, without exception, seem to have had a marked capacity for losing opportunities, a fatal facility for taking the wrong course at critical periods.

For all things are cyclic in their advance. There are times with nations, as with individuals, when the tide of affairs, if taken at the flood, would lead on to fortune. Such cyclic opportunities have come to all nations. They came to America, to Holland, to Cuba, and these nations dared to burn their bridges behind them and step forward into the unknown, just trusting the Great Law, whose guidance those who trust it may always claim. In the flags of such nations we find, almost invariably, the red, white and blue. Those whose flags contain green, without exception, seem to be locked within an interminable cycle of experience as a prisoner is locked within the walls of a prison-house. The reasons for this each student must discover for himself. A few facts, however, may be of interest.

In all of these countries, there is great general illiteracy and depravity. All, with the single exception of Persia, are under the control of the same religious system. In Brazil none other than the established religion (Roman Catholic) is tolerated, excepting it be practised privately. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, only those who are adherents to the established religion may be elected to the Chamber of Deputies. The same authority says of Bulgaria, "the superstitions are countless and the clergy deplorably ignorant." In fact, of all these countries may be said what Charles Maclaren (late Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh) has written of Mexico: "Mexico has had her full share of the ignorance and superstition which belonged to Spain; and these evils, with her internal dissensions and her rapacious, immoral and intolerant clergy, are great obstacles to her improvement."—(*Encyclopædia Britannica, volume I, page 714*)

The history of Ireland, (whose flag contains more green than that of any other nation), is as full of pathos as the island itself is full of illiteracy and superstition. Time and again, the great opportunity has come to the Irish people and found them too nerveless to grasp it. More than once the cup of liberty has been lifted to their lips and then dashed away by some strange fate, just as they were about to drink from it.

Yet is not the Great Law just? Can any people win or profit by the outer freedom before they have won the inner? "Out of the heart are the issues of life." When the Soul of a people is free, its character purified or becoming so, then its national freedom will follow as a matter of course,—as logically as the daylight follows the sun. When the Soul is free, illiteracy and superstition do not, cannot, exist. In Ireland these conditions are general, and by all the inexorableness of the Higher Law, the freedom of this people, as a nation, cannot be until something of the true light and the true philosophy has found its way into their hearts.

Symbolic of her present mental tendencies, Ireland's flag is green. Yet in the center is the small, seven-stringed golden harp, emblem and record of a people who in prehistoric days were very great, great in art, in law, in poetry, in a knowledge of life. The religion of the ancient Irish was probably the same as that of ancient Egypt. The nation was once a nation of mystics,

warriors, philosophers. Is not the Irish harp the same as the lyre of Apollo, the Sun-God, the seven-stringed lyre which was the symbol of man himself? Does it not indicate that the ancient Irish had a knowledge of the seven-fold constitution of man? For the Wisdom Religion in all ages has likened man, with his seven principles, to a seven-stringed lyre from which the Master evokes harmony or discord, depending upon whether or not the strings are all in tune. Says the *Voice of the Silence*: "Disciples may be likened to the strings of the soul-echoing Vina; mankind unto its sounding-board; the hand that sweeps it to the tuneful breath of the GREAT WORLD SOUL. The string that fails to answer 'neath the Master's touch in dulcet harmony with all the others—breaks and is cast away."

Although the Irish people as a whole seem, intellectually, to be looking downwards rather than up, everything today indicates that the true light will yet reach their hearts, even though their minds may be turned away from it. And that will bring back to this disheartened people the greatness of ancient days. When that time comes, the golden harp will still remain upon the Irish flag, but the green will have disappeared doubtless, to give place to another color,—purple, mayhap, there is no telling.

An interesting flag is that of Switzerland, a large white cross on a red field, quite symbolic of the peace ideal the brave Swiss have always held and of the warrior-spirit that has made them perfectly willing to fight for that ideal when necessary.

Holland and France indicate their republican ideals in the red, white and blue of their ensigns.

Red, white and blue are also the colors of the Russian flag. At first glance one wonders that white, the brotherhood, peace color, should belong to what seems to us at times a nation of nihilists and armies. Yet the fact is that the three people who have given to the world the most unreserved expressions of peace and brotherhood during the last twenty-five years, have come out of Russia,—the Czar, who proposed the Peace Congress, Count Tolstoi, who has recently been excommunicated by the Greek Church because he dares to treat the doctrine of human brotherhood as if it were a fact and not a theory; and, far greater than these, Helena P. Blavatsky, who brought back to the world the Heart Doctrine, the only philosophy upon which a Universal Brotherhood can ever be established. And today, in the city of Esotero, Loma-land, the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood is established.

The red, white and black of the German flag tells us another story. The warrior spirit of this nation, though lighted by the peace ideal (as the red and white indicate) yet betrays a certain hopeless, downward tendency in the broad band of black upon the ensign, the color, always, of hopelessness and despair. The blue of hope that is so significant in the flags of America, France, Cuba and brave little Holland, sounds a note of aspiration and devotion that we cannot discern in modern Germany. A crushing militarism hangs like a cloud over the life of the people, and, as a result, that devotional patriotism to

which Americans are accustomed, is almost wholly lacking. It seems to be war for war's sake, not war for humanity's sake. Question the average German *pater familias* as to why he brought his family to America, and in most cases he will tell you "To keep my boys out of the army." Ask the physicians in the Maternity Hospitals of Vienna, and of the large cities in Germany, why so many hundreds and hundreds of unwelcome, unfortunate babes are born year after year within their walls and they will reply: "Because of Germany's standing army."\* While the people of Germany, as a whole, look upon their army with pride, yet they do not bid their sons enter it, true warriors, as did the mothers of old Sparta. As the black band of their flag indicates, they often despair that its weight should be so heavy.

The flag of Spain, with its red, yellow and entire absence of the peace color, white, indicates that the ideal of peace and brotherhood has been entirely lacking. But the yellow of the flag,—for yellow is the sunlight, the wisdom color,—tells us of a pre-historic past when Spain was one of the world-centers of the Wisdom Light. To the ancient Greeks it was *Ultima Thule*, the uttermost isle, the Garden where grew the golden apples of the beautiful daughters of Hesperis. Tradition tells us of the beauty, the joy, the peace that abode with all men in this land of mystery and enchantment, in pre-historic days. Even later, when Spain was under the rule of the so-called "pagan" Arabs, it is recorded that the merest girl, laden with treasure, could traverse even the mountains alone and unmolested, so high was the ethical standard of the whole people.

But there came the Dark Ages. Spain was blighted by the low ideals which placed all Europe under a shadow for ten centuries, and which, unfortunately, shadow this land today. Her Warrior Spirit lent itself to selfish plunder and conquest, and at last her doom fell at Manila and Santiago. And this was very fortunate. Spain's Warrior-Spirit, now checked as far as outer conquest is concerned, will doubtless turn inwards upon its own weaknesses, and many recent events indicate that it will yet purify the national character and restore to it the birthright of Wisdom which was sold so many centuries ago for a mess of pottage.

The flag of China, a green and blue dragon upon a yellow field, is also symbolic of the nation's vast antiquity, when the Wisdom-Religion was taught to a willing people by the Dragons of Wisdom, an ancient name for the Initiates, or World-Teachers. There is but a trace of the Warrior-red in the flag, and even that is about to be swallowed by the dragon, indicating, what the history of China plainly records, that the nation has little of the warrior spirit and today is going backwards rather than forwards. Selfish, exclusive, proud, living in the past rather than the present, China has cultivated the "sin of separateness" so zealously and for so many centuries that her ultimate extinction as a nation is certain to follow, as a matter of course.

\* I was told this by a physician whose classmate — also a physician (a woman) had just completed a year's study at the Maternity Hospital at Vienna. She said 1800 illegitimate children are born there every year, chiefly from peasant mothers — the result of Germany's standing army.

A significant flag is that of Tripoli, Zanzibar and Morocco, a solid red, unrelieved by any device or other color. It plainly tells us what is evident in the light of history, that the warrior instinct of these nations is itself unrelieved by any high ideal. So long have the energies of these people been turned into purely selfish channels, that they have become a reproach to the western world. Their "warriors" are today devoting themselves to the slave trade and the task of supplying the harems and courts of the far East with women.

In striking contrast is the Swedish flag of blue and yellow, containing the Union, (formed of the color devices of the two flags of Sweden and Norway). Blue and yellow, speaking, as they do, of the higher rather than the lower, indicate clearly the characteristics of the Swedish people. Warriors and sea-fighters in ancient days, the Swedes finally came to fight the inner battles as well as the outer, and perchance that is why we see, instead of red, a broad cross of the wisdom color, yellow, in their flag. The result is that today they are a strong, courageous, self-reliant and deeply religious people. Adhering, as a nation, to the Lutheran faith, they yet are tolerant to all churches except the Jesuitical. The same is true of Norway, which in 1814 united with Sweden.

The Norwegian flag is red, white and blue, chiefly red, with but a gleam of the white. At first it contained the Union device, but this was removed some years ago by the action of the legislators of Norway and against the wishes of the King. The Swedish flag still contains it, one indication of the strong, instinctive feeling of brotherhood which is so characteristic of this people.

The Samoan flag is that of the Maoris; that so-called "savage" nation with whom the Crusaders made such an interesting connection on their journey around the world. Three-quarters of this flag is white, more of the peace color than is contained in any other flag in the world, a square of the warrior-red and in its midst a single, large, five-pointed star. But the flag is banded with black, at which one, who knows how this brave people has been crushed and intimidated, cannot wonder. Those who know them best state that they were a fine race before the evils of civilization appeared among them, and Katherine Tingley states that there is nothing in their history to indicate that they did not come originally from Egypt. Today there are strong centres of Universal Brotherhood among them, Theosophical literature is being widely read by them, particularly the works of William Q. Judge (some of which are now translated into the Maori language). There are many evidences that their star is rising and that, as a nation, they are much nearer the outer freedom as well as the inner than the world realizes.

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Two years ago a new flag was given to the world by Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Movement throughout the world. It contains one color which does not appear in any other flag in the world,—purple. Physicists assure us that this color is of the

highest rate of vibration that can be perceived with the physical eye, constituting the upper end of the spectrum as red does the lower. Colors of higher rates of vibration, of course, exist, but the normal eye cannot perceive them.

Purple has always been the royal color, the color of kings and queens. In ancient days it was held sacred. It is the color of the early dawn and the passing sunset, the color that we see in the fire when the fury of the flame has spent itself and all has quieted down to a steady, even heat.

It is the color into which distance always transmutes the green of landscape; the color the artist uses when he wishes to hint of the mystery of nature and life, or to bring to the consciousness of those who are not artists some conception of the real thing. It is the mystery color, telling of the inner rather than the outer, for the inner is always kingly, royal.

Purple is complementary, in all its qualities, to the yellow of the sunlight. Cut off the sunshine from a bit of roadway or a mass of snow and the shadow that is cast you must paint with purple. It is the binding, harmonizing, tender color, which glimpses the world of magic and of fairyland which we know is all about us, even though we cannot actually see it. The soul sees it because the soul is an artist. And when we take the personality firmly in hand and teach it to live the life of the soul, then shall we see the purple and gold about us. Then shall we blossom into power to help humanity, power to bring back into the lives of men the divine ideals which these colors symbolize.

Can you wonder that those who believe in the ideals of Theosophy love this flag of purple and gold? Its seven purple stripes speak of that seven-runged ladder up which the warrior-soul climbs to final liberation. Its golden star, symbol always of divine wisdom and guidance, is surrounded by the serpent. Does not the whole device speak to us of those Initiates, the Serpents of Wisdom, who have guarded the Wisdom-Religion from desecration during those dark spaces when humanity could not, or would not, receive it?

And this Universal Brotherhood flag of ours is no idle thing. It stands for divine ideals. It is a mighty force. The sight of it will unify the warriors of this Movement as no amount of intellectual reasoning, alone, could ever do. When the General wishes to arouse and unify his army, perhaps suddenly and at some crisis, does he deliver to his men a lecture on ethics, or even explain to them the plan of campaign? *No.* He just unfurls the colors, the flag they love and believe in, and he starts the music. He steps before them as Leader and the whole vast army moves forward as one man. Why? Because, though the brains of that army may be ten thousand, the soul of it is one, and color and music have power to reach the Soul.

It has been said, "To insult a flag is to insult a whole nation," and this is true. For the flag stands for something greater, vaster, than itself. And there was never yet a flag worthy the name that had not about it a body of warriors who would defend it and all that it stands for with their lives. And this is tenfold true of the Universal Brotherhood flag. The host is about it, about the sacred philosophy, about the Leader; warriors who would not only die for this

flag, but would live for it—which is sometimes harder. It stands to us for all that we believe in, for all that we hold sacred. We love it because we love humanity, because it symbolizes those ideals which we believe in absolutely and unreservedly, those ideals which we know are destined to redeem humanity and bring to pass the vision John saw in his exile, “a new heaven and a new earth.”

[THE END]

## Ignaz von Dollinger\*



THE third and concluding volume of Professor Friedrich's biography of Dollinger covers the period from 1849, when he ceased to be a member of the Frankfort Parliament, to the time of his death in 1890, and contains a full and faithful account of the career of the eminent Bavarian theologian and scholar during the most eventful years of his life. The work is based chiefly upon the posthumous papers of the deceased, and the careful study of these authentic documents has enabled the author to decide many disputed points and to correct many misconceptions. However much one may differ from Dollinger's views, it is impossible to deny his thorough sincerity, unimpeachable integrity, and insatiable love of learning. It was this scholarly taste rather than any strong religious feeling that led him to choose the clerical profession. Had he been born half a century later, he would probably have devoted his talents to historical researches or to the cultivation of natural science, for which he was far better fitted than for the cure of souls. His entire freedom from ambition in the matter of ecclesiastical preferment is shown by his rejection of the Archbishopric of Salzburg, which was offered him in 1850. His life, which extended over three full generations, comprised also three distinct periods of intellectual development, which may be described in general as a gradual and painful process of disillusion in respect to his ideal of Catholicism as compared with the actual character and condition of the Roman hierarchy. Till the middle of the last century he had cherished the belief that the Holy See, notwithstanding its frequent aberrations and departures from the early teachings and traditions of the Church, was sound at the core, and would welcome the aid of honest scholarship in correcting its errors and restoring it to its primitive purity. At this time, however, his faith began to be shaken by the bitter hostility of the highest papal authorities to the results of his own historical investigations, as well

\* Ignaz von Dollinger: Sein Leben auf Grund seines schriftlichen Nachlasses dargestellt von J. Friedrich. Dritter Theil. Von der Rückkehr aus Frankfurt bis zum Tod 1849-1890. Munich: Beck. 1901.

as to German science and modern culture in all its forms. He perceived that Jesuitism and Ultramontanism were growing more aggressive and arrogant in their domination of the papacy. A striking example of this tendency was the definition and proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception by Pius IX in 1854, "on his own authority, without the co-operation and consent of a council." Dollinger never accepted this doctrine, which he was convinced had no foundation either in Holy Writ or in sacred tradition; nor did he regard its rejection as disturbing in the least his relations to the Catholic Church, since the manner of its promulgation deprived it of all binding force, and reduced it, in his opinion, to the mere utterance of "a vain and vacillating old man led to do foolish things by adulatory and unscrupulous advisers." Another shock to him was the canonization of Peter Arbues in 1867, which incited him to publish a series of articles on the Roman and Spanish inquisition with a characterization of Arbues himself and a critical examination of his claims to sainthood. These papers which appeared anonymously in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, created an immense sensation, and the Munich Archbishop Scherr, who supposed Professor Frohschammer to be the author, urgently requested Dollinger to publish a reply to them. They also inspired Kaulbach to produce his famous picture representing Arbues condemning a Jewish family to the stake, the exhibition of which in the Bavarian capital came near causing a riot.

In 1870, says Dollinger, "the scales fell from my eyes." During the remaining twenty years of his life he saw the Romish Church in its true light, and was no longer "cheated by blar illusion." The events of this third period of his career are still so fresh in the public mind that it is hardly necessary to pass them in review. In the present volume they are fully and impartially narrated, and form a record of conscientiousness and courage worthy of high admiration. After his excommunication, every effort was made to entice him back into the fold. Bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries as well as ladies of noble and royal blood earnestly entreated him to return. One of these female emissaries of the Holy See naively remarked that she had recently met a number of Italian Passionists, who frankly declared that no one believed in the infallibility of the Pope, and yet these men were in good standing with his Holiness and remained within the pale of the Church. Why should not Dollinger, she added, exercise the same discretion? In giving utterance to these words she was only the mouthpiece of Leo XIII, who urged Dollinger to come to Rome. "Apply directly to me," he said, "and declare merely that you still adhere to the views concerning the papacy which you have formerly expressed, and nothing more will be required." As Dollinger had always been opposed to the Vatican dogma, he could have made such a declaration with perfect candor and consistency; but he knew that it would be interpreted as a recantation and submission and he refused to enter into any compromise that might be misconstrued and thereby place him in a false or equivocal position. As he wrote subsequently to a friend: "I would not sully



my old age with a lie, nor seem by any sort of implication to accept a dogma which to me was equivalent to asserting that two and two make five instead of four."

In a retrospect of his life as an octogenarian he confessed that he had honestly cherished many errors, often clinging to them with persistency, and violently resisting the better knowledge as it began to dawn upon him. The recognition of this fact rendered him extremely considerate of others' mistakes, and enabled him as an historian to see events in their true relations and to avoid hasty inferences and false generalizations. His four-score years and ten neither senilized nor fossilized him. In a letter to the present writer only a month before his death, he referred to the work in which he was then engaged and to his future labors with the enthusiasm and confidence of a man of fifty. "I am now busy in completing the treatise on the Order of the Templars, and shall then take up that on the Part of North America in Literature." Unfortunately, both of these papers, as well as the academic address on the History of Religious Freedom, remained fragments.

In the three volumes of Dollinger's biography Professor Friedrich not only gives an interesting account of the career of an eminent scholar, but also a valuable contribution to the history of culture in the nineteenth century.—From *The Nation*, New York.

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## *The Atomic Theory*



by H. T. Edge

**I**N view of the address of the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Rucker, at Glasgow, on Sept. 11th, it may be well to recapitulate some ideas on the Atomic Theory and the attitude of H. P. Blavatsky towards it.

The atomic theory may be described as an attempt to explain, systematize, and account for the properties of material substances, by supposing them to be made up of very small particles, masses, or elements, separated from one another by intervals.

This theory affords an admirable and satisfactory means of systematizing and explaining physical phenomena; but falls short when applied to the solution of ulterior problems as to the nature and structure of the material universe.

Whether true or false, there is no doubt that the atomic theory is at least a most useful figment or convention in classifying and correlating physical phenomena; just as the geocentric system of astronomy suffices for the calculation of eclipses, or the symbol of an imaginary fourth dimension of space

may serve as a model for instructive analogical inference. But, considered as a fact, the atomic theory shows itself to be self-contradictory and absurd.

Many scientists have come to recognize this, and Prof. Rucker, while admitting it freely, endeavors to maintain a middle ground between those who would reject the theory altogether and those who would adhere to it even in its most absurd extremes. He sees the failings of the theory but cannot bring himself to yield it up.

Let us compare some remarks from *The Secret Doctrine* with some from Prof. Rucker as reported in condensed form in the following:

### THE SECRET DOCTRINE

There can be no possible conflict between the teachings of occult and so-called exact Science, where the conclusions of the latter are grounded on a substratum of unassailable fact. It is only when its more ardent exponents, overstepping the limits of observed phenomena in order to penetrate into the arcana of Being, attempt to wrench the formation of Kosmos and its *living* Forces from Spirit, and attribute all to blind matter, that the Occultists claim the right to dispute and call in question their theories.—*I, iii, ch. 1*

The properties of matter, such as elasticity, expansibility, and even density, being functions of its atomic structure, cannot be predicated of the atoms themselves. Hence these atoms are not material.—*I, iii, passim*

### PROFESSOR RUCKER

It is impossible to deny that, if the mere entry on the search for the concealed causes of physical phenomena is not a trespass on ground we have no right to explore, it is at all events the beginning of a dangerous journey.

If it be true that the properties of matter are the product of an underlying machinery, that machinery cannot itself have the properties which it produces, and must, to that extent, at all events, differ from matter-in-bulk as it is directly presented to the senses.

The position which Prof. Rucker takes up, in his attempt to retain the atomic theory while admitting its inadequacy to explain ulterior problems, is not a very definite or easy one. He abandons the attempt to explain the deeper mysteries; but thinks that, since the atomic theory explains so much and is confirmed by so much inference from experiments, therefore it should be retained even in the face of our inability to picture the atoms and their properties. No better theory comes to hand, he says; and, though the atomic theory cannot be true when carried to a conclusion, it may nevertheless stand for some less fundamental fact immediately underlying observed phenomena. A few quotations will illustrate his position.

“The question at issue is whether the hypotheses which are at the base of the scientific theories now most generally accepted are to be regarded as accurate descriptions of the constitution of the universe around us, or merely as convenient fictions. From the practical point of view it is a matter of secondary importance whether our theories and assumptions are correct, if only they guide us to results which are in accord with facts. The whole fabric of

scientific theory may be regarded merely as a gigantic 'aid to memory;' as a means for producing apparent order out of disorder by codifying the observed facts and laws in accordance with an artificial system, and thus arranging our knowledge under a comparatively small number of heads. The highest form of theory—it may be said—the widest kind of generalization, is that which has given up the attempt to form clear mental pictures of the constitution of matter, which expresses the facts and the laws by language and symbols which lead to results that are true, whatever be our view as to the real nature of the objects with which we deal . . . [But] the questions still force themselves upon us. Is matter what it seems to be? . . . Can we argue back from the direct impressions of our senses to things which we cannot directly perceive; from the phenomena displayed by matter to the constitution of matter itself? . . . whether we have any reason to believe that the sketch which science has already drawn is to some extent a copy, and not a mere diagram, of the truth."

"We may grant at once that the ultimate nature of things is, and must remain, unknown; but it does not follow that immediately below the complexities of the superficial phenomena which affect our senses there may not be a simpler machinery of the existence of which we can obtain evidence, indirect indeed, but conclusive . . . It is recognized that an investigation into the proximate constitution of things may be useful and successful, even if their ultimate nature is beyond our ken. Now at what point must this analysis stop if we are to avoid crossing the boundary between fact and fiction?"

"[People] too often assume that there is no alternative between the opposing assertions that atoms and the ether are mere figments of the scientific imagination, or that, on the other hand, a mechanical theory of the atoms and of the ether, which is now confessedly imperfect, would, if it could be perfected, give us a full and adequate representation of the underlying realities. For my own part I believe that there is a *via media*."

"I have tried to show that, in spite of the tentative nature of some of our theories, in spite of many outstanding difficulties, the atomic theory unifies so many facts, simplifies so much that is complicated, that we have a right to insist—at all events till an equally intelligible rival hypothesis is produced—that the main structure of our theory is true; that atoms are not merely helps to puzzled mathematicians, but physical realities."

"If we can succeed in showing that, if the separate parts have a limited number of properties (different, it may be, from those of matter in bulk) the many and complicated properties of matter can, to a considerable extent, be explained as consequences of the constitution of these separate parts; we shall have succeeded in establishing, with regard to quantitative properties, a simplification similar to that which the chemist has established with regard to varieties of matter."

Now let us put our own case concisely. Modern physicists find themselves confronted with an irresolvable dilemma—the atomic theory must be true and yet it cannot be other than false. Some boldly accept one horn of the dilemma

and ignore the logical and metaphysical absurdities of the theory. Others grasp the other horn and seek a new theory which shall obviate the dilemma. Here we have a professor trying to steer a middle course, and, by stretching (by means of qualified phrases) each horn a little way, to effect a junction which shall yield something like the circle of truth. But the dilemma is hopeless, because it comes from a fallacious point of view assumed by physicists. They have neglected to take into account the purely illusive, and phenomenal, and sensory nature of what they call "matter;" and, regarding it as a reality, they have ventured to transfer it and its properties beyond the sense-world into the subjective world, of imagination. When they scrutinize the world with the bodily senses, they are secure, for they are studying something which is real to those senses. But when they shut their eyes and think about "matter," they study what is merely a mind-picture and has no real existence. "Scientists have nothing to do with metaphysics," they say; "that we leave to the metaphysicians." But truth cannot be divided up in this way, and the results of the attempt to do so are such as we see.

What science calls "matter" is an appearance to the mind. Here let it be noted that we do not concur either with the objectivists who maintain that everything is external, or with the subjectivists who hold that all is subjective and phantasmal; but with the *Secret Doctrine*, which maintains that there is an objective reality which the mind cognizes in various ways—through the senses or otherwise. What science calls "matter" is the result of a sensuous cognition of this objective reality. It is this objective reality that H. P. Blavatsky speaks of when she says "Matter."

To use an illustration—the mind is an optical lantern, the screen is H. P. Blavatsky's matter, and the picture is the "matter" of science. Now we may examine that picture as much as we please; it is solid, objective, and self-consistent. If it is (for example) a map, it will serve admirably as an accurate guide. But, if we attempt to discover the mystery of its light and shade, and to isolate its colors, we shall fail ignominiously, unless we step behind and examine the lantern.

There is no other escape from this dilemma—that that which constitutes matter cannot be matter; in short, that the atoms cannot be matter. What then are they? Occult science answers "Mind," or rather, "living conscious beings." And we may claim, in Prof. Rucker's own words, that this theory "unifies so many facts, simplifies so much that is complicated, that we have a right to insist—at all events till an equally intelligent rival hypothesis is produced, etc."

We have shown briefly that no sane theory of the universe can be made so long as the theorizer starts from matter as his premise instead of from mind. We do not propose to enter into a description of the innumerable false conclusions and dilemmas arising from the logical elaboration of that false premise; that is a question of study, and we refer inquirers to *The Secret Doctrine* and to the authors quoted therein.

It may, however, be worth while in passing, to call attention to the false idea of "space" that obtains among physicists as a result of ignoring metaphysics. Spatial extension is an attribute of the appearance called "matter;" in fact, spatial extension is a characteristic due to the peculiarities of our sense-organs. Spatial extension cannot exist by itself. But physicists talk as if, when all matter was removed, there would remain an "extended space." Now it is evident that mere emptiness, nothingness, cannot be extended or have height, breadth, etc. What they *really* imagine, then, as "space," is simply a volume of gas or of ether, or a very large room. But, if *all* ideas of matter be excluded from the mind (no easy process), it will be seen that all ideas of distance, relative position, size, and the like, vanish also. So space is a thing which the imagination cannot picture, and is, in fact, a state of the mind when no object of cognition is present. Hence the scientific "space" is another illusion, and space as spoken of by H. P. Blavatsky has nought to do therewith.

It remains to say what we think ought to be done by physicists about their Atomic Theory. We might say: Keep it on as a "convenient fiction" so long as it will serve, and correct it from time to time in the light of future experiments; and never mind if you do eventually reach an atom so loaded with irreconcilable attributes that it would look better in a creed than in a theory. We might say this, did we not know that the materialistic theory of the universe has consequences far graver than merely to afford a subject for jests. For, profess what they may, scientists *will* overstep the limits of their domain and, from the motion of particles, attempt to infer laws to regulate man's life, hopes, and duties. Professor Rucker is a man of science of the best kind, and would never be found in the ranks of pessimism and denial of faith. But we leave him to determine whether his high ideals of duty and destiny are deducible from the axioms of physical science, or whether they spring from an inner and brighter light, whether his higher hopes and his scientific theories support one another readily, or whether they require much mutual adaptation; and what might be done in the world by other scientists not having the safeguard of a better intuition to direct their conduct. He may say that his faith and his moral ideals have nothing to do with his scientific opinions; and, if so, we at once cheerfully take issue with him on this very point. For, as far as we are concerned, the truth is one, man is one, the universe is one; nor can we forever tolerate the presence of an unexplored "buffer-state" between our spiritual and our "scientific" views. And, while there may be not a few people whose religion suffices for their simple needs, and whose modest desires and scientific pursuits do not tempt them and lead them astray; yet the world is growing and growing, and its overwhelming selfishness, impurity and greed, are more than a match for worn-out theological systems or for sciences that ignore the mind and the Soul.

For these reasons we look for a science that, like the "heathen" Minerva, shall be a goddess, beaming with light for humanity; that shall aim at showing men how to live nobly and happily; that shall see conscious life and in-

telligent mind pulsating through all nature; that shall speak of man as a Soul — not as a compound of “life,” “chemical force,” and “atoms.” We shall learn all that we need to know about the physical universe, and much more than we know now. And we shall forget all these misconceptions and intellectual abortions that lend color to the deeds of those who prey on society.

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## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



In the Theosophical teachings are Heaven and Nirvana considered to be places or states of consciousness?

**T**HE modern conception of Heaven seems to be of a place, and a place quite as material as anything we have here.

Those who have studied the Wisdom Religion find Devachan described as a state resembling the theologian's idea of Heaven; though its higher phases are far more spiritually exalted than any conception of the latter which they have as yet evolved. But could any really advanced Soul be satisfied with the material Heaven of theology or even with the more spiritual and refined Devachan? First, Heaven or Devachan is a state of consciousness, happiness, feeling or emotion which can be experienced in any locality. The same may be said of Nirvana only it is a much higher state or condition of enjoyment.

The motive given for striving to enter Heaven is a purely selfish one. It is to cease from all labor and to revel “forever” in personal delights and pleasures, regardless of the fate of any soul on earth. The student of the one true Religion has no longing for such a Heaven. He wishes to spend as little time as possible between his earth lives because he is in haste to return to his chosen work of helping to uplift the world.

Theologians find this idea so amusing that they ridicule it in press and pulpit. But which conception is the nobler, the more unselfish, the more like Christ? They declare that Nirvana simply means annihilation, when in fact it is the extreme opposite of *nothingness* because it comprises *everything*. It is divine enlightenment — the sum of all that is to be learned in human form on this earth. And yet after a man has reached this height of divine power and Wisdom they tell us he has become *nothing*. This is what Jesus meant when he urged upon his pupils the possibility and the duty of becoming “perfect,” of becoming “one with the Father.”

But Souls who have attained this high degree of spiritual power and knowledge do not always wish to remain in it for their own selfish enjoyment. They

often renounce it that they may again come in touch with the struggling souls, yet of earth, to help and save them. All the world's great Teachers and Saviors have been such Souls. Any human being may in time become such a Savior and Helper of the Race.

Is not this a higher, purer ideal to place before humanity than the theological Heaven, earned by another's toil and suffering, enjoyed unendingly and after one brief earth life, of little or no use to any one, and frequently spent in ease and selfish indulgence of all material kinds? Is it any wonder that centuries of such teaching have deadened man's spiritual perception—as well as blunted his powers of reasoning? That such is the case is abundantly proved by the inability of many so-called spiritual guides and teachers of the people to themselves comprehend teachings so lofty and sublime, yet so plain and simple that many little children readily take them up and begin to build their lives upon them.

Though Nirvana does not mean destruction or annihilation, such a thing is possible. It happens to the lower, personal, animal nature of man, that "self" which is so anxious to enter a material Heaven and enjoy its selfish personal pleasures. Yet it is the only self most persons know much about, because they live in it instead of the higher, divine Self, the Soul, which is a part of God, and is ever striving to uplift the lower, to make *it* also human and divine. If it fails to do this it must leave it to its fate. The Spirit has been "grieved away." The lower self can do this by continued wickedness, or by giving itself up to the grossly material things of life and neglecting the means of gaining spiritual enlightenment.

This is the destruction that is to be shunned, instead of the divine and God-like power and wisdom attained by one who has passed beyond earth, beyond Heaven and reached the high state of Nirvana.

CAAN EMIR

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## Mirror of the Movement



### News from Loma-Land

Doings of unusual consequence for the prosperity of the Movement and for the benefit of mankind have followed each other so rapidly this month that it is difficult to know where to begin!

Perhaps the most significant events have been the great speeches made by Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Cal., on October 20th and October 27th, to enormous audiences which filled every available spot from which a word could be heard. The stage was decorated with exquisite taste and the "Daughters of Loma-land," in their simple Greek costumes—such a relief from the conventional dress—were grouped in graceful lines around the Leader, who wore a simple white and and purple robe. In her speech she referred to the need of education on new lines, and

**Remarkable  
Speeches by the  
Leader at  
San Diego**

touched upon many advantages which she intended to initiate. She spoke plainly of the recent savage attack made upon this Movement by certain local clergymen. Mrs. Tingley also referred to a conspiracy against the Theosophical Movement, that had existed as far back as the time of Madame H. P. Blavatsky. She further said that as the Society had increased in membership and become more widely known another conspiracy had arisen of a deeper mold when she (Katherine Tingley) took her position as Leader of the Society, and attempts had even been made upon her life in order to crush the Theosophical Movement.

The following report of the meeting on October 20th, is from the Los Angeles *Herald*:

**CRITICS OF POINT LOMA ARE SCORED**

*Mrs. Tingley's Answer to Recent Attacks*

**SCORCHING ADDRESS AT SAN DIEGO TO LARGE AUDIENCE**

**OPPOSITION TO THEOSOPHY, SHE SAYS, COMES ONLY FROM DISAPPOINTED POLITICIANS,  
INSINCERE RELIGIOUS REFORMERS, MORAL WEAKLINGS AND  
BLACKMAILERS—SEAT OF CONFLICT**

**By Ralph Strong**

(Special Dispatch to the Herald)

SAN DIEGO, Oct. 20.—Katherine Tingley, Official Head of the World's Theosophical Society, tonight poured shot and shell into the ranks of the critics, both newspaper and clergy, of the Point Loma institution. An announcement that Mrs. Tingley would answer recent attacks by local ministers caused an immense audience to fill Fisher Opera House, where the Society's Sunday night meetings are held.

The meeting was conducted by the lady students at Point Loma, who, in white Greek gowns, made a pretty picture on a stage filled with greenery. Mrs. Tingley was attired in a classical costume of white. Her eloquence and earnestness were overpowering, and many times the audience, composed of a dozen sects and creeds, was swept away in torrents of applause.

Mrs. Tingley declared San Diego and Point Loma are today the centers of the contest between the good and evil forces of the world.

"It was to be expected," she said, "that any energetic step to establish a high standard of progressive work such as that of the Universal Brotherhood, would meet with strongest opposition. This opposition comes from four classes—the disappointed politician; the religious reformer who thinks more of his influence and salary than of those he should help; the morbid weaklings whose immoral courses would be checked by the inculcation of a high ideal, and the blackmailers.

**CALIFORNIA A DUMPING GROUND**

"It is my belief that California is a dumping ground for these types. Special laws are needed here for the better protection of boys and girls, and to stop the tide of degeneracy slowly and surely eating out the life of our youth, and with which the churches are utterly inadequate to cope. My knowledge of this danger is such that I feel forced to take a stand that will soon be brought to public attention."

The speaker, said that before the recent persecution from the ecclesiastics she felt that the Universal Brotherhood, in holding up the highest philosophy of life and applying it practically, would in time have an immense effect on the age, but the action of the clergy has brought them out so clearly as enemies of human progress that she felt she had a new mission—to work into the churches and to appeal to the fathers and mothers to protect their children against those who go about in sheep's clothing, preaching Christ crucified and at the same time using their profession as a cloak for vice of the worst description.



She accused San Diego of including professing "religionists" who endeavor to confuse the public into believing that there are mysterious doings at Point Loma, insinuating the most outrageous things, but when cornered, these traducers can marshal no facts.

#### LOCAL CLERGYMEN SCORED

"The Universal Brotherhood," she said, is non-sectarian and non-political and strives towards the highest moral life." The speaker scored local clergymen for their alleged unchristian course, and urged them to act quickly in an attempt to reform those of their congregations who need reforming. She declared that the best Christians are being driven from the church, and that those best fitted to fill the pulpits are being mentally strangled.

Mrs. Tingley charged a local minister with using his name in correspondence with the representative of his church in Cuba to alarm mothers preparing to send children to Point Loma for education. She declared her determination to unearth the subtle efforts



DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS COMPANY A, NEW YORK, OF NEW CENTURY GUARD

of those, she asserts, who are behind the scenes in attacks upon the Universal Brotherhood, while catspaws alone are visible in the arena of battle.

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Further information in regard to these meetings and the attacks upon Point Loma institutions, published in the local papers, is being sent from time to time to the Lodges and members of the Universal Brotherhood.

In all her actions, one thing is plainly to be seen and is apparent to all, especially to those who know the Leader best, viz.: that she is absolutely fearless, and that no intimidation by anyone or any body of people can move her from her work of the purification and the uplifting of humanity.

After years of persecution, Katherine Tingley has at last stepped out and is fearlessly showing who are the people who are attempting to break down the Universal Brotherhood and destroy her work. When we go to trace back to the cause of the slander, the cause of the insinuations that have been made against Katherine Tingley's work, we find that these may be traced to members of a so-called Theosophical Society with which Mrs. Annie Besant is connected. The writer of this would not presume to state this unless he had positive facts to sustain it.

Probably nothing has so well served to bring the Universal Brotherhood and its work more prominently before the public than the open attacks which have been made by people who have sought the City of San Diego, near our great center, to ventilate their

"grievances," and to endeavor to evoke sympathy for themselves and bad feeling for this Organization. It is also instructive and interesting to note that in each case where they sought legal advice, they have at their own petition had their case dismissed. In each case there have been published indisputable facts uncovering the motives of those who have attacked the Universal Brotherhood, and revealing also the strength and purity of the latter.

As a result of these attacks public interest and appreciation of the Universal Brotherhood are continually increasing and deepening, not only locally but in far-distant places to which the echo of the great battle being waged here has reached. Humanity is awakening to the existence of hope and wherever the banner of the Universal Brotherhood flies there is a rallying center around which the hopeless and despairing cluster, and becoming conscious of this power and high destiny, step out to help others as wretched as they were formerly.



SKIRMISH DRILL, NEW CENTURY GUARD, COMPANY A, NEW YORK

**Enlargement and  
Expansion of the  
"New Century"**

In order to cope with the expansion of the work and great increase of interest *The New Century* has been enlarged and new features added, and will appear weekly in the future. It is now a most comprehensive weekly of sixteen large pages and contains a great variety of news and other articles diversified with beautiful illustrations. Special attention is given to the progress of San Diego in particular and California, the star State of America, in general. The future development of this State is practically unlimited upon material lines and there is every reason to suppose that, as it has every possible advantage of climate and other natural resources, great seats of learning will arise here and that its future civilization will be grander than that of ancient Greece, which it so strongly resembles in many physical features. *The New Century* being conducted under the close personal supervision of Katherine Tingley, will be a potent factor in the development, on the highest lines, of a true, brotherly civilization at this favored locality, and, through the example set, in the world.

There can be no doubt that this State has the opportunity of attaining the first rank in all that tends to make life worth living, and the Universal Brotherhood is able to assist powerfully in this development. All members of the Universal Brotherhood should study *The New Century*, it is a binding force, uniting the center and circumference, and containing the spirit of the work as it progresses from stage to stage.

### Isis Conservatory of Music

A third event of note has been the establishment of a branch of the Isis Conservatory of Music at San Diego. It is situated at 1940 B street, and occupies a handsome private residence, rented by the Leader for the purpose. The first courses will be on Singing, Violin, Piano and Harmony, and those who know the splendid and rapid results achieved under Katherine Tingley's methods will not be surprised to hear that a large number of pupils has joined already. The Leader has lately devoted much time to working out some of her original ideas upon music and methods of teaching it, founded upon her deep knowledge of natural laws, which will be special features of the Isis Conservatory's work.



A GROUP OF CO. A, NEW YORK, NEW CENTURY GUARD, IN CAMP AT FORT LEE, N. Y.

### Close of the Great Debate on Theosophy and Christianity

After being continued for many weeks the great debate between the representatives of the ecclesiastical position and the students of Point Loma has been concluded. Large audiences assembled to hear them, and the last debate which more properly should be described as the summing up, was extremely well attended. Two speakers, Mrs. G. G. Bohm of Chicago, and Mr. Sidney G. P. Coryn, President of the Theosophical Society in England, and an old pupil of Madame Blavatsky, gave eloquent and logical addresses, clearly elucidating the whole position and showing in an unanswerable manner that Theosophy and the great, essential teachings of Christ are one and the same thing, but that Theosophy throws light upon many difficult and obscure matters in Christian teachings. The debate is being prepared for the press and will shortly be in the hands of the printers. It will be of great value to all students of Theosophy as it places the philosophy in the simplest and clearest manner and answers all the objections brought by theological opponents.

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### The New Cuban Children

The joyous shouts and happy faces of the forty new Cuban children who have recently been brought to Point Loma, show the splendid promise there is for the future of that unrestful Island. They are learning English rapidly and can already sing "Happy Little Sunbeams" and other Lotus songs correctly. Several of the older boys who show the greatest promise, have been admitted into the senior classes of the Raja Yoga School, a privilege they highly appreciate. Additions to the numbers of children in the Interna-

tional Lotus Home are taking place continually. No more reassuring sign for the future of the Movement could be imagined, for these souls are having the most ideal surroundings in which to gain a firm foothold of wisdom and self-control, which will be a staying power for their whole lives and prevent the risk of failure in their great future work for humanity by reason of defective training. To see the long procession of children to and from their homes and the school, refectory or Temple, is a glorious sight and the noblest tribute to the genius and wise compassion of our great Leader, Katherine Tingley.

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**Raja Yoga School** The rapid increase in numbers that has taken place has made necessary an enlargement of the teaching staff of the Raja Yoga School. A full curriculum of studies has been established including Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, all English subjects, Drawing, Music, Natural History, Astronomy, Botany and other sciences, etc. The boys are al-



RAJA YOGA BOYS OF LOMA-LAND ON THE FIRING LINE

ways happy and busy at work or play. Excellent discipline prevails, for they have a deep sense of honor and responsibility and take great pride in keeping up a high tone of conduct in every way.

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**Visit of Lotus Children from San Diego** Quite a stir was made by the recent visit of the children of the San Diego Lotus Group to Point Loma, where they were royally entertained by the Raja Yoga children and had the privilege of seeing the Lotus Mother. Arriving about two o'clock in large tallyhos they marched in a long procession from the entrance gate, with banners flying and conducted by the New Century Guard, up the long drive to the Temple, where they were received by the children of Loma-land. Prominent among the youthful hosts was the large contingent of Cubans who have recently arrived. The Cubans had been received with song and flowers and most heartily welcomed by the San Diego children at the station after their long journey, and were glad to have the pleasure of helping to give their new friends a good time. The San Diego children then attended the "Rainbow Play" in the Temple, and were shown over the Lotus Home, the Homestead, the Amphitheater and a part of the grounds. Sundry sports followed and after some light refreshments and candies had been disposed of the return journey through the still evening air was commenced. Such a day they had never had before nor dreamed of.

Expressions of gratitude and joy burst from their full hearts, and altogether, both the guests and their entertainers, understood they had gained a new and delightful feeling of unity which would be a precious memory. Days like this, spent in company with fresh, earnest and whole-hearted children are a source of great joy to our beloved Leader.

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**More New Arrivals**

Many well-known comrades have been welcomed at Loma Homestead lately and immediately have found plenty to do! The activities are now only restricted by the want of workers.

The new comers include, among others, Mrs. Dick from Dublin, Mrs. Bohm and her children from Chicago, Miss Lester from Pasadena, Mrs. Shurlock and her children from Liverpool, Brother Sederholm, one of the members of the Cabinet is here on a short visit, Brother Turner from Kansas City, Brother Sidney G. P. Coryn and his wife and children and Miss N. Herbert from London, all well-known and devoted workers in the cause of Universal Brotherhood.

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**Amphitheater, etc.**

The Amphitheater is nearly completed and becomes daily an object of increased interest and beauty. Its perfect fitness for its purpose, the way it nestles in the enclosing cliffs contrasting in its snowy whiteness with their rich tawny red, and the glorious view of canyon and ocean obtained from the seats impress every one with surprise. Some striking views of its principal features and the surrounding scenery will soon be published.

The sunsets and sunrises lately have been very beautiful, and on one or two occasions remarkable lunar effects have been seen, halos and lunar rainbows. The evening sky with Venus blazing in the west, closely grouped with Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, etc., is a constant source of admiration in this limpid atmosphere and sundry telescopes are in constant demand to observe these planets.

OBSERVER

## Reports of Lodges

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### Lodge No. 1, England--Report on Lotus Group

There are two main divisions in the Lotus Group meeting at 19 Avenue Road. The senior members assemble on Wednesday at 6 o'clock. This class is always open to visitors, little friends and strangers anxious to know and see what we do at Lotus circle; these, after attending three consecutive times may become members. At this meeting we have much singing and music which is directed by Mr. Dunn, who knows so well how to call out from the heart of each little one that fire of enthusiasm and joy, which make their whole being vibrate with joy and gladness. Many of those who have been present throughout the past year are now able to sing very sweetly in chorus or solo, and thus add greatly to the joy of the meeting. A story follows which, when occasion permits, is rendered more realistic by Mr. Dunn's accompaniment on organ or piano. A series of stories selected from George MacDonald's "Phantastes," and from Bram Stoker's "Under the Sunset," have been given during June and July. The symbolic meaning of our march with the Cord, and the character required of a "Golden Warrior," are often discussed by children and teachers. It has been deeply interesting to note the growing power to discuss in kindly and chivalrous act as well as word their knowledge of Brotherhood.

On Thursday evening the members of the Gymnastic class meet, and in their white costumes fall into line to march and drill to music, using dumb-bells, wands and balls as a preparatory training in promptness of act and concentration; rings, scarves, wreaths,

cymbals are used for more graceful and flowing movements. The great value of this department of work in the Lotus Group has been seen at once in the ease and self-possession displayed by the most regular attendants who, from time to time have assisted in the monthly entertainments. After the drilling is over blackboards and notebooks appear, and an hour is spent in drawing, painting or examination or chat upon the wonders of nature. The use of the microscope greatly interests all. Elementary lessons on Physiology and Botany have been given, supplemented by work in the garden and walks in the park, or out on the heath, all of which have been golden opportunities in which the hearts and minds of teacher and child have drawn near to one another, dimly but surely learning together the *Oneness*—Unity in Life—Brotherhood.

On Friday, the little ones under seven years of age, gather together, a troop of little Sunbeams, who dance and sing and play, march, drill, listen to fairy stories (which are never ending) gaze with silent and solemn delight at the wonderful pictures which *their* wondrous charm makes to grow like magic under the hand of their big sisters, as they call for one after another colored illustration. Other wee mites of some few months contentedly cuddle a dollie, until they fall asleep to the music of the songs, or if fretful and shy are carried by their little mothers who have been commissioned to take charge of them for the evening, out into the garden among the flowers, and soon come smiles instead of tears. So the time passes all too quickly, and in the silence ere we say "good-bye," many thoughts of love go to the dear Lotus Mother, who calls these little ones from the streets into her home and garden, and still more into the Sunshine of her great love that they may grow strong and pure, fit for a life that may ever be one of "Helping and Sharing."

August 31, 1901

—ADA ROBINSON, *Superintendent*

#### Report of Lotus Work, Lodge No. 30, England

The work done in the Group during August and September has been very good. In August the Group had an outing in Epping Forest, and a very enjoyable day was spent close to the heart of "Mother Nature."

Lotus report sent out to parents has had very good effect upon attendance. Reports will be issued monthly now.

Program in class continues as before:— Music, with rhythmic motion of the body; Nature lessons dealing with the One Life, and Fairy stories being strong features in the classes.

The harmony of the Group was never greater, and we feel we have a band of young Warriors capable of moving shoulder to shoulder in "Helping and Sharing," and demonstrating the effect of the Lotus work in their home lives.

Dramatic Work: A new play is now in rehearsal, and the children hope to give it in public about the end of November.

The following is a copy of the report sent to parents:

#### MONTHLY REPORT OF LOTUS WORK

In sending this *first* monthly report of the Forest Gate Lotus Group it may be useful to give a brief outline of the method of education followed.

Direct appeal is made to the children to recognize the Divine Unity existing in themselves and in all Nature. They are reminded that "Helping and Sharing" is what Brotherhood means. They are invited to "render noble service to all that lives."

Thus they are not trained to *compete* with each other, but to *combine* with each other; to aim at Harmony *now* and to continue this aim when they grow up. The songs they sing are full of gladness, and musical drill is associated with these songs, so that body, mind and heart may act together in harmony. Sometimes fairy stories are told to them; at others they are asked to peep into the Fairyland of Nature by watching how beautifully a flower or a crystal is constructed. All this is done in the full assurance that the children themselves are Divine; and therefore the purpose of a training in a Lotus Group is not so much to *instruct* the children as to *educate*—to draw forth from their own souls

their knowledge of their oneness with all things, of the foolishness of selfishness and of the true joy of life in Harmony with Nature which, as a great poet has said, is the "Garment of God."

Classes are held on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock and on Tuesday evenings at a quarter past 6. On Monday evenings a Club for girls is held, particulars of which may be had on application. In addition to the above other classes for singing, etc., will probably be started as the season advances.—AGNES E. MATHEWS, *Superintendent*  
*October 2, 1901*

**Report of Work at Lotus Group No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden, for June and July, 1901**

During this time we have only had two regular Sunday meetings, June 2nd, and June 9th. As lessons both days we had Lotus Leaflet 12 of Series I.

Here in Sweden the schools always have holidays from June 15th until August 15th, and some from June 1st to September 1st.

Nearly all the children and teachers of our Lotus Group spent this summer in the country, so very few having been present when those of us who have been in town from June 17th have assembled every Monday at 11 o'clock. We have then always hoisted our Lotus Flag, sung "The Sun-Temple," and during our silent moments sent loving thoughts to all our little comrades. We have told stories about flowers and animals, had drill and sung some of our Lotus songs together.—ANNA SOXESSON, *Superintendent*

*Stockholm, August 4, 1901*

REPORT FOR AUGUST, 1901

During this month there have been held three meetings with those of our boys who have been at home and "on guard." August 5th, 12th and 19th. At the first meeting we built boats, hoisted the flags of different nations and sailed for Point Loma. Arriving there the captain of each boat, in a neat little speech, delivered greetings from the children to the Lotus Mother.

At the second meeting we had the story of "Castle Cor," and at the third "The Sleeping Beauty" in a new symbolic form.

We now intend to begin winter's work September 8th, when all the children will assemble again.—ANNA SOXESSON, *Superintendent*

*Stockholm, August 31, 1901*

**Renewal of Activites at Seattle**

Seattle Lodge No. 100 has renewed its activities after the summer rest, and repeated the Symposium Hypatia on the 14th instant. With our renewed energy, the untiring efforts of Brother Spinks, and the faithful labor of the members, we were enabled to eclipse all former efforts.

New stage settings had been painted for the occasion, one an interior of great beauty, representing the banquet hall in Pompeius' house, with a landscape in the distance visible between massive marble columns.

The other a Greek temple scene of elegant simplicity, where Hypatia addressed her little band of students.

Owing to the illness of our own member who was to have impersonated Hypatia, Edna B. Lund of Tacoma, kindly came to the rescue at the last moment and contributed her share toward the success of the entertainment.

The musical program, consisting of vocal and instrumental selections, was rendered by talented artists whose assistance had but to be solicited to meet with a ready response.

The audience which filled the house, listened with the closest attention, being reluctant to depart, after the tones of the Ode to Apollo, and Truth, Light and Liberation, intoned behind the curtain, had died away. In fact, the entire entertainment only emphasizes our great possibilities if we do but labor along the lines suggested by our Leader.

*Seattle, October 24, 1901*

EVA H. SCHROEDER, *Secretary*

**U. B. L. No. 18, Trollhattan, Sweden**

To KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader of the Theosophical Movement:

On this day, the third anniversary of the first meeting of our Lodge we, its members, wish to give you our sincere thanks for having had the grandest of all privileges—to work in service for humanity.

Your Leadership has given us hope and trust in our own divine possibilities. The dawn of the new day is already here, and we begin to feel in our hearts the light, the joy of life, that will sweep away all the darkness and sorrows in human life.

September 18, 1901

SIGNED BY ALL THE MEMBERS

**Report of Canningtown Lotus Group, London, England**

This group continues to make very great progress, the discipline is excellent and the *esprit de corps* all that could be desired.

The class held on Sunday, September 21st, showed in a marked degree the progress this class is making.

It may be interesting to give a detailed account of the class held on this date. The children waited in the anteroom, where hats and coats were taken off until, punctual to time, when they marched into the room in splendid step singing "We are a Band of Young Crusaders" and holding the Golden Cable Tow. At the finish, the circle being completed, they sang the "Circle Song" to a graceful and undulating motion of body and cord. "Brothers We" followed while still holding cord, and then silent moments,—the "golden boats" being directed to Point Loma. Then they marched to seats singing "Warriors of the Golden Cord." A nature lesson followed from a flower. The wonderful knowledge the Pilgrim has was slowly adduced, the class making out the Pilgrim an "Architect," a "Chemist" and a "Master Builder." The answers came readily from the class—no guessing, but answers made intelligently and with certainty. "Happy Little Sunbeams" followed and then "Tiny Buds Are We" were found to be fully awake for their song. One of the comrades told the fairy story of "The Tying of the Purple Hearts" and many of the children showed by their marked attention that the Fairy Queen "Purple" was as real to them as she certainly was to the teller. Flowers were afterward distributed to the children and all marched out singing "Warriors of the Golden Cord."

WALTER FORBES, *Superintendent*

**Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 7, San Francisco, California**

The regular Monthly Entertainment and Symposium was given September 13th. The musical program was especially good and "The Wisdom of Hypatia" was unanimously pronounced the most artistic and successful presentation of that Symposium ever given. There were several changes in the caste and some new scenery and stage furniture all of which gave a new spirit.

HENRY B. MORGES, JR., *Secretary*

October 3d, 1901

**Universal Brotherhood Lodge, Sioux City, Iowa**

The regular public monthly meeting was held in our Lodge Room on the 15th of September. Four papers were read, Miss Wakofield taking up the second object of the International Brotherhood League as a review of a former paper. Appropriate music was furnished throughout the meeting.

On the evening of the 16th of September a public entertainment was given in the Lodge Room. The Symposium "A Promise" was repeated with all the parts taken by different members of the Lodge. Each part was carefully rendered and showed the effort to get at the soul of the play. Miss Bessie Scott, our talented violinist, played two fine selections during the evening.

Mrs. H. D. PERCE, *Secretary*





by Kate Lambert

**T**HERE were just five of them, in one shell, and they all lay in a row as cozy as could be, just as if they were all tucked up in their little beds, and indeed they were cozily packed up in their own little green home. They were a bright green color, and their little house was a bright golden green, and they were five little sweet-peas in one pod.

They lay there and began talking to one another, and they said, "We are green, and the house is green, and the whole world is green!" And they were quite right, that is just what they should have thought, when they were little babies like that. And they began talking about the world outside, what they thought it was like, and what they would have to do when they got out there, and what work they would have to do. And their little home was very cozy and cool and pleasant, swinging out in the sun and the breeze all day, and very cozy and warm, swinging all night under the moon and the bright stars and they were very happy as they lay and talked and dozed and dreamed and grew bigger.

As they grew bigger they sat up and talked again about the world they must be going out into very soon now, and they said, "The time must be very near now, we have grown so big, and we have changed from green to gold, and

our home has turned golden too. All the world is gold!" And they were quite right in what they said that time too, for all the world is golden to little ones who are just going into it like that. And presently one said, "I am going to travel a long way, I am certain of that;" another one said, "I am going to get just as much fun out of the world as I can;" two others said they were going to take life easy and get all the good out of it they could, and the biggest one of all would never say anything but, "What is to be will be," and he waited patiently for what had to happen.

Suddenly one day they felt an awful tug that hurt them, and the stalk on which their little house swung, broke, and they felt themselves rammed down into a little boy's pocket with a lot of other peas in their pods. "Whew," they said, "how hot and stuffy this is after swinging in the breeze as we have done for such a long time; we shall all be choked, we shall die." But the biggest of them all said, "Wait patiently awhile; this means going out into the world—we shall soon be there now." Presently they felt themselves pulled up by the little boy's fingers, and crack! wenc their little home, and they all rolled out into the sunshine, onto the little boy's hand, and he looked at them and said, "These are lovely round ones, just the right size for my pea-shooter." He popped one in at once and shot it out. "Now I'm going to travel around the wide world, catch me if you can," cried he. The little boy popped in another, and shot it out. "I shall fly straight into the sun," cried that one, "that is a shell worth looking at; that will exactly suit me," and off he flew. "We shall sleep wherever we go," said the next two, "but we shall roll on all the same and enjoy it." They rolled down onto the ground and bounced about, but the little boy got them into the pea-shooter and shot them out. "We shall go further," they tried as they went off, "Goodbye." "What is to happen, will happen," said the last and biggest, "and I will do my very best whatever happens."



He flew up against the old board just under the little garret window and bounced off just into a little crack that was filled up with moss and soft mould, and the soft moss closed over him, and held him tight so that he should not fall down, and there he was a prisoner. But Mother Nature knew exactly where he was, and she did not forget him. He tucked his feet into the soft mould and said, "Now, what *is* to happen will happen," and he just sat quietly there and waited.

\* \* \* \*

The garret window was at the top of a very queer old house, in a queer old street, in a quaint old town in Germany, and it was in the very poorest part of the town now. But it was a very lovely old house, and a very rich old Baron had lived there long ago. But now, instead of the Baron and his lady and his lovely daughters living in the old house, there were quite a number of people



of all ages, for in almost every room lived a poor man and his wife and ever so many children. The old carved wooden figures and the heavy old wooden beams had seen many sad sights since the old Baron's merry days—had seen poor little sick children, and pale women weeping, and strong men groaning, because of all the sorrow and sadness of life.

And now I want to tell you that inside that little window in the little garret at the very top of the old house, lived a poor woman who had to go out every day and do very hard work. She had to scrub rough floors, and chop hard wood into small pieces for people to burn, and many other things, and for all her hard work she could get very little money, hardly enough to keep herself and her little daughter. She had a little girl who was very delicate, and for a whole year she had kept to her bed, and the poor mother thought she was soon going to lose her. For once the poor mother had two little girls, but one had gone to sleep and never woke again, and the other one fretted and fretted and grew thinner and paler, and in the spring she had gone to bed and did not feel strong enough to get up again. All through the long hot summer she had lain there, and all through the long cold winter she had lain there, and always when her mother said, "Dearie, let me get you up for a little while today," she would say, "Oh, mother dear, I could not bear to be up, it is so hot; do let me lie here;" or "Dear little mother, it is so cold, and I'm much happier in my warm bed; do let me stay here."



The poor mother watched her get paler and thinner, paler and thinner, and now it was spring time again, the sun was shining warmly and brightly. The mother said one morning, "Now dearie, let me push your cot over to the window, so that you can lie in the warm sun," and the girl had smiled gently and said, "No, mother, don't move me; the sun will have to be much stronger before it can warm me." The poor mother went over to the little window and stood and looked out, with the tears dimming her eyes, and she thought, "My only one now is going to leave me—she looks just as her sister looked the night before she went away, and I don't believe she will wake *here* again in the morning; she is going to leave me all alone, and yet I dreamed that she and I had work to do in the world together!"

\* \* \* \*

Now you remember where that sweet pea had tucked his feet into that little bit of soft mould in the crack near the window? Well, he sat there a long

time and looked through the moss up into the little bit of sky that he could see, and he thought of a great many things, and remembered a great many things that he had done in other lives; bye and bye he fell asleep and dreamed of a great many things that he had to do in lives to come, and he did not know how time went in the least.

But Mother Nature was keeping count of all that for him, and so after he had dreamed a long time, she began to whisper to him that it was time to wake up; and she whispered and whispered day after day until he began to move, and then she told him he must begin to grow, and he must grow tall and strong, and that he had work to do. He thought she kept telling him what that work was, and he listened and listened, and all the while he was sending his little roots out, all out into the soft mould. Presently he sent a dream out of his heart, and a tiny green shoot appeared then, and grew up and up through the moss into the sunlight.

And now he heard much more plainly what Mother Nature was whispering to him, and he listened and tried to understand, but he could not understand all of it; only that there was work to be done, and that he had a part in it, and his part just then was to grow and grow as quickly as he could, and creep round that corner, and climb along the wall until he could peep into that little garret window. That much he understood, and that much he meant to do, as quickly as possible and as well as possible. There was something at the end he couldn't understand, but he had learned to wait, you know, and so he waited. But you must not think he stopped growing—not a bit of it; he went on growing steadily, and in that the moss helped him again.

Now you remember I told you that when he first fell into that little crack the soft moss closed over him and held him there tight, so that he should not fall down and his life be wasted? For that little bit of earth and moss grew on a slope, and so she kept him safe, you see, and when he began to grow she threw all her arms out, and made a strong hedge for him to lean against while he stretched and struggled to go round that sharp corner that he had to turn before he could grow along the wall and reach that window; for she knew what he had to do just as well as he did, and she helped in many ways with all her might. I don't believe he could really have done his work without her, and I will tell you why. She helped him in ways that he understood, and to do things that he could not do for himself.

Now when he was just beginning to grow strong, and needed all the sun and warmth he could get, she took in the heat from the sun rays, and kept as much of this heat as she possibly could while the sun shone, and then when the sun had gone she gave out this heat again to him, so that he was kept warm and happy all the time, and fit for his work. And when it rained their little bit of earth didn't hold much, so she gathered all the rain-drops she could get, and she held them carefully with all her little fingers, and when he got thirsty she gave him just enough to go on with, and would not let him drink it all up, and she always made it last until the next rain came. And

in that way he was able to keep fresh and green, and growing the whole time, and never had to stop because he got dried up and tired. At last he got over all the difficult places, and he had thrown out some tendrils to hang on to the wall with, and he had thrown out some green leaves here and there, but not many, for he knew he was not to waste his strength on green leaves just at present.

He was getting very near the little window, and so when the poor mother came to the window that morning that I told you of, the little sweet pea heard all her sad thoughts; then he understood suddenly what his work really was, that he had to get to that window and save that little girl; that he must see her, and talk to her, and tell her to live, live, live—and all this he must do before tomorrow morning. He looked at the distance between him and the window, and he said, "I've not done my best, after all. I don't believe I can grow that much by tomorrow morning." And then he heard Mother Nature's voice, saying, "You are my brave boy, and you *have* done your best. You must reach the window tomorrow morning, and see the girl, and talk to her, and tell her this," and she whispered something to him. "All right, Mother," he said, "I *will* do it."

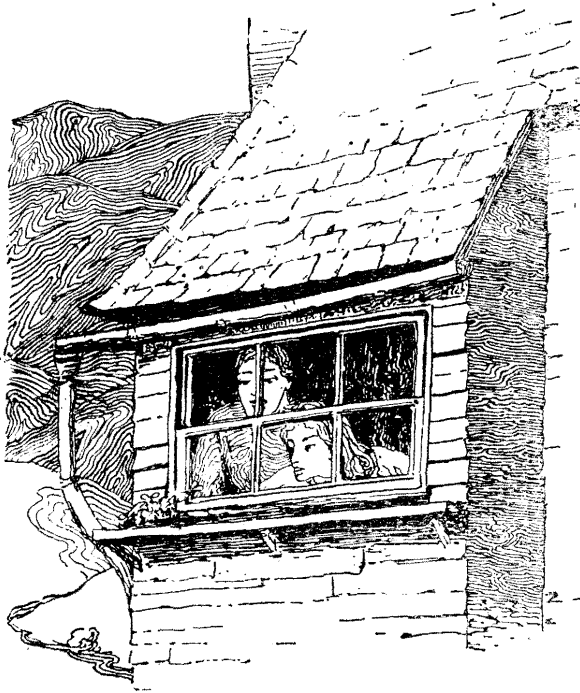
So he worked and he grew and he grew, all that day and all that night. The moss helped him then, as you may think, with all her heart; she poured all her stored-up warmth into him, and she shook all her raindrops, that she had meant to make last a long time, one by one down into the mould where his roots were, that he might drink them up and keep strong; and so they worked together all that day and all that night. Early the next morning the sweet pea found that he was close to the corner window pane, and that with one more effort, one more big "I will," he could just peep into the window. A dear little circle of seven green leaves that had crowned him when the first ray of the sun fell on him that morning, nodded and danced in the corner window pane, and tapped gently on the glass. Then the mother moved in her bed, got up, and went and looked at her child. Her eyes were not closed as she had feared to find them, but were wide open and gazing at the window. "Mother," said the girl, "what is that at the window?" "What, dearie?" said the mother, looking still at her child. "The window, mother. There is something green at the window, nodding and dancing and smiling at me."

So the mother went to the window and looked out. "Dear Heart," she said, "a beautiful sweet pea has taken root in that crack, and has grown around to the window, and pretty it is. Shall I carry you over to see it, dearie?" "No, mother," said the girl, "don't move me. I will lie here quiet and look at it." So the mother left her alone, and all day the girl lay and looked at the sweet pea at the window. It seemed to her that it was whispering something to her all the time, something about life being joy if you only work for others; that she had a great work to do in the world among all the little children, all the little children who were wanting help so much, and waiting for it; and she must live, live, live, and grow strong, and go out into the world and do that

work; and that her mother would help her.

All day long she lay and listened to this, and sometimes she slept, and still the little sweet pea went on whispering to her all that Mother Nature had whispered to him that he was to tell her, and she heard it all the time in her sleep. When the mother came home and looked at her child, she saw that a great look of love had come into the girl's eyes, and in the mother's heart sprang a great hope that her child would live.

The next morning as soon as the mother stirred, the girl spoke. "Mother," she said, "I believe I am going to get well." "The gods grant it, dearie." A great song of joy rose from the mother's heart, and as she opened the window she said, "There is a sweet little blossom bud coming on the sweet pea." And the girl said, "Oh mother, I must see that." So the mother pulled her couch over to the window, and she lay and smiled at the plant and its bud.



Surely you have not thought that the sweet pea had stopped growing, I hope, because it had not, and indeed it found the more it told Mother Nature's message to the girl, and the harder it tried to help her, the more it knew itself, and the more it grew itself, and that is always the way in helping others.

And now the sweet pea knew that he had not only to tell the girl to grow strong and beautiful, but to show her how to do it. So he was just hurrying to make himself perfect and show her what can be done if you will only try. And so he was doing all he could to make one little perfect blossom to complete his crown of leaves, and it was to be a rosy red color, which is a true

color, the color of pure love. And the girl sat at the window and watched the blossom coming, and she knew what it was telling her—that she must grow rosy and strong as well as beautiful and good. And so she grew stronger and stronger every day, and a little rosy-pink color began to creep into her cheeks, and a bright light into her eyes; and at last, one day, the blossom opened wide and was perfect. Then the girl looked long at it, and understood *all* the little sweet pea had been telling her all the time, and just what her work was to be. Her cheeks flushed a rosy-red, just like the blossom, and she heard a singing in her heart.

And so, one day, while the blossom was at its widest and freshest and best, the girl stood at the window and looked up at the blue sky, then she clasped her two hands over the blossom, and bent down and kissed it gently. Then she turned and took her mother's hand, and went out with her into the world to do her work.

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### Blessings Near at Hand



We look too far for blessings ;  
 We seek too far for joys ;  
 We ought to be like children  
 Who find their chiefest toys

Oftimes in nearest attic,  
 Or in some dingy lane ;  
 Their aprons full of weeds or flowers,  
 Gathered in sun or rain.

Within the plainest cottage  
 Unselfish love may grow ;  
 The sweetest, the divinest gift  
 Which mortals ever know.

We ought to count our joys, not woes ;  
 Meet care with winsome grace ;  
 For discontent plows furrows  
 Upon the loveliest face.

Hope, freedom, sunlight, knowledge,  
 Come not to wealth alone :  
 He who looks far for blessings  
 Will overlook his own.



## H U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Find full reward

Of doing right in right! Let right deeds be

Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.

—Song Celestial, ARSOLD

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

VOL. XVI

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NO. 9

*A*

## Center, Motionless, Hath Every Wheel

by H. T. P.

❧

WE dwell amidst illusions. What are we?  
 And what are they—these diverse things we see,  
 Hear, smell and taste and touch?

\* \* \* \* \*

The overtones

Of each prime tone are manifold. In zones  
 They rise above the sense of sound. Each tint  
 Hath, likewise, overtints which, with a glint  
 No human eye can see, in circles soar  
 To realms above the nether rush and roar.  
 And there are too, unsensed, the under-tone  
 And under-tint which, could we hear, would moan,  
 And, could we see, would in their turn reveal  
 An under-world we now but dimly feel,  
 As over-tint and tone the upper world.  
 Betwixt this upper and this under hurled,  
 From out some unknown center, whence are we?  
 Where is this center which we cannot see  
 Or sense? Are we the under-tones which fall  
 From some supernal realm? Or, is the call  
 From lower realms—an echo of our past?

Or, have we for some unknown reason cast  
 Ourselves into this rushing whirl? Whate'er  
 The cause, the reason and the why, we ne'er  
 Belong unto sensation's realm. Such realm,  
 Through which we steer a course with hard-set helm,  
 Is but a sea of passion and of hate,  
 Of joy, of fear, of unexpected fate,  
 Of shrieks, of laughter, and of sobs and tears,  
 Of rushing winds which through the storm one hears,  
 With maddened fury and with twisting swirl,  
 Waves, mists and foam in wild confusion hurl.

\* \* \* \* \*

A center, motionless, hath every wheel  
 Which, though the top and bottom whirl and reel,  
 Yet moveth not. It hath nor form, nor size,  
 But, simply, place. And yet we cannot prize  
 This center as of no import. No part  
 Has more. We are the center, and the art  
 To understand ourselves as such is all  
 There is to learn. It is the entrance hall  
 Of wisdom and those higher worlds of life  
 Not dark with sorrow and not drear with strife;  
 So still, serene, so peaceful and so blest  
 To us they seem as nothingness—and rest.

## *The New*

by a Student



**I**T has been a saying of those who do not wish to progress, and who wish to hinder the growth of thought and liberal ideas, that "*What is new is not true, and what is true is not new.*" It is the very nature of the universe that there should be never-ending newness. Our garments grow old and we have no means of making new ones grow in their place; but with nature it is not so. As the husk of the grain falls off, the germ sprouts and the blade shoots up. As the bark of the tree falls off, new bark takes its place. Nature knows no old age; she is renewing her youth perpetually.

It is one of the promises of the Old Testament that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their youth." Perhaps this is one of the Lost Mysteries which will be restored—this power of working in harmony with nature and

renewing our youth. And what gives greater charm to life than continual freshness? It is not the length of years that makes us old. It is the inability to keep harmony between the soul and its fleshly garment. From the very heart of nature a fountain of fresh life springs perpetually. This wonderful power and magic quality of nature calls for our loftiest thought. Have we ever sufficiently studied this idea which is contained in the term "*New*"? A "New Day," with all its clearness and promise, with all its hopes and fears! A new sky with an assemblage of clouds and colors never quite the same as on any previous day. A new landscape that we have visited, in which the earth spreads out before us her serene loveliness of hill and plain and sea, the green trees, the ever-changing light and shade and color!

Regard a new, human life born into the world! Think of the mystery of it! There is no other like it in the world, though the general characteristics are the same as in other children. What marvelous power is this which gives the sense of newness, and the reality of newness. The child might have been born with some quite other expression, and, alas! some children do seem to be born with an old expression. It is the curse of our so-called civilization that it mars nature's work; it tends to rob children of their childhood, of their youth, of this celestial expression of fresh, beautiful, wonderful young life—this new life. Every time we see a fresh, buoyant, young child we behold the mystic symbol that tells us the heart of nature is a fountain of youth, a spring of new life.

In this wonderful, beautiful, never-ending newness we stand face to face with the Infinite. If it be true, as Richter said, "He who touches a human hand touches heaven," with equal force it may be said that heaven is opened to us in this continual fact of the eternal newness and freshness of nature. Seeing that this is the teaching of nature as her mystic scroll opens out before us continually, what hint does it give us as to human thought? Is there to be nothing new and fresh in human thought? Is man to be out of harmony with the living heart of nature? Amid a world of new, fresh life is man to be the only mummified thing? Is he to be like a tree whose bark does not expand, so that the tree dies? While the fresh air of spring is touching all the flowers and all the trees, is man to remain in his tomb amid a world—a universe—of fresh, palpitating, beautiful life?

It is, of course, a fact that many things in the realm of thought which we think new are not new. They may be new *to us*, but as we read we find that others have had the same thoughts in long past ages. In a good book of quotations it is interesting to find how many thoughts, in English or French, in German or Spanish authors, have their parallels in Latin, Greek, or even in ancient Sanskrit literature. And so, also, with our systems of thought—they are but the new settings of ancient teachings. It is very difficult to think a new thought; it is still more difficult to formulate a new system of philosophy. But while that is so, we can do like nature. Nature is always giving us the new clothing of the old type. We can give new clothing to the ideas of Plato

or Pythagoras or Krishna. Their world was not quite like ours, and we must have new bottles for the new wine.

There are two qualities in human nature. One of these loves the stationary, the fixed, the established; the other loves to go forth and create new homes, new surroundings, new laws. We call these by the name Conservative and Liberal, or progressive. We find them in every man and in every country and in every church. It is the conservative who loves to proclaim that "*what is new is not true, and what is true is not new.*" The liberal thinker says: "If we never change we can never improve, we can never grow wiser, all our old errors will then be with us still."

Let us examine these two phases of mind. It is natural that when men have struggled and fought for a thing that seemed to them the highest and best, they should wish to rest in that ideal. Any change from it may seem like yielding ground won by the efforts of themselves or their forefathers. Besides, there is a natural timidity to adopt a new thing lest it might not stand the test of time and experience. This is expressed in the words of Pope, where he says:

Be not the first by whom the new is try'd  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

And certainly it is never the part of real progress to lose any good thing we have ever gained. The apostle gives good advice when he says: "Prove," or test, "all things—hold fast that which is good."

The great and important point is to *test all things*. The fault that so many commit is to accept things without testing, and to keep things, often for no other reason than because they are old.

*Vested interests* are great hindrances to progress. The political party in power uses all the means at its disposal to keep the "sweets of office." In religion it is even worse, for there the endowments are fetters which make any newness of thought almost impossible. A man with the best intentions gives money to a sect. The money or property is held by Trustees for those believing in a certain creed. If the creed is changed the endowment may be lost. No wonder the churches have become the grave-clothes of human souls. There is urgent need for a mighty voice to say: "Lazarus, come forth."

It is the tendency of all divine teaching to become fettered by the *minds* of men. The teaching is interpreted by fallible men, and then that interpretation is fixed—crystallized—into a creed. It is no longer spirit and life; it now becomes a clog to progress; a barrier to new life and thought.

The work of breaking up the old forms is not a pleasant one, but it has to be done, unless the man within be allowed to die—as the tree dies whose bark cannot expand.

Hence, the work of great teachers is twofold—to break up the fallow ground, and also to sow the seed in it. So Jesus said: "I came not to destroy the law or the prophets; I came not to destroy, but to fulfill," or fill full. But again, he says: "Ye have made the law of none effect by your traditions."

And in connection with that, he declares: "Ye have heard it said by them of old time, . . . but I say unto you," etc., or, in other words, he came to give new scope to the ever-living spirit, and in doing so he had to break up the effete external forms that had come to be held in more reverence than the living heart within. "I kill to make alive." "Thou turnest man to destruction, and again thou sayest, return ye children of men." That is nature's eternal process. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." The living spirit within comes forth with new life. And nature, in her great and wonderful economy, silently uses the decaying husk to nourish the new life-germ.

We have in the Ancient Wisdom Religion, now known as Theosophy, a type of nature. Like nature, it is very ancient, for it antedates all known history. It is the great fountain from which a spring of new life has gushed forth age after age. As the waters were made muddy and impure by men, and unfit for use, a fresh stream has issued forth century after century. The greater the need the more copious the flow. And that is the reason why such a full revelation, such a new spring from the ancient source has gushed forth for the healing of the nations. The world needed it. The former streams had been dry or muddy, and men were in terrible need. The new spring is from the ancient fountain. All the Great Teachers gave to men of this living water.

Every Great Teacher is a Renewer. The heart of revelation is ever the same, but each revealer gives an added touch to what existed before. It is by reason of this that we read so much in the New Testament and in the prophets of the Old Testament of the New Light, of a New Creation, of New Heavens and a New Earth. And one of the last words of the Revelation is: "Behold, I make all things new." And yet says St. John, in one of his epistles, the "new commandment is the old, even that which has been from the beginning, that ye love one another."

The Eternal Source of Truth, being infinite, is ever the same. In that universal sense there is no new truth, but as regards manifestation in time, the revelation of truth is ever new, like the fresh revelation of nature around us.

It is our duty, it is the divine law of our being that we should seek new truths continually. But let us ever distinguish between the temporary forms or moulds into which the truth may flow, and the truth itself, which is eternal. And surely it is this ageless, everlasting nature of truth which makes it ever new, ever fresh and fair. Creeds perish, religions pass away, but behind all is eternal truth.

So writes one of the greatest of poets:

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

# Theosophy a Song of Joy

by J. H. G.



THEOSOLOGY'S foremost hold upon the heart of mankind has ever been, and is now even more than ever, its preponderant note of joyousness. Joy is the keynote of the Wisdom Religion. Into a world full of real and fancied misery (real only when it leaves the soul scarred or hurt—fancied when it is only the surroundings that are miserable); full of preachers with long faces and dolorous sermons; beset with dogmas and creeds that make of life a dirge of mournfulness, comes the sunlight of Theosophy with its glad, clear, certain song of Joy—joy in giving, feeling, doing!

To be content with the misery of today that we may inherit the peace of heaven in some distant tomorrow—a tomorrow that is looked upon with more dread and apprehension than anything else in the world!—this is the keynote of that which the churches call Christianity.

Theosophy strikes the note of present joy—of joy now and here. Theosophy says with the poet,

The present, the present  
Is all that thou hast for thy sure possession.  
Like the patriarch's angel,  
Hold it fast till it leaves a blessing.

Never a true poet shed his soul-light upon the world but sang, in one measure of verse or another, this message of Present Joy, of Now, to humanity. And Theosophy—both the oldest and newest of all religions and philosophies—is in truth the Gospel of Now, while all true poets and sages are its messengers, whether consciously or unconsciously.

The very best that the churches have to offer their votaries today is a promise of future happiness.

Theosophy offers an absolute certainty of present joy.

And no one believes the church's promise. In his soul of soul the Christian doubts his dogmas of both hell and heaven, for have we not the spectacle of the Christian fleeing from death, praying to be spared from death, weeping, trembling even at the approach of death—that death which gives release from life's woe and translates at once into an eternity of bliss?

Modern creeds indeed are a mass of contradictions, and the only danger of any of them outliving the Twentieth Century lies in their ever increasing flexibility, so that year by year they grow less dogmatic, less rigorous in their demands upon credulity, more yielding to the growing enlightenment of the ever decreasing number of those who cling to them. Not even creeds can

withstand the grinding of the mills of time. Mankind is slowly again raising its face toward the sun—its source—and there is a loosening of shackles even in the churches.

The song of Joy is ringing out and some have heard its full, glad notes of freedom; others have felt their heart's blood tingle a little with its distant harmonies, while all at least have heard that there is a new song—or that the old true Song of the Joy of living is being sung again.

In this new old Song of Joy there are no contradictions, no uncertainties—no reason why one should court death to gain happiness, or dread death because of uncertainty. It places no premium on credulity, offers no reward for a blind and unreasoning faith. It has no dogmas, no tenets which must be *believed* in order to attain salvation. It merely explains that which is already in existence, points the finger of wisdom to the law of things temporal and permanent and tries to tell us how to act in conformity with the law. And it tells us much or little as we open or close to its Messengers the gateways of our understanding.

There are many stanzas to the Song of Joy, and though some will learn faster than others and retain more of the divine melodies, yet in one life mankind will not learn them all. But the refrain to each stanza is the same and quickly learned by those who have ear for it. "Brotherhood," it sings, the unity of men and of the souls of men—souls springing from a common source, destined for the same goal, separate only when viewed through the illusions of sense. And the Joy of the Song is quickly caught when this refrain is learned and known with that knowledge which acts and lives what it knows. Knowledge by rote is of no avail if the Joy of the Song is to be felt. Theosophy ever insists upon this. Its altruism is the practical helping and sharing sort and all the wondrous secrets of nature its philosophy is capable of revealing are but sign-posts on the pathway of unselfish living. Who seeks to tread this path of human service has heard the Song, and hearing knows there can be no deviation from either the letter or the spirit of the law of brotherhood, which is to act and feel and think with the cardinal truth of the non-separateness of man ever uppermost in the mind and heart. And living thus (or trying to do so) fills life with the Song of Joy, breathes upon the eternal Present (in that measure proportionate to the success of the effort) a peace and radiance that the churches would have us believe is only attainable in a far distant heaven upon a dreaded and uncertain tomorrow.

Theosophy is life's Song of Joy, or it is nothing, for it postulates as the basis for human thought and action this undeviating law of unity, this natural fact of brotherhood,—which is the unrelenting foe of all dark forces and morbid tendencies. The force of woe is contractive; that of joy is expansive. We suffer alone and in silence, but joy opens the heart and drives its possessor to spread its radiance and share its blessings. Woe becomes intensified as we hide it; joy thrills keener and keener the more successful we are in diffusing it—and brotherhood is essentially the most expansive of all qualities.

So it is that where the Song is heard, there misery ceases, there vice and sin vanish— not because conditions change, but because the viewpoint alters, veering from the selfishness of the purely personal I, with its tremendous appreciation of its own inharmony with externals, to the selflessness of the great human I, where the inner hearing and vision begin and where the discord of environment reaches not. To suffer keenly the tortures of unsatisfied wants and passions, the viewpoint of life must be focused from and upon the personal, material self, and this, it is scarcely necessary to point out, is entirely incompatible with the practice of brotherhood as a law of nature. For the law itself is not apparent upon the surface of things material. The gallows and the stock market are but poorly adapted for reflecting it. Nevertheless, to one whose eyes have been opened upon the inner plane, whose heart is attuned to the Universe's Song of Joy, all things manifest it, and even these most glaring monuments of our uncivilization bespeak its force, if not its presence.

But the inner vision must come first—the vision that shall reveal the soul of things. There is a forceful modern parable\* of the man who could not forgive his brother until God had bared the flesh from the inner man and revealed the soul. Very clearly and beautifully does this point the moral of the inner vision, only it is well to note that there is no external god to tear aside the mask for us. This task is our own and the only god whose help we may invoke is the God within—the Soul, which is the real man. We may call this real self into action, if we will, and only in so far as we do, shall our eyes be enabled to pierce the outer garb of things and behold the Real, which is indivisible and omnipresent—only then shall we catch the true note of the Song of Joy. Some have sought for the joy in life and have not found it—alas, there may be some who will not find it in this life. But these err in the first step, seeking rather the transient joys of environment than those which are real and therefore lasting.

Indeed, the world is crowded with men and women looking for the soft spots in life, fretting and fuming for the lack of things the possession of which could at best continue for a few brief years—the span of one short incarnation in an existence that is eternal! We storm and worry because this or that condition or circumstance of material life is not to our choice—we, this lower personal *we*, who has not wit enough to choose the clothes for its nakedness or the food for its hunger with sufficient wisdom to disarm the retributive hand of disease and untimely decay!

When this *we* goes abroad to search for happiness—which it continuously and most assiduously does—it has in mind velvet cushions, rich wines, many servants—the comforts of the flesh and the distractions of the senses. And mostly it happens that it finds what it covets, in some degree or other. For this is a rule of life—that whatsoever a man seeketh, and in exact proportion to the amount of energy expended, that shall he find. It is only the ideal that is unattainable.

\*See Olive Schreiner's "Dreams."



And having found these things, the joy they were expected to bring turns to Dead Sea fruit almost with the first clasp of possession and ere long their inevitable counterpart of sorrow and strife and worry appear. For these are joys only by contrast and only so long as the contrast is apparent.

But those who have vision to behold the soul of things, whose ears are attuned to the strains of the Song of Joy, are thereby freed from the griefs of personality and for them life holds a joy that is boundless and unending.

Consider the possibilities of this philosophy whose keynote is Joy. Who shall attempt to measure its influence upon the heart of man? Where shall be fixed the limits of its ever-expanding radiance? Is it not the power which shall bring again to man that Golden Age of Brotherhood of which the poets and sages have been singing for centuries and of which the Teacher now in our midst has foretold the dawning?

And the great heart of humanity is almost attuned for its message of liberation. Whatever may be the attitude of individuals here and there, conscious or unconscious agents of those dark forces which ever oppose the light, there are not lacking on every hand striking evidences that the human heart is being touched and profoundly stirred by the refrain of the glad Song. The idea and the ideal of the true Brotherhood of the Souls of men is in the air, for the disciples of the Teacher go up and down all lands now, singing the Song of Joy—pointing the way for humanity to gain its salvation—and from the temples of Loma-land there is pouring forth a great radiance of light that is indiscernible, of sound that is inaudible, but of force that is, at last, irresistible and all penetrating. It is the Song of Life's Joy, a song of joy for the Present, a pean of peace on earth and good will between man and man. It *will* be heard! Thousands hear it now!

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## Synthetic Hygiene

by L. R.



**T**HE work for Universal Brotherhood is characterized by the universality of its interests. In these days of specialties and of analysis, it is unique, for its synthetic method of dealing with individual and social problems. Recognizing ignorance and selfishness as the common origin of sorrow and suffering, and rejecting the "heresy of separateness," this comprehensive philosophy of life educates man in the harmonious development of his three-fold nature, and teaches that the symmetrical evolution of the unit must result in ideal social conditions. Not in the conventional sense is it devoted to the physical, mental or spiritual problems, of the athletic, intellectual and religious worlds; but recognizing man as an

epitomized universe, it comprehends all detailed teaching in a method of perfecting the possibilities of body, mind and soul.

While the Wisdom-Religion advocates the subordination of the physical nature, it regards the body more considerately than either the ascetics or epicureans, emphasizing the duty of due care for this "Temple of the living God." As the instrument through which the soul gains earthly experience, the body should be handled intelligently as the valued instrument of so worthy a service. And so the students are encouraged to repair, upbuild and purify these sacred temples of time; and Theosophists, who have been accused of being idle dreamers, are studying practical dietetics, exercise and general hygiene, that the body may become physiologically wholesome, strong and flexible enough for the many demands upon it. The natural brotherhood, which unites all things, makes the improved physical conditions a means of helpfulness for the higher nature also. Exercises which increase the poise and power of the body, react, through the necessary will force aroused, to benefit the mind. As the lungs gain in capacity and the muscles grow in power, and the quickened nerves co-ordinate muscular action into increased strength and finer adjustment, the mind takes on new courage and faith, and the physical liberation operates to broaden the lines of mental limitations.

The sedentary individual is not the only one who needs systematic exercise, for in special lines of work even the most active citizens are constantly over-using certain sets of muscles, while others are semi-paralyzed with inaction. This is especially true of the limb muscles, the legs in rushing about, climbing or prolonged standing, the arms ceaselessly busy on the many kinds of skilled and manual labor, while usually the great trunk muscles are contracted in the unconscious tension typical of the hurried, busy day, this tension becoming so habitual as to mark the sleeping attitude also.

Note the stoop-shouldered business man whose contracted chest seems to shut down on any waste or unnecessary motion lest it subtract activity from limbs which have *so much* to do, rushing back and forth, or from fingers ever busy on the electric button or timing the pulse beats of the great artery of business life. The depressed, contracted chest gives the man the appearance of holding his breath while he hurries through the commercial day; and the attitude not only typifies his self-imposed physical limitations, but marks too often a narrow, sordid frame of mind which results from breathing only the stale air of the business world. When his vitality flags for want of deep, wholesome breathing, with some muscles weak from inactivity and others exhausted from prolonged tension, he seeks stimulation in food or drink. And though his life is such a constant strain as to leave his nervous system in a state of chronic bankruptcy, he attempts to meet physical obligations by an excess of foods which furnish heat or flesh, instead of nerve force, and he aims to liquidate his nerve indebtedness by various stimulants, which are about as nutritious as the lash is for a tired horse. The instinctive response of the stomach to the presence of food gives a temporary stimulation which encourages a repetition

of this apparent relief to the faintness which comes from exhausted nerves. From the habit of over-eating and drinking, the materialistic victim develops a digestive prominence which expands outward and upward toward the sunken and discouraged chest, until the whole picture of respiratory limitation and alimentary prominence symbolizes the lowering of the mental and moral standard to the material plane. Human anatomy today is identical with the classical models of the cultured Greeks. The difference does not lie in the number of bones and muscles, but in the spirit in which we wear our flesh. Today man is stamped with the imprint of a materialistic age; and the classic poise of flexible head and the free carriage of a positive chest are lost in the droop which indicates how the fire and air in our nature has descended to the level of the overwhelming earthy elements. The disciple, however devout, whose heart is carried at about the proper level for his stomach, may increase his devotions by a more dignified and normal physical attitude, "keeping his body, head and neck erect, with mind determined."

Even when the diet is not excessive, moderate amounts of the wrong kind of supplies may copy the perversions of overwrought and under-used groups of muscles in the irregular action of over-sensitive and parietic nerve force. To replace proper foods with coffee or alcoholic stimulation, which conserves strength only by lessening processes of waste, may avoid the heaviness of obesity; but provides for use only tissue that is stale and weak. Where the delayed processes of waste prevent the influx of vitality which comes from changing tissues, the body is made up of cells not quite fit for active service and yet unfit to be discarded. And so the delicate balance of health, adjusted by harmonious processes of nutrition and waste, is disturbed, and the available force is lessened by the needless internal friction and limitation.

Different systems of philosophy have taught diverse ways of getting the most out of life, some by glorifying the physical senses, and others by demeaning the body to exalt the higher nature. The mistake of modern living is not that of the ascetics or epicureans, but is a combination of excess and starvation which is expressed in perversion. Knowledge of physiological laws, which is a part of the practical occultism of Theosophy, shows that the good law comes not to destroy but to fulfill. The experience of indulgence and austerity of past ages belongs to many souls who find the present perverted living equally unsatisfactory, and to such as have ears to hear, the philosophy offers the avoidance of further suffering by working in harmony with the laws of life.

"The meditation which destroyeth pain is produced in him who is moderate in eating and recreation, of moderate exertion in his actions, and regulated in sleeping and waking."

The Wisdom-Religion teaches a more comprehensive physiology than the physiologists, who merely mention the beneficial reaction of a serene, cheerful mind upon physical functions, and casually note the relation between the sound mind in a sound body. But this philosophy teaches the unity of things in essence, and it points out the similitude of faults in the modern mental and

material life. The mind is no less overfed and starved than the stomach. Cheap and abundant literature encourages excessive reading, without regard to the time or ability to digest what is read. The mind responds to the constant demands of a restless civilization, and when it flags from over-stimulation, is goaded on with more activity and excitement. There is no time or attempt to digest or co-ordinate the multiplicity of facts and details into the harmonious knowledge of the general principles involved, and the result is the discomfort and disability of mental dyspepsia.

We cannot go back to the serene simplicity of the oft-quoted "good old times," protected from criticism by their distance. Those times suited the prevailing mind and its development; but the modern race-mind, with its subtlety and complexity and activity must be fed upon a mixed and nourishing diet to evolve the potential force required by today's progress. The need is for less time spent in mental cramming and more in meditation; less reading and talking and listening and more concentrated thinking; less devotion to a single line of business or study, and a better understanding of the relation of these details to the general scheme of life, of which any specialty is at best but a fractional part. Were the mind turned, one-pointed, upon the subject considered, an unfoldment of truth would result; but the mental process revolves in a narrow circle, constantly seeking to adjust a specialty with some artificial, conventional standard instead of with the central, impartial truth.

The specialists grow abnormally sensitive in the lines of their development and equally dull to other interests. For instance, the intellectual aims of ambitious public school systems unjustly drain the vital forces of developing children at the expense of the physical nature, with the common result of graduating a brilliant class of semi-invalids.

The mercantile specialist regards the ledger accounts as the criterion of success, and is so alert to the pleasures of profits and so pained by the figures in the loss column, as to be paralyzed regarding the moral value of his methods.

Medicine, upon one hand, and metaphysics, upon the other, are so keenly conscious of the importance of the body and higher nature, respectively, as to be insensible to each other's claims.

Many of the literati have so gorged themselves upon the refinements of rhetoric, and so starved their sense of relative values, as to make their criticisms seem inconsequent to the average reader. These word specialists subordinate the real meaning of a reviewed article to the method of expressing it, as they writhe over a split infinitive and ignore the message presented. They are another illustration of incoordinate mental activity, dulled to the truth that humanity's urgent need is not for better literature but for more light.

The industrial world shows the incoordination of supplies in the increase of wealth and poverty. In the competitive scramble, the market is glutted by over-production, and the ensuing stagnation and suffering are symptoms of the industrial dyspepsia. The employe is exhausted by the excessive stimu-

lation of long hours, and his higher nature is dulled for want of opportunity to develop. The capitalist is equally victimized by the selfish system which provides an excess of material things, but offers no water of life to his starving Higher Self.

Only the synthetic touch of the Theosophical philosophy can unite these seemingly conflicting interests; all other solutions provide for but parts of the problem. It does not merely medicate the symptoms of physical, mental and moral dyspepsia, but would change the whole constitution of society by the law of brotherhood, which is a physiological fact in Nature.

Not selfish gain but the common good  
Is the law we oppose with cruel skill;  
Nature's life is ours,—when understood  
Her wisdom of love will all lives fulfill.

The law of correspondence holds good in tracing the modern type of material and mental indigestion on the spiritual plane. The quickened souls of humanity, which mark the incoming cycle of increased spiritual force, can no longer be fed upon the old creeds and dogmas which so long formed the conventional theological diet. The soul has been surfeited with this kind of food, and famished for the living Truth. The soul's function is to digest the experiences of earth into the force of increased consciousness; but the excessive activities of mind and body overwhelm the imprisoned spirit, and the weariness from reiterated materialistic experiences, and the stupor of unused higher senses, are expressed in the prevailing restlessness, discontent, agnosticism and doubt.

There is not less but more spiritual force seeking expression today; but it is denied proper outlet by a busy, selfish age which translates all energy upon a lower plane. As a result the awakening souls are hypersensitive to the jar and friction of the sordid scramble, and yet dulled by ages of spiritual starvation. The paralytic pains of the spiritual nature speak, not of lessened, but of increased and disordered soul energy.

To realize how most of our physical, mental and moral force is dissipated in needless jar and friction and inharmony with immutable laws, would discourage all effort but for the paradoxical hopefulness of the conditions. For, if with such faulty methods, some progress is gained, what might not be attained when knowledge of man's divinity teaches him to develop his divine powers? It is with this knowledge of the Higher Self that Theosophy comes to heal the hurt of a sick world. We have but to consider the present immeasurable waste of force to realize that man has the potential power to make all things possible when he learns to work with the law. It is by knowledge and faith that miracles are wrought; and humanity has no need of external aid in working out ideal conditions, but simply to know and believe in its own possibilities.

The practical occultism of the philosophy regards no part of septenary man as unworthy of study and development, but offers "truth, light and liberation"

for the whole nature through the sacred simplicity of obeying the law. The Lost Mysteries of Antiquity are the forgotten knowledge of a golden age, when the world was young and remembered its divinity. The modern mysticism is an unfoldment of this knowledge by which man may know himself, and Theosophy offers to restore the lost inheritance to those who courageously claim the kingdom of heaven which is "within." As the members of the Universal Brotherhood Movement throughout the world slowly but sincerely follow the teachings of the Beloved Leader, and the hopes of the ages crystalize into living reality at Point Loma, the prophecy in Browning's words will be fulfilled:

And soon this leader, teacher, will stand plain,  
 And build the golden pipes and synthesize  
 This people-organ for a holy strain.

## A Present Day Allegory

by Gertrude W. Van Pelt



**I**N the ancient times the gods, messengers of the Most High, descended upon earth and sprinkled over its fair surface seeds of living fire. The waiting earth responded with a note of joy. Everywhere her soil was rich and pure and her mother-love quickened it with a glowing warmth. Her virgin bosom laid bare its treasures to the precious seeds entrusted to her care, for her heart was filled with yearning to impart.

A holy hush pervaded this hour of promise. The seeds descended in silence, like stars falling out of the infinite, for only silence could carry those sounds sent forth into the infinite. As the gods tenderly laid their treasures upon their mother's breast, the atmosphere became luminous with love and a radiant beauty covered the earth.

Under their careful nurture the seeds grew rapidly, revealing their wondrous mystery, and the Children of Earth came into being, endowed with gifts of rich thought and feeling, and they poured forth over the glad earth music and color and knowledge and love. Joy was in every note, in every shade of color, in every expression of wisdom, and love was untouched with the taint of fear.

The gods looked on with the calmness of perfect content as they saw the beings awaken, ready to claim their inheritance.

But alas! gazing also upon this scene of lovely beauty were others, perfected through ages past in selfishness, powerful and wise in their wickedness.

"This must not be," they said. "If those offsprings of the gods continue to grow with freedom, our power is lost. Those Children of Light must be destroyed. But how shall beings of strength and beauty, with their powerful

allies, the gods, be overpowered?' cried some less old in cunning. "They will resist us and overcome."

"That might be," answered the wily ones, "should they recognize us, or were they but puppets of the gods. But they are not. These children are endowed with free-will, and are yet innocent. *We* must wear the garb of gods, must imitate their smiles and voice, and like wolves in sheep's clothing, we may enter the fold with ease. Then, as we mingle there unchallenged, we must ape the methods of the gods, must praise their gifts as if they were our own, while we direct their use. The gods will not eject us, for they aspire to make of men—earth's children—beings like unto themselves with knowledge of good and evil. And while they leave them free to choose, we will distract their senses ere they know it, and render them our willing slaves."

The gods saw the impending danger, but seeing also that it was under the Law, lifted no hand to avert it.

A heavy shadow fell over the fair earth, and the hosts of darkness ushered themselves into the land. Clouds gathered, and in the dim light following the new order of things, the Children of Earth were confused and knew not their foes from friends.

"If," said the enemies of Light, "if we can but draw a veil, that the memory of their divine origin may be effaced, if we can but make men lose faith in themselves, they will rely on us, and our success will be assured. We must be gentle and tender, for so have been the gods. We must admonish men to virtue, else they will mistrust us, but we must keep them constantly distracted, constantly draw attention to objects of sense, that men may learn to think their pleasures, their hopes, yea, even their God, lie without themselves. We must enslave them with beauty, and charm them with sounds until they are *ours*—and then—then, as the consequence of all this comes to them in pain and sorrow, we must teach them that these are the results of sin, original with them, and we must offer them a helping hand."

The plan worked well. Dazzling lights of lurid flame were spread over the earth, and the enemies flattered and petted its bewildered inhabitants. They strengthened their weaknesses and weakened them in their strong places. They kept up a constant succession of disconnected sounds, until the habit of connected thought was lost, and the door thus being opened, they could inject thoughts into the human mind almost at will.

The atmosphere which had been light and fresh became heavy and dense with impurities. Had not the seeds which the gods planted been of living fire, they must have been smothered, and though at times they seemed extinguished, yet they could not be quenched, but smoldered here and there amidst the debris of corruption, occasionally bursting into flame in spite of all. Similar seeds were always descending to be planted in the tainted soil. For a moment they looked bright and glowing, but soon they likewise sank into the mire, and were covered by the murky air. In this laden atmosphere the men and women walked, lived and died, having utterly forgotten brighter days. They labored

under the belief that pain and sorrow belonged to earth, and the song that "Life is Joy," occasionally heard on a clear day, seemed a mockery to all but the very young. The black haters of mankind gloated over their triumph. They grew bold, and ceased to trouble themselves to dazzle at all times. They began to rule by fear, and they spread this poison throughout the atmosphere, so that men absorbed it at every breath they drew.

The compassionate lovers of the Children of Earth looked on with sorrow. Though less and less visible through the fogs which never lifted, by their ceaseless efforts they prevented destruction.

From age to age there were periods when their messengers were known by many, and when the living fires shone brightly, and the early days of glory returned, enriched;—when the foes were driven to their dens of selfishness and feared the light of day. But even then they were not vanquished. It was only that under the great Law of Life their powers were stayed. By man alone could they be driven from the earth, and men had not yet learned their strength, and had not yet, of themselves and in unison, lifted their hands against their destroyers.

In these golden moments of opportunity, the gods taught men all they knew. They showed them how to till the soil, that it might yield them what was needed. They taught them what to eat, and how to guard their bodies. They gave them wholesome pleasures and sought in all ways possible to help them to self-knowledge. They never said "Rely on us," but always "Awaken, trust yourselves. Great as are our deeds, greater things than these shall you do also, when you have overcome." Not only did they teach with words and through example, but they fashioned forms out of the products of the earth, such as marvelous instruments to suggest more subtly what lay within themselves. With these they taught them to produce wonderful harmonies, as if to say, "This suggests what thou art, O man, an instrument to transmit the music in thy soul. What thou hearest is but the echo of that within thyself." And some were helped to hear the real music and imitate it well for others.

To help express the journey of the soul through earth-life, they taught the drama, and illuminated the minds that they might read the meaning of their inner experiences.

They taught men civil law, that they might conduct their outer lives in order. They taught the art of war even, that men need not remain defenceless against the enemies of mankind, and in order that to suggest through this, how they must guard their minds, if they would drive the foe forever from the field.

And greatest of all the lessons, they built a Temple within which was the Holy of Holies—the spot where man at last should find himself. "This," they taught, "is but a symbol, for you yourselves are the Temple of the Holy Ghost." The messengers who came at such times taught unceasingly, for they said, "We must work the works of him that sent us while it is day; the night



cometh when no man can work." And, indeed, after the days the nights followed, and those who love darkness rather than light, crept forth from their hiding places to see what new treasures had been poured upon the earth for them to despoil.

Their methods were always the same—to admire and encourage men to use the gifts, but always to destroy the symbolism; to turn attention from the spirit and attract it to the letter. The holy arts of music, painting, drama, were used to charm, to entertain, to stir up envy, jealousy; to cause men to attract admiration to themselves.

As their power waxed strong, the devils entered the temples, vieing with the saints in piety, but secretly stirring up dissensions, and persuading men to build other temples, all differing with each other on some unimportant point. This was their boldest stroke, for as they entered these symbols they also entered the Temple not made with hands, and the stronghold was taken. They then took charge of human affairs and even held in custody the Soul itself. Of what use now was the art of war? Those who *really* conducted the affairs of men used it to array them against each other, and the warfare was terrible.

The devils were now secure, who could remove them from power? Temples were built all over the land, and men, good, bad and indifferent, were used as agents, unknown to themselves, to enter and teach the people. The Holy Book of the people in one quarter of the globe—that given by the messengers of the gods, was so gently modified, so colored as to suffer an interpretation which served well the purposes of the foes. They so clouded the minds of men that they taught the people they were naturally depraved, although their Holy Book said, "Ye are Gods"—and in another place, "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Ye are of God, little children. . . . Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." They also taught that if in spite of this natural depravity they could be unnatural enough to long for something pure, some one else would save them from their sins and carry them off to a heaven in the distance, if they would believe on him. Although the Holy Book said the kingdom of heaven was within themselves, and that whatsoever they sowed, that should they also reap, they taught that if men did not turn to this outside help they would be damned, and burned forever in a lake of fire. And such was the hypnotic power of the evil doers, that the people actually believed this teaching literally, though the Holy Book said that not every one who said Lord, Lord, should enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but only those who did the will of the Father who is in heaven.

Such was the length to which these blind leaders of the blind carried their folly. And the temples continued to multiply and their differences continued to multiply, for well these false guides knew that only a united effort could ever destroy their power. Under all this the people became so dwarfed

in selfishness that they began to believe each in his own little heaven, from which the rest were to be excluded. It seemed sad, they drew a sigh, but many believed it, and comforted themselves in their own security. During all this time the gods looked on, and they also found agents even in the blackest ages, for the living fire could not be quenched, and through all the days of darkness the gods fed the flames and tenderly guarded their misguided children. And they, too, sent their agents into the temples, to modify these lies as much as men could bear, or perhaps to build new temples of a purer type. But their work seemed often lost, and Satan walked abroad in the daylight with head erect and confident.

The gods bided their time with the patience of gods. And the great wheel of time turned again in space. The sun of righteousness, which had set before the night of ages, began to purple the mental horizon. The eternal fire of truth kindled anew the living fire in the hearts of men. They began to question, to doubt, to despair. Their credulity had been tested too far. The deceivers had overstepped themselves in deceit. The utter foolishness of their folly exposed them. The scales began to fall. Stirring through the aching hearts of men was a dim consciousness that they had been duped, that they were in bondage. But where was the relief? What was the truth? Who were the helpers? Though weakened by narcotics, poisoned by lies, crippled with burdens, discouraged by failures, yet with the dawning of a new day, a new life brought a strange unrest into their veins.

The time was ripe. And the messengers of the gods descended once again and with a plough of living fire entered the solid atmosphere of sin which had well-nigh extinguished the light. With titanic strength, and with a mighty courage, they broke the crust of artificial soil which had gathered over the human mind. Immediately there arose a stench which nothing but a will of iron could have endured. And poisonous weeds sprang up, and venomous reptiles, disturbed in their lairs, lifted their cruel heads to strike. As they ploughed, the furrows of sin rose high on every side of this mighty plough, wielded with a mighty power, and the soil rolled over the heads of the ploughman, who entered fearlessly, deeper and deeper into the mire.

Had the children of earth, who had grown used to this impure atmosphere, and for whose relief the work was begun, had they quickly removed the falling stones, the earth could have been rapidly purified, but alas! so low had they sunk, so utterly had they lost the power to discriminate good from evil, so hardened had they become in selfishness, that impossible as it may be to believe, the devils used their hands to lift more stones and hurl them upon the devoted heads of their saviors. One after another of these was killed, and one after another took up the thankless task of purifying mankind. They ploughed the soil in every quarter. They entered the homes, the public institutions, the courts of vice. But most important of all, they entered the stronghold of the enemy. *They went into the temples* and overthrew the tables of the money changers and drove out those who had made it a den of thieves.

They exposed vice and crime until it could no longer be hid, while foes rose up on every side. They threw the light of truth over the earth until at last, in a sacred spot of shining golden soil, guarded through the ages of darkness, the lights began again to shine, and a new golden age was promised.

The voices of the gods again were heard. "Awaken, Children of Earth!" they called. "The sun is already in the sky, and in the strength to be born within you in this new and glorious day, banish your foe forever from your Temples and fulfill your destiny."

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## Some Remarks upon *the Constitution of the United States*

by Madeline



**I**T is a self-evident fact that the captain who has chart and compass is the one who gets his ship safely into port. It is the man who has a definite system or principle in the conduct of his business who succeeds.

And such a man will succeed under the very conditions wherein the man who drifts and wavers, the "rolling stone," will fail. It is the man who early adopts a central, absolute, guiding principle that is pure and high, who succeeds in living a useful, rounded, clean life on higher lines. Yet, such men are comparatively few. The wonder is that there are so few, when we see about us so many examples of non-success, of men who have no settled principle, who drift, waver, and are blown hither and thither by every wind of outer circumstance or personal caprice. People in general do not observe closely the life about them or more would learn this simple lesson, that a true life can no more be lived without a single, central guiding purpose, than a body can exist without a heart.

Such a guiding principle—it may be a simple belief in God, or the equally simple belief that man is an immortal soul—exists as a central authority to which to refer all difficulties, all experiences. It insures an outflow of vital power from the life's heart-center to even the most trivial event on the circumference of this wheel of our daily duty. It insures an inflow toward that heart-center of all our anxieties and our mistakes; of all in life that needs purifying. For this ebb and flow, action and reaction, this cyclic process, is a condition of life. Destroy it and disintegration begins at once.

Man is a microcosm, and what is true, in principle, of the individual life is equally true of the national and universal life. And it is to this principle we have to look for a reason for the hope that is within us that the United States is passing on to a glorious future, and not to the decline and disinte-

gration that has been the fate of all other nations. We have this hope, in spite of the record of all history. On what do we base it?

We base it on the fact (among others) that the United States established at the very beginning of its national life, a heart center, a guiding principle, in its Constitution. In this respect it differs from many of the important nations of the world. "There is in England no such thing as a Constitution apart from the law. There is merely a mass of law, consisting partly of statutes and partly of decided cases and accepted usages, in conformity with which the government of the country is carried on from day to day, but which is being constantly modified by fresh statutes and cases. The same thing existed in ancient Rome and everywhere in Europe a century ago" (Bryce).

Our Constitution is therefore the heart, the authority of our national life. To it all difficulties may be referred; upon its statement of principles all our laws rest; to "preserve, protect and defend" it all our Presidents are solemnly pledged. If it be kept inviolate, the national life will become in time pure and strong. Destroy our Constitution and a mass of statutes as large as England's and Rome's together could not save the country from certain disintegration.

Yet there are in this country forces which, openly and in secret, are working to destroy our Constitution by undermining our faith in it. That the average patriot cannot be persuaded out of his patriotism by their methods is to be expected. That even a few should listen indicates a grave danger. And one method, used by a certain organization pre-eminent in its attempts in this direction, is to play upon the perverted religious ideals of those who will listen to its agents by condemning the Constitution as being irreligious. And, as might be expected, most of this disgraceful and unpatriotic work is done through the medium of the church.

Only recently a certain James Jackson (see the *San Diego Union* of Oct. 21) was suspended from membership in the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church of Boston, Mass., because on taking out naturalization papers he took oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States. And the pastor of the church, Rev. J. M. Foster, naively commits himself to the following statement, as reported:

"We look upon the Constitution of the United States as an immoral document, and as an insult to the Almighty, in that it makes no mention whatever of God, and claims for the people that sovereign power which belongs to God alone."

Presumably the following clauses from the Constitution are the rocks upon which clerical patriotism is in danger of going to pieces: From Article VI, "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States;" and the following from Article I of the amendments: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Satisfactory as this constitution is to those who do not want creeds and dogmas saddled upon them by law—and we must not forget that we owe our

nation today to those who had the sense and the courage to rebel against the "Established Church" of England and other countries—still this does not satisfy that organization which desires to unite church and state.

Those who are looking for religion in our Constitution would do well to analyze the following:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Here is a statement of the essential principles, the fundamental verities, upon which every religion in the world is based. These are at the very root of true religion, though not conciliatory to creeds and dogmas, it must be admitted. It is pure Theosophy, and those who gave us our Constitution established it "in order to form a more perfect union." They proposed to actually establish on a practical working basis, the principle of unity, which is the garment of God; of justice, the great law of cause and effect; of peace; of the warrior spirit consecrated to defense; of a welfare that was to be general, not individual, the basis of a Universal Brotherhood; of liberty, that native condition of the awakened soul.

Those who are looking for religion in our Constitution will do well to study the lives of the men who formed it,—chief among them George Washington—and of the men who have since that day occupied the President's chair. All these were God-fearing men, religious men, though I believe one of the greatest and most deeply religious of them all was not a member of any church. The last words of President McKinley, "God's will, not ours, be done," indicated his reliance upon that Higher Divine Ideal in whose guidance he had absolute faith. Is it likely that such men would either form or support a Constitution that was irreligious? Its founders builded more wisely than they knew in so wording the Constitution that no loophole is left through which those who desire to unite church and state can crawl in and destroy it.

Those who are trying to awaken us, who are talking to us of patriotism, do so because they are aware of dangers that we are too apathetic to recognize. The union of state and religion plunged Europe into the Dark Ages. It has degraded and ruined every country in which it has gained control, Cuba, Spain, the Philippines, Ireland, Bulgaria, and so on. It gave to Europe all the martyrdom of the Middle Ages. It planted in Spain the Inquisition. *Is that what we want in America today?*

# Walt Whitman---A Sketch

by W.



**T**O give a summary of the characteristics of a man, and so place him on paper that we shall, as it were, know him as he is, would be an impossibility. So very, very little do we know even of the men and women around us. In ourselves, there is little to fix upon as settled and final, and over the character of the next man to us is drawn a veil through which we shall never see perfectly. Thus all our opinions must be, more or less, the result of guess work.

And if this be the case with personal friends, how much more difficult will be the summing up of the character of a public man, whom we know personally not in the least, but only from his words, writings and actions? What can we know of the inner life and thought of the man?

In the present case we have a few outlines from the life of the Poet and a volume of poems which may or may not show us the real and interior character of the man. On the other hand, it seems that a man must write more or less from his own personal thought and experience, and a book may be taken as expressing fairly correctly the author's own personality and identity.

This, at any rate, was avowedly the case with Walt Whitman. In one of those wonderful passages of his which seem to express exactly and to a nicety his meaning, he says:

I found myself remaining possessed at the age of thirty-one to thirty-three, with a special desire and conviction. Or rather, to be quite exact, a desire that had been flitting through my previous life, or hovering on the flanks, most indefinitely hitherto, had steadily advanced to the front, defined itself and finally dominated everything else.

This was a feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual and æsthetic personality, in the midst of, and tallying the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America—and to exploit that personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book.

A bold object, indeed! and one which, if total originality, both of form and material, true poetic rhythm and feeling, power of expression and diversity of thought go for anything, he has indeed attained!

I have said that a man's wishings are usually the expression of his own personality. Whitman himself is a splendid example. Those who knew him say that he experienced practically every phase of life possible to a man; and certainly he touches upon every conceivable question and view of life in his poems. Let him who doubts this statement carefully read through the "Leaves of Grass" and then say what part of life is not touched on therein.

Universalist that he was, Whitman perceived the inherent Spirit of Nature, running like a thread through the whole manifested Universe. He has evolved no philosophy, no science; has not even a set system of laws for living. But he has realized that there is nothing small, nothing trivial, nothing unimportant. If he thinks a thing he says it, plainly, powerfully, boldly. If the idea is comprised in three lines he takes no trouble to make six of it, but prints it just as it stands. He is not always grammatical; often uses very bad English; does not think it in the least necessary to conform to the usual laws of poetry. He uses the exact expression which he requires, no matter if the terms be usually considered indecorous or unpoetic. He is as unconcerned to praise of his poems as to condemnation of them. In fact, setting out to express himself and his own personal identity, he has shown us a bold, powerful, independent, egotistical fellow. One who knows his own value and his limitations and who does not scruple to tell them exactly as he sees them. A man as compassionate as Nature; unselfish, self-sacrificing, untiring, sympathetic; lusty, loving, companionable. One who would value the society of "a powerful uneducated person" above that of any immaculately dressed, clean-shaven fop, whatever his worldly position. And above all things, one whose acts and whose life bear eloquent testimony to the beauty of the soul within. No judgment need he fear on the results of his life. Were all else stripped away from him, the remembrance of his self-sacrifice and devotion to America's wounded soldiers would still stamp him as a hero on the minds of all men. It is not only what he has written, nor what he has said, nor even what he has thought. He stands out before us in all the grandeur of one who has "done the deeds" which shall indeed make of him a "knower of the doctrine!"

There has been much criticism, both of his life and writings. Some have gone so far as to deny that he was a poet at all. Many have objected to what Stevenson calls "an inventory of trades and implements, with no more color or coherence than so many index works out of a dictionary." He has been called obscene, blasphemous, conceited. But then, what great writer has not? And Whitman, most of all, can let all such criticism pass unheeded. Says he of himself:

I exist as I am, that is enough,  
 If no other in the World be aware I sit content,  
 And if each and all be aware I sit content.  
 One world is aware, and by far the largest to me and that is myself,  
 And whether I come to my own today, or in ten thousand or ten million years,  
 I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

As to whether his writing can be called poetry or not, there are many points to be considered. And first, in what does true poetry consist? Whitman himself refuses to give any definition of the word. "Like Religion, Love, Nature," he thinks, "while those terms are indispensable, and we all give a sufficiently accurate meaning to them, no definition that has ever been made sufficiently encloses the name Poetry." But there are certain qualifications

necessary, if a thing is to be called poetry. Rhythm: music, balance, strength, beauty of expression and so on. But as to whether either metre or rhyme is a *sine qua non* there may be more opinions than one. It appears to me that rhyme, at any rate, is more often than not made use of to lend to the verse in beauty of sound what it lacks in strength and beauty of form. And in how many cases do we not find the meaning originally intended by the poet deliberately altered to suit the exigencies of rhyme?

Whitman was before all things original. What he had to say allowed of no such impediment as rhyme, metre or scansion. He had to strike out an entirely new line for himself to express such utterly new ideas—new, of course, to this age only. For he himself says: “These are really the thoughts of all men, in all ages and lands, they are not original with me.” And again, “Tact as the tongue of you, tied in your mouth, in mine it begins to be loosed.” He fixed on a style which was full of the music of nature. As we read we feel insensibly the rush of cool waters and the wind on our cheek, and hear the rustling of the grass. Indeed, his poetry is full of the poetry of the ocean. Could we say of the waves that they are of a certain length or that they are in any way regular and even? Do they not rather swell in upon the beach in great broken rollers, some with a mighty roar, some with lazily tossing spray? Whitman embodies all these characteristics. His lines flow in upon one, now long and irresistible, now calm and peaceful. Through it all is the feeling of Nature. “Easily written, loose ill-fingered chords” he calls his lines, and perhaps after all, his own expression is more suitable than any other.

Though he makes not the slightest attempt at scansion, there is, after all, a kind of metre in his lines. It is noticeable in a measured cadence and evenness of the syllables. Unlike so much of our present day poetry, there is never a line that falls weak or incomplete from his lips. I do not know of a single line in the “Leaves” that can be condemned as weak! Strength is the great characteristic of the lines. Listen to the powerful tones in his “Memories of President Lincoln”:

O powerful western fallen star!  
 O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!  
 O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!  
 O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!  
 O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

Not a syllable here that is too weak for its position in the line—not an expression that does not forcibly convey the writer's meaning. And who could deny the poetry in that last verse of the “Song of the Universal?”

Is it a dream?  
 Nay but the lack of it the dream,  
 And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,  
 And all the world a dream.

In short, though it is impossible to compare Whitman's poetry with the forms usually recognized as such, I think we may take it that it is of a kind



which contains perhaps the truest attributes of poetry—music and life! Of his themes, nothing short of the whole volume of “Leaves of Grass” can give an adequate idea of their vastness and diversity. Easier would it be to say what he does *not* sing. For the one faculty that is wanting in Whitman, as far as one can judge, is a sense of humor. I can find no trace of it, and, as if in proof of this, it is said that he was never seen to smile. A curious inconsistency, it seems, in a man who so thoroughly appreciated the intense Joy of Life. With this exception, however, one might spend hours in seeking for any phase of life which he does not touch upon. And he is able to tell us so much more of the merest object on the roadside than we had ever dreamed possible. What, for example, could one say of a blade of grass? And yet Whitman, after mentioning that he knows no more of it than a child, proceeds to fill a whole page with his ideas on the subject—beautifully conceived, faithfully expressed; and later on he breaks out in his finest and most powerful voice—

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,  
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of a wren.

But it is not only in dealing with the common objects of life that Whitman shows his power. At describing he is graphic in the extreme. His sea-fight and the murder of the four hundred young men appear before one’s eyes as one reads; and it is said that his picture of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln might have been the work of an eye-witness. Perhaps the secret of his power is to be found in his own words: “I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I become the wounded person.”

But there is one theme, used almost *ad nauseam* by all and sundry poets. I mean that of sentimental and emotional love. Only once, to my knowledge, does Whitman allow himself full swing on this subject. In the “Mystic Trumpeter” is a passage which tells its own tale passionately enough. But I think the true attitude of the poet is seen in the following lines:

What do you seek so pensive and silent?

What do you need Camerado?

Dear son do you think it is love?

Listen, dear son—listen America, daughter or son,

It is a painful thing to love a man or woman to excess, and yet it satisfies, it is great,

But there is something else very great . . . . .

And he goes on:

Know you, solely to drop in the earth the germs of a greater religion,

The following chants each for its kind I sing.

Imagine the present day poet without his love-songs! And yet Whitman boldly discards them. He has set out to sing the average man and woman of today, “a single separate person,” and he finds life from the highest to the lowest worthy of note. No one theme is sufficient. Poetry to him is the means of placing before men’s eyes the common truths of life, and poetry but expresses the beauties and finer sides of men and women and things. Love is

not excluded, but it is the broader less personal side that he sings, rather than the pretty sentimental passages of lovers.

For motherhood he keeps perhaps his strongest utterances. Nothing on earth is greater to him than to conceive children and bring them up well. "Have I not said that Womanhood involves all?" says he; "Have I not told how the Universe was nothing better than the best womanhood?" He sees clearly the links between a man's actions and the effects of them upon the doer and on all around him. But he holds that man is unspeakably great. Not that he is blind to the sordid and mean side of human life, but he sees that these all pass and the greater remains; he knows that each and every man has an irrepressible power within him and that inexorable Justice is the law of the Universe. In the strongest and most powerful passage of all he sums up the matter clearly and concisely:

Little or big, learned or unlearned, white or black, legal or illegal, sick or well, from the first inspiration down the wind-pipe to the last expiration out of it, all that a male or female does that is vigorous and benevolent and clean is so much profit to him or her in the unshakable order of the universe and through the whole scope of it forever. If the savage or felon is wise, it is well—if the greatest poet or savant is wise, it is simply the same—if the President or Chief Justice is wise, it is the same—if the young mechanic or farmer is wise, it is no more or less. The interest will come round—all will come round. All the brave actions of war and peace—all help given to relations or strangers, and the poor and old and sorrowful, and young children and widows and the sick, and to all shunned persons—all furtherance of fugitives and of the escape of slaves—all the self-denial that stood steady and aloof on wrecks and saw others take the seats of the boats—all offerings of substance or life for the good old cause or for a friend's sake or opinion's sake—all pains of enthusiasts scoffed at by their neighbors—all the vast sweet love and precious suffering of mothers—all honest men baffled in strifes, recorded or unrecorded—all the grandeur and good of the few ancient nations whose fragments of annals we inherit, and all the good of the hundreds of far mightier and more ancient nations unknown to us by name or date or location—all that was ever manfully begun, whether it succeeded or no—all that has at any time been well suggested out of the divine heart of man, or by the divinity of his mouth, or by the shaping of his great hands—and all that is well thought or done this day on any part of the surface of the globe, or on any of the wandering stars or fixed stars by those there as we are here—or that is henceforth to be well thought or done by you, whoever you are or by anyone—these singly and wholly inured at their time and inure now and will inure always to the identities from which they sprung or shall spring. Did you guess any of them lived only its moment? The world does not so exist—no parts, palpable or impalpable, so exist—no results exist now without being from its long antecedent result, and that from its antecedent, and so backward without the farthest mentionable spot coming a bit nearer the beginning than any other spot.

The best passes criticism. One cannot comment on such a passage as this. I will only quote the next sentence in the same paragraph—"Whatever satisfies the soul is truth."

Whitman believes that the greatest poet knows and expresses in his poems all these things—that he is the mouth-piece of the people and that any nation or race is incomplete without its great poet. But he does not think that poetry hemmed in and circumscribed by man-made rules is adequate to ex-

press a fraction of what might be expressed, and his very last words to us are that he believes the best poems are yet to be written. Perhaps he himself has suggested and delineated the form of the new poetry he so strongly believes in. Perhaps on the model of "Leaves of Grass" will the poems of the Twentieth Century be written.

He has the most unshakable faith in the evolution of the world, and as race succeeds race and nations are formed from the best of the old ones, poets will arise who shall express the life and the attributes of the people of their times. The American race has been formed from the best of the European races, and is passing on to become the dominant race of the century. Whitman himself would be its poet. Will the American people accept him as such? Or will a greater arise? Time alone will show, but Whitman at any rate has come before us with the first suggestions of such a literature. And his ideas were and are still far in advance of the average thought of the day. Men were shocked and disgusted at what they thought blasphemy. But already things are changing and Whitman is recognized as one of the writers of the day. And perhaps the best and most unequivocal praise that could have been given him was that exclamation of Lincoln—"Well, *he* looks like a man!" Shakespeare has no higher praise for any of his characters. "Nature might stand up and say to all the world—This is a man!" And what did Whitman say of Lincoln? Perhaps much the same thing, only that he expresses it in one of those exquisite songs of mourning, into which he has put the true spirit of grief for one who has gone.

Thoreau saw in him Democracy and thought that he suggested something more than human. Emerson was one of his staunchest admirers, and Swinburne has written one of his bold musical "Songs Before Sunrise" to Whitman. If such men as these have loved him, the rest of the world will follow in its own slow time.

It is a pity that R. L. Stevenson should have just failed to appreciate the true worth of the man. He is unable to get away from what he terms the "bull in a china shop" side of Whitman. His literary taste and exclusiveness of style cannot permit the use of terms which to him are unpoetical. And yet perhaps his true feelings were in that other essay on Whitman, in which he had written, he says, "his gratitude for the help that had been given him in his life, full of enthusiasm for the intrinsic merit of the poems and conceived in the noisiest extreme of youthful eloquence." Instead of that, he has given us a criticism that Whitman's lovers and appreciators will enjoy and understand, but which will only confirm those who are themselves too small to see the grandeur of the man, in their adverse opinion. The pity of it is that Stevenson's own style is so inimitable that one is almost compelled to believe him correct, and one can only wish that he had published that other essay, even though full of noisy eloquence. The enthusiasm of youth needs no excuse!

However, whether Whitman be criticised adversely or praised, his writing is bound to live, which is perhaps the best test of its merit. There is so much

in it, as Stevenson owns, "that is unsurpassed in force and fitness." And if he is only understood by one here and there, it will be enough. For he himself asks no recognition. It is for us, his lovers, to do that for him. And those who learn to see things in a measure as he does, will inevitably find themselves better in every way for reading his "Leaves." The effect on character is broadening in the extreme. He shows us the true nobility of man and that whatever has at any time been possible to men, is possible to ourselves. He teaches us that one is better for looking on a man of fine physique, health, cleanliness of mind and body, and that he who walks with an erect carriage, in the possession of his own soul, fearing nothing, but calmly ready to accept whatever may come as being the best, has learnt a part of the art of living. Of necessity poems will be found by every one, which will not be liked, but is not this so throughout all literature? And there is so much in these "Leaves of Grass" that is inspiring, emboldening and strengthening, that we may well pass over what does not appeal to us.

A few words are necessary in regard to his life. He was born at West Hills, in New York State, on May 31st, 1819, of Quaker parents. At the age of 13 he commenced the business of life as a printer, became a teacher and later a press writer. He was made editor of a newspaper and then once more became a printer. Next he tried his hand at carpentering and building.

When the Civil war broke out he began his work of unselfishness and compassion, nursing the sick and wounded of both sides, without other remuneration than the drawing of ordinary army rations. It is said that he personally ministered to upwards of 100,000 sick and wounded. During his labors he was disabled for six months as the result of absorbing into his system some poison from cases of gangrene.

After the war he seems to have lived on the proceeds of his writings, which were sufficiently scanty. He continued writing almost to the day of his death. He calls his last work "Garrulous Talk, Thoughts, Reminiscences." All his life he preferred to write in the open air, and his two favorite spots for writing were the top of a 'bus or the sand of a small and uninhabited island away in the ocean, with the long dry grass and the sky for companions. He confessed that his forte was "loafing and writing poems." "One more irreproachable in his relations with the other sex lives not upon this earth." So says one of his enthusiastic admirers.

Altogether he seems to me a splendid specimen of a man; tall, finely built, healthy, full and independent; with the power of loving, sympathizing and appreciating; one whose life, thought and poems will each bear the searching light of day. His poems fill me with a sense of soft music falling on my ear, and help me to see the exquisite beauty of all nature. To know his books is better than to know many men. As he says:

This is no book; who touches this touches a man. . . . . I spring from the pages into your arms.

Before leaving the man I love, I cannot refrain from calling attention to two speaking prophecies of Whitman's which, to my mind, have already been fulfilled:

A California song,  
 A prophecy and indirection . . . . . , . . .  
 Not wan from Asia's fetiches,  
 Not from Europe's old dynastic slaughter house,  
 (Area of murder plots of thrones, with scent left yet of wars and scaffolds everywhere,)
 But come from Nature's long and harmless throes, peacefully builded thence,  
 These virgin lands, lands of the Western shore,  
 To the new culminating man, to you, the empire new.  
 You promised long, we pledge, we dedicate. . . . . lands of the Western shore,  
 I see in you, certain to come, the promise of thousands of years, till now deferr'd,  
 Promised to be fulfilled, our common kind, the race,  
 The new Society at last, proportionate to Nature,  
 In man of you, more than your mountain peaks, or stalwart trees imperial,  
 In woman more, far more than all your gold or vines or even vital air.  
 Fresh come to a new world indeed, yet long prepared,  
 I see the genius of the modern, child of the real and the ideal,  
 Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand,  
 To build a grander future.

And again—

We do not blame thee, elder World, nor really separate ourselves from thee,  
 (Would the son separate himself from the father?)  
 Looking back on thee, seeing thee to thy duties, grandeurs through past ages bending,  
     building,  
 We build ours today.

Mightier than Egypt's tombs,  
 Fairer than Grecia's, Roma's temples,  
 Prouder than Milan's statued, spired cathedral,  
 More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,  
 We plan even now to raise beyond them all,  
 Thy great cathedral sacred industry, no tomb,  
 A keep for life for practical invention.

As in a waking vision,  
 E'en while I chant I see it rise, I scan and prophecy outside and in,  
 Its manifold ensemble.

Around a palace, loftier, fairer than any yet,  
 Earth's modern wonder, history's seven outstripping,  
 High rising, tier on tier, with glass and iron facades  
 Gladdening the sun and sky, enhued in cheerfullest hues,  
 Bronze, lilac, robin's egg, marine and crimson;  
 Over whose golden roof shall flaunt, beneath thy banner Freedom,  
 The banners of the States and flags of every land,  
 A brood of lofty, fair, but lesser palaces shall cluster.

Somewhere within their walls shall all that forwards perfect life be started,  
 Tried, taught, advanced, visibly exhibited.

Not only all the World of works, trades, products,  
 In every state of practical busy movement, the rills of civilization,  
 Materials here under your eye shall change their shape as if by magic,  
 The cotton shall be pick'd almost in the very fields,  
 Shall be dried, clean'd, ginn'd, baled, spun into thread and cloth before you,  
 You shall see hands at work at all the old processes and all the new ones.  
 You shall see the various grains and how flour is made, and then bread baked by the bakers,  
 You shall see the crude ores of California and Nevada passing on and on till they become  
 bullion,  
 You shall watch how the printer sets type and learn what a composing stick is,  
 You shall mark in amazement the Hoe press, whirling its cylinders, shedding the printed  
 leaves steady and fast,  
 The photograph, model, watch, pin, nail, shall be created before you.  
 In large calm halls, and stately museum shall teach you the infinite lessons of minerals,  
 In another, woods, plants, vegetation shall be illustrated—in another, animals, animal  
 life and development.

One stately house shall be the music house,  
 Others for other arts—learning, the sciences, shall all be here,  
 None shall be slighted, none but shall here be honor'd, help'd, exempl'd.

A wonderfully clear prophecy is this. On the Western shore of America, the outcome and child of the Elder World, is now springing up the home of the new Society. The lofty Palace with the glass and iron facades, the brood of lofty fair but lesser palaces, the flags of every nation, the trades and industries of every kind being commenced, the museum, the music house, the halls of science, art and learning,—all are rising today, in answer to the cry of the prophet. At Point Loma you may see them all as he has depicted them.

It is curious that these passages have not been noticed before in paper or magazine. They stand out in no indefinite manner. Clear and well defined are they in their description; exactly as he said, so has it been. The new Society at last, proportionate to Nature; and their aim—truly, as he says, “to build a grander future.”

Oh Walt, did you foresee also how soon your words would be fulfilled?

Whitman holds out so much hope to us all. With his great opinion of himself—for is not the greater part of the preface to “Leaves of Grass” a protestation of himself, the Poet?—he tells us that we ourselves are no greater and no less. Each of us may be the Poet. “This is what you shall do: love the earth and the sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence towards people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful uneducated persons and with the young and with the mothers of families, read these “Leaves” in the open air every season and every year of your life, re-examine all you have been told at school or church or in any book, dismiss whatever insults your own soul; and

your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency not only in its words, but in the silent lines of its lips and face, and between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body.”

There seems to me little enough to cavil at here, though truly I can hardly see any reason why one should bare one's head to no person. But is it not the pith of all Christianity, and indeed of all religion? Dismiss whatever insults your own soul. You shall do full well. Dismiss it from your beliefs, from your thoughts, from your acts—nay from your very life. There is no need of more.

It may be said that there is too much and needless quotation in this criticism; that one could as easily read Whitman from his own volume. But it is to that end that I have written the few ideas herein expressed. I myself have been so inestimably helped by reading him, that I would like to show others what a world of beauty and truth lies between his Leaves. If any be moved to a study of Whitman, let him not be disappointed at first. The mind is not always ready for such a study. The true force will not be apparent at first. But no one who loves Nature, human or otherwise, will fail to see what wonderful thoughts are here. Read! You shall find the man!

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,  
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,  
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,  
Missing me one place search another,  
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

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## Woman's Duty to Posterity\*

by a Student



**W**OMAN'S first duty is to maintain for herself a true position in the life of humanity. Let us first locate her position by considering her a factor in the manifestation of the universe, playing a part in the development of the world.

In the first story in the Bible we read of the woman Eve, starting with Adam on the great pilgrimage of life. In the beginning their relative positions were evidently equal, but coming down through the ages woman lost her original place. We have only to glance in retrospect over the past to see how for centuries she was kept in bondage. Consequently, not only was her progress in development hindered but erroneous ideas as to her mission on earth

\* A paper read at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Cal., Aug. 24, 1901

were established. These ideas arose from a literal and wrong interpretation of the story of the "Fall."

It may not be amiss to consider for a moment just what her position was.

During many ages of the world and among many races of mankind, woman was bought and sold and generally treated like goods and chattel; and even today, the same conditions exist among certain tribes and peoples. But we also find in the world's history, women of different races and nations rising above their conditions and playing very important parts in the lives of men and nations. Deborah, the prophetess, was one of the Judges of Israel and in conjunction with Barak delivered Israel. Esther, by her tact, saved the Jews from slaughter in Persia. And we find that women labored with Paul, the Apostle.

Martia of old England formulated laws that, centuries afterward, Alfred the Great revived and adopted and which, still later, became the basis of the common law of England.

Aspasia, the adviser of Pericles, was an important factor in the greatness of the Periclean age in Greece. Diotima was the friend and teacher of Socrates.

We read of Joan of Arc, the inspired Savior of France; of Elizabeth of Austria, and at the opposite pole of social life, Elizabeth Fry of England, the "prison-angel." And it goes without saying that the nineteenth century, which Victor Hugo has called "the woman's century" has given to the world many great women whose pure lives and intensity of purpose have opened to posterity doorways that would otherwise have remained closed.

Hastening through the pages of time, we find today that woman again stands side by side with man in opportunities; but with him she has yet to find and re-establish her true position in life. And may this not be her first duty to posterity?

We have been taught for centuries that woman's duty is in the home and with her children. It is not the purpose of this paper however to dispute that question; in fact, it is quite possible that every woman knows and believes that her highest and noblest calling is her duty to the home and race.

But we have another question to consider in relation to this. Is it absolutely necessary for woman to give her entire life to the consideration of just one subject:—the house and material needs of her progeny? The great problem of her duty to posterity may engage her a life-time; but to give it just consideration she will find it necessary to occupy herself and her mind to the fullest extent of her ability, on many other things in the world about her of which she is a part.

To find the solution of this problem let us glance at the lives of the women of today as they stand immersed in the flood of social conventionalities. We will discuss the married woman because Society has caused matrimony to be the aim and end of nearly every girl. To be fair, we will consider the two classes, the rich and the poor, for although they are sisters, the code of social laws has so parted them that their lives and duties are very different.



The sister of wealth has been heard from, many times, giving a detailed account of how her time is spent between luncheons, teas and dinners, tailors, dressmakers, milliners and masseuses. We will grant she finds all that sufficient occupation aside from her maternal and domestic duties, taxing her ability, without doubt, in many directions; but, are her achievements worthy of a divine being, equipped with great powers and having a duty to perform in the evolution of the race, which as a birthright she should hold sacred?

But the sister who has not been endowed with worldly riches, who still has her share of domestic and maternal duties, is seldom heard from. Our society newspapers have not yet received a detailed account of how her time is spent. It may be that her environment so crowds her with occupations of many kinds, that she has no time left in which to give utterance to complaints about her life. But we will ask her also if her achievements are worthy of a divine being, equipped with great powers and having a duty in the evolution of the race which as her birthright she should hold sacred?

The rich woman and the poor woman stand together as regards their duty to posterity, and each can sympathize with the other, for as sisters they are both slaves, one to wealth, the other to poverty. For these conditions, woman is, in part, undeniably, responsible. And, while making the best of them, she should seek to find herself in this great maze of disorder and confusion of purpose, and discover her course of duty, and then confine her operations to it. By a right conception of duty and by living the life according to her higher conceptions, she causes her candle to burn brightly, thus lighting the path for the next groping companion.

Let us try to find a suggestion that we may offer to woman, whereby she may use her time to better advantage, and also take an active part in her own development.

It may seem at first an impossibility to move out of the old ruts, but each one can make an attempt. And an attempt is made here to give a suggestion, the fruits of which may help each woman to arrange for herself a plan by which she can start the wheels moving. Discrimination is a desirable and an indispensable quality of nature. Through it, each one should determine how she can best use her time and mind, and in that capacity she should act in serving her race.

One could readily argue, in this age of social institutions, that there is no time for study and self-development. This may be true in so far as time is considered as something which comes to one; but *time must* be made.

Our lives are largely spent in attending to the unnecessary. Society's demands upon the woman of today are overwhelming and are far from being conducive to happiness. Large homes, abundant furnishings, endless entertainments, a wearying devotion to style, and a continual desperation to keep up appearances. And for what? An exchange of demands. There is no question that society is suffering from ennui. As an institution it has had its day. Its constitution and laws must be changed. Men and women must es-

establish a common purpose among themselves, and not live for personalities.

For the inauguration of a new movement there must be a leader. Let woman take this office. Her duties may be simple if she will commence "at home." Let her shake off all conventionalities that bind her, and silence the demands for things which are unnecessary by not employing them.

Reform would be an easy proposition if each individual began with himself or herself. We speak of a common purpose for all, co-operation is necessary in the life work of the world. If woman strikes the key-note of her duty, man, in his appreciation, will join in the same tone; and the tone of her life and work must be of the highest quality mentally, morally and spiritually. Let her life be spent in self-development, mental, moral and spiritual, for example is better than precept, and each woman, each mother, can best perform her duty to posterity by perfecting herself and living as an example to the younger generations.

Without a doubt, the world would appreciate a higher code of ethics, better methods, through which it would find enjoyment in life. And, as humanity is discouraged for the want of these things, an example is being set before it, from which it can observe the practical method of life and attain moral and spiritual culture.

A city is being built on the Pacific Coast, in which its people are living in accordance with nature's Divine Laws. There souls work together in one common cause and woman employs her time and her talents for the benefit of all. The great social problem is solved. There exists no distinction of race, creed, or class. The ideals of truth are lived and that which is unnecessary is banished. All the problems of life are demonstrated on a practical basis.

The question of duty to children and their education or cultivation is being answered by a unique and wonderful system of training. And there the mother not only takes part in the child-training; but each department of work claims a part of her time and talents.

In the perpetual change and variety of occupation and the determination to do her duty in the Great Cause of helping humanity woman finds freedom and joy. For Theosophy teaches her to work according to the law of least resistance. So *there* is life and joy.

Happiness and harmony pervade the plan  
Peace and determination to serve the law.

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AROUSE! let thy soul break in music-thunder,  
Let loose the ocean that is in thee pent,  
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder,  
And tell the age what all its signs have meant.  
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.—LOWELL

# A Vedic Hymn\*



## TO THE UNKNOWN GOD

**I**N the beginning there arose the Golden Child, (Hiranyagarbha) as soon as born, he alone was the Lord of all that is.

He establishes the earth and this heaven.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He who gives breath, he who gives strength, whose command all the bright gods revere, whose shadow is immortality, whose Ka is death.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He who thro' his might, became the sole King of the breathing and twinkling world, who governs all this, man and beast.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He thro' whose might these snowy mountains are and the sea, they say, with the distant river, the Rasa,†

He of whom these regions are indeed the two arms.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He thro' whom the awful heaven and the earth were made fast; he thro' whom the ether was established and the firmament; he who measured the air in the sky.

Who is this God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

When the great waters went everywhere, holding the germ, (Hiranyagarbha) and generating light, then arose from them, the sole breath of the Gods.

Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

He who by his might, looked even over the waters which held power (the germ) and generated the sacrifice "light," he who alone is God above all gods.

Who *is* the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

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\*From the VEDIC HYMNS, in Volume 32, of Sacred Book of the East, translated by Max Muller.

†Like Oceans in some respects.

# When I Think

by H. J. Clements



WHEN I think of what I know,  
 Earth is hard my feet below,  
 And around me is a wall  
 Leaning in, about to fall;  
 'Neath a roof that hides the sky,  
 And within that space am I.

When I think of what I dream,  
 Then around me flows a stream  
 Sometimes near and sometimes far,  
 Sometimes glassing sun and star.  
 And within my little land  
 Sometimes Lords of Beauty stand;  
 And the mountains are afire  
 With their purple old desire,  
 And along dim shores, the sea  
 Sometimes whispers tales to me.  
 Yet my mountains and my sea  
 Will not let my dreams go free.

But there is no roof above,  
 When I think of what I love,  
 And there is no earth beneath,  
 I am one with life and death;  
 And my world is larger far  
 Than the realm of any star;  
 And within me, deep and deep,  
 Universes wake and sleep.

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THERE dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjuna, the Master—*Ishwara*—who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone, O son of Bharata, with all thy soul; by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place.—BHAGAVAD-GITA

# Notes

by T. W. W.



## I

IT is magnificent to see the advent and progress of the Truth! If we could see all the obstacles that are being overcome, their nature, ramifications and subtleties, we should be astounded at the mystic power of the soul.

We are at a time when great changes have occurred and may individually occur at any moment—the work of years shows its completion in hours.

Rail not at the Law, the natural course of events will some day whirl you along at a pace fast enough for the swiftest. Wherever we are in the *Body* we can learn mighty lessons just now at every moment. Recollect that the *Heart* cannot be severed from the *center*.

## II

If men allow themselves to be influenced by moods, they will never get their body out of the control of the false self. It is quite true there is a right time to act, an inspired moment, but true inspiration never will come by waiting till the mood is felt or for the moment to arrive.

Men ought to be able to achieve their highest when they want to, and not depend on the lower influences permitting them to do so. A true man should be able to command the forces of his own being and of Nature, and he will never be truly inspired until he has learned to do so. By intense effort his spiritual nature may become manifested and dominant for a moment. Once this has been achieved the true time and place can be learned for right action: but first of all he has to be *himself* in the highest sense before he *can learn* Divine Wisdom in its own language. For how is it possible to teach or to learn until one is *alive* in the regions where wisdom is found. Once even for a moment, the superior position as a spiritual being is known, then it is possible to learn to live up to that, and to be taught to do so at all times.

So for a man the first thing to gain is strength and this will never be done by passively allowing himself to be governed by moods; but by exercise and purity it can be obtained.

## III

There is no locked door to any state of consciousness.

It is as easy to walk out of gloomy thoughts, and the bondage to personal opinions, into the spiritual light of pure ideals, noble principles, and realities, as it is to walk out of a dark, narrow, badly ventilated room, through an unlocked door into the sunshine of Nature. What is required is to mentally *get up and do it* with a similar *confidence and conviction*. It should be con-

stantly impressed upon the mind that principles are not opinions. That there may be a vast difference between Right itself and what may be personally thought right at any time. We should go on trying to think and act perfectly and not stop by the way to discuss, or come to conclusions with anyone, asking whether we acted rightly or wrongly on any particular occasion. Let us leave all judgments and results to the Law, and go on about our business, doing ever more and more right thinking and acting. It is this *continuous accumulation of energy in doing and trying to do fresh acts of Right, that eventually bursts the bonds* and a glint of the real sunshine warms the heart and enlightens the mind, so that it will be in the end quite unnecessary to get the personal agreement of another to convince us of the existence of Right and our possibility of attaining thereto. Anxiety to be agreed with and thought right in our actions—the cause of all personal explanation, excuse, discussion and desire for acknowledgment—arises because we are not on a *sure foundation* and so have not sufficient confidence *in ourselves or in others*.

This being true, the right thing to do is to get this confidence and sure foundation, which can be obtained, by resolutely going on doing right or trying to do so, without excuse or expectation of any acknowledgment or reward therefor. Every act of necessity has its reaction, but by going on and continually entering into the sunshine of a new right action, seeking to follow the line of positive good, then comes no hindering reaction, it becomes instructive only.

When we go through this *silent time of self effort*, we shall feel grateful to every person or circumstance that has forced us to travel this royal road to wisdom. On this path everything helps, our enemies aid us at their own expense, and opposing circumstances, or difficult positions are stepping stones to our good fortune and spiritual progress.

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## Forgiveness in *the Bible*

by P. L.



Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably unto Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received of the Lord's hand *double for all her sins*.—*Isaiah xl, 1-2*

**I**T is commonly supposed that the Bible represents forgiveness as the remission of the consequences of our sins, by the interposition of some external Power, who steps in to mitigate or prevent entirely the natural results of our disharmony with Universal Law.

The passage quoted above, however, clearly teaches that "forgiveness" (whatever that may mean) follows only after adequate retribution for the of-

fence. Indeed, on the surface meaning of our text, it would appear that twice as much punishment had been inflicted as was required by strict Justice; but this is only oriental hyperbole; an exaggerated expression to indicate the completeness of the balancing action of the Law.

There is then, a discriminating faculty in man, an inward light that we may use to illumine the darkness of our daily path, and in these words the Christ affirms the divinity of man, and strikes a blow at priestcraft which seeks to be the interpreter between God and man.

What constant pain he must have suffered to behold his disciples blundering in the dark, confused, puzzled and constantly wondering "What is this that he saith, we cannot tell what he saith,"—possessing all the powers of wisdom in embryo, yet kept back from their exercise by their strong animal development and the grossness of their minds and bodies.

It is probable that the cause of sorrow awakened in the hearts of the Great Ones by the contemplation of mankind is not so much their actual sufferings, but rather the fact that having such wonderful possibilities of joyous spiritual life, most men are content to grovel on the lower levels of sensation. The man with the muck-rake scratches the ground for sticks and straws, and absorbed in his pursuit does not see the white-robed angel who holds a golden crown just over his head.

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## *The Book of Nature*

by a Student



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

And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom.

**T**HE object of life is to fulfill our duty and to gather experience. The soul in its endless pilgrimage incarnates into body after body, coming into contact with different experiences, which continually mould and remould the character of the Ego, shaping it into higher and higher forms. This evolution is helped on by outward and inward influences, or it may be considerably retarded at times. Yet even apparent retrogression is often in reality a step forward, through the knowledge which may have been gained thereby.

In these times we are very apt to look upon this evolution through a pair of very highly colored glasses. We have set up an arbitrary standard of what we think desirable, of what progress is, and learning, and useful knowledge,

and education. We look upon culture and civilization as something confined entirely to these latter days, and we are apt to consider even our forefathers of not so very far back as belonging to an after all very crude race of men. At this day we recognize only that civilization most akin to our own as at all worthy of the name, and, like the Romans of old, we dub as "barbarians" all those outside its pale.

In like manner do we attempt to prescribe in what way knowledge is to be obtained, and who are to be the teachers. We require the seal of authority put upon everything, we look for finality in an infinite world. To be educated today means that we have passed through a high school or college, or a university, and the renown of the institution of learning in a large degree forms the measure by which our attainments are judged.

Much of all this knowledge is simply ornamental. Much of it forms an outward polish, perhaps pleasing to the eye, but, as usual with polishes, lying only skin deep and without being founded on truth and real worth within. It is in this respect hypocrisy and a lie, and no less so because perhaps it is unconscious. For man's nature has indeed become so perverted that he often is quite incapable of seeing the truth, that he like all around him mistakes the glitter that forms his outward shell for the real man within, not perceiving that the latter, through his long sojourn in the cramped abode, has become dwarfed and narrow himself, weakening the ties that bind him to his own higher nature—the God which each one, at times at least, finds appealing for recognition in his breast.

Another part of the knowledge imparted is that which is generally called useful. All *real* knowledge is useful, but the knowledge mostly so regarded is that by whose aid man is enabled in some way to forward his own personal interests. This he is systematically taught to do in every possible way, regardless of the consequences to others. It comes from the general acceptance of that most pernicious doctrine of "the survival of the fittest." The same doctrine may just as well be expressed in that other well-known phrase, "To the victor belong the spoils," for in reality this means the same thing, or in still other words, "might is right."

It is just as well to put it bluntly, so that he who runs may read. Our intellectual and spiritual doctors of today mostly serve us sugar-coated pills, in which, while they may be pleasant to the taste, the sugar entirely counteracts and nullifies the action of the useful, health-restoring drug.

And while much of the knowledge gained may be of real assistance in the upbuilding of our character, yet it is so covered up with all kinds of dross that only the most careful and patient search will reveal the important truths contained therein. It is the dross due to making knowledge subservient to selfish ends.

Some of the wisest men that have lived have left behind them a storehouse of knowledge in the shape of books, treating of the subject they had laboriously studied and which they had mastered in greater or less degree. In these books



we find a rich fund to draw upon, and, wisely used, they become of incalculable value to us, lessening our toil and making it possible for us to cover the ground traversed by these writers in immeasurably shorter time than they required. And yet, in a way, we have to learn just as they did, we have to make their knowledge our own before it becomes of any use to us whatever, and through us to others. We must make it our own very much in the same way as they did it, by experiencing, by living out the truths we have learned from them.

No knowledge comes to us ready-made. No matter how simple a teaching, no matter how plain the words, different persons will always read a book differently. Each will read it as it looks to him through his individual pair of spectacles, and they all differ as much as their owners do. The clearer they are, without tint of envy or hate or covetousness, the clearer is also the view they give us, and the more nearly do we perceive what the teachers and writers meant to convey.

Yet progress is the law of the universe. If we felt satisfied to only make that knowledge our own, which others possessed before, then we might just as well not have lived at all, for we would then have added nothing, would not have paid our debt to nature, we would then have lived only for the purpose of ourselves, advancing to a very limited state of perfection without having helped the rest of mankind on its journey.

Those who have gone before us have gathered that which they have left to us from the limitless storehouse of Nature, that great book which lies open to all who will but approach it in the right spirit. It is a living book, which speaks to us through all that we perceive with the outer senses, if we but use them so that we do not destroy the higher, inner senses, which reveal to us the real inner meaning of the things perceived.

Nature is a kind mother, but as just as she is compassionate. She knows no preference, but works on for all her children, treating all alike, and requiring the same impartial justice from them. She requires of them that they, too, shall love one another, shall help her as she helps them, that they shall look upon and work for the welfare of all creation as if that welfare were their own. She requires of them that they shall strive to understand her work and harmonize their lives with it.

As they do so, so does she begin to reveal and unfold herself to them. As they do so, so does their inner vision become clearer, do the clouds disappear, the scales that had blinded their vision one by one fall away. Where sight and sound were meaningless before, there appear now in their place the most wondrous truths, seen and heard by the now partly awakened soul, which thereby day by day comes into yet closer contact with Nature.

The book of Nature lies open to all men, but they themselves must do the reading. Its alphabet must be learned, its language understood, ere the knowledge it imparts becomes intelligible. That language is the language of the heart, and only he can read it who approaches it with a simple, open mind,

free from prejudices as from selfish desires. For selfishness is the dark veil which hides the light that radiates from the thousand pages of Nature's book, while love and compassion bring us nearer to the Universal Mind which has printed its wisdom thereon.

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## A Dream

by M. P.

**M**Y first conscious realization was that I stood in a chariot drawn by a pair of horses—in my right hand a whip, in my left the reins. Horses, chariot, harness, whip, my dress, all were white—a shining white. I stood quite confidently and fearlessly, and though I held the reins firmly in my hand I did not guide or try to guide the horses but let them take their own way. I was not afraid even when they would break from a quiet walk into a mad gallop straight ahead, or plunge from side to side and then suddenly settle to a trot or a slow walk, or as quickly starting again into a mad run leave the road and tear across the country disregarding all obstacles.

I looked at them curiously for a while wondering why they did this, for I could see no cause. I felt no fear of them however for there was with me a sure conviction that I *could* guide them where and how I would; but I did not seem to wish to guide them, my interest was in the place about me in looking at the distant view and wondering what was beyond, though I passed along so swiftly I could only see indistinctly and no impression was left on my mind.

After a time I quite forgot I was standing in a swaying chariot drawn by untamed steeds, coming from where I did not know, going whither I could not tell, when suddenly my confidence and assurance were shaken by an unusual plunge of the horses which threw them against some obstacle in the road and nearly pulled the reins from my hand, almost flinging me from the chariot.

I regained my feet trembling with fear, feeling I was being carried into some horrible peril. The horses still rushed madly along but after a little the trembling ceased and I could see objects about me. Now instead of looking at the far off view I looked near at hand and found that I was sometimes going through still and barren places, then through woods, through grassy fields, and again through cities crowded with people, through houses, halls and streets, but no obstacle barred my way.

I seemed to be the only one in a chariot yet no one seemed to notice me, all were intent on their own affairs. As I grew more accustomed to my sur-

roundings I seemed to feel that many of the crowd were in distress and trouble and grief. At first it had only been the crowd I saw; now I began to distinguish separate groups and individuals, and, as I passed, I could feel from some a sense of peace and love, from others anger and hatred, but no words, no sound.

Still my horses rushed madly along; and presently I noticed that from their wild rush people were thrown down or swept along by them, but on I went. Now a new fear came; I was fearful my horses would trample the people on the way, I strove to call to them but could make no sound; a wild impulse came to me to jump from the chariot and pull the people away, but the thought came, "then no one will hold the reins," for through it all I held the reins in my left hand, the whip in my right. Yet I dared not use the whip and my fearsome nervous pulling at the reins made no impression on the pace of my running steeds. I looked in front along the road and to my horror saw a little child directly in my path,—I must act, so, with a courage born of horror, anguish and despair rolling in upon me in an awful mass, I stood more firmly erect, took a stronger grasp of the reins and pulled with a steady gentle pressure, at the same time starting to use my whip. At the mere motion of my whip, to my great joy my horses dropped into a calm trot and as I passed, the child looked at me with a smile that seemed to carry a blessing to me.

Now, for the first time, I saw that my horses were not as white as at first, on them here and there were black spots. I looked at my chariot,—that too was spotted, the shining white that had been over both of the horses was dimmed. I was troubled, I could find no reason for it; I looked to find some one to tell me about it, but I saw no one to ask, for the people all about me did not see me or, seeing, did not heed—only the little child had greeted me. I strove to call but was powerless.

Then to my troubles was added the conviction that my passing among the people affected them though they saw me not. I saw reflected in them my despair, fear, horror, sorrow or joy according to my mood. As I approached one group who I felt were quarreling, I saw their quarrel grew more fierce. As I drew nearer I wanted to call to them to do something for them but I could make no sound. Just then my attention was attracted to my horses, and I saw that the shining of the white appeared less dim and the spots did not look so dark. I continued watching them and saw the spots grow larger, then smaller, then fade. Some would disappear entirely, others come on another part of the horses, sometimes the shining would grow quite bright and then again grow dim. I watched the changes until I found that I could make the spots appear and disappear, could brighten the shining or darken it by the way I held the reins and used the whip, and I saw too that the people were affected differently according as the spots were dark or white, or the shining dimmed or brightened, and I grew happier and more confident.

But, as I looked, a dark shadow fell over me, my horses were lost and transformed in it, new fears possessed me, my horses were again carrying me

where they would. Fearfully I looked about to see the cause, yet almost afraid to see it. Still I looked and saw a shape in the semblance of a man, but not a man. It seemed real yet unreal, it seemed to change before my eyes, it grew large then small, then it melted away and again reassembled itself together. I saw it was of a greyish lead-like color and that it kept even pace with the horses between them and the chariot. It urged the horses this way and that against my guiding—how I could not tell. It took a more compact form and came nearer as if it would enter the chariot beside me or push me out. I pulled the horses about but in my fear nearly upset the chariot, and I saw to my dismay that though I had escaped the shape for that time yet it seemed more compact, more powerful than ever; it menaced the people and affected them for evil as it came nearer to me, and I saw too that the shape was more bold as we approached some of the groups or individuals while from a few it receded.

When I saw the people made the shape stronger it only added to my terrors and as I grew afraid the shape redoubled its efforts to come nearer. I strove to get away from the people and from the shape; I tried to turn back and rush away, back over the road I had come, but the more I sought to get away the more I became entangled in the crowd, the bolder the shape became—it reached out to grasp me and hurl me from the chariot, it seemed too as if the people would help it. I strove to call out to them, to appeal to them for help but I could make no sound.

My one desire was to get away, away from the people, away from the shape. To do so I would even spring from the chariot, leave the shape and the horses to do their worst, but I saw no opening, the people hemmed me in on every side. To spring out would place me in a worse plight, the fear that I might be the first victim of horses and shape held me to the chariot, for the chariot gave me some measure of protection.

All this time the horses were carrying me, fast or slowly at their will, into new places, among different people but among none whom I knew and the shape always near. I was becoming numb with terror, I felt myself going into new and strange horrors, I was becoming indifferent to my surroundings and to the harm I might do to the people; my fear of the shape was my strongest thought, but I saw no way of escape—I felt helpless.

Presently the horses turned into what looked like a park, I saw many shrubs, trees and flowers on every side, but no people. Then my horses turned into a road that seemed to stretch in front as far as I could see, but nothing moving on it, nothing but I and the horses and the shape,—when suddenly I saw sitting in the road a figure, whether man or woman I could not tell, the attitude was one of despair, of hopeless misery; the form made no effort to get out of the way of my horses; I was half indifferent. As we came nearer I felt that the shape had seen the form as well as I, and I realized that the shape had some dreadful purpose and that if this was accomplished some dire calamity would come to the form. This served to rouse me from my

lethargy of fear, I felt I must subdue the shape, I must avert the peril that overshadowed the waiting form. I stood erect and with a new courage born of my pity for the helpless one, I gathered the reins in a steady hand, held the whip firmly, and strove to find voice to bid the shape begone. For the first time speech came to me and with a word of command I turned my whip upon the shape. At my word and gesture it seemed to melt and fade away, and as it did so I saw the form lift its head as if a burden had been taken away, I saw it rising, and then I had passed on. But I went on in a new way, I felt courage and strength had come, I could control the horses and dispel the shape which still returned and hovered near, I need but use the reins with firmness of purpose, with a steady, constant pressure, use the whip not to punish but to emphasize and carry my will.

Now the horses answered to my slightest pressure ; the shape came like a cloud in a shadowy form, but I knew it was the shape and turned my whip against it and said some word—what I do not know—I only spoke when I saw the shape and then it was gone. Once more I could look about me, but in a new way, and as I looked I saw ahead an archway. I could not see through the arch, there seemed to be a barrier of some sort, yet not a gate or door. It looked as though I could not pass through, but I felt that I must go through the archway in spite of the barrier and I guided my horses toward it. I saw nothing to right or left of the archway, it seemed to stand out from a veil of silvery mist. As I drew nearer I looked for some way to open the barrier but I saw only a smooth surface, still I went on confidently and as my horses' heads touched the barrier it melted away and I found myself in the midst of a great company all in white—a shining white. I heard no word, yet their faces shone with a light that filled me with joy, and a great peace came upon me . . . .

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## Sign-Posts Along *the Path* \*

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**T**HE word “evolution” is the best word from a Theosophical standpoint to use in treating of the genesis of men and things, as the process which it designates is that which has been always stated in the ancient books from whose perusal the tenets of the Wisdom Religion can be gathered. In the *Bhagavad Gita* we hear Krishna saying that “at the beginning of the day of Brahma all things come forth from the non-developed principle, and at the coming on of Brahma’s night they are resolved into it again”, and that this process goes on from age to age. This exactly states evolution as it is defined in dictionaries, where it is said to be a coming forth or a development. The “days and nights of Brahma” are

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\* Extracts from *THE PATH*, Vol. V

immense periods of time during which evolution proceeds, the manifestation of things being the "day" and their periodical resolution into the Absolute, the "night."

If, then, everything is evolved, the word creation can only be properly applied to any combination of things already in existence, since the primordial matter or basis cannot be created.

The basis of the Theosophical system is evolution, for in Theosophy it is held that all things are already in *esse*, being brought forth or evolved from time to time in conformity to the inherent law of the Absolute. The very next question to be asked is, What is this inherent law of the Absolute? as nearly as can be stated. Although we do not and cannot know the Absolute, we have enough data from which to draw the conclusion that its inherent law is to periodically come forth from subjectivity into objectivity and to return again to the former, and so on without cessation. In the objective world we have a figure or illustration of this in the rising and setting of the sun, which of all natural objects best shows the influence of the law. It rises, as H. P. Blavatsky says, from the (to us) subjective, and at night returns to the subjective again, remaining in the objective world during the day. If we substitute, as we must when attempting to draw correspondences between the worlds, the word "state" for locality or place, and instead of the sun we call that object "the Absolute", we have a perfect figure, for then we will have the Absolute rising above the horizon of consciousness from the subjective state, and its setting again for that consciousness when the time of night arrives,— that is, the night of Brahma. This law of periodicity is the same as that of the cycles, which can be seen governing in every department of Nature.

But let us assume a point of departure so as to get a rapid survey of evolution Theosophically considered. And let it be at the time when this period of manifestation began. What was projected into the objective world at that time must have been life itself, which under the action of the law of differentiation split itself up into a vast number of lives, which we may call individual, the quantity of which it is not possible for us of finite mind to count. In the Hindu system these are called Jivas and Jivatman. Within these lives there is contained the entire plan to be pursued during the whole period of manifestation, since each life is a copy of the great All from which it came. Here a difficulty arises for studious minds, calling for some attention, for they may ask, "What then do you do with that which we call 'matter', and by and through which the lives manifest themselves?"

The reply is that the so-called matter is an illusion and is not real matter but that the latter— sometime known in Europe as primordial matter— cannot be seen by us. The real matter is itself only another form of the life first thrown out, but in a less perfect state of differentiation, and it is on a screen of this real matter that its inner energies project pictures which we call matter, mistaking them for the real. It may then be further asked, "Have we not been led to suppose that that which we supposed was matter

but which you now say is an illusion is something absolutely necessary to the soul for acquiring experiences of nature?" To this I reply that such is not the case, but that the matter needed for the soul to acquire experience through is the real unseen matter. It is that matter of which psychic bodies are composed, and those other material "things" all the way up to spirit. It is to this that the *Bhagavad Gita* refers where it says that spirit (purusha) and matter (prakriti) are co-eternal and not divisible from each other. That which we and science are accustomed to designate matter is nothing more than our limited and partial cognition of the phenomena of the real or primordial matter. This position is not overturned by pointing to the fact that all men in general have the same cognitions of the same objects, that square objects are always square and that shadows fall in the same line for all normal people, for even in our own experience we see that there is such a thing as a collective change of cognition, and that thus it is quite possible that all normal people are merely on the single plane of consciousness where they are not yet able to cognize anything else. In the case of hypnotizing, everything appears to the subject to be different at the will of the operator, which would not be possible if objects had any inherent actuality of their own apart from our consciousness.

In order to justify a discussion of the Theosophical system of evolution, it is necessary to see if there be any radical difference between it and that which is accepted in the world, either in scientific circles or among theologians. That there is such a distinction can be seen at once, and we will take first that between it and theology. Here, of course, this is in respect to the genesis of the inner man more especially, although theology makes some claim to know about race descent. The Church either says that the soul of each man is a special creation in each case or remains silent on the subject, leaving us, as it was once so much the fashion to say, "In the hands of a merciful Providence," who after all says nothing on the matter. But when the question of the race is raised, then the priest points to the Bible, saying that we all come from one pair, Adam and Eve. On this point theology is more sure than science, as the latter has no data yet and does not really know whether we owe our origin to one pair, male and female, or to many. Theosophy, on the other hand, differs from the Church, asserting that *Paramatma* alone is self-existing, single, eternal, immutable, and common to all creatures, high and low alike; hence it never was and never will be created; that the soul of man evolves, is consciousness itself, and is not specially created for each man born on the earth, but assumes through countless incarnations different bodies at different times. Underlying this must be the proposition that, for each Manvantara or period of manifestation, there is a definite number of souls or egos who project themselves into the current of evolution, which is to prevail for that period or manvantara. Of course this subject is limitless, and the consideration of the vast number of systems and worlds where the same process is going on with a definite number of egos in each, staggers the minds of most of those who take

the subject up. And of course I do not mean to be understood as saying that there is a definite number of egos in the whole collection of systems in which we imagine evolution is proceeding, for there could be no such definiteness considered in the mass, as that would be the same as taking the measure of the Absolute. But in viewing any part of the manifestation of the Absolute, it is allowable for us to say that there are to be found such a definite number of egos in that particular system under consideration; this is one of the necessities of our finite consciousness. Following out the line of our argument we reach the conclusion that, included within the great wave of evolution which relates to the system of which this earth is a part, there are just so many egos either fully developed or in a latent state. These have gone round and round the wheel of rebirth, and will continue to do so until the wave shall meet and be transformed into another. Therefore there could be no such thing as a special creation of souls for the different human beings born on this earth, and for the additional reason that, if there were, then spirit would be made subservient to illusion, to mere human bodies. So that in respect to theology we deny the propositions, *first*, that there is any special creation of souls; *second*, that there is, or was, or could be by any possibility any creation of this world or of any other; *third*, that the human race descended from one pair.

In taking up the difference existing between our theory and that of science we find the task easy. Upon the question of progress, and how progress or civilization may be attained by man, and whether any progress could be possible if the theories of science be true, our position is that there could be no progress if the law of evolution as taught in the schools is true, even in a material sense. In this particular we are diametrically opposed to science. Its assumption is that the present race on the earth may be supposed to belong to a common stock which in its infancy was rude and barbarous, knowing little more than the animal, living like the animal, and learning all it knows simply by experience gained in its contest with nature through its development. Hence they give us the paleolithic age, and so on. In this scheme we find no explanation of how man comes to have innate ideas. Some, however, seeing the necessity for an explanation of this phenomenon, attempt it in various ways; and it is a phenomenon of the greatest importance. It is explained by Theosophy in a way peculiar to itself, and of which more will be said as we go on.—*Evolution*, W. Q. J., p. 145.

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Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power,  
 Yet not for power (power of itself  
 Would come unasked for) but to live by law,  
 Acting the law we live by without fear;  
 And, because right is right, to follow right  
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

— TENNYSON



# Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



## FRAGMENT

IN the *Bhagavad-Gita* great stress is laid by Krishna on the description of his own nature; and naturally so, as all our understanding can only come through him and depends on our recognizing him within us.

This can only be brought about by the awakening of our intuition; and as words and sentences are only clothings of thoughts, a language pointing to the development of something beyond thought, may and does contain apparent contradictions, when read and submitted to reasoning. These apparent contradictions cannot be solved except by the development of intuition, and all commentaries on such subjects can only tend to induce a student to do this.

There is in the ninth chapter of the *Gita* such an apparent contradiction in Slokas four and five, which read:

Fourth Sloka. By me is spread out this whole Universe in my invisible form; all creatures exist in me, I exist not in them.

Fifth Sloka. Creatures exist not in me. Behold my divine Yoga: My Self, the upholder, not in creatures existing, is the substance of creatures.

Thus Sloka fourth says: "All creatures exist in me"—and Sloka fifth flatly contradicts this and says: "Creatures exist not in me."

Now in Sloka sixth we may find a clue—if we seize it. It says: "As the eternal, everywhere-going, great air exists in ether, so all creatures exist in me—thus understand!"

This comparison seems to be the only one which may be taken from the physical plane and explain something. Let us take another and see if it holds good. A brick soaked through with water and then put into a tub containing water, would be such an example; the water is within the brick and the brick is within the water, but there is really no communication between the water and the brick, and only the interstices or empty channels of the brick are filled up with water. The water cannot be said to be the substance of the brick, and the comparison fails.

But if we compare, as Krishna says, ether and air, we find:

First. Air comes next to ether in evolution, it is the *vahan* or clothing of ether; ether is the noumenon of air, the phenomenon, and the word substance must be taken in the sense Spinoza uses it. Then it explains the words: *My Self is the Substance of creatures.*

Second. Air being a limited mass, whirling along with our globe in ether-filled space, is therefore in ether, and this explains the words: *All creatures exist in me.*

Third. Now ether being the noumenon and air the phenomenon, and the phenomenon being unable to exist within the noumenon, thus are explained the words: *Creatures exist not in me.*

Fourth. What we call air bears this name on account of certain qualities which we detect in it with our senses. These qualities cannot apply to those ether possesses, about which we know nothing, and which must be different from those of ether which is of a different prakritic plane. Therefore the words: *I exist not in them* (the creatures). Moreover we may pull all of the air out of a closed vessel, while all the ether remains in it, still carrying lightwaves; thus ether does not depend on air and cannot be said to have its existence depending on that of air, or as Krishna says, exist in it.

I think that all the apparent contradictions in the *Gita* may become cleared up, if we go right at them, when they present themselves to us. First, our intuition must tell us: It is all true. We must not believe it to be true, because someone told us so; but the feeling within our heart must have given us this absolute conviction: It is true. Then only can we try to solve apparent difficulties, and will solve them, although we may not be able to just explain our solutions, as we have them, to others.

M. A. OPPERMANN

## Mirror of the Movement



### News from Loma-land

Our Leader, Katherine Tingley, is continuing her series of lectures at San Diego, and since I last wrote has spoken to great audiences on "The Evils of Psychology," "The Lost Mysteries of Music," and "The New Order of Ages," great, eloquent, and highly instructive addresses, full of the most valuable teaching. Truly the world has an opportunity now such as has not occurred for ages to put its affairs in order, for here is a Teacher who is showing the way out of the maze of contradictions and entanglements that humanity has heedlessly wandered into! The lecture of November 17, an anniversary of note in the Movement, was especially striking, as it dealt almost exclusively with the subject of the two opposing aspects of psychology, and the development of the higher side of human nature, and distinguished this desirable end from the dangerous and delusive hypnotic follies so prevalent. In her address she spoke in plainest language of the development of the positive element in each one; that even the smallest action—drinking a cup of water for instance—should be done with full purpose,—from the standpoint of the Soul. Thus would responsibility for every act and thought grow, and the positive element of soul-life become so strong that no external, weakening, evil influence, would have any power to affect one.

Thinking of these great meetings, crowded with listeners, hungry, eager for light on the problems of life, one's mind naturally goes back to the early days. Those who were with the Chief, William Q. Judge, in the old days, know how much time and energy was needed to keep the fires alight and to arouse the attention of the public—but today how different. Look at the membership all over the world. Twenty years ago, W. Q. Judge held his meetings in an empty hall and talked to empty seats. Today, look at the great audiences who come to hear Katherine Tingley. Thousands come today to our meetings and in turn speed the message to thousands more until the whole world is touched. The seed planted in the early days by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge is become a great tree laden with fruit. Truly the Theosophical Movement has had a hard battle to fight, but thanks to the magnificent devotion and astonishing skill of the Leader, it is now safe and in a far better position than ever before, or than could have been dreamed of a few years ago.

**Activities**

The manifold activities at the Point are rapidly consolidating, each one having its sphere of action more clearly defined and permanent homes for many of the Departments are being established. The Silk Culture is growing steadily in extent and importance, and has passed out of the experimental stage. It has been found necessary to enlist the services of still more of the students to help in this increasing work, for in this wonderful climate there is no period of harsh weather to prevent the hatching and feeding of the silk worms and under the skillful management they get, their death-rate is almost nil.

The Amphitheater is now complete and is a thing of great beauty. Probably before these lines are in print a representation on a large scale will have been given within its spacious arena.

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**Arrival of Visitor  
and Welcome  
Return of  
Miss Bergman**

Amongst the new arrivals we have welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Smith of Chicago. Mr. Smith is the devoted President of the Chicago Lodge of The Universal Brotherhood, whose genial hospitality and unaffected kindness are so well-known to traveling members. On November 13, we had the long-wished-for satisfaction of greeting our dear comrade and music-teacher, Miss Bergman. The following extract from the Los Angeles *Herald*, speaks for itself:

POINT LOMA WELCOMES MISS ELLEN BERGMAN

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 13—The students of the Isis Conservatory at Loma Homestead were delighted today to welcome once more Miss Ellen Bergman on her return from a six months' absence in Sweden. Miss Bergman was formerly teacher and gold medalist of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, Sweden. She has been specially successful as a teacher of singing at the Isis Conservatory, both among the children and the more advanced pupils, and she has endeared herself to all by her warm heart and charming manners. Great were the rejoicings therefore on her arrival at Loma Homestead. The grand entrance was decorated with the flags of all nations, while the New Century guard and the children of the Lotus Home turned out in full force to celebrate the occasion.

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Many greetings were brought by Miss Bergman to the Leader and comrades from the many devoted hearts in Sweden. While there Miss Bergman did considerable lecturing last summer. Before she left the fall and winter Activities had already commenced and signs are everywhere apparent of an increased interest on the part of the public.

Last week Brother H. H. Somers of San Francisco spent a few days at the Homestead, having been invited down to attend to some special matters connected with the work on the Pacific Coast. He reports continued steady work on the part of the San Francisco Lodge, and one always remembers its record of work in the past and its energy and fire in the early days. Thus one always looks for much from San Francisco, and so to hear of the Symposium recently given with great success and the Lodge work and monthly public meetings was only another evidence of the possibilities that lie before all the Lodges which, throughout the country, are being so well utilized in the furtherance of the Movement.

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**Work in  
the Lodges**

Today all the Lodges can work much better than at any time previously, for the public mind knows what the Universal Brotherhood stands for, and although there are still certain factions which use the name Theosophy, yet their methods of work are so different, the solid practical work of the Universal Brotherhood is not in any way affected thereby. The public mind refuses to be blinded by the mere name Theosophical and demands practice as well as theory. Many who have heretofore been prejudiced because of the misuse of the name of Theosophy, as though we endorsed all that

went under that name, have entered heartily into the spirit of the Movement now that the veils have been withdrawn and the clear lines drawn between the true and the false. In fact quite a new class of people is becoming interested. On the one hand are those who, in their eager search for some soul-satisfying philosophy and a knowledge of right living, have run the whole gamut of inquiry into all systems, and on the other those who are wearied with the strife and unrest in the world—these both find their hearts' longings answered in Theosophy and their ideals made actual in the Brotherhood work. Especially is there an increase in the ranks of the children reported throughout the whole Organization. In San Diego the Lotus Group receives new additions at almost everyone of its meetings.

It must be a great satisfaction to all acquainted with the early history of the Society to know that one part of the work which is peculiarly associated with the name of William Q. Judge and which has weathered all the storms and assaults of enemies is permanently established at Point Loma. The name of the Aryan Theosophical Society will ever remain as a landmark in the history of the Movement, and an additional interest is added to the fact of its establishment at Loma-land by the presence here of those two veteran workers, E. A. Neresheimer and H. T. Patterson, whose devotion to duty on their various lines of work serves as an example and inspiration to the younger members.

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### **Music, Etc**

The Leader says, "Everyone at heart is a musician," and the teaching power of music is continually being exemplified here. The Leader has lately given great attention to this subject and is introducing methods of teachings which are marvels on new lines, yet simple, natural and delightful to the learner. Taking advantage of the lines of least resistance, combining the inner harmonies of nature and sound, the new method draws out the music in the soul and interests the child's mind in raising it up to the plane of sound. To watch a lesson in singing to the tiny children in the Isis Conservatory of Music is a revelation hitherto unsuspected by musicians.

### **Lotus Groups and B. B. C.**

At San Diego music forms an important part of the work of the Lotus Group and Boys' Brotherhood Club. Mr. E. A. Neresheimer, who is so well known for his musical abilities and splendid voice, is training the Lotus children there in voice production and chorus singing, with great success. Though the instruction has been commenced but a few weeks the progress of the children in quality and tone is marked.

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### **More Group Houses**

Students' Group House No. 2 is being rapidly proceeded with. It is to be leased and occupied by Mr. Neresheimer, and another of these beautiful houses will be erected shortly for Mr. Hanson. Each home is of different design.

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### **Outsider's Opinion of Loma-land and the Work**

It is well to see ourselves as others see us, and the following quotations from a report published in the *Los Angeles Herald* of November 10, 1901, one of the most important papers in California, a leading journal of wide circulation, will prove of interest and value, for it is written by a perfectly dispassionate journalist, previously unacquainted with the aims or extent of the Universal Brotherhood and its active center of force and work at the Point:

### UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD'S HOME AT LOMA-LAND MAN'S BETTERMENT IS HERE SOUGHT FOR

by RALPH STRONG

\* \* \* Within the last fortnight I spent two days on the Point. I went with a mind free from bias or prejudice, and came away impressed by the mental and moral

character of the persons I met, and by the results I saw of the practical everyday working of the brotherhood idea. Of the philosophy of Theosophy I learned very little. William Q. Judge, the successor of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, was pre-eminently a philosopher. Katherine Tingley, his successor, is pre-eminently an accomplisher. He might have tried to explain to me the theory of Karma; she showed me the results.

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To the south of these main buildings are the children's group houses, where the visitor who is fortunate enough to be admitted will see marvelous results of the Brotherhood system of child training and education.

It was my privilege to accompany Katherine Tingley and three members of her advisory cabinet, Messrs. F. M. Pierce, Secretary-General; E. August Neresheimer, Treasurer-General, and Walter T. Hanson, on a tour of inspection of the children's group houses.

We came first to an open pavilion, where a dozen or more little girls, from six to twelve, were at play. They were of all sizes, three or four nationalities, and came from both rich and poor parents. A number were children of Cuban refugees, brought to Point Loma by Mrs. Tingley. One little girl, brighter than the rest, served as caretaker for the group. They are under her control at play, and accepted her leadership with the brotherhood spirit, remarkable for such elementary Theosophists. These little girls, in common with the rest of the one hundred children at Point Loma, showed great affection for Mrs. Tingley.

In another place a company of twenty-five lads, from nine to fifteen, were drilling up and down a driveway under command of an exceptionally bright boy. Like the little girls, these lads came from all sorts and conditions of life. There varied in residence at Point Loma from two years to a few weeks. There were Cuban and Spanish boys brought from the islands. Those who had been at the Point longest showed invariably the best health, intelligence and manliness. As their names were called they stepped out, saluted and acquitted themselves like little men.

Off to one side a handsome, hatless young woman of an English type, was drilling ten Cuban and Spanish boys brought very recently from Cuba.

"My great secret in education lies in the fact that there is here no separation between teaching and home life," said Mrs. Tingley.

Then we went into the head group house, an octagonal building containing a large central room, in which were a piano and all the refinements of a tasteful home. Presently some seventy-five children came in, the boys in blue sweaters and the girls largely in white. These were the children in the Raja Yoga School, one of the principal institutions in Loma-land. They sang and performed a slow and graceful dance, united with a calisthenic movement. Their enjoyment of all this was evidently keen. There was no sign of self-consciousness, no disposition to "show off" before visitors.

"They are never allowed to fail," said Mrs. Tingley. "They learn here the religion of self-reliance. Then at last, when they go out alone into the world, they do not fall at the first disaster or temptation. This, we think, is the course most calculated to help and strengthen the child."

I cannot better close than with these words from Katherine Tingley, spoken for *The Herald*:

"The touchstone of our work is altruism. No one who is self-seeking, anxious for position or fame, is likely to join our ranks, for he is sure to be disappointed in his search. Among our workers are many men and women of wide experience and great business, professional or literary capability, who not only give their services, but also contribute financially to the support of the work.

"The purpose of the work is to bring back to man a true knowledge of himself and of the meaning and purpose of existence, to show him that joy and happiness are his heritage, and that these are attainable now; that it is not necessary to wait for some far-off

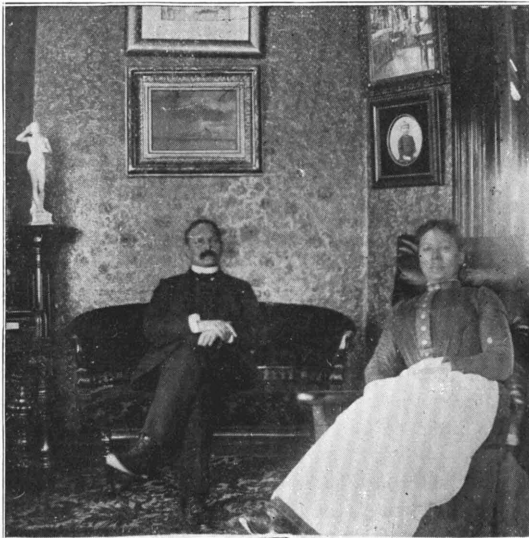
hypothetical heaven after death, but that Christ's words are absolutely and literally true, that the kingdom of heaven is within you.

“But our purpose is far more than merely to preach goodness; it includes also the exposure and eradication of evil, and an active, constant warfare until humanity shall awake and shake off the incubus which the dogmas of original sin and vicarious atonement have become, eating out its manhood and its very life. It is because of this searchlight which Theosophy and the Universal Brotherhood throws on the lives of men that it has aroused the opposition and the enmity of all those whose interest it is to keep man enslaved, who live upon his fear-given adherence to these dogmas, who teach, for a price, the fear of God and the authority of the church.

“As for the scope of this work, it stops at nothing short of the regeneration of the whole of humanity—it is universal, as its name implies. It is absolutely unsectarian and non-political; it enters into every department of life and human endeavor; there is no human need that it does not satisfy, no suffering that it does not alleviate.

“I declare that Theosophy has a new message for the world, a message of hope even to the most hopeless, the most despairing. And I declare, too, that if men and women will turn away from the fear that the professed teachers of religion have engendered in their hearts and will go back to the practical teachings and the very words of Christ, they will find Theosophy there, for the teachings of Christ are the teachings of Theosophy.”

OBSERVER



DR. AND MRS. BOGREN OF HELSINGBORG, SWEDEN

## Reports of Lodges



### U. B. Lodge No. 1, Sydney, Australia

Our last monthly public meeting was held on the first Sunday in August in our Lodge rooms, commencing at 7:30 p. m. These meetings generally last about an hour and a half. There was a grand rally of comrades on this occasion. The meeting opened by

a selection of Beethoven played on the piano. The president, Bro. T. W. Willans, then read a preliminary paper explaining the work and various departments of the Universal Brotherhood organization, and read articles from the U. B. Constitution showing the humanitarian character of the work, as well as its non-political and unsectarian nature. We then had one of Schubert's "Musical Moments" played prior to the reading of the papers on living questions from the Theosophical standpoint.

After this a collection was taken up, while a melody of Mozart's was played. Questions were then invited by the president, after which he announced the forthcoming public entertainment and next public meeting, and members' meetings. The meeting was brought to a close by another musical selection from Beethoven. Our visitors were much pleased with the meeting and our literature brought to their notice, and they were also handed programs and I. B. L. slips. Our meetings are invariably of a cheerful, quiet and dignified character, and the daily newspapers always give us a good notice.

On the other Sunday evenings of the month we meet together and carry out as nearly as possible the "Suggestions" of the Leader. We have the ceremony of the smokers' offering on one Sunday, and it always causes joyful applause on the part of the non-smokers. On the other evenings we select the subjects for the public addresses and also the music for both the public meeting and the entertainments. At the latter we generally have an interesting program.

We advertise both the public meeting and the entertainment well in the daily papers.

The entertainment of which the program is given above was carried out very successfully. The strength and feeling of the meeting was most marked. The president voiced the success of the gathering when he said that we had reached high water mark in our program tonight.

SECRETARY

*Sydney, 13th August, 1901.*

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### U. B. Lodge No. 1, Sydney, Australia

[Delayed Report]

*President's address to members of Lodge No. 1, Australia, April 21, 1901, as entered in minute book:*

COMRADES: In opening our assembly tonight I feel that you should hear the truth of the Law, "That whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." That those of our faithful comrades that have given up their time and energy during the last two years in particular to help to sustain our great Cause of Brotherhood in this country, and have thereby subordinated to that extent their personal worldly interests, have not done so in vain. Nor should such sacrifice of their worldly advancement be looked upon as foolish in the eye of the greater interests of our true life. For in this devotion to our Cause they have sown the seed which will enable them to reap the priceless treasures of the Soul. Whenever unselfish service is rendered especially in association with the Great Helpers of the Race of which our Teacher and Leader, Katherine Tingley, is the representative. *be sure*, good hearts! you have sown seed that will reap a rich harvest and the purer the service, the truer it was done, for the good of all, or the Lodge, without regard to the benefits that will be personally received, the larger, the richer, and the more fruitful will be the glorious harvest that must in the eye of the Law be your portion.—T. W. WILLANS

✽

### Correspondence Between Chicago Members and Swedish Comrades

*To the Presidents and Members of Lodges 70 and 45, Chicago, U. S. A.:*

DEAR COMRADES: By Miss Ellen Bergman we have received your kind and brotherly letter, as well as your beautiful American flag, which we always shall treasure as a symbol of the land where the U. B. has its Headquarters.

In order to unite our Lodges still more closely and make the link between our countries stronger and more powerful, we beg you to accept our Swedish flag, belonging like yours, to a country where liberty of speech and conscience exists. Please accept, dear Comrades, our heartfelt thanks for your kind thoughts. We hope forever to work with you for the realization of our lofty program and our principal aim: The Liberation of Humanity. Ever sincerely and fraternally yours,  
H. CEDERSCHIOLD,  
President, and Members of Lodge No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden

511 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, JULY 21, 1901

To H. CEDERSCHIOLD, President, and Members of Lodge No. 1, U. B., Stockholm, Sweden

DEAR COMRADES: I should have acknowledged before this the beautiful Swedish flag, which you sent us and which we value so much, not only because of the richness and beauty of its texture and colors, colors which stand for so much as National emblem and as principles those colors represent, but also for the true comradeship and fellowship which accompanied your gift, in fact long preceded it, flying swiftly as the lightning, with deific power of love and thought, while your letter by mail was not so very long delayed. The flag, however, was somewhat delayed, by duty requirements and arrangements, all of which, however, were well repaid on receiving it and viewing its bright hued colors. We shall so much enjoy, standing for you and your presence in our Lodge room and representing also when put beside our National emblem, the alliance between the Swedish and American Lodges of the U. B. in the great cause we serve.

Having thus raised your standard alongside of ours in our Lodge, it will be our great pleasure to uphold them there, in the enjoyment of the double strength of both, tied together with that cable tow, which we are now beginning to learn how rightly to use. With earnest, sincere greetings. Ever fraternally yours,

THE CHICAGO LODGES U. B.

By Alpheus M. Smith, President of Lodge No. 70



### Report of Cambridge Lotus Group No. 31, for August

The line of work instituted last month, viz.: Short talks by the Superintendent about "The Houses We Live In," has been continued, the subjects being "The Keepers of the Houses," "Our Hands," "Our Feet," and their mutual co-operation. In taking care of these houses the children have been asked to entertain three guests, "Truth, Purity and Love" during the week, and also to think of a little verse beginning, "I will make my life a little light within the world to shine," etc. In connection with these talks appropriate selections are read or learned.

On Wednesday, August 14, fifty children of the Group in charge of Lodge members, together with fifty children gathered from other sources enjoyed a trip to Clifton, a summer resort by the sea. Through the kindness of the ladies of Clifton, of whom our Lodge President is one, special cars, barges, lunch, entertainment, etc., were provided, and the spirit of "Helping and Sharing," shown by those ladies was appreciated. SECRETARY



### U. B. Lodge, Sioux City, Iowa

On Sunday evening of the 13th of October, the regular public monthly meeting was held in our Lodge room. Two addresses were given, and a paper read by Miss Wakefield on the Objects of the International Brotherhood League. These with appropriate music made a very interesting program. The attendance was good.

On the evening of the 14th of October, an entertainment was given at Miss Wakefield's home. It was a journey in flower-land. One hundred and sixty-six oil paintings of wild flowers were on exhibition. These paintings were a part of a series numbering



two hundred painted by Miss Wakefield, commencing in the year 1884. It was a delight and an education to see them and listen to her talk in connection with the display.

October 24, 1901

MRS. H. D. PEIRCE, *Secretary*



LOTUS GROUP, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

### Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

Lotus Group Report for August — Advanced Class, Thursdays 7 to 8 p. m. The lessons during the month have been on the "Sound Pilgrims." Stories have been told from *The New Century*, "The Light in the Window," and the "Unrewardables," and singing and learning new songs have filled up the rest of the time.

Young Buds Class, Saturdays 2 to 4 p. m. The lessons during the month were on the "Pilgrims" and stories, "Princess Purity" and "Water Babies," and learning new songs and marching. On the 17th of the month their annual outing. Progress is slow but sure, and both individually and collectively good improvement is shown.

At the children's outing it rained almost all the time, yet they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, games under cover, romping and innocent fun filling in happy hours, then the walk through the fields and lanes plucking wild flowers. Lotus songs brought a very happy and joyous afternoon to a close. We are busy preparing for an Entertainment.

Alice Sandham, *Superintendent*

Louisa Cropper, *Secretary*



## From Small Beginnings

A STORY FOR THE BOYS

by Ethne



A SMALL boy sat on the curbstone in the sunshine in a little side street, with children playing all around him, their shrill little voices waking the echoes as they called to each other in play.

There he sat placid and absorbed, his whole attention fixed on making some little wooden figures stand upright in a row. They were ill-balanced, and again and again his efforts were doomed to failure, and over and over again he patiently set them up.

A young man smoking and lounging at the door of one of the houses finally had his attention arrested by the little fellow's earnestness. Owing to the shaking of the ground by a passing cart there was a sudden collapse of half the gallant wooden warriors, and touched by the distress visible on the child's face, he made a half move to go to his aid. But the child's distress was only momentary; his eyes fell upon some bits of broken brick and the brightening of his face showed that he had at last solved the problem and knowing, by bitter experience, the shakiest of his soldiers he propped them up with the small stones and at last his row was completed!

Gayly he clapped his hands and, looking up, saw the young man who came across to him.

"How did you do it, Tommy?" he said, patting the curly head.

"I put them up over and over again," said the child. "They's my little soldiers and they must do what I want them to, 'cause I'se captain; some was naughty but they all stand now," he replied triumphantly.

"But weren't you very tired of putting them up so many times?"

"Yes," replied the child, consideringly—"but if I didn't they wouldn't stand, and I *wanted* them to stand," and he looked up at his big friend as if that argument was conclusive.

The man nodded. "That's so my boy, go on as you have begun and perhaps when you are my age you will have something more to show for your years," and feeling in his pocket he gave the child a penny, being sufficiently a child of his generation to instinctively offer a material reward for merit.

Tommy packed his soldiers into their box with a certain sense of gratitude to them for his luck, which he felt was in some way connected with them, though he did not quite grasp the connection, and disappeared into the house.

"Why did you give the child money, Mr. Norton," said a pleasant faced woman presently coming to the door.

"As a reward for his perseverance," he replied with a laugh, "I suppose you have no objection?"

"Well, I have," she returned, "though I thank you, that you meant it kindly."

The young man stared in surprise, "Why, Mrs. Jones?" he said at last.

Mrs. Jones finished counting the stitches of her knitting and rolled the stocking up into a ball, sticking the pins through it before replying.

Then she turned to him and said gravely, "He is my only child and I wish him to grow up a good man like his father was. I haven't very much book-learning myself, but his father could talk lovely and he always said—'Bring the boy up to do good for the sake of good, and not for a reward, Jenny. If I go first, don't teach him to worship the golden calf, it is character and not wealth that will make a man face his troubles bravely and help him on his death-bed. Teach him that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well'"

She wiped the tears from her eyes and continued, "I have had many a hard struggle since he died, but I have always remembered and kept the child free from looking upon *money* as a reward for his good actions, and I have never given him pennies to be good, or bribed him to be quiet, but told him how his father always said a good man will do his duty well for his own satisfaction and not for the gain it will bring him."

"But," said the man, "I suppose you are paid for the socks you make, and expect Tommy to earn his living in good time, you can't live on sentiment alone."

"I told you I wasn't much good at expressing myself," she returned with a smile, "but I think you *do* know what I mean for all that. Tommy will, I hope, be as good a workman as his father was and he will be that all the more that he thinks of his work first and his pay last."

"Well, I'm afraid he won't make his fortune," rejoined the man.

"He will make the best kind of fortune, I hope," she returned quickly, "the fortune of a happy contented mind, and a loving heart, those are riches nothing can take away, and it is a mistake to think a thoroughly capable honest

man will even lose money because he believes that giving of his best to others is better than taking all he can get and giving as little as he can. Good work always tells in the end, and besides it makes you happy all the time."

The return of Tommy was a welcome relief to Jack Norton, who found the present conversation rather disquieting, since he wished to preserve an air of injured disgust toward a world which so ill requited his superior abilities.

"Hullo," he said. "did you get a good lump of candy for your penny?"

"You didn't?" in response to a shake of the head, "Well, what did you do with it?" "I bought some violets," said the child slowly.

"And what did you do with the flowers, I guess you are a queer one," said the man, but his tone was kindly and, encouraged by it and his mother's smile, the child stood by his knee and told his little tale.

"I took them to Jessie 'cause she is sick and can't go out and play now, not for ever so long and she did love the flowers, mother, and we cut the string and put them in all loose, like as if they were growing, and"—all in a breath—"a lady asked me if I liked flowers when I was getting them from the man, and then she asked me where I lived and I told her they were for Jessie and she's sick."

Then, "Jessie is his little playmate," said his mother in explanation to the listener, "and has been ailing these few months."

"Well, I must be off to work now," said Jack Norton, and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the heel of his boot, straightened himself up and went his way

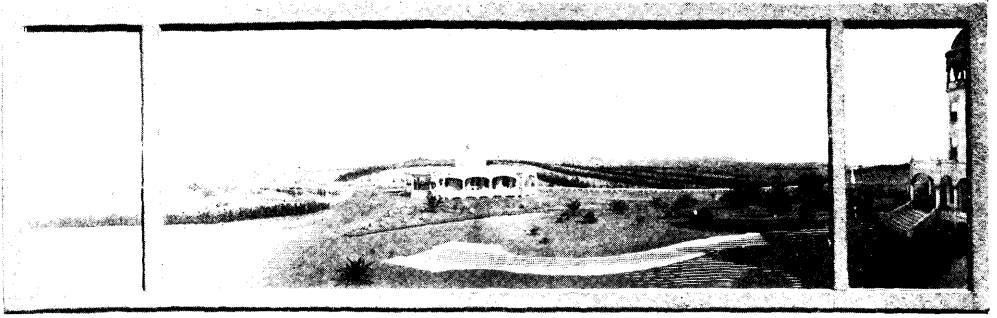
A few weeks later Mrs. Jones met him with a jubilant air, "Jessie is going into the country," she said, "the lady who met Tommy buying the violets, brought a doctor to see the child and he says all that she wants is fresh air and good food, and she has found a place as needle-woman for me in the country so that Tommy and I will be going too."

"I shall miss Tommy, for he is a cheery little chap, but you deserve your luck," he replied, "I've been thinking, too, over what you said"—facing her squarely—"and I guess I have put some more energy into my work since then, and today the Boss gave me a rise, because he said he had been noticing that I took a real interest in my work, and that was the sort of man he believed in."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Jones warmly.

"Yes," he added reflectively, "little things make a deal of difference sometimes, if it hadn't been for Tommy and his perseverance, and that talk we had I might have gone on grumbling and lazing all my life."

"My husband often used to say," she responded with an appreciative little nod, "that a little match may start a big fire, and that is why we should be careful what we do and say."



H U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

I would not say, let us pray. I would say, let us do. Let us turn from the negative side of knee prayer to the positive side of heart action. Let us aspire to be tomorrow more than we are today. Let us energize our souls with that action of the higher nature that will urge us on into the path of service to Humanity where we shall dare and dare to do, until more light shall come into our minds, till we have made the prayer of Christ, the love of Christ, the teaching of Christ, a living power within the hearts of men.

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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NO. 10

## Goethe's Faust

### A Study of the Higher Law

by Phaeton

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I

**F**AUST is a mystery-drama, profound in its revelations of the Higher Law. Yet, its readers have possessed so scanty a knowledge of a true philosophy of life, so sparing have they been of their faith in the divine, that they have failed to understand it. Many, even today, do not know that the drama includes more than the hackneyed story of Margaret, few have even read the wonderful, labyrinthine second part, very few have understood it.

Goethe paints for us a symbolic picture of that long cyclic journey of the soul through pain, sin, and despair, leading upward at last, to the light and to liberation. The drama, taken as a whole, is a labyrinth of mysterious passages, into which the reader, a modern Theseus, enters. Unless armed, like

Theseus, with the sword of true knowledge, and unless guided by the golden thread of intuition (Ariadne, the woman principle), he will fail to vanquish the secret at its center and, indeed, may not find his way out again.

In Theosophy, H. P. Blavatsky has given us the sword and the golden thread; and though Goethe died long before Madame Blavatsky brought her message to the Western World, Goethe knew this philosophy none the less. For Theosophy is not new. It is very, very old. The Theosophical Movement today is but part of a universal spiritual movement that has been active in all ages. Though obscured from the masses for five thousand years, it has never been utterly lost, and every age has reared a few great souls who were strong enough to find and claim it. Goethe was a great soul and his own life of struggle, error, work, and constant aspiration must have made him transparent to very much Light that the average soul is too opaque to receive.

Today, the great truths that are given in symbolic form in Faust are accessible to the whole world. No longer is each unit-soul compelled to struggle and suffer alone as Goethe did, as all the great ones of the past have done. And we owe this to H. P. Blavatsky, to William Q. Judge and to Katherine Tingley. Those who "discern the signs of the times" already see the fruitage of those seeds which H. P. Blavatsky planted and know that the time is near when the students of these Teachers shall give to the world greater mystery-dramas than the world has yet seen.

That Goethe gives in symbolic form the fundamental postulates of Theosophy, is sufficient reason why the average, unphilosophic reader has failed to understand him; why even the Professor of Poetry and Criticism in the great University of Chicago, (William Cleaver Wilkinson) calls Faust "dull reading, very dull reading," and characterizes the Prologue, (with the exception of the Chant of the Archangels) as "irredeemably profane." In his book *Classic German Course in English*, Professor Wilkinson says:

We shall not conceal our own confident opinion that the time will come when men will wonder that even such a heteroclitite production imposed itself on several generations of readers, or rather of critics, as a triumph of genius and of art. The atmosphere of a mocking worldly wisdom pervades the work. . . . But if we were challenged to produce from *Faust*, a single lofty or noble sentiment, one generous expression, such as 'makes a man strong in speaking truth,' we should confess ourselves at a loss.

Others have dissected the poem in the effort to prove that Goethe owed his philosophy to the German Transcendentalists. But any student of Theosophy who will read the drama with some care, will see that Goethe probably drew his insights from a source more transcendental than the Transcendentalists themselves.

The drama is not alone symbolic and mystical. It is prophetic, almost as to detail, of the present work of the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood, of the building of Esotero by her students, the reclaiming of Point Loma and its transformation—by magic, verily—into the heart center of a greater civilization than that which exists at present. Goethe was often prophetic, never

more so than in Faust. For this drama is the fruitage of his whole, rich life. Over sixty years a-building, the poem was begun when Goethe was twenty and finished when he was eighty-two, only seven months before his death. It was his Temple, and he loved it, and believed in it.

\* \* \* \*

The drama opens with a Prologue, the Chant of the Archangels in the Heavenly Spheres. This is followed by a conversation between the Lord (probably Jehovah, not the mystic "Father in Heaven" of Jesus), and Mephistopheles, the Evil One. They discuss the conduct of one Faust, a man beloved of the Lord, but who quite exasperates the Devil because of his constant aspiration for more knowledge. Mephistopheles scoffingly asks permission to tempt Faust, and the Lord replies,

So long as he on earth doth live,  
So long 'tis not forbidden thee.

"Yet," says the Lord, "lead him downward as far as thou mayst, thou still must own that the good man retains ever the consciousness of right."

This conversation, the scene of which is laid in Heaven is, of course, wholly symbolic. In that light it may stand beside Ezekiel's vision of the Fiery-wheeled "Avengers," or the first two chapters in the book of Job, which Goethe himself says suggested the scene to him. The Lord stands for the Forces of Light, the Universal Good; Mephistopheles, the Forces of Darkness, the general Evil of the Universe. Faust himself is symbolic of the human soul.—of you and of me,—a Warrior always in this battle-field called life, tempted by the Evil, shielded as far as may be by the Divine, fighting, fighting ever, now wounded by the shafts of the enemy, now obscured by the smoke and dust of battle, but at the last erect, divine, with sword up-swung and gleaming.

\* \* \* \*

Faust is introduced to us as a man in middle-life, in a narrow, high-vaulted, Gothic study. All his life he has lived apart from men, a student of books and musty sciences, first of medicine, philosophy (so-called) and logic, then of alchemy and magic. Yet the mysteries of life and destiny he cannot solve, the knowledge he longs for he cannot seize. Restless and moody, he turns the pages of an ancient book on magic when his eye rests on the sublime glyph of the *macrocosmos*. He is thrilled.

Was it a god who charactered this scroll?  
.....  
Am I a god? What light intense  
In these pure symbols do I see!

But Faust, with all his philosophy, has no inner calm. He is too restless, too discontented, to remain on the heights to which this sign of the *macrocosmos* had lifted his consciousness. Turning the leaves of the old book he comes to the sign of the Earth spirit,—the opposite pole. Earth at least is tangible and, obeying a sudden impulse, he pronounces the magic words which sum-

mon the spirit, a red flame flashes up and the spirit appears in the flame, a "dreadful shape," only another evidence that outer tangible "proofs" never prove anything.

When this horrible vision departs, Faust is down in the depths. "I am not of heavenly essence," he says, "I am like the worm which drags itself through the dust, and is crushed and buried by the step of the passer-by."

In utter despair, Faust fills a goblet with poison and is about to drink the potion, when he hears voices chanting an Easter hymn:

Christ is arisen  
 Redeemed from decay.  
 The bonds which imprison  
 Your souls rend away!  
 Praising the Lord with zeal,  
 By deeds that love reveal,  
 Like brethren true and leal,  
 Sharing the daily meal,  
 To all that sorrow feel  
 Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,  
 Still is the Master near  
 Still is he here.

It is the hymn of the resurrection. Faust's higher nature is again touched, as it first was by the sign of the *macrocosmos*. Unfortunately, Faust is unable to analyze this emotion, so cultivated is his brain while his heart has been cultivated not at all. He restlessly rushes into the outer world of sense-pleasure where the peasants are dancing, for Easter is a holiday, and in thus yielding to the desires of his lower nature for diversion, for distraction, Faust opens his soul to the forces of evil.

From this point on the drama is a study of the dual nature of man, the higher and the lower, the angel and the demon.

But Faust is so "scientific," so crammed with book-knowledge, that things which afford no tangible, objective proofs, cannot hold him long. And the higher impulses of his soul are not susceptible of proof save on their own plane, which is far higher than that of book or crucible or retort. So, whenever his consciousness touches the Higher, back it flies to the lower, which gradually assumes a definite form and is symbolized, at first, as a black poodle.

Faust perceives that this poodle circles restlessly toward him, and appears to draw a magical noose or coil about his feet like a snare, while in his track he leaves a "fiery whirlpool." However, he reasons himself out of his misgivings and takes the poodle home with him. And in that wonderful scene in Faust's study Goethe pictures the growth and development of the elemental self.

Faust's higher impulses again draw him to his sublime old books. The poodle barks and is much disturbed. Faust, as if inspired, begins to translate the mystical Gospel of St. John, "In the beginning was the Word." The poo-



dle becomes so riotous that Faust orders it to leave his study. But alas! so long has he entertained it that it has grown, until it fairly fills the room.

Huge as a hippopotamus  
With fiery eye, terrific tooth.

Faust sees that it is a demon and, probably not quite aware of what he is doing, he tries to exorcise it with spells, then with the symbols of the Higher, the cross and the triangle. A mist hides the poodle from view and out of the mist steps Mephistopheles, a demon, as was the poodle, but in form a "traveling scholar," a man with the added power of intellect, therefore far more dangerous. He subtly robs Faust of his faith, his faith in men, in God, his trust in the Higher Law, which is generally the first thing the Powers of Evil attempt to do. And by this sign we may always recognize those who are, whether consciously or unconsciously, working against the soul and against God. And finally they make a compact, by which Mephistopheles is to bring to Faust the uttermost pleasures that the world affords, in exchange — for the Devil is shrewd at a bargain — for Faust's soul at death.

When to the moment I shall say,  
'Linger awhile, so fair thou art!'  
Then may'st thou fetter me straightway.

Goethe was forty years in bringing to birth Mephistopheles, forty years in solving this problem of how to give in symbolic form the truths of man's dual nature, of the birth and growth and fearful power of the elemental self. For Mephistopheles is Faust's elemental self, his lower nature, personified, symbolized, Faust's inseparable companion during all the rest of his life.

For Goethe knew, what all the Great Teachers have ever taught, that from the moment that the man recognizes the duality of his nature and makes definite choice either for good or for evil, he has ever with him two companions formed from his own essence and nature, "the secretion or objectivation of the opposite poles of his own self-consciousness, the angel and the demon, one or the other strengthened by every act and every thought of his life."

Faust himself is just at this point. He says:

Two souls, alas! dwell in my breast. One clings to earth, the other soars to heaven and one ever struggles to separate itself from the other.

Face to face, at last, with his own lower nature, knowing it to be such, everything now depends on the choice Faust makes. His soul hangs in the balance.

Faust's higher nature, symbolized by the Chorus of Spirits, appeals to him, in these sublime words:

Woe! Woe!  
Thou hast destroyed  
The world beautiful  
With violent shock!  
'Tis shivered! 'tis shattered!  
The fragments abroad by a demi-god scattered!

. . . . .  
 Fondly we weep  
 The beauty that's gone!  
 Thou 'mongst the sons of earth,  
*Lofty and mighty one,*  
*Build it once more!*

"Yes," says Mephistopheles, "these are the voices of *my* spirits; they call you to the world of sense-pleasure." For the devices which the elemental self is capable of using to delude the soul are innumerable.

Faust, although realizing that Mephistopheles is "the Evil One," nevertheless parleys with him. And at last the compact is signed with blood, and out into the world they go, Faust, led by his elemental self, Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles, first takes him to Auerbach's cellar where a drunken crowd is carousing. But Faust is not interested, it is all too coarse. Next, they go to the Witch's Kitchen where they witness the debauched, degraded family, the result of a union that is built upon the physical alone. This, in its coarseness, does not appeal to Faust; and he is not even interested until his eye falls upon a magic mirror in which he sees the image of a woman. It was intended to arouse his lower nature, but Faust, the real man, is pure and good at heart, and the sight of this image wakens the ideal side of his nature, instead. "Is it not," he exclaimed, "the very essence of all heavenly grace? Can aught on earth be so exquisite? Can woman be so beautiful?" For Faust, in spite of his musty "science" and learning, was naturally an idealist, a mystic, and this image suggested to him, not any personal woman, but woman in the abstract, the Woman-Soul, the Eternal Woman, the one element which had been entirely absent from his life.

For woman, it must not be forgotten, has always been the symbol of the intuition, the faculty of spiritual discernment. That is what Eve stood for, urging man as she did to eat with her the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. "And had she been let alone and allowed to do what she intended, she would have led him to the Tree of Life," said H. P. Blavatsky.

This is what the prophet Ezekiel meant when he likened Jerusalem to a beloved but sinning woman. It is what Beatrice meant to Dante. It is just this truth that Goethe meant to convey when he pictured Faust searching and searching for this "Eternal Womanly," and never satisfied until at length he finds it, not a woman, but his intuition, his own soul.

And so, at the sight of this image, for a brief moment Faust's consciousness is on the heights. But Mephistopheles brings him back to earth without any delay. "Look your fill," he says, "I know where to find such a woman for you."

Faust, although he knows it to be a wicked place, unfortunately tarries in the Witch's Kitchen long enough to drink a potion, brewed there, which sets afire his "Kamic," passionate self.

And then Goethe tells us the story of Margaret, one of the saddest and the most beautiful in the world. It is the beginning of Faust's life-long search for

the Eternal-Womanly. Influenced by Mephistopheles, he believes that all this is to be found in some one woman, and driven by a desire which, in its innermost essence was noble and pure, Faust becomes madly infatuated with this beautiful girl. He begs Mephistopheles to make her his own. But the Devil frankly says, "I cannot. She is too pure. Over such as she, I've no control."

But Margaret has one weakness. She is a wee bit vain of her pretty face, and this one little weakness is the enemy within which opens the door of the soul's fortress to admit the enemy without. Some jewels and trinkets, left secretly in her bedroom, play havoc with her vanity, and finally Faust woos and wins her.

Perhaps, the prettiest scene in the whole drama is that in which Margaret takes Faust to task about the state of his heart. "Now tell me," she says, "How do you feel as to religion?" And Faust replies to her in an impassioned manner, about the "Eternal stars," and "nature's impenetrable agencies," and "eternal mystery," to which Margaret responds: "Yes, this sounds very fine and good. The priest says nearly the same. Yet for all that, I fear thou art not a Christian. . . . And I grieve at the company I see you in. The man, Mephistopheles, is hateful to me in my inmost soul. His presence makes my blood creep. . . . One sees that he sympathizes with nothing. . . . When he even chances to join us, I even think I do not love you any more. And in his presence I should never be able to pray, and this eats into my heart. You, too, Henry, must feel the same."

Faust dismisses her fears, in a characteristically masculine and superior way, with these words, "You have an antipathy, that is all." Cæsar said the same to the prophetic words of his wife, on "the fatal Ides of March."

Yet Margaret grasped the truth about Mephistopheles infallibly, through her intuition. Had she been Faust's equal, intellectually, doubtless she could have maintained the position she felt she must take with regard to Mephistopheles, and she would have saved Faust. But she was not. Had Faust been less intellectual and more intuitive, doubtless he would have been aroused to the truth by Margaret's words, and perhaps would have saved her. But he was not.

And, as a result, Goethe tells us over again the same old pitiful story that we meet so often in actual life, that it has almost lost its significance. And it is pathetic to see how Faust's higher nature asserts itself, again and again, only to arouse Mephistopheles, who each time tightens his hold on his victim and drags him back again to the Kamic plane. Twice he leaves Margaret, resolved not to enter her life. In spite of his great love for her, he feels it would be wrong to disturb her simple peace. But Mephistopheles comes, with specious argument, and lures him back, and the whole of the first part of the drama is occupied with the accounts of Faust's persistent oscillation between his higher impulses and his lower.

Finally, still led by this elemental self, Faust leaves Margaret to plunge into utter dissipation, which is probably what is meant by his visit to the Brocken mount on the night of the Witches' Carnival. For a time Margaret has passed entirely out of his life, for it is one of the little tricks of the elemental self to make us forget our obligations.

But Faust really loved the higher, not the lower. He soon breaks away from the crowd of witches and goes alone to a mountain crag to meditate on something diviner than their hideous revels. With his soul-eyes he sees Margaret, "pale and suffering." "It is nothing," says Mephistopheles, who always comes to Faust with advice at the critical moment. "It is only the head of the Medusa."

But Faust has had enough of dissipation. He leaves the Brocken mount, goes back to the world and there learns that Margaret is insane and in prison for the murder of her babe.

Faust is nearly distracted, for he is neither selfish nor bad, inherently. He curses Mephistopheles for the doom that has fallen on Margaret, and Mephistopheles calmly utters the words that the world even yet is ready to fling in the face of the one whose heart goes out to the fallen woman, *She is not the first!*

When will we learn that the Lower Self is always utterly heartless, demanding everything and giving nothing? Faust learns it bitterly, when Mephistopheles replies to his curses with a sneer,—“Well, why did you enter into fellowship with me if you can't go through with it? . . . Wouldst fly and art not proof against dizziness?”

Faust implores him to save Margaret, only to be met by the taunt: “Save her! who was it plunged her into ruin, I or thou?”

This is sufficient to open Faust's eyes. By these taunts Mephistopheles seals his own doom. With a feeling of utter desolation,—for everything, it seems to Faust, has slipped from beneath his feet,—and yet with a strength of soul he had never before known, Faust pulls himself together and takes his right place as master of Mephistopheles. This is the turning point of the whole drama and Faust learned then and there what we all must one day learn, that the desire nature, this elemental self of ours, makes a dangerous friend but a perfectly splendid servant. And the soul who is wise enough to put his lower nature where it belongs and strong enough to keep it there is no longer a clog and a disgrace in the world but becomes actually, in some degree, a Savior, a Teacher of men.

This is the one great experience of every life, this battle with the elemental self, this struggle with the Dweller of the Threshold. The Bibles of the world tell it over and over again,—Jacob wrestling with the angel, the soul-struggle that changed Saul of Tarsus, who persecuted the despised followers of Jesus, into St. Paul, the Apostle. And that soul is wise who does not wait until driven into this combat, but goes out, like a warrior, to meet it.

Such a battle is a desperate one, yet if the Warrior wins, the reward is very great, and this is it: that henceforth the man looks at life from the standpoint

of the eternal Higher Self, no longer from that of the lower. That is a reward worth having, though it cost the uttermost, and in this battle Faust, the Warrior, won.

Faust, master of Mephistopheles at last, commands him to bring horses that they may fly to the prison and rescue Margaret. The wily, Evil One suggests to Faust that he would risk his life in so doing, for Faust, with Mephistopheles at his elbow, of course, had killed Margaret's brother in a street quarrel, and the authorities were searching for him.

But Faust has taken advice from his dangerous companion for the last time. The horses are procured, they fly to the prison where Margaret sits in chains, babbling of her mother and her babe, her reason gone.

At the sound of his voice she recognizes Faust, and at first fancies herself once more walking with him in the garden of her home. He tells her he has come to save her, to take her with him back into the world, back to the old life, and he implores her to go. He finally makes her understand him and she replies:

"O, Henry! would that I could go with thee!"

"Thou canst!" says Faust, "But will it. Open stands the door!"

"No prayer, no argument avails, I must bear thee away by force,"—an unconscious concession to the influence of Mephistopheles.

Margaret, for the shock of seeing Faust again seems to have brought back her reason, commands him to let her alone. "I will not suffer violence!"

*Faust:* "The day is dawning, Come!"

*Margaret:* "Yes. . . . My wedding day it was to be. . . . Woe to my garland. It is all over now. We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd thickens. The streets cannot hold them all. The bell tolls—the staff breaks. They bind and seize me! Already am I hurried to the blood-seat! Already quivering for every neck is the sharp steel which quivers for mine. Dumb lies the world as the grave!"

*Faust:* "Would I had never been born!"

At this point, Mephistopheles comes to urge Faust away, fearing that he may remain with Margaret and become the Devil's victim no longer. Margaret is startled as she recognizes him. "Send him away," she says. "What would he in this holy place?" for that poor girl's prison-cell was a holy place, purified as it had been by the water of suffering that had been poured over it.

For Margaret had become the willing channel of the Higher Law. She felt the justice, as well as the pain, of her position. Faust felt only the pain. "Judgment of God! I have given myself up to thee!" are her words. In thus accepting as final the great law of cause and effect, Margaret had opened her soul to the Light. And the strong light of the Divine had burned away the dross of her nature and illumined her soul. It was the coming forth of the Christos, the mystic Christ, and it is not strange that the breaking away of the old tomb of her lower nature should have shocked her into insanity. Yet,

when she became rational again upon Faust's visit to her, she was far more sane than he, for from the ashes of her sin had sprung up a perfect trust in the Higher Law.

Faust had no trust, for Mephistopheles had robbed him of it. He could not rise to the heights on which Margaret had found peace, for there was nothing beneath his feet. She could not—would not—descend again to the lower levels on which Faust stood, the old life back to which he would take her. Their paths must separate,—there was no other way.

While Mephistopheles lingers near Faust she utters a last appeal and says: "Henry, go! I tremble even, to look upon thee!"

And the Devil fancies that he has triumphed as he departs with Faust. But he is mistaken. Though Margaret had severed the lower, physical bond between herself and Faust, in sending him away from her, the inner spiritual bond between them was not broken. The last thing Faust hears as he leaves the prison is the voice of Margaret, herself at last a part of that Divine Higher Self of the world to which she had appealed, calling to him from the heights of her consciousness, "Henry! Henry!"

(*To be concluded*)

## *The Drama of Life*

by E P O S



“ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. . . .” says the “melancholy Jacques,” and in a vague sort of way we accept the proposition, as we accept so many others, without in the least realizing their truth and their bearing on our lives. Indeed we might make quite a large volume by setting down all the *truths we do not believe*.

Occasionally we see people who are deliberately and consciously acting a part, and for a moment we may be struck with the thought that perhaps others too are doing the same, and then we shudder at the hypocrisy of the world, and forget it as soon as possible.

But the play, in which “all the men and women are merely players,” is of a different kind; for in it the actors are so absorbed in the play that they take it for a reality. It is the drama of life, the comedy or tragedy of their own lives, the most real thing that the great majority can conceive of. Yet how often does it not occur to us that we can understand the motives and feel-

ings of another, because we have been through that very experience ourselves; but we feel that in our own case it was real, while the other person's case is but an imitation, a sort of plagiarism of our emotions.

But on thinking seriously we see clearly that each act in the drama of a life is one that is necessarily an act in millions of other people's lives. Think of our desires, and the means we adopt to gratify them, think of our hopes and fears, our likes and dislikes, our loves and our hatreds; and then think of the millions who have just those same desires and emotions, hopes, fears, loves, hatreds, and we are bound to see that the acts of all these people *must* be so similar that one may well say, "It is all a play and all the men and women merely players."

The range of emotions that stir men and women and make their lives, is so limited, so very limited, that it is a wonder we do not see through the delusion and realize the fact that this life of the everyday man and woman is only a play after all. But if we take this position we find ourselves face to face with most unpleasant questions.

"If this, our life, is not a reality, what is it?"

"If my life is not reality, what am I?"

"If all the world is a stage, and all life a play, what is it all for? who are the spectators? who is the dramatist?"

No! it is better not to think—better to plunge again into the drama and play our part for all we are worth, and vow that we believe it all to be a reality—better anything than to feel the horrible sense of insecurity and unreality, that creeps over one, when one tries to meet those terrible questions—and back of all our striving to forget, and back of all determination to make our lives realities to ourselves, stands the shadowy spectre of a conviction that it is all a mockery. This it is that makes men and women, who are intelligent, so often cynical and bitter—a feeling of contempt for themselves and all the world, for being but actors in a big farce, and for not having the courage to face the conviction and find the reality that must somewhere exist.

The intelligent people of the world are nearly all touched with this cynical self-contempt. What wonder that there is so little enthusiasm in modern life, what wonder there are so many lunatics, and suicides, and drunkards, and gamblers and debauchees! Why not, if it is all a farce?

But in man is also a deeper feeling, however vague, that in Life there is a reality; and this makes him bitter, makes him despise and scorn both himself and others for being the dupes of such an illusion. And through the play pass now and again the stately figures of the Heroic Enthusiasts who believe it all and who act accordingly. They stir up the waning enthusiasm of the players and make them forget their doubts for a moment, and lead them to plunge more determinedly than before into the action of the great Drama.

But observe that the great dramatist, Shakespeare, puts this famous speech into the mouth of the cynical, pessimistic, querulous philosopher, the melancholy Jacques; and he leaves the spectator to draw his own conclusions.

The protest against this cynical pessimism is expressed by a later poet in these lines:

Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal,  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the Soul.

Here is the Heroic Enthusiast speaking and inspiring men to seek and see the reality that is *within* the illusion of the play.

But the good ecclesiastic steps in and from the pulpit teaches the faithful that though Life is real, it is not *this* life; that though there is a true life possible it is not *here*. He puts Truth at a convenient distance, away off in a future life, happiness is to be gained by man, but not *here*, he must look for it away off in the future, in some other place, some other world, some other time, always *somewhere else* but not here.

Yet one said, "Now is the appointed time."

Truly *now* is the time, for there is no other reality; past and future are dreams, *now* is eternal. That which is not true *now* is an illusion, a dream, or a lie; and if there is no reality *now* in life, then there never will be.

Here and now, the present, the Eternal Present, that is the one point of reality in all the phantasm of life, and it pervades the whole life and all eternity, in IT is no change nor shadow of change. IT is the one reality and yet a mystery. IT is not a product of the past, for that is but a memory; IT is both past and future, a mystery indeed, yet of such a nature that the simplest mind may grasp it, aye! better, perhaps, than many a mind that has lost its simplicity and has wandered in the mazes of speculative reasoning. For all speculative reasoning deals with ideas about facts, and not with the facts themselves. Facts are present realities, ideas about those facts are speculations upon mental pictures.

The little child and the inspired man deal with the present, the fact, the reality; while the thinking, reasoning, speculative mind always avoids the realities and works alone with their phantasms, the dreams of the future or memories of the past, or theories about both, which he calls knowledge and learning. His reasoning and his speculation make a perfect network of theories around his soul and prevent him from contact with the Reality, the present moment, the Eternal Now. So he becomes truly but a player of a part in the great life Drama, and such a player is he that he does not know that HE himself is real, that HE himself is eternal, that the whole play is but a presentation of the eternal reality to his *mind* which can deal with the illusions only.

Thus the Soul wanders in the playground of the mind, forgetful of its own Spiritual Reality. And thus the teachers of Occultism teach their disciples to control the wanderings of the wayward mind. And thus the Great Teachers of true Religion have taught, and continue to teach their disciples that they must become "as little children," they must regain the child-state they have lost, they must transcend the illusive reasoning of the mind. This the



child does naturally, and we are told that "the wise man does good as naturally as he breathes."

False teachers seek to draw men away from the great stage on which the Drama is being played to a stage where the play is still more illusive, still more seductive, still more selfish, a heaven of their own creation where they may live out in *dreams* all supersensuous joys they have vainly sought for on the stage of Real life. For this Drama of Human life on earth is a Drama of reality, while their "heaven" is but a rest, a sleep, a dream, between the acts.

The Reality is Here and Now. IT is no dream, nor is IT ever far away. The Reality, the Truth, is the soul of each moment, the Eternal Now.

Therefore no act of this play is ever meaningless; within it lies the truth. There is no moment when the truth may not be reached, no moment when it is to be thought of as far away in the future or the past.

The play is the veil and the truth is in it all the time. To find the truth and pierce the veil is to realize the present moment.

No religion that deals simply in futurity is of any use in this work. No scheme of salvation that puts off the effort to another day or another life is of any use. The work must be done *now*.

The play must be played, and the player must realize the play, that is, he must know the reality that lies within it. He must know the true life that lies hidden within the phantasm of the outer life and know that the illusion is an illusion indeed, an *appearance* truly, but an appearance of Truth. So will he find his daily life noble and joyous; no longer will he be a cynic nor a pessimist, but a Godlike Heroic Enthusiast, who will play his part in the Great Drama with knowledge of the Truth behind the veil.

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## The New Life

by Gertrude W. Van Pelt



IT is sad that a simple, wholesome, clean, honest, graceful life must be called "a new life." And yet, who will deny that it is so? What are the present standards of purity, of honesty? And is modern life beautiful? The results of the present system are unsatisfactory, without doubt. It is a common saying that "Everyone has his own sorrow." Pain, is everywhere. Only the foolish and vain are enjoying a short-lived contentment, or some shielded innocents who have not yet awakened to the facts of life.

Now, pain is the penalty which is paid for disobedience to the laws of nature. What else can it be? Everything is smooth, easy, peaceful, glorious

when it is carried out under the Law. And because of the pain there is both a conscious and unconscious recognition that the right part has not been found and there is an asking on the part of the world; a searching after the difficulties. Not necessarily in words, but the innumerable new methods known as fads show it, as well as the innumerable more bare statements of discontent, as well as the eager pursuit of pleasures; as well even as the deeper plunge into vice. The world is wrong. Everybody knows it. Not everyone wants to be taught, to be sure, but everyone wants to know how to live, in order to bring about results which are more satisfactory to him than the present ones.

In the midst of this confusion of ideas, this seething unrest, Teachers have actually come to the world who know where the trouble is and how it must be remedied. How have they been received? They have presented to the world for its consideration a philosophy with which no flaw can be found. It is absolutely harmonious with itself and with the facts of life. They have revealed the meanings of religions, and as much of the mystery of man's nature as could be understood. They have explained the purpose of life and pointed out the defects of the present civilization. They have answered all these questions that everybody has been asking. How grateful the world must be!

Not only this. These Teachers have worked night and day, almost without rest, simply to the end that the world might suffer less, might learn how to live and be happy. They have worked unceasingly to suppress evil and bring out the good everywhere. They have actually begun the process of demonstrating what an ideal life is. For the sake of the world they have endured sufferings unheard of, undreamed of, if the truth were known. They have given the world a love that it no more understands than it does the movements of the stars in space, or the glow and warmth of the living sun.

And what is the result? A few are grateful, but the many rise up in wrath. Some snatch eagerly the spiritual food that has been offered and declare with pride, "It is I who found this myself." Others oppose it in every fashion conceivable. Subtly with smooth words or fiercely with anger. If one in a family confesses his obligation and determines to follow the teachings, the rest are almost certain to begin a process of persecution, which, unless he has great courage, will crush him out. They try to turn the good and beautiful results into ridicule. They tell lies of every description, and in their animus overstep themselves, because many of the lies are so improbable, so impossible. They throw stones at the teachers on every conceivable occasion, condemn, attack, would like to destroy. They even enter the courts of justice to crush out the truth.

Would you have believed it of humanity had you not seen it? I would not! All this might be less astonishing if the new life taught were something hard and disagreeable. But it is *easy*! Easier far than the road humanity is already traveling, which is beset with obstacles at every turn and covered with pitfalls. It is a golden path to which the finger of the teacher is pointed,

bright and light, and full of joy—straight and narrow, of course, for those who are opposing nature, for they strike the Law at every turn—but for those who are willing to be natural, it is simple and easy and leading on to a broad plateau of freedom which has no bounds.

And yet, where there is one who is glad to be guided to this path of flowers and sunshine, there are thousands who declare there is nothing in it for *them*, and there are many who try to cover the entrance with clouds, to blind the eyes of those who have caught this vision.

Why is all this? How can such strange things happen? It is nothing against the teachings nor the teachers. All the powers of hell cannot prove that the teachings which emanate from the Universal Brotherhood are not pure, ennobling, uplifting; and that its work is not beneficent and a direct outcome of the teachings. Nothing that any one can ever say or do can ever hurt the Universal Brotherhood and the principles for which it stands. It is founded on the rock of ages. If the enemies *could* succeed in covering it with clouds for centuries, there it would stand, pure, and white and clean, after the folly was spent and the antagonism had worn itself out, ready for the recognition of the weary multitude. Nothing hurts *it*, but all recoils on the one who has opposed it.

The principles are so plainly true, and the sincerity of the teachers in carrying them out is so patent, that all who condemn them simply classify themselves. What a fearful comment it is on the world! The many find nothing in the teachings, because there is nothing that will encourage them on their present insincere and unstable lines of life. They do not *want* the real thing. They are still controlled by false desires, and are so absorbed in seeking happiness in a direction in which it does not lie, that they will not see and recognize their friends.

Why should they be so perverse and stupid? There must be a reason for it. Are the masses absolutely intent on wickedness, or are they simply asleep and allowing the dust to be thrown in their eyes? There are those somewhere who *are* intent on wickedness. That is quite plain to one whose eyes are opened. There *is* an organized, intelligent effort to crush out the truth, to deceive human beings, to hold them down in ignorance, for which no trouble seems to be too great, no meanness too small to accomplish the end. It works through the weak, the selfish, the vain, the ignorant all over the world. It finds an ally in every thread of selfishness in every human being. Is it then any wonder that all the teachings which have come to make "a new life" are ignored and that the teachers are opposed, when one who undertakes it must do so sincerely? What else is to be expected? For it is selfishness which blinds the eyes, and numbs the heart. It is that which like a powerful drug stupefies the *man* and lets loose all the lower faculties.

So all this we must expect until the masses are thoroughly aroused by the truth. But, one feels like asking, "How long will they sleep?"

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# The Power of Prayer

by H. M.



SOME say that we Theosophists do not pray nor believe in prayer; they are both right and wrong; right from their standpoint of what prayer is, but wrong from the higher and truer standard, based upon knowledge, which can be had by any who will seek truly.

The absurdity of the public whining prayer (so called) of the modern Pharisee, who tells the Almighty what should be done, is evident to every thinking man as well as contrary to the teaching of Jesus as recorded in the Bible:

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

To those who seek the truth nothing more need be added to convince them that the modern harangues and lip-prayers are not what the Nazarene bade his followers observe.

God is everywhere and in every thing, animate and inanimate. We are, as St. Paul says, "the temple of God," and the spirit of God dwelleth in us. H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy* says that "the only God we can know and pray to, or rather act in unison with, is this same spirit, of which our body is the Temple and in which it dwelleth."

It is "our Father in heaven," and to this Father alone should any prayer be made. Jesus addressing his disciples, said, "when thou prayest, enter into thy closet and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which seeth in secret and he shall reward thee openly."

In this lies the secret of the "*power of prayer.*" To enter one's closet and close the door, means to withdraw the mind from the senses and objects of sense, to enter into the silence where the soul resides; then it will be possible for the soul to commune with its "Father in Heaven."

It can reach this place only by overcoming the man-of-flesh, the lower nature; after having gained control of every passion and desire through control of thought, it can act in unison with its "Heavenly Father," and then the power of life and death lies in the palm of a master-hand.

Thus the true devotee endeavors constantly to separate his soul-consciousness from his bodily and sense consciousness and this can only be done by living an unselfish life. In every act of life goes forth the cry, "not my will but thine be done." In *Light on the Path* the disciple is told to seek the *Warrior within* and, having found him, to stand aside and let him fight; this same Warrior is our Father who "seeth in secret and rewards openly."

While there is but one universal, eternal and impersonal Deity, it dwells in each one of us as our Father. All of force and will and intelligence comes from this source, becoming, as it descends, colored and perverted by the impurities of its vehicles. Man wields, both consciously and unconsciously, vast forces for good and evil; the motive and purpose behind their liberation determines their nature. The power of prayer lies in the use of these forces and powers which man can and does manifest.

Prayer is not a supplication alone, but also a command, a command of "Nature's Finer Forces." Every thought and desire sets in motion forces that the average man does not dream of; did he know, the shock would be fearful. Prayer is thought set in motion; by the strong imagination a vehicle is created through which *will* can operate impelled by desire (desire is meant in its higher sense).

Prayer can be looked upon as two-fold—active and passive—the latter is the reaching out of the soul, is contemplative, introspective and receptive. The former contains the latter and is preceded by it when done consciously and it is then a conscious action with the forces thus evoked.

To pray and sit still, expecting the prayer to be answered, as many do, too lazy to do the work themselves, is sheer folly; they ask the Lord to do for them what they should do themselves. Prayer, as already stated, is a command of the forces within us to action, but they cannot operate unless we are in the field of action.

If a general did not enter the field of battle and watch and direct his forces, he would never be victorious, and so it is with man in the battle-field of life. I might pray all day that a certain task be done but, unless, after I had been filled by the power of the forces I evoked, which make the task possible, unless I made a personal effort, and a strong one, to the end that my desire might be fulfilled, my prayer would be useless.

This is the successful business man's secret of success; he wishes a thing done, and that is an unconscious prayer; he has faith in the possibility of its accomplishment, but he knows that only by his own continued personal effort will it come about. He does not sit back in his chair and let God do it for him, for neither God nor the gods can act except through a strong *imagination*, together with a determined *will*, backed by an intense *desire*; and thus it is that "God helps those who help themselves."

If a selfish business man can execute his own prayers, why cannot the unselfish lover of the race accomplish an hundred-fold more, commanding, as he does, a greater power by his higher purpose and growing knowledge given him by his constant communion with his heavenly Father, which power the business man rarely reaches, though the force used in all upright, honest endeavor comes—strange as it may seem—from this same high source.

Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, representing the Father, says:

In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them, and whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine, O son of Pritha. Those who wish for

success to their works in this life, sacrifice to the gods and in this world success from their actions soon cometh to pass.

Prayer is answered through sacrifice only; the man who desires wealth or sensual pleasures, must sacrifice much, both material and spiritual, to obtain them; he must evoke the lower forces or powers which, if acted in unison with, bring about success in no long time. Those who seek knowledge and the light must sacrifice the lower self and all its illusionary delights. The former brings passing and momentary gratification which grows less and less delightful with each succeeding gratification, ending at last in pain and death—physical and spiritual—the latter gives lasting joy and eternal life.

In Hawaii we hear of the natives gathering together to pray some one to death; in America, of several thousand civilized people gathered to pray for the christianizing of a Robert Ingersoll, or in Europe of two armies, each evoking the aid of the same "God of Hosts" that victory might be theirs. Wherein lies the difference between the savage and the civilized? The world feels the value of the "power of prayer," but uses it ignorantly and selfishly, producing evil instead of good, evoking the devilish instead of the godlike.

The prayer addressed to some extra-cosmic, anthropomorphic deity, to aid us in overcoming our enemies is not the teaching of Jesus, whom we of the "civilized" world pretend to follow. His command is "to love thy neighbor as thyself," "to do good to them that hate and despitefully use you," to do always the will of the Father, who is not a great and jealous personal God, but the just and ever merciful Father in Heaven—in the heaven within each one, and whose children we are.

Prayer is devotion in action, a constant performance of action without thought of personal gain, but always for the good of all. One can learn to be in a constant state of beatitude, even in the stress of life, to hold the mind on the Eternal and offer to it all actions performed with a constant desire to be in harmony with the Law. The world lacks true religion—religion which is the spiritual life of man. A *man* without religion cannot reach his highest.

Meditation, prayer and sacrifice are the essentials of religion, through them man feeds his spiritual body as by partaking of physical food he feeds his material body. By religion I do not mean what is called and understood as such in the world at large, but that conscious and unconscious effort of the *incarnated soul* to reach back and be re-united to its Father.

This Soul is the "Prodigal Son," who, after spending his spiritual heritage in riotous living, sickens of the unreality of worldly things and feels the emptiness and artificiality of material life as an end to be obtained, a goal to be reached.

In this state of mind he has a faint memory of some distant home, and turns his eyes inward in search of it, and cries out to the ever-forgiving father who looks down upon his erring son with tender compassion. This compassion, filtering down through the dark recesses of the mind, fills it with a longing and yearning; but at first, not understanding, man becomes the "Wan-

derer" of the Old-World myths and legends, seeking in places high and low, his early home, testing life in all its forms, each of which turns to ashes as the fire of his "Eternal-guardian" overshadows him. Sorrowing at last he turns away again to seek the truth, the unconscious memory of which has awakened an insatiable and restless burning to do battle against the shadows of night. Then at last the full consciousness of who he is dawns upon him and he says—

I will arise and go to my Father and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants . . . But when he was yet a great way off his Father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. He commanded his servants to bring forth the best robe . . . to put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet . . . to kill the fatted calf . . . to eat and be merry . . . For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

What is true of man as an individual is also true of humanity as a whole today; it has no real religion, it has only the remnants of many ancient forms, cold and lifeless; it is a *Wanderer* seeking for the light.

If we could only know the power of true prayer to bring us closer to our own, we would shorten by half this struggle, this sorrow of the world.

We receive in proportion to what we give; if we have lived selfishly and savagely, can we expect, after having broken all the laws of spiritual and material life, for assistance from those higher beings who have in charge the progress of the race? They cannot respond to prayers or supplications of themselves, however great their power; we must have gained the right of assistance by our service to others in order to obtain theirs; they stand ready and able to serve those who serve for love and not for self.

They say, as Jesus said, speaking as the *Christos* in Humanity—

I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison and ye visited me not . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these [the children of Humanity] ye did it not to me.

What right have we to expect the aid of those, our "Elder Brothers," unless we have aided them in their work, which is our work also, and though their hearts feel compassion, yet they know that we must learn to stand alone, for did we have external help every time we begged it, it would weaken us; they are the representatives of the *Law*, their duty is to fulfill, not to set aside. Justice is always at hand; *Love* and *Compassion* are also *Justice* and *Mercy*; but the *Law* and the Teachers of Humanity do not judge from our standard, they see and know, we only surmise.

So if we would be strong, let us trust in the "Good Law," let us open our hearts by constant prayer and have *faith* in our own *Divinity*, let us live a life of service to our fellows; then if a moment of peril overtakes us, the strength of the soul will be ours. *Aye!* and what is better by far, our true lives give to all the Helpers of the Race a stronger and greater opportunity to aid Hu-

manity, for we as a part of it cannot do and receive good without extending it to the whole.

So at this time, when many noble hearts—fellows of our race—have struggled against the tide and bled for us, the opportunity has again been given to humanity to receive an answer to its prayer for Peace and for Liberation from the powers of darkness who would engulf the world in lasting night and *Spiritual Death*. But the dawn is breaking—already the mountain peaks reflect the rosy tint of the new day.

The *power* of *prayer* is “devotion in action.”

Saith the Master—

Arise ye, my most beloved, and partake of my body and blood; your faith hath made you whole. Enter ye into the joy of life.

## *The Hope of the Future\**

by E. I. Willans



**T**HEOSOPHY is undoubtedly the Hope of the Future—Theosophy made an *active and potent factor* in the life of humanity. The title of my paper may, perhaps, give an idea of a looking forward and basing hopes of improvement in some remote time, but such is not its meaning, for Theosophy always deals with the “Eternal Now.” *Now* is always “the accepted time” with those wise in the Laws of Life, and so the great Spiritual Teachers always tell us to faithfully fulfill our *present duty*. The reason is very plain. In the present moment we have the result of all the past, and in the present moment also lies hidden in germ the seed of the future. Therefore the *hope of the future* must be sought for in the *signs of the present*.

What is it that we see looming up in the horizon, “no bigger than a man’s hand,” and yet that holds the promise of the future harvests that will feed the hungry? Once again I say, “*Theosophy*, the *heart doctrine* vitalized and made a living power through the practical application of its life-giving teachings.” What is its fundamental proposition but Spiritual Unity—Universal Brotherhood?

As we learn to live Theosophy, it slowly but surely brings us to a knowledge of ourselves. And what a glorious truth it then unveils, for in our struggles towards a constant attitude of brotherly feeling and action we become

\*Read at a public meeting, Sydney, N. S. W., October 6, 1901



aware of the duality of our natures. This is evidenced by the fact that "when we would do good evil is present with us," and we learn the reason why, and the doorway of escape from the tyranny of that evil force within us, because we learn to know that *we are* SOULS and that we can, as *Souls*, dominate and subdue the animal nature with which we are associated. In fact the reason why we are here, is to carry out the great Law of Evolution, expressed by Christ, in the words, "*Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.*" This is the glorious truth we learn to know, that *perfection is possible for man*—is *our destiny* because we are immortal in our Higher Nature, one with the Supreme Spirit—our Father in Heaven. And this applies to all, hence *Brotherhood is a fact in Nature*.

As humanity, we are engaged in a long evolutionary journey, and as individual units at different stages of that journey, we are employed in learning through various ways this basic fact of brotherhood and unity and how to work in line with this greatest law of Nature. All the mistakes and misery of the past have been caused through breaches of this law, and the hope of the future lies in a recognition of its importance and the strenuous life of effort in that direction.

*That hope is assured*; the present time sees the budding of the first tiny shoots of the great tree of Peace and Brotherhood whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations, in the work at the Center of Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma. The seed has been sown again and again in the past, now in this country and age, now in that. By Buddha, by Jesus, and by many other Teachers was it sown and always a few ears of wheat came to fruition, though the general crop was again and again smothered in tares.

But now, owing to the heroic work of the three great Spiritual Teachers of the present age, the work of all the ages has culminated in success, and from the Aryan Temple at Point Loma, dedicated to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, under the leadership of their successor, Katherine Tingley, the truths given out at various times by their predecessors are being taught daily, and the fundamental unity of all true religious thought made clear. Christ taught in his day what Theosophy teaches today, that "the kingdom of heaven is within you," do not run to and fro looking for God, he dwells within your own hearts, and ye are "Sons of God," and "the Temple of God."

Today at Point Loma, children of many nations are being shown that they are Sons of God—aye, gods themselves, and masters over the animal kingdom of their own lower natures. From their babyhood they are brought up to know the supremacy of Soul. Is there not then great hope for the future, since by immutable law we reap what we sow?

The seed of a larger, freer, nobler life has been planted in the hearts of men, a life of unselfish brotherhood wherein men know themselves as divine beings, and rejoice to use their greatest talents freely in the service of *others*.

*Death* has no dread for them, because they know it to be but a continuation of life under new conditions and that in future times— they, the *Souls*, will re-

turn to earth to enlighten new bodies and carry on their work where they laid it down, until like Christ they return as *perfect men* to help their less progressed fellow pilgrims. And since humanity has responded in part to these primeval life-giving truths and daily the knowledge is spreading, Universal Brotherhood becoming more a factor in men's lives, true souls from every quarter of the globe joining hands in this work for Truth, Light and Liberation, we may *well* rejoice, recognizing the truth in the saying of a wise Elder Brother, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "Truth is mighty and will prevail!"

## A New Year's Tale

by Ethne



ONCE there was a man who was feeling very sad and lonely. All his relations were on the other side of the globe. He was not a poor man, as the world counts poor, but was comfortably supplied with this world's goods, money, social position and usually good health.

In ordinary times he performed his duties and took his pleasures without a thought for those less fortunately placed than himself. As a young man he had come out from the old country to make his fortune in Australia, and with judicious investments of a small capital, genuine ability and hard work, he now found himself at forty-five in possession of a comfortable little fortune. Content with the average ideals, he felt himself a successful man as he nodded "good night" on the stairs of the Union Club, to the president of that eminently influential institution.

But that was last week. Today—on New Year's Eve—a very miserable looking creature was this erstwhile "man of the world"—the *material* world. Sick and lonely, headache and heartache—merely an attack of influenza and an enforced sojourn in his bed-room, cutting him off entirely from his ordinary routine. He had read the papers through from cover to cover, railed at the weather, the world in general and his own misfortunes in particular. Being holiday time, his more intimate acquaintances were all away on the mountains on pleasure bent. Of real friends he had none in his adopted home, for he had never found time to make them, and so on the eve of New Year's day, in the early eighties, he sat alone.

A knock came to the door. "A letter for you, sir, and a package," said the waiter, and putting them down on the table went away.

"Who on earth can be writing to me from England, and in a lady's handwriting?" he thought, as he eagerly seized the letter, glad of any diversion. He opened it, read it slowly through, then tore open the little package which

proved to be a copy of *Epictetus' Moral Discourses*, looked at the fly-leaf on which was written "St. John Martin," and the date, and underneath in a clear, firm handwriting this quotation: "Ever the words of the Gods resound; but the porches of men's ears are closed and they do not hear."

He laid the book down and sat staring before him. Jack, dead! dear old Jack! his school chum, the sunny-faced boy who always kept a corner of his heart warm when he thought of him, even in his most selfish, isolated days. Boy!—well, not exactly that now; if he were alive he would be over forty. Were alive! the words sounded with a chill upon his ears in relation to Jack.

"Send *Epictetus* to Norman, my old friend, Norman Selkirk, he's somewhere out in Australia," St. John had said a few days before he died. "Somehow I think he is too good for the purposeless life he is leading. Tell him from me to try and develop those latent qualities of his higher and better nature, he won't mind that from one who will soon be a Soul unhampered by a body, and"—he paused and added slowly—"and one who loves him well."

It was a strange, unconventional, pathetic message, and sent, as it was, accompanied with but a few brief words from Mrs. Martin, telling of her husband's death, it struck deep into Norman Selkirk's heart. Jack had always been—he thought—an odd boy, always more careful of others' interests than his own; unselfish and cheery, a real sunshiny nature, manly and courageous, but gentle as a child, with the gentleness of the truly strong.

St. John Martin had been a few years younger than the man who received his parting message, but there had always existed between them one of those curious friendships that exist apart from age, deep down in the inner nature, an unexplainable tie except on the basis of Reincarnation. And in the hour of his extremity his friend remembered him; that was what struck home, the lonely man felt his heart stir, as not for many years, and his thoughts turned homeward. Once his people had written to him, and he remembered to have heard of Jack's marriage, now he came to think of it, to some connection of his own, but, absorbed in the ambitious race for wealth with his own interests, he seldom replied, and finally the correspondence dropped.

And now, out of the silence of years, came the message from a dead hand, but pulsating with the energy of a well-lived life. It was the call from a Soul to a Soul. Norman took up the little book again, and with softened heart he read it slowly through. A marked book is a great index to the character of the owner, and no truer mark of confidence can be shown amongst earnest Souls than the gift of such a treasured silent companion. As he read on, Norman felt this and saw how the noble principles held by the grand old Stoic philosopher had animated also the life of his noble friend of the nineteenth century. "Ever the words of the Gods resound," and in the teachings of *Epictetus* are to be found the same eternal verities taught by the great Teacher of Nazareth. He learned too for the first time, that a true philosopher is no idle dreamer, but a man of strenuous action who has fought the great battle with his lower self and manifests his God-like possibilities, that true philosophy is not something apart

from life but like the germ within the seed, makes possible the after growth.

While he yet read, the day merged into night, the evening wore away and his completed task found him standing upon the threshold of a New Year, in more senses than one. Midnight chimed as he stood looking out into the silent night, and in that silence he resolved to bring his own life more in accord with the principles that guide the lives of those who love and serve their fellow men.

The result of his friend's belief of the innate—if undeveloped—higher possibilities of his character, was that Norman packed his bag and turned his face homeward. On the long voyage he had time to “read mark, learn and inwardly digest” the teachings of the old Greek, and it was a nobler man with higher ideals who set foot upon the old country than the man we found self-centered in his own interests at the close of the old year. Norman Selkirk became a second father to Jack's children, and an ideal uncle to a numerous band of nephews and nieces. Nor did his influence cease there, but far and near the weak and needy found in him a true friend.

Once let the sympathies of the heart flow and life will become fuller and of absorbing interest, and so we leave the man we found miserable, thinking of his own troubles, his own interests merely, busied in the troubles, hopes and joys, of others, as happy as the day is long in bringing brightness into their lives, a *man* in the true sense of the word.

## Notes

by R.



### PEACEFUL SAMOANS

**I**T will be remembered that the first Theosophical Crusade around the world touched at the Samoan Islands when drawing towards our Pacific Coast, and the present International Center, Point Loma. Important connections were made at that time among the most influential natives, as a result of which today the Samoans are represented in the membership of the Universal Brotherhood. Furthermore, a portion of their race — some 5,800 persons — has since come under protection and jurisdiction of the United States.

It is interesting to note that peace and happiness characterize the condition of our new wards in Tutuila and the neighboring islands, where education and industry are being fostered by the Government. Also, that the official sent to care for their interests, has been so successful and has shown such wisdom in his tactful dealing with the natives that he is to be retained indefinitely, in response to a petition of native chiefs addressed to President McKinley.

We furthermore read that the Samoans are taking great interest in learning English. In this connection our readers will be glad to know that *The New*

*Century*, one of the publications of the Universal Brotherhood, has been circulated among the natives since its inception in 1897.

### IMPROVEMENTS IN AMERICAN CITIES

IT is indeed encouraging to observe the manner in which the true American Citizen is awakening to present responsibilities and assuming his rightful share in the betterment of city government, morally, socially and politically. Let us trust that his zeal becomes warmer and warmer.

The American *Review of Reviews* for May surveys what is being accomplished along lines of social and moral improvement in New York City. Among other movements it mentions, "is the one for better police administration and the stricter safeguarding of the moral and physical health of the community. Such work has been well typified in New York by the admirable report and bills of the Tenement-House Commission, and by the quiet but effective efforts of the Committee of Fifteen, which has been representing the citizen's movement to break up the system of police connivance with crime, vice and the violation of statutes. The Tenement-House Commission report points out the fact that about 2,400,000 people of New York live in what by law are defined as tenement-houses.

"It so happens that the greater number of these tenement-houses are erected speculatively by builders, who then sell them to investors. Naturally the builders follow plans and modes of construction that will enable them to house the greatest number of people on the smallest plot of ground, with the least outlay of money for materials and labor. The political influence of those who believe it to their interest to maintain the old and defective laws which permit the improper construction of such tenement-houses is very formidable and has unexpected ramifications. It was abundantly shown last month before committees of the Legislature that tenement houses could be built on improved models, with due regard to light, ventilation, safety against fire and observance of arrangements deemed necessary in the interest of manners and morals, without making the buildings too costly to earn a reasonable dividend on the investment.

"Great attention has of recent years been paid to these very questions in the laws that regulate the construction of tenement-houses in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and various other European cities.

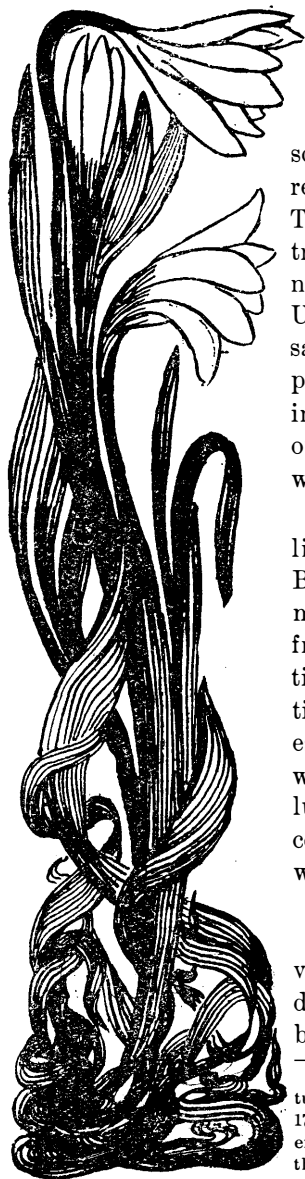
"The tenement districts of New York house a good many more people per acre than those of any other city in the world. It is therefore especially incumbent upon the chief city of the New World that it henceforth permit the construction of no more ill-planned and unwholesome houses designed for the occupancy of a number of families."

# The Higher & the Lower Psychology

With Introductory Remarks

## Music---a Power Among the Masses\*

by Katherine Tingley



**B**EFORE taking up the subject of the evening it is important that all who may not have been present at previous meetings of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society should know the position it takes, in reference to other bodies using the name Theosophical. There are several organizations (very small ones it is true) that call themselves Theosophical, which are in no way connected with the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood and therefore it is very necessary to state this clearly, because I understand that people who attend our meetings, who are very much interested in our work, are sometimes led away from our Society in search of help and information which we ourselves would very gladly render.

It is always a very sad thing to have to draw the line. It is especially sad for one who believes in Brotherhood and that we all belong to one great human family, but it is a fact that this Organization from its very beginning has had many enemies, sometimes enemies belonging to other organizations; sometimes individuals who have their own special interests to serve. But there is one society, the one with which Mrs. Annie Besant is connected, which we absolutely repudiate; with which we are not in any way connected. We do not endorse her teachings, nor do we encourage her followers.

### MUSIC A POWER AMONG THE MASSES

As I have often said before, and I believe in this very theater, there is in my opinion, a religious duty devolving upon lecturers or teachers to use all possible means to get closely in touch with their audiences,

\* From the stenographic report of a Student of Point Loma. A lecture delivered at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Sunday, November 17, 1901, before an immense audience, which filled every part of the Opera House, a great many, not able to obtain seats, remained standing throughout the whole lecture.

and I also believe that if those teachers or helpers are to accomplish any great work for humanity they must try to simplify their thoughts and to express themselves so that the average mind may readily understand them.

Is it not true that in the by-gone days, and even now in the present days, we have had too many profound teachings that were only intended for the elect, and that were not suited for the masses. And for this reason I shall confine all that I say here to the lines of general suggestion. I shall not attempt to dogmatically place before your minds any particular method for you to follow. Surely the time for that has passed.

Each man should be a light unto himself. Each man has his own understanding; he has his own environment and evolution. And he must take the thoughts which come to him and apply them as best he can to his own conditions. If universal truths be presented in such a way that little children can understand them, we shall in this way get closer to the needs of humanity and closer to the hearts of humanity.

I have always believed, and I think there are thousands who agree with me, but who have expressed themselves differently, that music should be a power among the masses; that the god of music should rule over every household, and that the little children, and indeed the whole family, should give as much attention to music as to the other *duties* of life. If only that were the case what a beautiful world this would be; if we had all been taught even the simple fundamental laws of music we could then throw ourselves back on our own resources, on our soul resources, when we are under the shadow of the sorrow and trials of life, and sing ourselves once more into the light and the joy of life, and the harmony of usefulness.

Music is the song of the soul, and well we know it has not yet fulfilled its function. If I had the power, if I had the millions which are yearly given out in charity, my first work, after I had fed the hungry and clothed the naked, would be to give such help to the families of the poor as would lead to the establishment of a musical life even in the humblest of households. For when the soul is stirred; when we can feel ourselves to be within reach of the higher ideals of life, then we find the light. Do you not know how we can be moved even by the old church hymns, in spite of the old-fashioned theology which all too often pervades them?

Believing as I do in this helping power of music, I would like to ask my audience tonight to join with our students on the platform in singing some simple songs of Brotherhood. If you can feel something of what is in my heart, of what is in the hearts of all who love humanity, and so send the speech of song out from your souls, you will do more to uplift your neighbors, to uplift your town and through it all other towns, than by any other thing that you could do. If I had a beautiful voice I would certainly sing of the philosophy of Theosophy instead of speaking it.

Now, the little song that we are about to sing is a very simple one. It is quite unsectarian. Even the ministers who have attacked Theosophy need

not be afraid of it. I believe it is good for every one to sing such songs as this, for the tones to which these words are set have been carefully selected and belong to the higher plane of life. The Theosophist who really desires to understand the soul of things is ever careful in the selection of music, ever heedful what notes are started in the hearts of men, lest some great harm be done instead of good, and these notes, composed by one of our students, are strong and true and helpful notes.

### LIFE IS JOY

Let us sing the noble song,  
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!  
 May the valleys echo long,  
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!  
 Let all pain and woe depart,  
 Out of every human heart,  
 And the welcome news impart,  
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!

We have heard the glorious sound,  
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!  
 Spread the tidings all around  
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!  
 Speed the news to every land;  
 Scale the heights and cross the sand;  
 See the nations hand in hand,  
 Life is Joy! Life is Joy!

### THE HIGHER AND THE LOWER PSYCHOLOGY

In taking up the profound subject of psychology we are confronted by the difficulty that it has so many different aspects that it would take a long time to explain the laws governing each of these aspects in such a way as to make them clear to the average mind. Now, you know that science ordinarily deals with facts rather than with their speculative causes, and so with this science of psychology, which, according to the Standard Dictionary, is explained to be the "Science of the human soul and its operation; the science which treats inductively of the phenomena of human consciousness and of the relations of the subject to them, or the mind."

In handling this subject and briefly touching upon it tonight, there is one important thing that should be done, and that is that each one should, at least for the moment, look upon himself as a soul. This he must do if he wishes to understand my presentation of this great problem. If he does not do this, if he cannot believe that he is a soul, if he does not know that he is a soul he will have difficulties all along the way which will so affect his understanding of the subject that he will certainly gain but a very imperfect knowledge and not very much benefit from his study.

Humanity as a whole does not believe in soul-life. It may have a hope that there is such a thing. It may even have a sort of half-belief that is



built upon faith, but which is not actual knowledge. And therefore in order that my audience may receive at least some of the truths which I have to impart I have to ask them to be so far in sympathy with me that each individual here will imagine for the moment that he is a soul; that he is part of the great universal law, and that he has possibilities lying within his nature which he has never yet fathomed, and which can reveal to him the mysteries of life if he remain on the right line of investigation, trusting ever in the Higher Law.

Once he has found this knowledge, he will begin to apply it to his daily life, and to all human life, and then he will find himself in contact with other great mysteries. For each man has his own special life which he has evolved to a certain point, and each has had different experiences from those of others. In looking into the experiences of all, he must necessarily find in them a very wonderful variety.

And so all life is made up of mysteries and mysteries and mysteries, and when one begins to open the Book of Life in the light of self-knowledge as a soul, he has reached a higher plane of thought. Something has begun to work within his nature; something has begun to reveal itself to his mind, which is, after all, the servant of the soul.

To say that I know all about psychology would be nonsense, and for all the great savants of the age to presume that they know all about psychology is nonsense. Believe me, in all our experiences we have but touched the very fringe of life. We are simply entering into the outer portals of the mysteries.

Because we have gathered together here in this place, it can be for us as Jesus said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." In one way we have come here with a common interest. Although some have come out of curiosity, and some have come from animus, the larger portion, however, I know have come to learn something, and I, too, have come here to learn something. I always do learn something new when I come into contact with human life.

I believe that the true teacher should not prepare his lecture, but that he ought to be able to move out daringly into the great arena of thought and to play upon human nature as a master musician plays upon his instrument, until the very soul of things begins to manifest itself. For this moment, at any rate, we are united in a common bond of sympathy, and here we have one phase of psychology. One phase only.

Now, psychology has, as I said, many manifestations and many aspects, and these are expressed in different forms. But all these different forms group themselves into two broad divisions. One is the psychology of the soul and the other is the psychology of the lower nature, and this lower nature expresses itself in all to a greater or lesser degree. This we must all of us admit, because if it were not so we should all of us today be nearer to perfection. To a certain extent, all human kind have allowed this lower nature at times to

dominate their lives, and so the best men and women in the world have these two forces playing in their lives—the higher and the lower.

The more exalted the dominant motive of the life, the greater is the soul expression and the soul psychology. The lower the life motive, the stronger becomes the lower nature, and with it the psychology of that lower nature, which, so far as it manifests in the world today is the damnation of humanity.

If we could only have the higher psychology manifest all the time we should have the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

We all know that we have had in our experience examples of real sermons in poetry and in art, which have lifted us out of the domain of our senses, to a higher plane. On the other hand, we have had those other active and evil forces playing upon our minds and shutting in the soul force. Nor is this peculiar to our age or to our race.

These conflicting forces are as old as humanity itself. Many thousands of years before Christ was born there were men and women who led simple soul-lives, and the purer and the grander their lives, the more they had of the soul-psychology. But as time went on, humanity lost this grand power, this spiritual psychology, which is really the secret of the highest human life.

This does not mean that I would have you submit to evil as being inevitable, or that I am trying to represent humanity as being on a lower plane than it actually is. As a Theosophist I believe in the divinity of man, and this by the way is ignored by some religious teachers today. I believe that the divinity of the potential God-life is in the murderer, in the thief, in the street-walker and in the outcast, and that there is no one who has it not, but if we examine human life on its dark side we see these forces of evil starting out, and gradually taking control of the life until a certain point is reached—a climax—and then the man who is under their sway stops, and sinks, and dies in spite of all the power of mind that he may have had; all his education, all his wealth, and in spite of all his intelligence. Why? Because, in such a case, and there are so many such cases which you may see around you, it is the psychology either of ignorance or selfish ambition or vice, which has broken down that magnificent human system which Theosophy teaches is the living temple of God.

And so we pass through life under the shadow of these two opposite forces. As are our motives, so do we receive the good or the evil from this great psychological wave. If we move on the spiritual side, we gather from that side, and if on the passional, then from that side.

And then, again, there are those psychological forces which are outside ourselves, but which actually speak to us from the screen of time. They were planted there by our own ancestry, and I am not talking about our mothers and fathers, our grandparents and our great-grandparents, but further back along our line of ancestry, back to the long-past centuries, and each century has added to that force either good or evil, just as our ancestors have lived. These two forces are our heritage from the ages. We contact them in our

daily lives, sometimes mentally, sometimes physically, even by the touch of the hand or by being in the atmosphere of one who is generating them. Such an one may have a very soft voice and may seem to be making a record for good, and yet the inside may be false and weak. Although it may not seem possible to you, you drink in that force mentally and physically, and just so far as you become receptive to it you have been psychologized by it.

Now, on the other hand, you come into the presence of a noble man, one whose life is pure, and white and strong and true. Such a man is necessarily forceful; he cannot be negative. He cannot be the strong man and the true man that he is unless he is giving out of the fullness of his soul-life to his fellows. When you come into contact with such a man or such a woman, words become of little moment. They have but small significance in comparison with the touch of the hand; that indescribable something which the true followers of Christ had, and which Christ himself gave out to the woman who touched his garment.

It is the psychology of the Christos which ever accompanies true manhood and true womanhood. It is the masculine and feminine blended into one higher unity, for Christ had reached that perfection as had other great Teachers and to which you also can reach, and to which the whole human family can reach if it will only place itself under the influence of the soul psychology of life.

Now, on the lower side, the passion side, the weak side of human nature, this psychology drags us down to a point which it is a pain to describe. When that terrible power for evil is at work, then the will of the man or the woman who is using it is trying to influence your will, is trying to steal into the chambers of your mind, into the secret and sacred chambers of your soul, there to gain an ascendancy. What for? For good? For your good? For the world's good? No! Solely for the self-interest of the operator, the psychologist.

All over this great, broad territory of America today in this nineteenth century, when we are supposed to have attained to a very high point, and when it is supposed that we have a very great deal of intuition, yet in nearly every one of our magazines we read page upon page of advertisements of "How to Psychologize," etc. If I were to take old John Knox's conception of the devil and were to intensify his fiendish nature, and were to send him out into the world as a living personality, he would be harmless in comparison with that force of the lower psychology which today is seeking to destroy the power of the human mind.

Is it not plain that we have the mysteries right at our very doors—those dreadful mysteries which have been talked about so much by certain of the clergy of San Diego and other enemies of our work, and which are supposed to go on behind closed doors on the hill of Loma-land, the great center of Universal Brotherhood.

This is one of the closed doors of human life, and I am trying to open it for the benefit of humanity. I would like to open it to the whole world so that

every one can look in and see the shadows which are falling on the lives of our fellow-men, accentuated by the false teachings of today. For myself I cannot conceive of a greater curse coming into one's life than this force. We can understand these things so easily if we will only observe, if we can only take the necessary time from the bread-and-butter problem to look into these mysteries and to find out how much we have actually been affected by them, how much our lives have been blessed by the soul psychology, how much our lives have been cursed by the lower psychology.

When we have reached that point, we should be ready to go to certain ecclesiastical teachers who profess to know so much of the laws governing human life, and confuse them with our knowledge, which would no longer be theory, *but actual knowledge*, because we should have opened the books of our lives.

If we will only admit the psychology of the soul, we may yet make golden records of our lives, but we shall have to face page after page of the things that we wish had never happened.

And so, after all, if we think of this subject in its two aspects, the higher and the lower; if we work out in our own experience all the ramifications which come up, we shall be able ourselves to write books, and books, and more than that, we shall never be satisfied until we have set out to readjust our lives and the lives of all humanity in the light of our knowledge.

We should not overlook another quality in human nature which is very strong and which has a potent bearing on the question of psychology. It is the presence of the positive and negative elements in human life. We can look into the human lives around us and see for ourselves the positive and negative, and we can see also the apathetic, which is the exaggeration of the negative side.

If we are to work out this higher psychology we must first of all be conscious, as I have said, that we are souls, and that we have this mighty adjusting power in our lives, but we must also work positively and strongly; we must attune our minds to our motives, so that whenever we do a thing, no matter how simple, even though it be so simple as sweeping a floor or drinking a glass of water, we must do that thing with an absolutely positive force. As St. Paul said, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Some of the best minds of the age admit this Theosophical revelation of the new study of psychology, because they have had soul courage enough to look and see and examine for themselves. This positive mental attitude keeps us up to that point of power which is necessary to hold on to the soul's rightful position in life.

To teach truly, to teach forcefully, the teacher's motive must be pure. And for myself, although I cannot do all that I want to do, yet I know that every time I speak to you my motive must be pure, for otherwise I could not meet the consequences. I should not dare to call into action these mighty

forces unless my motive were pure. Knowing as I do something of the Universal Law, I know that when I work along the lines of least resistance I am working with the God-like and soul qualities of my nature, and so my attitude is necessarily forceful and positive.

The soul psychology you will know by its results.

If you are true and pure; if in your heart lies the desire for the truth and the right, you will surely find them. I can not give you the knowledge in words I wish to give, but I am going to try very hard to hold your minds in such sympathy with my subject that my every gesture shall put something into your hearts, shall put something into your minds, something into your souls, that will make you understand better and better each day a little of this sacred, this glorious and divine law which governs life.

Let me assure you that when you have reached the point where I am, and by that I do not mean that I am in any way on the heights of spirituality, or that I am mightier than another, but simply that I have traveled further along the path of investigation, further along the path of sorrow, that I have seen more of human misery than you have, because I have in my public life come in contact with many aspects of humanity, and they have been dreadful ones, and have therefore learned more lessons—you will never be satisfied in believing that singing hymns and preaching sermons will save humanity.

In studying the mysteries I am sitting at the feet of the Great Law. I am opening the pages of human life, but I bend before no human mind, —*I bend before no human mind.*

Oh, my friends, if humanity could but know its heritage, this wonderful soul psychology, there would be that grand and beautiful independence, which would blend itself with a still more beautiful interdependence, and then we should have a true manifestation of the Higher Law of brotherliness. Then we should have a manifestation of soul-power to a very high degree. Then we could say with our whole hearts that the psychology of the soul is a great remedial power and that the universal law had commenced to work in Humanity.

More than this, you cannot touch any of the laws connected with this mighty power without generating other wonderful forces—forces that the human eye cannot see, the human mind cannot comprehend and cannot explain, and that move on and on; that do not settle down into any one locality; that do not settle down into human life, but move out and out; and these forces bring us in touch with Nature and with that law which governs the lower kingdoms of life. Truly I believe that the birds and flowers know us better than we know ourselves, and when we get onto that high plane of life, when our hearts are touched by the forces of Nature—we learn to talk with Nature, we learn to work with Nature.

I never went into the woods in my life but the birds sang better when I was there. Not that I gave them the power, but they, in their simplicity,

being part of this great law, felt the longing of my soul for their touch of sweet Nature, and they sang to me.

I have had some strange experiences in handling flowers. They have answered back to the yearnings of my soul with just the answer which I needed; and so even the tiniest atoms of the earth have voices, and these voices are also a part of ourselves.

Thus in every department of life we can work out this psychology of the soul. It is so simple, but we must have the courage, and we shall never have that courage which rightfully belongs to man as a divine part of the law until we know that *we are souls*; until we have opened new doors of experience in our lives, and have interpreted them according to the law, according to the higher knowledge of our being.

And so to me this subject is very wonderful, and it will take a lifetime, many lives I think, before you can fully understand it, but now is the time to begin it with the little children. There are so many families who have little children, and there are so many who have none, and those who have none ought to go and borrow some from the vast asylums, and commence teaching them on these higher lines.

If I could only reach the hearts of the men and women and teach them these beautiful secrets. If I could only make them feel what is their power when they step out as souls, and dare as souls, and trust as souls, and for that power I am quite sure you would be willing to be crucified again and again. And then you would have the knowledge which would enable you to overcome much that arises to destroy you, because you would have the knowledge of the soul, you would know how to meet these difficulties, and you would know better than to have traitors about you.

That the sacrifice and the crucifixion of Christ were part of the Higher Law I do not accept. If his followers had been true he would not have died. I am fortunate to have followers who have the Christ-like spirit and who overshadow me with their purpose and their devotion, and I tell you that even a soulless being under such conditions would become helpful and compassionate and courageous and strong, and even willing to be crucified.

Now, to bring about the new Order of the Ages to which I have referred, very many mysteries must be understood. There are already too many books on psychology and hypnotism but I have never seen any good results from them. Let me advise you, do not let another man think for you, do not let another man's book psychologize you. Think and study for yourselves.

We have dogmatism enough in our churches and in our literature. We have the wrong kind of psychology everywhere—in our literature and in some of our school books, and in commercial life, and we have the wrong kind of psychology in our home-life and in the child-life. The pictures of human misery that we see every day prove this.

We must bring up our children in a new way. We must first get better acquainted with ourselves. We must have the soul-courage of which I have

spoken, and we must approach the children in a new way, not just as the "sweetest little things on earth, and all mine," but as sacred charges intrusted to our care, as pleaders for soul-life, for a higher manifestation of soul-life. Because we have lived longer than they, we should have made a record as white as snow to meet them with.

We must let these little child-eyes look into ours and see the soul and feel its touch in our hands and hear its speech in our voices. We must approach the child as a sacred, divine something sent to us by the Supreme Power who rules the Universe, and along this line we must fashion all our thoughts and acts. We must not merely *think* them. We must not merely *play a part*, but we must *be* that part.

I am not talking about a far-off thing. I am not taking you to a point in space. I am delving down into your hearts. I am trying to bring out the best that is in your nature that you may know the law, and apply it and at once.

Let there be no delay. There is no need for any preparation. You need not study catechisms. You have not to spend years studying your Bibles to know these truths. Your own hearts will reveal them to you. Let me assure you that when you have once found this knowledge and commenced to apply it in your conduct, then you can turn to the Great Book of the Ages and know your Christ and interpret the Higher Law, and so force some of the so-called "teachers of the gospel" out into the streets and the highways to do their part in building up the material and moral part of the world while you, mothers and fathers, become the real spiritual teachers of humanity.

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My devotee who is free from enmity, well-disposed towards all creatures, merciful, wholly exempt from pride and selfishness, the same in pain and pleasure, patient of wrongs, contented, constantly devout, self-governed, firm in resolves, and whose mind and heart are fixed on me alone, is dear unto me. He also is my beloved of whom mankind is not afraid and who has no fear of man; who is free from joy, from despondency and the dread of harm. My devotee who is unexpecting, pure, just, impartial, devoid of fear, and who hath forsaken interest in the results of action, is dear unto me. He also is worthy of my love who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault, who neither lamenteth nor coveteth, and being my servant hath forsaken interest in both good and evil results. He also is my beloved servant who is equal-minded to friend or foe, the same in honor and dishonor, in cold and heat, in pain and pleasure, and is unsolicitous about the event of things; to whom praise and blame are as one; who is of little speech, content with whatever cometh to pass, who has no fixed habitation, and whose heart, full of devotion, is firmly fixed.—KRISHNA in the *Bhagavad-Gita*

# New Year Greetings

from the Cabinet Officers of the Universal Brotherhood



Dear Comrades of the Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World:



**T**HE wheel of time moves on. A period of one single year seems small when applied to the consideration of so large a problem as the spiritual evolution of Humanity. Yet, so great and potent are the events in the progress of the Theosophical Movement in each year that they seem like the achievements of centuries.

Humanity's Helpers have indeed very opportunely embarked on the arduous mission of reuniting mankind into its essential and divine Brotherhood, for the heresy of separateness was fast destroying the knowledge of our divinity and of our glorious destiny.

A new world has been born under the joint work of the World Leaders of the Theosophical Movement, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. The center of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma, California, is already so firmly established, so mighty and influential that its prestige and power are felt and looked up to as the guiding light by all truly progressive peoples of the world.

The key-note of progress which is given at the center of the Universal Brotherhood in every department of life by *Katherine Tingley* is already being recognized by thousands of institutions and by millions of individuals. Katherine Tingley's every move and touch being so full of wisdom and so adapted to every vital question that they are eagerly sought and followed by vast numbers of sincere workers on the higher educational lines throughout the world. Life is verily a song of joy, and not the miserable state of existence that it is made out to be, and soon, very soon, it will become an actual realizable fact to all the vast multitudes who can this day see nothing

but pain and sorrow. The Truth has been simplified and made plain by our present Teacher. By her knowledge of Universal Law and by her illimitable compassion she has revealed the secret how to evoke from within our-



selves the wondrous powers of the Soul, enabling us to discern the truth and to give us the power of being our own divine teachers.

Comrades! Have we not much to be grateful for at this time of the commencement of a new year? Indeed, our highest ideals are no longer remote; they are so near that they illumine the future with glorious prospects. By the coming of the "New Order of Ages" even those who feel now dark and pessimistic may see shining forth in them Joy and Happiness with a sudden blaze of splendor.

Let us join hands anew; with more courage, more vigor and determination to aid the Leader in her noble and successful work that the world in which we live may become beautiful and known in its true nature, that it may be enjoyed by all as it should be. Greeting:

E. A. NERESHEIMER,  
*Chairman of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet*



*Dear Comrades:*

**T**HE Home of Refuge is established and upon its hearthstone our great Comrade has lit the unquenchable fires of love for humanity. Keep that light burning in your hearts and press on with courage, confidence, fortitude and trust, for all is well. C. THURSTON



**A**T the beginning of each yearly cycle, when a new impetus is given to all things, the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may well wish each other a "Happy New Year."

But, there are times when such greetings may be given with a heartiness impossible at others. Such a time is the present. Never could we look backward and see so much work done; never could we look forward and see so much about to be done. Never, since being connected with the organization, was our "Leader" in better health; never more full of that divine energy which has already accomplished such wonderful things. Never were the hopes of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge nearer fruition; never were their followers more loyal.

With all this we are, as individuals and as a body, learning rapidly and progressing steadily. As an instrument, responsive to the Master's touch, we, as a body are in a condition in which we have never been before and in which few imagined we ever would be. Therefore, Comrades, most heartily do I greet you on this auspicious day.

H. T. PATTERSON,  
*Member of Cabinet*

*Loma-land, January 1st, 1902*



**T**O THOSE who are striving to make Theosophy a living power in their lives, this is indeed the time for companionable greetings and joy. Faithfully, F. M. PIERCE



*Greetings to all Comrades:*

**O**NE year has passed since the New Century Salutation was sent out from Point Loma, and the cycle has swung around to the point where the comrades at the center may once again send forth a glad New Year's message to those who so faithfully hold their posts of duty throughout the world.

When we look back at the many events, and the vitally important advances made during the past year, we see results equal to many years of past effort, and the promise of still greater progress in the immediate future. The salutatory words of our revered Leader and Teacher have borne rich fruitage in the hearts of the people.

We members of the Universal Brotherhood know her wisdom; we also know that her power to accomplish is limited only by the extent of our devotion; and this knowledge, in view of the infinitely greater opportunities and possibilities of the immediate future, should arouse us all to more heroic efforts, that the times of humanity's tribulation may be shortened, and truth, righteousness and joy be established in every land. With hearty greetings to all,

ROBERT CROSBIE



**V**ERILY, Comrades, a Power born of an all-embracing compassion has come through a mighty Heart to establish equity in the lives of men and make place for joy. It is not to be cozened, nor cheated, nor bribed, nor intimidated.

It has touched a goodly number of human hearts, and the powers of every one, by virtue of the loving Presence, surpasses the power of ten.

Its beneficence and strength shall come to all who have the will and the fiber to do its work.

W. T. HANSON

**T**HE New Year finds us at the end of the most prosperous season and at the beginning of the most favorable period our movement has yet known. The future of Universal Brotherhood is not guess work; the organization has scored so many victories in the past that the key-note of the present is the sound of certainty.

A language which can portray the full richness contained in the generous heart of Universal Brotherhood has not been framed by a human tongue. The comrades at Loma-land feel the bountiful joy and helpfulness of the comrades throughout the world at this New Year time and desire to enjoy its blessedness with them and share it with the whole world.

Those who cherish a noble resolve for the main spring of action receive a suitable compensation; the reward is freedom, knowledge, energy, in exchange for bondage and lethargy. The new order is charged with golden promises, it is illumined by a divine light. This splendid conquest could not have been won if the Helpers of the Race had not given their heroic service.

With New Year greetings to you all, and wishing a new year of joy and usefulness to every comrade,

IVERSON L. HARRIS



**C**OMRADES! The New Year just dawning finds each Companion at his post; fighting the world-old battle of Right against Wrong. The years may be likened to the watches of night, in our long struggle, and it is but meet that we should pass the sentinel's hail of "All's well," at this renewal of Spring-time and of hope. For we have hoped We fight on the side of Truth, Honor and Liberty, and we must win! The record of the years that have passed us by is but a roll of our victories. We have been and are still led by the great Souls who have honored us by commanding our forces — by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley!

Then let us be hopeful; but let us not underestimate the strength and cunning of those who seek the destruction of our work, lest we be taken unawares and unarmored! Let us put our trust, our confidence in our Leader, and fight on unconcerned, for only so are we sure of winning. Let us rebuild the walls of our New Jerusalem, as Nehemiah did those of the olden City — by each man restoring that portion which lay immediately in front of his own house! Let us live lives so helpful, so pure, so beautiful, that we may be fitted to become permanent stones in that Guardian Wall which protects the human race from evil and destruction! Faithfully,

JEROME A. ANDERSON



*Dear Comrades :*

**W**E are thinking of the closing of this year. We are reaping the results of the old year and indulging hope for the coming new year. The results achieved by Katherine Tingley, our Leader, in spite of opposition and numerous impediments placed in her way by those who find the great truths of Theosophy a menace to their interests, are very gratifying to all friends of the Movement for Universal Brotherhood. I wish to send greetings and congratulations to our Leader on account of her heroic services in the cause of mankind. This, while being a comfort to Katherine Tingley, will serve to show to some extent the strength of the cord that binds us together and the vital power at work for the regeneration of the race. The work of the past has been nobly done and its gains are secure. Greetings of the New Year have therefore a meaning and significance beyond those of years gone by.

More and more people are coming to understand the scope and meaning of our Leader's plans and purposes, and now realize the magnitude of her work and the grand results achieved that speak clearly and emphatically to the world. Where but hundreds were reached before now thousands and thousands are receiving the Light from this great Center. The world has no criterion to apply to human enterprise and exertion but success. The world looks only to the fruit of actions and the gains of human endeavor. The achievements of our Leader in the cause of Brotherhood, her specific work at Point Loma and all over the world, speak to the hearts of men in a new way such that many good souls regard them as a response to the questioning of their own hearts, and that will enable many to solve the riddle of human life.



All workers in the cause have their faith strengthened at this time on account of accuracy of the Leader's aim and the realization of her promises. It might be harmful to say anything as to the future, or to give even a glimpse of what is in store for us. Well we know the immediate future will eclipse the past in manifestations of service to humanity. With greetings, fraternally,

E. O'ROURKE



**A** GREETING to the members of Universal Brotherhood should be accompanied by congratulations on the progress of the past year. This progress is so great and is shown in so many ways that it can only be touched upon. The extensive physical improvements completed and in process of completion at Point Loma are but a small portion of the whole accomplishment of Katherine Tingley's work. It is in the wider field of thought and feeling that her greater efforts are made and now being realized that will affect the races of men for ages to come. Even the ordinarily observant perceive that a mighty change is being wrought in the minds and hearts of men, and that the tendency of this change is to bring their souls into close union and a more intimate sympathy. But they have yet to learn that this silent revolution is due to the effort, almost wholly, of Universal Brotherhood's Leader and those whom she represents. It was only possible with one having her prescience, compassion and courage. But with her *much more* is possible. Through all the hours of the dawn, into those of the full light and even unto the end may we each be faithful.

Unto all I give fraternal greeting.

A. A. PURMAN



**A** S THE seasons roll around, our position becomes clearer to ourselves and to others, and our privileges as members of the Organization which is consciously working with humanity's guides, not only grow greater in fact, but our realization of them increases. Our work during the year which is past has grown enormously; our victories have been signal ones. The seeds of truth have been not only planted, but have taken firm root in many a young heart.

What revelations the new year holds in store for us we cannot tell, but we know the air is full of promise, which we shall have our part in fulfilling.

In the fresh dawn of the New Year, mysterious in its unknown possibilities, and from this sacred spot I send greetings to all true comrades everywhere, who stand as a unit looking out into the coming time with courage. The sound of the anthem, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," has reached our shore.

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT



*To the Comrades throughout the world, Greeting:*

**T**HIS season of the year has for many centuries been a special occasion for calling forth the kinder and better feelings of men and women. The wish for "A happy Christmas and New Year" has often been the magic "sesame" to open the doors of human hearts long closed. It has united those that were separated; it has brought the distant near; it has, to some extent at least, broken down artificial barriers, and created anew the feeling that we are all members of the same great family. It is for us as Members of the Universal Brotherhood to strengthen this feeling so that it will not be confined to one season merely, but will last, and be manifested all through the year.

We believe we have entered, not only upon a new century but upon a New Age, or Eon, of the world's existence, and that the hope of many ages for the kingdom of heaven to come on earth may, if we will persevere, soon be realized. It should make our hearts strong and patient to feel that we are fighting for that which must prevail.

The year that is closing has been an eventful one, and surely the new year upon which we are entering will be marked by still greater progress. While it is a great privilege to live at this time, a great responsibility also rests upon each member of the Universal Brotherhood. May our influence on the future be wholly for good. May the new year find us more perfect in harmony, stronger in unity, and full of inward peace.

S. J. NEILL



**L**ET us always remember that we are useful in this world, in this Movement, just in the degree that we possess the true Warrior-spirit. And let us be found fighting ever for the Right, ever for the True, and to help the weak wherever we can; and above all let us make strong a united body of Comrades, ever ready to live for Universal Brotherhood. This body, this army, needs a Leader, and has a Leader in whom we all place the most unbounded confidence and trust. The day is dawning fast when all the world will see how well this trust is placed. With fraternal greetings to all,

E. T. SEDERHOLM



Greetings from W. C. Temple and L. B. Sweet, members of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, who reside at a distance, did not arrive in time for publication with the above.

**T**HE American *Review of Reviews* also notices the progress being made for the better education of the future citizens—the public school children. "Another way in which our American cities are showing vigor in dealing with new problems has to do with the ever-increasing zeal for education as reflected in growing expenditures for school buildings and instructions, and in the constant improvement of methods of instruction, with a

view to making the schools really serve the community by fitting the children of workingmen for better service as citizens and as members of the industrial community. In one way or another the schools are proclaiming the gospel of good citizenship, not merely in the abstract but in useful and concrete ways. And they are also managing to avoid the old reproach against them that they give false views as to the dignity and necessity of manual toil."

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## Mirror of the Movement



**Growth of the Work** From time to time reports of individual Lodge work and the progress of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society appear in these pages, but at the close of one year and the beginning of another the members and especially those of long standing, are always glad to hear of the growth and enlargement of the work.

In the old days when 144 Madison Avenue, New York, was the Headquarters, the work slowly but surely grew and grew, but while New York City was to a large extent reached and affected, the greater good was that done all over the United States in the formation of Lodges and Centers. All this work still goes on, and at the time of the great Theosophical Crusade Around the World in 1896-7, a still greater and world-wide propaganda work was done and Lodges formed in all the countries visited. Thus the activities and the influence of the Movement are not in any way confined to the United States, England, Ireland, Sweden, France, Holland, Germany, but reach out to Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Alaska, Japan, Samoa, Hawaii, among the Maories of New Zealand as well as among the English speaking people; and in Europe to Greece and Austria and Italy; to Egypt, India, Australia and South Africa.

But to know how great the growth has been and to fully realize the enormous work now being done all over the world, one must be at the Center. Only there is it possible to see how great and far reaching is the influence of the Universal Brotherhood in the life and thought of the world. When the Headquarters were still at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, it was rightly held that a great work was being done, but it was not until the International Headquarters were established at Point Loma, which became the World's Theosophical Center, and all the departments of work moved to this place that it was possible to realize how hungry were the hearts of the people for Theosophy and a practical philosophy of life.

Although the staff and all headquarters activities were removed to Point Loma, the work did not on that account flag in New York. The old members of the Aryan who remained there united with the Brooklyn members and have ever since continued the meetings with the help of O. Tyberg and Colonel H. N. Hooper. Thus the work from that important center still reaches out in its influence all over New York State and the East.

In New York City the important work of the "Do Good Mission," now a Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood, founded several years ago by Katherine Tingley, has been continued without a break, and the Lodge has never failed to hold its meetings, a large hall being held exclusively for the work of that center. Further down the city on the East Side, is a Lodge composed almost entirely of young men, art students and others, and already it has made a fine record for itself in devotion and earnestness. Other centers in the immediate neighborhood are Yonkers, N. Y., and Newark, N. J.

Moving East from New York we come to Connecticut—a distance by railway of about two to three hours—which is dotted with Universal Brotherhood Lodges. At Providence,

R. I., four hours from New York, is that old warrior and tower of strength, Clark Thurston. Here is a fine Lodge of devoted members, with a record for work that stands as a monument to their loyalty and earnestness. Still traveling along the same route Boston is reached in one hour's journey further on.

Boston Lodge—one of the oldest in America—and well-known in the history of the movement as true to the principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, and steadfast in its devotion to the work on the original lines of practical benefit to humanity, grows daily in strength and usefulness.

Containing, as it does, many old students of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge actively engaged in the present-day work, it stands as a marked example of the continuity of the Movement from its inception to the present time, and the steady advance of members from philosophical theory to practical application of that philosophy to the daily life of humanity. The chain is complete; the link is unbroken.

Being the center of New England activities, its influence is more than local, and its power of achievement is most materially augmented by a number of sister lodges, suburban and in contiguous cities, which work with it in close harmony.

Its headquarters' building—a large house of some twenty rooms—is situated on historic Beacon Hill, a stone's throw from the State House, and is well adapted for public and departmental work. Its large and well-appointed lecture hall is filled every Sunday by an appreciative audience. Its hall and class room accommodate the Boys' Brotherhood Club, Girls' Club, Children's Lotus Group, Boston Lodge, the International Brotherhood League and the union meeting of neighboring lodges weekly, besides the various working committees, whose province it is to carry on the work in prisons, institutions and elsewhere. Here also may be found a branch of the Theosophical Publishing Company, whose work it is to publish and disseminate pure Theosophical literature. The whole making one of the most vigorous and effective combinations of Universal Brotherhood work.

Brother Robt. Crosbie, who was president of the Boston Lodge for many years, is now at Point Loma. He was succeeded as president by Brother W. H. Somersall, who is one of the pillars of the Theosophical Movement, working in perfect harmony with the center, and ably supported by energetic and loyal members.

Boston is the headquarters for New England. Surrounding it are lodges at Malden, Cambridge, Roxbury, Chelmsford, Somerville and Worcester. At Southampton, Mass., is that great worker, Mrs. Richmond Green, who accompanied the Leader and rendered such faithful service on the first Cuban crusade. She also renders invaluable aid to the lodge in Florence, Mass. At Manchester, N. H., is a center, one of the old members there being Dr. Wheat. At Rockland, Auburn, Northport, Camden and Bangor, in Maine, the lodges carry on active work, and all who see *The New Century* know through its columns about Bro. Mather of Rockland, and his love of Nature and flowers.

Coming back to New York state, we find another great center at Buffalo where the lodge, with the faithful service of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Bro. Denton and the others, has made the influence of Theosophy felt throughout the beautiful lake city. Especially has the attention of the public been drawn to "The Wayfare," which provides shelter for homeless and outcast women. So great a work is done by this institution that the state has yearly awarded it assistance.

Passing through Jamestown and remembering the faithful workers there, Youngstown, Ohio, is the next great center from where, under the indefatigable energy of Dr. N. B. Acheson and his wife and comrades, Theosophy has been carried to all the surrounding country, as well as permeating the life of the city.

As there are many ways out of New York, we must not forget Philadelphia, Pa., about four-hours' ride from the metropolis. In this Quaker city it might be expected that a great interest should exist in the Universal Brotherhood, but a great injury was



T. Sederholm, vice-president, and Mr. Andrew Wittrup, president of Lodge 45. Mr. and Mrs. Smith work loyally together for the best interests of the lodge. Their ideal home life is not unknown to many of the members who have been entertained by them at various times while traveling across the continent toward Point Loma. The large number of Chicago members now at Point Loma as students is one proof that Lodge 70 has steadily grown in courage, in loyalty, and in active, practical work.

It would be impossible, in the space at my disposal, to describe or even mention all the Lodges throughout the country, but some should receive special mention. Going south, the two great centers are Macon, Ga., and New Orleans, La. The members all over the world are acquainted with the names of, and many individually with, W. T. Hanson and Iverson L. Harris, of Macon, members of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, both of whom, won at Point Loma, have rendered signal service to the Cause, and are staunch supporters of the Leader. W. Ross White of the same place, the President, is with others doing a great work in that important center. In New Orleans is Dr. C. J. Lopez, one of the old friends of William Q. Judge, and whose assistance and that of his lodge was so valuable on the occasion of the last Cuban Crusade when forty or more children were brought from Cuba to Point Loma.

In Pittsburg, Pa., is William C. Temple, another of W. Q. Judge's great friends and loyal defenders, and a member of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet. Comrades will be glad to know that he has recovered his health. He is spending the winter in Florida. There are active Lodges at Pittsburg, Wilkinsburg, and other neighboring towns.

At Indianapolis and Fort Wayne in Indiana are flourishing Lodges and at each of these important centers is one of the Cabinet Officers, Judge O'Rourke and A. A. Purman at Fort Wayne, and Brother Sweet at Indianapolis.

At Sioux City, Iowa, the work of the Universal Brotherhood has taken deep root in the life of the people and its influence has extended to all classes under the efforts of Miss Wakefield, one of the most devoted and noble workers in the great Cause. In the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood have taken firm root.

At Denver, Colo., Salt Lake City, Utah, and going back a little, at Milwaukee and Clinton in Wisconsin, all along the line in every direction are to be found faithful Workers, Lodges, Centers of activity, and in many cities where no Lodge has been chartered there are centers for study, and by correspondence, by the reading of our literature, by the circulation of books, the influence of the Universal Brotherhood and of Theosophy has entered into family and individual life and is affecting the thought life of the whole community.

Turning to other countries, we find in England the work was firmly established by Katherine Tingley during the Crusade Around the World, but since then has come War, but that influence which usually so greatly affects movements of this nature has not been able to break down the Brotherhood Lodges. The great center for England and also for Europe is the Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, London, the old home of H. P. Blavatsky. Who can say what is its full influence in its standing there as a center, a power, a constant reminder of our first Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky and her heroic life.

In Dublin, Brother F. J. Dick stands warrior-like guarding the sacred fires in that old land of Mystery. Dr. Zander, T. Hedlund, Mrs. Cedershiold, Dr. Bogren, Miss Sonesson, in Sweden, are names well-known to all the workers, and the work in that northern land partakes of the character of the workers—bright, vigorous, strong, clear-eyed, they all give of their own beautiful natures to the great Cause which they so faithfully serve. Brother Goud and his comrades in Holland, Brother Gluckselig in Germany faithfully hold their posts of duty, and help the younger members and lodges each in his respective country. In Australia is Brother Willans, in New Zealand Brother St. Clair and Brother Sanderson and their comrades. All working toward the same goal, the uplifting of Humanity.

And so on around the world is a great network of Brotherhood Lodges, Brotherhood Thoughts, Brotherhood efforts, all inspired, united, vivified from the great central Home at Point Loma. What the work really is can never be understood until one takes part in it heart and soul; then it will be seen to be a light, a joy, a benediction.



**The Pacific  
Coast Lodges**

The work done by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of the Pacific Coast has been a very active part of the great work of the Movement. Many obstacles not found elsewhere have here had to be faced and removed or overcome.

Many discouragements have had to be met, yet the Pacific Coast Lodges have not only held their own but have steadily grown and, as the months pass, are doing more and more in the direction of reaching the public with practical, common-sense views of life.

The Lodge at San Francisco is a large and important one. Its President, Dr. Jerome Anderson, is one of the oldest members on the Coast, and is widely known, both as a physician and as an author. Among other Lodges mention should be made of those at Los Angeles, San Jose, Stockton, Oakland, Alameda and Santa Rosa in California; in Tacoma Seattle and Spokane, Washington; in Portland, Oregon, and in Victoria, British Columbia.

On New Year's, 1901, all the Universal Brotherhood Lodges throughout the world entered upon a somewhat new departure in Theosophical Work, in accordance with the Leader's suggestions. In following these more has been accomplished than ever before. The public meetings have been unusually successful, while the Greek Symposia, given monthly by the students of various Lodges, have not only been splendid evidence that Plato's vision of "the good, the beautiful, the true," bids fair to be realized in modern life at no distant date, but they have paved the way for the greater plans along the line of dramatic interpretation which the Leader has in view.

The Lodges in each section of the country have had the difficulties of public misrepresentation on the part of enemies of the Work, and from so-called Theosophists who use the name but whose acts do not conform to their professions. California and other Pacific States as well as other places have had their share of these. This new western country has been, as is well known, for many years the Mecca of speculators, schemers and many who looked upon the world as their particular victim, to be conquered and then made to serve them. Many of such were attracted to the Theosophical Movement, thinking it an easy field for exploitation, but yet with no clear idea of its strength and true purposes. Thus many in the old days joined from motives of self-interest, as a result, today the label "Theosophist" is worn conspicuously by many who do not live the life enjoined by its simple teachings, and who are in no way connected with the Universal Brotherhood, and the word "Theosophy" is used by many whose methods and life are not endorsed by the Organization. But it is only the superficial observer who does not know the difference. Those who think deeply and look deeply can make the distinction without difficulty.

Just as there has been spurious coin put forward in the name of Christianity, and in every department of thought and life, so in Theosophy. The Wisdom Religion and the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity and all that lives have been used as a cloak for selfishness, ambition and vice. People have even come into our Organization in the old days for the very purpose of destroying it, although seeming to work with it and for it, trying to blind the eyes of the members to their real motive. Thanks, however, to Katherine Tingley's great work and the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood, into which the Theosophical Society became merged in 1898, this great Movement stands safe from all such attacks and the general public interest in the activities throughout the world and the respect which the work and the members now command, proves that the public is rapidly becoming able to discriminate between the true philosophy of life and the false, between those who practice and those who merely preach.

Probably at no time in the history of the Organization has it been in a better position to bring out some of the best aspects of the work. Even the enemies of the Movement are affording it means for the presentation of Theosophy as never before, attracting the attention of the public by their statements. The natural sequence is that the public wants to know more about the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophy, about the literature and the various activities. The many attacks show how great are the efforts exerted against the Movement, and the indications are in every case plain as to who are the instigators and what are their motives. But so far from crushing or hurting the Society, the result is entirely contrary, calling out more and more defenders and showing more clearly its strong foundation and its unimpeachable and high moral standing. OBSERVER



**Suit for Libel  
Against the "Los  
Angeles Times"**

The *Los Angeles Times* is the journal which, during the Point Loma Congress of 1899, scurrilously asserted that the Leader had misappropriated the funds for the Cuban Crusade, and the libel was repeated the same week by a San Francisco newspaper. The

financial board of the Universal Brotherhood replied by sworn affidavits to the effect that the expenses of this Crusade, amounting to several hundred dollars, were provided by Katherine Tingley from her own private purse. The present suit against the *Times* rests, however, upon other grounds, and will perhaps be best explained by the following extract from the *Los Angeles Herald* of December 13:

"Mrs. Katherine Tingley, President and Head of the Universal Brotherhood, the headquarters of which are at Point Loma, yesterday filed suit in San Diego against the *Times-Mirror* Company of Los Angeles to recover \$50,000 damages, alleged to have been sustained by the publication in the *Los Angeles Times* on October 28, 1901, of a libelous article, tending to injure the reputation of the plaintiff.

"Mrs. Tingley asserts in her complaint that 'the defendant wickedly and maliciously and with intent and design to injure, disgrace and defame this plaintiff, and to bring her into public discredit and obloquy, printed and published in said newspaper on the 28th day of October, 1901, of and concerning this plaintiff, a false, libelous, malicious, and defamatory article.'

"Katherine Tingley's attorney is J. W. McKinley, who was formerly a Judge of the Superior Court, and who is known as a broad and liberal-minded man."



**"Bohn" Habeas  
Corpus Case**

At about the same date as the notice of the libel suit was served on General Otis, the *habeas corpus* case by which Mr. J. G. Bohn endeavored to obtain the court's order for the custody of his children was being tried at Los Angeles. Neither Mr. nor Mrs.

Bohn was a resident of California, and so the custody of the children could not be awarded by the court. It had happened, however, that Mrs. Bohn had some time previously appealed to the courts of her own state (Illinois), for the custody of the children and had commenced suit for divorce against Mr. Bohn, and the case is consequently pending in Chicago.

While Theosophy is used as an excuse by Mr. Bohn for his action, the fact is that Mrs. Bohn was about to institute divorce proceedings against Mr. Bohn before she entered the Universal Brotherhood Organization or knew Katherine Tingley. It is considered by those most familiar with the facts and who know both parties, that thousands of people will be led to investigate Theosophy, who would never have known anything about it had it not been for the attempts on the part of its enemies to overthrow it.

Mrs. Bohn is one of the most respected members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and her position is a strong one. The case is now pendent before the Chicago courts.

It might be noted that a Mrs. Green, who is assisting Mr. Bohn, as Mrs. Bohn states, to get the custody of the children, although she has testified that she is not a member of the society to which Mrs. Annie Besant belongs, which it is well known the Universal Brotherhood does not endorse, was proven to have entertained Mrs. Besant and one of her agents, selling her books, etc., gave lectures in Mrs. Green's house.

Of course, to members of the Universal Brotherhood it is easy to see where the real cause of the recent attacking effort is to be found.



#### **Greeting from the Senior Boys' Brotherhood Club, Point Loma**

*To Our Comrades of the Boys' Brotherhood Clubs Throughout the World :*

The Senior Boys' Brotherhood Club of Loma-land sends New Year's greetings. Let us, in loyalty to our Commander-in-Chief, make during this year our motto, "A New Order of Ages," which has been given us, an established fact in our Clubs.

We older boys appreciate greatly the rare opportunity offered us at Headquarters to unite with our younger Comrades in these Clubs, all over the world, to bring about a fuller realization of higher comradeship and patriotism, true nobility of character, and the dignity of a pure life.

We realize that the time is at hand when the world needs strong, fearless men to uphold the Truth and the Right and to overthrow Evil and Selfishness. Let us therefore take advantage of the unparalleled opportunities given us through the Clubs by our wise Commander to fit ourselves to do our whole duty, as "Fortune's favored soldiers," loyal and alert.

SENIOR BOYS OF LOMA-LAND



#### **Report of the Raja Yoga School at 19 Avenue Road, London**

With the close of the first year's work in the Raja Yoga School it becomes a privilege and a pleasure to tender a short account of what has been accomplished.

The school was founded by Katherine Tingley in October, 1899, and free classes for children under the name of Lotus Groups were immediately started, which eventually formed a nucleus from which were selected pupils for the school.

At the first gathering some fifty or sixty children from three to fourteen years of age assembled in the hall and there listened to the loving welcome extended to them, as to all children of the earth, by Katherine Tingley, to join with her in the great work of "benefiting the human race and raising it to higher conceptions of right action and self-government." A vigorous and hearty response came from the circle of boys and girls as they laid their hands to the "Golden Cord" and thus united by the outward symbol of love, they marched around the hall dedicating themselves in song to a life of service as warriors on the battlefield of human life.

The names of the children were entered in the Lotus Group register and throughout the winter months they attended, bringing with them, from time to time, many little friends to see "what we do at Lotus Group" and to share in the joy of making gladness to grow in their hearts that the whole world might thereby be made the brighter and richer.

Industrial and Art classes—classes for Physical Training—Singing and Elementary Science were then organized as offering rare opportunities for the higher development of children.

On April 13th, 1900, the New Cycle Unity Congress was held, in which the children of this group joined with others from the various London Lodges in a Children's Festival.

A series of Floral Action songs formed part of a dramatic representation of the "Triumph of Hope and Joy" over sorrow and death, as symbolized in the return of spring. The babies sat in the center of the floor as little white buds in that garden of human flowers, waiting for the "Fairies of Time" to usher in the "Youths of Spring," who in

song called them to rise from their long winter sleep, and to grow to "blossoms rare," and live in the Fairyland ruled by Love. Twenty girls in their white drill costumes, went through some of their exercises with dumb-bells and wands, with a grace and precision that told well of the efforts each had made to gain a certain perfection of movement and carriage in the rhythmic motion of this simple form of healthy recreation.

During the summer months much of the work was done in the garden under the Ash tree, a favorite spot of that Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, whose great love for humanity has made it possible today to gather the children together and to educate them to become workers for humanity.

In September, 1900, a group of little ones under seven years of age were admitted to the Raja Yoga School, where it is our desire to introduce to the children under our care a higher education which shows how by self-restraint, self-discipline, by ceaseless love of others, and by willingness to aid them, it is possible to develop such a power to help the world, the like of which we have never dreamed. It has been called the science of Raja Yoga or the union with the Divinity, whose voice we know is the voice of conscience.

The daily work in the school includes all the ordinary school subjects, which are treated in such a way as to secure the full and hearty response of every faculty of the child, while at the same time the collective work appeals to and arouses that sense of unity and interdependence by which alone can harmony and peace reign on earth.

Before the close of the first term the number in attendance had been doubled and a sense of great interest and appreciation established in the minds of the parents and friends. It was at first a great surprise to them to find that no Inspectors were needed to ensure regular attendance, for the children's greatest sorrow is to be obliged to stay at home. The pupils are divided according to their development into three groups.

- 1 Babies of three and four years of age.
- 2 Children between the ages of five and seven years.
- 3 Children over seven years.

The work for each group is specially arranged to meet the peculiar needs of each child, to encourage and strengthen individual effort, and to awaken the desire *to be* and *to do* that which the highest ideal leads us to realize is possible for every man and woman.

In pursuance of this standard we do our best to secure the child health, and full physical development that the body may be as far as possible a perfect instrument for the use of the indwelling Soul, we endeavor to train the senses to be acute, the intellect to be clear, keen and strong, disciplined to the power of concentrated attention and love of work.

It may be of interest to give an example of one day's work: "Good morning little Sunbeams." Good morning! good morning! rings out on every hand as at nine o'clock the key turns in the lock, the doors are opened and the merry troop of little pupils enters to the ante-room and thence to their seats in the circle of little chairs awaiting them in the center of the hall—H. P. Blavatsky's Hall, converted by fairy magic each morning into the cosiest of schoolrooms bright with flowers and pictures. The register is marked and then we sing together our opening song. It is rather difficult to choose which of our favorites it shall be, but very often it is "The Poet and the Water-lily," from the Lotus Song book.

The next few minutes are spent in describing and recording the weather, and today little Ivy of three years, with great delight, found the yellow disk which stands for sunshine and with the help of our big Nellie pasted it on to the Nature Calendar. Then Autumn flowers, leaves, fruits, that had been found and brought with care to the school, were examined and drawn, so that the sheet grows each day more beautiful with the record of their observations.

The music sounds again and we march to the table which stands at the end of the hall and holding the cord of Love sing "The Temple Song," and the little ones feel the

presence of the great bright joyous life in their midst, which is still more accentuated in the silence which follows, while they are silently thinking out "golden thoughts" which shall help "to make the great world glad." We like to remember too the little Loma-land buds who are then fast asleep and we wish them bright dreams in the City of Light — then with our magic sword "I WILL," drawn and held aloft the little warriors march forth to the duties of the day.

For the babies, a chat follows, perhaps on some flower or animal, the aim being to bring the children closely into touch with the world of Nature, to help them to realize that all things contain some of the living force that is in themselves, and to awaken in them a sense of responsibility towards the lower forms of life. This chat will set a keynote, for all that follows will be connected with the central idea. Some of the little ones take their drawing-books and make pictures of any ideas they have gained during the chat, others represent their ideas by means of bricks and sticks. The reading and number lessons lend further opportunity for expression. Games are played, the children themselves suggesting the method of play, thus further developing their imaginative, creative power.

With the elder ones the work is conducted upon the same principles. In addition to the ordinary school subjects many stories are told—stories of heroes which enable the children to form pure and noble ideals of what men may be and do—nature stories which develop the sympathy or imagination of the heart—and fairy stories which supply illustrations to the children of the laws governing life, and they see their own lives reflected in them as in a mirror.

In addition to stories there are nature lessons of flowers, animals, stones, also about the structure of the human body and the forces which aid or retard its growth. These different things are shown to influence one another; the same laws are seen to control widely different kingdoms, the children are taught that because they are souls they have power over all the lower kingdoms and can either help or hinder Nature. Every little part of such knowledge makes their life the richer, it helps to raise the thought from what is mean, petty and selfish, to what is great, ennobling and pure. The power of thought is shown to be more powerful in its effect for good or ill than are acts. The children are thus enabled consciously to send out thoughts of sunshine and joy in the firm belief that these will lighten up some of the dark places of earth.

The day's work closes with music and song in which all unite, and the children depart carrying with them the feeling of an all-pervading harmony and of great joy.



In the Raja Yoga School of Point Loma (of which this is a branch) "a system of education is being adopted which to educationists visiting Loma-land is a surprising revelation. Katherine Tingley, to whom the inception and development of the unique and highly successful methods in vogue are due has turned her attention to systems of training the mind, and has designed a comprehensive plan of great simplicity and effectiveness. The Point Loma system of education makes a leading feature of the simplification of the methods of study and aims at the rounding out of character so that the pupil shall more surely gain a firm grasp of the spirit of the subject in hand, after getting which the subordinate details will naturally develop in the proper proportion."

I will close by quoting the words of Katherine Tingley:

"The children! the children! what mighty powers do they evoke in the hearts of men! Truly they are the torch bearers, the sunbeams, the blessings! Our duty to them is plain. We must give them the light of our countenance in helpful, loving deeds, we must take them in our hearts as tender, budding souls, to be nurtured with the sweet breath of truth, with the protection of our discrimination for their souls' unfoldment. We must stand firmly in our mental and moral attitude toward the right and the true, and thus command their love and trust."

SUPERINTENDENT

# Reports of Lodges



## Alameda, Cal., Lotus Group

The Alameda Lotus Group send a Thanksgiving offering with love to the Lotus Buds in Loma-land. The Buds of Alameda Lotus Group decided to make the month of November a month of self-sacrifice, and send all money saved from not buying candy to Loma-land. Two of our earnest little workers wished to send more than was saved in that way, so they arranged to hold a Fair in their home. They asked the assistance of the other Buds which was gladly given, and the result was a very successful "Children's Fair." The proceeds are sent for the benefit of the Lotus Home. ALICE G. CRUM, *Secretary*

*November 27, 1901*



## Lodge No. 13, Macon, Georgia

The twenty-first of November is always a gala day with Lodge No. 13 of Macon, Georgia, for it is the anniversary of the birth of the Lodge, and its members always celebrate the occasion with fitting ceremonies.

This year the eighth anniversary was celebrated with a Symposium, to which only members were invited. While it was impracticable to have the members come in costume, the Symposium was chosen as the most fitting form for so joyous an occasion, because it gave opportunity to each to express himself.

Seated about the long table, beautifully arranged with flowers and fruit, with our President as "Master of the Feast," a spirit of unity and harmony prevailed, to the end that every member present arose and expressed thoughts that came from the depths of the heart.

Dignity, earnestness, sincerity and deep feeling characterized the Symposium, while the theme of the discourse was the "Cause," and the love and loyalty to our Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Beautiful music from piano and violin accentuated the harmony that was the undercurrent of the celebration.

*December 10, 1901*

BERTHA W. BUNDSMANN,

*Assistant Corresponding Secretary*



## Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 20, Gefle, Sweden

[Extracts from a letter]: . . . I think you have heard that we have started a new Universal Brotherhood Lodge in this city. This was done last midsummer. . . . In a new place the Theosophical pioneers need to bring forth mutual force and vigor. . . . Yesterday Miss Anna Sonesson, of Stockholm, was visiting us and was present at a members' meeting. We talked about the work at Point Loma and what we desired to do for the Cause. We realize we must help more and more. With our Leader guiding us we are already succeeding, and discouraged humanity can see the Rising Sun. Truth, Light and Liberation are our weapons and our armor. Our hearts turn to Point Loma, and to our Leader and Comrades we send salutations from this northern land.

*November 29, 1901*

G. SIGFRID SVANBERG



## Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

Members' meeting is held every Sunday at 7 p. m., for study of Theosophical Literature and general work. The first Sunday is devoted to reading "Circulars" on Theosophical work. Much interest is taken in the study which is of great help to all. On Tuesdays from 9 to 10 p. m., a study class is held. This class is always invaluable to

members and probationers, and it is at this and at the Sunday evening meetings that our public meetings are arranged.

On the 27th of the month our public meeting was held, the subject being "Human Brotherhood." The meeting was very powerful, articles from *The New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH were read on the "Savagery of Civilization" and "Problems of Civilization." The International Brotherhood League representative read the objects of the League and a short essay on Clause 6. Excellent music was provided and the methods of the meeting carefully prepared; much force and vigor were manifested.

We soon hope to get into better and more suitable and larger quarters. We are very busy preparing to give, in conjunction with Lodge No. 4, the Greek Symposium, "A Promise," on November 13th. Signs are hopeful and we must say how delighted we are with *The New Century*, and are endeavoring to increase its circulation.

Our present efforts are directed to fostering that atmosphere of thought conducive to awakening the public mind to a knowledge of our Great Cause. Song enters into our life, proving it is Joy, and the singing of the "Brotherhood Song," "Hymn to Apollo," etc., is getting to be a feature of our private and public meetings.

The consciousness that we are souls clears our minds, strengthens our purpose and augurs well for the future. Meanwhile Hope is radiant. We have trust in our Teacher, Joy and Love in our hearts, and determination to work for "Truth, Light and Liberation" as our Guiding Star.

J. T. CROPPER, *Secretary*

November 7, 1901



#### U. B. Lodge No. 129, 607 East Fourteenth Street, New York City

A Thanksgiving feast was given by the members of this lodge on Thanksgiving day. The tables were covered plentifully and all present enjoyed the evening. After the physical man was satisfied, having taken all the material food necessary, the real feast began. The material food, the material man is forgotten, it seems as if some unseen hand had changed the feast into one for the mental and spiritual man. Every one spoke some words of gratitude, there was a feeling of harmony, brotherliness, tolerance and unity, there was such a feeling of joy and happiness that the members could not express all they wanted. Some spoke only a few words, but their eyes told more than words ever can tell. It seemed as if some heart touch had melted them all into one, and if Apollo had come into their midst, he would have found himself at home, for the scene appeared like a feast of the gods, so great was the harmony of thought and feeling. From the youngest recruits to the oldest members all declared their loyalty to the good work, and to their Leader; all realized the work the elder Brothers have done for them, and all declared they would go forward with a new determination to follow in their footsteps, as knights of the Doctrine of Truth, Light and Liberation.

What a joy life will be when the hearts of men are united, the message of the new time is echoed from shore to shore, from mountain top to the valley, and so there is felt in this Lodge in New York some of the joy of Loma-land. Hail to our Teacher, is the cry of all our hearts, for we all realize what a great Leader we have, who leads us on to higher planes of service and usefulness. With happy thoughts from all present to our dear Leader and Comrades,

O. L., *Secretary*



#### Lotus Groups---U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

Report for October. The Advanced Class meets on Thursdays from 7:45 to 8:45 P. M. The lessons during the month have been in the form of stories from *The New Century*, Brotherhood a fact in Nature, illustrated by the growth of plants; "The Jewish Girl Singer," "How fear came" (from Jungle book) and stories from UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. Lotus songs and learning verses were other items.

The "Young Buds" Class is held on Saturdays from 2 to 4 P. M. This class is most



promising. Lessons during the month have consisted of a story from UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, A story from Jungle book, fables from Æsop's Fable book, singing, marching and learning verses.

Alice Sandham, *Superintendent*

November 7th, 1901



**Presidential Report from Bow Lodge No. 3, London, England**

Some four years since the Leader was conversing with the writer during a visit paid by the members of the Great Crusade to the former premises of Bow Lodge. She said (amongst other things) that in five years' time more people would come to the Lodge than its members would be able to deal with. Throughout the vicissitudes that followed, that prophecy has never been lost sight of. Sometime back, owing to the rebuilding of our former quarters, the Lodge migrated to Hackney (London), and the prophecy *then* seemed a rather doubtful one—or, at least, its fulfillment so seemed! In the spring of the present year, however, the way opened for a return to the old locality, where the fruits of previous years of arduous constructive work lay ripening, and now Bow Lodge is itself again!

In the main road, ten doors from the old place, the passer-by observes a low doorway wedged in between two shops. Over this is a legend indicating that the Universal Brotherhood is to be found within, in white enamelled letters on a black ground. Entering he passes through a narrow hall, out into the open air—still in a narrow passage—and finds a flight of wooden steps confronting him. To the right is a square piece of ground with a flower bed running round three sides of it. Ascending the steps a lobby is entered, provided with hat-hooks and a table for literature. Three steps up from the lobby and the Lodge-room is reached. This consists of a small hall. The walls are painted yellow, with deep purple dado and cornice. The ceiling is a lofty one. Various windows admit light and air, and the whole effect—the sunlight streaming through and on to purple curtains and across the yellow walls is quite enchanting. The seclusion of the place, after the roar of traffic (and the dust!) of the main road is remarkable. Nothing is to be heard but the twitter of birds and rustling of trees outside. Portraits of the three Leaders hang at one end of the room; pictures decorate the walls: the seal of the Universal Brotherhood is painted over the fireplace. A piano and blackboard with easel grace one end of the room; at the other a spacious bookcase stretching out from the wall, end on, separates the culinary department from a library of several hundred books, loaned by the librarian. Several rows of chairs, thanks to Brother Thomas of Brixton Lodge, occupy part of the floor space. A gas stove and incandescent gas burners provide heat and light. In a few words, it is a first rate Lodge-room thanks to the interest, energy and unity of its members; and it has a very distinct atmosphere of its own already.

It should be added that the room stands about 10 feet from the ground, and is isolated on every side from other houses. It also is two or three hundred years old. Rumor has it that Queen Elizabeth once danced in it—being on the high road from London to Chingford, and this sounds not impossible.

Work is well under way, and the prospects for the future are bright with promise.

PRESIDENT



**Report of Lotus Group No. 1, Stockholm, Sweden**

DEAR LOTUS MOTHER: Thank you dear Lotus Mother for all the things Miss Bergman brought home from you. We hoist that beautiful Flag at every Lotus meeting and we will try to be always true to its Star.

Now we have learned to sing all the three verses of that dear song "The Sun Temple." We hope you very soon are coming here that we may sing it for you.

As we have learned that "helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," we have distributed the charming wild flowers amongst all the Lotus Groups in Sweden.

Loving Thoughts to you and to all our dear comrades in "City Beautiful" and to little Spots. Your loving children in Stockholm.



## Christmas in Loma-land



**D**EAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: Shall I tell you how the children of Loma-land spent Christmas? It was such a happy festival time, beginning, as no doubt it began with you, on Christmas Eve, Early in the evening, as soon as the first stars peeped out, the Raja Yoga Warriors were watching for Santa Claus. By and by lights, red and gold, flashed here and there over the hills. Out of their group houses rushed the children, and over to the gate at the head of the path leading to the Cave Man's home. The lights appeared and then vanished, but by and by a shout went up from the children. "Here he comes! here comes Santa Claus!" "O look, look!" said one of the little Cubans, "there are three of them, three Santas!" and, will you believe me, there were three Santas trudging merrily up the path and toward the Temple gateway where the children were waiting.

Ah! but the Raja Yoga Warriors were ready for them, and not until the Santas gave the passwords (a little bird whispered that these magic words were "Love one another"), did the gates fly open. For Raja Yoga boys know that there are evil, selfish Santas who go around sometimes, their packs all filled with bad gifts instead of good ones. And it is just as necessary, isn't it, Blossoms, to be "on guard" to shut out evil, naughty things, as to be "on guard" to let in the good? But when these Santas gave the passwords, then the children knew they were Brotherhood Santas, and they let them come in.

And how they tried to hold them! But the Santas, oh, so big they were! at last broke away and ran into the Homestead. All the children ran after

them, but the Santas were swift and before the children reached them they had entered the building and shut the big doors behind them.

Now Raja Yoga boys know that where there is a will there is a way. In a very short time they all marched in with all the other boys and girls, then they marched up the grand stairway on to the balcony that surrounds the great rotunda, and looked down upon a sight that would almost take your breath away. Such a sight I believe has never been seen before! How I wish you might have seen it! There, beneath the great glass dome, which shines with the sun in the day time and shines with a light at night, were seven great, glorious Christmas trees. And all around them hurried the three Santas busily taking gifts out of their big, big packs and hanging them upon the trees. They hoped to have all the trees loaded with presents before the children came in, but they did not quite succeed. So the children watched them and laughed when the Santas, who are doubtless not used to polished floors in their own home, would slip a bit and occasionally tumble down upon the shining floor of the rotunda. Knowing it would help them, the children sang a song and the Santas nodded a happy "Thank you" while they worked more busily than ever, putting gifts upon the trees.

The children shouted, "Won't you talk to us Santa?" And one of the Santas, who had emptied his pack, went half way up the circular stairway and did talk to the children. And there were ever so many grown-ups, too, who thought themselves very fortunate to hear him. He told the children that when he was down in San Diego he had heard fine reports of the Christmas Festival given by the children the week before in the big "Fisher Opera House." And Santa himself had been there, although nobody saw him, and he said, "When I think of the pleasure the Lotus children of Loma-land and the Lotus children of San Diego gave to all the mothers and fathers and to other little children who saw the beautiful play and the tableaux, why I really feel as if the Golden Days were coming back again. For in the golden days it was just all one big brotherhood and everybody was happy and nobody was sad. And the world was like one big country, not as it is now, with ever so many countries and some of them quarreling with each other. And don't you see children, why the Raja Yoga school is the finest school in the world? It is because little children from all countries come here, and while they still love their own land, they learn to love all lands too, all the big, big world, and all the people in it. And they learn to help others—that's what brotherhood means, isn't it?—helping and sharing. Think of all the money you made at the Christmas Festival and of how many little children will be helped by it! Why, each one of you is just like a really truly Santa Claus to some poor little child who hasn't the happiness and the good times you have in Loma-land. That's true Raja Yoga, isn't it? And it's the secret of being happy, all the time, too, isn't it? "Now, boys, and girls, let us give three cheers for Loma-land—and for America—and for Cuba, and Germany, and Holland, and France, and England, and Maori land, and all lands!"

Such a ringing "hurrah" as went up from those brotherhood boys and girls. The big dome seemed actually to grow higher and larger, and the flags of all countries, which were hung all about the rotunda actually waved in sheer happiness. I tell you, Blossoms, I saw them. Flags must know a little about brotherhood, you know, or their colors would not be always so clear and bright, would they?

How I wish you might have seen old Santa Claus as he stood there—for the other two Santas were still busy about the trees. He was dressed all in white, with a big white pack and a big white cape, and the queerest pointed red cap. He had a long white beard and altogether, to judge just by appearance—he might have stepped right out of the land where Aladdin used to live. That the Cave Man sent him to Loma Hill, though, I have no doubt.

"And now," said Santa, "Let us give three cheers for the Raja Yoga School and for the Lotus Mother." Again the "hurrah" of these happy children filled the great rotunda and then, at a sign from Santa Claus, they formed in double column and marched, singing, down the stairway and into the rotunda beside the seven beautiful trees.

"Heads up," said Santa. "I must see your faces; I must discover whether you are bad and sad or good and glad. For it will never do for me to give Christmas gifts to children who are not happy. And now you know why you came over to see the trees this evening. It was not to receive presents, but to let me see you all, so that I might know just which ones are to have something from my big pack and which ones are not."

And, children, will you believe me? Not a single child, from the tallest of the Raja Yoga Warriors to the tiniest of the babies was even the least bit sad. Santa smiled and nodded as he watched them march by, singing,

*See the nations hand in hand,  
Life is Joy, Life is Joy!*

Then said Santa:

"Come here in the morning at 8 o'clock, children, and you will receive your gifts. And now, Merry Christmas and good night." Santa bowed low, the children sent him a world of love straight from their happy hearts and then, still singing, marched out of the Homestead, down the winding pathway to the City Beautiful and soon went off to dreamland.

On Christmas morning, I was awakened by the sound of children's voices, not far from my window, singing, singing. It was just before sunrise, and beyond the mountains was a great golden glow which became brighter and brighter until at last the sun's disk rose above the distant Sierras and it was day. Never was a day so beautiful, bright and clear. Even the roses and the lilies of the gardens seemed to know it was Christmas day, as they nodded "Good morning" to the children. And the sound of those voices,—never, never was there such music as the singing of the children in Loma-land. Some day, Blossoms, you must come to this City Beautiful and hear the wonderful

music and sing with the Raja Yoga children yourselves, perhaps. After breakfast was over, the children all marched back to the Homestead, up the outer stairway and into the rotunda where stood the seven trees, one for each group. The children of each group quietly sat down in a circle about their own tree, the Raja Yoga boys and girls about the largest and most beautiful tree which stood in the center. And then the Santas gave them their presents.

Think of it! Ninety-nine children, some of them mere babies, and no one naughty, no one sad, no one selfish. Each one received a garland of popcorn beads, each one a little bag of candy and sweeties, pictures, cards and other presents. But all the games and books were given to the groups to be shared in common. That is a better way, isn't it?

Do you suppose the Raja Yoga children just ate their candy and popcorn and looked at their own presents, as so many little children do at Christmas time? Not at all, the children in Loma-land would rather sing than eat at any time, and soon they were up again, their faces happier than ever, singing. And never have I seen the Lotus Mother so happy.

At last the Christmas trees were empty of gifts and the three Santas had stolen away so quietly that no one saw them go. "Where is Mr. Neresheimer, our music teacher?" went up the cry. "Let us find him and give him some of our presents." And in a moment the boys led in their beloved music teacher, seated him in a big chair, put one of their garlands about his neck and gave him a rousing "three cheers." One by one the fathers and mothers, teachers and helpers of the Raja Yoga School were brought in by the children for their hare of the Christmas joy. And then the Lotus Mother spoke to them, just a few words, but I am sure, dear Lotus Blossoms, that some of the things she said, and some of the love that goes out from her heart to all the little children in the world, will reach you in Golden Boats one of these days. Be on the lookout for them, won't you?

"Children," said the Lotus Mother, "I think I have never been happier than I am today. I feel as if I were really a child with you and can scarcely believe that I am a grown-up. How I wish that all little children might live in a City Beautiful as you do, their lives filled with sunshine and joy and helpfulness.

For if all had the Raja Yoga training that you have, the world would be filled with love and happiness very, very soon." Many beautiful things which she said I cannot remember, and she also spoke to the fathers and mothers. Some day I shall tell them what she said. Thus passed the happy Christmas morning and at last, again singing, the children marched out, the Lotus Mother and her students leading the march.

After lunch, all, children and students, and little Spots, also, went down and took seats beside the broad roadway which is near the Group Houses. Here the Senior Boys Brotherhood Club had arranged a program of field sports. How the children enjoyed this, and how eagerly they entered into some of the contests! Even the little ones played their part.

First there was a tug of war. Brotherhood boys know all about that, I am sure. Then came a sack race and many other contests. The half-mile race made by the Senior boys made me think that we were getting back to nature, after all. For you know, Blossoms, that, as your history teacher tells you, it was living close to nature that made the Græeks such good warriors and so fleet of foot.

Then came a splendid "hundred yards dash," first by the Seniors, then by the Raja Yoga boys, every one, in groups of ten or twelve. It is easier to run, just as it is easier to be happy, where the air is so pure and the sky so



bright. Then there was a contest in pole vaulting and other games such as the Greek boys used to have, long and long ago.

And, children, it did my heart good to see in the faces of those who failed in the contests not a trace of envy or disappointment, but a real joy that some one else should have the victory. You see, that makes all the difference in the world. And that is one reason why Raja Yoga boys and girls are brighter and wiser and truer than boys and girls who do not have Raja Yoga training and do not live in a City Beautiful. Then there are other reasons, also, but those I will tell you another day.

So passed the Christmas Day till sunset. And as I looked out over the great ocean, all aglow with the gleam of the setting sun, and as I heard the waves surging and breaking up against the cliffs, I fancied I could see the Cave Man smiling as he looked out over the beautiful water and waited for the three Santas to return. Dear children, a happy New Year to you all.

Affectionately,

AUNT ESTHER

## A Letter to Spots



**D**EAR SPOTS — This is the first time I have been able to get a letter written down for you, though I have known about Point Loma for quite a long while now, and have often wished to send my love to the dear little children of the tented city, and to the fearless, helpful boys. My folk here are so endlessly busy they can hardly get through with their own letters, much less write what a doggie wants to say; so most times when I feel like loving those children and their sun-bright lady-mother more than I can hold, I send off a whole fleet of golden boats full of love-thoughts and then I feel better. It's a long time now since the New Year Jubilee, almost a year ago, but I *must* tell you how we managed to be "in it," though we live miles away from everywhere, and could not think of getting to the nearest U. B. town. I have heard my mistress say that U. B. stands for Universal Brotherhood, only they say U. B. for short.

Well! when the joyful news of our kind Lotus Mother's tip-top Jubilee plans came along, we arranged that we'd pack up a big box of greenery for each of the U. B. towns, for their children's entertainment, and send thoughts of light and gladness by every ivy branch and holly sprig we gathered.

Before New Year's Day it was too wet to do anything, but just at the coming of the new century, which you know happened on the 13th of January, there must have been a strong blaze-up of heart-light right all around the world, for the sunlight on those first January days was so bright and alive it seemed a world-chorus singing joy and brotherhood and peace.

Sure, it's gold-glad that we were on those clear, sunshiny days, going off to look for moss and ferns and all the earth-sweet green things!

One day the girls had gone back to the house with a big shawl full of holly and had asked me to stay and mind the baskets—not for fear of thieves, you know, for the road is miles away and no one ever passes here, but because the forest ponies would have been certain to come and kick the baskets over just to see what they were, if I had not stopped there to bark to them loudly: "Don't touch!"—Well, while I was lying there on guard I looked up at the broken boughs of a cheerful old holly tree and wondered if it was hurt, and

how it liked having its bonniest sprigs all taken. So I remarked, "Rather unkind work, this, perhaps?" The old tree smiled and said:

"Why, it's near cracking their stems with excitement all my twigs have been; each one wished to be gathered and sent off to see the flower-like children. The wind has told us all about it, and the plants and branches that are gathered will be the envy of the whole forest! They have promised to come back in dream-time and tell us all the news, and they carry enough messages of hope and joy and purity from us all to fill a printed book. But the children will understand without that, and their love will come back to us all, and a great gladness will be in the woods."

I was so pleased to know this for certain, dear Spots, that I wanted to write straight away and ask you to tell the children,—but I've learned to wait without worrying, and here's the letter now and a sky-full of love to the dear Lotus Mother and to everyone. Your moor-land comrade, PEAT

## A Song of the Dancing Waves

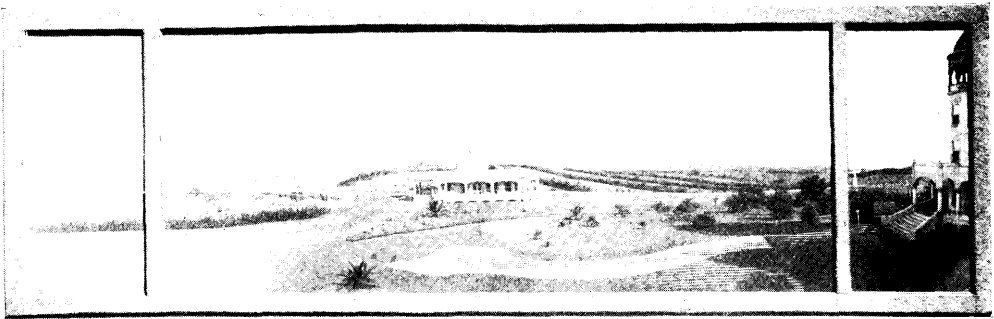
FROM THE SWEDISH BY JANE CAMPBELL

SHINING and sparkling we dance along,  
 With soft, foamy edges upcurled,  
 Singing forever the same sweet song  
 We've sung from the dawn of the world.  
 We sing of the long, happy summer days  
 On some white, sandy beach,  
 Tossing our playthings, the pink sea-shells,  
 Far away out of our reach.

Dancing and glancing we strive to catch  
 The bright rainbow tints of the sun;  
 And with our comrades, the little sea-fish,  
 How swift are the races we run!  
 We splash and we dash in rocky nooks  
 Where little star-fish hide,  
 And where sea-urchins and limpets live,  
 Each day we merrily glide.

Swiftly and lightly we speed the ships,  
 Laden with treasures away,  
 Over the ocean to distant lands,  
 On thro' the foam and the spray;  
 And skimming above us our friends we see,  
 The sea-gulls in rapid flight,  
 Darting and dipping with glancing wings,  
 Creatures of air and of light.—*Selected*





H U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Your goodness must have some edge to it — else it is none.—EMERSON

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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NO. 11

## A Religion of Joy

by E. H. B.



**A** LITTLE child recently remarked, "If we are happy, there will not be so many bad people in the world." This was stating simply a deep philosophy, for joy is a holy thing, the child of purity and courage, and an evil man never is, and cannot be, a joyous man.

If you will think a moment, does not all the joy you have ever felt belong to the higher side of your nature? Joy is as natural to true manhood as to childhood, but contact with the world in its present state and the sufferings that man himself has brought about, denies the joy until it leaves the heart and an ache remains, and only a few remember that it should be ours.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy.  
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;  
 The youth who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended;  
 At length the man perceives it die away  
 And fade into the light of common day.

How can a child grow into a life of joy when its earliest lessons are self-indulgence, vanity, and a regard to appearances rather than to truth? Unconsciously to the parent and the teacher, the life and training of the child at home, at school and at Sunday-school, go to develop selfishness in its many subtle forms, and selfishness is the destroyer of joy. The religions of the world, or chiefly their followers, are largely responsible for this, for even into the beautiful teachings of Jesus of Nazareth has crept the element of fear, and we believe that we may be saved, that we may escape punishment. And this is used by the powers of evil to bind men's souls, for it is plain to see the effect on humanity of a religion whose ruling power is fear, that instills fear into the heart of man—fear of eternal punishment after a few years on earth, hampered and stifled by conditions these very teachings have caused. Would a religion of joy murder and burn and torture and destroy in order to maintain its existence? Would it warp men's minds and narrow their souls and oppress them?

Are the so-called religious people of your acquaintance those whom to know is to feel new hope, new courage and strength, both to do battle and to enjoy?

This joy that comes to the heart that has been purged of its dross is not noisy and bubbling, like a shallow stream that murmurs over its pebbles, but a strong, deep current, calmly and powerfully bearing its burdens on its bosom, sweeping away decay and death, and bringing life and nourishment.

If, then, joy is natural, why do we suffer pain to reach the higher things of our being? A modern writer has answered:

We enter into the kingdom of the spiritual man as a babe enters into the kingdom of the natural man. Every new creature grows up from the germ of the old. Up the stairs of holy patience we climb the heights of the inner kingdom. Our will henceforth is to yield our will, but the sensuous man contests every inch with the spiritual. The perishing of the old man day by day is painful, and so is the revival of the inner, for birth also is painful. . . . We are in the soul's gymnasium—on its battlefield. Says Ruskin, 'I do not wonder often at what men suffer, but I wonder at what they lose.'

There is joy in sacrifice—in overcoming—for what is sacrifice but the performing of a sacred act?

The light that is now breaking over the world is that of a religion of joy. It brings a message that has been sent to the children of men from time to time, since the morning stars sang together—a message that all the saviors of

men have brought—"Peace on earth and good will toward men," "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." As the ages have passed, men have forgotten this message, or have lost the spirit in the letter of the law, but this time it comes with a new force, with a mighty power—breaking down the barriers that shut out the light, snapping the fetters of fear that have bound men's souls and paralyzed their powers, and clearing away the mists before men's eyes that now demand the truth, and through which they follow shadows for their resting place with phantoms for their guides.

Today Theosophy proclaims that the time has come for victory over those influences that kill the joy of the soul, and that every man may join in this holy war, beginning with his own heart, killing the germs of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness that have found lodgment there. Theosophy brings a new hope and a broader life. It teaches that all men are brothers and that to injure another is to injure one's self—that the command, "Be ye perfect" was not empty words, but a law of nature, and as it is obviously impossible of accomplishment in one life, we have many lives on earth in which to grow and to fulfill the law.

Theosophy also teaches that through our sufferings and failures we may learn the way into the perfect joy of life for others. It takes none of the beautiful away from life, but adds thereto in untold measure and power of enjoyment. It is this deep and strong song of the joy that is the soul's birth-right, that the great of all ages have sung, inspiring men to cast away the fading pleasures of the world and to seek the true; for we are divine souls, and this priceless possession, this princely heritage, is waiting for all, when we will break through the shadows of doubt and despair, when we will overcome the promptings of our lower natures and burst the shackles of empty conventionalities and wrong usages, and for the belief that we are miserable sinners hold high our heads with the knowledge that we are gods. Then indeed "the joy of morning" will be ours.

At Point Loma, California, is established the nucleus of a people whose religion is joy—whose lives are pure and whose aims are lofty, whose hearts are filled with compassion, and their days with cheerful toil for others and unremitting effort to overcome their lower natures—whose little children are taught and have already learned to look within themselves for the causes of unhappiness—for they know that life is joy and happiness is natural for those who live in harmony with the law.

And these men and women and children are conquering selfishness and wrong, and upholding the good and strengthening the weak for a greater purpose than that of bringing joy into their own lives—for they work consciously to send from this center of spiritual light a religion of joy to all parts of earth—to scatter abroad the seeds of truth and purity and self-conquest, that shall and will redeem humanity.

# Economy of Force

by Philon



**T**HERE seems to be no doubt that we all have a right to a good deal more force or energy than we are generally able to make use of. When stirred by strong impulse we act with an amount of energy that surprises ourselves and others. When the impulse is a right one, that is, one that is in accord with the natural law or fitness of things, we do not suffer from this output of energy, but if the impulse is a self-indulgent desire we find we have exhausted our stock of energy for the time and may suffer considerably, because all selfishness runs against natural law and the fitness of things.

Why do we not find this force always available? Is it not because we waste our energies? We do not save our forces. Those who spend so much time and thought scheming to save themselves trouble are the greatest wasters of energy. What they do is to use mental energy in scheming to avoid the sensation of physical discomfort. This is to put the higher power, the mind, at the disposal of the animal desire in the body. The mind should rule the body, if there is to be any true economy of force. Every attempt to avoid trouble or discomfort in the performance of a duty is a waste of energy, as surely as is each indulgence of the animal desires or attention paid to them beyond the strict needs of health.

To one, who seeks to *live the life*, every moment of life has its duty. The true Theosophist is never off duty. As most of us are still far from the realization of this state, so we are largely employed in wasting our forces. The fact seems to be that we are not really the holders of force as personal owners of something, but transmitters of Nature's force. So that, when acting unselfishly, we are simply transmitting and transmuted natural force, losing nothing, but rather gaining strength thereby. While, in selfish action, we are turning the force that should be passed on, back upon ourselves and stopping the flow through us of the vital current of Nature-force. When a tree becomes hide-bound the force inside it becomes destructive to the life of the tree.

Look at a great Soul driving the body it uses to do the work of a dozen ordinary workers, and see the marvelous endurance of such an one. And then look at the self-centered mental hypochondriac who is always saving himself trouble, taking a little more rest and a little more food and a little more care of his comfort, and see the miserable condition of feebleness he lives in, scarce able to do the fourth part of the work of a man.

Thinking in this way we may get a truer understanding of how best to economize our forces, and we shall soon see how different is the *economy of force from the saving of trouble.*

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## Goethe's Faust

### A Study of the Higher Law

by PHAETON

✍

I I

**M**ARGARET had completed the cycle of her experience, for the woman-heart is very intuitive and this makes it possible for the soul to rise to the very heights at a single bound. "As is said in the East, you may go through the appointed course in seven hundred births, in seven years, or in seven minutes."—(W. Q. Judge).

But in Faust the intuition had become atrophied. He stands before us as a typical product of book education. Whenever the great opportunity came to him, his intellect was certain to get in the way and prevent him from understanding it. Because of this he was obliged to go back into the world, like a Prodigal Son, and complete the long, long cycle of experience upon which he had entered.

Goethe pictures this in the wonderful second part of the drama, which is a sealed mystery to the reading classes in general. We see Faust entering the world of Court life, of politics, of finance, of society, of literature, art, Greek culture. He lingers, to his sorrow, in the astral world but at last finds his way back to the Celestial Spheres of the Prologue, to the Archangels, the Cherubim, the Mater Gloriosa and Margaret, redeemed, glorified.

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The great desire of Faust's life is still to find, somewhere, somehow, this Eternal Woman Principle, the faint symbol of which he saw first in that magic mirror in the Witch's Kitchen. Like poor Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman, never can he rest till he finds this Eternal Woman-Soul, never can he become free till he accepts his liberation at her hands. It is the old, old story, true of the individual, doubly true of the race. It is a story of travail and sadness, yet of promise and profound joy. It is the Higher Law.

Led by Mephistopheles, his own desire nature, Faust's first little excursion was on the physical plane and ended in bitter disappointment. And after

this, we see Faust reclining on a flowery turf, stunned by remorse and grief, but soothed and calmed by Ariel and the elfin choir of Nature spirits which sing about him, symbolizing the healing effect of Nature upon a stricken, disturbed soul. Mephistopheles, by the way, is absent.

But at length he returns, and Faust feels the desire within him for further effort. He rises, a changed man, and throws himself actively into the outer world, not as before, to gain pleasure, but this time to help humanity. He goes, with Mephistopheles as servant, not as adviser, to the Court of the German Emperor to help him save a crumbling, degenerate state. He advises the Emperor, a weak man, and tries first to get the bankrupt state upon a better basis. So he issues paper money, builds a credit, and establishes industries by which to redeem this money. But, in seeking to regenerate a decaying state by political measures, Faust made the same mistake, in judgment, that so many are making today. He failed to redeem the state. He merely postponed its doom, for political measures are external. They fail to actually reform because they never touch the core and center of things, the heart. And has not an ancient Teacher of the Heart Doctrine told us that "Out of the Heart come all the issues of life?"

Faust learns this at last, when he sees that, after all, the people are really no better. The basic, indispensable element is lacking. It is the heart force, though Faust knows not what it is. So, hoping to discover it, he finally turned from the world of politics and externals to the inner world of thought and of the beautiful. There, surely, he feels that he will find this Woman Principle which alone can regenerate.

Searching, he goes to the old Greek world, where so many are going today for inspiration, the world of "The Good, the Beautiful and the True." There he finds all this symbolized in the woman, Helena, the Greek woman-ideal. Yet Faust, impelled by his urging desire nature (Mephistopheles) feels that he must go deeper, farther than even Helena herself, before he may win her. And, after some preliminaries which indicate that Goethe knew a great deal about ceremonial magic, Faust finds himself in the depths of the Underworld. It is his mystic descent to *The Mothers*.

Goethe himself would never explain this passage. When Eckermann asked him to do so he looked at him a moment with his big brown eyes and then repeated, as if to himself, the words he put into the lips of Faust, "The Mothers! The Mothers! it sounds so strange." And that was all the explanation he ever chose to make.

This passage of the drama cannot be understood without the philosophy of *The Secret Doctrine*, and even then each student must work it out for himself.

Faust was not shallow. He was a great soul, a deep thinker, a Warrior to his very heart's core. Never could he be satisfied until he should reach the very basis of things, the divine Source of this Eternal Woman-Soul for which he was searching. It is *Akasha*, the Great Deep, the abode of the World's

Mother, primeval, infinite Chaos, the mystic mother principle which, when overshadowed by Spirit, Fire, gives birth to the worlds.

Armed with a blazing key, given him by Mephistopheles, Faust descends into the depths. The key guides him to where a glowing tripod, the triune symbol of the Higher, lights up the abode of *The Mothers*. Not that Faust actually passed to another place. The scene is probably symbolic, indicating a state of complete inner abstraction, a state wherein he had ceased to hear the many and therefore could discern the One.

In Faust's own words, "Ye Mothers, ye who on your throne dwell in the Infinite, . . . . like a vast cloud panorama in the boundless realm of the ideal,—formation, re-formation, eternal mind, eternal re-creation."

It is pure Void, where nothing is, yet wherein abides the essence, the potentiality, of all forms. It is the matrix, the world of ideal beauty.

Fresh from this journey to *The Mothers*, whither this life-long search led him, Faust makes a dangerous dip into the astral world. Before the Emperor's Court he conjures up the shades of Helena and Paris, not knowing, alas! that under every blossom of the astral world there lies a serpent coiled. The result of his experiment is that an effect is produced by the elementals of the astral plane which is similar in its action to a powerful explosive on this plane. Faust is thrown to the ground, senseless, from the shock, all but killed.

When he recovers, he is, of course, in sympathetic relation with the astral plane and he seems not to have had enough of it. And so Goethe relates to us a long series of his experiences with the Pygmies, the Dactyls, the Griffins, the Ants, the Cranes of Ibycus, the Lamiae, old Chiron and the Sphinxes, the Phorkyads, Nereids, Tritons, Nymphs, Sirens and other denizens that we do not meet in daily life; and Goethe pictures the pilgrim guided hither and thither by Homunculus in his little glass bottle.

Faust, in searching for the Soul on the astral planes, makes the same mistake that so many are making today. Fortunately, he survived it. Some experimenters do not. For, although Faust searches long, of course he does not find Helena among these "classical spooks" as Mephistopheles calls them.

At last it dawns upon him that the real Helena exists on a far higher plane, the plane of mind, of culture, of beauty. And Goethe gives us a wonderful picture of the redeemed Helena and her Court into which Faust comes, a mediæval scholar. It is Goethe's way of telling us that Faust at last abandoned his excursions on the astral planes, having discovered that the Woman-Soul, for which he sought, was something too divine to dwell in the confusion and horror of this plane.

So Faust plunges into the old Greek world, absorbs its beauty and its culture, unites it with the culture of his own world, the mediæval. The result of such union is, of course, a renaissance of culture which in itself is not adequate, but must pass away to give place to something better. Of its very nature, it must be transitory, (read the history of European culture during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) because it lacks that one im-

perishable, higher element which alone can make it eternal—the heart, the Soul.

Or, in Goethe's symbolic picture: Faust, the mediæval philosopher, steps into the court of Helena, woos her, wins her, makes her his wife and to them is born Euphorion, a borderland sort of fairy creature who does not live very long. He perishes finally, goes back to the world of the unseen and draws his mother Helena back with him. Faust is again fated to disappointment.

One day, Helena whom Faust holds in his arms, vanishes, and he stands, despairing, holding only her empty garment. Yet it is better so. Had Helena not departed of herself, Faust must have put her away later. She did not embody the Eternal Woman-Soul for which he was looking. That was something higher than mere beauty, or culture, or intellect. More than that, Faust himself had yet to arrive at the point where he would not desire to hold this, keep this for himself, even when found. He had yet to learn that intellectual culture, even the love of the beautiful, may be just as selfish as the lower passions.

Again we see Faust in the midst of Nature, on a high mountain, symbolic doubtless, of his own higher state of consciousness. Nature again heals his soul, and again Mephistopheles—his own urging desire nature—urges him out into active life.

“There is still room on earth for some vast deed. I feel within me the power to do it.”

“Yes,” whispers Mephistopheles, “and thereby gain wealth and fame.”

“The deed is all,” replies Faust, “the fame of it is nothing.”

Again Faust seeks the Court of the Emperor, to help him. But this time he helps the state wisely, for his descent to *The Mothers* taught Faust very much. He learned there that greater than the seen is the unseen, greater is the inner than the outer.

Faust sees how futile were all the political measures he had once tried. They had only postponed the doom of this state and now he finds it in the midst of a revolution. His first object is to put down this revolution, in which Mephistopheles is the greatest possible help. He enlists the aid of the three mighty men, typing perhaps, the lower, coarser elements of the racial life, and he even searches out a quantity of empty mediæval armor and puts into it “spirit natures passed away.” These too, take their places on the battlefield, signifying, perhaps, that Faust calls to his aid Nature's finer forces. However that may be, the battle is won and the Emperor firmly believes that Faust won it by the aid of magic.

So Faust saves the degenerate State, not because the old, decaying order of things is right and the revolutionist's wrong, but because violent revolution is never the best way. It *never* regenerates of itself alone.

Faust had a better plan; and his heart went out to this people whose Emperor seemed capable of doing only one thing for them and that was—the wrong thing, always.



From the time when Faust first offered his services to the Emperor in this revolution, he, not the Emperor, was the real ruler of the people. No one dreamed of it, but such, nevertheless, was the case. And finally, when the revolution has been put down, he modestly claims as his reward, not fame, nor position, nor money, nor a title, but just a little piece of forsaken land under the sea, useless to the Emperor because submerged. But Faust was a magician. He knew what he was about and that little piece of land was not useless to him because it gave him a spot of his own to stand upon. Having that, he knew he could lift the world. Submerged and forgotten, this spot of land had remained free from the encroachments and contaminations of the state, of their so-called civilization, and of the Church.

First of all, this land must be reclaimed from the waves, builded as it were, anew, its swamps and morasses drained. Not until then might the perfect state, the ideal community, be founded upon it. So Faust, the head and heart of the people about him, lays his plans. Mephistopheles he appoints overseer and inspector, an office almost divine in its possibilities. And yet is not this desire nature of ours, an almost divine thing when it is the willing servant of the real man? Says the Bhagavad Gita, recounting the manifestations of the Supreme on all the planes of life, "In all creatures I (the Supreme) am desire, *regulated by moral fitness.*" Many are drawn to Faust, many who trust him and desire to help him in this work of building dikes and driving back the ocean, this ocean that would swallow their world. And Faust does what only the magician can do, he uses for this work even the forces that make for destruction, those which work against progress and against the soul. For to the Master *all* things are as wheels unto the Law. Mephistopheles is his best ally. Even the Lemures, the grave diggers, he sets at work digging a moat.

And this land was not reclaimed in an instant of time. Those about Faust, his workers, his students, must have trusted him very much or they would have lost heart, for the work went actively on for fifty years, a lifetime, before this spot became an ideal home for the little community about him. For Faust's ideal had wider grown. His was no longer the philosophy of Being, merely, but the diviner philosophy of Doing—of which we are hearing very much today.

Yet all the people did not, would not, advance in the ranks of this Army of Light which Faust had enlisted about himself as Leader. Baucis and Philemon, an aged couple living on a portion of this land, type for us that sweet, innocuous class of people, convention-bound, who would not for worlds do positive wrong, and yet who *will not advance*. They will have nothing but the old and can see, as Baucis says, nothing but "a godless affair" in this Faust and his new order of ages. They stand for that exasperating element which does not actively oppose the good, yet which finds fault with all but the traditional, and chooses to cut itself off from humanity in its inevitable advance. They obstruct the way, and at last the time comes when Faust must claim and use the ground they are standing on. If they will not march ahead with the

greater civilization of which this little community about Faust was the promise, at least they must get out of the way. Faust dislikes to force them to do this. "How it wounds my heart to do it," he says: "To bear it is almost impossible."

But Faust's acts are of the Higher Law. So he bids Mephistopheles take them from their old home and find them a home on other ground. They had severed all connection with this great movement of which Faust was the head and heart. In placing them where they were no longer able to criticize and obstruct it, Faust was merely recognizing what they themselves had done. He did not cut them off. They did it themselves.

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Fifty years have passed away and Faust's work is almost done. The Great Reward is at hand, though Faust never once thinks of that. He has not forgotten his dream of the Eternal Woman-Soul, but he has been willing to renounce it, willing to give it up. He has forgotten himself utterly in the service of his beloved people.

And Goethe shows plainly his knowledge of that law by which, when the great opportunity is at hand there are also at hand elements of evil whose purpose it is to blind and delude the soul, that it may fail to recognize its opportunity, as such.

Faust is in his palace, an old man, one hundred years old, thinking over the progress of this work, when these evil forces, symbolized as four old women, Want, Blame, Need, and Anxiety (*Sorge*), try to enter his room. The first three fail to enter and depart. But Anxiety comes in and tells Faust that she has come to stay. For Faust was an old man, and doubtless he was often anxious about the fate of this beloved work which he must leave so soon. Yet, when he actually faces this Anxiety or Worry and recognizes it to be what worry always is, an agent of evil, he is at first agitated. Then he rises in all the strength of his soul and bids Anxiety begone. In anger, this gaunt old woman strikes him blind. But what of that? Faust realizes to his very heart's center that he is a *soul*, and the soul, if need be, can get on without the outer senses. In this case he is but the richer for having lost one of them. He says, triumphantly,

Deeper and deeper night is round me sinking,  
Only within me shines a radiant light.

It is the light of Soul, of Intuition, this Eternal Woman-Principle of man's being.

Faust had found that for which he had been searching all his life. But he did not find it until he had ceased to search, had become willing to give it up, until he had lost all his personal self in a sense of unity with his people, with Nature, with the Supreme, in a divine passion to give, give, rather than merely receive.

And so, blind and old, he goes out upon the terrace where he hears the

music that his soul loves to hear, the clang of spades and shovels, the mantram of this new philosophy of Doing. With his soul eyes he sees about him a free people, dwelling upon a free, a transformed earth, and a feeling of utter satisfaction, of complete joy, takes possession of him. He utters the words, "Stay, blessed moment, thou art so beautiful," those fatal words which, by his compact with Mephistopheles, are to deliver his soul to the forces of evil forever. Its casement shattered, the soul at last is free. Faust is dead.

Mephistopheles comes to claim what he deems his own. He summons the Powers of Darkness to aid him. Hell with all its demons yawns at the left. But at the right descend angels who rise again, bearing with them the immortal part of Faust, his soul, *himself*.

Faust, the soul, is welcomed by the chorus of Cherubim, by Pater Seraphinus, the angels, and the good Doctor Marianus. Greater than all is the Mater Gloriosa, the Mother Glorified, and at her side, Margaret, redeemed. All these years has she waited for Faust, though he knew it not, trusted it not, drawing him unto her at last as the lode star draweth its own. Thus Margaret becomes the faint symbol of that other companion, of which Mephistopheles was the counterpart, the angel, the Augoeides, the divine Higher Self. Degraded, crucified by the personality, it frees itself at last, and waits, with a patience that is imperishable, for the personality to waken and rise. When Margaret sends Faust from her, it seems to him that he is utterly forsaken, "that the Warrior and all Light had deserted him. Yet that very sense of desolation was the proof of their presence, the assurance that it was not too late to turn." (Katherine Tingley.)

Margaret's soul knew, though her brain perhaps did not, that only by separating herself from Faust for a time could she ever save him. Only so could she lift him above those lower levels of life where he chose to stand. Her soul knew, though perhaps her brain did not, that Faust's elemental self, his lower nature (Mephistopheles) had such complete possession of him that nothing but a great shock would cause it to loosen its hold. Her refusal to go back with Faust to the same old life and the same old world, was proof, to those who can see as the soul sees, of her utter love for him. For, as there is a love of foolishness, so also is there a higher love of wisdom. The first, for fear of giving pain, begets destruction. The latter can bear it, even to be misunderstood by the one beloved, can bear it even to do the swift, terrible work of the surgeon, which wounds, yet, in the wounding, saves. Margaret had risen into this wiser love out of the shadows of its Kamic (desire or passion) reflection. And the soul tie, the spiritual, divine bond between them was not broken, though it surely would have been had Margaret remained on the lower levels upon which Faust was determined to hold her.

Yet, it is the Higher Law that he who would save his life shall lose it and he who would lose his life for "my sake," that is, for the sake of the Christos, shall find it.

And at last, Margaret sees Faust coming back to her. So great is her love

for him—for had she not waited long?—that she begs the Mater Gloriosa that she may be allowed to guide him in these new regions whose brightness dazzles the soul.

The loved one, ascending,  
His long trouble ending,  
Comes back. *He is mine!*

But the answer of the Mater Gloriosa is itself the voice of the Higher Law. Even then Margaret may not go down a single step. There can be no compromise. Says the Mother:

Go higher still, thine influence feeleth he,  
Unto the very heights, he'll follow thee.

And Faust does. And, having sought the kingdom of heaven, which, as Jesus says is “within you,” he found that all the rest was added unto him. In finding his own soul, his intuition, the woman principle of his nature, in being willing to give up all that which the personal self longed for most, Faust took the first step—he won the great battle.

Through the Gethsemane of pain and the crucifixion of his own lower tendencies, he became divine, transformed. The Christos had risen in him. And when at last he was willing, glad, to give up all that was of the personal for the sake of the Universal and the Future; all that he had given up, Margaret, the Eternal womanly, was given unto him.

And, as Faust rises into mystic union with Margaret, the *Chorus Mysticus* closes the drama with these prophetic words:

Here the impermanent as symbol showeth,  
Here the inadequate to fullness groweth.  
The inconceivable here is it done.  
The Eternal Woman-Soul leadeth us on.

END

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;  
The book of life the shining record tells,  
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad,  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

—ANON

# Wisdom Is to *the* Pure

by H. T. E.



**T**HOSE Theosophical teachings which are so strange to the modern world are so because they are unfamiliar, not because they are false. Conversely, the teachings of the world (so far as any positive ones exist at all), have a false glare of reasonableness because of their familiarity.

Besides this the insincerity and falseness of modern civilized life harmonizes, so to say, with wrong theories, and gives them a certain appropriateness that may commend them to the reason. For example, the materialistic view of life and death suits the aims and desires of the sensualist, and the theory of vicarious atonement commends itself to the shirker of responsibility.

May it not be that, as society becomes purified under the influence of the purer ideals and ways of life as taught from Point Loma, the clarified intellect will recognize easily the philosophical teachings of Theosophy—those teachings that hitherto have had to be explained elaborately in a dry and abstract way?

May not Rebirth, for instance, begin to dawn on the mind as an obvious truth, a necessary corollary to the demonstration of the true way of life? At present Rebirth comes as claimant to a title held by other theories which have the right of possession; whereas it is these other theories that are the actual usurpers. But this, the true state of affairs, remains undetected on account of the falsity of modern life which lends color to the false theories.

Again, the truth of Karma is not obvious to many, on account of the very limited section of human life which they observe. For not only is the prevalent view of life limited as to time, but the selfish exclusiveness of people restricts their knowledge of the mutual relationship and interdependence of individuals.

These considerations lead to the expectation that we shall see those theories that have been too fruitlessly expounded in philosophical text-books gradually infused into the popular mind by a process of natural growth. Instead of bringing our ideas dressed in foreign garb and introducing them to a bashful world as strangers, we may see the world get to know them in the informal way in which casual friendships are made.

In short, it is probable that when the better ways of life become prevalent, the Theosophic theories will be found to be so readily deducible from them as to become virtually obvious.

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# Evolution *and* Re-embodiment

by X.



**W**EISMANN finally became convinced that an epigenetic development is an impossibility. He says that he has found actual proof of the reality of evolution. In his treatise on "Germ-Plasm" he holds that the germ is not created by the union of the fecundating principles, but that it pre-exists in one of the principles. The oak is in the acorn, the lotus flower is in the lotus seed.

Science maintains that all forms of energy are simply manifestations, or correlations of one primary force; that all things are different phases of one thing, as light, heat, electricity, etc., are correlations of a principle unknown to us. It holds that matter is indestructible and therefore eternal, which accords with the teachings of sages of the past. The *Bhagavad-Gita*, one of the sacred books of ancient India, says:

Know that prakriti, or nature, and purusha, the spirit, are without beginning.

The Supreme is never without the power of manifestation. This power is the indwelling spirit in the material essence and, active or latent, is ever present and eternal. In the active period of evolution the material Universe is the vesture and drapery of the Divinity. Herbert Spencer, in giving expression to his maturest thought, says, "The divine energy that is manifested throughout the universe is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness."

Science concedes then, the manifestation in the material world of a principle, called divine energy, which, when manifesting in man, is named self-consciousness and becomes mind, intelligence. The monad or unit life has evolved up through the different rounds, periods or ages of evolution, in the kingdom of nature to the consciousness of the human ego. The long pilgrimage of the monad through the lowest forms of matter up to the highest we know of, reveals the fact that it has developed by experience its capacities, that were latent at the beginning of its journey. This monad or persistent center of life, or divine energy, referred to by Mr. Spencer, must contain within itself potentially the essential elements of the human being. When we speak of the persistent type of life evolving from the stone to the plant, from the plant to the animal, from the animal to man, and from man to God, we must not lose sight of the idea that this part of the divine energy called the monad, by reason of its accretions from its experience, does not confound its life with that of other monads, but on the contrary, although inseparably linked with them, preserves its identity and gains from experience the power to evolve to higher states of consciousness. Its instincts require it to

learn all that may be gained in each round before it passes to another; hence it is re-embodied many times before it evolves to a higher plane of being. As Mr. Huxley observes:

Certain well-marked forms of living beings have existed through enormous epochs, surviving not only the changes of physical conditions, but persisting comparatively unaltered, while other forms of life have appeared and disappeared.

To call the thing that persists spirit or matter would be misleading. As another ancient writing declares, it is neither spirit nor matter, "but verily the root and container of both," it is eternal and indestructible. This indestructible monad has power to evolve and respond to the promptings of the law of its being, which tend to the highest goal. The lowest forms, as forms, do not tend Godward, for form is destructible, being but the temporary vehicle in which the monad finds expression in material life, and gains experience of that mode of life.

The monad is formless and capable of adjusting itself to all forms and conditions of life. A grain of sand, a clod of earth, will pass away, but the cohesive, informing life principle in these objects persists after the forms have ceased to be. The monad being of a persistent nature, preserves what it gains, does not forfeit the condition it has attained, and, seeking constantly for higher modes of expression, abandons the forms that can afford it no new experience nor higher state. All the gains from the experiences in the rounds of one kingdom of nature make up the sum total experience of the monad of that kingdom. What is true of one kingdom is true of all. Re-embodiment must prevail. There could be no progress without it. Evolution involves re-embodiment. That which is necessary to advancement in the lower kingdoms of nature, for reasons equally potent, is required in the human kingdom.

We can understand how a physical organism increases in size and grows in strength, how plants are nourished and come to perfection; and that animals are improved and trained to perform many things requiring intelligence, we know. What food and nutriment are to the physical, training and practice are to the mental faculties. The dormant powers of the ego are awakened by education. The true office of the educator is to awaken the pupil to a sense of his own knowledge of what he, the educator, is endeavoring to impart. When our attention is rightly centered on a certain thing, knowledge so clear and evident comes to us that our surprise is that we did not realize it before. Our knowledge must come from introspection or from an awakening from without; in either case we may learn what is at the core of our better and higher nature.

When we look earnestly and deeply into the nature of organized life, it is not so difficult to realize that impressions made on the mental and moral nature cling to us and are preserved and pass along from one generation to another. The facts of mental and physical heredity reveal a mysterious law that aids us greatly in considering moral and spiritual heredity. Writers on physical and mental heredity have, as a general thing, viewed the subject

from a materialistic standpoint. At this time, since but few men are atheists, and since nearly all realize the existence of soul, we can see, keeping in mind the evolution of the monad, that heredity must be treated from physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual points of view. In the evolution of the ego, the attainment of the most perfect form, as such, is not the goal of the pilgrim, but as a perfect instrument, to give expression to the highest state of consciousness of the ego.

When the monadic essence has evolved into the human ego its persistent characteristics propel it through rounds of evolution and through different races to gain all possible knowledge from such experience; and, as the history of the monad has shown that re-embodiment is the law of its progress, the human ego, obedient to the same law, is re-embodied or reincarnated many times. Form evolves in obedience to the demands of the ego. In other words the ego weaves a fabric fit for its own purposes which ever expand as it evolves to a higher state.

In the physical world all things are subject to change. The temporary condition of things is for the service of the permanent, the real, the eternal. Every change that occurs in the temporary reveals new aspects of the eternal. In the delusions of physical existence the ego seems to be one with its vehicle. This condition is the one cognized by those evolved to the same extent as the one observed. The development along the way implies the attainment of different states of consciousness. These are the infallible signs of the ego's progress. Every state rests upon the state below it, the result of severe tests and painstaking or indifferent efforts. These efforts are never in vain. Their results can never be lost. They become the warp and woof of the vesture of the soul that has won its freedom. Nature does not advance by leaps and bounds. Order is her first law. Her efforts are fruitful. She guards whatever is worthy of preservation. Without such jealous care the monad would never pass beyond its primal condition. The preservation of the fruit of human experience for many ages has given us whatever of wisdom we have and the civilization of the present time. If mankind had exercised the prudence and economy of Nature, the world today would be highly enlightened.

In every human being there is the higher and lower nature, or the divine soul and the human soul. The divine is the monitor to the human, prompting, suggesting, and admonishing. And every pure thought, unselfish motive and spiritual aspiration of the human soul is reflected back to the divine soul that prompted them. The difference between that which descends and that which ascends may be mentally perceived in this respect, that the reflection from the human soul has its color and characteristics, and is deficient in purity and force. But whatever has any affinity to the divine and is worthy of preservation is preserved. This is the way of the building of character, the growth of the soul, its purification, that it may come to be like its parent of which it is a reflection. What I have been considering relates to average humanity, where want of opportunity and circumstances



of birth and environment are not impediments. How must it be with those egos that Karma has placed in the lowest condition? By comparison we may judge of the difference in spiritual enlightenment between individuals and races by reflecting on the intellectual development of one of the ancient peoples most favored in this respect. Although the most intellectual may not be the most spiritual, we may get suggestive help for our task.

It is said that the nineteenth century had no one to stand by the side of Socrates and Phidias. And none probably to be compared with Plato or Pericles. It is said that the average ability of the Athenian people, on the lowest estimate, was about two grades higher than that of the English people—which is reckoned at about as much as the English are above the African negro. This estimated disparity may seem too great, yet critical observers say it is confirmed by the bright intelligence and great culture of the Athenian commonalty, before whom the best literary productions were recited, and works of art exhibited of such rare merit that they would be beyond the capacity of the average of the best favored people of our times to appreciate, judging from the books that are most largely read in our public libraries and in public places. In passing, I may observe that the style and matter of public lectures of the day, which seem to please the people, the dramatic performances that are most popular, the stress that is laid on the production of theatrical plays, show perhaps as well as anything else the average intellectual caliber.

The matter that is vital in the consideration of evolution and re-embodiment is that the Divine is the source and origin of all things—"from whom all proceed and to whom all must return." Therefore the principle in manifestation that is indestructible and eternal is one with the Supreme Power. In essence it is not simply the power of God, but in its purity and simple quality it is the Supreme manifesting in the universe by means of the material essence. We must not confound spirit and matter. In a logical and metaphysical sense spirit and matter can never meet. People who have not carefully looked into the subject may say that this is Pantheism. I reply that it is not historical Pantheism—the kind referred to by those who object to this teaching. Spinoza uses the term God as equivalent to Nature (*Deus sive Natura*). Theosophy teaches that God is the source of the natural world, that the latter is subordinate to God, that it is the manifestation in space of God's power. The universe is not God. In the beginning of the world of manifestation in which we live, God evolved the material universe; and, being omnipresent, he veiled himself with the material essence, and thus subordinate conditions and entities were the result. The gods, or entities of the highest intelligence, came into existence, and beings of the lowest forms of life made their appearance. As Krishna says, "In presiding over Nature which is mine—I am born but through my own maya (illusion), the mystic power of self-ideation, the eternal thought in the eternal mind."

In the intellectual world the aim is to reach the highest state of intelligence

—that we may be conscious that we know, and gain all that is wise. And Goethe says: “All that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however, to think it again.” We have different modes of thinking the things that are wise and real. How much that is real and true, or nearly so, do we make our own? Now we may apprehend that the truth and all that is considered wise are re-embodied and have a new birth. The arts that were lost will be rediscovered; the mysteries of antiquity are to be made known. If the wise things in the world of man are to be thought over and over again, that we may know and realize their divine aspects, is it not indispensable to the growth and perfection of the human soul that it should have many births? What a strong support the truth of evolution has in the idea of re-embodiment of the divine principle which ensouls matter and constantly tends toward higher types and perfection of form! Higher types and perfection of form are not for the sake of the form; can we not see that there is a higher purpose which they serve? The divine energy that Spencer refers to, welling up in us as consciousness, manifests more and more completely as higher types are developed and a greater perfection of form. Without accurate and cultured language, the medium of expression, the vehicle of thought, how poor would not the best ideas and the divinest concepts be?

The idea of the soul's progress is acceptable to most people. Yet we know that the overwhelming majority of mankind have made but little advancement in the past. Since humanity came on to this globe billions of people have passed away in ignorance and misery—what has become of them? Have they reached their final destiny? Or have they been from time to time, returning again and again to earth-life for further experience to perfect themselves for higher states of consciousness? Does it not seem perfectly reasonable that inasmuch as souls are here for experience, to gain knowledge—to become wise, they would return here until they gain all that it is possible for them to gain on earth? That they must become purer than they are now before they can go to their final destiny would seem to be certain. Here they have sown, here they must reap. How shall they reap what they have sown in this life unless they return to earth-life again?

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It is not reasonable to suppose that either God or Nature projects us into a body simply to fill us with bitterness because we can have no other opportunity here, but rather we must conclude that a series of incarnations has led to the present condition, and that the process of coming here again and again must go on for the purpose of affording us the opportunity needed.

—W. Q. JUDGE

# Richard Wagner as a Seer

by M. G. M.



IN reading "Richard Wagner's Prose Works," one is forcibly struck by the wonderful knowledge of how best to help humanity, to uplift it through Art in Drama; and also by the many prophesies in his "Art Work of the Future," that have here on Point Loma come into fulfillment and are now being worked out by our Teacher and her students. How perfectly our stage settings for our dramatic work fulfills the following:

Landscape painting as the last and perfected conclusion of all the plastic arts, will become the very soul of Architecture; she will teach us so to rear the *stage* for the dramatic Artwork of the Future that on it, herself imbued with life, she may picture forth the warm background of Nature for *living*, no longer counterfeited, *man*. \* \* \*

The *man-portraying* art of painting will never find it possible to lead a healthy, necessary life—until, without a pencil or a canvas, in liveliest artistic setting, the *beautiful* Man portrays *himself* in full perfection. What she now toils to reach by honest effort, she then will reach in perfect measure, when she bequeaths her color and her skill of composition to the living "plastic" of the real dramatic representant; when she steps down from her canvas and plaster and stands upon the tragic stage; when she bids the artist carry out in his own person what she toiled in vain to consummate by heaping up of richest means without the breath of actual Life. \* \* Each branch of art can only address itself to the *understanding* in proportion as its core—whose relation to Man, or derivation from him, alone can animate and justify the artwork—is ripening towards the Drama. In proportion as it passes over into Drama, as it pulsates with the Drama's light, will each domain of art grow all-intelligible, completely understood and justified. \* \*

The illusion of plastic art will turn to *truth* in *Drama*; the plastic artist will reach out hands to the dancer, to the mime; will lose himself in them and thus become himself both mime and dancer. So far as lies within his power he will have to impart the inner man, his feelings and his willing to the eye. But where his power ends, where the fullness of his will and feeling impels him to the uttering of the inner man by means of speech, there will the Word proclaim his plain and conscious purpose; he becomes a *Poet*, and to be poet, a *tone artist*.

But as dancer, tone artist and poet, he still is one and the same thing; nothing other than *executant, artistic man, who in the fullest measure of his faculties, imparts himself to the expression of receptive power*. \* \* \* Not one rich faculty of the separate arts will remain unused in the United Artwork of the Future; in *it* will each attain its first complete appraisalment.

Speaking of "the Folk," the "Fellowship of Artists," and who they really are, to the *Egoistic cultured*, he describes our present Brotherhood, which is of artists, laborers and warriors. He says:

The Artwork of the Future is an associate work, and only an associate demand can call it forth. This demand is practically conceivable only in the *fellowship of artists*; the union of every artist according to the exigencies of the time and place, and for *one definite aim*, is that which forms this fellowship. This definite aim is the Drama, for which

they all unite in order by their participation therein to unfold their own peculiar art to the acme of its being; in this unfoldment to permeate each other's essence, and as fruit thereof to generate the living, breathing, moving Drama. \* \* \*

Yet no alliances of men will enjoy a richer, more eventful change than those inspired by *Art*. For in these each individuality, so soon as ever it has wit to utter itself in consonance with the spirit of community, will, by the exposition of its passing purpose, call forth a fresh alliance to realize that *one specific* purpose; inasmuch as it will widen out its own particular need to the Need of a brotherhood which this very need will have summoned into existence. \* \* Thus only will the future Artist Guild be constituted, so soon as ever it is banded by no other aim than that of the *Artwork*. Who, then, will be the *Artist of the Future*? The Poet? The Performer? The Musician? The Plastician? Let us say it in one word: the *Folk*. *That selfsame Folk to whom we owe the only genuine Artwork, still living even in our modern memory, however much distorted by our restorations; to whom alone we owe all Art itself.* However, [to the Egoistic cultured], neither you nor this rabble do we understand by the term the Folk; only when neither ye nor *It* shall exist any longer, can we conceive the presence of the Folk. Yet even now the Folk is living wherever ye and the rabble are not; or rather it is living in your midst, but ye wist not of it. Did ye *know* it, then were ye yourselves the Folk; for no man can know the fullness of the Folk without possessing a share therein. The highest educated alike with the most uneducated, the learned with the most unlearned, the high placed with the lowly, the nestling of the amplest lap of luxury with the starveling of the filthiest den of hunger, the ward of heartless Science with the wastrel of the rawest vice,—so soon as e'er he feels and nurtures in himself a stress which thrusts him out from cowardly indifference to the criminal assemblage of our social and political affairs, or heavy-witted submission thereunder,—which inspires him with loathing for the shallow joys of our inhuman culture, or hatred for our Utilitarianism that brings its uses only to the needless and never to the needy—which fills him with contempt for those self-sufficient thralls, the despicable Egoists! or wrath against the arrogant outragers of human nature, he therefore, who *not* from this conglomerate of pride and baseness, of shamelessness and cringing, thus not from the statutory rights which hold this composite together, but from the fullness and depth of naked *human nature* and the irrefutable right of its absolute Need, draws force for resistance, for revolt, for assault upon the oppressor of this nature—he then who *must* withstand revolt, and deal assault, and openly avows this plain necessity in that he gladly suffers every other sorrow for its sake, and if need should be, will even offer up his life:—*he, and he alone belongs to the Folk*; for he and all his fellows feel a common *want*. This *want* will give the Folk the mastery of Life, will raise it to the only living might.

## Time, Real and Imaginary

### An Allegory

On the wide level of a mountain's head,  
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)  
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,  
 Two lovely children run an endless race,  
     A sister and a brother!  
     That far outstripp'd the other;  
 Yet ever runs she with reverted face,  
 And looks and listens for the boy behind:  
     For he, alas! is blind!  
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he passed,  
 And knows not whether he be first or last.—COLERIDGE

# Providence *and* Chance

by H. T. E.



OF the things which happen to us, some are obviously due to our own conduct, and others are not so easily explainable. In the latter case we may find it necessary to introduce a Deity or Providence to account for our lot.

For example: If I am ill from over-eating, I blame myself; but if I am ill from birth up, I blame God.

Or again: If I jump off a cliff and break my leg, it is my fault; but if a shingle falls on my head as I walk along the street, it is God's inscrutable will; or, perhaps I may prefer to say it is Chance's inscrutable will.

Doubtless one could find some events that would be on the border-line between these two categories, and where it would be difficult to decide whether to blame God or one's self.

There is no valid reason for thus partially using Providence by bringing him into some of the affairs of our life and leaving him out of others. He must be involved in all or in none. Man's destiny is as much a part of his belongings as are his character and his clothes. He spins and weaves that destiny as he goes along, like a spider with its web. This fact is generally admitted in the case of many events; but surely, if it is true at all, it must be true throughout and must apply even to the smallest detail, such as the falling of a brick on one's head.

There may be no *apparent* connection between the trivial and so-called "casual" incidents of life and their causes in ourselves; but then our knowledge of the universe is extremely limited. When we consider what vast realms of nature remain yet unexplored, and what huge gaps there are in our knowledge, we shall not wonder that many things remain unexplained.

Many Theosophists have a general belief in the law of Karma, but that is not the same thing as understanding the *machinery* by which that law works out its operations.

Nevertheless it is beyond question that advancing knowledge will reveal more and more of the subtle links that unite character to destiny, and thus leave ever less and less to be assigned to the inscrutable will of Chance or to blind Providence.

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The drops of water wept to leave the sea,  
 But the sea laughed and said, "We still are we."  
 God is within, without, and all around,  
 And not a hair's breadth severs me and thee.

YORK POWELL'S VERSION OF *Omar*

## The Story of a Star

by Merceo



**A** CHILD who dwelt much alone learned to look upon the stars as his companions.

To his fancy they were living things that looked at him with eyes golden and bright. When they twinkled he said they were smiling at him.

All about him were living things. From the ground he saw the snake glide forth, and many other burrowing things that made their home within its dark bosom. The water had its inhabitants, too. He loved to watch the fishes dart and swim in its clear depths, the turtle drowsing on its bank. Animal life was all about him. He saw the bees and butterflies, the myriad insects of the lower air, and overhead the forest songsters, winging their way toward heaven. Why not other beings far beyond where he saw moving lights?

Dumb things had always been his friends. Without speech he communed with them. Each sign or sound was as a word to him, part of a strange language that all things spoke to those who understood. Nothing was quite voiceless. However small or silent, it spoke to him, each in its own way.

The stars seemed always to be saying: "Light is gladness, light is joy."

In the evening he would watch for their coming. As darkness fell upon the scenes around him and they faded from his mind, he thought only of his silent companions of the night. Sitting at his window he would gaze upon them with so much love that his heart grew still and bright as if a star had fallen there.

"How beautiful to be a star!" he said.

No matter how dark it grew on earth they were always shining. From their high places they looked upon the world and nothing could be hidden from their calm, clear eyes. "If only I could get up there" thought the boy, "I could see the whole world."

He thought of tall hills climbing toward the sky, but even they were far too low to reach his radiant friends. Nor did birds fly so far.

"If I were a bird," he said aloud, "I would fly up among them."

Thinking these thoughts he fell asleep. In a dream he saw himself as a golden bird with wings that scattered brightness as they lifted him through the dark blue air. He was nearing his beloved stars. Then it seemed that all their light was merged in a radiant being that spoke to him, saying:

"Your home is yet on earth. Carry the light into its dark places that all may learn to love the light." And from its radiance it filled the boy's heart full to overflowing.

Softly he sank back to earth, waking on his pillow with a feeling of such deep joy that he nevermore forgot it, but from that time was assured that he, too, had once been a star.

Years passed and the boy became a man. The light still lived in his heart though at times a shadow of doubt or grief would cover it as clouds conceal the sun. Sometimes he thought the light had gone out, but it would shine forth again and again, driving shadows away and filling his soul with song and gladness.

At last he came to understand that the light did not die, and that it was able to destroy all shadows. Then he feared them no longer. Knowing they would soon pass away, he thought instead of the deathless light shining behind them.

He learned, too, to look for the starry light in other men. Where he found it, there was always a friend, for the shining hearts knew and loved each other. By the soft harmonies playing between them they felt the presence of other selves. No words could tell it half so well, nor could they ever tell the joy of such a meeting.

But the music within told all. In the silent language of his childhood it spoke of happier climes where they had been together in the past ; of their common home ; of longing for re-union. Thus the old tie was made again, a tie that men call friendship.

Onward passed the man's life like a pathway, going sometimes through flowery places and again through barren wastes that chilled his hope. Only the star held him to his course. In darkness he looked overhead, and nightly when he lay down for his rest he prayed :

“ O radiant Star, come to me in my dreams !”

But the star spoke to him no more. Only sometimes when he wakened joyously with all his troubles gone he knew his sleeping soul had looked upon it. Unknown to him it shed its brightness upon other lives as well, and its peace was like a soft hand laid upon aching heads, or like gentle speech to hearts that are a-fevered. It banished pain away. Others followed still their various dreams, but they learned to love the light, and in sorrow they turned to it for healing.

At length the man grew weary. His feet no longer bore him on. His tired eyes closed and he sank beside the road. It was very dark and lonely, he thought, no friend at hand, no help in his distress.

“ O Light, where art thou ?”

It was his heart that cried unto the darkness and forth there sprang a light. His opened eyes were dazzled by its glory so that he turned his head a moment ere he dared to look again. Then he saw it was a living star that shone upon him. From its glowing heart went forth a love so tender that his own heart sprang to meet it. Eyes divinely pitiful looked into his, and in the silence a clear voice said to him :

“ Come home, thou weary one, and rest.”

## Led by a Little Child

by R. S.



LAST week as I mounted a bus on my way to the city I saw Bob Maynard in front, and accordingly I went forward and took the vacant seat by his side. After a brief salutation we sat in silence, which continued until Bob suddenly remarked, "What queer things children *do* say!" I assented and waited expectant for more.

"Yesterday," he resumed, "the wife took little Kitty into Epping Forest to look for primroses and on the way home what do you think she said?" The field for conjecture was so very wide that I begged him to proceed and save me the trouble of guessing.

"'Mother,' she said, 'we are like primroses, aren't we? We spring up and fade and die and then we spring up again, don't we?'"

"That is interesting," I said, "many children have the belief that they have lived before on Earth, and I have heard numbers of similar 'queer sayings' from the lips of children."

"Are you a believer in reincarnation?" said Bob.

"Most certainly," I replied.

Bob Maynard puffed at his pipe in silence for awhile and then continued as follows: "It's funny how ideas will come into one's head, be dismissed as ridiculous and yet crop out again years after, more vigorous than ever. It is some years since I heard the idea of many earth-lives for the soul, and I thought I had ridiculed it for good and all, yet now little Kitty sets me thinking of it once more, and do you know it somehow seems almost credible!"

"The weak point about it, to my mind," he continued, "is that it can't be proved, and that I have no recollection of my past lives."

"No," said I, "neither have you any recollection of being born in your present life, and yet there is no doubt whatever that you did undergo that experience or you would not be here today."

Bob smiled and re-lit his pipe which had gone out.

"Suppose," I went on, "that some one who could remember his past lives were to tell you that you and he had worked together on the Pyramids, or had been comrades in Cæsar's army. You would not be able to give one solitary proof to the contrary. You might indeed say that you had no recollection of old times, but you would be forced to admit that he was possibly correct. A very important and far-reaching admission is it not?"

After a pause, my companion resumed: "You know my wife is orthodox and believes that we shall all meet in heaven when we die and live forever and ever as a united family. She doesn't take to the notion of coming here



again and occupying another body—says she wouldn't know who was who, and the whole thing would be cold and cheerless."

"With my wife it was quite different," I said. "We lost our first baby in infancy, and my wife was terribly cut up about it. She was orthodox and believed she should meet little Tommy in heaven, but that was where the trouble lay with her.

"She used to say that she might live to eighty, and when she died and reached the golden portals she would be welcomed in by some grown up, stalwart angel who claimed to be little Tommy. 'But he wouldn't be the same little baby I used to wash and tuck up in bed. Oh, it's cold comfort, isn't it, dear?' she would say. Well, one night she went to hear a lecture on Reincarnation, and came back a changed woman.

"'Babies who die young,' she said, 'haven't done with earth life, they have lots to learn yet, and why shouldn't our new baby be little Tommy come back to try again?' Then she went over to the cradle and began, 'Oh, Tommy, you — —,' the usual mother's talk, you know the style. Well, sir, she has never grieved since and has taken quite a new interest in life, and, whether true or false, reincarnation has altered her whole life.

"The curious thing about reincarnation is that it doesn't need proof. Once you get a person to view life in the light of this doctrine and he can never get rid of the idea. It explains so many puzzles and is so eminently reasonable that it sticks, and after awhile insensibly takes root and becomes a part of their very being. I dined the other day with a cotton merchant and after dinner got the chance to make a statement of reincarnation. He sat still when I had finished, lost in thought. After awhile he muttered, with great earnestness, 'God forbid!' 'Why should the Deity forbid anything so just and reasonable?' I objected.

"The only reason he could give was that he should be sorry to come back again as a mill hand under present conditions. Of course I couldn't prove the doctrine to him, but it has evidently sunk into his mind and a young fellow who works in his office tells me that already he has started all kinds of things for the benefit of his work people."

"It certainly explains many problems that the one-life theory does not touch," said Bob. "I met a fellow at school whom I took to the first time I saw him and we have been friends ever since without a break. Perhaps we had known each other far back in antiquity and our present friendship is simply the renewal of an ancient tie."

We were recalled to present conditions by loud cries of "Bank, Bank," and as Bob rose to go he pointed to the massive pile of the buildings of the Bank of England.

"I would give all the wealth that lies behind those walls," said he, "to be sure that what you say is true."

As he clambered down the stairway, I asked him to keep me posted in little Kitty's queer sayings. He promised he would.

# Ancient *and* Modern Music

by a Student



Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form.—PLATO

**A**NCIENT and modern music, notwithstanding the long, eventful centuries and mental epochs intervening between them, show many points of inner, vital relation. Especially is this true with regard to sacred or church music, which all along its course from hoary antiquity to modern times forms an unbroken chain of technical and harmonical relations.

To trace the evolutionary path of music as it winds through the ascending and descending arcs of human culture, is by no means an easy task. No other art presents so many difficulties to the student. Thus while, for instance, the student of Grecian sculpture has a relatively easy task to follow up and uncover the lines of the Greek genius as related to that art, being gauged in his researches by a speaking, yet inflexible marble—the student of Greek music will find no Phidias whose masterpieces can furnish him with a standard of judgment relative to music. Prior to the excavations in Delphi, the heritage of ancient music left to posterity amounted to three hymns and a few fragments of quite mediocre value, and of no older date than the second century of our era. The above mentioned excavations, however, have added essentially to our store of knowledge, permitting an extension of our lines of inquiry into the third century B. C. Two hymns, dedicated to Apollo, were discovered, but the anticipations this acquisition gave rise to, did not fully materialize. While incomparably surpassing the hymns of the second century, the hymns dedicated to the Delphian Apollo offer yet but an incomplete insight into our subject. Unable from these fragments of a mere theoretic music to establish a living touch or train of feeling with the products of this art in Greece, we can, nevertheless, on a basis of doctrinal testimonies arrive to a rather complete and reliable conception in the abstract, of the value as to the character and moral force of Greek music.

Music consists of four elements: Melody, rhythm, harmony and color of tone. In our modern music the two latter predominate, while the music of the ancients consisted exclusively of the two former. Hence the monotony of Greek music; but hence also its impressiveness and solemn strength.

Homophonous to its character, the Greek music was only to a slight degree adaptable to instrumental uses. In this case, however, it was supported by the simplest contrivances, such as the primitive harp or lyre and flute. The

limitation of the lyre, whose seven or eight strings could only respond, each with a single tone, explains the peculiar absence of symphonies in the antique world of music. Its range of instrumental execution was limited to solo-presentations and duets. In preserving works of music, the elements of melody and rhythm—ever present in the Greek art—are of more importance than harmony and color of tone. At the same time it is in rhythm and melody the peculiar power inheres, which in the execution of music so enraptures and spellbinds the mind. The truth of this statement can easily be verified by comparing the heights of mental tension arrived at in the rendering of a modern *Opera-Finale* or liturgic *Credo*, a *Marseillaise*, or a prayer.

The fact that in ancient music the rhythm constituted the central or basic element, does not lessen the importance of melody as a vital factor in musical structures, for it is through the melody that beauty and ecstasy is added to the rhythmic forcefulness and depth. Thus while rhythm engenders the substance or character of a musical production, the melody clothes it with its transporting vestures. Rhythm is the soul, melody the body, and though in the true valuation of things, the soul extends higher claims than the body for being an expression of the eternal and *real* in life, the latter, nevertheless, in its quality of evolutionary agent holds a position of indispensable importance in the advancement of the world. Melody and rhythm stand to each other in the same relation as an operator to his instrument. The genius of the former would be sterile and unproductive, if not rendered potent and actual by the medium of the latter, and no true master or musical critic ever underrated the vital importance of melody in the life of music. We even sometimes find melody to assume the leading and central position in a musical rendering. The unison Folk-lied consists almost solely of melody.

Until the deep-wrought experiences of a more advanced ethical culture had imparted *motive* and subjective grasp to the musical conception (the rise of rhythm)—the melody with its burden of outer, objective, natural life, sufficed to express the simple notions of pure, primitive human existence. Yet the function of the melody is by no means exhausted on those primitive levels of life; it follows the onward march of the evolution of music, entering as a vital factor in its highest achievements. T. A. Gevaert, the famous Belgian musical composer, goes so far in his estimation of melody as to impute to it the character of a seed from which has sprung the Polyphony itself—a Fugue of Bach, a Symphony of Beethoven, or a Symphony-Drama of Wagner. In “Tristan” Wagner has twice acknowledged the power of pure melody, and unreservedly expressed his admiration for its beauty; in the “Sailor’s Song,” in the first act, and again in the “Elegy of the Herder” in the beginning of the last. And whatever the polyphonic and symphonic genius of Wagner has accomplished in this masterpiece, he never succeeded in adding to the pathetic touch and sweet melodic emphasis present in the theme itself. In the pure melody, the human soul finds a vehicle for the expression of its primitive, instinctive impulses of joy and sorrow, hopes and fears.

The Greek melody, though ever held in abeyance to Greek rhythm, has nevertheless, when compared to modern melody, several points of advantage. Thus while our melody is reared on a mere dual scale with a twofold division of its ground-tone, the Greek melody arises from three basic gamuts, with a fourfold division of its ground-tone. Furthermore, we find that the tone-genera, operative in the Greek melody, amounted to seven, while in modern melody they are limited to two: *dur* and *moll*. In ancient music moll-accords predominated, being the expressions for the solemn, deep-going, soul-heaving, tragical in human nature, while our music is mostly freighted with dur-accords—the manly, the grand and the joyous. A study of Greek melody must necessarily be lacking in depth, owing to the limitations of working material left at our disposal. All we know about Greek melody results from the study of a few musical fragments of undetermined age and origin.

In our study of ancient rhythm, we have been favored with better opportunities. Our comparatively intimate acquaintance with the Greek rhythm, is almost entirely due to our knowledge of Greek poetry, through the preserving media of which, the former has been transmitted across intervening centuries, without losing any of its characteristic qualities. Gevaert leaves us in no uncertainty as to the dominating influence exercised by rhythm over Greek poetry and song; and it is to this circumstance we are indebted for our knowledge of Greek rhythm.

The composers and poets of Greece regarded rhythm as the agency through which character and purpose were to be imparted to poetry, music and dance, while the beauty, grace and artistic measure of a musical production were accredited to the function of melody. The latter expressed to them the feminine, rhythm the masculine element of music. Again, melody to them revealed feeling and color; rhythm, intensity and endurance. The former is intuitive to human nature; the latter becomes appreciable to the mind through the stress of subsequent mental and spiritual evolution.

This view furnishes the key to the character of a people's culture. The Greeks with their high appreciation of the rhythmic in every presentation of time and measure, indicate a position of far advanced evolutionary growth, and as this rhythmic dominance is characteristic even in their earliest musical creations, it follows that this wonderful people had already passed their stage of mental childhood at the time when they made their first appearance on the stage of history.

In their painstaking studies of ancient music, Gavaert and Croiset have brought to light the marvelously complicated tone-structure of Greek rhythm. A few of the more striking details may here be quoted:

The execution of Greek music involves three basic rhythmic relations: 1—1 (one long and two short); 1—1½ or 2—3 (one long and three short). The first mentioned is the *Dactylic* (two-footed); the second is the *Iambic* (three-footed), and the last the *Peonic* (five-footed). The character contained in the first is serious, dignified, and at times mystic—used mostly at religious observances, mystical initiations and as accompaniments to the movements of the gods. In modern music we find this rhythm represented in the sonnet in Bæthoven's Seventh Symphony, "The waves of Song."

The second rhythm in our enumeration—the Iambic—is warmer and more vivacious, and is reproduced in the opening ecstasies of the “Eroican.” The third or Peonic rhythm, was the most common among the Greeks and has recently been introduced into the Orient and Russia. In our western countries this rhythm is very seldom found.

Besides these three basic rhythms a great variety of others have been discovered in Greek music, being produced by an ingenious shifting of the feet. In the course of time these minor, or *derived* rhythms were arranged into orderly and specified measures, later on to be formed into periods. Again these periods gave rise to the formation of joints or intermodes in musical structures or *organisms*, with a subsequent evolution of Strophes, Systems and Comata, each one constituting an integral part in a unified, poetic whole. Carefully analyzing the “Alceste” of Euripides, the “Clouds” of Aristophanes, and the “Odes” of Pindaros, Messrs. Gevaert and Croiset have showed that these wonderful structures of beauty, sanity and strength of Greek rhythm, were possible of being produced only through rhythmical unification into a perfect whole of the two qualities, systematic order and functional freedom.

There is a symmetry and order in this system which without giving the impression of severity or rigor, nevertheless control with undeviating certitude even the minutest of its parts. The division of rhythm and melody into *quadratic sections*, which seems to be so necessary for our appreciation of music, was entirely unknown to the Greeks. Nor is the rolling or waving movement which is so characteristic to our modern rhythm, at any time to be found in the rhythm of the ancients. The indeterminable sweep in our modern melody is likewise unknown to the musicians of old, who used to beat the time with appropriate instruments and not unfrequently with the wooden-soled stage sandals of the tragedians.

In a very learned treatise on the evolution of music published some time ago in the French magazine, *Le Revue des deux Mondes*, the Frenchman, M. Combarieux, has called attention to the fact that Greek rhythm is still extant in the so-called classical music of our present time. In his admirable analysis of modern and ancient music, this well informed Frenchman has discovered the striking rhythmic analogy existing between the productions of Bach and Beethoven, and the dramatic creations of the Greek poets. This may be so, yet in the musical productions of our immediate time a tendency is noticeable to demolish the rhythmic forms of the ancients and substitute them with flitting, self-sustained melodies. “Panta Rhei”—everything is afloat, everything is moving—is the device adopted by our modern composers. And in a deeper sense this device expresses a great truth; but while formerly the ever-floating, ever-moving current of music was regulated by rhythmic law, the process at present seems reverted, and an unregulated current of melody is striving to free itself from all rhythmic restrictions.

If this tendency of modern music to free itself from the sway of ancient rhythm, were permitted unrestrained to pursue its course, our time would be

threatened with the irreparable loss of an agency, through the operation of which, the human nature has been made to yield some of its deepest secrets—some of its grandest truths. But in the midst of this musical image-breaking a growing reaction has set in, followed by a tendency to return to the heroic virtues and simple strength of ancient measures. It is especially in the genius of that great Bavarian mystic, *Richard Wagner*, that the spirit of ancient music has found a true and befitting *reincarnation*. Yet Wagner has never slavishly imitated the *forms* and mannerisms of a gone-by past. His mission has been to array the antique genius with all its heroic craft, in a more representative evolutionary appropriate garment. No one has more clearly than Wagner realized the futility of a resurrection of once out-lived forms. "Art," he once said, "being a bearer of living power, has its sole guaranty of survival by the ceaseless vigilance with which it adopts ever new and more plastic vehicles of expression. The moment Art claims infinitude for her forms, as she does for her ideas, she shall lose herself in the nebulous and the bizarre."

The burden of Wagner's life as philosopher and artist was contained in his grand endeavor to ensoul music with *motif* (purposive unfoldment). Drawing his themes from the innermost springs of human nature, (its consciousness of universal identity and oneness,) Richard Wagner, through the agency of music, translates this vague, only subjectively experienced feeling into cognitions of objective and palpable certitudes.

Through the magic of his master genius, the spirit of ancient idealism descended as a living, adjusting factor into concrete wants and necessities of nineteenth-century life. Above all other considerations the workings of Wagner's genius had always ethical and humanitarian ends in view. To the deep *rhythmic* currents of *subjective* life—so dominant in the Greek rhythm—Wagner has added the *melody* of *objective* life, and inflated the monotone of mysticism with the variations of vital—practical issues. Through his sometimes almost to the unendurable extended bars of rhythmic intensity, this master genius fired nearly to the point of conflagration by the divine flame of inspiration, sinks his shafts of rhythmic energy into the mystic deeps of human feeling, lifting the latter through steps of melodic variants into the daylight of practically verifiable and realizable truths. Wagner's great absorbing themes are the *Unity of Life* and *Brotherhood of Man*. In the former he saw the *end* of evolution, and in the latter the *means* or methods indispensable for its attainment. As a bearer of this philosophy, the Wagnerian music has furnished the present and the future with enduring guide-posts for moral and spiritual conduct. An expositor of human brotherhood, in the service of which he spent his noblest energies, Richard Wagner, like Antæus in the tale, through a constantly renewed touch with the earth—humanity—derives an ever increasing, ever triumphant strength:

Oh ye millions, I embrace you  
Here's a kiss to all the world.

In ancient Greece poetry, dance and music constituted a closely allied trio, and mostly in co-operative touch with each other. The one suggested and complemented the others. Song imparted life to poetry, and both of them received from dance their plasticity and motion. The independence existing at present between music and poetry was unknown amongst the Greeks. The word was adapted to the music and formed with the latter an integral and organic part. Hence the assistance which the student of Greek song or music is rendered by his knowledge of Greek poetry. If, for instance, the music to the celebrated verse of the elegiac poet *Tyrtæus*, "Aget 'o Spartas enploi!" was lost, an attentive study of its text and metre would readily reproduce its rhythm. Not so with our modern poetry. If the music to a modern song should be lost, its reconstruction by the mere guidance of the surviving text would be impossible. From the first verse in the *Marseillaise* not an atom of musical sound could be rediscovered. And yet, strange enough, the rhythm of the *Marseillaise* is precisely the same as that of the above mentioned *Elegy of Tyrtæus*.

In true poetry, music precedes the words. Inspiration descends, as rhythm, into the soul of the poet, and his attempt to translate its message into concrete terms of understanding, results in the text—the rhythm and metre bearing testimony of its musical source. The words are temporal and conditional, while the music is eternal and self-sustained. When Palestrina was requested to write music to the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church in order to add intensity and depth to their text, the result of the work was more advantageous to the music itself than to the words to which it was administered. The polyphonic genius of the composer gave through his labor a stronger impulse to the general evolution of music than to the strengthening of the liturgical text. In the "Mattaus Passion" and in "Don Juan," the unfoldment of the art of music receives another impulse, and the unified effort of a symphonic Germany puts the crown of supremacy on the art of music in its quality of rulership over the word. Then Richard Wagner took up the work. Through the touch of his magic art the spirit of music took up its abode in the word. The drama yielded to the inherent nature of rhythm and became a song. Illumined and transfigured by the witchcraft of music, the word became endowed with a new beauty and intensity. It is not the word in the Wagnerian Music-Drama that stirs and heaves the soul like an ocean—it is the music which breathes in and through—the music that lives, sings, weeps and smiles. The word merely calls attention to the presence of passions and feelings; it is the music which analyzes, describes and imparts them. In one of the duets of "Tristan," and in the closing scene of "Gotterdammerung," this musical transfiguration of the word has reached its highest manifestation of lofty passion and vital intensity.

As with poetry so with dance. Our modern music—save in its lower forms—has divorced itself almost entirely from the dance, mainly because the latter has ceased to be an art. To the Greek the dance was an inspired art, and everything plastic, spiritual and graceful was comprised in its movements. In

his descriptions of the arts and modes of culture in his neighboring country, the Roman poet Lucianos makes the observation that in Greece "the dance was a sculpture, endowed with motion, life and intelligence." For their symposiums, dance and impersonation of character were inseparably combined into a harmonic and symbolic whole. The dance even rose to become a function in the religious life of the Greek, as evidenced in the sacred temple dance. Dance developed from the gesture, and the mission of the latter was to assist the word in expressing the rhythmic energy inherent in the genius of the poet. From this it follows that the union of music, poetry and dance has its root in the very consciousness of man, philosophically and ethically indissoluble.

The philosophers of Greece considered music the most effective means and method by which to impart a true education to the popular mind. Plato once said that "music is an art endowed with power to penetrate into the very depths of the soul imbuing man with a love for virtue." The following we quote from his great work on the Republic:

Though not acquainted with the inner nature of the harmonies, I feel satisfied to know of one single harmony, which is capable of reproducing the tone and manly accents of the brave and heroic man, who, when thrown into danger by force of his conception of duty, stoically and unwaveringly accepts the blow of fate. And to the knowledge of this one heroic harmony I shall seek to add still another, which represents the man engaged in the performance of civic and domestic virtues invoking to his aid the mercy, wisdom and guiding intelligence of the gods; praying, loving, working; with affections for all, and words and deeds of benevolence and trust for every phase of suffering and misfortune; ever satisfied with what life has in store for him, modest, humble and eager for instructions at all times and circumstances. These two harmonies; the one energetic, the other calm; the one preparing for death, the other for life; the one finding its path of duty in the sacrifice of life, the other in the maintenance and cherishing of life—are representing the inspiring accents of heroism and wisdom, of renunciation and absorbing joy. A knowledge of these harmonies equips the citizen with courage and power to discharge his duties to the individual and to the state; to himself and to others.

Ancient music knew little of the overwrought, abnormal conditions of the soul, and its convulsive struggles, which is so characteristic of our modern descriptive music. Every age or era of human history is characterized by its special kind of music, expressing the inner life, the emotions, hopes, fears and ideals sustained by its people. The music of the ancients elevated the soul into contemplations of the ideal and sacred in life. Brought under the ennobling influence of seraphic harmonies, the individual becomes porous and receptive to the afflatus of pure untainted life; and as he re-entered the arena of public life he brought with him the rejuvenating affections and inspiring loftiness of soul, derived from the touch of soul-stirring harmony. When modern society to the same extent as the ancient has learned to understand and appreciate the stupendous power active in music, either for good or for evil, the moral forces of this world shall become equipped with a new armament in their crusade against the tyranny of selfishness and vice.



# The Place of Religion in Daily Life\*

by Emily I. Willans



I HAVE been thinking a great deal lately about the ancient peoples, and the place the religious ideal held with them; or shall I rather say, about ourselves and what place it held with us in the olden times, since it is a fact that we, the Souls, once inhabited the bodies of those old time races.

What made the glory of ancient Egypt, ancient India, ancient Greece? If we study their history we find that they were each deeply religious peoples, and that their religion entered into every act of their lives, and that *nothing* that they did was apart from religion.

Both Science and Philosophy in those days were closely associated with religion, three facets of the one divine Star of Truth. The people worked out from the *heart* and the ever flowing stream of love and aspiration that pulsed from the center illumined the mind, and energized the brain and hand, to produce those splendid philosophies and great creative works which still stand as monuments of the skill and profound learning and deeply religious feeling of those far away times. What has cramped the mind and fettered the genius of present day mankind? Why do we not produce the pyramids of Egypt, the statues of Greece?

Since we were Souls in those days, so we are Souls today, with all the knowledge hidden somewhere in our natures that made these Nations great in the past, and all the experience we have added since. Nature never meant that we should keep our eyes turned backward, sighing that the age of beauty and power is past, that perfected men walk no longer on earth as Teachers. The pure, unselfish Souls, wise in the teachings of the Book of Life—the Elder Brothers have never left Humanity alone in its struggles towards freedom; and the glad truth that *Man is Divine* in his origin and may consciously re-become one with the Supreme Spirit is pealed forth in clarion tones by their messengers today.

It was the truly religious, reverential spirit, founded upon the knowledge of man's unity with God and Nature—the attitude of heart and mind that enabled men to *express* themselves as *Souls*—that made them great. This is what we cried in Ancient Egypt, "The Gods adore thee! they greet thee, Oh the One Dark Truth," and addressing Ra they add, "The Gods bow before thy Majesty, by exalting the Souls of that which produces them . . . and say to thee, Peace to all, emanations from the Unconscious Father, of the Conscious Fathers of the Gods. Thou begetteth us, Oh thou Unknown and we

\*Read at the Public Meeting December 1st, 1901, Sydney, Australia

greet thee in worshipping each God-Soul which descendeth from Thee and liveth in us!" In India's Scriptures we find: "I am the origin of all, all things proceed from me." . . . . "I am in the hearts of all men." "As a single Sun illuminateth the whole world, even so doth the One Spirit illumine everybody" . . . . while those who were the disciples of the Christ were taught of Deity "in whom we live and move and have our Being." "Know ye not, that ye are Gods, and the Temple of God?" All were alike enjoined to make their religion an active factor in their lives. "Whatsoever thou doest . . . . whatsoever thou eatest, whatsoever thou sacrificest, whatsoever thou givest, . . . . commit each unto me." "Whether ye eat or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the Glory of God."

When in the past, through selfishness and love of the things of this world, we strayed from the practice of the precepts, the true *spiritual* illumination became dulled, for the worship of the Golden Calf is not permissible to the devotees of the Supreme—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Hence the downfall of the civilizations of the past with the introduction of creed and dogma in place of love for the Living Truth, and willing obedience to its behests.

But the Star of Humanity is in the ascendant today and great ones are amongst us, living examples of the truth of Reincarnation—great souls who have learnt much in the past, and have put their lives at the service of humanity, showing us how we may carry out the true religious spirit throughout our daily duties.

H. P. Blavatsky came first, and she restated the ancient Truth, and demonstrated that all religions were offshoots from the Primeval Truth—the Wisdom Religion. At her death the work was carried forward by her co-worker, William Q. Judge, who further prepared the way for the great demonstration of the practical value of Theosophy in ennobling and uplifting the minds and lives of men, and which is now carried to such glorious fruition by their successor, Katherine Tingley, at beautiful Point Loma, the heart of the world's spiritual life, from whence we shall all learn the great secret of embodying our highest spiritual ideals in our daily action. The visible effect of such action is already apparent in the little children gathered under the protecting care of the Messenger of Humanity's Helpers. To *them*, "Man is the Soul" is no empty phrase, but a beautiful reality, for they are *living* the Soul life in their daily lives, and those of us who have been students of Theosophy through the years of up-hill struggle mightily rejoice that the sacrifices of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge have not been in vain, but that the hope so long looked for by the weary, waiting world has come. The Christos has been reborn in many hearts, and the call has gone forth to all who love their fellow men to make "straight the way of the Lord" that Peace and Brotherhood may reign again on earth.

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# Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL



I find it so difficult to understand the Theosophical teaching in regard to the state after death, Devachan or Heaven. How far is it a real state and how far an illusion? For instance, in *The Key to Theosophy* by H. P. Blavatsky, the statement is made "that the bliss of the ego in heaven, consists in its complete conviction that it has never left the earth, and that there is no such thing as death at all, that the *post-mortem* spiritual consciousness of the mother will cause her to think that she lives surrounded by her children and all those whom she loved; that no gap, no link, will be missing to make her disembodied state the most perfect and absolute happiness."

What is this but an illusion, and what soul that desires truth can be satisfied with such an illusion?

IT also states in "The Key" a little further on, that "the Ego, omniscient as it is, *per se*, clothes itself, so to say, with the *reflection* of the personality that was, . . . . the *ideal* efflorescence of all the abstract, and therefore undying and eternal qualities or attributes—such as love and mercy, the love of the good, the true and the beautiful—which ever spoke in the heart of the living personality after death, cling to the Ego, and therefore follow it into Devachan. . . . As to the ordinary mortal, his bliss in Devachan is complete. It is an absolute oblivion of all that gave it pain or sorrow in the past incarnation, and even oblivion of the fact that pain and sorrow exist at all. The Devachani lives its intermediate cycle between two incarnations surrounded by everything it had aspired to in vain and in the companionship of everyone it loved on earth. It has reached the fulfillment of all its soul-yearnings."

Then in reply to the enquirer's exclamation, "But this is more than simple delusion, it is an existence of insane hallucinations!" the answer is made, "From your standpoint it may be; not so from that of philosophy. . . . We are with those whom we have lost in material form, and far, far nearer to them now than when they were alive. And it is not only in the fancy of the Devachani, as some may imagine, but in reality. . . . Again we say, that love beyond the grave, illusion though you may call it, has a magic and divine potency which reacts on the living. A mother's love will always be felt by her children in the flesh. It will manifest in their dreams, often in various events—in *providential* protections and escapes, for love is a strong shield, and is not limited by space or time. As with this Devachanic 'mother,' so with the rest of human relationships and attachments, save the purely selfish or material. Analogy will suggest to you the rest."

In spite of the above, quoted from "The Key," which no doubt the enquirer has read, the question is put, how far is Devachan or Heaven a real state and

how far an illusion, and what soul that desires truth can be satisfied with such an illusion?

There are several points that should be considered in relation to this question. First, what is meant by "a real state," and by "truth." Take an illustration: A man who has undergone a great calamity, causing intense heartache and sorrow is yet forced to give his attention to his business,—we may suppose it to be for the sake of others,—and in attending to his business which perhaps demands the closest attention, for the time he loses sight of his grief and pain by becoming absorbed in his work. Is he therefore in a state of illusion? Not at all. The one state is as real as the other and if his activity be stimulated by the desire to help others is really a higher state than any which is characterized by selfish sorrow however great or keen. It is simply another state or phase of consciousness.

Take another illustration, the man whose mind cannot at first be abstracted by business or the daily duties, will at least find temporary oblivion in sleep, and though in each case he will awake again to the consciousness of his loss, still he will have gained strength and gradually he will be able to look back calmly and—how often has not each of us proven it?—find that his calamity was a blessing.

It is a strange thing indeed that men are so prone to view truth from the standpoint of their likes and dislikes instead of from the standpoint of Truth. Such do not know the power that comes from the reliance on the Higher Law, and from working with the laws of Nature. Is there nothing real in sleep because it gives rest and sweet dreams? Are these of no value in life? Who can say there is nothing real in dreams? Do we refuse to sleep because we know that for a time the heartache may be stilled and the heart consciousness be once more with those we love?

What is death but a longer sleep—or is it not an awaking, and after it another awaking on earth to resume the experience of life here in a physical body? And if love is a power at all, the love we still feel for those who have gone will, so far as it is *true*, be a benediction to them and their love a blessing to us. There is no more helpful teaching for discouraged humanity than this, that the unsatisfied longings of the heart are not in vain, that love lasts beyond the grave and will bring back again to rebirth on earth those who in the past have loved and worked together, and each one shall come to his own again.

J. H. FUSSELL

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DEVACHAN is then neither meaningless nor useless. In it we are rested; that part of us which could not bloom under the chilling skies of earth-life bursts forth into flower and goes back with us to earth-life stronger and more a part of our nature than before. Why should we repine that Nature kindly aids us in the interminable struggle, why keep the mind revolving about the present petty personality and its good and evil fortunes?—  
*From a Teacher's Letter, quoted by W. Q. Judge*

# The Ideal Home

## Domestic Life in Loma-land

by a Student



IS THE Home Life upon which modern civilization is based all that the thoughtful father and mother could wish? Are they satisfied that it affords proper conditions for the enlightened, unselfish and broadly moral, safe education and living for the child?

To say that it does, is to pronounce our civilization perfect and complete when all know this to be far, far from true. Can we not look into the average home and its domestic life and find the most fruitful, nay, even the main cause of the world's selfishness, to be man's murderous competition, the mad rush after wealth, and the seeking for power to gain more wealth, resulting in a multitude of physical and moral wrecks strewing the course of business and professional life?

These public demonstrations are, in the vast majority of cases, but the effect of domestic extravagance to satisfy hurtful personal desires, family and class rivalries and display. An army of servants, any one of whom taxes the patience and ability of a good mother and housewife, minister to a devouring swarm of false and injurious desires, which force and overstrain the ability to satisfy them.

This condition is general among every class of our complex, tangled civilization. Rivalry, display, excess, extravagance, unrest, physical and moral decadence and early decay, all inevitably leading to domestic discord, infidelity and the straining of matrimonial bonds. This picture is so generally true that it is recognizable by all. *Such is the parentage of the new generation!* What will, what *must* it be?

Standing face to face with this fatality (for such it is if we do not change these conditions), what is the remedy? For one there must be, because this condition is wholly unnatural. We must find the natural remedy and put it into prompt operation, if our false civilization, as shown, is to be rebuilt on right lines, or even saved from further crumbling and utter decay.

The remedy can be effected in but one way, and that withal so pleasant and easy that, in its accomplishment, there need be no disturbance nor upheaval, for in its progress and execution the real zest and joy of life will be found each moment.

The diseased growth now poisoning the atmosphere of home and domestic life must be supplanted by healthy, thoughtful self-control in word and act. This will surely bring the harmony and peace, in which love inevitably grows to bloom and rich fruitage. This can be done in the humble home and in the

palace; but with Nature's kindly aid, with human love and wisdom to clear the way and gently guide, the right desire will be vastly augmented and the result hastened.

Where and how can this be most easily, quickly, and withal most cheaply, accomplished? Certainly not amid the whirl and strife and bonds of present conditions in the great centers of population which foster these evils, now holding most forceful sway. If not here, then surely the most helpful and natural environment must of necessity be found in suburban and rural life. But even these offer serious drawbacks in rigorous climates, particularly to those who have come to depend upon external things for entertainment and, almost, for life itself. Then healthy companionships and surrounding fascinations must be sought, where out-of-door life invites and holds the tired ones through Nature's subtle wooings.

All these elements and conditions are so perfectly combined in Loma-land as to make Point Loma the one place in that most favored portion of the earth, California, where the ideal home life can be established and lived.

It is here that these vitalizing remedies and purposes have not alone been recognized and inaugurated, but are *already perfected and are now in successful operation*, under the creative mind and far-seeing wisdom of our Teacher. She would be blind indeed, and unfaithful to her sacred mission and trust, did she fail to see the general absence of a true home life and to find and apply the remedy. Who by nature is fitted to do this, if not the woman?

That she has recognized this fact and, in doing so, accepted this great trust and responsibility, and that she is competent and able, is evidenced by what she has already done.

To illustrate her plans and present what she has accomplished in one year, let us take a view of her work, the surroundings and conditions as now existing in the Loma-land ideal home life, on Point Loma, California, U. S. A. These Ideal Homes, as now instituted, are at the World's Center of the Universal Brotherhood, located on the high peninsula of Point Loma. The topography of the Point presents a bold headland, thirteen miles long by two miles wide, 400 feet in elevation, projecting into and overlooking the placid Pacific ocean, San Diego's land-locked bay, the city, valleys, mesas, foot-hills and the distant, snow-capped, Sierra Nevadas. This point, which is reached by an hour's pleasant drive from the city of San Diego, commands a view which, in scope and variety, is not equalled in the known world.

One of the natural canyons Katherine Tingley has already utilized as a magnificent open-air amphitheatre, capable of seating an audience of four thousand people, who look upon the actors in an arena one hundred feet in diameter, and beyond them upon the blue Pacific, as a stupendous stage setting. Here the students of Loma-land, present revivals of the Greek drama, many beautiful musical dramas and others of similar character, carrying into effect the purpose to elevate and restore the stage to its ancient high position as a moral and spiritual educator.

Palms and perennial floral growth and fruits add to the picturesqueness of the surroundings, while the richness of the soil yields harvest a hundred-fold. All the students enjoy the privileges of a general system devised by the Leader, under the operation of which success is attainable to each in any of the natural pursuits of men and women.

The combination of beneficent Nature and people who live true lives of mutual helpfulness, insures health and happiness to Point Loma student workers where others have failed and will fail, until they too learn to live and to work for the benefit of their fellows.

The Loma Homestead, of the most beautiful and wholly original design, is after Katherine Tingley's plans. This building is crowned with a perfectly proportioned glass dome, sixty feet in diameter, rising to a height of forty feet above the Homestead roof, covering a court of the same diameter, surrounded by dome-supporting, decorative columns, curving stairways and galleries, into which the rooms open. The building is surrounded by broad piazzas, asphalt walks, flowers, palms, and from it is obtained a grand view of ocean, valley and mountain.

Near by stands the magnificent, circular, purple-tinted, glass-domed Aryan Temple, devoted to music, drama and lectures.

In the Homestead a large number of the students reside, others in individual houses or bungalows, all living as one family.

#### BUNGALOW HOMES

These unique, picturesque, semi-oriental houses are for small families or groups of students. These novel structures consist of a central room with conical roof, terminating in a small circular opening covered with purple glass. The side walls are tastefully decorated with quaint designs. The interior with high raftered roof opens onto a broad piazza covered with California roses.

The exterior of these group homes delights the educated eye, the interior presents a picture of harmonious design, arrangement and color not to be painted in words; simple harmony is the key-note of the home and its material surroundings. All of these and manifold other priceless advantages, amusements and entertainments cover all that the ordinary world life affords, and a thousand times more—*avoiding its excesses*—and are a wholesome, healthy, joyous offering to the harmonious upbuilding of physical, mental, moral and spiritual manhood and womanhood. Ennui and weariness of life are strangers to all. Here life can be lived under the most favorable circumstances.

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The example of work is set to all by the tireless Leader, who, with a detailed personal oversight of everything and everybody, never ceases her labors until morning hours. The care and direction of a world-wide government; telegrams, cables, and imperative correspondence; dictating papers for, arranging and editing the Organization's publications, originating

and formulating new and far reaching work, working out plans for new buildings; agricultural, horticultural and landscape work; introducing new methods in silk culture, medicine, science, music, systems of education, literature, mechanism, manufacture, engineering, electricity, archæology, astronomy and all the arts. But, more important than all, she seeks to so simplify the teachings of the Wisdom Religion, Theosophy, that all who are really seeking help may be benefited.

If such versatility, energy and ability were applied to self-interest and aggrandizement, a much easier path would be hers. Instead of this, we witness her ceaseless work, utter abnegation and sacrifice of self, financially and otherwise; working for others under a storm of accusations of self-seeking for wealth and power, amid calumny, persecution, attacks and constant threatenings and attempts upon her life from the enemies to progress whom her saving work disturbs, antagonizes, frustrates and overcomes. This is the power by which she attracts and holds the good service of enlightened intelligence.

Hundreds of tourists are personally conducted through and about the buildings and grounds daily. They are also given daily lectures on Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood by the students. Each Saturday afternoon the children of the Raja Yoga School give a public entertainment in the great Aryan Temple.

#### KATHERINE TINGLEY'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION

The modern methods of education are concerned only with mental development. It is a cramming of the brain-mind and cultivation of personality only. Not alone this: what little incidental training the child receives in acquiring control of the physical nature, is made to still further minister to its selfish desires by the wrongly developed mind.

Under Katherine Tingley's system, the students perform every duty according to the newly awakened ability of each. Some portion of each student's duty comprises the thing that the person knows least about and perhaps likes the least. In this way each is led by duty out of fixed habits, ruts and grooves of thought, to become an effective, practical, worker, wide-awake, ready and able to do whatever presents itself. The glad and honest performance of the small duty is the only sure stepping-stone to a greater one. This system is a simultaneous developing of the physical, mental and spiritual, calling out the higher feelings in gratitude for the opportunity and thankfulness for the privilege of doing helpful work. It elevates every duty and makes it a pleasure. Looking deeply, it will be found to contain the remedy for the chaotic conditions of present life. Must we not learn to recognize the laws of Nature and apply them? Is it not by such work that selflessness demonstrates its ability and power while proving and discrediting the impotency of selfishness by comparison? By such object lessons is Wisdom "justified of her children" and the truth revealed.



While it requires not much observation to discover the chaotic conditions of human life today, the fact remains that but few realize them. Does it not require infinite courage and self-sacrifice in the one who dares to step out and meet these conditions? Does it not require wisdom and unselfish action?

By simple, common-sense methods, Katherine Tingley has shown thousands of human beings the way to self-purification, and she has lighted a great Beacon in the world's darkness, which has been, and now is, attracting a host of men and women who prefer light to darkness, selflessness to selfishness, right to error. Is this a dream of things and states to be, some day remote? No! Now!! Today!! such homes are formed, sweet life has been found in Loma-land, and in this perfected home life is a new Joy.

Truth reveals her *jeweled* secrets only to those who use them truthfully.

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## The Parable of *the* Sower

(LUKE VIII: 5-10)

by Bandusia Wakefield



**T**HIS parable applies both to humanity as a whole and to man as an individual. It applies to the work of all great Teachers and Saviors of the world who come to bring light and sow the seed of Truth; it applies likewise to the work of the Christ-principle in man. In the physical world a "wayside" is a path that is much trodden down and hardened by the continual passing to and fro of the many who are seeking worldly pleasure or profit, and the few who are seeking the welfare of their fellowmen. It represents in humanity and the individual man that hardened and non-receptive condition which is produced by the continual recurrence of narrow, materialistic and selfish lines of thought, feeling and action. Seed falling on such ground is under the crushing foot of old habit and custom, and the fowls of doubt swallow it up.

The "rock" has not yet been ground to powder by ages of hard knocks. It may have a shallow soil upon its surface, but there is no depth for roots. It represents a condition in which there is lack of experience. When the Truth is presented it is hailed with joy, but it can take no deep hold, and when temptations come it is swept away. But these temptations are the gateways to that experience and suffering which will grind the rock to powder and at last prepare a deep rich soil for the seed of Truth.

The seed that falls among "thorns" falls on ground already occupied by something of an opposing nature and has no good chance to grow. The cares and pleasures of this life so crowd upon it that it brings no fruit to perfection.

The "good ground" is that in which the rock has been pulverized and enriched through much experience, in which the hardened way of custom and prejudice has been broken, and the thorns of selfishness, care and passion have been burnt out in the fires of pain, and the whole nature has become softened and receptive to Truth. In this soil the seed will grow and bring forth a hundredfold. The disciples asked Jesus what this parable might be. And he said:

*Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of God; but to others in parables: that seeing they might not see and hearing they might not understand.*

Does not this passage clearly show that Jesus taught mysteries to his disciples that were not taught to others except in parables. The disciples were near enough to the Master to come into a knowledge of these mysteries by degrees. They were pledged to the service of humanity, had given up all worldly things to follow the Divine Light, and so were fitted to receive what the multitude could not. But even to the multitude they were given in parables, that each might receive according to his capacity and fitness. The parables having in them the germ of Divine Truth could not die, though they might, in many soils, remain long latent; yet when the right conditions came, the germ would sprout and grow and bring forth fruit. By the mysteries being presented to the multitude in parables, they were kept hidden from those who, through selfishness, would make a wrong use of them. They might see with the outer eye and hear with the outer ear, yet they would not understand and be able to misuse. So the method of teaching was both wise and compassionate.

The Mysteries of the Kingdom of God are the mysteries of man's own inner nature, for the kingdom of God is within. When man knows himself, understands all the potentialities and powers within himself and their use, he will know these mysteries, and those of the Universe of which he is a part, for man is a copy of the Universe.

## *The New World*

by W.



**L**OOK at the new World beginning life at Point Loma, coming into being at the end and the beginning of two great life periods on earth! Periods when changes occur as surely as when youth turns to manhood—they correspond and are governed by the same law.

How pure and beautiful the new World is! Its proportions are Divine, an unparalleled example of soul in life. Here long searched-for Truth has been proclaimed and become established as a power, to create and fashion "the life perfect" on earth. The heart-touch, the touch Divine, is in all, is the foundation and inspiring tone of each facet of the gem! This new World life,

springing out of the heart of the old, is not comparable with the life of any known time on the earth, since its birth and infancy. In portraying it we must go for its basis to the abstract purity of the perfect idea. Here is Beauty, Goodness, Nobility, Grandeur, Simplicity, Love and Truth, in Religion, Philosophy, Science, Art, Commerce and Family Life, Architecture, Music, Drama, Pictorial Symbology and Games. From henceforth these words will bear the grand meaning of their essential nature. In this new World we are again at the beginning of things. A world breathing in childlike purity—a new creation in its original divinity.

How was this wonder brought into being? By the truth of the sublime nature and destiny of man. By the truth that there are Great Helpers of the race, World Saviors and creators, Sons of Light, who by right divine are Gods, the right to *be*, to become, the royal heritage of the race: By the Truth of Universal Brotherhood, that the elder help the younger; that there is *the Link*, the superb example, who bears the plans for the perfection of the race: By the Truth of the giant hearts of Heroes who are the bodyguard and ever battle with the dark creatures of the night, the minions of a world's misdeeds—so helping to make the new life possible.

How can each one of all earth's children enter into the conscious world of Light and know and feel that this is true? By making a faith and trust in their own Divinity, *by work with and for the One who bears the plans, the Living Example of our True Selves*. This reasoned faith, not blind, but conscious, is built on a sure foundation, by perfect computation of the axiomatic propositions at the base of all worlds and beings.

The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Oversoul is the first principle of true consciousness. Given the superb example as a living factor, the *Link* with the great perfected Universal Brotherhood—the Oversoul—we have then the axiomatic check in figuring out our states of consciousness and feeling. When we are in harmony with the Living Example, who lives according to, as well as carries the plans of entry into the new World, then we are true for that much of life, and when we can accurately prove this by action at all times in all conditions, we shall have become wholly a part of the great harmonious life of the Oversoul and consciously, fully know that these statements are true.

The new World is the beginning of the *true* world, the world of Light, the descent of the Oversoul on earth. It is the life of harmony, sequence, order, unity and intelligent consciousness in accord with the natural Law—heaven upon earth. This life is *Life and Joy!* As the new World is established the old goes! The old artificial world of separate, selfish, personal consciousness is dying with all its discord, disorder, disease and strife.

The new World is already alive and will live and grow larger every day, and the old World is dying and will go. Let it go, for are we not glad to see the beginning of the end of misery? Sever all connection with it and enter the new World! It is bright and fair and beautiful and good and true.

## A Parable of Religion\*



I HAD read the Sermon on the Mount and laid the volume down;  
 The midnight stars shone still and far and silence wrapt the town:  
 The words, so long familiar, drew somewhat from the hour  
 That wrought upon my spirit with a strange and spell-like power.

I saw, as in a vision, beside the world's highway  
 An altar old as history, yet new as of today;  
 And one by one I saw pass by a line of marked men  
 Who bowed before the altar and went their way again.

One came in garb of sackcloth, with ashes on his head:  
 "Lo, for religion I renounce this false, vain world," he said;  
 "Far from its dire temptations, its tumult, and its strife,  
 Will I through fast and vigil unspotted keep my life."

One came in shining armor, like an old crusader grim;  
 The passion of a hundred wars incarnate seemed in him:  
 "I will fight for my religion until from east to west  
 The one true faith revealed of old shall be the faith confessed."

Another came; all wild of eye, he seemed in love with Death:  
 "I will die for my religion," he cried with eager breath;  
 "What boots this paltry life of earth? Who freely lays it down  
 Shall enter everlasting life and wear the martyr's crown."

Then came a man in common dress, clear-eyed and passion-free;  
 The noblest of them all he seemed in his simplicity:  
 "I will *live* for my religion, to haste the longed-for day  
 When light and love and liberty shall through the earth have sway."

Was it dream or waking vision, or a fancy of the brain—  
 The altar and its votaries that knelt and passed again?  
 Truth has its many channels; enough herein to see  
 A parable of coming time and better things to be.

Slow move the dial-hands of God, yet never turn they back;  
 The old ideals yield to new that light our onward track;  
 Nor slight of earth nor scorn of Death fulfills our being's plan,  
 But to live for one's religion and the growing good of Man.

—Pacific Unitarian

\* The Rev. F. L. Hosmer, the writer of these verses, is a Unitarian minister at Berkeley, California, and, as can be seen, is evidently a believer in the "Heart Doctrine" as the essence of true Religion.

# The Gospel of Innate Ideas

by Felix



IN one of the earlier chapters of the *Key to Theosophy* occurs the following statement of H. P. Blavatsky. Speaking of the causes which have aroused so much interest in and also so much animosity to Theosophy, she says that one of them is:

A conviction on the part of many, and *Knowledge* by a few, that there must be somewhere a philosophic and religious system which shall be scientific and not merely speculative.

The passage was written in 1889 and yet so rapid has been the progress of the movement initiated in the West by this great teacher of men that the knowledge possessed only by a "few" thirteen years ago is now not only known to many hundreds of people in all parts of the world, but it has become, in a vast number of cases, the guide of their lives, the living power in which they move and think and have their being.

It would be difficult to estimate the importance of such a revelation as this, considered as a factor in the world's evolution. A very superficial consideration of it shows us at once the wide chasm which separates such a condition of affairs from that which preceded it.

If we look back upon the known history of man's efforts to discover the source of Truth, we cannot fail to perceive that the results attained have been mainly speculative. For fifteen hundred years the world has been passing through the darkest period of the dark age—the Kali Yuga of the Indian philosophy—which began five thousand years ago—"black and terrible." Comparatively few have found the true source of inspiration. The light of absolute knowledge has been obscured. But by pain and suffering men have been learning a lesson, the fruits of which are now becoming apparent, and the ground has been prepared and made ready for the sowing.

Turning now to present times, we shall not fail to perceive that public opinion is almost entirely a matter of speculation. Religion, politics, social reform, the well being of the masses are forever questions of debate, generally from the wrong standpoint.

Let us take any daily newspaper and see how any town we may choose at random becomes weekly the victim of this or that apostle of some new idea. Probably there is hardly a man living, if he be a thoughtful man at all, who has not been driven hither and thither on these tides of opinion. That which appeals to one is objectionable to another. What we all want to know is: What is right, what is true, in regard to these questions. We see everywhere the man with the axe to grind, the man with the fixed idea, the man who is self-

important. But will *no one show us? and if not, how shall we know* the man who draws his inspiration from the living Truth?

We have been accustomed from our childhood to debate, debate, debate, to a flow of words everywhere. We have read most of the current literature. We have studied every system of reform. We have heard of societies for and against almost every possible human object. We are tired of the wars of creeds, the false enthusiasms, the problem plays, the mad rush for amusement, the lost ideals which have turned to dust and ashes. Is there no touchstone to which all can be brought, or must we forever like Pilate ask the question, "What is Truth?"

Perhaps we have become so wearied in the search that we have given up all hope, and have settled down carelessly to finish what remains of life as best we may, satisfied that "what was good enough for all who have gone before is good enough for me."

And yet there are times with all of us, when we would give all we possess for good honest enthusiasm, could we only be quite sure it were founded upon the eternal verities.

Sometimes one is led to doubt whether enthusiasm is possible any more. Every now and then the public is awakened by some heroic deed which brings a spontaneous flush to the dull, disturbed surface of public thought. But where are now the ideals which so take possession of the public mind, that all unite to carry out the desired end, tireless, selfless till it be accomplished? Where are the burning fires of heroism which freed the nations of old from the yoke of bondage, or martyred the truth-seeker? Must we always live this shiftless, drifting life of ill-regulated impulse, with no rock of anchorage?

\* \* \* \*

It has often been remarked that the condition of affairs above outlined is typical of the age. It is an age of change. A crisis in the world's history is upon us. No doubt all the public unrest is a symptom of a desire for better things. By nature man is a discerning being. He becomes uneasy long before he knows the cause of his unrest. Then he sets out to find the cause, and he generally does it sooner or later. Surely as soon as men do see the cause of the present unrest they will strive to alter it. Such a situation is equivalent to a world reform—a New Order of Ages.

\* \* \* \*

Returning now to the statement of H. P. Blavatsky, let us see what it involves. She says there are some who have *knowledge of a scientific system of religion and philosophy*. Surely at no time in the world's history has this been so much needed as at present. For what is implied by this? Does it not mean that once more, as often before in the dim past, the fountain of Light has been unveiled, that men might see and recognize it for themselves?

What course shall we pursue that we may partake of this benefit? Clearly it must be some new course, not generally recognized, some new departure

from the ordinary. Men must look to some other source for guidance than those to which they have been accustomed.

It is obvious that there must be some court of final appeal, some fount of inspiration, open to all, by which doubtful questions of private and public equity shall be decided by common consent. Where can it be? Shall we continue to seek the opinion of others?

How does it affect either you or me what any preacher, philosopher, professor or politician says or thinks if his teachings do not reach our convictions and his own life does not conform thereto? If we are forever to depend upon such outside opinion, the all important questions involved can *never* be removed from the field of wordy speculation. For in addition to the primary questions of truth involved, others continually arise. Differences of opinion occur as to what such men really meant by their written or spoken expressions. They are compared, collated and annotated world without end. This again takes the form of discussion as to the usual and common acceptance of word meanings, and so the weary round goes on. All of which proves that the participants in the strife have never grasped the real idea at all.

Meanwhile in our ponderings we occasionally get a glimpse of something lying behind all this, which appeals to our inmost soul, and lifts us above the range of discussion. Fragments of realized truth come to us, as the fire which burns out the old and reveals the new. Still we do not see the source of it, and before we can grasp it, lo! the moment is past.

\* \* \* \*

Let us see whether we can find the key to this riddle. If there be a key, surely it is worth the finding, for within it lies the solution of all the problems which can present themselves to the human mind. Many a wise teacher of men has presented the key for our acceptance, and we have perchance laid it on one side, time and time again, persuaded that it was useless because we had not tried it! The great ones of the earth, those unknown to men, have always known it. The founders of all religions have all taught it.

\* \* \* \*

If we will withdraw our attention resolutely from outside opinion and then turn within, we shall find it, for the key lies within ourselves and nowhere else.

It will be increasingly obvious to us the more we consider it, that all men are built upon the same model. However great the apparent differences resulting from our varied progress in the scale of evolution, yet, as the poet Burns said,

A man's a man for a' that.

What then is man? Can any one doubt that man is a self-conscious, thinking soul inhabiting a human body? Each one of us stands as a unit atom of one great assembly, born in the same way from the eternal, passing through a period of earth life, disappearing again into its parent source, once more to reappear in the future to take another step on the long journey.

All live in bodies which are alike in their loves and hates, nourished by the same food—breathing the same air.

All have minds which are capable of the same ideals, which measure and record the same truths of present fact or eternal wisdom.

All are taught and informed within by the same divine essence which lies at the root of existence, *i. e.*, each man is a temple of the living God.

In presenting statements such as these, no authority is requisite to have them understood, and no quotations are made to reinforce them. They are put forward to be recognized as truths by that power of discernment with which every man is endowed *as man*. These innate powers are his heritage which no one can take away. They are derived from that divinity which is latent within him, and which awaits the recognition and obeisance of his soul. Their truth lies outside argument or the meaning of imperfect words. They may be reiterated a hundred times and pass by those who will not see. Their recognition is not a matter of university training or of so-called education. The power to know and realize them is born of the stress of pain and sorrow, and wrought out in the disappearance of selfishness and evil. They contain the solution of all earthly problems, and, once fully recognized, “the wayfaring man though a fool, cannot err therein.”

If, then, any man be a seeker for the Truth which lies behind the riddle of life he will surely find it within himself by this revelation of his own being. Of what value can the opinion of others be to him who knows that the wisdom of another is nothing until he realizes it for himself. He has this power of realization and recognition within him, although it may not be at once self-evident.

From within man himself, then, comes the power to discern the Truth. Until this is known he is likely to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of outer search. Once convinced of his own possibilities in the true direction, the process is reversed. There is a science of soul-knowledge which transcends all the passing knowledge of the schools, inasmuch as it is that upon which the eternal character of the man is builded. It confers discernment of the causes of human ills and suffering, and of the means by which they can be remedied. It is founded upon the realization that every man is only one of a multitude, and that to work for the welfare of the whole is the only means to fulfil the purposes of life.

Knowing these things to be so we shall see that no man can claim to impose his views on another. He will recognize that in the journey of the human soul towards the perfection which it is seeking, every step must be taken by each man himself. Every man is to himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life in his efforts to realize the God which lies within him, his ever present teacher, through the voice of conscience.

Let us all, therefore, stand up as men and think for ourselves, unfettered by any outer influence. Such as do this with a sincere desire to know the Truth, will surely find it.



The Gospel of the hour is involved in a breaking away from the falseness of the surrounding ideals. He that is fearful of tearing down old land-marks will receive comfort and reassurance from the confidence which arises from the exercise of his own independence of right action. Each man will begin to recognize that he himself possesses the divine power of discrimination which enables him to separate the false from the true. This power is born within him and is a part of his inner God-like nature, for man is divine in reality. All that is not God-like in his nature must perish.

It is becoming more and more generally understood how closely we are interdependent in our common life. Physically we are mutually subject to the tides of disease and good health which are brought about by our own actions or by surrounding conditions. Mentally we are affected by the opinions of our family and nation. We are lifted on the waves of public rejoicing, or depressed by the thought atmosphere of strife and discord. Units in a sea of human kind, we are affected by every day of prosperous sunshine and every wind or storm that ruffles the ocean of our common life. When will men recognize the tie that binds them forever in one family of brothers?

Over all shines the one Great Spirit—the Root Essence of all things—the Eternal Father. From it all things have sprung that through the Great Law the purpose of the universe, which is Love, might be wrought out. In that purpose every one of us has an equal and controlling part, because the destinies of the world lie with *men*, and men are God incarnate.

Thus, as each human soul seeks to recognize its own divinity, its unity with the rest, will the truth become apparent.

Let us cease, then, at once and forever, to seek for a God outside our own nature. If It be not within, we shall never find It elsewhere. Within ourselves, by the brooding power of thought and aspiration, we shall find the Truth. It is born within us. It is part of our own natures, and no man can rob us of this “pearl of great price.”

Thus the problems of life can only be solved by true self-recognition. Such illumination will lead us to strive unceasingly for the welfare of our fellow “fragments of the divine.” Then will be born within us the divine compassion which is the essence of Divinity.

The scientific, philosophic and religious system referred to by H. P. Blavatsky is that which is founded on the above Truths. It has descended from the hoary past, through channels unknown to the outer world. Every World-Savior has come from the Great Ones who have gone before and handed down from one to another this great revelation. It stands openly revealed once more at this great crisis of the world's history that men may see and know the Truth.

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# Mirror of the Movement



## News from Loma-Land

The most important event here during the past month has been the dedication of the Children's Aryan Temple of Music, which was celebrated on New Year's day. It was a beautiful ceremony and demonstrated in itself the power of music to elevate the soul; for here were over a hundred children assembled in perfect order, singing in absolute tune, and in tones which, in richness and quality, showed to the observant ear that they were inspired by a true heart-feeling of joy and good comradeship. The large body of new Cuban children, whose voices were quite untrained when they arrived a few months ago, now are able to add a great volume of sweet tone to all the singing, and many of them are busily studying instrumental music. It requires no remarkable prophetic power to foresee the great orchestra of highly-trained musicians which will be at the service of the great Cause in a few years. Already several of the young people are developing considerable artistic power in playing the violin, 'cello, piano and mandolin, etc.

At the dedication of the Lotus Children's Aryan Temple of Music a very pretty incident took place. One of the bigger lads stepped forth and read a paper expressing the gratitude of the children for the pains taken by Mr. Neresheimer in conducting the singing classes and a crown of honor of leaves was then placed upon his head and he was hailed as Father of Harmony.

Then one of the little Lotus buds handed him a basket of beautiful flowers and conducted him up the steps into the Temple. In his reply Mr. Neresheimer said it was a most striking and important thing that the Leaders of humanity had decided to help the world through the power of good music. We all know that the world is on the wrong track, but only these benefactors of mankind know what is the remedy for the present selfishness and materialism. Through the work of the young, of the rising generations, shall pain cease and be no more. The children present have an extraordinary privilege in being here and having the direct teaching of Katherine Tingley who, like H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, is the one who knows the needs of the world among the millions who are ignorant. Soon these children will be men and women and the world will be looking to them for examples. The world is waiting and willing to listen and learn, and we must all be ready to give the highest examples in our lives and words.

The children and a large number of the students then entered the little music Temple where some more beautiful and stirring songs were sung, including "Life is Joy," "Truth, Light and Liberation," etc. The Leader then said:



## Katherine Tingley's Speech

"The dedication of a Sacred Building or work usually begins, in modern times, with prayer, but this time we will keep a few minutes' silence." Following the silence the Leader then said a few words: "Years ago the ocean spoke to me and I found a new song in my heart. A great love for little children, the flowers, the birds, entered my heart, and that day I built the Lotus Home in my imagination. I saw the children, the teachers coming over the hill, and then, moving away, I saw the sorrow of the world, the children pleading for help and hope. I saw that workers would come like those who so devotedly second my efforts here now. It was not so hard to build this beautiful homelife for it was already built in the heart! Our pleading with the Higher Self will enlarge it and give the world more workers for Brotherhood, compassionate lovers of the race. I am building again a beautiful picture in my mind. We shall have thousands of acres more, and more teachers and children because *we are here*, because the children and the

elders are united in Brotherly Love. If next year you can do as well as you have done in the past year you will be real builders of the City Beautiful. You children are the craftsmen of the Raja Yoga School; as you think and act so will the school be built. This little music Temple is dedicated to H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge and is named The Lotus Children's Aryan Temple. Here each day little children will sing a service of song for Humanity and prepare themselves to help on the perfect work of Brotherhood in their different walks in life. We are each of us rearing a Spiritual Temple, dedicated to Humanity, built in the heart, which cannot be torn down nor even criticized by the enemies of progress."



### Public Meetings at San Diego

The interest in the public free meetings held on Sunday nights at the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, continues unabated. Though of course the audiences are much larger on the occasions when Katherine Tingley is expected to make one of her great speeches, yet at every meeting the lower part of the great theater is filled with an attendance of four to five hundred. At every meeting for many weeks past the stage and proscenium have been beautifully decorated with smilax, native palms, ferns and flowers by a body of skillful helpers, under the superintendence of Mrs. Walter T. Hanson, who is one of our most artistic workers. The aim of our work being to get nearer to nature, nearer to the heart of things, and away from the false ideals of personal pride and ostentation, we cannot too frequently or too closely bring natural, simple beauty in the form of flowers and foliage into our midst. The meetings at the Opera House are under the auspices of the Aryan Theosophical Society. During the last two months, with the exception of the evenings when the Leader has spoken, the speakers have been some of the young lady students from Point Loma and some of the boys of the Raja Yoga School, whose fresh faces and well written papers always delight the audience. The lady students in their beautiful students' dress of white, wearing garlands of smilax and roses, and the boys in their white Raja Yoga costume, with the background of nature, give an effect that is dignified, beautiful and classical, and in perfect harmony with the pure and elevated lives of the students upon the hills of Loma-land. How fitly the scene symbolizes the spirit of the work of the Universal Brotherhood. The proceedings at the public meetings have recently been commenced by an overture for violin, viola, organ and piano four-hands, rendered by some of the staff of the Isis Conservatory of Music, followed by two new songs, "Life is Joy," and "Truth, Light and Liberation," in which the audience unites. Then the speeches are delivered, with musical numbers introduced at suitable intervals, and the proceedings terminate with the intonation in musical chords from behind the scenes, of "O, My Divinity."

Katherine Tingley's new method of awakening a new interest in music by means of the united singing on the part of the audience with the students, has proved a most inspiring and attractive feature of the meetings, and some of the most enthusiastic among the audience have asked for an opportunity to practice the songs before or after the meetings.

Several unique subjects of the students' addresses have been introduced by the Leader to the delight of the audience. Among those recently given have been, "The Old Fashioned Girl," "The Raja Yoga Training of Children," "Theosophy for Children," "Have We Lived Before?" etc. In addition, portions of the most interesting articles by W. Q. Judge, from *The Path*, have been read on several occasions. These selections have been found particularly appropriate just now and have been highly enjoyed by all.

It would be a grave oversight not to mention the beauty of the music performed by our talented musical comrades, who take such pleasure in devoting their high artistic skill to the uplifting of the people through the magic power of sound. Besides the splendid execution and intelligent rendering of the masterpieces of art given at these meet-

ings, there is something else that appeals to the deeper feelings of the audiences, and that is the touch or spirit of Brotherhood, which has in this work the opportunity of freeing itself absolutely from the sordid commercialism so rampant in modern times. Our musical comrades play for the love of it, and they play to the public to help them to become nobler, stronger and more humane.



**Spring Flowers  
Coming**

The first winter showers have now come, and everything is looking fresh and bright. Rainbows are seen again, and one night a lunar rainbow was watched with great interest. The curious phenomenon of a mock sun a few degrees away from the rising sun was very clearly seen early one morning lately. The birds are chirruping sweetly, and the young green shoots are peeping out of the ground everywhere. One of the first flowers to appear was the beautiful blue-violet blossom of the Yerba Santa, the characteristic and most interesting shrub of all this region.



**Visitors  
and Friends**

We have had many visitors lately and at last have had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Spalding back to Lomaland. Mr. Kellogg, the distinguished attorney-at-law who made such a splendidly successful fight for the Universal Brotherhood in the New York courts, when this humanitarian movement was threatened by the enemies of progress and freedom, in 1898, has been staying here a week or so. Needless to say all the students were delighted to see him. His genial, unaffected manner and the evident interest he took in the numerous activities of the Universal Brotherhood soon made him a great favorite, and all were sorry when his hour of departure arrived. We have also had a visit from Bro. C. Wolfe of Cape Colony, South Africa, who has left his eldest boy to receive his education at the Raja Yoga School. The accommodation of the Homestead is strained to its utmost capacity and at present it is impossible to find room for the constant applicants who wish for residential privileges. The work on new buildings has already begun.



**San Diego  
Lotus Work  
and B. B. Club**

Excellent progress is being made in the work at San Diego among the young people. A report of some of the interesting debates held by the Boys' Brotherhood Club will be published shortly. Considering the short time this work has been established, and the many difficulties, the progress made has been remarkable. The quality of the singing since Mr. Neresheimer has been giving his assistance at the Lotus Group has improved wonderfully.

OBSERVER

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***The Ultimate Triumph of the Best***

There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent and ordains that only that race which combines perfectly with the virtues of all shall endure.

—EMERSON'S *Estimate of Lincoln*

# Reports of Lodges



## U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

On December 14th a Social Entertainment was held in the Lodge rooms, at which the Symposium, "A Promise," was read and greatly enjoyed by all. At the monthly public meeting December 29, F. Rossiter spoke on "The World Saviors and their Philosophy." H. Crooke, local representative of the International Brotherhood League, spoke on the Sixth object of the League. K. V. Morris read "A Present Day Allegory," from the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. The closing address was given by the President of the Lodge.

A midnight meeting was held on December 31 in unison with all the Lodges and members throughout the World, when the members again accentuated the key-note of "Eternal Vigilance—Onward!" "Children of Light" and "Truth, Light and Liberation" were chanted, and a thousand greetings sent to our Leader, who has filled our hearts with love and hope and joy.

At the Girls' Club the Swedish Drill has given place to a kind of Japanese painting in which all take great pleasure. We always begin with singing, followed by a short business meeting at which the Secretary of the Club reads the minutes, etc., and any special bits of interest about Loma-land are read or told them, then painting or drill, ending with music.

We have named the Lotus Group, "Sunshine Lotus Group." The children had entertainments December 7th and 21st, with games, magic lantern, etc. The group is increasing in size, and the average attendance is good. EDITH CLAYTON, *President*



## B. B. C. No. 37, Bristol, England

This club has been in existence now for eighteen months, and has made good progress. Interesting discussions are held and military drill systematically practiced at the meetings. Recently a small gymnastic apparatus was provided for the use of the club. The study of a Shakespearian play has been taken up, much to the interest of the members. There have been frequent Social Gatherings of the Club when many boy visitors have attended, and thus the good influence of the club has been extended.

HERBERT CROOKE, *Superintendent*



## U. B. L. No. 119 Louisville, Ky.

We are doing extremely well here in all branches of the work which we have taken up, and have fine audiences at our public meetings. At the meeting of January 5th, the subject was "The Evils of the Day," which was well handled. Good music formed an attractive feature of the evening. There was a good and appreciative audience and much interest manifested. After the lecture, questions were asked and answered. The Lotus work is growing and the children are being benefited greatly and take to the teaching rapidly. We held an entertainment for the children on the evening of January 3. It was a very enjoyable affair and the children acquitted themselves very creditably, entering into the spirit of the occasion with a great deal of zest and enthusiasm.

The Boys' Brotherhood Club is doing fine work under Mr. Gearheart as Superintendent. The member's meetings of the Lodge are well attended, and all seem to be trying to make Theosophy a living power in their lives. GEORGE H. WILSON, *President*

**Lotus Group, Stockholm, Sweden---Report of Work at Majorgartan, 9 B**

During the month meetings have been held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The following are two of our regular programs:

Sunday, November 3rd—1, Song, "Warriors of the Golden Cord;" 2, Roll-call; 3, Rehearsal on Lotus Leaflet 1, Section 2, with those children who are going to take part in it. The other children were assembled in the next room to listen to a fairy tale. 4, Song, "The Sun Temple;" 5, Silent Moments.

Sunday, November 10th—1, Song, "Warriors of the Golden Cord;" 2, Roll-call; 3, A Fairy-tale by H. C. Andersen, told by Mrs. Nystrom; 4, Lessons in five classes: "The Pilgrimage Through all the Kingdoms;" 5, Declamation and singing exercises; 6, Song, "The Sun Temple;" 7, Silent Moments; 8, Song, "Brothers We."

November 3rd all the parents of the children were invited to a social meeting. Speeches were given by several of the teachers about the principles on which the Lotus work is based, and in what manner the work is going on among the children. Coffee was served; music and song filled the program. Teachers' meetings have been held every week.

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

GERDA NYSTROM, *Secretary*

November, 1901

**Report of the Work in Lotus Group No. 2, Stockholm, Sweden, for November**

During this month we have followed almost the same program as during the month of October. A good attendance of children has been present at every Group meeting. The last Sunday in November Lotus Group No. 2 had a little entertainment for its "older sister," Lotus Group, No. 1. For this one of our Lotus girls was selected as Lotus Queen, and dressed in white with a wreath of white water lilies round her head and another at the top of her golden staff. She was the leader of the whole band and before every song or tableau, she told the audience what was going to be heard or seen, and announced the beginning of it by knocking with her staff three times on the floor.

The entertainment was opened by the torch-bearer, slowly marching round the hall and placing herself at the side of the curtain. A boy carrying the Lotus flag did the same and placed himself at the other side of the curtain. Then the Lotus Queen advanced, and after having in a verse greeted those present, she begged all to join in some "silent moments" and to send their thoughts to the Lotus Mother. The "Swan Song," from Lohengren, softly played on violin, accompanied the thoughts.

Then the curtain rose, and a chorus of children sang the "Hope Song," which is published in *The International Theosophist*. Holding aloft her wand with the Star of Hope at the top of it, Hope advanced and recited a verse of "Hope and Love," the "Evening Star," from Tannhauser, was in the meantime softly played on the violin. Then came the "Messengers of Joy," seven of our smallest tots, only about six years old, dressed in the rainbow colors and strewing flowers. Then they formed a semi-circle with Hope in the center. From the Golden Sun she brought the message that the light must shine brightly within us, and therefore she begged all to join in "The Sun Temple Song." Then Hope with her Messengers of Joy retired, and the curtain fell.

After a story having been told by our story relater, Miss Gerda Stenmark, the curtain rose again and "Pitter Patter" was sung and acted by a great number of children, the smallest ones being rain-drops, pattering with their fingers on the window in the background. The "school-boy" advances to the window and opens it as he sings, the wise rain-drops answering him through the open window. When singing the last "Pitter Patter" all the children danced forth in the hall, and joining with their small guests, they all danced and played and sang during almost an hour. The happy faces of the children showed us that they enjoyed their evening.

OLGA MYHEMAN

GERDA STENMARK

November, 1901



## Adalina's Pearl\*



ONCE upon a time there was a king and a queen, and they had a little girl, who, because she was the king's daughter, was called the princess. Her name was Adalina, and she was her parents' only child. Therefore they loved her almost too much.

When the princess was christened, two good fairies were invited as witnesses, one red and one blue. As the custom is in Fairyland, the two good fairies did not forget to give the little princess the usual presents.

The Red Fairy gave her a large pearl, so beautiful that no one had ever seen anything like it before. With this followed three excellent gifts. "Hear what I say," said the fairy, "as long as Adalina wears this pearl she will become more beautiful every day, as well as richer and wiser. But if she loses her pearl she will at once lose the three gifts, her beauty, wealth and wisdom. She will not get them back again before she finds her pearl."

The Blue Fairy then said: "Adalina has now received three such fine gifts that no one should wish for anything else in the world. But there is still another gift which is the best of all, and I will give this to Adalina, but only on one condition. As long as the princess keeps her pearl and the three presents, my gift will have no power. But if she loses her pearl, her wisdom, beauty and wealth, she will then receive from me a fourth gift, and that is a humble heart."

The two good fairies then said good-bye, and vanished as two white clouds in the blue sky.

\* From the Swedish, by Z. Topelius. Translated by S. O. and H. A.

The king and queen were very much pleased. They thought, "If only our little princess will be beautiful, wealthy and wise, it does not much matter what kind of a heart she has. We will take care of her pearl, and then she will never need the Blue Fairy's poor present. No," they said, "the Red Fairy knows best what a princess requires. Her gifts were royal ones, indeed; but the Blue Fairy was rather mean, and gave the poor child an endowment just as one would throw a penny to a beggar girl at the wayside."

The king procured a golden crown for Adalina which just fitted her head, but it was too large or too small for everyone else who tried it on. On the top of the crown was the pearl, fastened so tight that it was impossible for it to fall off.

The crown was placed on Adalina's head, and she had to wear it constantly—when she was asleep in her little golden cradle, and when she was awake and running about in the castle. The king and queen were so afraid that she would lose her pearl that they never allowed her to go outside the gate; she was always followed by four pages and four ladies of honor, all of whom were instructed never to lose sight of the princess and her pearl. They dared not disobey this order, or the headsman with his great axe would cut their heads off.

So the princess grew up, and everything happened just as the Red Fairy had said. Adalina was the most beautiful princess the world had ever seen. Yes, she was so pretty, so handsome; her eyes were like two silver stars, and wherever she came there was sunshine, and all the flowers in the garden bowed their heads and said to her, "You are more beautiful than we are." She became very wealthy as treasures were showered upon her. The floor in her room was of silver and of mother-of-pearl, whilst the walls were covered with mirrors and the ceiling was of gold with diamonds. Oh! how it shone when the lamps were lighted. Adalina had her food on golden dishes, and slept on gold, dressed in gold, and if it had been possible to eat gold she would have done so, but it was too hard to bite. She was so wise that she could guess the most difficult riddles and remember very long lessons when she had only looked through them once. All the wise men in the country came to ask her questions, and said that such a wise princess had never lived before. All this was right enough; it is no sin to be beautiful, rich and wise, if we make good use of such things. But this is very difficult. The king and queen thought that Adalina was the best girl in the world, but it was a pity that she also began to think so herself.

When everyone told her that she was a thousand times more beautiful than anyone else in the world, as well as richer and wiser, she believed it all; and her heart grew hard, so that she thought that everyone else, even her parents, were much lower than herself.

Poor Adalina! This was an ugly spot on her beauty, wealth and wisdom. As she grew older she had more and more pride, and with this fault followed many others. Adalina became very wicked, covetous, and jealous. When



she saw a pretty flower in the garden she stamped upon it, she could not bear that anything should be prettier than herself; when another princess in her golden carriage passed her on the road she became wild with envy; if she heard anyone say that another girl was good and wise, she shed bitter tears. Adalina was vexed with everyone who did not praise and obey her. Still she had no love for those who did obey her; she was a perfect tyrant, whom everyone feared and no one loved. The king and queen were the only people in the country who were not offended by her pride.

One day, when the princess was fifteen years old, she went out for a walk in the garden. When she came to the gate and wanted to go further she found that the gate was locked, and no one dared to open it because it was against the king's order. The four ladies of honor and the four pages were with her, and for the first time they did not obey her orders. Adalina was so angry that all the sunshine of her beauty faded at once. She struck her attendants and ran away from them, climbed over the gate, and when they followed her, she ran right into the park and was lost amongst the trees.

Adalina for the first time in her life then felt tired and thirsty, and had to sit down by the side of a brook to rest. Yes, she had to drink the water from her own hands, just as poor people have to do when no one is standing beside them to offer a glass of water on a golden tray. "Ah! how beautiful I am," she said to herself when she saw her face in the water. She stooped over the brook to get a better view of her pretty self. Then the crown and pearl fell off her head into the water and were lost; but she was so busy admiring herself that she did not see it fall. The ripples on the water had hardly ceased when Adalina saw a picture quite different from that of her own former self. She no longer saw a beautiful princess in her golden dress with the diamonds in her hair. She only saw a poor untidy little beggar girl, with bare head and feet, and dressed in rags. In a moment, also, all her wisdom had disappeared and she was as stupid as the most ignorant girl in the land. At the same time she lost her memory, and could not remember who she had been or where she came from. She only felt that a great change had taken place, and this frightened her so much that she ran away from the brook and far off into a deep forest without knowing where she was going.

Night soon came on, and she could hear the howling of the wolves in the woods. At this she was still more frightened and kept on running until at last she saw a light in the distance. When she came closer to it she saw that it came from a small cottage. In it lived a poor old woman.

"Poor child," said the old woman, "where do you come from this time of the night?"

But Adalina could not answer this question. She could not tell who she was or where her parents lived. The old woman thought that this was very strange, but said to her: "As you are so poor and alone in the world, I will let you live with me. I am just in want of some one to take care of my goats in the forest. I will let you do this, my child, if you are good, and willing to live

upon bread and water and a little goat's milk sometimes, but not often." Adalina was very pleased at this, and kissed the old woman's hand with much gratitude.

The Blue Fairy had kept her word without Adalina knowing it, for she had now received that which was better than wisdom, beauty and wealth, because she had a good and humble heart. She was much happier now whilst looking after the goats, eating her dry bread and sleeping on her hard bed of straw, than in her former state.

For with a humble heart follows many good things. Wherever she went there was again sunshine around her, but this time it could not fade, for it was the sunshine of the heart.

At the same time in the king's castle there was a terrible uproar because the princess was lost, and the poor attendants were all put in a black prison in the big tower. There they could not see the sun or stars, and the headsman in the red dress was standing by the door with his great axe in his hand. The king and queen were in great grief, and they told all the people in the country to dress in black. The public crier was ordered to say that if anyone could find the missing princess he should have her and half of the kingdom. It was a great reward, and many young princes and noblemen tried to get it. For three long years, winter and summer, they searched the whole world, but never found a trace of the lost princess, not even her golden shoes. At last the young Prince Sigismund, from France, whilst he was searching, came to the old woman's cottage. There she was sitting, dressed in black.

"Why are you dressed in black?" asked the prince.

"Our king has ordered everyone to dress in black on account of the loss of the princess," answered the old woman. "But it was really no loss whatever. It is true that she was wise, beautiful and rich; but everyone said that she had a proud heart, and that was the worst of it, because no one could love her."

In the meantime Adalina came back with her goats from the forest. As soon as the prince saw her he felt a love for her spring up in his heart, and wondered how a girl so poor and ugly could excite such a feeling. He asked her if she had seen the princess.

"No," replied Adalina.

"For three long years I have been thinking of no one else but the little princess," said the prince. "But now I shall not search any more for her. I will build a castle in the forest and stay here as long as I live."

Then the prince built a castle near the brook where the princess had lost her pearl some time before. One hot day the prince was very thirsty, and went to get a drink at the brook.

He then saw something shining deep down in the water. "What can it be?" he said to himself. "I must see what it is."

The prince bent down and put his arm into the water and brought up a golden crown with a wonderful pearl on the top of it. He then thought, "can

this be Adalina's lost pearl?" He went straight to the castle with the crown, and as soon as the king and queen saw the treasure they both cried out at once: "Adalina's crown! Adalina's pearl! Ah! where is our dear, beautiful princess?" Then the king said if the princess was still alive she would be eighteen years old. He began to think of the Red Fairy's gifts, and he understood at once what had happened. The king then ordered that every girl in the kingdom who was eighteen years old should come up to the castle and try on the crown. The one that the crown perfectly fitted should be recognized as the missing princess, and Prince Sigismund, from France, would take her as his bride.

It was not surprising that all the girls hurried to the king's castle, and did not happen to remember that they were a little over or under eighteen when that was the case. It was a fine summer's day, and no fewer than a thousand girls were standing in long lines in front of the castle, to try their fortune. From early morning until late in the afternoon the crown passed from head to head. All of them tried it on, but it did not fit a single one.

At last all the girls became very dissatisfied, and cried, "The king is only making fun of us. Let us play a game, and the one who wins shall have both the crown and the prince."

The prince thought this was very wrong and asked them to wait until after sunset. To this they all agreed.

Just before sunset one of the king's attendants was placed on guard to see if any more girls were coming up the road. After a time the prince cried out: "The evening is passing away. Do you see anyone coming up the road?"

The watchman answered: "I see the flowers bowing their heads to sleep; night is nigh. But no one is in sight."

After a little while the prince again said: "The evening is near its end. Do you see anyone coming up the road?"

The watchman replied: "A cloud is passing over the setting sun, and the forest birds have hidden their heads under their tired wings. The night is very near, and no one can I see."

Once more the prince called out: "The evening is passed. Do you not see anyone coming?"

The watchman said: "Far away I see a little cloud of dust. Now it is coming nearer. I see a poor girl driving her goats along the road."

"Let us try the crown on this poor girl," proposed the prince.

"No! no!" cried out all the other girls, who thought themselves much better.

But the king ordered the poor girl to try the crown on and see if it fitted her. She did so, and it fitted her perfectly.

Just then the sun set and it became so dark that no one could see what the poor girl was like.

But Prince Sigismund thought in his heart: "See, God wishes me to take this poor girl for my bride, and I will do so, because I have seen her before in

the forest with the old woman, and I know wherever she goes there is sunshine around her.”

All the people cried out: “Long live Prince Sigismund and the Princess Adalina!”

But many of them thought, “She is only a poor girl.”

When the poor girl entered the king’s palace with the golden crown on her head, the whole place was shining with light, all the lamps were dimmed by the beauty of the princess as she stood in her golden robes. When she had received the pearl she had also obtained the Red Fairy’s gifts again.

But, best of all, she was allowed to keep the Blue Fairy’s gift of a humble heart. Her memory came back, and she saw how wicked she had been before, and what a change had taken place in her, and how the poor, ugly girl was much happier in her forest hut than the rich and beautiful princess in all her pride. She begged her father and mother to forgive her for her past misdeeds, and as a proof of her changed heart she brought the poor old woman from the forest to her parents, kissed her and said: “The humble are rich in all their poverty; but the hard-hearted rich will be in want and misery in spite of all their treasures.”

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## “Geography for a Child”

from *the book of that name* by Peter Parley

**T**HE world is round and, like a ball  
Seems swinging in the air;  
A sky extends around it all,  
And stars are shining there.

Water and land upon the face  
Of this round world we see;  
The land is man’s safe dwelling-place,  
But ships sail on the sea.

Two mighty continents there are,  
And many islands, too,  
And mountains, hills and valleys there,  
With level plains we view.

The oceans, like the broad blue sky,  
Extend around the sphere;

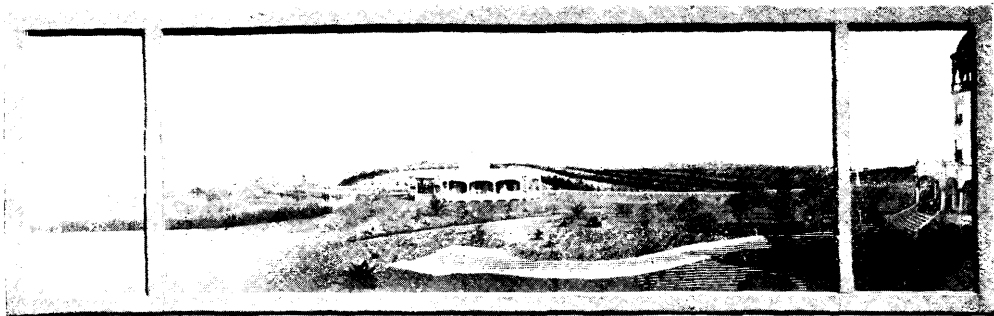
While seas, and lakes, and rivers lie  
Unfolded bright and clear.

Around the earth on every side,  
Where hills and plains are spread,  
The various tribes of men abide—  
White, black and copper red.

And animals and plants there be,  
Of various name and form;  
And in the bosom of the sea  
All sorts of fishes swarm.

And now, geography doth tell  
Of these full many a story;  
And if you learn your lessons well,  
I’ll set them all before you.

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A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchases of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust.

—DANIEL WEBSTER

# UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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NO. 12

## Higher & Lower Psychology\*

by Katherine Tingley

II

II

**I**T is necessary that these meetings should open with the statement that they are conducted by the original Aryan Theosophical Society which was established by William Q. Judge in the early days of Theosophy.

The Aryan Society carried on its work for many years at that great Theosophical center in New York, at 144 Madison Avenue. The Headquarters of the Aryan Society are now at Point Loma, where the archives of the same are preserved. Most of the staff are also here, and from this center are doing their utmost to perpetuate the great work of William Q. Judge. He is known throughout the world as the great pioneer Theosophist of America. Had he not been at New York when Madame Blavatsky visited the Western World, surely we should not now see The Universal Brotherhood established in its thousands of centers throughout the world.

\* From the stenographic report of a Student of Point Loma. The second of a series of lectures delivered at Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Sunday, November 24, 1901

What a force all this effort of ours must be, what a force must be generated by our united singing that Life is Joy, while the world outside is moaning. Surely it would be a greater force if all humanity really believed that true Life, that the pure Soul Life, is indeed Joy, that it is the glorious heritage of our humanity, and that in time as men evolve to a higher plane of the Universal Law and so realize their possibilities, life will be joy to a higher and higher degree. And so we, as Theosophists, propose to sing this Song of Joy down through the ages until it shall touch every human heart.

In following out the subject of Psychology which I introduced here last Sunday evening I have to meet many difficulties, because, as I previously pointed out, it is a study so profound that it will take eternity to bring it to the full comprehension of the human mind. If we move out into the world and look at the lives of others, at the lives of all peoples, if we go into the past and read between the lines of the histories of all nations, we shall there see the operation of the Higher and Lower forces. Then we come to our boasted twentieth century civilization. Of course when we take a superficial view of it and follow it in its two aspects of material and intellectual development, we may then say that this is after all a great civilization, but if we examine all the inner workings of human life we shall see that there are great gaps between them. We shall see for instance the great gaps which lie between the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant. We have already among us reformers galore. They are to be found all over the world, and they are endeavoring in many ways to teach the true economics of life, to readjust human affairs, to create better conditions for the human family. But in spite of all this we stand face to face with the records—facts which prove that in this twentieth century we have at best but an appearance of justice existing in the world. We see it in literature and in art and also in religious efforts. We find many men and women working in the best manner that they know and some of them are working very determinedly, and yet from my point of view, recognizing these two great psychological waves, it is quite evident and I think it must be to many, that the great mass of men and women are psychologized more or less on the wrong side of life.

I would not presume to say that everything in the world is wrong, but at the same time I am compelled to see that there are these immense gaps of which I have spoken. There is much disharmony everywhere. All things on the outer side are so separate, one from another, but in reality and on the soul side there is no separation, we are brothers because the internal law unites and adjusts all things. It is the brain-mind of man, and not the soul which makes these divisions and which then vainly attempts the solution of the problems which they produce. There are today so many different systems in the world that one stands appalled at the picture of the diversity of human interests.

As I have often said, there are books and books, preachers and preachers, each year increasing in numbers, and yet in spite of these we have an increas-

ing amount of misery, strife and unbrotherliness, all about us. It comes so close to our homes, to our lives, it touches closely our hearts. To set about to provide some general scheme whereby all these things could be remedied would be absurd. To try to tear down and to destroy all these attempts at remedial efforts would be equally absurd. To do so would require the united efforts of the whole of humanity directed against the psychological wave of disintegration which is overshadowing all. This wave is, in part, the result of the misguided efforts of many of the best reformers of the age. If they would acknowledge they had more to learn and would at this moment stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart with the workers of the Universal Brotherhood to meet the conditions which they wish to help, they would overcome this psychological force which in the ignorance of their hearts they have helped to establish.

Not one of us can escape a share of this responsibility—so strong is this psychological influence that the whole of humanity is engulfed in it. Why? Because from the very beginning of life, from the time when we first looked out into the sunshine and touched the hands of those about us, we were actually taught—it has been indeed a portion of our education—that we exist as part of a small family, and that there are families and families, and groups and groups, and nations and nations, and that they are all separate in interest and in condition, and so from the very beginning we have been building on the lines of absolute selfishness and separateness. It is sad but true that the little child is fed from the mother's breast upon selfishness, and in spite of her love and of her willingness to sacrifice herself for her little one, that mother breathed the psychological forces of the age—this life-wave of disharmony—into its very blood. This psychology, this great wave, had its birth far back in the past. It began with the thoughts of men, and its result is the unbrotherly life we see on all sides today.

A mother may be true and noble and devoted, and yet in spite of all this she is touched, she is hemmed in, she is imprisoned by that force, and she sees it not, and we do not see it until the results manifest themselves; until the young life has moved on from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, into the world. Then we see the results, then we see the awful conditions that have been created around the young life, but instead of going back to the seed of the injury, to its beginning, the cradle-time of life, we take that weakling and imprison him, and sometimes we hang him.

This is one of the many appalling tragedies which we do meet with day in and day out. We carry about with us the shadows of our mistakes in our own hearts, and surely we are not so dead to the rightousness of life, we are not so dead to our responsibilities, as to be actually contented with this condition.

Then we have been taught to judge by appearances, to look at the physical man and at the brain man alone, and we have ignored the life itself, we have turned away from the Real, from the Soul-power which looks behind the veil

and sees things as they really are. It is only because we have lost the power to discriminate, and because we have cultivated the wrong side of life all through the ages, and because we are doing so now in spite of our desire to re-fashion humanity, that we are able to view with equanimity these conditions of selfishness. In our selfish indifference we are unconsciously taking part in the crimes of the world, and yet we are absolute factors in these crimes; and so long as we sit still and permit these things, do we not continue to participate in and be responsible for them?

I declare to you that if we were to go today to the insane asylums and see the sad lives of the inmates there, we should find that they are hemmed in by the psychological waves. The influence of this force, although very small in the beginning, with many probably commenced in the narrow mental environment of domestic inharmony and by fostering the sense of separateness, and while the seed of evil grew, the soul was starved for want of recognition and companionship. We shall find that it is really the little things of life that have placed these unfortunates on the wrong lines, that have held them down in suffering and in disease. Let us go to our prisons and study the lives of the men and women confined there. Although we may pity them, yet we are horrified when we meet them. Is it not true we are horrified when we meet a man who has committed a crime, whose face is marked and disfigured by a passionate and selfish life? We do not then stop to think of his cradle time, we do not look back into his childhood and see what power it was that made that being what he now is, what power it was that has distorted his real nature. Is it not easy to see this power of disintegration in the mental and heart inertia that stultifies the Soul and keeps on adding to all the false conditions already existing?

Now, if we wish to work out the Higher Psychology — this remedial power — we have to look into these conditions in the most searching manner, and have also to ask ourselves to what extent have we been a part of them? How much are we ourselves responsible for them? And do you know, if we set about this on the ordinary lines, thinking ourselves to be merely mental machines, we may argue ourselves into the belief that we are quite free from responsibility for these crimes. "We never knew the people who have committed them," we shall say, "we know nothing whatever about them. We lived in another town, in another state; possibly even in another country."

We can easily do this from the ordinary standpoint, but if we will go a step higher and recognize that we are Souls, and that we are all part of the great Brotherhood of Humanity, then we shall feel our great responsibility, then we shall begin to study the true duties of life, and we shall be arrant cowards if we do not begin to work along new lines, thus creating a new order of life at this present time when the whole world and the whole of humanity is crying out for help.

Even in our own city, this beautiful San Diego, surrounded by all that is magnificent and inspiring in Nature, we hear of murders and of other crimes,



and it is quite a common thing here, to see on the street two or three young men in a state of intoxication, or a number of young girls who look as though they had never thought of anything except the giddy follies of life, training themselves on that line. Had I been working in this city as long as *some* of your clergymen have, I can assure you there would be fewer of these pernicious examples of evil.

Now right here let me say that these dreadful things could not exist if those whom we put in public positions did their whole duty. Pray, my good neighbors, remember that when I speak of some clergymen, I always accentuate the word "*some*", because I do know a few in this city and in other cities who are doing a good work for humanity.

I should like to see a continual pressure kept up in this city, until the people would unite with one main purpose: to undo the evils that now exist here, that thereby the evils of other cities might be undone, that wrong may be righted on true lines and so change the injustices and disharmonies which we see everywhere in the world today. My hardest task, when I get into touch with the wrong side of human life, is to remain composed and patient. Seeing, as I do, the simple remedy close at hand, it is then that I wish to lift a thousand voices to lessen the woes of humanity, of the whole race. I long to move this mighty wheel of effort in order to bring about the New Order of the Ages. I long to make each man feel that he is his brother's keeper and to realize that it would take but a little effort to make this nation the greatest in the world, and that all other nations would blend with it in spiritual endeavor, and we should have an International Humanity of Perfection.

I am often asked strange questions by public-spirited people, who are truly interested in the welfare of humanity. Yet if I were to answer all of them as I am expected to do, I should only bring about more confusion because I do not believe we can refashion old systems. We need new ones. But I hold that all teachers who are working for humanity can, at least in their own sections or among their own coteries, do something more practical on the lines of the New Order.

Now, in referring to the great question of Capital and Labor which has been near my heart for a long time, I know that, if I were to express my honest convictions I should add fire to the flame and that, until humanity better understands itself, I should only bring about more confusion. But there is one thought which has impressed itself upon my mind. It is that if the wealthy and the cultured, and there are many who are wealthy but who are not cultured, just as there are many who are cultured but who are not wealthy—if these classes would set to work and study the true economics of life, they could create a new and helpful force, they could set a new example in life which would modify all the existing relations between Capital and Labor. I believe if they would simplify their lives they would free themselves from the psychological wave of Mrs. Grundy, the despotism of public opinion, the intolerance of intellectualism and man-made conventionalism. If they would

begin to readjust home life and public life on the simple lines of right action, of economy and artistic beauty, this side of life might become a great educative force in the world, and the poor man who spends his life-blood in getting bread and butter—who even in this is under the power of Mrs. Grundy, inasmuch as he is forced to live along certain lines of appearance and custom—would find *a new secret in life* and in a short time we should begin to see a New Order in the humblest home; and it would be on a higher line, on a higher psychological Soul-basis. Working on these lines with those who aspire to do things soulfully, in a very short time we should see a change, we should see something new coming into the homes of the poor. There would indeed be a New Joy in Life and I know that there are thousands and thousands of wealthy men today who are waiting for just such an opportunity, and who would gladly work with the honest working classes whom we must acknowledge to be the bone and sinew of the nation.

If there is any man in the world I pity, it is the rich man who is not living the noble life. And here again I must move back from the outer world into the inner world and appeal to the women, the mothers and the daughters. Even if they have the will to be helpful they are often ignorant of the higher methods of true helpfulness. Their self-fashioned limitations prevent them from living the higher life. I hold that if the women of America, and for the moment I will leave out the women of all other nations, if the women of America would take up this work and believe themselves as looked to by suffering humanity to re-fashion and re-model human life, they could do it. They should commence in their homes, in the smallest departments of life, to work out a place of beauty and of peace—a place of joy, which would be a center of spiritual education, then the psychological waves of the Heart Doctrine would be so forceful and so great that husbands would give their support needed to accomplish this great work. With influences such as these they would gladly come into the simple, beautiful and educative atmosphere of home life, and they would realize at the same time that they have no longer to work so hard in the grind of life.

It is so simple and there are so many perplexing problems elsewhere that it is only necessary for the wives and mothers just to concentrate their minds on this effort to make the first step. I have seen it done in so many families. I am seeing it done on the Hill at Loma-land. It is there that the great ideals of human life are being worked out. It is there that the true economics of human life are being studied and applied, and where women and men are re-fashioning their lives for the New Order. It will take more than one, two, or three, more than a thousand, more than a million people to do this, but let me tell you that if out of this audience one-tenth part would go home a little touched, with my pleading so fixed in their minds that they could not get away from it, and would begin to readjust their home-life on these simple spiritual lines, there would be a new Home Psychology, a new force would go out through the streets, and through the highways and the by-

ways of the towns and all through the land, and then a new strength would come into this United States, and discord and unrest would lessen.

It would take more time than I have tonight to show you in word pictures the larger result of such efforts. How many families are there in this city that have never had a home-life, and how many in which that home-life has been jarred and almost broken by unhappiness and by death! If we were to get right down to the basis of things and enter into the quiet, private thought-lives of those who have thus gone on from day to day, especially the bread-winners, the men, we should find that there had been put upon them too many unnecessary responsibilities, not alone in their home lives but in their lives generally, because everything in human affairs is so much out of tune. Conditions are so false and unstable. Every moment some new demand is made which wears out the energy of the life and shortens it. And then comes sorrow. We find it too with the women and with the children, yet all these things, everything that comes in the line of sorrow, can be readjusted if we will it so. I tell you it is within the law for humanity to live on different lines. It is within the law that men and women should live to ripe old age and retain their vigor of youth. It is within the law that homes should be more beautiful and more sacred, and human lives more forceful, more spiritual, and that there should be happy, united families all through the land. Truly this glorious possibility is right at hand if we lift our eyes to higher ideals and reach out in simple efforts of brotherly love and helpfulness.

We boast that we Americans are the most practical people in the world, but we must acknowledge that there are many striking proofs of indifference and apathy among us. Yes, true feeling for the general good of humanity is often a dead letter in the hearts of some of our so-called reformers. All too often remedies are applied to public evils too late, not until hearts are aching, until death is near, until sorrows and disasters overwhelm us, do we act. We even wait until our President is assassinated! Surely we are aware of our country's danger, are we not?

What a picture it would be if the lives of even a few here tonight were to open up to our sight! O, how our hearts would ache!

To be sure there is unity and good-will and sympathy in the world, but there are mental conditions, due to the false education of the age, which hem in the minds of men so that even the greatest is blind to his own possibilities, blind to his higher nature, blind to the power he has to serve his fellows. I think that one of the real dangers to humanity is the fact that mankind has been taught for ages that men are born sinners. And it is this which has ingrained fear into mortals' minds all down the ages. Then, too, we have been taught the one life theory, with all its discouraging limitations, and so, instead of working right here, trustfully and hopefully for humanity we are actually directing our thought and energy and working toward a point in space. If the bricks in the churches had speech, at least one-half of them would tell you that they were placed there by supplicants who had asked the great God to

forgive them for their willful omissions, and to make smooth their way that they might more quickly reach that point in space, their heaven. Possibly the other half were put there by well-meaning men and women who thought they were doing their best but who were psychologized into the idea that they must build churches for the salvation of men.

Christ never built a church. He never told his disciples to build churches. He told them to make themselves living Temples of God. This he taught in the highways and in the by-ways and I believe, if he were here today, that he would say "My children, children of the One Father, turn your churches into institutions for the higher education of the masses. Make of them great educational centers for building up the physical and moral lives of men." And were this accomplished, I assure you that the Christos in every human heart would shine out, and then, truly, Christ would be among us.

Is it not plain to see that men have built a great barrier of their fears and of their sorrows? If we could only lift, lift, lift the weight of this false education that man was born in sin, that his life is limited to about one hundred years; if we could just lift men above the mental bondage of today, we could free them from the barren intellectualism of the age and thus establish a New Order of human life. Then their souls would begin to operate on the highest lines of noble service. Their minds would be removed from the influence of the fettering forces of the most subtle kind of lower psychology and joy would be in their hearts.

In considering other aspects of the present false education we have not far to look for striking examples. My mind dwells upon the recent assassination of the President of the United States, because the very heart of America was struck, and I know that in this case the lower Psychology was accentuated in one of the most pathetic tragedies of the age. And the man who assassinated the President declared that he acted upon the conviction of true independence. His one great cry was for what he called freedom and liberty, and, mistaken as he was in his ideas of what freedom and liberty were, if you will watch what was said and done, you may be certain that the man was absolutely convinced that he was doing the right thing. And why? Because he was psychologized. The real assassin was behind the scenes, actually putting the wicked thought into the plastic brain of the fanatic who was his victim. It is the psychology of present false education and a false idea of fancied liberty which is the curse of our age. This force is working in many corners of this country and I believe that we shall have more tragedies to grieve over. Probably we shall then be just a little too late, as we have been many times before, and that is the pity of it. Take the assassin of the President and go back into his life history. He had a religious education, and we all know what that was. Take the assassin of another President, President Garfield, and you reach another criminal, and note what excuse he made for his crime. That man too was convinced that he was doing the right thing. He too was psychologized. And if we could look behind the scenes we should find there too

the real assassin, the criminal hypnotist who psychologized his tool. *He* is probably alive today, and free. Take President Lincoln and his murderer, who with all his many mistakes in public life was said to be a good-hearted man, a man who was kind to the poor, who was known to have done very many noble acts. What do we find in his act? What did he say just before he struck at the heart of President Lincoln? He expressed the same mistaken ideas of liberty which were expressed by all the other assassins. He too was psychologized by other assassins who went unpunished. If we had the assassin of President Lincoln and the assassin of President Garfield, and if we had the assassin of the late President, and could step behind the scenes in their lives and back into their childhoods, we should probably find that their mothers were good, devoted women, but ignorant of the simplest laws which govern the mental and physical life—and their fathers equally ignorant.

Possibly, if we could trace the development of the natures of the assassins we should find the real cause in the little, uncorrected mistakes, the seemingly little habits which grew and grew until they became a part of their very natures. This may appear to some to be a far-fetched statement, but if you could go back to the real cause, it might be found in the indifferent or careless thought of the mother as to her responsibility during the pre-natal period of her child's life. Then you would learn that the sins and crimes of all ages were really commenced in the cradle.

It would be absurd for me to say that children are born in sin, but I do say that they are psychologized in weakness on the negative side of their natures even before their birth, by loving but unwise mothers, and later become an easy prey to evil doers.

Alas! it is too true that our so-called spiritual education is in many cases confined to an hour once a week—but one hour in seven days. How few of even our wisest and best women are there who feel it their highest obligation to separate themselves from their pleasurable household duties to train the spiritual will and energy of their children, so tied down are they by the false standards of home life. But when these children grow up to manhood and womanhood we are horrified to find the failure, the drunkard, the consumptive, the suicide or the criminal. These are not pleasant pictures but we should not shrink from them if we can learn a useful lesson and, through the knowledge gained, help to purify the coming generation.

What I am saying is not in the spirit of censure. Some, indeed are worthy of censure, but in the main these mistakes are due to the ignorance of the age. It is false education, this lower, so-called religious psychology on which we have been feeding for centuries that has, to a very large extent, brought about these serious conditions in human affairs. And so, with all my soul I would urge that every man and woman, even he who has lost faith in humanity, even the man who has lost faith in himself and is so much of a pessimist that he dare not think one week ahead in hope; to each of these I would say, "Look into the chambers of your Soul, for you truly are a Soul, find out the energy

and strength of your own manhood. Take time to think, not in the ordinary way, but deeply, within your inner being, and there you will find revealed the simple laws for the governing of a true and pure life. If we poor humans would only spend as much time in cultivating our higher natures as we do in feeding our selfish appetites, how great would be the result!

Have you ever counted the churches in this city? Do you realize that right within the shadow of these churches is poverty, misery and vice? It is true not only in this city but in all the cities of the world. Have you ever paused to consider why this is so? Is it not a fact that the simple truths of Christ, that man is his brother's keeper, and his injunction to love one another, have been obscured?

In the lives of many good people who attend the churches we can find the methods and the real essence of Soul-life, but it is held down by creeds and dogmas and has not the opportunity to fulfill its highest mission. Oh, if these good people, in their childhood, could have been taught the dignity of Soul-life, the glorious power of their divinity, they could, even in their first steps upward, have exemplified the higher psychology of the soul. Where now they are able to do but a limited amount of service in Christ's name, they could blot out much of the misery and sorrow at their doors.

If they had known their own souls, their own responsibility; if they had from the beginning cultivated their own higher natures, they could go back to the teachings of Christ, following his life, taking him as a companion, and today they would know their real mission.

Theosophy teaches that the quickest way to set about this work is to declare to humanity that it is divine; to say to each man, "There is soul-life in you and if you will to bring out that life, it will reveal to you these Truths. It will make clear every step you take. It will show you what is your duty, because at present, to a great extent, all humanity is working on lines of mistaken duty. Duty is misunderstood, in the same way as equity and justice, and if we could only free ourselves from the limitation of pre-conceived ideas which are riveted into our minds, we could move out into the free air of harmonious thought and action.

The things in which we believed yesterday, we should no longer believe in, and the false gods we have created in our home lives, in our commercial lives and in our national lives, would disappear in the presence of the new light.

My friends, let me tell you that you need not go to India or wait for the touch of a Swami's hand to give you that light. You would find it in yourselves, and inasmuch as your environments are all different and you are all evolved to different points of understanding, is it not evident that it would be unwise to establish a set rule of reformation?—but each one would naturally move along his own line of duty under the influence of his Soul-urge and in the light of his higher nature. In this way the real economics would be established, with the woman in her place, and the teacher in his place, and the preacher in his place, and the Theosophists in their places.

# Comradeship

## A Word About Student Life in Loma-Land

by Madeline



THE most beautiful feature of student life in Loma-land to those who have felt the utter loneliness of the world, often when surrounded by thousands, is the sincere comradeship which exists here. There is no sentimentality about it, there is no selfishness, no mere merchandising, it is friendship reduced to its lowest terms, which are primeval purity and simplicity.

When we think of what true comradeship really is, we see plainly that it alone furnishes a secure basis for the various institutions of the world. That they are not so based and grounded is proof, of itself, that a radical regulation is necessary. Let us think for a space on these lines, and arrive, if possible, at some conclusion.

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What the world most lacks today is true creative genius. If men are gods, "children of the Most High," as said Israel's prophet, then men are creators. Yet those who today have genuine creative power in any line, art, music, literature, invention, or organization, are so rare that we look upon them as curiosities. We say "This man is a genius," qualifying the words with an air of great uncertainty. We point to such an one with pride and feel honored when the Countess X. or Lady Y. invites us to meet him at dinner. And then we industriously hem in our children by false systems of education, to prevent, if possible, a similar catastrophe in their own

lives, this catastrophe of "genius," which might be defined as "the capacity to live in the higher, the godlike part of one's nature."

Those who know of the work done at the great Theosophical centre at Point Loma, are fully aware that the purpose of the Universal Brotherhood is to regenerate our institutions, our life. Its methods are radical; its aim is to make men free, to lead them to recognize the resourceful part of their natures, their own divinity, their own godhood, their own powers as creators of a higher life for humanity, a larger hope.

Yet the teachings of Universal Brotherhood are pre-eminently practical. They do not exist in the clouds, neither are the students nor humanity expected to subsist upon thin air. It is well-known that the world sets small store by ideals which are not practical.

Brotherhood may be a mere theory on Wall street or the Bourse; but it is a living, practical fact in Loma-land. Of it, comradeship is one expression. But what is comradeship? It is a something so rare in the life of humanity as a whole that even the word is not often used — which is fortunate, for it has so far been spared the ignominy of being mis-applied, and therefore, degraded.

The term ordinarily used instead is "friendship." But what is friendship, as the word goes? Too often it describes a mere sentiment which has no real basis, often a "debtor and creditor" relationship; and more often than we think, for we do not look beneath the surface as a rule, the "affection" is that of the human parasite for the thing upon which he feeds, the "affection" of the human vampire for his victim.

Rare indeed are the friendships that really pulsate with the life currents of the soul. In fact, so often are sacrifices made in the name of friendship destitute of the real spirit, that the word itself is somewhat irritating at times.

Are these sweeping statements? If you cavil, then explain to me the jealousies of the world. What means the "professional jealousy" so common among artists, musicians, *literati*, even our scientists and reformers? What means the rivalry of the business world, the jealousies, the heart hunger, and guerrilla warfare of the social world? If all that goes by the name of friendship in the human life is the real thing, then why is human life so sterile?

When Carlyle said, "Produce! Produce! Even though it be but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of something, produce it, in God's name!" he appealed to the god in man, to the creative genius within him. When Plato said, "The good and wise seek to perpetuate themselves, not by children, but by good and noble deeds," he, too, recognized the god in man and the divine desire to bring something new into the world from that higher plane where dwelleth compassion and peace. The world today knows little about real comradeship. When we look for examples with which to point a moral or adorn a tale, we have to search the centuries and then take refuge in David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias. What a commentary!

Yet the real comradeship of which the philosopher dreams, does exist in the world today on Loma Hill. And when men recognize this fact, then will



they strive to find the secret and possess themselves of the key. The secret is the pure life, the key is unselfish service, so simple that poor humanity will not believe it and thinks the secret to be something else.

Perhaps in this comradeship that exists between the students of Loma-land we find the main reason why life here is so much richer, so much more satisfactory, than life in the world. True comradeship brings something into life that was not there before. It produces something and the resultant is not simply A *plus* B, not simply A's knowledge of human nature added to B's capacity for service, not simply A's Latin *plus* B's Greek. Not at all. Rather must it be stated thus: A, reinforced and set afire by B, *plus* B, reinforced and set afire by A; total, an infinite something which cannot be perceived by the senses, nor limited by definition, nor expressed in words, save negatively. For the resultant is something that has never been in the lives of A and B before, but which, being added, makes their life fuller, richer and of much more use in the service of humanity. It cannot be measured or defined, for who can estimate results when a fire is cast into the earth, who can make an equation in terms of the future when something is set a-growing in the human heart?

True comradeship is the basis of the institutions of life. The shells that go by that name will one day, not far distant, crumble and break away. Then will humanity in its despair turn towards the Builders of Loma-land. And these students, who are friends and comrades in the truest sense will re-establish the institutions of life on a secure basis, on the rock of soul-life, and something will come into human existence that was not there before.

Life then will be no longer sterile, and hard, but full and pure and free—the matrix of a greater hope, a higher possibility, a larger life than ever existed before. THE NEW ORDER OF AGES is to be something more than merely a revival of ancient glory and ancient good, it implies the actual creation of something which life in ancient days did not possess.

Life will be limpid, transparent, divine, when men shall live as comrades and as souls. For the comradeship that exists among the students in Loma-land is not a mere sentiment, nor an empty word. It is a potent force, actually creative of the power to carve new pathways to the regions of the soul, through that lightless, barriered jungle called human life.

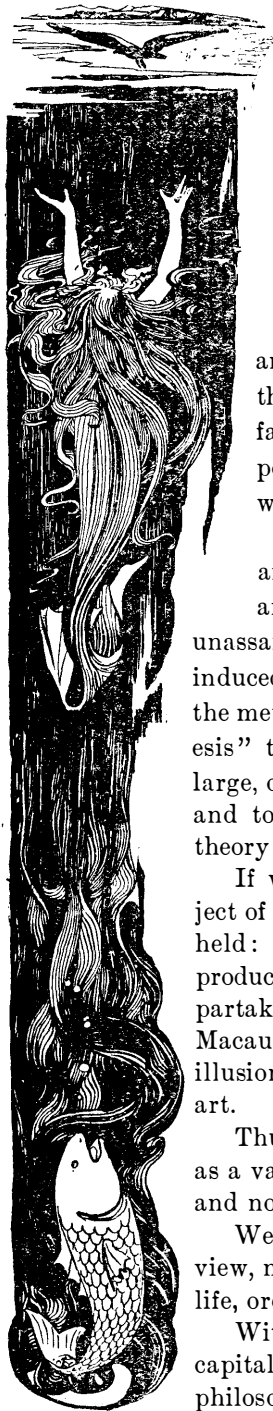
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The morning drum-call on my eager ear  
Thrills unforgotten yet; the morning dew  
Lies yet undried along my field of noon.  
But now I pause at whiles in what I do,  
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear  
(My work untrimmed) the sunset gun too soon.

—R. L. STEVENSON

# The Philosophy of the Sublime

by H. T. E.



“THE Sublime” is a phrase that is applied to certain moods and to the objects that arouse them. These moods are temporary and evanescent, having no substantial and lasting relation with life as we know it. Hence they are by many relegated to the category of things fanciful and delusive, where they serve as ideals for the poet and artist and as will-o'-the-wisps to allure men with an occasional fitful gleam.

It is our present purpose to seek the cause, the nature and the import of these feelings of sublimity. They are common to all humanity, and should be treated as unassailable facts from which a philosophy may be safely induced. It behooves people living in a scientific age to use the methods of science; that is, to frame a “working hypothesis” to account for the facts before them; to confirm, enlarge, or reject that hypothesis in the light of further facts; and to consider it as established in default of any better theory offering itself.

If we examine the ideas of current thinkers on the subject of the sublime, we shall find the following theory largely held: that sublime ideas are artificial and delusive states produced in the mind, having no real relation with life, and partaking of the nature of intoxication. For example, take Macaulay’s definition of poetry as the art of producing an illusion upon the mind, and Tolstoy’s notions on music and art.

Thus, to put it concisely, this theory depicts the Sublime as a vain dream and an abnormality, ordinary life being real and normal.

We propose to offer as our working hypothesis the contrary view, namely, that the Sublime consists of glimpses of real life, ordinary life being abnormal, or rather, infranormal.

With regard to the former theory, we believe that it is a capital example of a great fallacy peculiar to all materialistic philosophy. This fallacy is the notion that there can be an

illusion without a corresponding reality, a shadow without a substance, a copy without an original. We believe that it is impossible for a man to conceive what cannot be, and that all conceptions and ideas represent actualities. The dreams and visions of a brighter, nobler life that all experience in rare moments, and that artists depict and poets sing, are not idle fancies representing non-existent and impossible things, but memories of what was, forecasts of what is to be, or visions of what elsewhere is.

We postulate, then, a real life, better, grander, happier than what is called normal life; and consider "the Sublime" as the fleeting and imperfect foretaste which now represents all that we can attain of that life.

But let us keep to facts and to the realities that alone can interest men, and not sail away into the realms of unapplied and inappreciable speculation. The one great fact from which there is no escape is the fact of one's own existence. Theorize as we may, speculate as to origins and ends, question God's justice—the *fact* remains that here we are and must live our life, willingly or unwillingly. Also, we know when we are happy, and when we are miserable; we like to be happy, we *must* be happy. Give a man a feeling of real happiness, and he will not ask for more, nor try to reason it away. It is a real fact that he has got and needs no propping up with arguments.

Now, it is a fact that the average life of man, as he is today, is not ideally happy or noble or wise or beautiful. And it is a fact that, in rare moments of inspiration we have tastes of a life that is all of these. If those glimpses could become full visions, and that fleeting life a permanent existence, we should be happy, and the saying, "Life is Joy," would pass from an ideal into an actuality, from a paradox into an axiom.

Man is only half alive. Occasionally he warms up for a moment into fuller life, but only to relapse into his customary dormancy. Can he be awakened? The answer in the affirmative forms the root-principle of Theosophy and the motive-power of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. Man is a far grander and happier being than he knows, but he sleepeth. Let us awaken him!

All religions represent man as having fallen from a former glorified state into a state of ignorance and drudgery; but as destined to rise again to a state made yet more glorious by the added meed of toil and pain. This is what is symbolized by Eden, the Fall, and the Redemption—sacred emblem, revealed by every religion, by every priestcraft degraded into a dogma. Let us reinstate it as a symbol of man's origin, nature, and destiny.

The sacred fire once breathed into the clay still smolders in the breast of man, nor can any load of earth smother it. It urges him ever on toward the ideals enshrined in the heart-temple where it burns; and it will surely regenerate the whole being and become a glorious sun once more.

Man is still a "living Soul," despite his "coat of skin." That living Soul reveals itself in dreams of beauty and bliss, but the conditions of its shrine

and the turmoil of daily life soon smother the light. *The purpose of Theosophy and of the Universal Brotherhood Organization is to evoke the Soul of Man, to call it back to dwell in a shrine meet to receive it, and to make life on earth once more a joy.* Thus will "the Sublime" become a permanent reality.

How, then, can the lost Soul-Life be restored? By finding out the necessary conditions and providing them. For no power can manifest itself unless the proper conditions are observed. Electricity cannot be had where damp reigns and rust clogs. Music cannot be evoked by broken strings. The Soul cannot shine, nor flash, nor resound amid a chaos of human emotions and a conflict of hearts. The analogy of the orchestra will serve us best. The condition for the manifestation of Soul is *Harmony*. For the very breath and being of the Soul is Music. As various tones blended yield entrancing harmony, so various hearts blended in accord yield that sublime harmony of being that is the true Life of Joy.

Brotherhood is the known watch-word of Theosophy; but, for Brotherhood, Theosophy has a motive that is more inspiring than the customary incentives. We are to blend our interests and subordinate our jarring personal notes—not merely that all may eat a fair share of bread and butter and work three hours a day, not because Jesus said so, or because it is right—but that the Soul may be evoked, that man may live.

But men have lost the key to harmony; they do not know how so to blend their aspirations and doings as to evoke Soul-Music. Their attempts at harmony are blundering, and often a mere repetition of their customary personal and disunited action. Again taking the symbol of the orchestra, we may illustrate men's strivings after harmony thus: They all try to play the same tune on the same instrument. They exchange instruments, you playing my fiddle for me, and I relieving you of your duties with the flute. They try to arrange conditions under which each man may play his own tune uninterfered with by the rest. All these mistaken methods are capable of yielding some variety of noise, but not harmony.

To produce harmony in an orchestra, each player must have in mind the tune that is being rendered, and must have an attentive ear to the general effect. The performers do not try merely to keep together, but they all strive after a common result. Also it is well that they should have a conductor to mark time and supervise with his watchful ear the general result.

So, in the co-operation of our lives, we must have a common aim to bind us together. Mere attempts to co-operate for the sake of co-operation, are insufficient. A group of workers all anxious to finish a piece of work will co-operate better and yield better and quicker results than a body of men whose only object is to work together without regard to the end.

The chief cause of the failure to achieve brotherhood is this lack of a common goal of aspiration. If each man strove to evoke the Soul, then all would be blended in their common striving. Again, there must be the aspiration after something higher than what is. If the aim is mere bread and butter

and peace and plenty, then there will be a leveling down rather than a leveling up, and we shall have a typical social Utopia of dreary monotone.

The Sublime is too vast and expansive to be cultivated by a single mind and a single heart. The recluse, the solitary student, the sequestered poet, be they ever so ethereal and ecstatic, will never achieve the sublime. They will achieve a narrow form of intoxication which will not fit the needs of other people, and they will be ignored or laughed at. The Soul needs a Temple built of many hearts, and an organ in which each life is a separate tone.

Music is not the jarring of dissonant sounds, nor the unison of many identical tones; it is the blending of diverse but consonant notes. Soul-music is evoked by the accord of diverse but sympathetic hearts.

The presence of soul-music can be known by the joy and sublimity it breathes. For, as grand music is to noise, so is the true Soul-life to the clashing life of the modern world.

Are we not weary of a life that is a monotony, when not a burden; where pleasures first warm, then burn, then poison; where people cannot move without treading upon each other's toes; where aspiration and speculation lead to vast, inapplicable philosophies and whole libraries of word-books; where poetry is material for critics, and art copies the antique, or slavishly depicts the outer crust of nature; where everything ends in nothing?

How hard we have striven, by shutting ourselves up with our books and our dreams, to blot out the jarring world and conjure up some sweet breath of that fragrant and invigorative air that the ancients breathed in the days when their Soul-life took form in those buildings and symbols that now you pore over in helpless wonder. *Our* life expresses itself in sky-scrapers and factory chimneys, and can only copy and burlesque the art of others greater than we.

Strive, then, no more to ape the emblems of the spirit that was, but evoke anew that spirit in modern life. Seek the "Sublime." We are all sick to death of the vulgarity, pettiness, paltriness and precision of modern ideas. Let us breast the wave of generous reaction and revolt against the mean and narrow life of selfish care. True life laughs at death and change; these are but incidents; the Soul wills all happenings for the purposes of its own experience; it is superior to all and can outlive all obstacles and shine down all clouds. Let us throw off the sordid sentiments that have poisoned our very gospels and turned the sublime truth of the Union of Souls into a servile meekness or a noisome itching to do somebody else's duty. Let us blend our hearts and bring back to earth the lost *Soul-music*.

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Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and impels us for a moment to gaze into it.—CARLYLE

It will be in and through music that human thought will be carried beyond the point it has hitherto reached.—J. H. SHORTHOUSE

# The Voice of the XXth Century\*

by Herbert Coryn



A NEARING of men to each other's hearts—is not that an increasing characteristic as the years go by? It is evident that the XXth century is going to be a time entirely distinct from the now dead XIXth century.

The XIXth century has left us a legacy of full-blown evil which is rapidly becoming unsupportable; but lying hid amid its rank weeds are the seeds of things infinitely grander.

Men are not accustomed to watch themselves; if they were, they would feel that they were in an utterly different atmosphere to that which prevailed ten or twenty years ago. It can be more clearly got at by thinking of the corresponding period to our own in the lives of our fathers and mothers.

In those we are associated with, we are more and more frequently conscious of the *man* behind the *person*, the heart within the outer make-up of habit. The "Voice of the XXth Century" is an appeal from man to the Law and to his fellow-man for more of this heart-touch.

There are external signs of this nearing of soul and soul, and they can be read by those who will look intelligently upon life. We all have intelligence enough to understand anything, if we will but use it, and break through the fear of being thought to be lunatics.

Look at the trend of scientific inventions; and let us in studying them take as a key the idea that these inventions do not occur casually; and that they are not only a response to human material needs, but are the outer representatives and symbols of something corresponding to them going on in men's *consciousness*.

This present may be called the "age of electricity," just as the last was perhaps the "age of steam," where steam took the place of horse-power.

\* An address given under the auspices of the Aryan Theosophical Society in Fisher Opera House, San Diego, Cal., Feb. 16, 1902.

What are called "ages" move quickly now. I think that these "ages" marked respectively by the use of horse-power, of steam, and of electricity, are just as really definite epochs as the "stone," "bronze," and "iron ages" of the anthropologist. But *those* ages took thousands of years to go by; *these* ages take but decades. The rush of the evolution of humanity is a hundred and a thousand fold quicker than in the past.

But what are we doing with steam and electricity? Are we not using them to get closer to each other? The ever quickening railway trains link state to state and country to country as never before in human history; the ships, speedier day by day, link continent to continent; telegraph and telephone almost destroy distance; and now both these bid fair to need but two instruments—for reception and transmission—linked only by a path in the ether, instead of by a thousand miles of laborious wire.

So we are brought nearer to each other. And the inventions in electricity that enable us to transmit our thoughts in a moment are the outer symbols of an inner evolution by which in these later days the minds of men are more and more closely linked. There is a unification of minds and hearts, and a yearning for it, which has shown itself in such universally and divinely based occurrences as the Hague Peace Conference, the Chicago Parliament of Religions, amicable conferences between diverse religious bodies to agree upon the points of community, and the fading out of the hard lines of political party.

As it were, mechanically, trade is showing us the white flag of promise that foretells the ultimate destruction of war. So the voice of the XXth century calls us to prepare forever closer and closer union of minds and hearts, to keep the Light of Brotherhood burning, that we may be with and not against the *Power of the Ages* now coming forth to a new conquest. The experiences of men shall soon be a common stock of knowledge; great minds that have carried their light into the dark fields of the unknown and found there the answering Light of Being, will, by the mere fact of the new universal receptiveness involuntarily communicate their joy to all peoples; and so, to the people, a mere word will open out the vistas and break up the walls that have hedged in their comprehension. We shall not feel that the dead are dead; our new attitude, and the thinning veil, will make the way easy for the dead back again, and quickly, into reincarnation amongst us. We shall say that the departed comrade is but refreshing himself ere he takes a new garment of flesh.

All this is the promise of our growing unity. Humanity is drawn up at the doorway of new things; but as yet it has its back to the light thence streaming. It will not go to its heart, the place of strength, the place of the light of hope. What is *known* in the heart is what is *hoped* in the mind. And the mind is the selfish; the heart the universal. Men feel in their hearts the stir of the *universal* promise, the movement of the wings of the *universal* spring-time. Their minds answer to it, without understanding the universality of the thing. We dwarf it into the hope that some great or pleasing thing may be about to happen to us *individually*, in the mere outer affairs of our personal lives.

But the "Voice of the XXth Century" is the urge to forget, when that heart-stir of hope comes, the affairs of the personal life—for a moment—and to go out, on the wings of the heart, over all peoples and countries, in the thought: "*together* will we rise into the light, as *together* we have been so long in the dark." If we do not do that, we shall find, when *no* change comes over the affairs of personal life, a worse hopelessness than ever. Hope, if it is not shared with humanity, becomes black despair. If it *is* shared, by the outgoing of thought, it becomes a steady light which, though it does not change the affairs of our personal lives, irradiates one and all of them, throughout the day, with joy.

At the close of the XVIIIth century, a universal hope of a better day for humanity went quivering along the hearts of all nations; and there was a sudden chance. But the force that might have brought about a new birth and a universal joy was seized and twisted in craft and ambition; a few turned to their own ends a force that might have freed mankind; and the night closed in again. The new force that had entered men's lives and minds from the Universal Heart was expended in two ways: first, as the passion of bloodshed; second, as the force that gave the new and mighty birth to science that has occurred in the last one hundred years.

Now the wave has returned to the charge. Again the train is laid; again men's hearts are ready. The divine thrill is coming as it came a hundred years ago. It was not then all wasted; *it brought a nation into being under Washington*. That was worth doing; if the men of that nation will now become like the great, unselfish patriots of that time, there will be recompense for all that the world suffered a hundred years ago. Then this nation may pass unhurt through the temptation of selfishness, and may be fitly symbolized by the white Goddess of Liberty, protectress of the mounting destinies of *all human life*; not a Goddess of Peace, but holding in one hand the light of hope and in the other a drawn sword. It is only later, when her work is further advanced, that she shall be permitted to transform herself into the winged Goddess of Peace, olive-crowned and palm-bearing.

It is well for us to be prepared for all that may come. High buildings do not fall silently or crumble neatly into invisibility. If there is an Angel of Light abroad, there is one of Darkness. Past will rise up and contend against future. The great armed forces of the old nations are the physical equivalents and symbols of individualizing selfishness, and national grasp and exclusion. This is coming everywhere to a head. When the explosion point comes, will the lovers of human liberty, those who have seen the light beyond the clouds, do as they did before—lose heart, say there is no hope for humanity, withdraw their message, shrink into relative extinction, and leave the field once more to the Old Order and its exponents? Because of that, last century, when the confusion passed, when men were tired of bloodshed, cried out for peace, and were ready for the message, they were shown no new way, and almost the Old Order settled down again about their lives. Those who love humanity will see to it, whatever comes, whatever the crash, that a new



way is opened beyond the smoke; they will keep alive the hope in their hearts, keep sending it out in their words and thoughts; and then, when the moment of expectant silence comes, they will send their message throughout all nations. And so it will be heard, and no effort will be counted as expended in vain.

Most men, when they see anything falling, are inclined to say: "Now nothing is left standing." They should say: "Now a way is opened for something greater, which is surely coming." A Professor Pearson says: "The Bible is not infallible; its stories are myths, and its miracles impossible." He voices the tendency of the times in religious matters for the last fifty years. Then the religious world is shaken, and cries out that if this man makes his words heard, the foundations of religion will be swept away from mankind. So they attack Pearson and all Pearsons, and there is much smoke of battle. But the truth will come forth the clearer. Men will stand back from the conflict, not caring which side prevails, for they will presently feel a new thing, a Light of which Christianity is one expression and another creed another, and of which the highest and last has not yet been said. Even if the Bible decayed and were no more read, the religious spirit would be untouched.

Did not Christ say: "My peace I leave with you," and: "I am with you always, even unto the world's end?" Did he not promise to leave in the world "The Comforter?" True Christianity cannot be killed, nor is it within the covers of a book. It is consciousness of the presence of the world-Christ, and of the indwelling heart-Christ of the individual. If a man has not within himself a consciousness of the possibilities and containment of life, no book can give it to him. At best, books awaken man to what is already within him. This consciousness is one that in this XXth century will grow and grow, till by the XXIst it will be an assured certainty, manifested in a new light in men's eyes, a new pulsation of joy in all hearts. It will grow clearer and clearer till sickness and death cannot touch it. At last death will be seen to be but a slipping off of the veil of flesh, and a *clearing* instead of a *darkening* of consciousness. The gates of death and rebirth will be passed without a jar, and men will know themselves as eternal children of life, forever learning and growing, and now about to enter upon the delayed heritage of joy. It is not in the scheme of nature that death should be more difficult or painful or shadowed, than the gentle pathway of sleep.

Katherine Tingley has spoken more than once of the ways in which men and women are psychologized, and psychologize themselves. No scientific training rids us of this tendency and its effects. If we all got rid of the ideas with which we are now psychologically infected, we should suddenly feel like Rip Van Winkle when he awoke. You may remember that one of Artemus Ward's heroes languished in a hideous dungeon for fifteen long and weary years. At last a brilliant idea struck him. *He raised the window and got out!* I think that some time in the XXth century mankind will raise their eyes and see the window and get out. Our self-psychology prevents us from realizing the tremendous acceleration in its evolution that the consciousness of

humanity has undergone in the last hundred years; from realizing that the acceleration is continuing; and from realizing how entirely and instantly our destinies are in our own hands. We read and hear of evolution, and a picture arises in our minds of a path ages of ages in length through which humanity has crawled up to its present point from savagery. But suppose we have been hypnotized or psychologized by a word, and that evolution in that sense *never was a fact at all*. Do the facts show this ascent from savagery? As we go back through history, through Greece, Phœnicia, Assyria, Chaldea and other of the great Eastern civilizations, do we not find mankind pretty much as now; the same loves, hates, wars, preparations for wars; letters, arts, philosophy, music? The oldest of all that the twilight of history records in its own way is that of almost prehistoric Egypt. They had all that we have, and maybe some sciences we have not. Probably behind that again come some entirely prehistoric civilizations here in America; and the more we know of these the more astonished are we at their perfection. It is true that there is a chain of links, representing stages right back to savagery; but it is equally reasonable to suppose that these are not *rudiments*, but degenerate *remnants*. Among the Indians of this country, and other peoples called savage, we find systems of religion and philosophy that look far more like *degenerate remains* than childlike *germs*. And among all nations and peoples is the tradition that mankind has *fallen*, not risen; and that there was once a Golden Age upon earth. In that view the ages intervening between then and now represent the ups and downs of a struggling world fighting its way to the Light again; now partially succeeding, now failing, but always rising to a renewed attempt, led partly by its unvoiced memory taking form as aspiration; and partly by that unbreaking thread in the hands of the wise who have *not* forgotten, and who eternally try to show man the path he has lost.

Theosophy teaches that if we disengage ourselves from the hypnotic weight of the current ideas about evolution, we shall see that *that* picture represents the truth, *not* the other called scientific. And if we have once reached that new conception, we can see the possibility that the bridge between all humanity and the Light it has lost may be passed in a moment: as a man who has been the victim of a brain injury and wandered for weeks in total forgetfulness of his past may in a moment regain his memory and take up again the thread of his life: or as a man who wakes from a narcotic may look back at his late dream pictures, horrible and fantastic, and see that all the time they were but illusions, and that about him all the time was the sweet sunlight and the flower-laden winds. Nay, that latter is the more correct analogy. For the *soul* was never out of the sunlight. And the whirl of the past fifty years suggests that the moment of awakening is at hand. It seems to come sometimes to those who are dying; it seems sometimes to cling still about those just born.

Ideas are hereditary. We imprint our hopelessness upon our children; we stamp on them the feeling that they are but what they seem, limited to pretty much what the generations before have been. Do we try the opposite? Does

the mother hold herself in the mental attitude that the child who is coming is a soul of life, *life itself* in little; that that which is life never can have been death or not life; that it came out of that far shining past, and need not so utterly, as did she, forget at birth the life beautiful that it has revisited. What she thinks of it, confiding in the Divine Law, it will in its earliest thoughts think of itself: and if she merely thinks of it as a little form of sentient flesh, so will it act and think. For though all of us are souls, children of life and light, yet we come into the world weighted about by the psychologizing thought of ages, focused for us by our parents. Free in the upper worlds, we are hedged about in flesh, and we have not power enough in our fears and doubts, to break through. Yet that which takes away the power is the *suggestion* that is in the atmosphere of human thought about us.

Now let us be doing. In the spring of every year, when the sap is rising, and the life-thrill is in all the earth, the body of man feels it; unbuilds and rebuilds itself; its thought goes quicker with the pulsating nerve and cell. Let us, in the freedom of this pulse of spring, think new thoughts into the new cells that are forming. Let us transmute our rising life-tide into spiritual life, the life of hope, and, instead of claiming and absorbing that hope into the personal, think it out over all humanity. Then no disappointment can come; the shadows of the falling year cannot affect us; we are becoming positive to and repellent of all that tends to stultify the efforts of humanity; we are becoming lights in the dark, and, without knowing it, all men will be sustained in their moments of casual hope, helped in their hours and years of darkness. And when our own turn comes to face the momentarily dark gateways of death, we shall have become inaccessible to the shadows about it. We shall know ourselves as Sons of Light and Life. The spring of the years, and the morning of days, are times when thought is vivid, and we can build what we will. But for the children, all childhood is morning and spring, and we can help them so that autumns and dark nights scarce touch them or impair their certainty of hope.

To accept no hope *for ourselves* merely, but to think of it as a promise *for all*, that is the only way to bring it home into our lives. Everyone who does this is a cloud-scatterer; together they make a force which at some moment will break through the psychologic darkness and hopelessness of ages, and make men suddenly look up and say: "We have suffered enough; man's hand has been long enough raised against man; we will forthwith make a morning and a spring that shall endure forever. Unbrotherhood is the root of all pain; let pain pass, with its cause. Pain and release from it rest with us alone."

And that is in part the message of the "Voice of the XXth Century." You can hear it uttered in the still night, and in the pregnant hour ere the dawn, and on days that seem a little nearer than others to the Divine. It is a message of divine hope, but it calls upon all who hear it, and do not doubt what they have heard, to arise and proclaim it, that the nations may see a light in the darkness through which they have to pass.

# Our Duty

## from *the* Theosophical Standpoint

by T. W. Willans\*



**T**HEOSOPHY brings to us the Truth: and, from the Theosophical stand-point our duty is to live a life of unselfish devotion to the welfare of all. And our whole duty is not accomplished until we live to benefit mankind and all creatures, so making Universal Brotherhood a living power in our lives.

Is not this ideal, held before us and lived by the Great Helpers of humanity, the Saviors of the World, the true one for all Souls? How perfectly and grandly it was expressed by Kwan-Yin in ancient China!

Never will I seek nor receive private individual salvation: never enter into final peace alone, but forever and everywhere, will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout the world.

Theosophy teaches how this can be done; how, step by step, we can reach the perfect heights of true Divinity and accomplish the command of Jesus, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is Perfect." As sons of God it is our duty to take up this noble work and join in unity of aim and action *with those who are living this true life*, the Godlike souls of every race and nation. This is our "Father's business" which, when accomplished, will make *His will* "be done upon earth, as it is in heaven," and which soars far above the petty bonds of race and creed.

If we really desire to be unselfish, and to help remove the misery and ignorance now existing in human life, we can do so. Every one can help. No circumstance, no difficulties, no apparent lack of ability can prevent any one from making *the beginning*; from taking the first step to reach, in the end, the perfect heights of pure devotion, sublime compassion and Godlike helpfulness.

Theosophy is the teaching of *Right Action*, "*the quintessence of duty*" as the Teacher says. No one can be a *Theosophist* who does not live the truth he believes. More surely than in any other teaching is it true of Theosophy, that "*by their fruits shall they be known.*"

Our first Great Teacher and Leader, H. P. Blavatsky, said:

Theosophy leads to action—enforced action, instead of mere intention and talk.

In reply to a question on Duty she said:

If you ask me how *we* understand Theosophical duty, practically and in view of Karma, I may answer you that our duty is to drink without murmur to the last drop, whatever contents the cup of life may have in store for us, to pluck the roses of life only for

\* Address delivered at a Public Meeting, Sydney, N. S. W., December 1, 1901

the fragrance they may shed on others, and to be ourselves content with the thorns, if that fragrance cannot be enjoyed without depriving some one else of it. . . . . The profession of a truth is not yet the enactment of it, and the more loudly virtue, or duty is talked about instead of being *acted upon*, the more forcibly it will always remind one of the Dead Sea fruit.

This teaching is that of uncompromising altruism, without any excuse whatever. It is a recognition of, and an implicit reliance on, the absolute Justice of the Law of Life—Karma—that no possible thing can happen to us, that is not justly our due, that we reap exactly as we sow, no more and no less.

This sowing may have been in the long past, in one or other of our many lives on earth, or it may have been the result of our action only the hour before. No matter when or where it was done, every experience is absolutely the just effect of a previous cause set in motion by ourselves. That everything that happens is by Law and is justly our due, as the result of our own past deeds, good and bad—save in the case of those great souls who voluntarily assume part of the World's load of pain and sorrow and thus lay themselves open to the shafts of the enemies of progress—does not mean that no one can do an injustice to us, for such is unfortunately very common. Such a person may only be a factor, a secondary cause, a Karmic agent but the original cause can be traced home to ourselves, to our own acts. So when we trace back this unjust act to its origin, just as we may trace a stream back to its source, we would find it commenced in a mountain of folly or perhaps one single act of our own of exactly the same kind as was dealt out to us by this karmic agent.

And so the Teacher truly says it is “our duty to drink without a murmur to the last drop whatever contents the cup of life may have in store for us,” for in so doing we are paying off old debts or gathering in the result of a good harvest.

When this wonderful truth is known, and it *can be known* when we practically study it by *living* experience; and when we resolutely set to work with “Nature's changeless laws” till we harmonize our whole life with its mighty purpose of Perfection, by its means of love and wisdom—then the bitterness of life will leave us, and its *joy* be known. Surely, did all men know this, they would arouse themselves to heroic acts of unselfish devotion for the welfare of others, emulating the deeds of old; aye! and of the Master Souls of all time, and today we have the example of our Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and our present Teacher, who, like all the great Teachers of the world, have been maligned and persecuted by the heartless enemies of the Race.

It is part of our most honorable duty as Theosophists never to permit without protest, any evil to be spoken of a worthy brother and Helper of the Race. Such action would commend itself to all honorable men, between man and man, but a thousand times more is it our bounden duty to protest, when such malicious falsehoods are circulated in order to injure the *selfless* work of the “Friends of all Creatures:” and so *keep the people away* from the benefits of

their companionship and priceless spiritual and practical Teaching which, when followed, will remove untold misery from their lives.

We, as Theosophists, know these things to be true; and we will go on with our work, in action, and proclamation, until the whole world *rings* with the Truth, that Theosophy is the power that will redeem the Race and bring Joy and Liberation to the lives of all. Being the key to the Problem of Life, it will, as it is lived, solve one by one all its mysteries; until at last the Sublime Ideal is reached when each, with the full power and beauty of the Soul, will live for all, in the perfect harmony and peace of Universal Brotherhood.

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## The Purpose of Theosophy

by A. A. Smith



**T**HE purpose of Theosophy is to put forth and make known to the world the eternal and fundamental truths and principles according to which the Universe, the worlds therein, and the peoples thereon, live, move, and have their being. Theosophy as the word implies is the “wisdom about God for those who believe he is all things and in all, and wisdom about nature for the man who believes with the Psalmist that God cannot be measured or discovered, that darkness is around his pavilion.”

Theosophy investigates every department of nature and man, whether visible or invisible, and proclaims the laws which govern such departments, be they physical, astral, moral, intellectual, or spiritual. Theosophy declares man to be an immortal soul clothed with a physical body in order to go through its evolutionary journey, which is an awakening and unfolding of its powers, till he ultimately stands as a perfect being—a Christ or a Buddha.

There is then a double line of evolution within us, a material and a spiritual. Nature, including our physical nature, exists for the Soul’s experience and the reign of law is seen and justice made understandable by the cyclic return of the Soul in what is termed Reincarnation. For by the universal law known as Karma, whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap—the seed sown in one life will bring its harvest of results in the next or some subsequent life. If Theosophy made known only these laws of Reincarnation and Karma its purpose would indeed be great. For with Reincarnation a man can perceive how great he can be, what he can do, know and be, with life after life to achieve in; and the law of Karma shows how he is rewarded for meritorious efforts and deeds, and corrected for erroneous acts, all being an adjustment of his progress to the progress of all.

The study of these twin laws soon arouses the belief that there is no such thing as separateness, that we are all "parts of one harmonious whole, whose body Nature is and God the soul," and that being so we cannot live for ourselves alone. Our life, thoughts and acts hinder or aid the life and progress of the race to which we belong. Our true progress is dependent on our interdependence, and brotherhood becomes a manifest fact. To live to benefit mankind is true brotherhood, and he who so lives gives a secret sympathy from his heart which strengthens and encourages others to live nobly and bear bravely the trials of life. It is a knowledge of the glorious truths which Theosophy proclaims that shows us the possibility of living such a life, and the certainty that it can be done, as well as the power and joy that must be ours by so living. "Love one another" said Jesus: "Live for sake of others" says the Teacher of the present day.

A little quiet thought on these statements will discover to each of us the true purpose of Theosophy. It reveals that we are something permanent and godlike in our real natures, in other words that we are Souls; that, of our dual nature, the outer impermanent should be mastered ruled and guided by the aroused and awakened Soul; that such awakening is our destiny, and that we can assuredly assist such awakening of our Soul by persistent efforts to think, work and live at our highest and best. Also that such a result achieved will reveal our Soul powers and make known to ourselves our past existences, our present duties and our future objects of attainment. Once we realize that we are immortal and divine—Souls that always have been and will never cease to be—we shall live in conscious knowledge of our power to overcome all obstacles and to be a tower of strength and help to all that lives.

This is our birth-right as Souls. But to win this Soul-birth we, each for himself, must resolve to devote himself and his efforts in the cause of all, till the divine force within germinates, expands and ultimately bursts the corporeal fetters, and we stand as flower-born Souls. A start has to be made and sooner rather than later is best—and the first resolution made to live for the benefit of all is the beginning of the force which will ultimately purify our outer natures. We grow from within outwards, and step by step we see clearer and walk firmer towards the point where the truth and joy of life shall be ours.

But above all we must *do the deed if we would know the doctrine*. Papers read and lectures listened to are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, unless we try to make what we understand thereby a living power and guiding principle in our lives. By so doing we shall eliminate misconceptions and drive out the bogey of fear and superstition and get clearer views of what is right and true, beautiful and good.

To help us to realize all this is the sacred purpose of Theosophy. Day by day its power is being felt and responded to and hearts are recognizing all the world over that the life beautiful, the life joyful, the golden age is at hand. May we too wake up and not be the last to work for and welcome its coming!

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## “Work and Art”

by H. B. M.



TO most people Work and Art are opposites. The majority seem to think that work is something disagreeable, something we don't like to do, but are compelled to do in order to live; while art is pastime and that those who spend their time and give their lives to it, do not work, or at least to any great degree. This conception is based upon an erroneous idea of life, which arises in a large measure from false methods of education.

The first aim of *modern* so-called education is to find and educate the money-getting faculty, and if there be any time and inclination afterward, it may be spent in acquiring a knowledge of what is said to be one of the arts. These views are wrong and superficial, showing lack of insight into the purpose of existence, and of the nature of the Soul—in fact the latter is scarcely recognized.

To associate work and art is in most people's minds a strange contradiction, yet I am going to try and show that the artist is the truer workman, and that the future true workman will be also an artist; for what is work but the fulfillment and accomplishment of that which is necessary to the body, mind and soul. And is not art the expression, in the world of form, of the soul's ideals, which can alone be accomplished by work?

It has always seemed strange to me that we all permit ourselves to live in such ugly surroundings. It would be just as easy to have everything beautiful with not a bit more effort, nor expense, but the majority see no need of it, are in too great a rush after the almighty dollar, or have no sense of beauty, of symmetry, nor of grace.

Again, why is it so hard, so disagreeable, to labor, why does a great groan go up to heaven each morning as the toiler arises to enter his daily routine; is it not because he has the semi-consciousness of being a piece in a great human machine, a mechanical, soulless thing? And what a sigh of relief goes up each night when the day's work is done!

Why is this? Do the birds and beasts of the forest groan in the morning and sigh at night? No indeed! The morning air is filled with songs of joy and freedom by bird and insect, a morning hymn of praise; and at eventide an anthem of thanksgiving fills the listener with reverent peace, for it is a prayer from Nature, thankful for a day of joyousness, yet the day has been a busy one, spent in food-seeking and nest-building and in song.

Man alone, endowed with mind, the power to think, is sorrowful, weary and oppressed. It is because he does not live according to his higher nature,



because he has lost the power to live as a Soul, because in his ignorance he is a self-seeker.

If we look around in the world we find that of work there is in almost every case either too much or too little; some have more than their due and are slaves, others have none and are beggars. Both conditions are undesirable, yet under the present mode of life seem unavoidable. In modern Art there is much accomplished, much painting and sculpture, many expensive works of architecture and much beautiful music, yet one feels the lack of the fitness of things; most of our art is like a beautiful flower without scent, it is disappointing. Our statues are sculptured as perfect in form and detail as the originals; our fine architectural works are copies in column and cornice and general form of those immortal ancient ones; beautiful paintings, in exquisite color, are plentiful; and music, sweet and melodious, resounds from concert room and theater. Yet there is an absence of something unexplainable. Where lies the secret of lack of power to inspire the beholder or the listener? The reason is ignorance—willful ignorance of the divine nature—for all could know better, and back of ignorance is selfishness, cold intellect, calculating, imitative, commercial, external.

Work is "work" in the sense of drudgery because it is the demand of the intellect, endeavoring to accumulate unto itself, to fill to overflowing all the objects of the senses. It enslaves the bodies and minds of others for its own gratification. It dominates art and artists and makes of that which should be divine a slave, capricious and purposeless, imitating and copying the past, or when original, perverted, partaking of the fantastic, so-called realistic, the sensual and the unnatural.

Modern life in all its departments lacks soul; yet how can it be different until the power of the Soul is recognized? For a thing to be possible it must first be recognized as having possibility. Work and art are co-laborers and should never be separated, as they are today in the minds of most men in their recognized relations.

The artist works in the true sense but the average workman is not an artist and does not strive to produce a work of art. The artist is the truer workman because he does in a measure work from the Soul, though too often unconsciously, and the *true* artist, he who loves his art above everything, never finds drudgery in his work. It is a joy, a constant delight. As his creation grows the intensity and pleasure grow with it; the only sorrow is the knowledge of the lack of power to reproduce the perfect mental ideal in the world of form.

The first step necessary for the artist is the recognition of the Soul of things, his own first, then its unity with all. And the true workman must also first recognize this power of the Soul, and then, as does the artist, recognize the possibility of expressing it in his endeavors.

The ancient Greek made everything he touched beautiful, not by intricacies or by elaborations, but by simplicity. The Soul demands simplicity but

the intellect the intricate. The simplicity of the Soul is incomprehensible to the intellect—unless the latter become the truthful reflector of its rightful master, the Soul. The intellect by itself ever looks for strange and impossible meanings, for its creations are of that nature, seeking to mystify, and thus it fails to find the depth of true meaning in the simple creations of the Soul.

The Soul dwells within, unpretentious, but the Intellect lives on the surface and covers every available spot with its imaginings. The Soul shining in the heart of the artist-workman, sees unity and purpose in all things; neither work of hand nor mind stands alone, but is always a part in a perfect whole.

All artist-workmen see the perfect whole design, complete in their own divine natures; each sees where his part fills out that which would otherwise be incomplete, knowing that each portion, even though it be—but a single line, a single note, a single color or ornament, is of as much importance as is any other portion, though that other be greater in magnitude, requiring greater skill. How great a work of art would be were it the product of a workman filled with this idea of perfection, of the unity and soul in all! And is not this the secret of all immortal works; is it not the “Soul,” still existent in the now crumbling and ancient forms, which makes the modern artist in plastic art seek to imitate the ancients?

Why do we find everywhere the desire to imitate the Antique? Is it not because we unconsciously recognize the Soul-born power still living there but fail to realize it, and thus fall into the error of producing a form without a Soul, and then we wonder, when complete, and as perfect in every detail as the original, why it lacks equal power.

O ignorant man! Seek in thy Soul for the Ideal form and clothe it; then will the power and the glory of the Ideal shine through, illuminating the grosser outward shape, and the beholder will feel that Soul-born power and his own Soul will respond thereto.

Work and art must each contain the other, then beauty and joy will result. When Art and Beauty enter the work-a-day world, it will no longer be a world of drudgery, but one of joyousness. It will add to the unconscious joy and freedom of bird and insect the self-conscious knowledge of the Universal Law of Brotherhood. The morning, the noon and night will be only outward signs of the material world's rhythmic activity, but in the Heart where resides the Soul, eternal day will reign supreme.

As the workman comes to recognize his own nobility and the nobility of whatever life calls him to do, as he comes to recognize that he is divine and that true work is the fulfillment of the higher law, he will find a new meaning in life. When we all, as true laborers in our Father's vineyard, seek within for the light that alone can guide us, and thus seeking see the best and highest in all, we shall find the place of Beauty, of Joy and of Peace.

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# A Dream

by S. F.



I SAW in my sleep that a man, a child of earth, stood in darkness, with chains on his wrists and on his feet. And his soul was in travail because of his bondage; for he had bound upon himself three chains, ignorantly, not knowing the thing which he did. But now that by reason of bearing them he felt their weight, and understood how they impeded his steps, he would fain have shaken them off; but he could not, and the more he struggled the closer they clung to him and still heavier they grew.

A report had come to him of the Path of Perfectness and he would gladly have walked therein but for the chains which held him down. Even now, through the darkness which encompassed him, he occasionally caught glimpses of the first gateway which opened upon the Path; but struggle as he would he could not reach it.

At length in his anguish he cried with a loud voice to his Angel, praying for deliverance. And then I saw that the clouds were uplifted, so that the gateway could be discerned, though as yet but dimly.

Yet even as I looked the man was standing before the gate. Around him stood a circle of Beings, not like himself; for they were of the Illuminated. I saw neither their forms nor their faces—only their eyes, which were terrible by reason of their brightness, and which searched through and through that upon which they looked.

And they all gazed steadfastly upon the child of earth who, though he trembled, nevertheless looked unshrinkingly upon them.

Then one spake saying: "We are the Searchers of Hearts, Thou hast called upon us to try thee, Canst thou bear the heat and the brightness of the flame?"

"Yea, O Searchers!" answered the child of earth; "Yea, even though the flame consumes me let it burn away the dross. Let it melt from my limbs the chains which in my blindness I riveted thereon."

Then was the gate opened from within and one appeared on the threshold. But there was little light and the figure appeared dark, as were all those which seemed but as shadows behind him. Yet the child of earth approached nearer and holding up his hands he cried out that the chains might be stricken off. The figure reached forth a hand and touched them and lo! they fell from his limbs as threads might shrivel in the flame and fall away to ashes. Then the man stood upright and free.

Then were the eyes of the Illuminated withdrawn and he who had opened the gate put forth his hand and led the man in; and as his foot crossed the threshold the darkness melted away and the forms were clothed in white and it seemed a pleasant place. But a voice spake saying:

“Behold this is but the entering in. Though it appears light to thee by contrast with the darkness thou hast left, yet it is not a place for rest nor for enjoyment. This is but the beginning of the Path: thou art now to begin in earnest the ascent. Thou hast been searched and found worthy to enter; thy chains have been loosed. Profit by thy freedom in pursuing henceforth diligently the Path of Perfectness which now lieth open before thee.”

Then the gateway closed and I awoke from my dream.

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## Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



It has been frequently stated that Theosophy in its teachings of Reincarnation and Karma offers the highest basis of morality—a scientific basis of ethics; yet how is this better than the old saying—be good and you will go to heaven, or the threat that if you do evil you will go to hell. Is not the highest expression of ethics, to do right for the sake of right, regardless of the result, and irrespective of any hereafter, whether heaven, hell, or rebirth on earth?

**W**HAT is Right? What is Evil? If you do not know what is Right—how can you “do right for the sake of right?” If to you such and such a course of action appears right, who shall be the judge; to another it may appear wrong? It is true that the final tribunal for each one must be himself—the inner witness, the soul, but it is also true as stated in one of the sacred books, the *Bhagavad Gita*, that “whatever is practiced by the most excellent man, that is also practiced by others.” So that while man’s final tribunal may be his own conscience, his responsibility does not end with himself, but, by the force that lies in example, by the force of thought, by the influence of his life on others, is extended to all those whom he may contact, and ultimately the whole world.

The determination of “right” and “wrong” is therefore a matter of vast import. How may we know what is right? The man whose life is illuminated by the soul, who can distinguish between the promptings of the Higher and those of the Lower nature will say that all that is in consonance with the former or tends thereto is right, for the soul knows that which is akin to its own nature. But what of the mass of the people? How can they judge? How even do they recognize a good man, a great deed, a noble action? Is it not in the achievement, the result, or if these fail apparently, then in the attempt, the intention, while those who can look a little deeper will take into account the motive also.

In the last analysis “the highest motive,” or “action in accordance with one’s highest nature” can be known only by “results.” For “by their fruits shall ye know them.” It is important to note however that the external re-

sults are but a small part of the total effects and hence, while in many instances an index of the general character of the action, yet taken alone often mislead. Out of this looking only to external results has grown the pernicious doctrine, held by a certain Body as being highly laudable, of doing evil that good may come.

It is here that the Theosophical doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation cast a flood of light upon this question of Ethics and Right Action. Each one from his own observation and experience may know that the seeds of thought and action sown in one life do not all come to fruition in that life and also that a harvest is being continually reaped, even from birth, of seeds which in this life *we have not sown*. At the same time there is ingrained in the heart and mind of everyone a conception of justice and right, a conception of law, and so many are the examples of the reign of law throughout Nature that the contrary is unthinkable. And yet were there no rebirth on earth, there would be a gap that could not be bridged, justice would not be justice and life would become again hopeless, meaningless! The one teaching demands the other.

In the light of these two teachings of Theosophy we find man a fully responsible being, reaping from life to life the harvest of the seeds he himself has sown in the past and by the power of his inherent divinity sowing new seeds for future harvests. He may in one life suffer for evil committed in the past of which in his brain mind he may have no recollection, but deep down in his nature the relation exists between the cause and the effect and gradually the lesson is learned, so that unconsciously—as it *seems*—there at last grows in him a power of resistance which, when he again meets the opportunity of renewing the evil he feels, without knowing why, a repugnance to it and realizes that it is what it is—evil.

Then as man's knowledge of himself increases, as he learns to recognize the action of law and endeavors to make all his acts conform to the Higher Law, he comes to see more clearly the relation existing between cause and effect, and (for man is a divine being) there opens to him a higher knowledge of right and wrong irrespective of experience, for the light of his own soul begins to illuminate his life.

These two teachings give a *scientific* basis for ethics, for they are expression of the *laus* governing our being and they show the relation of *action* to the whole of life. How soon would a change come over the world if all could come to realize that out of their own thoughts and actions men and women have grown to be what they are with all their limitations, their suffering and their fleeting pleasures. There is no greater incentive to right action than the sense of responsibility and no greater power can be given to a man than the knowledge of his inherent divinity. Take away the theological teaching that man must depend on some extraneous God for help, teach him his own responsibility for what he both does and *thinks*—teach him, in short, Karma and Reincarnation, and you will have given him the key to right action and a sure foundation for Ethics.

## Mirror of the Movement



### New from Loma-land

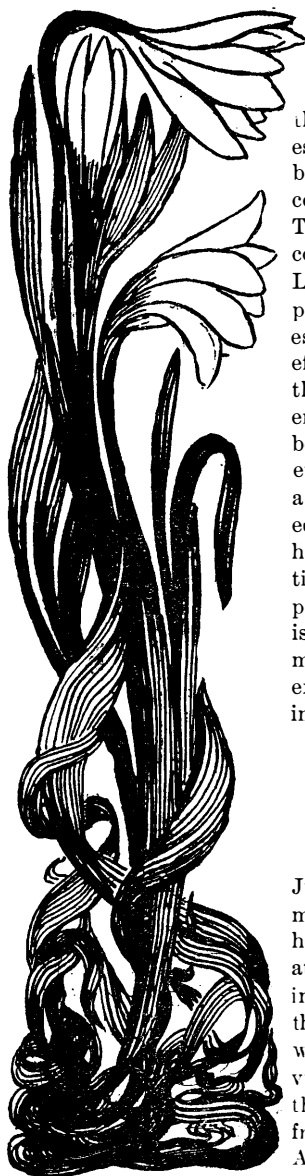
With the advance of the season the tourists come to this favored spot in increasing numbers. On several occasions it has taxed the resources of the Homestead to the utmost to entertain the crowds of interested visitors who desired to be shown the portions of the buildings and grounds thrown open to view, and the magnificent prospects obtained from the upper gallery of the Aryan Temple. This season promises to be the best that San Diego county has yet had, and as the majority of the tourists visit Loma-land before returning to their distant homes in various parts of the world, it will be seen that the enthusiastic interest they show is acting as a forceful instrument to refute the efforts of a few unprincipled people who are trying to confuse the public mind as to the character of The Universal Brotherhood. Latterly a most intelligent and unusual interest has been manifested by our visitors in the children's work, but if even a hundredth part of the number who wish to see these activities were permitted to do so the children would get no education owing to the constant interruption. All those who have been allowed the opportunity of studying these activities, in the ten or twelve separate homes and study-halls composing the Raja Yoga School, have been delighted and astonished with the perfection and originality of the arrangements for the comfort and health of the children, and the exquisite order and freshness prevailing, combined with the indefinable atmosphere of home life.



### Aryan Theosophical Society

Under the auspices of the devoted band of comrades constituting the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York, which was founded by W. Q. Judge, and now is centered at Point Loma, a series of Sunday morning meetings or services has been established. They are held in the Aryan Temple and all the students are invited to attend. The first was held on February 2 and was of a very impressive character. H. T. Patterson, one of the oldest of the Aryan officials, commenced the proceedings by a few well-chosen remarks upon the object W. Q. Judge had in view when he established the Aryan Society. J. H. Fussell, the Aryan secretary, then read the eloquent opening editorial from the first number of THE PATH, and was followed by E. A. Neresheimer, who pronounced a glowing tribute to the life-work of W. Q. Judge, and showed how so much of the

great success of the present work is due to the untiring, selfless heart-work of that heroic soul. The Loma-land choir then sang a couple of pieces, and a most inspiring meeting closed in silent meditation.



**New Buildings**

Great wagons are continually to be seen coming over the hills bringing loads of lumber for the new buildings, and preparations for their erection are proceeding apace. Not a moment too soon, for, as the work expands, the needs of all the departments extend and enlarged premises become a necessity. Reincarnation is constantly being taught by these practical object-lessons! Hundreds of applications for occupancy at the Homestead have had lately to be declined from want of room.

**Public Meetings  
at San Diego**

Katherine Tingley has been so extremely busy lately that it has been impossible for her to spare the time necessary to attend the great meetings at the San Diego Opera House, but some very interesting and profitable addresses have been given by her advanced students to large and attentive audiences. For many weeks the meetings have been conducted by the "Daughters of Loma-land," who have appeared in their beautiful classic dress, wearing garlands, and the stage has been set with a picturesque forest scene while rich groupings of palms, ferns and other plants have given a veritable Nature touch. Recent subjects of the papers read included "Harmony the Heart-life of the World," "A True American Reformer," "The Voice of the Twentieth Century." On February 9th, the series of meetings conducted by the women having terminated for the present, the chief address was given by a member of the Literary staff, on "True Theosophical Work for the Masses and Its Obstructions," a very thoughtful lecture which deeply interested the crowded audience. Some of the Raja Yoga boys also read short papers with an eloquence and force that electrified the listeners who are not accustomed to find youths capable of expressing themselves before critical audiences with such perfect clearness and self-possession and in such well-chosen periods.

**San Diego Boys'  
Brotherhood  
Club, Etc., Etc.**

On Saturday, February 8th, the San Diego Lotus children gave their first entertainment to their friends, and a very pleasant evening was spent. During the course of the proceedings a stereopticon exhibition of pictures taken during the great crusade of 1896 was shown to the delight of the youngsters. The Boys' Brotherhood Club, assisted by a few of the Lotus children, is now busily engaged on a more ambitious scheme, even the preparation of a symbolic fairy play, "The Dawn of a New Day," to be given about Easter. The Boys' Club work is extending and it has been found necessary to hold another meeting on Saturdays for games and a happy play-time, an addition which has proved very popular with the boys.

**Special Congress  
at Point Loma  
Dedication of  
the Amphitheater**

The beauty of the surroundings of the Amphitheater has been enhanced lately by the extensive planting of quantities of the beautiful, fragrant Yerba Santa which is so characteristic of this country. The plants were gathered from the hillside, and with the recent refreshing showers the delicate lilac flowers are blossoming freely. On February 18th a beautiful ceremony to dedicate the Amphitheater was held. Precisely at 4 p. m. the older children and a goodly number of the students, with a splendid display of national flags carried by the senior club, marched to the Amphitheater. The Leader was present and received the children, who formed a great line across the arena at the back. The women were seated behind, the Leader and the bearers of the banners stood in a long row half way up the tiers of seats with the colors fluttering in the gentle breeze. It was a most picturesque sight, and

though the company present, including the large body of children, was numerous, the seating capacity of the Amphitheater is so great that it looked almost hungry to be filled by thousands.

From the lower part of the beautiful canyon which is relieved against the blue Pacific fringed with white-crested surf, Mr. Neresheimer quickly advanced to the center of the arena and opened the Congress with a magnificent recitative in melodious tones. Then an event as striking as it was unexpected took place. Each of the children in turn unrolled and read scrolls containing dates of important happenings in the history of the Movement. One of the senior Raja Yoga boys, Hubert Dunn, read the first—the date of H. P. B.'s birth; the last was March 29, 1901, the date of the great meeting when Katherine Tingley spoke at San Diego in honor of W. Q. Judge, and there was a sufficient number of noteworthy dates to allow each child to have one to read. Their clear, youthful voices, full of hope and promise for the future welfare of humanity, were distinctly audible across the wide arena, for the acoustic properties of this open-air amphitheater are remarkable. How H. P. B. and W. Q. Judge would rejoice if they could see this time when such numbers of happy, well-cared-for children, who know of their noble lives of ceaseless sacrifice, gather together to do honor to their memories!



**Inspiring Words by  
Katherine Tingley**

Hearty cheers were then given for Katherine Tingley, and in response she said: "An event like this evokes the best in one's nature. The more deeply one can feel the sacredness of this hour the more one feels the power of the silence. It is in the Silence that our best aspirations are recorded. It is into the Silence of the Future, when I shall not be with you on this plane, that I would throw my best thoughts, my soul life. I would that all might be recorded of the history of Theosophy, of this time and of the twenty-five years preceding it so that men may know that there were warriors for the coming humanity. Look back and see how majestically those two heroes, H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, stand; how nobly they fought, and how victoriously they conquered! Does not today tell of their victories as we stand here a united body? Each year will add to the glory of the work, and if we but do our duty we shall continue to add to its greatness. Look back four years—an eternity seems to have passed! It is as if some mighty magician had touched the hearts of my comrades. But what has been accomplished is but a part of the great heart-work of the future. It is no commonplace struggle; when I look forward to the future years I gaze with hope inexpressible.

"February, 1898, at Chicago, was a time for men and women to declare themselves, to step out for the right or the wrong. The hearts of my fellow members were indeed in a state as never before, and *something* happened. So much hung on a moment. When one of our brave comrades stepped out and called for 'the previous question,' a great deed was done. We are now accentuating that act, for we are now on the mountain top of our effort. We have stepped out into the light. We are conquerors! We are here to stay. We are here to serve. So as we are accentuating 'the previous question' something new is happening, something new to us—something New is coming to humanity."

The Leader added a few words in which she said she wished to record the fact of the noble service rendered by Elizabeth Churchill Spalding, whose rare devotion had been of inestimable value during those critical times.

Mrs. Spalding said: "Comrades! Four years from today a great battle was fought. H. P. B. and W. Q. J. had both died martyrs and the life of the great Soul who dared to come was almost at the last flicker. At Chicago we threw off the incubus, and today see what we have! Look at the Raja Yoga School alone or the Isis Conservatory of Music for evidence of the work accomplished. I say, Bless the name of Katherine Tingley! May her name go down the ages as the Light-bearer of the Holy Grail!



Mr. A. G. Spalding, one of the guests present, though not a member of The Universal Brotherhood, was invited to make a few remarks, which were most appropriate to the occasion and highly appreciated by the listeners. In the course of his speech he said: "I have seen enough of this work to know that the time is not far distant when this will be a Great Educational Center, a center not only for intellectual work but for an all round development. I have watched the recent arrivals in the schools develop so wonderfully in three months that I wonder what will be their standing in three years."

Mr. Patterson then recited a Greeting and Salutation and the meeting adjourned. The Raja Yoga boys on their way to their homes filled the air with resounding cheers for their teachers and all the workers throughout the world. This happy and memorable day closed with a musical evening in the Oriental Room of the Homestead in which nearly every student contributed some share towards the common enjoyment.



**Raja Yoga  
Festival at  
San Diego**

On Saturday evening, January 25th, the Fisher Opera House was thrown open free for all to attend the International Festival given by the children of the Raja Yoga School, Point Loma. Naturally an immense crowd assembled and all were completely astonished and overwhelmed by the beauty and interest of the representation. After the great International Tableau, in which all nations were represented, the applause was thunderous and prolonged—a proof that the hearts of the people were really touched. But as a full account of this great event will be found in another place, it need only be mentioned here.



**Botany Class**

In anticipation of the coming forth of the Spring flowers the Raja Yoga Boys who attend the Botany classes have prepared to gather the various types of interest as they appear and to preserve them in a herbarium, thus forming the commencement of a fine collection for the Museum.



**Art Classes**

The Art classes have lately enlarged in numbers and scope and the staff of teachers has been increased. Some excellent work is being done and, when the Art school buildings are erected, the facilities for the highest order of Art study under the most favorable climatic and other conditions will be still further increased.



**Letter from a Point Loma Student, Universal Brotherhood, Fifth Year**

*Dear Comrades:*

I cannot tell you of the gratitude that fills my heart at the thought of my being here. I wonder at times why the Good Law sheltered me so benignly, for I bless the day that led my feet to this Sacred Spot.

Since I am here the slightest shadow of regret has never entered my soul. My life is a silent continuous song of Love and Joy. But you wish to know of the work. The progress of the work is accurately stated in *The New Century*.

But to me, the work which goes on in the hearts of the Students seems greater than we realize. To me they appear as builders of mighty Temples; their characters as walls of enduring granite taking on a new gleam and polish. They aim at more perfect and beautiful proportions and dimensions universal—grand. As I see the Students earnestly performing their duties I feel the Altar fire is burning brightly in their hearts.

But even so, with all the dear Leader's endeavors for Humanity's children, we never can aspire too ardently to become divine types of men and women, such as Helpers of Humanity should be.

One of her latest utterances was, "Strive for greater Selflessness, more Light and Purity." To become and do—that to me is the real work. Our opportunities to become increase from day to day. But I fear we lose many of them, for they steal in with a rush of events and as quickly steal out again. We seem to lack the keen discrimination that seizes and despatches the soul's experiences with conviction and fearlessness.

Another thing impresses me strongly, although it may seem so only to me. The New Year just lately ushered in, seems to present tests and trials, seemingly insignificant, but which, if accepted and won, bear the province of a rich harvest for the soul's emancipation.

The coming months seem to contain so much for all which can never be put into words but can be felt in the quiet dignity and grateful silence which pervades blessed Lomaland.

I am sure that a firm resolve and a deeper determination characterize the efforts of the comrades throughout the World.

A POINT LOMA STUDENT

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## Reports of Lodges



### U. B. Lodge No. 119, Louisville, Kentucky

Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 119, held its regular monthly meeting Sunday evening, February 2, 1902, with a fairly good audience, considering the inclemency of the weather, which seems one of the extraneous influences that gauge the ardor of spiritual intrepidity. It seems to be one of the cardinal virtues of Louisville Lodge No. 119, that the faithful are always there. The meetings are growing in interest, and the membership in proportion. The subject of "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" was handled in a very pleasing manner, and also forcefully put, by Brothers Wilson, President of the Lodge, and W. F. Gearheart, both of whom held the interest of the audience by about fifteen or twenty minute addresses. The Lodge-room was prettily decorated. Good music was a prominent feature of the evening's entertainment. The regularity of the attendants speaks more than words. The hold Theosophy has on them, and the clearness of the manner in which answers to questions are given, also shows the interest of both the questioner and the questioned. One of the main features of Louisville Lodge No. 119, is the neatness with which the caretakers attend to their duty, as the rooms always present a cheerful aspect, and it is a great deal to their credit that the success of the Lodge is due. Taking it all in all Louisville Lodge is doing good work; the regular Thursday meetings are well attended. Our Lodge will celebrate the seventh anniversary (April 26th).

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*

February 6, 1902



### U. B. Lodge No. 66, Sioux City, Iowa

Our monthly public meeting was held December 8th, in our Lodge-room, and was well attended. Papers were read on "One Life Under Different Forms," "Heaven" and "The Work of the International Brotherhood League." Music formed a part of the program as usual.

Our monthly entertainment was held on the 9th of December, in our Lodge-room, and consisted of the presentation of the second scene of "The Wisdom of Hypatia," and a musical program. Those who have attended all our Symposiums say that Hypatia was never so well given before in Sioux City. A number of persons were present who have not before attended the Symposiums.

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD, *Secretary*



### Universal Brotherhood Lodge, Stockholm, Sweden

We think you should be interested to hear how we spend our time and what is our nearest aim, so we give you a sketch of our working order.

We are assembled every Tuesday evening, from 6 o'clock to half past 7, but the program varies. Every second time we are working at useful articles, for example, skirts, aprons, etc., which we have in view to present to poor children for Christmas gifts.

Once a month we attend lectures upon physiology, delivered by one of our members, who is studying for a physician, and once a month we have declamatory exercises, etc. At the same time we have dramatic repetitions of a play, which is to be performed at our Christmas entertainment for poor children. For that play we intend to borrow some small children because there appear Brownies, too.

This autumn we have the good fortune to get real lessons in song by one of the members of the Universal Brotherhood, who is a singing mistress, and we are practicing to sing our beautiful Swedish country ballads, one of which we have just heard that you were especially fond of.

So we spend our time for the present, but during the past years we have practiced discussion, lectures, recitations and music, with great variation of program.

There must also be mentioned that we have a lending library formed through a testamentary bequest, and gifts of books and money.

Everyone of us loves the Club; here is always harmony and good comradeship, and if we sometimes cannot go to the Club because of school-work or other duties, we are sorry for that Karma.

We therefore wish to send you our most hearty thanks for your being the cause of the forming of the Club at your visit in Stockholm two years ago.

For all the Comrades,

MARIA MYHRMAN, *Secretary*



### U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

(Report for November and December). Meetings have been held regularly during the month on Thursdays and Sundays. The text-book for the studies has been, *The Ocean of Theosophy*, and at each meeting thoughts have been directed towards the subject for our Monthly meetings, and copies of *The New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH gleaned for master-keys. These meetings are always most helpful, drawing members together and developing intuition.

On November 24th we held our public meeting. The subject, "Man: The Warrior." The matter was excellent, essays were read, readings from U. B. PATH and *The New Century* were marked features. We had several visitors present. The points as to the warrior element illustrated in the flags of the nations, the prophets, seers and those great souls H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, were very forceful. Altogether the meeting was harmonious and very powerful. During the month, in conjunction with U. B. Lodge No. 4, (Everton) we gave a presentation of the Symposium "A Promise." The performance was excellent and we realized how great a factor these symposia are to arouse public interest.

On December 14, the combined lodges of Liverpool and Everton presented "The Wisdom of Hypatia." The preparation for these presentations is of especial value to those

taking part and all gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of the training. On December 29th at our monthly public meeting, the subject was "Rebirth of the Soul." Essays were read dealing with the subject from philosophical and Biblical points of view. Several questions were handed in and answered, and good music and singing of the "Brotherhood Song" brought a splendid meeting to a close. On December 31st, at 10 p. m., we met to greet the birth of the New Year. Readings were given from writings of our three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and we entered upon the New Year with deep joy and a renewed determination of faithful service.

December 15th, 1901

J. F. CROPPER, *Secretary*



#### U. B. Lodge, No. 4, Liverpool, England

TO KATHERINE TINGLEY:

DEAR LEADER—Whilst reviewing our work, on this, the 200th Theosophical meeting of the Lodge we, the members, are filled with the greatness of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, and with our own great privilege in being permitted, under the beneficence of the Law, to take a small part in the work. We hope that, by increased loyalty and devotion we may see more and more the responsibility which rests upon us. *Signed for the Lodge*

October 31st, 1901

GEORGE E. GRIFFITHS, *Secretary*



#### Boston, Massachusetts

SUNDAY PUBLIC MEETINGS—These are held every Sunday evening. The course of lectures completed next Sunday by members has been all that one could reasonably desire. Three Sundays were occupied in giving some idea of the "Movement which has been active in all ages," by talks on "The History of Theosophy." These lectures were very good.

Next came talks on "The Science of Theosophy." These were so plain, clear cut, and without technical terms, that they might well be printed in pamphlet form for propaganda work. They were a splendid presentation of the philosophy.

Then came a series of lectures on "Applied Theosophy," by Mrs. Southwick. The subjects of her three lectures were, "The Duty of Self-knowledge," "Individual Relationship," and for next Sunday, "Freedom and Leadership."

With our new improvements we now seat most comfortably a large number of people. The attendance at these lectures has been excellent, and we are anticipating next Sunday as usual a full house. Many of these Sunday evenings were wet and snowy. Our hall with its plants and flags, etc., looks so attractive that we are proud of it.

These Sunday meetings are opened by singing, then the reading of the statements regarding the Universal Brotherhood and extracts from the Constitution. Then we have some instrumental music on piano and flute, and sometimes the reading of a short selection from the *Gita*, and then the lecture.

MEMBERS' MEETINGS—There is a union meeting of the members of the seven lodges of Boston, Cambridge, Somerville, Malden, Beacon, Roxbury and Trimount on Thursday evening of each week. The Presidents of these several lodges preside at the union meetings in turn and assume the responsibility for the subject, instruction and entertainment of the meeting.

These meetings are opened with singing, and lately in addition, at the meetings of the Boston and Cambridge lodges, the recitation of the "Gayatri" in unison with the express purpose of doing our *whole duty*, particularly that evening, under its inspiring appeal. Then unfinished business and new business are taken up, each Lodge endeavor-

(Concluded on Page 716)



## The Story of Mabon

by Ceinydd Morus



### I—ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

ONCE upon a time the great King Arthur wanted to find a man. The man's name was Mabon and his mother, Modron, was a great queen in the days gone by. Indeed, whether it is right to call him a man at all, or whether he was a bright fairy, or even of a more splendid race than men or fairies, I do not know.

For Arthur had heard a whisper about this Mabon and the whisper was that he had been stolen away from his mother ages and ages ago, when he was a tiny baby; but was alive still somewhere or other, and would seem when he was found to be but a youth. And it said there was no one in the world who could do a certain work for Arthur except Mabon; and what that work was you will hear, maybe, another day.

Well, Arthur asked everybody he knew if they had ever heard of Mabon, but no one had heard a sound of him till that day. Only the wisest man in the country could give him any advice at all, and what *he* said was that the king had better send out five of the strongest and bravest and noblest of his knights to search for him high and low and up and down and far and wide, and perhaps they would hear tell of him somewhere or other in the big world. And that, the Emperor Arthur thought, was the best thing he could do.

So he called five of his knights, and the ones he called were these: The first was Cai (and that rhymes with "high"), and he was the best warrior

Arthur ever had. He was so wise that he could become as tall as the tallest tree in the forest, or, if he wanted to, as small as the weeniest ant in the grass. In his heart was so bright a fire that everyone who came near him became warm and happy, even if it was the coldest day in winter, and even if they had been miserable the minute before. He was so true and strong that no dragon could stand against him, and if any evil thing was so much as scratched with his sword no doctor in the world could cure it. And he could do other wonderful things, too, such as staying under the water for nine nights and nine days, and going without food or drink or sleep for as long, and that without any harm coming to him. And him Arthur chose to be the leader of the five.

And the second was called Bedwyr (and you must call that Bedweer). Arthur sent him because he would always follow Cai, and serve him faithfully in any danger. He was Cai's dearest friend, and many a giant had those two together fought and killed. Wherever Cai went Bedwyr was not afraid to go.

And there was one named Gwrhyr (that is, Goorheer). No one in the world could speak any language that Gwrhyr did not know. Not only that but he knew the meaning of the lion's roar, and the ox's low; and the cat's mew and the dog's bark; the bees told him in their own tongue whatever wisdom they had; he understood what the dumb fishes think as they go in the water, and not a bird sang but Gwhy could have told you as soon as he heard it, what was in its mind and what was in its song. So he, as you may guess, was a good man to be sent on such a journey as this, and so it was that the king sent him.

And the other two were called Cilhweh and Eidoel (please say Kilhoo'h and I-doyle, won't you, children?). Arthur sent Eidoel because Mabon would never be found, so the whisper said, unless one of his own race were on the quest, and Eidoel was of the same race as Mabon. And about Cilhweh there is nothing to tell you just this minute.

## II—THE OUSEL OF CILGWRI \*

Well, these five rode out from Arthur's town, and they rode a day and they rode a night, and how much longer I do not know, and they came at last to a country called Cilgwri. And they came to a wide plain with a laughing, stony, sunny river running through it, and by the river there was a tree, and a very nice tree it was, too. Toward that tree they went.

In the tree there was a little bird singing, and Gwrhyr, Who Knew the Languages (that was what people called him), heard what she was singing, and this was her song:

I am so old, so old, my eyes have seen  
 Hundreds of times my land in spring grow green,  
 Hundreds of leafy summers come and go,  
 Hundreds of sorrowful winters white with snow—  
 How many hundreds, 'tis not I that know.

\* And its quite easy to say that; you must just say it as if it were spelt Kilgoory

When first Cilgwri heard my verses sung  
 An anvil stood here, and thereon has rung  
 No hammer since; but I have flown each day  
 And pecked it with my beak as dusk grew grey,  
 And now—my beak has pecked it all away.

“And what did you do that for?” asked Gwrhyr in Ousel language, for the little birdie was an Ousel.

“Why, to sharpen my beak to be sure,” said she. “But where are you going, and I wonder if I could help you in any way?”

“Well,” said Gwrhyr, “maybe as you are so very old, little bird, you can tell us about Mabon, the son of Queen Modron. He was stolen away from his mother when he was only a tiny baby, goodness knows how long ago, and no one can say what has become of him.”

“I never heard of him,” said the Ousel, “never in all my days. It must have been long, long before my time. Why do you want him?”

“King Arthur needs him to do a great work,” said he.

And as soon as he mentioned the Emperor's name, down came the birdie from her nest, from bough to bough she hopped, and she told them that as it was for *him* she thought perhaps she could help them; for she knew an old gentleman who was quite old before she herself was born, and she would be glad to take them to him if they would come with her, because everyone wished to help and serve the Emperor Arthur.

So on they rode over the plain, and Mrs. Ousel was flying on before them. And they rode a day and they rode a night, and how much longer I do not know, and by and by they came to a great forest where there were miles on beautiful miles of huge oak trees, all of them hundreds of years old. And the waving ferns and the bracken in the forest were as high as the heads of their horses. And in the middle of the forest they came to a wide open place of ferns, and in the middle of that place was an old dead stump of a tree. And to that stump the little Ousel flew and there she perched.

### III—THE STAG OF RHEDYNFRE\*

Said she, “This is the place where my friend lives, and here I expect we shall see him soon.” And while she was saying this and while they were looking round for any place where an old gentleman might be living (for that's what they all thought the Ousel's friend was, of course)—what should they see but two great wide-branching antlers rising up from among the fern, and after the antlers a beautiful stag with a noble, kingly head and eyes full of wisdom and of memories of the old ancient times. The stag walked up towards them slowly, like a prince to his visitors; and when he saw Mrs. Ousel, he greeted her and she greeted him, and you would have said from their greeting that it was from him she had learnt all the great wisdom she had. “Lord Stag,” said she, “can you help these knights?”

\* Which is pronounced Rhedinvray, children.

“I shall be glad to do so if I can. What is it you want, princes?”

Then Gwrhyr came forward and told the Stag of Rhedynfre (that was the name of his place), about Mabon, who had been stolen away from his mother when he was three nights old, thousands of years ago, and never had anyone heard a sound of him since; and how Arthur wanted him for doing a certain great work—and all this he told him in the language of the stags of course.

“The Emperor Arthur wants him?” said the stag. “Then I am doubly sorry that I cannot tell you where he is, for I should be proud indeed to help him. It must be a long, long time since Mabon was lost,” he said, “for it was before my day, and goodness knows I am not very young. You see this dead tree here,” said he, pointing to the old tree-stump in the middle of the glade. “When first I came here and was made the king of my land, Rhedynfre, there was only a tiny acorn with a wee shoot and two little leaves to it growing there. And in a hundred years it was a small oak tree, and in two hundred years again it had grown big, and in three hundred years from that it had become a tree that I was proud of, and in long years after it grew a hundred great boughs, like that it was for more ages than I can tell you (for you see, children, the oaks lived even longer then than they do now). And in time from the acorns it dropped grew other trees; and there is not a giant tree in this forest but grew up from one of those acorns, and this tree is the father of them all. And it was a wise tree in its time, and whispered to me all that the birds told it, and all that was in its heart and all that was in its mind and in its imagination, and it was my comrade. But at last this body of it died. And never did this tree hear of Mabon and never have I heard of him.”

“Dear, dear me!” said the old Ousel. “You are the most ancient of all the animals and birds in the world, and you cannot remember the stealing of Mabon, and so the great Emperor Arthur will not be able to find the man he wants.”

“No,” said the stag, “I am not the oldest. There is one dear friend of mine who was old and wise before I had this body; and as you came from Arthur I will go with you and bring you to her, if you will come with me. She will know, I should think—if it is to be known at all.”

So they thanked him and said they would go; and then said good-bye to the little bird and thanked her for helping them so kindly, and told her they would tell Arthur about her, and what she had done for him, and promised her she should have two brand new anvils from the king to sharpen her beak on forever after (and so she had two when the time came). And with that she flew away to her own tree in Cilgwri, and sang on, as of old, about her great age and all she had learnt, and of all the people she had helped in her day, and of those she would help in the days to come.

But as for Cai and Bedwyr and Gwrhyr and Cilhweh and Eidoel, they went on their way towards the north, and the Stag of Rhedynfre with them. And they rode a day and they rode a night, and how much longer I do not know; and they passed through the forest and by great cities and over plains and



rivers and mountains, and at last they came to a broad valley, and there was a blue river running through the valley, and all around was a green and ancient forest. And they came to an old and hollow tree on the hillside, and there the Stag stopped.

#### IV—THE OWL OF CWM CAWLWYD\*

"This is where my friend lives," said the Stag, and I will knock at her door."

And with that he tapped with his horn on the trunk of her tree, and there came a voice from within, and to Cai and the others it seemed to be saying, 'Tee-hwo-o-o,' but the Stag and Gwrhyr knew it meant—"Who's there?"

And who should come out from the tree but an old Owl, the oldest in the whole world, I should think, and the wisest too, and the one with the softest and most beautiful voice (and you know all owls are very wise and have beautiful voices.

"Welcome my dear old friend and pupil," said the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd (that was the name of her valley). "And welcome to you all. Is there anything you are wanting to know from me?"

"Please we've come to look for Mabon, the son of Queen Modron, who was stolen away from between his mother and the wall when he was a baby. Perhaps you may have heard something about him long ago when you were young, for it is thousands of ages since he was stolen."

The old Owl took off her spectacles and wiped the glasses, and put them on again and looked hard at Gwrhyr; and then she sat pondering awhile, and then she told them her story. And here it is:

"When I had traveled as far as I wanted to travel," said she, "and seen all I wanted to see, I came to live here in Cwm Cawlwyd, and there was a forest here then as there is now. And here I lived until I learned all that that forest could teach me. And then there came a few men and cut down a few of the trees and built cabins for themselves. I watched those men grow old and die, and in the time of their grandsons there was a large village here. In the time of *their* grandsons the village had become a town; a hundred years from then it was a city. The city grew and grew and people came to it from every country. It became the place of powerful kings, twelve lines of kings reigned there, and each line was greater than the one before it. In their days the men of the city were brave and pure and noble. They built ships and sailed away and conquered far lands and brought home prisoners and gold. Then came twelve lines of evil kings, and the people became richer and more and more wicked. Then came sicknesses and famines and they began to go away and to die. Then came enemies that conquered the city, and there were no kings thereafter. And I saw the palaces fall into ruins, and no new

\* And that you must pronounce as if were written Coom Cowl (to rhyme with Owl), Weed—Coom Cowlweed

palaces built in their place. People went away, and no others came instead. At last there were only a few huts here, and a few miserable robbers in them. Then those few robbers died and their huts slowly fell. In hundreds of years the earth had hidden all the ruins deep under grass and nettles. In hundreds of years the air was pure and free from evil thoughts. Then a few young trees began to grow where I had seen the palaces. In hundreds of years again there was a great and ancient forest waving and whispering where the town had its grave. Then for a long time I had peace. But at last again came men to Cwm Cawlwyd, and what I had seen before I saw again. Only the second town was longer in the building than the first, and became greater and more powerful than it. And there were twenty dynasties of good kings, and twenty kings in each, and twenty dynasties of bad kings. In longer ages it grew richer and more wicked than the forgotten town beneath it. And that city, too, I saw die away, and this is the third forest I have known in Cwm Cawlwyd, and many ages has it been growing.

"And it is no young bird I am," she said, "and it is no few things I have heard and known and remembered, but I have never heard anything of this Mabon. My wings are withered stumps, and my voice is old and nearly gone, and doubtless I shall have finished with this body and I shall die in a few ages. But the stealing of Mabon was not in my day, and I have heard no sound of him except from you."

"Indeed," said the Stag, "I am sorry to hear this, for you are the oldest and wisest person in the world, and you have not heard of Mabon, and nobody has heard of him, and so our race will not be able to help the Emperor Arthur, who is the best helper in the whole world, and the one whom it is the greatest honor to help."

"You come from the Emperor Arthur?" said she. "Then old and feeble as I am, I will use my wings this once and fly with you to one who can help you, if there is help in the whole world." And with that she told them that although many people would call her old and wise herself, there was one yet living, her teacher in the old days, compared to whom she was nothing more nor less than young and ignorant. This, as she said, was an ancient king, who lived by the Mountain of Gwern Abwy, and he was the wisest and strongest and noblest creature in the world, and the mountains were not born before he was.

And there and then they said good-by to the Stag of Rhedynfre, and he to them, and he gave them messages to their Lord Arthur, and sorry they were to watch him trot off through the trees towards his home. But as for the Owl, she walks out on a branch of her tree, and stretches out her wings slowly and feebly, and flaps them two or three times, and then lets go of the branch, and flops off painfully to a tree near by, and there she sits and takes her breath. And then off again, this time a little more strongly and quickly to a tree beyond, and there she sits again, and calls to Cai and Gwrhyr and Bedwyr and Cilhwch and Eidoel, and says she—"Come along, this is the way, and soon I shall be flying as swiftly as your horses can run."

So they rode on after her, and by and bye there was no dream of weakness nor slowness in her flight, but she was sweeping through the air before them, and calling to them in great round notes, and they following her towards the west.

#### V—THE EAGLE OF GWERN ABWY

And they rode a day and they rode a night and how much longer I do not know, and at last they came to a high and rocky mountain, and there were Alder trees on the mountain, and "this is the mountain of Gwern Abwy," said the Owl, "and near here lives the one I told you about."

And they came to a low rock beside the mountain, and there sat the Eagle of Gwern Abwy, and he was a great king among the Creatures, and it was of him the Owl had spoken. His eyes were more beautiful than the sky in the night, and more keen and flashing than two great diamonds. In them were wisdom and memory and power. They could see that his two wings were stronger than whatever is strongest. And the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd bowed low to him, and he too greeted her.

"I have brought these five knights to you," she said, "because no one in the world can help them unless you can. They come from the Emperor Arthur."

And with that the Eagle of Gwern Abwy greeted them as a King might greet the messengers of a King no less great than himself, and asked them in what way could he be helping them.

Gwrhryr said in the language of the Eagles: "We have come to seek for Mabon the son of Queen Modron, who was stolen away when he was a baby from between his mother and the wall. And that was hundreds and thousands of ages ago, and no one has heard a sound of him from that day to this. We think that as you are so old you may perhaps remember the time of his being taken, and who took him, and where he is."

"I will do whatever I can for the Emperor Arthur, and for his messengers and for whoever is worthy of my help. But the stealing of Mabon was before I broke the egg's shell that held me."

"And you can do nothing for them?" asked the Owl—"you who are older and wiser than the mountains?"

"Indeed, older than the mountains I am," said he. "For when I came here first this rock that is now no higher than your horse's knees was so high that from my nest on the top of it, I could talk in the evening with the star-Eagles in the sky, and that without the raising of voices. And where the mountain there stands, was a level plain. But the ages as they passed altered the world, and made the plain a high mountain, and brought my starry rock down till now it does not stand a span from the ground. But this man was stolen before my day."

Then the Eagle thought and thought and thought and no one spoke to him for fear of interrupting his thinking. And by this time it was night, and it

seemed to them that the Eagle's two eyes were like two great stars as he sat there thinking—"Mabon!" he said—"Mabon! I think I *have* heard tell of him, long ago. I think that was the name of the man my friend told me about." Then he said to Gwrhyr who knew the Languages:

"There is one creature in the world who is at least as old as I am. Indeed, I think he is much older, really and truly, and I know he is wiser, and I will tell you about him. One day thousands of years ago I was hungry, and had no food, and I thought I would go fishing, and the place where I would fish was the lake called \*Llyn Lliw. And thither I went, and there I struck my talons into the back of a great Salmon. But this salmon was so strong that he quietly swam away to the bottom of a deep pool with me, and told me to leave go or I was sure to be drowned. It was all I could do to get free, and when I did I was so angry that I called together all my armies of birds, all my kindred and all that belong to me from near or from afar, from the Eagles to the tomtits, and with this host I went against the Salmon of Llyn Lliw.

"But he sent a messenger to me, and told me how foolish my anger was, and that I could not hurt him, while he could help me in many ways, and teach me many things. And what he said I knew was true, and I sent away my armies, and from then till now I have not had any friend or comrade so dear to me as the Salmon of Llyn Lliw.

"Once he said to me: 'Some men have been here fishing for me, and they have struck what seem to be a few thorns into my back.' And there were twelve and twice twenty long, iron-headed spears of ashwood thrust deep into his back, and little did they hurt him. And those I drew out. And I think I have heard him mention such a name as this of Mabon the son of Modron."

And he told them they might come with him to Llyn Lliw if they would, and for Arthur's sake no doubt the Salmon would tell them all he knew.

So the men of Arthur said good-bye to the Owl, and she to them; and she bade them greet for her the Emperor Arthur; and they were sorry when she flew swiftly away, for she had been their helper and their friend and their love went with her. And the Eagle told them what a wise and noble bird she was, this old Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd.

And in the morning when the sun arose, the Eagle at once stretched out his broad pinions and swiftly beat down the air, and rose in a moment high above them.

Said Cilhwch, "I think he is going to say good morning to his comrade the sun," and no doubt he was right. And it was when he came down that they started.

## VI—THE SALMON OF LLYN LLIW

They went on their way, those five and the Eagle, and they rode a day and they rode a night and how much longer I do not know, and they rode wherever the Eagle led them. And at last he brought them to a blue calm lake in the

\* And these two words rhyme with "pin" and "new"

west, with great trees around it, and purple mountains beyond. There he called out with his loud strong voice, and they saw what seemed to be a long, beautiful, jewel-colored island arising from the water. That was the Salmon of Llyn Lliw.

The Eagle greeted the Salmon, and the Salmon the Eagle, and the bird told him about Mabon and asked him if he remembered the stealing.

"No," said the Salmon, "that was before my time. But I could help them if they came from the Emperor Arthur."

"Lord Salmon," said Gwrhyr, who knew the languages, "Arthur is our king, and it is he that sent us, and this Mabon is needed to do a great work for him, and he shall know of your help, if you will help us, and he will give you his love and his friendship."

"I will gladly help you," said the Salmon, "but I have the King's love already. Arthur I have known and loved from long ages ago, and he will know well who has helped him."

(And of course you know, children, why the Salmon of Llyn Lliw could only help people who came from the Emperor Arthur, don't you? And mind you me, like the Eagle and the Owl and the Stag and the little Ousel, and everybody and everything really wise, that Salmon wanted to help everyone in the world.)

But anyhow, the great fish swam up to the bank and bade them all get on his back; and who ever saw a salmon nowadays that could take five men and five horses on his back? But this one could, and he did, too, and swam away out of the lake with them (and the Eagle of Gwern Abwy flying overhead) and up the river and on they went until they came to Gloucester.

And there by the riverside they saw a dark castle all built of strong black stone and lead and iron. "Now," said the Salmon, "go on shore here, and you, Cai, strike with your sword on that black prison, for there is some one within who can help you."

And they did so, and when they could find no door in the place, Cai drew his sword and crashed it against the wall.

And there came a voice from within, that sounded far away, and as if it were the voice of one nearly dying. And it said: "Who's there?"

"Men come to seek for Mabon the son of Modron, who was stolen away from his mother when he was a baby, and that was ages and ages ago."

"I can tell you better than anyone in the whole world where he is," said the voice, and this time it was nearer and stronger than before. "I am Mabon, and here I have been imprisoned and alone in the dark for more ages than I can count, and I am the man you are seeking."

"Will any gift of gold to the man that holds you make you free?"

"Alas, no," said Mabon, sadly. "They need no gold who hold me. Only by fighting can I be made free."

"We will fight for you!" cried Cai and the others all at once, "and we will certainly make you free."

"Though you will fight for me," said Mabon (and his voice seemed to be nearer and stronger and less sad each time he spoke), "I do not know whether you will be able to make me free. Seven must come to do that."

"Seven are we."

"Though you are seven, you cannot do it unless one of you is a bird and one a fish, and five men."

"The Salmon of Llyn and the Eagle of Gwern Abwy and five men are here," said they.

"Though that is so, you cannot do it unless one of the five is of my own race."

"I am of your race, Mabon," said Eidoel, "I will never go away from here till you are free."

"Even so, unless you were sent here to free me by one man, you will not be able to do it. Unless you come from the greatest King in the whole world—"

And they shouted—"We come from the Emperor Arthur!"

## VII—THE FREEING OF MABON AND MABON HIMSELF

"Then you are the ones who will free me," cried Mabon, and with that he began to sing, and his song was full of more strength and wisdom and joy than before his voice had been full of weakness and sadness.

Now in those days Gloucester was the city of all dark enchantments, and there were strong, well-armed and fierce witches there, and evil magicians with their selfish dragons from all the four quarters of the world.

So as soon as Mabon began to sing, what should they see but a white mist rising all around them, and coming nearer and nearer, and from it came harsh and hissing sounds and the Eagle said, "This is the thing we shall have to fight."

And they drew their swords and rushed into the mist and began to fight with all their might and main, but for all they could see they might have been fighting with each other. So the Eagle flew down, and with his two far-sweeping wings he beat and fanned the mist till it was all blown away, and then—all of a sudden what was there but a huge fire blazing and roaring and flaming about them, and they were nearly burned to death, and they would have been too, but for a huge wave that came rolling up from the river, and it was the Salmon who sent it to put out the fire, and he sent it by smacking the water with his tail. And then came another wave, and another, and soon the fire was entirely drowned. Then they saw before them a great, black man. His eyes were of red fire, and his teeth were longer than a man's hand, and he was uglier than anyone in the world. He had black armour and a black hilted sword; the blade of his sword was as long as a horse can leap; it was red-hot, and from the point of it came flames and black smoke.

To him went Cai, as tall he had made himself as a forest pine, and with him he fought. The black giant's sword he knocked out of his hand, and cut the hand with the same blow. Four red drops fell from that cut, and as they touched the ground, each of them became four strong, red, fierce, well-armed men, and sprung up to fight with the people of Arthur.

And I cannot tell you how terribly they fought, Cai, and Gwrhyr and Bedwyr, and Cilhwch and Eidoel, with those sixteen men. Sixteen? Yes, because a wound from Cai's sword no doctor could ever heal, and though the great black giant was wounded with only a little cut on his hand, he knew well that he would never be able to fight again, and in a little time it was dead he was. But the fight went on between the five and the red-glowing wizards, and they could not stand against the Emperor Arthur's men. And by five o'clock tea-time there was not one of them left, neither alive nor dead, for each as he fell went off like a puff of smoke and never was heard of again. And afterwards they told their Lord that but for the song that Mabon had been singing, they did not know what would have happened in that battle.

And after it was over, they all set on the castle together, they, and the Eagle in the air, and the Salmon from the water; and Mabon from within beat upon the walls with his chained hands. The castle shook, and a piece of the wall fell in, and Cai rushed in, and found Mabon and broke his chains, and carried him forth upon his shoulders. And as soon as they were outside—bang!—whoof! Where was the dark prison-place gone? No one knows. You see all the dark illusion castles in the world cannot stand against Universal Brotherhood, and those seven, the Knights and the Salmon and the Eagle were Brotherhood people, and Arthur their Lord himself was the Chief of Brotherhood in those days.

Anyhow, there was the castle gone, and not so much as a speck of ruin left—two minutes after and you would not have guessed where it stood, not even if you tried ever so. Cai himself could not be quite sure, after he had once turned round. Only there before them was Mabon, the beautiful son of Queen Modron, whom for Arthur's sake they had sought so long. His chains were gone, and his sorrow. His hair was shining like the sun. His eyes seemed to be two bright lights. He was taller than any man you have ever seen, and more beautiful than the handsomest of Arthur's Knights. Wherever he came his coming was like the sun's coming, and he did the work for Arthur which no one else in the world could do.

And that is the story of Mabon the son of Modron who was stolen away at three nights old from between his mother and the wall, and lay in prison in Gloucester for untold ages; and of how he was found and made free by Cai and Bedwyr and Cilhwch and Gwrhyr and Eidoel, the men of the Emperor Arthur; and of how they were helped by the five ancient creatures of the world, the Ousel of Cilgwri, the Stag of Rhedynfre, the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, the Eagle of Gwern Abwy, and the Salmon of Llyn Lliw. And those five ancients had King Arthur's love and his friendship. And that is all *now*.

# Reports of Lotus Groups and Young Folk's Activities



## A Letter from the Lotus Buds at Trollhattan, Sweden

*Dear Lotus Buds and Blossoms at Loma-land:*

Though you do not know the Lotus Buds at Trollhattan, in our outer shapes, yet we do know each other, when we realize that we are souls, who all like flowers wish to grow in joy and harmony. We think you must be joyful, you who are so near to the dear Lotus-mother in beautiful Loma-land. We think you can never be sorrowful. When we read your letter, which Miss Bergman brought us, and each of us received a little flower from you and Loma-land, we were very glad and we thank you heartily for all the love you sent us. We send you a little flower from our beautiful country. We call it "Ljung blomman" in our language. It has grown on a high mountain, has seen so much of the beautiful nature at Trollhattan and heard the murmur of the falls at the foot of the mountain—yes, could it speak, it would tell you many fair things of Trollhattan.

We like very much to sing. Now we have learned the "Sun-Temple," which we like exceedingly, and sometimes it is as if we were standing in your midst singing this song. The "White Lotus" we love most of all the songs. One of the larger Lotus Buds plays the piano for us.

Greetings to spots from us; tell him that we have liked his letters very much.

Many loving thoughts and greetings to you all from your joyful Lotus-comrades at Trollhattan. Let us help this work to spread joy and sunlight in the world, by being free, powerful Souls.

—Signed by the Lotus Buds of Trollhattan

*November 3, 1901*



## Report of the Boston Lotus Group

LOTUS GROUP WORK—Lotus Groups are held in Boston, Cambridge, Somerville and Malden (or Everett) with a large average attendance and a steady increase of membership, especially in Boston. Recently monthly union meetings of these Lotus children have been held in Boston. Mrs. Thompson is rendering special service as a visiting worker. Each of these union meetings has delighted the children and the Lotus workers, inspiring them to give their best efforts. A realization of the extent of this work in and about Boston is brought home to the Lotus workers here by seeing such crowds of children and teachers gathered in our beautiful hall. This realization could not be so quickly and effectively produced without this monthly gathering. One of the objects in having these union Lotus meetings is to impress upon the minds of these poor little children some of our love for them and to help them to gain knowledge that will make them pure and true. In after life when they are grown up the teachings they receive will be their greatest protection against temptation. It is through these poor children we are to reach the masses, and it is in the masses, after they realize their true position in life and resolve to make themselves noble men and women, that the hope of humanity lies.

These remarks apply of course generally. The poor are so poor that we must first do something practical for them, and then they will take the true philosophy of life as a thirsty man a drink of spring water. So our hearts go out in full to these dear little ones, and the encouraging success of the children's work here give all the workers great pleasure.

*Boston, February 8, 1902*

W. H. SOMERSALL





FESTIVAL OF THE LOTUS GROUPS IN BOSTON, AND NEIGHBORHOOD

### Lotus Group, Lodge 13, Macon, Georgia

The New Year's celebration, in the shape of a children's Festival, was the most joyous occasion in the history of our Group. Two hundred children, nearly all of whom were wage earners, had been invited. The Lotus Buds and Blossoms worked with the elders with happy hearts, for they felt that they were to be the hosts and hostesses and were therefore responsible for the happiness of their young guests.

About seven o'clock our hall was crowded with eager young people. When the curtains were drawn aside the stage presented a beautiful picture. White columns glistened between festoons of glossy southern smilax and between them were the portraits of our three Leaders. After a few words of welcome from one of the Blossoms the "Joy of the Morning" was sung by a chorus behind the scenes, after which was given the New Year's play. The play was most beautiful, the singing of the children being particularly fine.

The supper room must have seemed to these little children like fairy land, for the two long tables were as daintily decorated and as exquisitely furnished as if for the festival of a king. The little children, by many of whom such a sight had scarcely been seen before, enjoyed it to the limit. Music was furnished by Macon's best orchestra, the musicians giving their services in the name of Brotherhood.

After the supper was over, about a hundred children begged to go up-stairs again where the play was given as a special privilege. This was granted and it was nearly ten o'clock before the last child had departed.

The *Macon Telegraph* and the *Evening News* both gave favorable reports.

BERTHA W. BUNDSMANN, *Secretary*

## U. B. Lodge No. 66, Sioux City, Iowa

[As the birthday anniversary of William Q. Judge will soon be here again, many of the children will be glad to hear of the way in which the day was celebrated last year by some of their young comrades in Sioux City].

The children of Sioux City Lotus Group No. 1, gave an entertainment on the evening of April 13th, in memory of William Q. Judge, the proceeds of which were sent to the International Lotus Home. The children were all dressed in white robes with ruffles of Lotus Blossoms and Buds. Each carried a bunch of the earliest wild flowers. They entered singing "Happy Little Sunbeams." At the close of the song all repeated in concert, "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood Means." Then the first in line said, "We celebrate the birthday of the 'Greatest of the Exiles and Friend of all Creatures,' William Q. Judge. As he loved the children so we give to him our love and reverence." Then all repeated together, "In token of which we offer these flowers," and, marching by a table covered with white and bearing a portrait of Mr. Judge wreathed in flowers, they laid their flowers upon the table. Then the line of Buds and Blossoms stopped, facing the audience and spoke as follows:

*Second Blossom*—All help you extend to any other soul is help to yourself. It is our duty to help all, and we must begin on those nearest to us."

*All*—He taught us by his life to have love for all beings.

*Third B*—He said, "To stop working for Humanity and Brotherhood would be awful."

*All*—We cannot, we will not.

*Fourth B*—Though he was great, yet he seemed lowly and not far off.

*Fifth B*—He had charity for those who wronged him and said, "Cast no one out of your heart."

*Sixth B*—He said, "He who conquers himself is greater than the conquerors of worlds."

*Seventh B*—He said, "As we are striving to reach God, we must learn to be as near like him as possible."

*All*—He loves and hates not.

*Eighth B*—He said, "I am not separate from anything."

*All*—The One Spirit is in all.

*Ninth B*—He said, "The veils that come over our souls fall away when we work for others."

*Tenth B*—He said, "We are all here for each other."

*Eleventh B*—Let us try to be as he was.

*All*—"A Friend of all Creatures."

*Twelfth B*—Let us be kind to all.

All sing "Brothers We," and march to seats.

Recitations and songs followed this opening exercise. The Buds sang "The Buds" and the Blossoms sang "The Blossoms." Several action songs also formed a part of the program, and the entertainment closed with a "Good Night" song.

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD, *Sup't Sioux City L. G. No. 1*



## Lotus Group No. 2, Helsingborg, Sweden

During October we have had four excellent meetings, two by the Lotus Buds and Blossoms and two by the members of the Boys' Brotherhood Club. All of the meetings have been well attended and conducted as usual. At the Lotus meetings we have had songs, music, studies from the Lotus leaflet and stereopticon pictures. During the last meeting we welcomed a new helper as one of our teachers. We have our meetings in a

line place and become better satisfied with our location as time passes. Our public meetings, as usual, are crowded by people eager to learn of practical Theosophy and the truths of the Heart Doctrine. Everything is harmonious with us and you will find us at our post of duty when you call us. Heart-felt greetings to all. ERIK BOGREN



### Lotus Group at Kungsholmen, Stockholm, Sweden

During this month, December, we have been occupied in the study of the first Leaflet, all of the teachers making careful preparation beforehand for every meeting. In studying the Leaflets with the children we have had the children learn their verses by heart and at every Group Meeting we sing some of these verses to the tune of pretty Swedish, children's melodies. We also tell the children stories that bear on the work taken up, and it is wonderful to us to see how easily they grasp the meaning of the deepest truths when given them in the form of a story.

On the last Sunday of December we had an especially impressive meeting. It was an anniversary day for our Group, which had existed just one year, and of course our thoughts turned towards the New Year. We promised ourselves and each other to stand more loyally as Comrades and as Warriors about our Lotus Mother and in token of this promise each child received a beautiful little gift. We all felt a deeper sense of consecration to the Work and a stronger determination, as Warriors of the Golden Cord, to work against all evil for the sake of Humanity.

OLGA MYHEWAN

GERDA STENMARK

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*



### Lotus Group, Stockholm, Sweden---Report of Work at Majorgaten, 9 B

Our Group has had five meetings during this month (December), and besides these the children gave an entertainment on December 14th. Together with the children at Kungsholmen a Christmas Festival was given on December 27th. One of the members said a few appropriate words in honor of King Oscar, because that day has been named after him. He truly is a friend to all creatures. At the next meeting, besides the regular program and songs, the children prepared Christmas Cards to be sent to the Lotus Mother, to the Cuban children, to all the Buds and Blossoms, and to all other Comrades at Point Loma.

On Sunday, December 15th, the children decided to save their "Shining pennies" to help the first Swedish boy or girl who should have the opportunity to go to Point Loma. One of the teachers told the story about the childhood of Jesus of Nazareth, one of the world's Great Teachers, and we sang several Christmas songs.

Sunday, December 22nd, we studied the Mineral Kingdom and after the regular exercises were concluded, the children sent Christmas Cards to all the Lotus Groups throughout Sweden. The study of Minerals was continued during the following Sunday, there was singing and declamation exercises, and the meeting closed with loving thoughts to the Lotus Mother and heartfelt thanks for the blessings and opportunities of the New Year. The Children's Entertainment on Saturday, December 14, was a great success, as was also the Children's Christmas Festival on December 27th. To these entertainments parents and Lodge Members are invited.

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

GERDA NYSTROM, *Secretary*



### U. B. Lodge No. 1, Malmo, Sweden

The Group has had unusually interesting meetings during October, led by the Superintendent, assisted by the teachers. The meetings begin with the "Brotherhood March,"

after which the children take their seats. Stories are told at each meeting and the Lotus children sing songs.

On October 13th the Malmo children sent to the Buds and Blossoms at Trollhattan, at the occasion of the Festival in their new home, a greeting, together with a heart of flowers, and in the quiet of the hour sent loving thoughts.

On the 25th of October a number of girls met for the purpose of forming a Girls' Club. The meeting was opened by reading "Point Loma News" from *The New Century* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH.

SECRETARY



### U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

In our Lotus Group we have marching, stories, songs and music. Recently we have been learning new songs. At the last meeting we read a story from *The New Century*, entitled "The Birds of Loma-land."

We spend a great deal of time with songs and the learning of new songs, owing to new Buds and Blossoms recently enrolled. We feel that this Lotus Work is arousing the Warrior Spirit in each of us and everything goes to show that even brighter times are in store for us, together with even better conditions for our work.

ALICE SANDHAM, *Superintendent*

LOUISA CROPPER, *Secretary*

### Lodge Reports (Concluded from page 700)

ing to do something practically helpful before going on with the entertainment part of the meeting. There is also as a usual feature of the meeting some instrumental music and we are arranging now to have a choir. The members are fairly familiar with the songs, and the singing of these has been a great help at all meetings. The attempt is now being made to gather the best singers into a choir.

At the first union meeting of each month, the helpful circular of Suggestions to Members and Lodges is read by the Lodge President whose turn it is to take charge of the meeting. Lately, in order to fix the attention of all members as much as possible on these directions and suggestions, the method has been adopted of passing round this circular so that each member present shall read a portion of it.

All matters pertaining to the work are brought before the members at these union meetings, and it is the purpose to start all new lines of work with that initial force which comes from united action of a goodly number of comrades. At present the preparatory work for an Easter sale is under way, a committee having been appointed at a meeting of Boston Lodge. It is the intention of this committee to get the interest of every member by some active participation in making the sale a success. They intend to hold the sale in our own hall, so that there will be no rent expense, and they hope in this way to make the sale more efficient.

MONTHLY PUBLIC MEETINGS OF SUBURBAN LODGES—These are held every month by the lodges of Cambridge, Somerville and Malden, and are so held as not to clash with each other, that is, there are no two meetings on the same Sunday. The members of the Beacon Lodge are active and helpful in Boston and are all loyally good workers. The Roxbury members are also loyal and willing workers and help much in Boston, both being excellent helpers on the Easter sale committee.

W. H. SOMERSALL