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TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Let me be great enough to see the truth on every side.—VICTOR HUGO

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The “Metaphysical Movement”

by H. T. Edge



IN the American monthly *Review of Reviews* for March is an article on “The Metaphysical Movement.” This name denotes that modern school of speculation which includes writers on the power of thought, the supremacy of the will, Nature’s finer forces, metaphysical healing, character-building, and the like. The author, Paul Tyner, sketches the history, personnel, and bibliography of the movement, and discusses its import and bearings. It indicates, he says, an intense desire to render real and practical the truths of religion, to enable man to rule his own forces, and to replace vague mysticism by workable science. Mr. Tyner takes an optimistic view of the situation and sums up by saying:

Its spirit, its purpose, its ideals, and, it is hoped, its later methods, are frankly humanitarian in the highest sense of the word. . . . Its spirit is cheerful, optimistic, positive, and constructive. . . . It inculcates a brave, high endeavor forever making for progress, yet would advance steadily, serenely, and without friction, lubricating the ways and increasing the energy used in the doing of the work of the world. To the Quietism of Mo-

linos and the Quakers it joins the enterprise, the daring, and the strenuousness of the modern spirit, balancing the one with the other, and avoiding the extremes of either. It thus stands for power in peace and strength in serenity, assuring that equilibrium in the individual and collective life which is essential to healthy progress and permanent happiness.

The author thinks that this movement, sporadic and disorganized in its beginnings, is now taking definite shape, and he points to congresses that have been held among various representatives of this trend of thought. He believes that it will incur the danger of being run into various narrow sectarian grooves, but that it will survive the danger and maintain its breadth without losing its coherence.

That the "Metaphysical Movement" represents a fresh and vigorous budding of human mental and moral enterprise must be admitted. We can see it in the desire to be freed from the bondage of intellectual bigotry and superstition; the recognition of Mind as the essential reality of life, in place of the abstractions of materialistic science; the determination to rise from the abject posture of fear and supplication fostered by false teachings of the past, and take one's destiny in one's own hands. The extreme sensitiveness of our nervous age has brought many to that point of suffering at which pain works its own cure and a supreme effort is made to exterminate the root of affliction and let moral poise replace morbid susceptibility. To recognize the will as supreme over the faculties, and serenity as superior to the pressure of circumstances, is to assert man's power and dignity, and in many cases has doubtless saved people from the abyss which engulfs those who utterly abandon self-control.

We recognize and admit all the good of the movement; but it is for this very reason that we must turn to consider the dangers that menace it and the obstacles that it must surmount if it is to become a blessing to the human race.

So far all cults, whether religious, scientific, artistic, or economic, have succumbed to the ravages of the canker-worm that gnaws the heart of modern civilization. Pecuniary greed, luxury, selfish individualism, superficiality, and vulgarity have corrupted all originally chaste and aspiring pursuits of high ideals. The Religion of the age no longer leads the van of progress; Science ministers to destruction, luxury, and wealth, and lends color to a pessimistic and all-denying philosophy of life; while Art is unable to create anything great and noble, but must either portray the gross details of a sordid life or try to imitate the creations of a past ideality.

Full many a noble cause has this age witnessed the ruin of, as it slowly decayed under the influence of the disintegrating forces in modern life.

We ask then in all seriousness whether the "Metaphysical Movement" has any qualities upon which it can rely to save it from a like fate. Already our author, optimistic as he is, is not without signs of misgiving. "Its spirit, its purpose, its ideals, *and, it is hoped, its later methods*, are frankly humanitarian, etc."

How, for instance, can the cult safely either include or exclude the more extreme of the faith-healers from its ranks? If they are to be excluded, then an invidious and disputable line must be drawn between one class of mental scientists and another, and the catholicity and consistency of the movement is lost. But if they are included, then the movement will have its name and ideals dragged in the mud by a host of neurotic cranks and wild dreamers, and will become responsible for even worse classes which there will be no valid reason for excluding. What, for instance, of the advertising "colleges of occultism" which teach how to control other people and gain success in business and love? Are these part of the "Metaphysical Movement"?

The answer will of course be an indignant No; but we affirm that such undesirable confusion will most certainly result, unless very strong defensive forces are put into operation. To launch an Institution in such a society as modern civilized life, rampart and sword are needed. No man can safely display his treasure in the crowds of our modern cities. All good forces are grabbed up by the destructive agencies and by them turned into channels of abuse. Where neither money nor love, art nor science, religion nor philosophy, can stand against the tide of monopolization, vulgarity and luxury, how shall the ideals of the "Metaphysical Movement"?

The Universal Brotherhood Organization, recognizing these facts, has adopted a policy adapted to the exigencies of the occasion—a strong defensive policy. Under its constitution no one is allowed to exploit or purvey the noble ideals and wise teachings which it cultivates, or with impunity to drag its fair name in the mud. It admires and encourages tolerance and freedom, but is by no means ready to admit impostors, thieves and declared enemies into its intimate associations. It is carefully organized and protected, so that no one can claim membership unless he can give guarantees not to abuse his privileges or defame the work of the Organization. Such a body can stand firm and, under its wise Leadership, maintain its integrity against disintegrating and debasing influences, so as to remain a power for good in the world. But can we say the same of a loose and heterogeneous "movement," without definite organization or coherence; that practices tolerance and complaisance towards all people in a world where there are so many who will certainly abuse it; whose rules will admit secret but implacable enemies to its ranks? However pure and disinterested the leaders of this movement may be, they cannot safely estimate the characters of other people by their own. The world contains, besides many indifferent and neutral people, people who are organized into active and deliberate agencies for evil; people whose one aim is to destroy every movement that promises to release the human mind from bigotry and enslavement. Those people, disguised in sheep's clothing, will insinuate themselves into the movement for its destruction.

But it is not organized and purposeful attack alone that the "Metaphysical Movement" has to fear. For, added to this, will be the continual and speedy degradation wrought by individual exploiters and self-seekers who will turn its privileges into means of sordid gain or personal ambition. And we might also add to the category of dangers the well-meaning but unbalanced cranks who discredit every cause to which they attach themselves.

It is the demon of selfishness, so rampant in our civilization, that in its Protean forms destroys so many good causes; and it will seize upon and devour the best products of human thought and enterprise, however new and lofty, unless its eradication is made a primary object. In combating this demon of individualism, The Universal Brotherhood is striking at the root of the age's malady; and, in refusing to launch forth too vigorously on the stream of transcendental thought, it recognizes that those waters cannot be safely stemmed by the race till the race has learned to swim securely in the shallows. First must be founded the nucleus of a new humanity, with bodies not corrupted by foul inherited vice and disease, and characters not trained up in self-seeking. To this nucleus, when firmly founded, may then be safely intrusted the keys of a higher learning; but to scatter such knowledge abroad upon such a world as ours is now, is to invite for humanity a worse fate than it has yet incurred.

For these reasons, while recognizing the enlightened spirit that prompts the "Metaphysical Movement," we do not regard its prospects with so facile an optimism as others might be inclined to do.

Queen Elizabeth---Another View

by a Student



AS the general is often lost to view in the smoke and dust of the skirmish, so the Leader in the bloodless battles of thought and feeling is often obscured by the smoke and disturbance about him. The Leader may always be known by the sign of unmerited calumny, a sign which is doubly certain if the Leader be a woman.

But time is a great sifter, and four centuries have been none too long to sift the husks of slander from the grains of truth, in the case of Queen Elizabeth of England. Our school histories painted her as something of a monster; a little of a hypocrite, an adept in intrigue, a woman who possessed a brain but conspicuously

lacked a heart. And it is refreshing to discover that modern research has turned the searchlight upon the calumnies which made "life miserable" to Elizabeth—to quote her own words.

Modern historians support their opinions of her as a noble, true-hearted woman by unimpeachable facts. One of such rests upon documents which prove beyond question that Elizabeth never signed the death-warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots. For six weeks Davison held it, awaiting her signature, yet nothing could persuade Elizabeth to sign it, and it is now an established opinion that the death-warrant which was sent to Fotheringay was a forgery.

Naturally affectionate, open-hearted and generous, Elizabeth was early doomed to conditions that made her girlhood lonely and unhappy. Motherless and fatherless during her young womanhood, she was left to the tender mercies of a court that was filled with intrigue. Virtually a prisoner in the Tower at Woodstock, denied even the companionship of her half-brother, the young king, of whom she was very fond, she took refuge in her beloved books. Under Sir Roger Ascham she laid the foundation of that magnificent learning which drew to her court in later years such men as Sidney, Drake, Frobisher, Hooker, Raleigh, Bacon, Spencer and Shakespeare.

But hers was not mere head-learning. The warm-hearted girl became the compassionate Queen. Not once did she stoop to petty revenge for any of the countless insults that had been heaped upon her as a princess. Her exquisite sense of humor carried her over many situations that would otherwise have been embarrassing. "Whenever I have a prisoner who must needs be safely kept," she naively remarked to Sir Henry Bedingfeld, her jailer at Woodstock, "I shall send him to you."

The assassin dogged her footsteps for thirty years. Time and again plots against her life were discovered. Yet bravery was her second nature. Though taking reasonable and sensible precautions, she never gave way, for an instant, to anything like fear. Lord Bacon wrote of her on one occasion:

She appeared in public as usual, remembering her deliverance and forgetting her danger.

No queen has been more distinguished for statesmanship. To quote Lord Bacon again:

Her peaceful reign did not proceed from any disposition of the times, but from her own prudent and discreet conduct. This peaceable disposition of hers, joined with success, I reckon one of her chiefest praises.

And few queens, if time has sifted aright, have had a larger share of those sweet qualities which will endear the woman to the nation's heart when the queen shall have been forgotten. She loved pets, particularly dogs and birds. But most of all, her heart went out to children. During the loneliest years of her

sad girlhood, when she was imprisoned in the Tower, she was permitted to take a walk daily in the enclosure. No others were there; no faces, even, at the windows, for all were forbidden to look out during the time Princess Elizabeth spent in the little garden. But the children—those belonging to servants and prison officials—found her and she found them. How much their little gifts of flowers and their innocent love may have done to hold her back from hardness and despair during those days, we shall never know. But the fact is that in later years, when burdened by the intrigues of her own courtiers, and disheartened by the calumnies that were circulated in every court in Europe about her, she often turned to the companionship of little children as a blessed relief. Hers was the mother heart, and during her whole reign nothing was more characteristic than her constant tenderness toward the children of the court.

Is it not possible that we are face to face today with the same subtle hypocrisy that, cloaked then, as it is cloaked now, made Elizabeth's court a place of intrigue and herself the target for slander? History repeats itself. No age has been without the great, compassionate Soul, the mother heart that yearns to save men from themselves. Shall we never learn to recognize these great Souls while they remain among us? Shall we never learn this lesson until it is too late? How many years have passed since Jesus said with an aching heart:

How often would I have gathered my children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings but ye would not.

The world was hungry then for mother love, but failed to recognize the need that Jesus came to supply. Today humanity still hungers. We have been orphaned, and at last we are beginning to realize it. And in that realization lies a great hope—the hope that today humanity will recognize and go forth to meet the great compassionate Heart that has come to claim its own.

The Lady of Light

written for "Lucifer" by Gerald Massey



STAR of the Day and the Night!
 Star of the Dark that is dying;
 Star of the Dawn that is nighing,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Still with the purest in white,
 Still art thou Queen of the Seven;
 Thou hast not fallen from Heaven
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Purge with thy pureness our sight,
 Thou light of the lost ones who love us,
 Thou lamp of the Leader above us,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

How large in thy lustre, how bright
 The beauty of promise thou wearest!
 The message of Morning thou bearest,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Shine with transfiguring might,
 Till earth shall reflect back as human
 Thy likeness, Celestial Woman,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Aid us in putting to flight
 The shadows that darken about us,
 Illumine within, as without, us
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

With the flame of thy radiance smite
 The clouds that are veiling the vision
 Of Woman's millennial mission,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Shine through the thick of our fight;
 Open the eyes of the sleeping;
 Dry up the tears of the weeping,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light!

Shine in the Depth and the Height,
 And show us the treasures olden,
 Of wisdom, the hidden, the golden,
 Lucifer, Lady of Light.

In September, 1887, the magazine *Lucifer* was established in London, by H. P. Blavatsky. The name naturally aroused much comment, and of it she writes, in the first number:

The sole object of the magazine is expressed in the line from the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians on its title page. It is to bring light to "The hidden things of darkness," to show in their true aspect and their original real meaning things and names, men and their doings and customs; it is, finally, to fight prejudice, hypocrisy and shams in every nation, in every class of society, and in every department of life. The task is a laborious one, but it is neither impracticable nor useless, if even as an experiment.

Thus, for an attempt of such nature, no better title could ever be found than the one chosen. "Lucifer" is the pale morning-star, the precursor of the full blaze of the noon-day sun—the "Eosphoros" of the Greeks. It shines timidly at dawn to gather forces and dazzle the eye after sunset as its own brother "Hesperos"—the radiant evening star, or the planet Venus. No fitter symbol exists for the proposed work—that of throwing a ray of truth on everything hidden by the darkness of prejudice, by social or religious misconceptions; especially by that idiotic routine in life which, once that a certain action, a thing, a name, has been branded by slanderous inventions, however unjust, makes *respectable* people, so-called, turn away shiveringly, refusing even to look at it from any other aspect than the one sanctioned by public opinion. Such an endeavor then, to force the weak-hearted to look truth straight in the face, is helped most efficaciously by a title belonging to the category of branded names.

Gerald Massey, in his poem, "The Lady of Light," which was published in the second issue of the magazine and is here reprinted, has a poet's appreciation of H. P. B.'s choice of this name.

A New Study of Our Growth and Possibilities

by Sidney G. P. Coryn



Written by request of KATHERINE TINGLEY

THOSE who are familiar with the process of a land survey will recall the preliminary operation of establishing a base line, and the minute care which must be exercised to make that line absolutely straight and true. The base line is formed of a series of measured distances of which the determinations are marked by posts, and before each post is driven, the absolute accuracy of its position is determined by mental application to instruments so precise in their construction as to indicate the slightest deviation. The smallest divergence from accuracy in the base line would involve laborious and costly rectification in all subsequent operations and calculations, and if this were neglected the final result would be total failure and loss.

The analogy here suggested is sufficiently close to need no special indication. It is proposed to turn for a moment upon our tracks and to glance back at the long line of white posts which mark our advance and upon which an increasing sunlight is flickering. The first of these posts was driven by H. P. B. in 1875; from her we received the precise course of our direction, and also her strenuous injunction to keep the line true and unbroken. The backward glance shows in an instant that the line is not true. Here and there we see a post which has been placed to the right or to the left and which, being used in its turn as a starting point, has so far deflected the course that only the strenuous energy of Leader or Teacher has rectified the error and restored the direction, and then only at a cost in labor and time which the world and which our work can ill afford. At this moment when once again a rectification has been made, it will be profitable to examine with some attention the points of our earlier divergences that we may understand something of the dangers into which we have wandered and from which we have now been well nigh extricated. We do this, not from a sentimental impulse to re-live the past, nor to slay the slain, but only that we may become so saturated with the spirit of a loyal and of an observant discrimination that there shall in the future be no repetition of errors of which the results have been so costly, so stultifying and so destructive, and which have been attended with so much pain to those who have delayed their own progress in seeking to delay our work.

H. P. B.'S DIFFICULTIES AND LIMITATIONS

H. P. B.'s mission was to found an organization different to any other in the world. From the ordinary standpoint of humanity she had none of the equipment necessary to such a task. She was largely ignorant of the language with which she had to work. She had an unconventionality of manner which repelled instead of attracted, some of those whom we are accustomed to consider as leaders of thought and of society. She showed nothing of the platform power and the platform eloquence which we usually consider as an essential feature of a successful public work. It is evident that those from whom she came considered none of these things to be necessary or even valuable to *her* particular mission. This alone should have shown us that there are other and higher standards than our own; this alone should have been an education and a guide for life; this alone should have been a measure by which to gauge the Theosophic stature of those who came immediately after her and of all others who claimed our confidence and our trust. But we lost this lesson as we lost so much else. With a wrong-headedness which we are beginning now to recognize, we at once accorded prominence to our comrades in exact proportion to their possession of all those lesser capacities which H. P. B. did not consider it worth her while to exercise. A polished eloquence became for us the certain index of the higher spirituality; a charm of manner which often passes as the disguise of a subtle flattery we interpreted as the birth-mark of a Leader; a literary lucidity and a power to produce books of which two-thirds were a transcript of the writings of H. P. B., we translated into proof of the soul-knowledge toward which we ventured to aspire. To all these acquired capabilities we bowed down and we worshiped them, but we made no obeisance before that one quality which H. P. B. possessed and by which alone she was exalted in wisdom and in strength, the quality of absolute self-abnegation, the power of a strong compassion and of a pure devotion.

H. P. B. placed within the ground the gold of her own nature as the seed of our success, and because that gold was unalloyed we had the opportunity to reap a harvest unspoiled by the tares of superstition and of creed. Looking back over the pathway of our progress we may well be amazed at the rapidity with which we departed from the standard which she herself had supplied, at our readiness to substitute every other standard for that one which alone was the measure of the Universal Law. And this we did, not only in the high places of our common work; we pursued the same pathway of folly in the lodges, from the chief to the most obscure. We set up calves for our worship in the wilderness and we were bewildered when they were ground into powder before the Law. All these things we began to do even while H. P. B. was still with us, and at the sight of them she spoke of her Society as a Frankenstein's Monster which she

had created and which would seek to crush her and her work in its monstrous and animal embrace. A swiftly moving time was to show how true was her foreboding, how great was the heritage of pain which she offered to her successor, a heritage which he knowingly and gladly accepted, seeing in it the opportunity of a further service to humanity. There was at least one who had not bended the knee to Baal nor kissed him. There was at least one who had made beautiful the path of drudgery and who was now to make radiant the road of pain.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

H. P. B. had given us our course and even in her sight we had departed from it. Hardly was her successor's hand upon the lever than the air was darkened with the homeward flight of the birds of folly which we had sent upon the wing. Once more we looked into the face of a Leader and we did not know him.

Full recognition was to come later, but not until nearly a third of our number had fallen headlong over the precipice toward which, up to a certain point, we had all of us made a common advance. Almost with one accord we presented to W. Q. Judge the ideals which we ourselves had formed and to which we demanded his adhesion. We showed him our interpretation of Theosophy and we expected him to accept it. We produced our moral foot rules and sought to show him wherein his dimensions fell short of our requirements. Are we to suppose that he was unaware of the disease which was destroying the vitality of his Society? His whole story now shows how well he knew it, even from the very moment when he took control. But like the skilled physician he had to wait until the moment had come for the right application of the remedy. He knew that the remedy would produce the convulsion that must ever follow an attempt to drive forth from the system a poison so destructive and so widely diffused, but if death were to be avoided, the convulsion must be faced. In the meantime he sought to nourish the healthy tissue, to strengthen and fortify the weak, to discourage and to isolate the diseased. He knew that every branch of work was saturated with the poison of false ideals, and that those of selflessness and of devotion were in danger of being submerged; that eloquence and learning and a self-seeking suavity were extinguishing the light of unobtrusive devotion. But he knew also that there were now some who were awake and vigilant, and many, many others who would shudder in their dreams and arouse themselves in time, and for the sake of these he prepared himself once more to raise the rally note, once more to cry unto the darkness, "choose now whom ye will serve."

LESSONS FROM PAST DANGERS

This is not a history of the Theosophical Society, but merely a glance at past dangers that we may guard against their lurking re-appearance. That their pos-

sibility remains is known to every one who is acquainted with the lodge life of our Organization and who has therefore seen the subtle influence which is still wielded by an eloquent voice or by a more than ordinarily extended education in the intellectual aspect of Theosophic theories and teachings and by the persistent assumption, "I am mightier than thou." These dangerous possibilities remain, although their growth and development is hampered and restrained by a wise Leadership which is in itself partly the outcome of the lessons which we have learned. The fire through which W. Q. Judge had to pass was in no way a part of an orderly advance. If we did not ourselves kindle the flames, we allowed them to be kindled by others, who would never have had their destructive opportunity had we remained manfully faithful to our early ideals, had we been determined to aggressively defend those ideals and to nip in the bud the growths of disintegration. It was upon our meaningless adulation that W. Q. Judge's enemies climbed into a prominence which their own merit would have absolutely denied to them. It was from the position with which we exalted them that they directed their attack. Upon this, it is hardly possible to lay too much stress so long as any one of us can still be beguiled by external appearances which have no internal realities of selflessness and devotion to support them. If we have already learned, if we are now willing to learn, the lessons which spring from this sordid page of our history, the persecution of W. Q. Judge has not been in vain. He would himself have welcomed a tenfold measure of his pain that such an end might be secured. He was that kind of man.

STANDING ALONE IN A CRISIS

When the moment arrived, the remedy was applied and what we called a crisis supervened. The Society was split into two camps and there was a vast array of arguments and of abuse. There was also a vast amount of movement as members took sides with one party or with the other. But this is what really happened—W. Q. Judge forcefully reminded us of the ideals to which we were pledged and from which we had wandered. Those of us in whom such ideals were not already dead, responded to that reminder and we attached ourselves, not to W. Q. Judge, but to the ideals to which we were already sworn, of which he had now reminded us, and of which he himself was the personification. There was no need at any time even to examine the silly charges of which he was the victim unless it be for his future justification to the world. Nor was there any need to ascertain the opinions of prominent members.

No matter who they were they ought not to be prominent and their lives showed that their opinions were worthless to others. When it is a question of obtaining a clear view of an ideal eloquence and intellectual education alone without moral motive are dead. They have no more to do with the case than has

the color of the eyes or the hair. They are not factors and ought to be disregarded. There was no single member who could not within himself have found the solution to that problem by a momentary reference to the ideal to which he owed the allegiance of his soul. The decision of the great bulk of members was in support of justice and of truth, but there are two questions which ought to press upon the mind of every one of us and which each one must answer for himself, because none other can do it for him.

The first question is, to what extent did we personally help in building up the false condition from which this disease originated? The answer to this will depend upon the extent to which we applied. The second question is, to what extent was our action the result of an unbiased intuition, or *did it depend in any way whatever upon the action, the influence or the example of others?* Unless our action had such origin and source as would have enabled us to face complete and instant isolation with unconcern and with indifference, the recurring cycles of initiation will yet bring us face to face with our acts of omission until we have learned to look within for the guiding light and to be eternally blind to the deluding sparks of the personality and of its influence. Even now at this moment, we can foresee the result of the trials yet to come by a glance at our lodge life and at our lodge relations. If we are still deluded by the eloquence and by the intellect which find expression in the relatively small life of the lodge, what hope have we of exercising a clear vision in affairs more momentous and more emergent? The unswerving devotion of which we sometimes speak resolves itself into an adherence to the opinion of some other comrade, and for such as this, neither the Work nor the Leader have any use whatever. Both Leader and Work have already waited sufficiently long for those men who can be a law unto themselves and an army unto themselves, who will be so wrapped around by the compelling force of their ideals that the example, the support and the approval of others, will be as nothing in their eyes. Who now in the silence of his heart will volunteer for a place within those ranks?

A STANDARD OF THEOSOPHIC STATURE

We have seen, and we have to some extent recognized, the false standards of measurements which we have more or less persistently applied to our comrades. We have also seen the disasters into which we have been led. Unto some minds will come the uneasy conviction that those false standards are still in use among us, and that further disasters have been prevented rather by the vigilance of a Leader than by the intention and discrimination of those who are led. Here and there yet survives the worship of a hero which should be the worship of an ideal, and all too often the hero has feet of clay. Such an one there was whose name is known wherever Theosophists are gathered together. He had energy, intellect

and charm of manner. His appearance was welcomed and his counsel was listened to and followed. When his papers were recalled it was evident that they had scarcely been read. In their company were found other papers from extraneous sources, and these were devoted to the acquisition of personal power. It was equally evident that these had been studied exhaustively. But there were still other contents, even less reputable—a pack of playing cards, a bottle of morphia a syringe for its hypodermic administration and a bottle of invisible ink! That man had been fed upon admiration and adulation. Of this a restricted diet would have forced him back upon the realities of his own nature. His latent manhood might have asserted itself; he might have been saved. Even those who suspected that the glittering metal was not gold had not sufficient real brotherhood or courage to help that man, by withdrawing the adulation which made him prominent. They would have supposed such an action to be one of unbrotherliness. It would in stead have been one of the truest fraternity, the fraternity which rescues and redeems.

Our standard of Theosophic stature is all too often a reflex of ourselves. The man who covets personal power for himself, pays court to the personal powers which he sees in others. Himself lacking the inspiration of a high ideal, he fails to perceive the absence of that high ideal in others. Herein lies no incitement to the undue criticism of others, nor to harshness. If there be on our part a devotion to ideals, there will then be neither desire nor opportunity to examine into the conduct of our comrades unless, and until, that conduct conflicts with those ideals which demand of us a quick and forceful protection of our common work. There is no such safeguard as a high ideal and no such unerring guide. It protects us from indifference on the one hand and from harsh judgment upon the other. It stands as a pillar of light constantly before us, offering itself as a standard whereby all thoughts and deeds are to be measured. It is the ladder which leads from earth to heaven and upon that ladder the angels of the soul descend with the light of their abode.

THEOSOPHY—THE GOSPEL OF GIVING

If we look back to the days of our first connection with this work we shall too often find that the very basis of our start was a false basis. The platform may not yet have given way beneath our feet, but it will give way unless we examine it more closely than we have done. When first Theosophy came into our lives did we not rise up to meet it as something that it was good for us to have—good for *us* to have. It solved the problems of *our* lives, it made *our* pathway clear, upon *us* it shed its light. I believe in the heart of the Leader there is for this no thought of blame. We were children and we thought as children and we acted as children while the soul is not yet come into its future kingdom. But

now we are men and we will put away childish things. We will go back for a moment—and some moments are also eternities—and we will readjust our starting point. There was a tree planted eastward in Eden, and the leaves of that tree are for the healing of the nations. If unto us it has been given to stand beneath those healing branches, let it be that we may quickly distribute their balm unto others, holding back nothing for ourselves. We can retain nothing but what we have given away. Starting thus from a false basis we have given a false direction to our work. We have applied false standards to ourselves and to our comrades. But once a certain point is reached there is no longer room for self-deception. We can neither bewilder nor deceive the soul from which come all true ideals. The development of our Organization is the external mark of a development within ourselves—a development of opportunity *and of responsibility*. The soul has come so near to us that no longer any plea of ignorance can avail. The soul voice of persuasion that was once so gentle as to be almost unheard, will assume the stern note of reproof and condemnation before it fades away into ages of silence, into the long cycles of pain.

OUR VISITORS

Comrades from the lodges throughout the world visit us constantly at the Point, and it is a joy to the Leader and to her workers to come into momentary contact with those who occupy so large a place in her affection. These visitors usually assume instantly the position to which they have a right, that of members of an united family group, of which the self-interests of each are merged and lost in the well-being of all. But sometimes comes one whose every look and word and gesture is a pitiful picture of his own self-love and of the clash of ambitions which is reflected from his lodge. He comes as one who is conscious of his exceeding merit and who is determined to secure its due and instant recognition. If he casually meets those who also are thinking of paying us a visit, he may report, and truly, that in his opinion our atmosphere is uncongenial. It is—to vanity and self-appreciation. We are simple, busy people, without desire that others shall pat us on the back and without leisure to offer this tribute unto them. Even though our visitor be the President of a lodge he equally shares his highest possibility with the youngest and the humblest of his members—the performance of his duty. Neither can do more than this, and their lodge is indeed fortunate if they do so much. The thirst for recognition is the very negation of duty. The eye of the soul does not estimate the number of the talents, but it does estimate the devotion with which they are used, and so it may happen that the obscure and silent member upon the back seat is walking in the unveiled glory, while the President on the platform is eloquently advertising his own sur-

passing brilliance which only he can see. These things are true, and we all of us know that they are true.

A NEW WAY TO RESIGN

The formation of The Universal Brotherhood was the last strain upon the Theosophic chain and some few links were broken. The gaps were instantly filled and an incalculable increase in solidity was the result.

Let me tell you here one noticeable fact. It has been remarked by those who have charge of our books that every such broken link is at once replaced by one of a stronger type. It has been so all through our history, and it seems as though the Law were working in this way to make good the defections of those who must cease work because their self-love no longer permits them to labor for the interests of others.

Of those members who have left us there was hardly one who did so under true colors. A frank avowal of disability to accept a new constitution and new conditions, and a consequent loss of interest in our work, would have been comprehensible. But in nearly every case some side issue was selected.

The "Leader's methods" were criticised and condemned, and those who took leave of her and of her work did so from the height of a moral platform which was a wonderful testimony to their imaginary moral gymnastics. Had they realized how visible were their mistakes they would have been abashed into silence. But wounded vanity and wounded self-love and egotism are slow, indeed, to heal, and unless the cure come from the brain (self-application of the remedy) they will smart and fester in secret until at last the *excuse* and the opportunity arrive, and then, with a flourish of moral trumpets, we are told that the Leader's methods are no longer approved by "Me." The old phraseology recurs with tiresome iteration, as though each one who uses it were hypnotized by the accumulated influence of those who went before. If the future hold in store for us yet further instances of cowardice on the part of those we tried to think were noble and true, how much our pain would be tempered by the avowal that interest in the work was lost, or that the forces of vanity were still too strong to be resisted. The empty chair of such an one would be kept in its place and its former occupant would surely return.

Many of those who could not do their duty to the principles which were demanded of them have hid themselves away in the prison-house of their lower personalities and have even professed a loud and lofty resolve to restore the work to the lines laid down by H. P. B. They have lifted up their voices and invoked the memory of H. P. B. to witness the decadence of these later days but, like the Witch of Endor, they would have reason to rue the success of their invoca-

tion. Where now are they who sought to lay upon their shoulders the mantle of H. P. B.? Have they been crushed by its weight, that their voices are silent in the land? Where are the mighty works which they promised us? In point of fact, where are they themselves?

And there were others who stayed with us only so long as they were able to produce literary wares which had a pecuniary value on the market. It would be surprising to our members to know to what extent this was the case and how our Organization was exploited for personal profit and used as a kind of literary Stock Exchange by those who produced interesting books which were mainly borrowed from the writings of H. P. B., and who by such means obtained the credit for some special wisdom and knowledge. Not until the Leader signified her disapproval of their methods of personal aggrandizement did they discover that *her methods* were no longer commendable to them and, as usual, the self-blown trumpet of an injured virtue heralded their departure.

MOVEMENT AND GROWTH

It is well for us if we have realized that there is no growth without movement and no movement without friction. The ocean of Theosophy is eternally living, and eternal life is also eternal change and motion. Quiescence is stagnation and the prophet of death. Where now should we be had the Leader continued at Madison Avenue and walked as sedately along the old paths as our critics of deportment, and those who did not wish to substitute labor for theory, would have had her? The question answers itself. We should still be at Madison Avenue, murmuring Sanskrit nonsense in our sleep and dreaming dreams of the days when the world would come and listen to us. The Leader left Madison Avenue because the work outlined for that center was finished, the chapter was ended, the page was turned. The work done there made all future changes possible.

The world is listening now, and looking too. Humanity asks a passport from those who claim its ear. It asks, not what you have preached or written, but what have you done, in what way have you proved by deeds the sincerity of your words? Such questions the Leader has answered, and will answer more abundantly still in the future. She has built up an enduring monument which is appealing to the physical sight and to the moral sympathy of thousands. She has produced a vehicle through which the message of Theosophy is now resounding through the world. She has gathered from many lands the children of many races, and they will stand in our places as one by one we leave them vacant, and they will carry records too many for us to wield. Day by day come visitors from every country in the world, to see and to be touched, by the memories of our work they carry away. They go back to their homes and there the lodge

must continue what was begun at the Point, and for this a larger discrimination, a purer devotion, an intensified selflessness is demanded day by day. The Point and the lodges are a unity, together initiating, co-operating, completing. Nothing can break that unity so long as a high ideal sets at defiance the forces of self, of which the blood is vanity and dominance and pride of intellect. And the lodges have responded and are responding, even though here and there the self-examination of our members may still reveal a trace of the old poison of the past, although here and there may be sleepless nights spent in preparing elaborate explanations of a personal position which may seem to be assailed. Katherine Tingley says: "The manner of our advance has certainly been changed and it is our sustaining hope that it will be changed again and again so long as the changing needs of humanity demand it."

A great Teacher once invoked a special blessing upon those who had not seen and who yet believed. From the European countries comes a force of loyalty and devotion, a strong chain of service, which is doing more for the well-being of humanity than we can see or know. Within the past few days the Leader has said that in spite of difficulties and of dangers the English comrades are sending out more power from every lodge than was once generated by the whole English organization. In Sweden where W. Q. Judge was personally unknown, and where the Leader's visits have been only two in number, the members show by their steadfastness and also by their success that they have learned the secret of victory, and that they are writing a record which will never fade away. This they are doing in spite of obstacles, public and domestic, which have but quickened their activities and intensified their loyalty. No less wonderful is the devotion of Holland, where also peculiar difficulties have been overcome and dangers have been turned into triumphs, as dangers always are when they are faced with courage and resolve. In Germany a bright spark is kept aglow, and the Leader names with admiration and affection the few who so well defend that far-off fortress.

Comrades, whenever come the tidings of defection let that be a message demanding renewed pledges and increased determination, that there may be no break, even for a moment, in our line of work.

Clouds cannot bar the pathway of the Sun, nor for a single moment hold it from its zenith.

So true is it that, though disbelief in religion and contempt of things divine be a great evil, yet superstition is a still greater.—PLUTARCH

The Burden of the World Is Fear

by a Student



AMONG all the prophets of ancient Israel none stands before us with more of trust in the great Law, with less of fear, than Ezekiel. He told his people the truth, in spite of persecution, and tradition has it that he met a martyr's death at their hands on that account.

He was absolutely fearless. Yet, after seeing the vision of the "Fiery Wheels," the "Avengers," he fell prostrate at the awfulness, the fearfulness of the spectacle. These are the words, so say the scribes, which Jehovah spake unto him, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak unto thee!"

Jehovah's messenger must stand erect and fearless. As a teacher of the Law, Ezekiel must put aside even the very shadow of fear.

Ezekiel was in captivity, with thousands of his fellows. His heart was torn by their sufferings and he longed to free them. Yet he saw that the real burden upon them was that which only they themselves could remove. No one could do it for them. They were prisoners to an alien nation, to be sure, but their real captivity was that of fear. The people were unacquainted with their own natures. They had but a vague knowledge of their divinity, if indeed they might be said to have any knowledge of it at all. They were in the grasp of a priesthood which kept them in subjection through fear.

Those who should have been their teachers, and who hypocritically pretended to be, so kept the people in ignorance and fear grew apace.

Ezekiel saw that this fear lay upon them like an ugly weight. He plead with them to throw it off. He brought them the true philosophy of life. He told them of their mistakes—which you will admit it takes a brave soul to do. But the people lacked courage. They were afraid to look up. They were afraid to throw off the psychological influence of the priests of their day, as he begged them to do.

They were afraid to face their own sins; their own *weaknesses*. They longed to be free, yet though they may have realized that freedom could be had on only one condition, the absolute casting away of fear, they had not the courage. The result was, Israel refused to listen to him and the nation went down.

Age after age, we see that the real burden of humanity has been fear. Men have been enslaved, tortured, humiliated, imprisoned, yet all these conditions have been results, and not causes.

These conditions would not have been had not men first fallen under the dominion of fear.

Losing sight of their own divinity, forgetting the Great Law, they have lost the power to protect themselves, and at times, even the disposition to do it, from sheer moral cowardice and mental fear.

The result is that confusion and discord have increased since the days when Ezekiel called his people to account in that old land by the River Chebar, until matters reached a climax during the Dark Ages.

Out of its pain Humanity has cried for help, and age after age the great Teachers of the world have come to answer this heart cry—for “more light.” Yet after all it has not been more light the people have needed so much as more courage. And these Great Souls have tried to lift fear from the minds of men by the true philosophy of life, which they have always brought. For they realized that it was fear which was keeping humanity dead to its possibilities, fear which was keeping them chained to old customs, wrong ideas. Fear which kept them from realizing that they were souls, divine souls, free, strong, just!

“I came not to bring peace,” said Jesus, “I came to bring a sword.” Men were cowards then, as too many have been in all ages, willing to let others fight for them, and Jesus came to put the warrior weapon into their hands, and the warrior spirit into their hearts.

To make spiritual warriors of men and women is the object of the great Teachers of the present, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

They call upon men to kill out fear, to become true spiritual warriors, to throw aside their fear of the world’s opinion, to stand in the sunlight of life and realize their divinity and to claim the heritage of the courageous soul.

Physical science has recently made many remarkable discoveries, among them the action upon the tissues and fluids of the human body by the emotion known as fear. It has been discovered that fear actually creates poisons which paralyze and kill. If this be true on the physical plane, where matter is so dense and, in a sense, intractable, how much more must this be true on the finer planes of the mental and the spiritual.

But few of us are accustomed to watching our own inner changes; if we were we should realize that there is nothing which so poisons and paralyzes all that is best in us as fear. It is the demon’s master-stroke. When this weapon can be successfully used, when the human mind can once be stricken with fear, then the Forces of Darkness have won their victory, and it is not pleasant to reflect that, in such event, *they win with our help*. Yet such is the case.

In permitting fear to enter our minds we play into the hands of the enemies of the human race. We are fearful because we are ignorant, and our ignorance is

no light thing; in the face of present opportunities and present dangers—*it is an absolute crime.*

One thing only has power to remove ignorance, and that is a true philosophy of life. Knowing this, can we not better understand the antagonism that the Teachers of Truth have always aroused in the minds of those false teachers who rule by fear? The Teacher of Truth has always been persecuted by them, and always will be until the burden of fear has been lifted from the minds of men. When that day comes the occupation of those who rule humanity by fear will be gone.

How may fear be eliminated? By a knowledge of our own natures and by an absolute unwavering trust in the Great Law. "Know thyself" has in all ages been the injunction of the Teachers of the Law. Theosophy, in giving men a knowledge of themselves, a knowledge of the duality of their own natures, gives them the power to eliminate fear, and thus rise into absolute Godhood.

We have too long forgotten that we are souls, divine souls, and that the kingly prerogatives of all free souls are ours, when we can claim them. But the lower nature persuades us to compromise, to parley; perchance it drags us into *open conflict* with the soul, into open indulgence of our appetites, our greed, our jealousies and our fears.

Katherine Tingley teaches what all great Teachers have taught (although never before so plainly), that man is dual by nature; that within his breast are two natures, one the angel, the other the demon, "each seeking for mastery, each seeking to absorb or destroy the other. One or the other must ultimately gain the victory, and one or the other is strengthened by every act and every thought of our lives." This is a serious matter, is it not?

Now this lower nature of ours is very subtle and exceedingly crafty. It is determined to rule; if it cannot succeed in deluding and blinding the soul in one way it will try another. It plays upon our ambition, our vanity, our love of the world's applause, and when disappointment teaches us that hypocrisy does not pay, then it tries means subtler still. We determine to have no more of the things that the world rates so high. We seek greater knowledge of the world's processes and ways, we sit at the feet of the Great Law, we look into our own nature, and note its follies and its weakness. We see the God within ourselves, sealed like a Christos in the tomb of our own making. We see our divine possibilities, we see before us the Path, and over its windings brooding an eternal peace; its distant mountains shining with the sunlight of truth. We resolve to follow this path—and then this crafty elemental self of ours, its formerly-used weapons broken, forges a new one, and names it fear.

Fear sweeps in upon us—and unless we are both wise and strong, it paralyzes and poisons. It is the "Dweller on the Threshold." We cannot pass the thresh-

old of the divine until we have fought this demon of fear and conquered it. We are afraid to take a step forward when all looks dark, and we fear because we do not trust the Great Law. When Mephistopheles began his work of leading Faust upon the wrong path, he first of all robbed him of his trust in God, his belief in the soul, his faith in humanity. That was his first great victory over Faust, and it opened the door of his mind to fear, which then stepped in and took possession of Faust. In yielding to fear, he yielded to the arch-enemy.

Are we afraid of the opinions of others, afraid of what the world will say, if we should dare to step out of the slavery of its fashions and follies? Then we do not trust the merciful law, which insures that bread cast upon the waters shall, after many days, return; which insures that we shall reap the harvest we have sown. Let such a soul cast aside his fear of losing the esteem of his friends, knowing that all that he loses will again be restored when he becomes able to stand without it, yea, restored ten-fold. Job, you remember, regained all his wealth and prestige when he became able to do without these.

That humanity is today shut out from its diviner possibilities, through the influences of what Katherine Tingley calls the lower psychology, is evident enough to those who watch this vast world panorama of men and affairs, and the greatest factor in its deadly influence is fear. Men are afraid of each other. Suspicion is rife. Is it too much to say that if fear could be eliminated half our difficulties would disappear, and the other half we should easily solve? I think not. And even some of those who are, in the highest sense, humanity's warriors, allow themselves to be defeated in battle after battle through fear. They hesitate to enter a contest in which their own forces appear to be outnumbered by those of the enemy. I say appear to be, for if one is right, such is only a deceptive appearance, depend upon it.

Let the warrior throw away his fear and resolve, never, never, to surrender if he is right, and if he will not surrender, he cannot *be* defeated! By that act of courage, by the resolute casting aside of all fear he has allied himself to the forces of light, the divine advance guard of humanity. But *fear* must be thrown aside. Defeat is impossible if one will only stand, and stand fearlessly. The strength of the whole army of Light is at one's command when fear is overthrown and right action established. All humanity, particularly the women of the world, are shut out of their divine rights by fear. Oh, if the women of the world knew the message that their sisters in Loma-land have for them, how many of their fears would be dispelled, how much of joy would come into their lives; how ideal could they make their home life; how much of the real joy of life could they bring into the lives of their children.

Many women are absolutely psychologized into chronic fear of false ideals, false education, false ideas of duty. Let them recognize that it is fear which is

dwarfing them and shrinking their lives, and then let them resolutely throw it off, like the hideous weight that it is, and rise into a richer life, and a deeper sense of responsibility to their homes, their children and to humanity. Wisely has the ancient sage written: "The more one dares the more he shall obtain, the more he fears the more that light shall pale, and that alone can guide."

"The Age of Reason"



The Age of Reason was written by Thomas Paine while he was in the prison of the Luxembourg, daily expecting to be sent to the guillotine, and of this work he wrote in a letter to Samuel Adams:

MY friends were falling as fast as the guillotine could cut their heads off and as I expected every day the same fate, I resolved to begin my work. I appeared to myself to be on my death-bed, and I had no time to lose. This accounts for my writing at the time I did, and so nicely did the time and intention meet, that I had not finished the first part of the work more than six hours before I was arrested and taken to prison. The people of France were running headlong into atheism, and I had the work translated in their own language to stop them in that career, and fix them to the first article of every man's creed who has any creed at all—*I believe in God.*

I well remember, when about seven or eight years of age, hearing a sermon read by a relation of mine, who was a great devotee of the Church, upon the subject of what is called *redemption by the death of the Son of God.* After the sermon was ended I went into the garden, and as I was going down the garden steps (for I perfectly remember the spot), I revolted at the recollection of what I had heard, and thought to myself that it was making God Almighty act like a passionate man, that killed his son when he could not revenge himself in any other way; and, as I was sure a man would be hanged that would do such a thing, I could not see for what purpose they preached such sermons. This was not one of this kind of thoughts that had anything in it of childish levity; it was to me a serious reflection, arising from the idea I had that God was too good to do such an action, and also too almighty to be under any necessity of doing it. I believe in the same manner at this moment; and I moreover believe that any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true religion.

THOMAS PAINE

On Shams

by a Student



THE worst enemy to truth is the sham. For first it attracts to itself all the devotion which should rightly belong to the truth; and secondly, when unmasked, it disgusts men with the truth also. All great movements suffer much from shams, which, aping the truth, lure away men's devotion; and then, being shown up, lead men to mistrust the real truths which the shams counterfeited.

In a materialistic age H. P. Blavatsky came and strove to enlarge and elevate men's thoughts with her revelations of the deeper mysteries of Man and of Nature. Then came a host of pretenders who trumpeted abroad their bogus "occultism," and have eventually discredited the whole field of ideas included under the words "occult," "magic," and the like.

But true occultism still remains, though the fraudulent imitations be discredited. Though every word and phrase, once used to convey exalted ideas, may have been misused until it stinks in the nostrils, the ideas still remain.

A library might be written on the philosophy and history of shams. We might begin at the top and discuss how, all through history, men have been led away from the great Path of Human Progress by sham plans of salvation. Nay, to go still deeper, is not the master-sham that "Great Heresy," spoken of in *The Voice of the Silence*, by which men are led to worship the personal "I" instead of the universal "I"? We could discuss sham leaders, sham science, sham social ideas, sham virtues and sentiments; sham manners in customs, in dress and diet. But here we must confine ourselves to a few general remarks.

Shams will not stand the test of time nor the crucible of trial. The old symbol of the purifying of gold, with its analogy of the fire of affliction, will apply here. In chemistry there is a bogus metal called "ammonium," which exactly imitates other metals in all respects—until we come to isolate and purify it, when it vanishes in a bloated froth of gases.

So do the spurious arts and sciences and salvations vanish when times of stress put them to the test. So do false sentiments and arm-chair virtues melt away when the fire of affliction—no, the sunlight of real life—warms them.

When H. P. Blavatsky sowed the wheat of Universal Brotherhood, the enemy went in the night and sowed tares; and when the mixed crop appeared there were some laborers who made the mistake of pulling up wheat and tares too. Disgusted with the shams, they turned away from the truth also. But the dis-

criminating laborers waited until the wheat and tares had grown up together, and then rooted up the tares and harvested the true grain.

And now in the world we see Time the harvester busy with his sickle, clearing out all that is worthless; and the great alchemist Change melting all the ore that civilization has amassed. It is a bad time for the shams and for such as rely on them; but those who have gold and wheat can afford to lose the dross and the tares.

Watch the process everywhere, in politics, in society, in religion, in yourself; and use discrimination, that you may not reel when your crutches decay.

Angel or Nemesis

by Allen Griffiths

TWO things influence men most, hope and fear—hope of reward and good fortune; fear of punishment and bad fortune. One is an Angel, the other a Nemesis. Both come to man, both are his own and for the unawakened, there is no power of control over either.

Character is all that man brings with him into this world, and is all that he takes away. Character is by some said to be a gift from God; by others, an inheritance from parents and ancestors. According to either view character is forced upon him, and so he finds himself in present associations, conditions and environment, good or ill, and for which he is not responsible. He thus comes to earth and its experiences an entire stranger, and for that reason unfitted to solve its problems or overcome its obstacles. As to his own origin and affairs, chance, favoritism and injustice appear to him to rule absolutely. He discovers himself the creature of he knows not what. Reason and the hope within him rebel at what he feels are false teachings, but he lacks the power of knowledge to break their spell. Paralyzing fear like a haunting specter constantly attends him, so that he is destined to sad experiences which oftentimes embitter him and make his life a detriment instead of an aid to his fellows; and alas, too often he goes out of life with the light of hope all but extinguished. All this arises from a false conception of himself, of his origin, of life and its purpose, of his true destiny and of the mighty power within him which, if aroused, would make him kingly.

There has existed in all ages a mass of knowledge proclaimed by the Helpers of Humanity, and known in this time as Theosophy, which, now as ever, affirms

the true man to be an immortal Soul, Brother to all that lives! eternal as to past and future, infinite in possibility, and in essence forever one with that Supreme of the Universes from which all proceeds, to which all must return.

Man as a soul, has lived many previous lives and will live many future lives on this same earth. As each ensouled atom of Cosmos owes the fact of its location and relation to all other atoms to its own stage of development, so with man. In view of his stage of evolution, there is no other place for him but this earth where he and his fellows will remain until, in the process of time under guidance of immutable law, the whole race shall evolve to higher planes. Karma, the un-deviating law of Cause and Effect, to which he relates himself by his thought and action, brings him to his own place and gives him his own:—"Our acts our angels are, for good or ill."

To the Theosophist, death is no longer a total mystery. Death is a sleep and a rest, after which follows rebirth and resumption of activity: "our lives are rounded by a little sleep." It is an universal law that activity and inactivity succeed each other in unvarying order, and the soul of man is not an exception to that law. Earth-lives are periods of the soul's experiences; the interims between are periods of rest when the soul garners and assimilates the wisdom born of those experiences. Each succeeding earth-life marks a relative advance or retrogression, and man returns with the aspirations, hopes, impulses, ambitions, faults and follies of his past. These are his Angel or his Nemesis. Each comes to his own. In this light, man is not a stranger to earth. It is his old home. He finds himself amidst familiar associates, in well-known scenes and environment—aye, and face to face with old-time friends and foes. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that" (not something else) "shall he also reap."

Instantly upon man's realization of the law of Karma and proportionate to his adjustment to it, the death knell of the Nemesis of Fear is struck, and the Angel of an enlightened Courage is born. He now can understand the meaning of the Higher Law, recognize its Justice, and accept its action as his truest, most powerful friend. In the altered attitude, misfortune and punishment, as avenging Nemesis, pass immediately from his catalogue of experiences. The Christ-spirit, long sleeping within him, struggles for birth. Henceforth, he will accept all experiences as the tuition of the Gods, the wise guidance of the Good Law, and as the only course to his divine destiny.

Thus enlightened, rebellion ceases, peace reigns in heart and mind, harmony prevails in the body, and joy and happiness are his—all by right of conquest over the lower, personal nature. Forces which hitherto expended themselves as selfish ambition, anger, fear, envy, vanity and the spirit of retaliation, producing spiritual blindness, mental confusion and bodily disease, will flow with accentuated power upon the higher planes of his being. All the lower nature will gradually

perish, and with the new birth will also appear the new heaven and the new earth. The heavy and ever increasing burden of personal grievances will have fallen off, and with the resolve to accept all in patience and trust as the behest of the Higher Law which flows from his chastened and now compassionate heart, Nemesis forever departs and the Angel of Love, of Peace and of the Power to Help, will come to abide with him.

Bible Notes

by Students



I

Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. — Luke vi, 22.

The "Son of Man" is no child of the bond-woman—*flesh*, but verily of the free-woman—*Spirit*, the child of man's own deeds, and the fruit of his own spiritual labor.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

JESUS usually spoke of himself as the "Son of Man," and he said that the Son of Man came to seek and save that which was lost, that he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, thus showing the Son of Man to be one dedicated to the service and salvation of humanity. Other passages show not only the compassion but the power and wisdom of the "Son of Man." Thus we see that this term applies to a soul that through much experience and suffering has come to live in harmony with the Divine Nature, and out of its great Compassion sacrifices itself for humanity's sake. The "Son of Man" identified himself with humanity, for he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." So that which is done for the Son of Man's sake is also done for humanity's sake. The forces of darkness that would keep humanity in ignorance and in bondage to the lower nature always oppose whoever would bring to it Truth, Light and Liberation. In this opposition they use as instruments any whose ignorance and selfishness permit them to be so used. Those who are wedded to material things and the pleasures of the senses instinctively oppose a course that leads away from

these things and hate and cast out whoever takes such a course. They feel that a higher order of life is a reproach to them, and they do not want to be disturbed or made uncomfortable in their own way of living.

So those who with faithfulness follow the promptings of their higher nature, and serve with devotion and loyalty humanity's highest interests under the leadership of one of humanity's Regenerators, may expect to be hated and reproached and cast out as evil by the majority who take a different course. But in this they are blessed, because they have allied themselves with the highest, with whatever tends to uplift and bless the world, and have emancipated themselves from that which drags down and destroys. And they are more than blessed, because, having done this, others will be the better able to follow in their steps. B. W.

I I

Ask and ye shall receive—seek and ye shall find—knock and it shall be opened to you.
— *Luke xi, 9-13*

The whole attitude of aspiring spiritual man is included in these verses—man believing in his unity with the Universal Being, dimly conscious that his own mind may expand to embrace the universe, and thus rising *positively* from one step to another, knowing that the power to advance is his, if he but push on to the realization of his highest self. It is the *positiveness* and *daring* of his attitude that help most quickly his growth.

We know of many good people who help much by good lives, but lack the spark that gives *positive* life to their work—they are the *Galahads* who fall short, while fearless pure-hearted *Percivals* push on into the kingdom of conscious godhood. “The more one *dares*, the more he shall *obtain*,” says a sacred book. Also “The path that leadeth on, is lighted by one fire—the light of *daring* burning in the heart.”

It is one thing to *pray* ardently—another—to *accept* the answer to prayer, when it comes. Perhaps the conditions of our life that puzzle us the most, are *direct* answers to keen aspirations and impersonal meditations of the past. It is for those who study the Higher Law, to find in everything an answer to a past prayer, or the result of a past deed and thus progress from moment to moment.

M. M. T.

III

In chapter viii of St. Luke's Gospel, Christ is represented as journeying with his disciples through cities and villages preaching glad tidings of the Kingdom of

God. And when the people had gathered together to hear him, he spoke in a parable:

A sower went out to sow his seed. . . . Some fell by the way-side and the fowls of the air devoured it.

Some fell upon a rock; and it withered away because it lacked moisture. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it.

And other fell on good ground, sprang up, and bore fruit an hundred fold.

This parable of the Sower has, deep-seated within it, great truths and teachings of all the Wise Ones of Earth. And just in proportion to Humanity's needs are these seeds of wisdom sown.

Some fall by the way-side, for a time into hearts not yet attuned to receive them. Hardened by the customs of the world, by selfishness and the life of the senses there is no soil in which the seed can take root. It must wait until the heart is softened by sorrow and affliction under the merciful action of the Higher Law.

Some fell upon a rock; and it withered away for lack of moisture. Sometimes these seeds of wisdom become lodged in the intellect, and for a time they are nourished there, and do seem to be bringing forth good fruit, but as they try to strike down deeper and take firmer hold, the barren stony soil of self is reached and for lack of love and sacrifice to moisten them, they wither away.

Some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it and choked it. The seeds of wisdom sometimes become imbedded in the personality and so long as our consciousness is centered in the five senses, the conflict of opposing forces goes on, and in the struggle for mastery, these dark forces stealthily, yet surely prevail, if we allow the senses to rule the lower, instead of serving the Higher Nature. The mind becomes disturbed and the reflection of the inner knowledge becomes distorted.

And other fell on good ground; and bore fruit an hundred fold. And so this lesson comes to us in the last verse of the parable, that when the great World-Teachers come amongst us sowing seeds of wisdom, for our reaping, we may see to it that the soil in our own hearts is cleared of all selfish motives, that the seed may take root, and yield an hundred fold for the service of humanity.

H. D. P.

A STATESMAN who is ignorant of the way in which events have originated, and who cannot tell from what circumstances they have arisen, may be compared to a physician who fails to make himself acquainted with the causes of those diseases which he is called in to cure. They are both equally useless and worthless.—POLYBIUS

The Future Education

by a Student



THE subject of Education is one of vital importance to every member of the human family. For upon the way this education is conducted, of what it consists, and upon what basis it rests, depends the future of humanity, depends whether humanity shall go on up to heights as yet undreamed of or sink down to depths possibly heretofore untouched.

It is owing to the truth, the light and the knowledge brought to humanity in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century by the three great teachers of that century that we are enabled to speak with assurance of what this future education will be. Nay, not only of what it will be but of what it is already this day beginning to be. For there are children today that are being trained along the lines that I shall attempt briefly to outline.

There are many children being educated along these new lines at Point Loma. Among them are children placed here by their parents, some of them people of wealth and means. There are also many destitute, homeless children who have been adopted by this Universal Brotherhood of ours and are being trained along these lines from their earliest infancy under the direct guidance of our Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley. And there are children in Lotus Groups all over the world who are also beginning to get some of this training.

The keynote of this future education was struck twenty-five years ago and is still sounding in louder and clearer tones. Many of the teachers and educators of today have in a measure sensed this keynote, and have because of it shaped their training of children far differently from what they would have done had this message of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood never been proclaimed. Therefore education today is nearer the future education than it was twenty-five years ago. There is much greater effort at character-building, there is far more study of the child and far less of the competitive spirit in education now than then. And there are educators today who are giving more attention to character-building than to head-learning; to whom what a child *is* is of much more importance than what a child *knows*; whose every effort is planned to develop self-reliance and to make the child think and reason for himself. In so far as they are working for these ends, they are the pioneers of this future education. But even the successful of them have not been entirely successful because they have failed to sense the dominant tone in this keynote.

For first and foremost, and most important of all, underlying and permeating all other institutions, the child in this future education will be educated to know

that he is a soul, an eternal soul, living again and again in bodies of temporary duration. He will be taught to know that the soul must always be the master and the body the servant. But because it is the servant he will not look upon his body as some vile, ignoble thing to be looked down upon or ignored. No, far, very far from this. He will be trained to look upon his body as his instrument, whereby he contacts and gains experience in the outer world, a wonderful, powerful, complex, yet delicate instrument that must be trained to respond to every impulse of the soul, even as the perfect musical instrument responds in divinest harmonies to the touch of the master musician.

One great means to be used in this future education will be music itself. Music, as we well know, has been called the language of the soul, and it is this language rightly spoken which will help to awaken the soul from its long sleep of the ages and enable it to step out of its chrysalis into its true position in the sunlight and joy of life.

In this future education there will be many things that today are considered important, essential, and as even the fundamental basis of education itself that will then be considered non-important, non-essential, and even perhaps detrimental. And many other things that today are not considered as very important, that are looked upon as side issues, as fads perhaps, will then be known to be important. For anything that will increase the suppleness of the body, that will make it more quickly, more intelligently and even more gracefully responsive to the commands of the soul, will be important. For it is only through these bodies that we learn our lessons of material life, that we attain our experience and growth, and the souls, the gods, incarnating in these bodies, took it upon themselves to raise these instruments to their own level.

In this future education the student will never be pitted against his fellow-students. He will never look upon them as rivals to be surpassed, or as obstacles in his road to success, obstacles which must be removed at any cost. But he will recognize his fellow-students as fellow-souls, in no wise differing in essence from himself, traveling the same road, learning the same lessons to arrive at the same goal altogether or not at all.

Then such questions as are so often asked today about rank and merits and per cents., etc., will no longer be asked, and the incentives so often held out today as stimuli to greater effort will also be unknown. Rather will be asked such simple questions as these: Have you done your best? Have you improved every moment and every opportunity to accomplish the task set before you? And above all, have you given of your light and your strength to help a weaker student? Then if the answer be yes, even if the result be apparent failure, there will be no blame attached to it. For then blame will be attached only to non-effort or to the non-giving of help, for then every one will be ex

pected and will expect to do his best, and every one will be expected and will expect to give all the help within his power to all with whom he comes in contact, even at the cost of great personal sacrifice.

And to the student in this future education, there will be given one rule which will govern all his relations to all his fellow beings. This rule can be formulated in many different ways. Here are some of them: Only as you give help can you receive help. Only as you remove the obstacles in the path of a fellow being, will you be enabled to remove the obstacles from your own path. Only as you open the doors that bar another's progress, will you acquire the strength, the courage, the wisdom and the will to open the doors that bar your own progress. Only as you let your light shine will that light increase in brilliancy or will you be able even to keep it from total extinction.

Inaction in a deed of mercy is action in a deadly sin.

Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, as the lotus bears its heart to drink in the morning sun.

Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

So must the soul of him who in the stream would enter thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes.

An old rule you say. Yes! a very old rule! But are we today guiding our lives according to this rule? As a race, no! But there are individuals here and there who are beginning to realize the necessity of conforming their lives to it. And this future education will make this rule operative in the lives of all humanity, for it will teach that the life into which humanity will step when this great period of evolution is ended, will be utterly impossible to one who has not acquired that quality which is the fruit of this rule made operative in daily life. It will teach that life then will be as utterly impossible to him who has not acquired this divine quality of "compassion with all that lives and breathes" as life would be here today in a body that has not the power to breathe.

So the teachers in this future education will spare no pains, no effort to make the student realize the necessity of conforming his every thought, word and deed to this rule. And then man's inhumanity to man will cease, and will become a thing of the past, of history perchance. I can almost imagine myself living in that day, studying perhaps with a band of students, the manners, the customs and the beliefs of our ancestors. And I can imagine the incredulity, possibly, with which it will be read that our ancestors, not longer ago than the Nineteenth century, or even the early part of the Twentieth century, really believed that they could climb by pulling another down; that they could gain by causing loss to a comrade; that they could advance more rapidly by piling obstacles in the path of a fellow

being. And I can imagine how plainly, how very plainly, it will be seen then that the one who thought he was climbing by pulling another down was not only not climbing, but was in reality sinking so much lower that it took him perhaps more than one life of pain and sorrow and effort to regain the ground lost by such acts; and that the one who thought he was gaining by causing loss to another was in reality fashioning and hanging about his neck a millstone which made all further progress impossible, until through pain and sorrow and great effort he got rid of it again; and that the one who thought he was advancing more rapidly by piling obstacles in the path of another was in reality piling the obstacles a thousand times higher in his own path than ever he could in another's path—obstacles which he himself had to remove also with great pain and sorrow and effort, perhaps long after the memory of having himself put them there had escaped his outer consciousness.

And I can also imagine that the cause of all this will be plainly seen then to have been ignorance, caused by the wrong education, which in its turn was caused by the loss of the knowledge of soul which had given birth to that "great dire heresy of separateness" which will then be seen to have been the primal cause of all this inharmony. And then the awful insanity of the age, man's unbrotherliness, will be cured and man will be sane.

Then too will come to the knowledge and realization of man another truth, a truth that has been lost to mankind for so many countless ages, that I doubt if you look through all the histories ever written from the present time down to that of the remotest antiquity that you will find a trace of it. There may be hints of it in the myths, the song and the poetry of the world; but if there are, they have been so closely veiled that no one has recognized them, at least not until the keynote of this law was again struck. This truth is, *Life is Joy*.

We have always believed that life might be joyous under certain conditions. But we also have believed that if those conditions disappear and are substituted by the opposite conditions, that the joy too would disappear and that in its place would come grief and pain, and sorrow and despair, and darkness, and sometimes even death. But when through this future education the realization of this fact of life comes to humanity *such things will not be*. For then with every breath that is drawn will be drawn in the great, boundless, all-permeating joy of life. And then conditions will not have the paralyzing effect they have now for they will sink to their proper place. They will be looked upon as means of growth or as the tests whereby will be brought to the surface, whether or not this indispensable quality of compassion is being acquired.

It is not necessary to wait for some future day to begin this realization. It is possible today even amid the awful turmoil and inharmony of outer conditions to begin to feel that life is joy, for the keynote *has* been struck and is sounding

loud and clear. If we would, if only for a few moments each day, still the ceaseless clatter of the mind, think of ourselves as souls, and sink our consciousness to the center of our being we could hear there the wondrous "Song of Life." And then if we would send this out to suffering humanity, it would come back to us as the realization of this joy of life. There is no other way; and this education will demonstrate this. It will train all humanity even as it is today training some of the children; some of whom will already tell you that you must open the door and let Joy Fairies fly out to those who need them so badly if you yourself want to know that Life is Joy.

Now, perhaps you will think that this is only the day dream of an enthusiast. But it is nevertheless a reality. And if you live, say, fifty years longer, you will begin to see the proof of this. You will see that the today future education will then be the present accepted education and you will begin to realize some of the wonderful, glorious benefits arising therefrom. And this is made possible by the fact that this education is already begun at the Raja Yoga School. Now, of what is this fruit? Is it the fruit of the Nineteenth century civilization, think you? Or of the present education system? I think not! For "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

Of what then is it the outgrowth? I will tell you. It is the outgrowth of lives of such work, such heroism, such devotion and such self-sacrifice that methinks the stories of these lives must go resounding down through the ages for all time to come. It is the outgrowth of the lives of the three teachers of whom I have already spoken, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and our present Teacher and Helper. Yes, it is due to these hero-minds, who have worked and do work incessantly, that this new education has become possible and has already begun in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma.

CALUMNY is a monstrous vice; for, where parties indulge in it, there are always two that are actively engaged in doing wrong, and one who is subject to injury. The calumniator inflicts wrong by slandering the absent; he who gives credit to the calumny, before he has investigated the truth, is equally implicated. The person traduced is doubly injured—first by him who propagates, and secondly, by him who credits, the calumny.—HERODOTUS

IF we were all eager to resist the man who inflicts injury, and were ready to bring aid, *regarding any injury done as done to ourselves*, and if we were prepared to assist each other, there would be less injury done by the bad; for when these men found that they were watched and properly punished, they would either become few in number or would disappear altogether.—MENANDER

Law and Order Rule

by T. W. Willans



IN life, Law and Order rule, for no matter how determined is the defiance of law or how prolonged is the opposition to Divine Will, the controlling hand is over all and prevails when it wills to do so. To understand the working of the Law of Life it has to be studied in a living way; facts are no use to us unless they become a part of our nature; for this study is not a dead study of words, but a living study of deeds.

The Law works for the Perfection of man, and with him of all creatures and worlds. A perfect man is the embodiment of love and truth; so his whole life is eternally devoted to Universal Brotherhood which, when fully understood, will achieve the Perfection of Mankind.

To be on the side of Law and Order, is to be on the side that will prevail, and to be with the Law as an active worker and co-partner it is necessary to study its methods of working.

The process by which man becomes perfect is by *self-evolution*, hence he learns by his *own deeds*, for all thought is expressed in acts sooner or later, unless rejected, and counteracted by thought of an opposite nature.

So the mind is really the great battlefield, on which the victories and defeats of self-evolution are decided. For if a man dwells in thought on an idea, and desires, that is, likes or dislikes it, when opportunity occurs he will do it; and the opportunity will occur sooner or later, for he has set the law in positive motion by his thought and desire; the only preventative being other thoughts and desires in an opposite direction. So at these moments of opportunity, which occur all day long, all depends on our decision which we will give life to and make a part of our nature, with tendencies for or against self-evolution.

As nearly all people have constant alternations of good and bad thoughts and desires, their self-evolution, or self-destruction is very slow; for one counteracts the other, and if you subtract the good from the bad there is only a fraction of profit or loss one way or the other. So in a general way it takes hundreds of incarnations, that is lives in physical bodies, to make any decided progress or retrogression either in self-evolution or self-destruction.

But when we consciously take up the duty of always trying to decide for the Right, and work intelligently with the Law, which works for Perfection, then a steady effort of a few years will show real progress and in this is the demonstration of its truth. Now all good and bad acts and thoughts, however great or small, can be summed up into two principal divisions, one for the Right and one

for the Wrong; and these two great divisions of the Light and the Dark, the Sunlight and the Shadow, are *Selfishness* and *Unselfishness*. So we see the motive of our thought and act is of the greatest importance, in fact is the determining factor whether in the Book of Life our account is entered on the Right or the Wrong side of our ledger.

For we may appear to do right for selfish motives and we may appear to do wrong for unselfish motives. I say *appear* only, for it is the motive that really makes them bad, that is, for or against the work of Universal Brotherhood.

A practical illustration will make this clearer: Say a surgeon takes a knife and cuts a brother's body, his motive being to extract a malignant growth and so save the body from destruction; and this may seem a bad act, to be cutting a man's body with a sharp knife, if you did not know what his motive was, but it is really a good act, though painful to the body. On the other hand, an assassin may use the same knife and cut the same body in the same place, but his motive is to destroy the body. So it is a bad act because it is done from an unbrotherly motive. If we take this lesson to heart it alone should make us refrain from condemning others for any act they may do when we do not know the motive.

When we condemn others wrongly the Law turns our condemnation upon ourselves, and we have to go through the same experience to teach us the truth. Therefore, the wise Teacher, Jesus, said, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Where Law and Order rule demonstration of the truth is possible; hence it is within the power of man to know and prove that he is an immortal soul. As law is that which is laid, set or fixed, and as law rules in the spiritual world, that world of soul is established on certain eternal principles which, when known and made use of as the bases or foundations of our thought and action, will become the ruling factor in our lives and demonstrate to us our divinity. Just as a blind faith and unreasoned belief will lead one to trust in that which is false, so will true faith and reasonable belief on the eternal principles of spiritual life lead one to the knowledge of the truth. So blind belief or vainly imagining one is saved by the sacrifice of another is worse than folly, it is positively vicious: for what more degrading idea is possible than to seek to gain good at the expense and suffering of others, and what is as bad; it is *positively untrue*. For the whole principle and hope of man's salvation lies in *self-evolution* and self-effort, unselfish devotion to the welfare of others, not *by himself*, but *with others*.

It is true many Saviors have sacrificed themselves and their sublime devotion to the cause of Universal Brotherhood to help their fellow men, but it is *not true* that we can profit by this sacrifice unless we ourselves carry on *their* work: working on the same principles, on the same plan and with the same unselfish devotion for the good of all, the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

Nature Notes

by H. W. W.



HOW to put into words the wonder, the mystery, the beauty of nature, whether in the vast, majestic sweep of sky or sea, of rugged mountain top, or sweeping lowland! The tiny grains we tread beneath our feet, the apparently trifling wayside incidents and objects, all are pregnant with such wonderful beauty, such indescribable harmony, as to defy portrayal. A spray of leaves, a few stones, a weed, a straggling piece of sea-weed; there is nothing the eye can rest upon but which is full of grace, of harmony, of dramatic meaning, so matchless as to defy representation by human art. There is but one word which can be found to fit the case, and that is "perfect."

Endless are the lessons to be learned by studying Nature in the small details as much as in the sweeping grandeur of her moods and storms. It was but recently, while strolling on the shore at Point Loma, that my attention was attracted by a piece of sea weed—kelpie—thrown by the sea upon the sand; its broad flat leaves and long trailing stems arranged in such exquisite and harmonious lines as to make one silent with a feeling akin to reverence and awe at the touch of the Great Master. So graceful, so poetic, so full of history and meaning, so utterly perfect in every way, there was one broad, surging sweep of a great wave carrying a long piece of weed along its crest, with a dip, dip, dip of its sparkling clear-cut crest of emerald and violet, now rising high and clear into the sunlight, again sinking down out of sight into the trough of deep, mysterious green, ever rapidly nearing the shore until its rearing summit cannot longer balance on its crystal walls now lifted aloft curved in momentary equipoise.

A splash, a bound, a roaring burst and rushing avalanche of leaping foam, leaving a great fan-shaped pattern of lace work in its widening wake, a quick rush up the sandy beach, a chaos of stones, of shells, sea weed, and sand, with sunshine playing over all; a churning, seething mass of diverse elements in one wild confusion, yet grand with the force and guidance of the law, as with a long, sweeping rush and surf upon the smooth sand, the broad sheet of snowy foam displays a thousand harmonies of form and color, each pebble giving forth a note and many notes of varying tone. The curving sheet of snowy foam swings high at last upon the sand, as with a long sigh and soft caress it models all its diverse elements, and with one masterly stroke arranges all that chaotic confusion of heterogeneous admixture of sand and pebbles, sea weed and shells, into a perfect harmony of line, composition and color. Then, as if not content with the broad conception it must needs put just a last touch of exquisite finish, and the retreat-

ing wave, having strewn its material in a broad, grand composition, now delicately arranges the minutest parts in perfect order.

In one such picture which I saw, a long, trailing piece of kelpie, with leaves and stem complete, was spread upon the sand with such masterly swing and feeling, lightly shaded here and there by a veil of sand softening the definition of the form, blending it with ripples of the sand—sign and seal of perfect force and matchless form drawn by a master stroke of a master hand, perfected in the twinkling of an eye. The whole picture designed, executed, finished in the period of a single ocean wave—a model for artists of all ages; full of meaning and mystery!

Thus continually does Nature's Builder paint pictures and sculpture forms of beauty with an ease and precision absolute and matchless and yet almost entirely unheeded by man, who knows so little of the world in which he lives. Building with such infinite care and destroying again with the same infinite carelessness; ever weaving new intricacies of form, of color and music; its tides rising and falling, ebbing and flowing, coming and going, ever and endlessly changing and changing. Nature enacts again and again her mysteries—each a chapter in the evolution of the soul. Ever the finger of God writes on the walls of time the great Story of Life—the Song of the Ages.

After-Rain

by HELEN HAY—(*Selected*)

THE country road at lonely close of day
 Has rest awhile from the long stress of rain;
 Dripping and bowed the green walls of the lane
 Reflect no glistening sight; no colors gay
 Has dying summer left; the sky is gray,
 As though the weeping had not eased the pain;
 The autumn is not yet, and all in vain
 Seems summer's life—a blossom cast away!

The air is hushed, save in the emerald shade,
 The rain still drops, and stirs each fretting leaf
 To soft insistence of its little grief;
 The hopeless calm all through of life denies;
 But hark! and now through silence unafraid
 A robin ripples to the chilly skies.

WHEN we do not find peace within ourselves, it is vain to seek for it elsewhere.

—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

The Steady Performance of Duty



During his recent flying visit to Point Loma, Mr. Clark Thurston, the well-known member of Katherine Tingley's advisory Cabinet, who is so highly respected and beloved by all the members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization throughout the world, gave several addresses to the students. The following is a portion of one :

BY looking back and taking note of the prominent features of our history, we can appreciate the fact that every opposition, every attack, has been in reality a stepping forward and has given us the opportunity of gaining strength. Those who have guided the work have thrown us back upon ourselves, have made us feel the opposition keenly in order that we may the better realize the greatness of the Movement. We know what strength we have gained in the past from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and how we treasure them; but today we have already a new text-book in the scattered reports of the sayings of Katherine Tingley, our present Teacher. These, when collected and formed into one whole, will make a book for daily reference which will be found of inestimable value. This will be a great addition to the teachings of H. P. B. and W. Q. J., for I have learned from my own experience, that these records form, *when studied together*, an absolute solvent to most of the difficulties and perplexities that we can encounter. They will help us to grow—and we know that to cease growing is to wither and die.

We learn from the lessons given to us by Katherine Tingley that in every word and action we do, however small, there is valuable teaching. The greatest strength and wisdom will be the result of careful attention to each duty, and the grandest thing we stand possessed of today is the unique opportunity to do even little things faithfully for the work under the guidance of our Leader. Steady performance of duty is a mighty power, mightier in its consequences than mere reasoning or the cultivation of the mind alone. We are the richer each time we fulfill a duty rightly and loyally. Every simple suggestion of the Leader is giving us an opportunity for action. Her simplest words have often the deepest meaning.

A most wonderful thing to me is that we have at last found the Sacred Spot of land, and that the relationship we have so longed for—have thought impossible—is here. We have read so much of this relationship between Teacher and pupils, but now our hearts *feel* the touch, *even when afar*.

We cannot be downcast, we cannot lose our trust, for we have gained the knowledge that there is no other way than service—actual, personal service for humanity. That is the open door to all the Powers of the Soul. Then opposi-

tion in our own natures, or outside, will act like the wind that helps the eagle to float. It will give us the chance to rise higher.

To prove this true relationship between us and the Pioneers of humanity, egotism must fall away, and in that falling a greater Ego-ism will step in. The very fact that we are in the Theosophical movement shows that we each have possibilities of service. It is very beautiful to be here at Point Loma, very fascinating, but it is more beautiful, more fascinating to be ready and willing to do service in this work *irrespective of time or place*.

Devote thyself zealously as a Roman and a man of energy to thy every duty with scrupulous and unfeigned dignity, with love of humanity, independence and a strict adherence to justice and withdraw thyself from all other thoughts. Thou wilt give thyself relief if thou doest every act of this life as if it were the last.—MARCUS ANTONINUS

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma-land

**Purchase
of the
Fisher Opera House
by
Katherine Tingley**

The records of the Movement have just been enriched by one of the most important events in its history, and one the significance of which can hardly be overestimated for the future success of our dramatic and musical work, which is of such importance for the progress of mankind to a higher level. This work is the avenue for Theosophy to reach a vast department of life which it would otherwise be impossible to touch.

The striking event referred to is the purchase of the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, by the Leader, which was publicly announced on March 8th.

The Theater is in many respects the most complete of any in the State and is equipped with every modern appliance for scenic effects, is lighted by its own electric plant and has a most unusual number of large and lofty dressing rooms and property rooms—an absolute necessity in view of the large number of characters who will appear in the forthcoming dramas. In front of the stage the accommodations are extremely perfect. The Auditorium is of great size and is capable of holding nearly two thousand persons. It is approached by a spacious and artistic vestibule flanked by cloak rooms, offices, etc., and wide and handsome staircases lead from it to the first and second balconies. The whole interior is decorated in

a most artistic manner in buff and gold. The citizens of San Diego say no expense was spared by Mr. Fisher to make the fittings and decorations as perfect and beautiful as possible. In the erection of this splendid building he not only showed great public spirit, but his good taste is evident in every portion. The general scheme and many of the details show the influence of some of the best features of the antique carvings from the ruins left by the great ancient races of men once inhabiting Mexico and Central America. The very pleasing and instructive effect of the whole is therefore in keeping with the associations of this locality and our artistic comrades consider the proscenium will make an excellent setting for the educative presentations which will be brought out by the students and by artists from all parts of the world.

Besides the splendid accommodations provided by the theater itself its location is the best in the city. It is situated close to the largest hotel in San Diego, and extends the whole width of the block between Fourth and Fifth streets, the two principal thoroughfares, in each of which it has large and imposing entrances. The main front is to the west, directly facing Loma-land.

Besides the extensive accommodation within the theater itself, there are twenty-eight large and convenient rooms connected with it, which Katherine Tingley intends to utilize for art studios and for members of the legal profession as well as for the permanent home of the Isis Conservatory of Music and other rapidly developing activities of the Organization in San Diego. This part of the building is four stories in height, the lower portion being composed of several well-appointed stores with broad windows facing the business streets.

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**Great
Opportunity for
Dramatic
Talent**

When a few years ago the Leader presented the "Eumenides" in New York City, and in Buffalo and at the great Universal Brotherhood Congress at Point Loma, the performances of which received such splendid testimonials from qualified judges, about the time the Leader advised the members to train themselves and some of the Lotus children in the fundamentals of dramatic art, that splendid promise of the present day was not dreamed of, but now it can be seen that the Leader's plans were more far-reaching than was imagined. The simpler work in dramatic presentation that has been done, has prepared a number of the workers and has brought out in many directions quite unexpected talent, which now will find an outlet into a wider field than seemed possible when the Leader introduced the Dramatic work into the Lodges throughout the world. She says she knew, when choosing Loma-land as the great Center of the Work, that San Diego was destined to be the gateway between Point Loma and the rest of the world, and though, of course, the great open air representations in the Amphitheater at the Point will express exclusively and most perfectly the teachings of Theosophy, being given under such absolutely ideal conditions with every natural advantage, still there are many points about the construction and location of the Opera House at San Diego that render it eminently fitted for the purpose of appealing to the higher instincts of the resident and visiting public of Southern California.

The members and others who know Katherine Tingley's amazing versatility, will best understand that the class of entertainment to be given at the Opera House will vary constantly in its nature, for every department of life must be touched, or the true work for hu-

manity would be incomplete. She proposes to create a demand for a higher drama than has hitherto been seen—a more ennobling form—from the contact with which both actors and audience will derive real profit and moral benefit. This will build an atmosphere not only of love for the great classical dramatists but for every shade of thought which can beautify and purify life.

In spite of the great efforts of Katherine Tingley which, if they would only permit them, would be a help even to the enemies of progress, there are a few such who enjoy to circulate absurd rumors about her plans. The following extract from the *San Diego Union* of March 11th, treats of this:

“It was a day for denials for the reports of radical changes at the Opera House were denied by Mrs. Tingley, who, when asked regarding the same, said:

“‘The statements made in regard to my plans to change the Fisher Opera House in a radical manner, either as to construction and arrangement of the building, or as to the general character of entertainments given at the play-house, are quite unfounded. Indeed, I consider that they originated from an unfriendly source. They are evidently concocted for the purpose of misleading the public.

“‘At the Fisher Opera House next Sunday evening I shall definitely explain my plan in connection with my future work at the theater. My statements will in almost every particular be flat contradictions to the rumors which seem to be industriously circulated in San Diego.

“‘I have no intention of depriving the San Diego people of their favorite theater. I propose to hold it intact. There is ample room for the Musical Conservatory I am to establish, without disturbing the beautiful auditorium, which I so much admire.

“‘If another Opera House is built in San Diego it will not discourage me in my determined purpose of preserving this theater and adding to its luster by the presentation of the world’s best artists. I consider the promulgators of these false rumors as the enemies to San Diego and her best interests.’

“In response to questions regarding the management of the Opera House, Mrs. Tingley said that there would not be very marked changes in regard to the attractions booked at the play-house. The general run of entertainments will find accommodations there. It might be that in the course of a year’s time there would be one or two which would be booked by other managers and owners of play-houses of the State, which could not find room in the Opera House under her management, but there would not be such a notable change that there need be much comment on the subject. The change would, she expected, be for the better and for the upbuilding and education of San Diego.

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**High-class
Entertainments
at Low Prices**

“In the main, she said that it would be her purpose to give to the people of San Diego as many low-priced, but high-classed entertainments as possible. She would want the entertainments to come within the reach of the mass of the people, and she had no intention of forcing on the people as their only entertainments something which was entirely beyond them. There were attractions being played now at the theaters which she

would not herself care to see or listen to, but there were people who did, and it could not be expected that all the people could be educated in their desires as to plays in any short time.

“In closing the conversation Mrs. Tingley asked that the people be disabused of the idea that there were to be a lot of very radical changes in the Opera House.”

* * *

**More Workers
Will Be
Needed**

Her students and the members of The Universal Brotherhood know by experience what a marvelous faculty the Leader has displayed of vivifying all the departments of life with a new spirit, and making every human activity she touches bear its part in the elevation of mankind to a higher state of brotherhood. Here is a golden opportunity for us to show by practical work that we truly realize our responsibility as our brothers' keepers, for without doubt there will before long be a tax laid on the Organization for qualified members to assist here in the great developments in music and drama, which are now so close at hand and which will be most potent means of helping humanity to realize that noble living is indeed joy. The Leader says if we do our full duty to our neighbors, San Diego will be in a few years the Mecca for thinkers and leaders of mankind from all parts, seeking light on the perplexing problems of the age.

The following statement, issued from Point Loma, has been published in the newspapers:

“It is Mrs. Tingley's intention to make the Opera House a center for Theosophical work. The name will of course be changed, and other changes will ensue to the end that it may be made an art and music center which will be of immense benefit to the city of San Diego, and ultimately to the entire coast.

“Mrs. Tingley, as is well known, believes that music and the drama are most important means of higher education and it is needless to say that hereafter none but dramas of the highest order will be encouraged or allowed to be given in the theater. Besides this, it will be largely used for the presentation of her own musical entertainments and dramas, given by her students and by the children of the Raja Yoga School, under her supervision. Those who know of the character of the dramatic representations given by her students well understand Mrs. Tingley's aim.

“A conservatory of music will at once be established and under the plan already outlined by Mrs. Tingley, it may be possible for even the poorest child in San Diego to have a musical education on the highest lines.

* * *

**San Diego
to be a
World-Center of
Music and Art**

“The following statement was made by Mr. E. A. Neresheimer in answer to queries:

““Part of Katherine Tingley's plans with regard to making the city of San Diego a world-center of art and music, has been foreshadowed in her publications, *THE NEW CENTURY*, and *UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH*. Music being the greatest moral and spiritual agent, she insists that it is a necessity in the home. Her intention therefore is to establish free classes of choral singing, in unison and part-songs, so that music can be performed and applied in the home without any musical instrument other than the natural human voice. It is the experience of the teachers under her direction that the natural voices of children born

here at San Diego have a wonderful sonorous quality and brilliancy which no doubt is owing to the favorable conditions of the climate. This favorable sign, combined with the unique and simple methods of training which she has introduced will so arouse the enthusiasm of participants after they have reached some little development, that the art will propagate speedily and universally among the community and surroundings. Once that a fair start is made showing the great success that can be attained, it will naturally lead to a desire for greater and greater perfection, and it is in the home-life where it will find the most widespread application.

* * *

**Students'
Enthusiasm for
Musical Culture**

“‘Music culture is a *sine qua non* among the students at Point Loma, who are so delighted with the methods of their teacher that a time limit has to be set so as to keep the budding enthusiasm within bounds and wholesome limits. At Point Loma, while singing is the predominating branch of music culture, there is also other work done which is indispensable in a thorough musical education. The fundamental rules of counterpoint and harmony and the mastery of all modern orchestral instruments are incumbent upon the students as a body. The result is that the higher class of chamber music and full orchestra work are among the accomplishments there.

“‘Some of the students had never thought of such a thing as cultivating music in their life, some of them have been content, like so many people, in neglecting the art while saying that they have no talent for music.

“‘According to Katherine Tingley, that is an unwarrantable assertion and equal to barring oneself out from the enjoyment and realization of the sublimest vehicles of aesthetic culture.

“‘The Isis Conservatory of Music which was established last year on B street with a full corps of high-class teachers who adhere strictly to Katherine Tingley’s method, will be extended for the more artistic development of young and old, those who wish to realize the beauties of life which spring from the accomplishment of music as a high art.’”

Looking back a few years at our hopes and fears, the splendid progress the work has achieved through the exertions of the Leader seems quite incredible. For one person who heard of Theosophy as a strange intellectual study in the earlier days a thousand know of it now as it really is—a great heart-force breathing compassion and help to all classes of mankind. Through the right presentation of the drama all can be touched in their deepest nature.

The satisfaction of the citizens of San Diego at the acquisition of the Opera House by Katherine Tingley has been great, for they feel that so much will be done for the advancement of the city and State through the work to be done within it by her.

On Sunday, March 16, the Leader spoke for the first time at the Opera House since her recent severe accident. Her address was on the future Musical and Dramatic work at this Center, and was given to an enormous audience, which filled every corner of the building. Standing room was impossible to get fifteen minutes after the doors were opened. A citizen of San Diego who is not connected in any way with our work took the pains to count the number of persons who could not gain admission owing to want of space. He is a careful observer and used to such work and reports that not less than two thousand persons were unable to get within the Theater and so failed to hear the Leader’s voice on this memorable occasion for the citizens of San Diego.

The following heading from the *San Diego Union* will be found of interest :

KATHERINE TINGLEY OUTLINES HER POLICIES

Will be Her Purpose to Encourage Higher Drama and Music

She Would Make of San Diego a Second Athens, Seat of Learning and Art of the World — An Immense Audience

In the next issue of this magazine the full report of the Leader's speech will be published.

* * *

**Development of
San Diego**

San Diego is coming to be regarded by members everywhere as a world center of Humane activities. This was not dreamed of, save by the very few, five years ago. About that time the Crusaders, who had carried this message of Brotherhood around the world, stopped at San Diego on their return home, and on Point Loma, the Corner-stone of the Great Temple was dedicated by Katherine Tingley. Even two years ago, when she came to Point Loma to live and when the various departments of her work here entered into a period of expansion and great activity, few realized that the center of affairs even then included San Diego. Something like a year ago, at a time of immense opportunity (for times of siege and pressure are always that, as Theosophists well know), arrangements were made to hold weekly public meetings, in the great Fisher Opera House. It was not long before the heart-life commenced to express itself in San Diego and the people more fully realized their opportunity to build a nobler city, a purer community of people, in short, the chance to make San Diego a great educational center on the highest lines. Soon a handsome residence on B Street became the San Diego branch of the Isis Conservatory of Music, the headquarters of which are still at Point Loma.

Within the fortnight Katherine Tingley having purchased the Fisher Opera House, this will now be made a great educational center along the lines of higher Art, Music, and the Drama. Hundreds have expressed their appreciation of this, realizing what this will mean to the city, particularly to the life of the young people here. Those who can read the "signs of the times" need no prophet. For to members everywhere, San Diego bears the same relation today that 144 Madison Avenue bore in the old days. The Aryan Society which W. Q. Judge established and which held the fortress in New York for so many years, is now established in Point Loma, all the loyal old workers are here, and it today conducts the weekly meetings held in the Opera House in San Diego. Where a dozen were reached in the old days, now hundreds, nay thousands, are reached and touched by this philosophy of life, convinced of its value by the evidences shown of practical humanitarian work.

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**Katherine Tingley's
Work
Appreciated**

While there have been a few in San Diego, as in every city, who were not broad-minded enough to "live and let live," while by these The Universal Brotherhood Movement and particularly the Leader, have been misrepresented and persecuted, the great mass are friendly and loyal. That is but natural. They love San Diego. They are loyal citizens to their city, and this loyalty makes them very quick to appreciate the efforts of all who would

help them make it a better place to live in. They are grateful for what Katherine Tingley has done and has inspired them to do along higher lines, and this gratitude they express in many ways. The crowded houses at The Universal Brotherhood meetings, numbers being often turned away for want of room, are only one evidence. And the Leader is grateful as well, grateful to those who, in spite of discouragement and business disappointments, have succeeded in building a city so well fitted for a great work. That San Diego has within it the possibility of becoming a modern Athens, no well-intentioned citizen discredits. That there is every probability that this, and far more, will come to be, even within a very few years, is already apparent. What such a center will mean to the world we need but to read history intelligently to understand. And that San Diego has already taken its first steps toward becoming a world center of all that is purest and noblest and wisest in human life and philosophy, those who can look behind effects to causes, clearly perceive.

It is a significant fact that those who are most interested in benefiting the city along practical, common sense lines, are the very ones who are most friendly to the humanitarian work being done on Point Loma. They may or may not be members of The Universal Brotherhood. As students well know, the sign of the true soul is not to be found in any external thing, but is something that pertains to the character, the real inner life. And that many of the best citizens in San Diego to day are true workers for the betterment of humanity is plain enough. They are doing splendid practical work. For nothing in the world is so fertile of practical results as a true philosophy of life. San Diego is today cleaning its streets, paving them, improving the system of lighting, etc., planning for the enlargement of the splendid harbor work, a great new railroad and what not, with more energy and vim than was ever shown before.

* * *

**A Type
of the
True Citizen**

Prominent among these practical, energetic citizens is Mr. D. C. Reed, twice Mayor of the city. He is an authority on the city's real estate, is one of the older citizens and a practical business man. Those who have heard him speak upon the city's problems know that at heart he is a thinker and a philosopher. Perhaps that is why he appreciates the practical side of affairs so well and is so successful in all he undertakes, for nothing in the world is so practical as a true philosophy. At present he is interested in paving the streets. The Ship Subsidy bill which has just been passed by the Senate, and which will make San Diego Bay the greatest shipping port on the Pacific Coast, claimed Mr. Reed's hearty support. He is one of the most active promoters of the new transcontinental railroad, which will soon be built with San Diego as the west-coast terminus. Mr. Reed stands as a type of the true citizen. For the true citizen is as much concerned—nay, more—in the dollar the city spends as he is in the dollar he himself earns. And the true citizen is always willing to put aside his merely personal likes and dislikes, his private interests and dis-interests for the greater good of the community.

Mr. Reed's family life is almost ideal, and men so just and honorable as Mr. Reed are not too common in this age. Mrs. Reed has been an invalid for many years, but has recently taken a new lease of life and health. Their three daughters are deeply interested in the Lotus work now being carried on in San Diego.

In addition to all the good-will that is expressed toward our work for Universal Brotherhood by the citizens of San Diego, contributions of good-will and friendliness continue to come in from the outside. Only recently Mr. Reed received a letter from his old friend, Mr. A. B. Hotchkiss, the attorney for the Southern Pacific. Mr. Hotchkiss is an old San Diego citizen, at one time Prosecuting Attorney. He is at present in Los Angeles and is publisher of *Public Economy*. He writes, in part :

“MY DEAR D. C. :

“I have your favor of the 16th, and read same with keen interest; . . . when Reed puts on his war-paint, the whole tribe pick up the line of march and go to work to rustle, and then the outside world bring in their shekels, and there you are! cash in hand!! and the attention of railroad builders is at once turned to the necessity of getting in there. The Senate has passed the Ship Subsidy bill, and San Diego harbor is and will be the only place for years to meet the boom in shipping lines south of San Francisco. . . . The new survey made by your local folk is the latch-string—the open door. . . . Now I have been reading that ennobling organ of purity and unselfishness, *The New Century*, edited by your public-spirited citizen, Katherine Tingley. It breathes the spirit of a higher, sweeter and loftier life, a beneficent life, tending to the general elevation of the masses. Mrs. Tingley ought to be a source of inspiration to your people; her investment (the purchase of the Fisher Opera House) shows faith in the destiny of San Diego. . . . Reed, I am with you and will pull ‘stroke oar’ in the good old San Diego boat, with you and Carlson on the other oars, and we will again sing songs of sweetest triumph and joy as of yore to the music of the twenties.”

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The Aryan Meetings in the Aryan Temple

These services are continued on Sundays with regularity, and are a source of inspiration to all who are able to be present. The guests at the Homestead have the privilege of attending these morning services and always express how much they profit by and enjoy them.

This work in the Aryan Temple is a great encouragement to the old members of the Aryan Society who never dreamed of such success coming in their lifetimes. It is a great comfort to all the old students who have fought through so many obstacles to think of this Center having been established so firmly at last.

The Leader feels deeply the devotion of the faithful members throughout the world as they remain true to the work, and she can accentuate the force of their love and brotherhood. At the intervals between the addresses or when the fifty voices of the Loma-land choir have ceased to ring out over the hills, the subdued murmur of the waves, as they strike the rocks on the beach far below, falls upon the ear with a wonderful effect, helping to harmonize the whole meeting. On several occasions at these services, which have a peculiarly inspiring quality of their own, the Leader has given some of her most valuable addresses. The one of which the following is a brief report, was Katherine Tingley's address on Sunday, March 9th:

“In taking up briefly the subject of Spiritual Knowledge and how to gain it, one finds oneself thinking many ways before one can know the platform on which to stand—the firm

basis to work from. For we all know that in the past numerous plans have been outlined by many of the great reformers of the ages—and millions and millions of books have been written, each declaring the one special way of finding spiritual knowledge.

“False teachers have made glowing pictures in the mind that they might hypnotize the brain-mind and so attempt to work out their selfish schemes.

“To me it seems that the outreaching of the human life, the moving away from the central source of one’s inner life and from one’s duties close at hand, has, literally, wrecked thousands of human lives, and prevented spiritual growth, and prevented men from finding the real key that opens the door to the knowledge of Life. Here I am reminded of an old saying, that for the honor of one’s country one must venture all, and I think that if we can rightly interpret that thought, and can then hold to our Theosophical principles and ideas which stand out so simple and so strong and full, in contrast with the many other ways in which Theosophy has been presented, we shall then be able to dare to venture to move confidently along the path of life, earnest, conscientious, fearless workers for the glory of the Higher Law and for the benefit of human kind.

* * *

**To Sow
the Seed of
Noble Service**

“For if we will stop for only a moment and move more closely in touch with our inner life, our aspirations, our hopes, we shall really find the inexpressible inspiration of the Soul that is constantly urging us in the right direction. And it is the recognition of this inner urge, it is the being willing to work with it, to realize how beneficent and helpful is this compassionate Companion, and how readily we can, by following its mighty call in simplicity and in trust, sow the seed of noble service; it is in doing that, in surrendering ourselves daringly and unselfishly and fully, we commence this sowing understandingly. Then we commence to gain the knowledge that is necessary for further steps, and I think it is because we have been trained so long on lines of false education that our blood is teeming with its poison. It is in the very atmosphere of our breathing life. It is all around us, and our brain-minds are so absolutely saturated with the false education of the age that we imagine it is difficult to take up our simple possibilities, grand as they are, and to feel that we can actually have the spiritual knowledge that shall reveal all things—all the secrets of life.

“Under the pressure of this urge and the consciousness of this power, the Law is revealed to oneself and the closed memories of the past are opened to us. Also we shall not only look backward into the past but forward into the mighty future, and when this moment comes in all its joyous fullness it will require all our will—ALL our will—to hold ourselves in and not reveal too soon the secrets of our discovery! Great indeed, and glorious and beneficent is the picture of the future for poor Humanity. It is only our unrest and the unrest of the age that turns our eyes away from the light within. It is by endeavoring to do the great things rather than the small things that we fail to find and follow the Law—that we fail to realize that our hearts are pulsating every moment in harmony with the finer forces of Nature, which are at our command, and with the inexpressible and unseen vibrations of Life.

“To be attuned to these things, to know the Law in thought and feeling, to feel its inspiration in every act is to have Spiritual Knowledge.

“Verily all those things which are sad and discouraging, all conditions of human life will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, and the great soul-urge of Divine Law will be heard—a musical tone, a Spiritual tone—in human life, if we will but heed.”

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New Arrivals

We have lately had the pleasure of welcoming to Loma-land, Brothers Clark Thurston, Philo B. Tingley, and W. S. Wing of Denver. Mr. Thurston's visit was not long, but he derived much benefit from his rest in the splendid air of Loma-land. The comrades look forward to the time when he will be able to spend the greater portion of his time with them at this Center. On a previous page will be found some valuable remarks which he made while here.

The comrades were very glad to greet Mr. Tingley, who is making his second visit within the year in order to be able to work with and assist the Leader for a few months with some of her pressing business. Mr. Tingley's large interests and constant engagements as an inventor, do not yet permit him to settle in California, though he is greatly attached to the country and is an ardent member of The Universal Brotherhood. Standing as the husband of Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the Organization, he holds a very special position in the work, being qualified to help effectually in ways no other member is able to do. Although he has not been a member of the Organization very long his enthusiasm is great and he is now laying plans so as to be able to help the Leader in the building of the Great Temple on the S. R. L. M. A. grounds, which she is anxious to proceed with as soon as possible. Before long one of his most remarkable inventions, which has just been perfected, will be in active working order here, and will undoubtedly be a great surprise to the whole world of inventors. Our comrade derives much pleasure from being able to contribute his share to the great humanitarian work of The Universal Brotherhood, in the same spirit of voluntary giving that is the rule among the members everywhere. Mr. Tingley's musical abilities also permit him to render many valuable services to the work, as he is intensely interested in the development of the Musical Department.

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Great Development of Silk Culture Industries

With the advance of the season extensive planting out of the young mulberry trees that have been raised in our nurseries is taking place, and thousands of cuttings of many different varieties are being prepared for the next year. A fine display, which has been in preparation for some time, and which includes every process in silk production from the egg to the needle, is now ready for exhibition and will be housed in its new and elegant building in a week or two.

The exhibition is quite unique, being arranged by some of the most artistic students in the Silk Department, and consists largely of articles of utility and of ornament, suitable for souvenirs, which make pretty but inexpensive presents. Some of the principal articles on sale display the whole process of silk culture in a small compass, and make a very interesting study for those who wish to understand the subject, and an instructive and beautiful object lesson for children, who are always fascinated by the pretty cocoons, the bright colors, etc.

The home of the silk-culture is a beautiful structure, specially designed, and enclosed for the most part in glass. It is sixty feet in length, and has a graceful sweeping roof. It is

situated on the Homestead grounds in a convenient place for our guests to see the actual working of the Industry. The Theosophical Publishing Company and the Woman's Exchange and Mart will occupy a part of the same building for the present. Some of the Cuban girls from the Raja Yoga School, who have great natural delicacy of hand, are being trained in the beautiful process of silk-weaving. When the right time comes this industry will be introduced into Cuba. It is an excellent occupation for the large number who are unfit for heavy or hard work. In the Silk house a small number of live silk-worms will be seen in the different stages of development, and the reeling of the silk thread, etc., will also be shown to our visitors.

Brother E. August Neresheimer, our old and tried comrade, has worked indefatigably for the success of this Industry, and his business capacity has been invaluable in bringing it on so well in its healthy growth.

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Progress in Music

Besides this work and the duties enjoined by his position as President of the Aryan Society, Mr. Neresheimer has found most congenial occupation in bringing along some of the rapidly increasing number of pupils in instrumental and vocal music, etc. The progress made by these young people under our accomplished comrade's tuition is very marked, and the purity of tone, light and shade, and sweetness of voice displayed by the Raja Yoga boys and girls is remarkable.

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Reception to Miss Bergman

On March 18th Miss Bergman was the recipient of a little token of respect and affection given by the Loma-land Choir, upon her departure for her annual visit to Sweden. This souvenir took the form of a handsome album of photographic views of Loma-land, and was presented at a reception held in the Aryan Temple. The choir sang "Students' March," after which Mr. Patterson spoke. Miss Bergman was then presented with a greeting "From the Loma-land Legion to the Comrades in Sweden," to which she responded in a few earnest words, promising to return as early as possible. The Leader in bidding Miss Bergman farewell said, "She is a tender tie between us and Sweden. In taking our love back to her countrymen, she will form another link with that noble people, and will again perhaps come in touch with the good King Oscar, for whom we have such great respect. I hope Miss Bergman will sometime bring back with her a strong body of Warriors from her own country to work for humanity at this Center."

Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, on behalf of the choir, in a few words of deep feeling, thanked Miss Bergman for her valuable teaching, and presented her with the album. Miss Bergman replied and the proceedings closed with song.

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Cuban Exhibition

The Art and Industrial Departments are busy preparing to send a quantity of work to the Cuban Exhibition at Santiago. These beautiful exhibits are executed by the Cuban students and pupils of the Raja Yoga School, and will undoubtedly prove of the greatest interest in Cuba, as they will show the excellent progress the Cubans have made even in the short time they have been studying here. There is great enthusiasm among them to make a fitting display, which shall

do credit to Loma-land and their devoted teachers. The enthusiasm of the Leader in planning this contribution is another evidence of her love for Cuba. There is a possibility that she will be able to visit that country for a short time during the time the exhibition is open.

Just as this number of THE PATH is going to press news comes in of increasing activity among the American workers; applications for a number of Lodge charters from widely separated places having just been received by the Leader. Probably the work was never so unified and strong as at the present moment. The members throughout the world have learned that under the leadership of Katherine Tingley the Movement is destined to take its rightful place in the eyes of the world and to command respect and admiration.

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**Mr. Fussell's
Lecturing Tour**

The Leader promised that as the students advanced in their training they should be sent out to help the members and the lodges and to meet the public, thus assisting to build up and strengthen the lodges and make them more important factors for usefulness in the greater coming work. Our esteemed comrade and devoted worker, Mr. J. H. Fussell, has lately been despatched by Katherine Tingley on a lecturing tour in which he will visit lodges throughout America, and later on he will go to Europe. After so many years' labor at the Center of the work this tour will be a pleasant change for him, and those who know how splendidly he has always worked during those years and the admirable way he stood by William Q. Judge, at a critical period in our history, will easily understand that the Leader considers him eminently fitted to give much help to members and lodges.

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**Aryan Press
Publications**

The members will be glad to hear that the increase in the circulation of THE PATH and THE NEW CENTURY is well maintained; not only do the members continue to support these periodicals, but outside the ranks the increase is strongly marked. Now that the Aryan Press is in full working order the publication of *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine* will be finished very soon. The Leader has been greatly disappointed that this work has been so long delayed, but though every effort has been made, it has been impossible to hasten the matter, owing to the rearrangements of the Aryan Press.

* * *

**The New
Loma-land Orchestra**

A most astonishing surprise awaited the students in the Temple immediately after the reception to Miss Bergman on March 18. It was nothing less than a splendid instrumental concert given by the Loma-land Orchestra! For some months mysterious sounds, more or less musical, have been heard issuing from various rooms in and around the Homestead, but nothing definite was known of their meaning until at last the secret was out, and at this evening concert the splendid result of the indefatigable work of the accomplished professors of the Isis Conservatory of Music was heard for the first time. The effect was surprising and exhilarating. It was not necessary to excuse the quality of the performance by thinking of the short time the performers had been at work, for the purity of tone, the skillful execution of difficult passages, the artistic "light and shade," would have done credit to many an old established body of instrumentalists. The program included several duets, quartets,

a solo for violin, and full orchestral pieces. The enthusiasm of the students, who were astonished to hear such good playing, was great and the purple dome of the Temple rang with cheers when the performers and their conductor were called out to receive their due reward of congratulation. From this excellent start it is easy to guess that the Loma-land Orchestra will be one of the finest in the country in no long time. Mr. D. C. Reed, ex-Mayor of San Diego, and his wife, both warm friends to the work of The Universal Brotherhood, were present at this recital and were greatly delighted and surprised at the results achieved by the musical students in so short a time. Mr. and Mrs. Reed occasionally favor us with a visit and always receive a hearty welcome from the students.

Mrs. Spalding, the directress of the Isis Conservatory, spoke in glowing terms of the performance and said she had heard many New York professional orchestras that could not do as well after being established for years! Mrs. Spalding's enthusiasm for the children's work makes her particularly delighted by the success of the instrumentalists, because several of the younger performers are from the Raja Yoga School.

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**Anniversary of
Feb. 23, 1899**

On Feb. 23 a special meeting was held in the Aryan Temple in honor of the formation of The Universal Brotherhood, and now great preparations are being made to celebrate April 13, W. Q. Judge's birthday, in a particularly impressive manner. On this occasion the central space in the great hall of the Rotunda will be dedicated to the office work of the different departments of the Organization. Twenty-eight handsome desks, designed and beautifully carved with symbolic decoration by R. W. Machell, are being placed under the great dome for the use of the comrades in charge of the various departments.

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**Children Delight
in Their New Garden**

A new feature of interest is a large garden that is being laid out for the children to cultivate. The little nature students, who will have borders of rare flowers around their vegetable gardens, are highly enthusiastic about this useful and pleasant work. Till now they have had a small piece of garden ground on the east side of the school, but this was not large enough to give occupation for the large number now in the school.

* * *

Steamboat Line

Arrangements are in a forward state for the establishment of a new line of steamboats from San Diego to Point Loma, which will enable our visitors to get here more quickly and remain later in the day than is generally possible at present.

* * *

**Serious Accident
to the Leader**

On February 25th, the Leader met with an accident that narrowly escaped being fatal. As she was coming down the main staircase of the Rotunda a light was suddenly turned off in the lower corridor and she missed her footing, being thrown with great violence down the steps. By great good fortune she was caught before striking her head on the floor at the bottom of the steps, but even as it was her condition was very serious and only by the

most constant attention on the part of her physicians has she been saved from spinal meningitis. The Leader would not allow the members to be notified at the time.

OBSERVER

Lodge reports from many quarters of the world have accumulated during the month and are ready for publication, but the number of pages at the disposal of the editor in this issue being already overcrowded, it has been found necessary to delay their publication until next month.

Before the Harvest Ripens

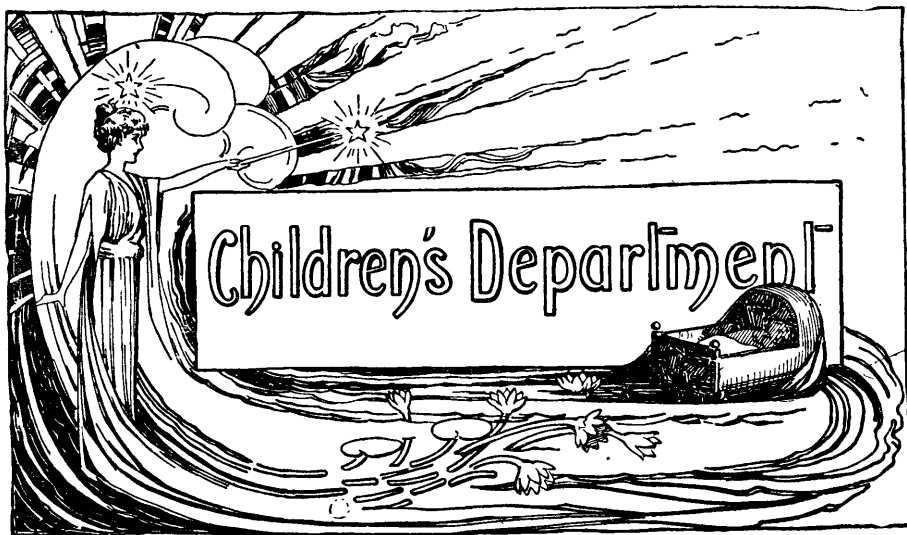
by E. R. SILL — (*Selected*)

CLEAR water on smooth rock
 Could give no foothold for a single flower,
 Or slenderest shaft of grain;
 The stone must crumble under storm and rain —
 The forests crash beneath the whirlwind's power —
 And broken boughs from many a tempest shock,
 And fallen leaves of many a wintry hour,
 Must mingle in the mould,
 Before the harvest whiten on the plain,
 Bearing an hundredfold.
 Patience, O weary heart!
 Let all the sparkling hours depart,
 And all thy hopes be withered with the frost,
 And every effort tempest-tost —
 So, when all life's green leaves
 Are fallen and moulded underneath the sod,
 Thou shalt go not too lightly to thy God,
 But heavy with full sheaves.

It is more necessary to study men than books.

No END of people wish to be pious; but nobody wishes to be humble.

—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD



Tony and The Fairy Dwarf

From the German

Translated by Herbert Arnold



IN a valley between two high mountains, there once stood a lonely mill. The stream which turned the great wheel was so rapid and strong that its current never ceased all the year round. Even in the very hottest summer weather, when all other mills in the neighborhood had to stop for want of water, or in the middle of the severe winter, when other mill streams were frozen, this same mill could go on, always working, and never idle for a day except Sundays. For this reason people brought their grain to it for grinding, from far and near, even from the distant city on the farthest side of the lake which received the waters of the stream.

It came to pass that the old miller grew weary of the labor of the lonely mill. So having saved money, he determined to sell the mill and go away. After having agreed with a purchaser, and received payment, he delivered the key of the mill to him, saying, "Friend, you have acted fairly, and I must give you a bit of good advice into the bargain. You may be visited sometimes by strange dwarfs, who will ask favors of you. Follow my counsel, and oblige them with what they want. You will find this profitable to you." Then the old miller wished him good bye, and went his way.

The new miller took possession of the place, with his wife, and only child named Tony. As he was active, industrious, and clever at his business, as well as thrifty, he materially prospered.

Half a year passed away without his hearing or seeing anything of the little people whom the old miller had mentioned at parting; but one morning, as he was standing outside the mill, a little woman about two feet high, appeared so suddenly before him that he started in surprise. In a low, clear voice, she said: "Good morning, neighbor. I came to ask you to open your sluice-gates at noon so that your mill may stop for half an hour. We have had our large wash and shall empty our tubs, which will cause a flood that might injure your mill. Farewell! and pray attend to my friendly warning." She nodded her head, and disappeared as quickly as she had come.

The miller did not know what to think. He had lately been in the upper valley to cut firewood for the winter season, and had seen no trace of inhabitants in the silent, gloomy forest. "Besides," he considered, "wherever they are, and if they have had ever so great a wash, what need to stop my mill? No, no! it will not do, careful neighbor: there is a great deal of meal to be ground today, and we must lose no time." He therefore went to his work, and forgot the warning.

At dinner, however, as he was sitting with his wife and son, one of the men came in hastily, crying, "Master! master! has not the little fairy maid given you notice, as she always did to my old master? She and her companions are having their large wash, and have been emptying their water tubs. Hark! how the stream roars and rages, and the wheel turns as if driven by a tempest."

The alarmed miller looked out of the window. His face became red with anger, and he said, "What did I know about the little witch, and her abominable washing-day? Spiteful, mischievous dwarf!"

In an hour or two, the stream resumed its ordinary aspect, and fell to its former level; but the wheel and works of the mill were damaged, and the miller's pocket suffered from the expense of repairs, and from the hindrance to the workings. He lost many, many half-hours of labor also.

After some time, the mill went on clacking and grinding corn as well as ever, when one day the miller stood looking at his meadow, thinking to himself, "The grass looks very well, and the weather is fine; this field must be mown tomorrow."

As he thus stood and thought, he saw two large bubbles rise out of the wet ditch that bounded the meadow, and these then came floating over the long grass towards him; and bursting asunder, two airy figures, like young girls, appeared, so transparent that the miller fancied he could see the grass through them as they floated over it. A gentle voice said, "Good day miller! we beg thou wilt allow us to dance this evening upon this meadow."

Though much astonished, the miller quickly replied in a cross tone, "What! dance upon my field, and tread down my grass!"

The voice answered, "We will not do thy grass any harm: we and our friends dance so lightly, that we shall hardly touch the tips of thy long grass."

The miller replied sharply, "Why then ask me? If you do not trample my grass, you may dance all the year round for me."

"Thanks," replied the airy maiden, "we only beg for thy own good, that thou wilt not mow thy grass until after a shower of rain has wetted it after our dance. Remember this." They then disappeared.

"Foolish people!" grumbled the miller: "did one ever hear such nonsense? Must I put off my hay-making till it rains? We may not have such fine dry weather again this summer. I will send my men to cut it down tomorrow." He went back to the mill, and gave his orders, but said not a word to anybody about what he had seen and heard.

When Tony, the miller's son, was going to bed that evening, he looked out of the window, and then cried to his father, "There is a strange little man with a lantern in the field. How fast he runs! What a jump! Now there's another! Father, do come, and see what a number."

The miller and his wife both went to the window, and saw the meadow full of pale lights dancing about, sometimes forming a wide circle, now dispersing in all directions, then mingling together; and the latter said, "These can be nothing but Jack-o-lanterns, or Wandering Willies." After looking a while, they all went to bed.

Next day, the men obeyed the master's orders, and mowed the grass. The weather was so fine, that the hay was made in a few days, and brought safely into the barn.

No sooner, however, had the cattle begun to eat of the hay, than they were all seized with mortal sickness. In a few weeks the stalls were empty; and even the sheep and pigs, which had been turned out to graze in the meadow, shared the same fate. Then the miller bought more cows, and fed them with the same hay; but they also died. He flew into a great passion, accused his servants of neglect, and was so ill-humored that his wife and son dared not speak to him. He set out for the city to find the old miller, and to complain of his losses. The good old man told him that he must have forgotten the warning he gave him at parting, and have disobliged, or been unfriendly towards, his little neighbors, and advised him to burn his hay, and to beware of showing ill-nature in future.

The miller went home, and burned his hay. Then he borrowed money to buy more cattle, which all thrived, and were profitable; but the miller felt very unhappy on account of his losses and because he was in debt.

He worked harder and rose earlier; and bade his wife be more careful in the kitchen. He fed his workmen on worse food; and to no poor man who ventured to knock at his gate did he open his hand in charity.

One day, a very little man dressed in brown, with a skin of the same color, holding a small bag in his hand, knocked at the door of the mill, and begged a little fine meal. The miller looked black, and bade him begone.

“I ask for very little: see, my bag is so small, that it will not hold more than a handful or two.”

More angry, as the brown man continued his entreaty, the miller replied: “I will not give you a morsel.” “Do have pity!” still implored the brown man: “I must have meal, and I must have it as a gift, or else I would pay for it a thousand fold.

The hard-hearted miller became furious; and, notwithstanding the little man’s humble begging and praying, he loosed the great dog, and set him to drive away the troublesome beggar.

As the little man was passing the tall garden hedge, Tony slipped out at the back door, and crept softly to the hedge, saying: “Wait a minute, and give me your bag.” The little man gave him the bag through the hedge, and Tony ran to the store-room, where stood several sacks; out of one of these he filled the bag with the finest meal that could be ground in his father’s mill; then hastened to the hedge, and gave it to the little man, who received it with joy and thanked Tony heartily for his kindness, adding, “If you are in great distress, and want help, come to the Oak-spring.”

He nodded his head, and ran with great speed until he disappeared into the dark forest on the mountain side.

Poor little fellow! thought Tony. “He must surely live on the mountains, and can get no meal, and has therefore come to father’s mill. Perhaps he has a hungry little boy at home, for whom he wants to make some porridge. It was very wrong of me to go and take father’s meal out of the store-room without his knowledge, yet the little man’s need was so great, and he begged so earnestly, that it would have been a greater fault not to have taken pity on him. I will go to my mother, and beg her to give me less for my breakfast and supper, until the meal is replaced.”

So he went to his mother, and told her of his action, and she freely forgave him, because he came directly to own his fault, and because he wished the loss to fall upon himself, and not upon his father.

Summer was nearly over, and there were violent storms of wind and rain. At last a water-spout burst in the upper valley, which caused such a sudden and terrible flood, that the miller and his family had only just time to save their lives by flight, and had to leave all behind, even the poor cattle in the stalls, to the fury of the raging torrent. While the resistless flood was at its hight, and sweeping away all before it, a flash of lightning struck the mill, and set it on fire, so that what one element spared was destroyed by another. From the hill where he and

his family had taken refuge, the poor miller beheld how all his substance became a prey to the consuming fire and the overwhelming flood. In the morning he had been possessed of house and land: in the evening all had disappeared.

When the waters had gone down, and the fire was put out, the miller contrived a wretched hovel in the only corner left standing of the mill; and here he and his family lived in the utmost poverty. Once the miller's only care was to gain riches: now his spirit was so crushed, that he wandered about complaining of his ill luck. By and by his wife drooped, and became very ill, which completed the misfortunes of the miller.

Tony was grieved for his parents' misery, but chiefly for the illness of his poor mother, who was now quite unable to leave her wretched bed of moss and leaves. Two goats had escaped the general destruction; these Tony took care of and drove out to feed on the mountains every day. One day they took the same hill-path as the brown man had done when he left the mill; and presently came to a large oak tree under whose roots Tony saw a cave which appeared to have been hollowed out by a spring. He sat down on a bank of moss beneath the tree, and allowed his goats to browse and skip about at their pleasure. "Oh!" he said, "if father was only more cheerful, and mother quite well, all would be right. Though we have no mill, I should be quite content on dry bread and goat's milk; and when I am older I will work honestly, and give what money I can earn to my father and mother.

With these ideas in his mind, he fell asleep. Soon after, he heard his name called. Opening his eyes, he saw the back of the cave opened into a passage, at whose entrance stood the little brown man, who kindly said, "Art thou come at last? Thou shouldst have come before; enter without fear, dear child, and thou wilt not repent. I will show thee my house and garden which will please thee, I am sure.

Tony then followed the little brown man, and after going on a long time, they came to a passage lined with smooth stone. The light grew stronger, and and they next entered an alley, of which the walls were formed of large iron plates. Passing through this they reached another, composed of bright sheets of copper, which led to a large hall with roof and pillars of burnished silver. From this hall a pair of folding doors gave access to a splendid room with walls, roof, and floor, of solid gold, and windows of crystal. The next room was covered with red rubies, having windows formed of large diamonds. The dwarf showed Tony several other halls, each adorned with a different kind of precious stone, sapphires, topaz, emerald, amethyst, and beryl. Last of all, they came to a vestibule with a dome, and pillars of the brightest polished steel.

"My little brothers will rejoice to see you," said the brown man; come into the garden."

There they went, and Tony was more delighted with it than with all he had seen before. It was enclosed by a fence of gold and silver wire, curiously wrought. There were many beds of beautiful flowers in full blossom, such as Tony had never seen before, and trees loaded with fruits, equally unknown to him. Instead of gravel or sand, the walks were formed of round pebbles of granite, marble, agate, and jasper.

In one of the walks, a great number of little brown men were playing. They piled up heaps of pebbles, jumped over them, and laughed heartily if one did not spring over or tumbled down. When Tony came near, they cried out: "Welcome, Tony!"—ran to meet him, shook his hand, and looked kindly in his face. They gathered some fruit and offered it to the little boy, who ate it, and found it very nice. After playing with the company of brown miners for some time, one of them said, "Come, now; we will take our friend to the nut trees." Then they all ran to the other side of the garden, where grew a long row of nut trees, which bore gold and silver nuts, and which looked just like the trees which the angels bring to good children on Christmas eve. The brown men took long sticks and began to knock the nuts off. They gave Tony a stick also and told him to throw at the nuts. After bringing down a great number, they seated themselves in a circle and divided the nuts equally, giving Tony his share. One of the little men brought a thick diamond needle, bored Tony's nuts, and threaded them on a blue silk cord; and the beautiful necklace was so long, that, when he threw it over Tony's shoulders, it hung down quite to his knees.

Then the brown man said: "It is time for thee to return; thy parents will have missed thee. But, first, I will give thee a sweet orange for thy mother, and a pomegranate for thy father, which he must open very carefully. Tell him we send this to pay him for the meal which thou gavest me out of his store, without his leave, and that we do it for thy sake."

Tony modestly inquired if he might keep the necklace, and the brown man replied that it was given to him to do as he pleased with it. Tony thought that the necklace would make his father rich again, and resolved to give it to him.

Then he took leave of his kind little friends, and his guide led him back through the passages and cave. Near the entrance, the little man said, "Now, I must bid thee farewell. Go, and rest on the soft moss. Thou hast traveled further than thou thinkest, and will otherwise be too weary to reach home tonight."

When Tony reached the open air, he felt quite tired, and was glad to lie down. Again he slept soundly. When he awoke the sun had set. He rubbed his eyes, saw his goats browsing near him, and thought that the adventure in the cave must be all a dream. He started up, and drove his goats as fast as he could, that he might reach home before it was quite dark. As Tony appeared, his mother asked him in a weak voice, "Where hast thou stayed so long? We

have sought thee three days, and have been very unhappy thinking that some great mishap had befallen thee."

Tony said, "I have been up to the oak-spring this afternoon, and slept there a little while, that is all."

"No, no, child, thy father has sought thee for three days, and has gone out once more almost in despair of seeing thee again. But come nearer dear child, and let me see the shining thing which hangs around thy neck."

Just then his father entered. "Ah! Tony, where hast thou been? I thought thee lost forever."

Tony looked at his father and mother, then at the necklace, and exclaimed, "It is not a dream! I really must have been with the little brown men in their house and garden. These gold and silver nuts grew upon their trees; and feeling in his pockets, he brought out the fruits. "They have also given me presents for you. "This pomegranate is for you father, and this sweet orange is for you dear mother."

His mother received the orange with a pleased look, and ate it with great relish at once. Not so the father; he took the pomegranate from the little boy, examined it with suspicion, and asked Tony, "Who are these little brown men of whom thou speakest?"

"Don't you remember father, a little brown man once came to the mill and begged for a little fine meal? You would not give him any; but I was so sorry for him that I filled his bag secretly with fine meal."

"And does he send me a present?" Said the conscience-stricken miller, almost dropping the fruit, "there may be something hidden within to hurt me."

"Oh! no father, they are too good to take revenge. They sent the fruit because the meal came from your store; pray do open it."

"Yes indeed," said the mother, "I know that the presents of the fairy dwarfs always bring good fortune. I feel much better since eating my orange."

"Well," said her husband, "then I will open my fruit, and eat it." As he spoke, he opened the rind of the pomegranate, and there rolled out, not pretty pink grains, but polished, sparkling diamonds.

"Precious stones!" said the astonished man, "I can sell these for a great sum and rebuild my mill."

Next day he went to the city and returned in the evening with a wagon drawn by three horses, and filled with furniture, provisions, and clothes; and with three chests full of gold pieces, which he had received from the jeweler as the price of the diamonds.

The mill and dwelling house were rebuilt, larger and better than before. By the next year, the mill-clapper was again busy; the farm stocked with cows and sheep; the poultry yard, the bee-hives, the pretty garden, all flourishing. The

millar was again prosperous, but no longer hard-hearted. Having experienced the bitterness of poverty himself, he readily shared the bounties of Providence with the needy and distressed; and a blessing came upon him and all his house.

The Brotherhood Blossoms

by a Nature Lover



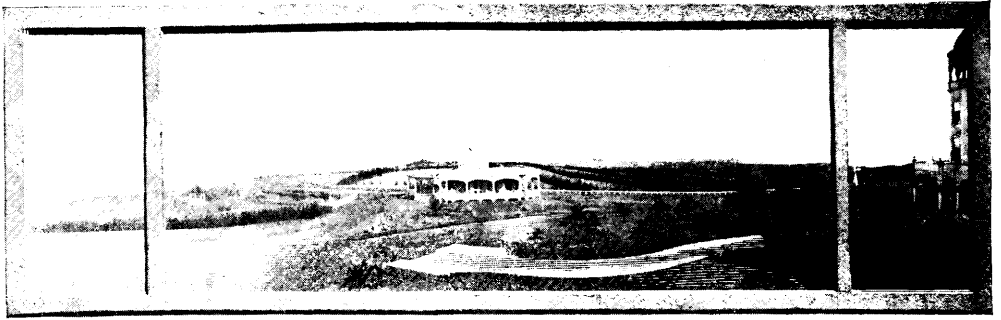
THERE is a kind of tree, quite plentiful in the Point Loma Homestead gardens, which certainly seems to have been built by little fairies who understand true Brotherhood, for they act on the principle of helping and sharing, which is, as you know, the real meaning of Brotherhood.

They show their good comradeship most plainly in the flowers of this queer tree. The flowers themselves are very small and plain although of the very oddest shape. They look like little red berries, like currants, with a pair of very thick, yellow lips on one side, with just the narrowest opening between the lips, as though they were just beginning to speak.

These little blossoms, which might never be noticed, they are so small, are arranged in a flat cluster at the end of each branch and around them is a double circle of brilliant red leaves, so that the whole looks like a single great red blossom, a foot across, with a yellow center formed by the lips on the real little flowers.

So they all get the advantage of the great red leaves which act as petals, instead of each flower making its own separate row of petals as poppies and buttercups and most other flowers do. And the bees and humming-birds are very glad to be able to find the flowers so easily, for they are busy there all day getting the honey from between the comical yellow lips. Some blossoms have two or three pairs of lips, and some only one, but the humming-bird says there is no difference in the amount of honey-juice, so the little fairies who arranged it must have had some other reason.

Not only the boy who comes to school at the will of his father, but also he who neglects his education from the fault of his father, that is, every man and boy must be compelled to learn according to their ability *as if they did belong to the State rather than to their parents.*—PLATO



A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

To model a statue and give it life is a noble work; to model intelligence and give it truth is still nobler.

— VICTOR HUGO

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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NO. 2

Jesus Christ

The Friend of Humanity

A Lecture delivered at the EASTER FESTIVAL in the Opera House at San Diego by one of the
POINT LOMA STUDENTS



JESUS CHRIST not only taught his own and all future generations the steps of divine life; but he breathed a breath which has hovered over the head of humanity, and sought entry into the heart of humanity from his day till now. Into that breath he passed the essence of his life, and by it comes the only true understanding of the inner meaning of his words.

But instead of trying to get into touch with it, assimilate it, and make it the breath of our own lives, we have wrangled over the words of Christ; have missed their fuller meaning; have twisted them into a thousand directions; and have weakened the picture of his potent and virile personality till it is but that of a meek, haloed, heart-worn and overborne saint.

But we can alter this; that spirit which he left as a gift to humanity, the breath and essence of his life, we can yet take into our own lives, and get for our own times the inspiration he gave to his immediate followers.

He was a helper of humanity, and he would have done a thousand times as much for humanity as he did had humanity let him.

Must he not have looked with wide-open, fully understanding eyes at the needs of his time? It was a time very like that in which we live now. As now, there was a ferment of thought and work, in religion, science, and philosophy. He had been in Egypt, where so many of those currents of thought met, and spread out over the world. He so well knew what was going on in the world of thought that he could dispute overwhelmingly with the learned, hair-splitting, intellectualists of that time. He must have foreseen what was to come about in the affairs of the Roman Empire; its dominance; its downfall; the future of Europe. He must have looked forward down the centuries; willed; planned; taught in exact accordance with the needs of men as he saw them, not only at that moment, but through the vicissitudes of those centuries down to our very own time.

The major part of his teaching is not accessible now; though it may hereafter again become so. But have we not much? And may we not faithfully take it that the *soul* of such a Teacher *is* in the world awaiting the world's recognition when the moment comes for the ringing of the bells of the great *Easter time of all the Ages*?

There have been other world-Teachers; but in trying to understand this one, we shall come to understand them better. They taught other times and peoples. When we see how the teachings of this one apply to the needs of our times and peoples, then we can understand the application of those others to *their* times and peoples. We can see into the way in which the power and will of this our Teacher were adapted to the service of his love of humanity and made to fit the work in hand. So we then can understand the quite different forms in which the others—also in the service of humanity—clothed the same thought and teachings to answer the needs of quite different times and peoples.

There have been other Great Teachers, too, of our own centuries and countries. These also we shall understand better for a faithful study of Christ. We shall find and weave together those threads of their teaching which they had to omit; matters about which they had to be silent because the condition of the public mind made it impossible to speak of them. This is part of the work of Theosophy; and it is part of its work to make Christ a more living power in men's conduct, a more living figure to their imaginations, more real than the vast majority of the pulpits have drawn it; to demonstrate the emergence from him today of so many of the currents of higher thought and inspiration.

Let us take a few of what are called the beatitudes, read here today, and try to get at their spirit; try to obtain from them a fuller light than the ordinary; try to read them *in the light of Theosophy*; trying also not at all to swerve from what must have been the inner idea of Christ as he uttered them, for Christ was an initiate sent forth.

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.

The word translated *comforted* means *called near*, and so *helped*. May those who mourn find the truth of this! Those who mourn are sending up a cry for help in their loneliness; and no human heart can do this without an answering call from the divine Christ within, a call *to come nearer*. That *coming near* means such a comfort as nothing on earth, and no human companionship, can give. To *come near* to that means to come near to love, to come nearer to the very self and pure heart of the one loved and counted dead, and to come nearer to the knowledge that death never is or was.

But the call must be *answered*, the touch of Christ *sought* in the heart, the gaze and the yearning and the prayer turned inward in *search* of that touch. Then the help comes in its fullness, or in the measure of the faith.

We have but touched the immense meaning and grandeur of the promise in this text; but how much more it carries even in this glance than in the ordinary interpretation! Pain is not the automatic scourge of the unconscious iron hand of nature. Pain is the mother of joy; mourning can become the mother of utter and divine peace. Pain and mourning find their inner interpretation and explanation in the divine contrasts to which they can give rise. They can bring us into actual touch with the Christ of the heart and the world.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

The word translated *righteousness* should be more exactly rendered *rightness*, *divineness*. Those who yearn for divineness shall get it; that is the direct promise. What fantastic and forbidding conceptions of righteousness have men made in the past, and do now make! In some places it is a part of righteousness not to whistle on Sunday!

But if we read *rightness* or *divineness*; if we think of Christ as having that rightness or divineness in an extreme degree; if we remember that it was his divineness that moved him to say this very thing, and that other thing about the mourners; and if we then yearn after that sort of divineness—it is the promise of Jesus Christ that we shall get it. Could he have promised anything greater? And more than a promise, it was a statement of a fact in divine nature, equally true before his time, something of which he reminded a forgetful world.

Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

Mercy is here *beneficence*, an outgiving.

Is the text a recommendation to a business bargain? So much mercy expended or invested—so much due in return? Does that sound very nice? Are

we in the true sense giving anything whatsoever when we are expecting an exact return?

The real beneficence is *well-feeling* towards all men. When we have that, our actions will necessarily correspond. And this well-feeling is itself joy, divineness; it keeps reproducing itself, being its own reward, a constant nearing to the divine center; which nearing *is* the obtaining of mercy. Thus the business bargain disappears into love.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Peacemakers is the official rendering of the original *word*; we shall see whether it too carries all the *implication*. *Children* should be *Sons*. Let us ask the Bible translators, and the pulpits who profess to teach, this question. Christ calls himself, and is called, the Son of God. The Greek word for *Son* is the same word as here has its plural translated *Children*. Why the difference of rendering? Was it to hide the fact that *all* men have it in their power to acquire the same relationship to God as Christ had? It seems as if we sometimes come upon a hidden thread of purpose to blind man to his divinity, to hide from him his soul-dignity and his possibilities.

Leaving the spiritual authorities to answer our question or not as may be most convenient to them, is it not clear that Jesus, who called himself the Son of God, says that those who are peacemakers shall *also* be Sons of God? But what then does *peacemaker* fully mean? Is it not the *maker of the inner peace*, the divine harmony between his soul and himself, between mind and spirit, between lower and higher? He who would be harmony-maker among outside conditions and men must first make the eternal harmony within; and *then* he is a Son of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; and

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you.
for my sake.

“For my sake,” for righteousness’ sake—such men act out the divine Law, and therefore their actions must run directly counter to those who have failed to see and understand the Law. So they are persecuted, and the persecution is an immediate index of the fact that they *are* acting divinely. Whoever persists in right or divine action is alleviating the general situation, lifting up the whole conditions of life everywhere; and, by however little, diminishing evil. He is really acting *for* those who are doing evil, doing something to open their eyes to a Law they hardly or not at all understand. “The Kingdom of God is within you,” said Christ somewhere else, and so the full meaning of these two beatitudes would be

—Happy are they who are persecuted, for the persecution is the mark that in their divine actions they have reached the Kingdom of God.

The word *blessed* with which these texts begin means strictly *full of joy*.

Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

The *Scribes* were those learned in the precise letter of the Law; they knew to an inch how high the chalice should be held, and they were past-masters in the exactitudes of pious ritual.

The *Pharisees* assumed for themselves the modest title of the “pious ones.” Both parties were very great at minute observances. Under other names they exist today. Your modern Scribe writes very charmingly on ethics, unselfishness, humanity, and so on; and the modern Pharisee is quite clear that he, at least, is predestined for the Kingdom of Heaven. These types do not change in essentials; whilst waiting for translation to the Kingdom of Heaven their representatives are still willing to take whatever earthly lucre may come their way, in return for the fine books, the sermons or the lectures.

After all, what did Christ mean by the Kingdom of Heaven or the Kingdom of God? In another place he said:

The Kingdom of God cometh not with outward show; neither shall you say: Lo here! or Lo there! for behold *the Kingdom of God is within you*.

What was ever put more clearly? The Kingdom of God is nothing visible; has no relation to space, to any *here* or *there*; but is an inner state or *condition*. Christ most carefully lays that down. Yet is it not a fact that the Kingdom of God is either regarded almost as literally as if it were a kind of coming terrestrial visible monarchy; or else as a *region* somewhere in the sky? Some English divines have even speculated whether or not God resides on the star Sirius! I forget how long it takes for light to reach us from there; a great many years anyhow. Perhaps the delay explains some things: The Deity cannot get his communications here in quick enough time.

Suffer little Children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter in.

Who are these little children; for that is what we must all become?

We say of some rare characters—as simple-hearted as a child. The child-nature, in a man, is a perfect surrender to the divine Light in the heart. It is not a surrender of intellect; Sir Isaac Newton had not done that, surely; but he had the divine child-character.

It is modesty; freedom from egotism; freedom from self-esteem, self-importance; it is the perception that one is but a unit, like the rest of one's brothers in that vast family of God called mankind; it is absence of the thought that one is entitled to more of anything, any favor, than any other of those countless brothers; it is *surrender of will*—not to any other person but—to the divine Presence in the heart; it is *trust in the divine Law* that apportions, and readjusts, and rectifies, and teaches; it is *love* for all that has life; it is instinctive *compassion*; it is willingness to be taught; it is *reverence* for all that should be revered; it is *joy*. And with all that, it includes will, and energy, the power to act, the power—if need be, in defence of right, and in protection of the weak—to fight; the power to suffer anything, even injustice, and yet keep the pure heart-Light burning.

The last text we shall consider is:

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Are we sure that we should immediately recognize one *pure in heart*; one who had *seen God*? Among these are the Teachers of humanity; but they teach in many ways, not always with a pen or from the platform or pulpit. May it not be sometimes that some great soul who has *seen God* may take birth in some utterly obscure or poverty-driven family and spend in that state a long life, content that by example and by service he may show a light to an unknown or unnoted corner or slum of some great city? Those who *see God* act as the need is, and their acts may be immediately concerned with the whole world, or one nation, or the slum of a city. They may take up the task of making or saving a nation; they may say the word or write the book that sets a nation on fire; they may lead an army, or spend a lifetime in nursing the wounded. They wear no halo—save that inner halo seen only by those who have also seen God; they affect no sanctimony, even when for the world's good they found a religion; they act as the need is; they take the outward guise that shall best let them work as the work demands. They count nothing too great, nothing too small for their labor. Of old, Christ was himself rejected because he would not assume the official sanctimony, cared nothing to be called Reverend or Doctor of Divinity, was not particular about a pulpit, thought nothing of front seats on platforms, was just as willing to teach the poor as the rich—in short, put on no sort of airs whatsoever, merely attending to the business he had taken up, which was world-saving. And he did it on seven days out of the seven.

Lesser than those who have *seen God* once and for all, yet on the same path, are those who have caught for a moment a far-off gleam of the shining Presence. Such a man, illuminated for a moment, was the tramp of which one of the boys' papers spoke earlier in the evening. For whoever sees God for a moment, for that moment acts divinely.

The pure in heart walk with the Law. They are the surrendered, who have no other will than to do the greater will of that Light of God which is in their minds and hearts.

The heart is the arena and center of the great battle which is before us all. It is the playground of the forces that contend for and against our divinity, the place where the individual Angel and Demon settle the final and eternal issue.

There comes a moment—say those who are Teachers because they have been through it, and among these I count our own Teacher, Katherine Tingley, to whom whatever of value I have said is directly due—in the lives of those who try constantly to make the great surrender, who follow in love for it the Path of Duty, when the clouds of the mystery of Life and of death roll back; when the heart beats in Light, and the Light thrills in every cell of brain; when the uttermost vision and knowledge is gained of all things that have been pondered on and whose solution has been renounced as beyond the possibility of mortal knowing; when the man is reborn from himself and becomes that which he has followed and obeyed through all the years.

This *Vision of God* was taught of old as a possibility; it is taught again today. Men lost the teaching, as they lost their hold on duty, on the Divinity within themselves.

The teaching has come back; the possibility is with us all. We may make it actual now, or after many lives; but we are told also that some measure of it is at hand for all humanity. The Light will no more be utterly denied. It is surging up higher and higher from the deeps of human consciousness, and there will soon come for all men a moment when they will see the dark path by which they have reached their present misery, see the way to the shining heights of life, and begin the climb in the joy of assured hope.

The Ultimate Triumph of the Best

Emerson's Estimate of Lincoln

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.

Modern Civilization

by M. G. B.



ONE day when traffic in the streets of Boston was seriously interfered with by a heavy fall of snow, I was passing through the old center of the city and suddenly faced a block-up. A heavily loaded team refused to move on. It had stopped a long line of cars on one street, while the horses, trying to turn a corner, blocked up a cross-street to foot passengers. Cars and teams were fast multiplying, and crowds were increasing on the sidewalk. The two fine, large horses of the team, as if aware of the emergency, were straining every nerve and muscle to disengage a wheel embedded in the snow. Policemen flushed and, under the curse of Adam, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows, were using forcible language to the driver, while lending kindly aid to the horses. But all efforts seemed of no avail, there the wheel stuck in the gutter, and there it *would stick*. As the horses paused for a moment to gain breath and firm foothold for another forward plunge, a burly policeman tenderly stroked their distended noses, remarking sympathetically, "The poor horses are so *worried* today, and the loads are so heavy!"

Indeed that wagon held a mammoth load for even the strongest horses to wrestle with. Wooden boxes were piled up one on another until they nearly reached the second story of the surrounding buildings.

Street cars were gradually being vacated. Business teams of various descriptions, with impatient, vociferating drivers, formed a line on either side of the unfortunate wagon, for the straining, sweating horses were making no headway. Surely, I thought, that wagon must contain some very precious commodity, to make it worth the price now being paid for its transport. It ought to be something most vital to the interests and welfare of humanity. I curiously regarded the merchandise and discovered in black letters on each box the words—*Molasses Candy*.

Here, in the very shadow of the Old State House, the witness of so many heroic deeds, and which has stood in the middle of the street for over one hundred and fifty years, with eyes turned to the four cardinal points regarding the march of civilization, here was a picture of the modern struggle for existence, a picture that made one more imprint upon the composite photograph of events associated with that venerable structure.

Oh! shades of our ancestors! If ye still linger near these classic halls once resounding with fiery eloquence spent alone in freedom's cause, in an age when preaching and practice made for high thinking and plain living, and when the

descendants of tea-bound Britons could cheerfully yield up their one luxury for a principle, if ye could still witness the surrounding scenes, what would ye suffer at this moment!

We constantly hear of the march of civilization, but has the march been forward or backward since the memorable days of our early history? It is sometimes difficult to decide.

The present age has very aptly been termed "the candy age." As all nations, however, are not supposed to be simultaneously passing through the same age, but only to reach the gold, or the iron, or the brass age in the order of their own peculiar development, we can understand how it is that the inhabitants of the United States of America seem to stand alone in passing through this "candy age."

When I left those struggling horses, the waiting teams, the line of deserted street cars, and the crowd of anxious spectators, all victims in the cause of a commodity that only panders to an artificial need, or more truly an injurious luxury, I made my way into the more modern center of the city. I was impressed as perhaps never before with the over-stocked windows of flourishing, well-patronized candy stores, that greeted me at every turn, and on my way home found myself unusually sensitive to the confectionery odors which charged the atmosphere for many blocks around a large candy factory.

Such a profuse supply to meet a vicious demand could not be found in any other country on the globe. In foreign countries, young people eating candy in public places are at once classed as Americans. Why is this? It would seem that in departing from the austerities of our forefathers we have swung to the opposite extreme.

Any foreigner would behold in amazement such sights as are not unfrequent in our midst. For example, two delicate little girls devouring a whole pound of rich candy in a half-hour ride in a street car, and under the complacent regard of an apparently sane and respectable mother!

There is much pity bestowed upon the poor children of our slums because they are born into vice, but should not the children of our rich, who are born, reared and pampered into the vice of gluttony with kindred self-indulgences, call forth our deepest compassion?

If Americans stand alone in "the candy age" is it because other races have gone beyond it, or have not yet reached it, or have passed over it without stopping? Who can tell? However that may be, we certainly need not remain there another day if we choose to pass onward beyond it. If we make all the effort of which we, as a peculiarly favored nation are capable, we can move on, leaving our vices behind us, and step forth into a glorious age of self-conquest in whose benefits all humanity as brothers will share, until there is but one age for all the peoples of the earth—the Age of Brotherhood.

Crusades, Ancient *and* Modern

by a Student



IN June, 1896, a little band of people left New York upon a journey around the world. They were seven in number, beside their Leader, Katherine Tingley, and they called this journey "A Crusade of American Theosophists around the World." Their object was to girdle the earth with a message of universal brotherhood, a true philosophy of life. Their object was to restore to humanity the heart-knowledge that had been lost, the divine wisdom that had been forgotten, the ideals which men, in their own heedlessness and sin, had obscured. Of this true philosophy, Divine Wisdom, Katherine Tingley, "Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World," was the Teacher.

The analogy between Crusades ancient and modern is plain. The mediæval knights entered upon the old Crusades for the purpose of restoring to humanity its lost heritage, the sacred places of the Holy Land. The modern Crusaders undertook an equally difficult (for there are other difficulties than the purely material) pilgrimage for the same purpose: to restore to humanity its lost heritage; not a physical, material birthright, but one spiritual—divine wisdom, the Doctrine of the Heart.

That is only one of many analogies, for the name "Crusade" was not lightly chosen. It is probably more significant than we realize, and a running glance at the Crusades of the Middle Ages gives us some insight into the wisdom of this choice.

For the Dark Ages, if we can study them in a sympathetic spirit, give us the key not only to many of our present-day calamities, but also to the very conditions which made the modern Crusades necessary.

Come back with me, then, to the Dark Ages, with their vice and their wretchedness, their selfish, low ideals. They lie like a great shadow between the bright civilizations of the ancients, and that of modern Europe and America. Ten centuries long, they lie before us like vast, broken links in that chain of being which stretches from the Golden Age of the past on and ever on to the Golden Age of the future, when the cycle of the soul shall have been finished.

The Dark Ages were the logical outcome of vicious causes. When the Roman state became corrupt and licentious it bargained for its own decay. Its civilization would have lapsed of itself even without the assistance of the Huns and the Vandals. There came to be general indulgence in sense gratifications, sacrifice became but another avenue for hypocrisy, men even became indifferent to intellectual learning, usually the last thing to be despised by the hypocrite or by the corrupt.

In the midst of all this there was established the pure Theosophy, of which Jesus was the Teacher. And it was to the extreme displeasure of the Roman state that the disciples carried on the work which Jesus began, and the world has rarely witnessed such unspeakable persecution as was inflicted on the early Christians.

But when the Christos is born, when the Higher Self of the man has really undertaken to purify the lower, the man is not to be turned out of the Path by such little obstacles as the arena or the stake. The light will shine on. And at last the time came when, after nearly three centuries of bitter persecution by the Roman Emperors, the Christians saw the Emperor Constantine converted to their religion.

Constantine restored and rebuilt the Christian churches, freed the clergy from taxes and endeavored to persuade his subjects to embrace the new religion. Determined to do the right thing by the Christians who had borne so much, in 324 A. D. he made Christianity a state religion! A greater blunder he could not have made.

The Christian Church became a political power. Then at a Council was adopted the first creed, for early Christianity was guiltless of creeds. Christians were given to understand just what they must and must not believe. All original or independent thought on the subject of religion was vetoed thenceforth.

Nothing could have been further from the spirit and teachings of Jesus. That step alone—for Constantine's position made it very far-reaching—would have been sufficient to usher in a cycle of darkness.

But there were many other causes that are worth careful study. The semi-barbarous tribes from the north of Europe had a contempt for literature which corresponded well with the lack of interest in letters throughout Rome. Yet, when these tribes poured into Rome they were compelled to learn the Latin language. In doing so, they corrupted it and finally there sprang up a number of dialects. These the conquered classes were finally forced to adopt, negative as they became to the invaders; and before long they had lost all knowledge of Latin. Just here lay the difficulty: all books were in Latin. There were no writings in the dialect spoken by the people—*nor could they have read them had books existed. Illiteracy was general.*

For ten centuries the layman who could read and write, even his name, was looked upon as akin to a worker of wonders.

The Dark Ages bring before us an awful picture. Superstition was rampant. Human life was held so lightly that it was not uncommon for a man to stake his life or his liberty upon a throw of the dice.

Beggars were to be encountered everywhere, often paying fees for the privilege of exhibiting their deformities in public. Children were frequently abducted

and maimed that they might, as beggars, become a source of revenue to their owners. Think of it!

Street-lighting, even in the larger cities, was unknown, and the man who ventured to go upon the streets of a city after dark did so at the risk of his life, for the lawless classes had their own way after nightfall.

Hygiene and sanitation were unthought of and visitations of the "wrath of the Lord" were expected periodically in the shape of plagues or pestilence.

Perhaps the institution most characteristic of the Middle Ages was the feudal system, and some insight into it is necessary before one can understand the Crusades. When the Northern tribes overran and conquered the Mediterranean countries every free German who helped his chief expected a share of the plunder. As land was the commodity of which these chiefs acquired the most, each of their retainers received a certain portion as his estate, in exchange for pledged loyalty to the chief in time of war. These estates were called *feudums* or fiefs. The clergy, as well as laymen, held such fiefs and thus, in that degree, religion itself became a vassal of the state.

There is something very fascinating about a picture of the feudal estate. There stood the castle on a height—of such the old castles on the Rhine are perhaps the best remaining examples—with its great iron gate, its moat and ponderous drawbridge; skirted at the base of the hill by the little thatched huts of the retainers, the weavers, brewers, blacksmiths, armorers, embroiderers, and, least of all in rank, the serfs or common laborers.

Within the castle lived the lord or baron. He was absolute authority in his own domain. He could punish or even kill his serfs if he chose to do so, and the gloomy dungeon that was a part of every castle witnessed suffering without limit.

Hunting and hawking were the feudal lord's favorite sports, though they led to many quarrels. Gambling, often drinking to excess, he indulged his lower nature to satiety.

Naturally, in a land in which each feudal chief was a law unto himself, there were frequent private wars. Many a chief lived like a hawk in his castle watching for a chance to swoop down on a neighbor. His vassals were perpetually oscillating between just recovering from a war and being just about to begin one. It is needless to say that such wars kept agriculture in a miserable condition and vast tracts of land continually desolated.

Highway robbery was so common that commerce was almost at a standstill. Secret tribunals made life a terror to large classes of people and the so-called "courts of justice" made use of tortures and penalties so fearful as to make the history of their proceedings read like a nightmare tale. The luxury and sensuality of one class was well balanced by the abject misery of the other. Death by starvation was not uncommon, *neither was death from gluttony.*

Persecution of the Jews was general and very bitter, although, as they were the thrifty, moneyed class, they often had the power to make those who persecuted them most uncomfortable.

Anarchy ran riot. There was almost no regard for a common law. Even murder could be settled by a money payment—providing the murderer had money and the relatives of the victim were willing to accept it. And among all classes there was an insatiable love of sight-seeing, that unfailing sign of poverty in the inner life. So the vassals flocked to village fairs and the feudal baron indulged in ceremony and pageantry, often so extensive as to mortgage the labor of his serfs for years.

II

But the picture was not all shadow. A little light gleamed through it. Out of the feudal system chivalry sprang up and gave to the selfish, ravaging warrior of that time a new ideal—the ideal of war, not for plunder or revenge, but for the protection of womanhood and childhood and the maintenance of personal honor. And, although knights in those days did many things which were not knightly, still they did give to the warrior-spirit of the age a better motive. Of all things there had been greatest lack of this.

But great souls were here and there to be found. Some of them in trying to stem the tide of separateness breasted years of persecution, only to fall back at last unequal to the task. One figure stands out like a signal-fire, that of Charlemagne, whose ambition it was to unify the members of this quarrelsome race, and to found a great empire on German soil. Germany and France did not exist as such, Italy was divided, Spain was held by the Moslems, England was a collection of jealous little states.

But Charlemagne succeeded. Schools were established, men of learning were drawn to his kingdom from all over Europe, music, the arts and industries were encouraged and taught to the people. But he had no worthy successor, and it was a sad day for Europe when his grandsons, among whom this kingdom was divided, fell a-quarrelling and the institutions which meant so much to the common people were allowed to decay.

On inner lines there was the light of pure devotion burning in many hearts throughout Europe. Since the days of the Roman Empire it had been the custom for devoted Christians to make pilgrimages to the Holy Land, to places made sacred by the ministry of Jesus. This was considered an act of great piety, and as the year 1000 approached, the number of pilgrims increased, for in that year it was generally believed that the world would come to an end.

As long as the Holy Land was in possession of the Saracens the pilgrims were kindly treated. But when, about the middle of the Eleventh Century, the Seljuk

Turks conquered the Saracens, matters changed rapidly for the worse. They subjected the pilgrims to the most atrocious treatment. Worse than all, the pilgrims saw their churches violated and the holy places ravaged. That was harder to bear than any personal suffering, and it proved that the true spark had not been quite extinguished in the hearts of this sodden race of men. For they revered the places where Jesus had walked and taught as bringing them a step nearer to that sacred inner world, in journeying toward which, somehow, they had managed to lose their way. And if the pilgrimage became dangerous, for the Turks massacred the Christians on the slightest pretext, that only added to the glory of the task. Those who returned often envied the lot of those who did not.

But one day Peter, an unkempt Picardy peasant, sought audience with the Pope. The Pope refused to see him. But Peter persisted, and at last he left Rome with permission to travel through Europe preaching a "Holy War."

So Peter, the Hermit, forsook his wife and set out. Dwarfish, unkempt, emaciated, bareheaded, barefooted, riding upon an ass and carrying a huge crucifix, Peter would have seemed to us a queer figure enough. But he had been a pilgrim and had suffered. His heart was aflame. He was magnetic, eloquent, and passionately in earnest. He stirred the souls of the people. And when they were aroused with indignation that the Holy Land should be so desecrated, then Peter smirched it all by reminding them that all who would enter the "Holy War" would be absolved from sin; that debtors would be released from the payment of their debts, that prison doors would be opened to malefactors, that, in short, those who entered this war would be entitled to all the rewards of a pure life without troubling themselves in the least about living one!

It was not long before an immense horde of men, women and children, the very scum of the earth, gathered about Peter. On their breasts or shoulders they wore a blood-red cross, and thus they were called Crusaders, *Croises* or "soldiers of the cross."

Too impatient to wait for the time set for departure, the rabble thronged about Peter, the Hermit, clamoring to go and begging him to lead them. Foolishly Peter did so, aided by Walter the Penniless. It is needless to say that this rabble, a quarter of a million in number and wholly unorganized and unprovisioned, met with some disappointments. When they passed through districts that private wars had laid waste, hundreds perished of privation; when they traversed populated districts they so enraged the inhabitants by rioting and thieving that hundreds of them were killed. The miserable remnants which succeeded in crossing the Bosphorus were exterminated by the Turks. And thus 250,000 people were wiped out of incarnation, apparently to no purpose.

But, in the meantime, the real chivalry of Europe was preparing for this Holy War. The kings and emperors did not go, and thus the real Crusaders were mus-

tered under the feudal chiefs, the leader among them being Godfrey of Bouillon.

It must have been a magnificent sight, this body of knights, the very flower of Europe. There were over 100,000 of them on horseback, with pennons and banners flying. Each knight was covered from head to foot in glistening coat-of-mail, an embroidered and ermined surcoat, the helmet and shield often inlaid with gold and gems. Each was armed with sword, lance, the battle-ax and the heavy iron mace. And thus they marched southward, leading half a million retainers and unmounted warriors armed with bows and arrows.

It would take too long to follow their Crusade in detail: how they routed the Turks at Dorylaeum, one of the greatest cavalry battles ever fought; how they marched to Antioch through a country so desolate that hundreds perished of hunger and thirst; how, after a siege of seven months, during which they were forced to kill their horses for food, the Crusaders captured Antioch; how only 1500 cavalry of all that splendid army remained when they set out for Jaffa along the coast, and how at last the Holy City itself rose into view. All their sufferings were forgotten. The Crusaders, with one impulse, fell upon their knees weeping. They laid aside their armor and advanced to Jerusalem in the garb of pilgrims.

Then came that awful siege of Jerusalem, continued for five weeks under the intense heat of a cloudless sky, and with no water to be had. For the Turks had destroyed every well and pool.

At last the Crusaders fell back. It seemed that the siege must be abandoned. Suddenly, history tells us, a knight was seen on Mt. Olivet waving a glistening shield. "It is St. George the Martyr, come to rescue us," cried Godfrey. The Crusaders were electrified. They sprang up, dashed forward in one last, desperate assault, and swept within the walls. Jerusalem was taken. The Crusade was a success.

But, alas, fifty years later the Mohammedans under Saladin, besieged and took Jerusalem. Europe then was startled into preparation for a second Crusade. It ended in complete failure. Forty years later another Crusade was undertaken, and so on, generation after generation. There were seven Crusades in all.

After the second and third Crusades the people saw that it was folly to send out a horde of undisciplined, unprincipled men. For absolving the Crusaders from sin, releasing debtors from debt and granting indulgences to commit sin, offered the less responsible classes special inducement to go. Thinking of the noble knights of the first Crusade and their victory, the people cried out that only the pure could ever meet with success.

As it chanced there lived in France a dreamy, meditative shepherd boy named Stephen. One day a stranger came to him, claiming to have come from the Holy Land, and he announced that he was Jesus Christ. Getting Stephen under

his control he commissioned him to preach a Crusade to children, Stephen himself to be their leader.

The boy left his home, went to St. Denis where hundreds of pilgrims came every year to the tomb of the Martyr Dionysius, and there preached the Children's Crusade. The returning pilgrims carried the news of this all over Europe. Other boys followed Stephen's example, taking always the text, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and avenger."

Nicholas of Germany soon started south with an immense army of boys and girls about twelve years of age. Most of these were the children of serfs, the seclusion and monotony of their life making it impossible for them to judge of the peril of such an undertaking. Hundreds of thieves and rogues and numbers of abandoned women joined them for the purpose of preying upon the children.

At the passage of Mt. Cenis in the Alps, hundreds died of cold, fatigue and hunger. Only a remnant of the army reached Genoa. Here they waited, confident that the Mediterranean would divide and that they would cross to Palestine on dry land. But the sea did not divide. The Genoese refused to harbor them longer, and while a few remained in Genoa and became citizens, most of them drifted to other cities, succumbed to temptation and for years formed a large part of the abandoned classes.

The fate of the boys and girls led by Stephen was even worse. They, too, reached Genoa and they, too, waited for the sea to divide. But they waited in vain, and at length two kind merchants offered to take them across the waters "free of cost and for the love of God." The children were overjoyed, and crowded into the transports. And the merchants proceeded to Algiers and Alexandria, *and there sold these children in the slave markets.*

History cannot furnish a parallel to the Children's Crusade—100,000 children who never returned to their homes, 60,000 or 70,000 families desolate, all in the space of eight months. And all for nothing.

III

And yet, was all this for nothing? As far as their purpose was concerned the Crusades were an utter failure. Seven did not avail to keep the Holy Land from falling entirely into the hands of the Mohammedans. And yet, is it not plain that the Crusaders were all that saved Europe from going down in a general wreck?

Look at the state of affairs; the true philosophy zealously kept away from the people by those who should have been the teachers of it, while the people themselves lived wholly in their desires and passions. There was such a state of inner ferment that men sought to relieve the tension by war, war, war.

Given motives that are selfish and passionate, with the fever of fighting in the blood, given a race of men fairly beside themselves with unbrotherliness, how long, think you, would it have taken humanity to lapse into savagery, or perchance, to breed some catastrophe that would have annihilated the race entirely?

The Crusades saved Europe. What were they worth, not as concerns the recovery of the Holy Land, but as concerns the life of humanity?

In the first place not passion lay behind the acts of these knights as Crusaders, but *compassion*, the voice of the soul. Peter, the Hermit, granting all his mistakes, appealed to the qualities of the Higher Self.

Then, which was a sign, private wars ceased. The feudal chiefs united in a common cause under a common leader, Godfrey of Bouillon. They had no longer time for petty quarrels. That was a turning point. The serfs and peasants emerged from seclusion into a wider, broader life. As a Crusader the vassal became the peer of his master.

Lands became cheap, because the feudal chiefs were compelled to sell them to procure horses and equipment. Gradually the state absorbed the feudal domains, governments became centralized, the feudal system was broken up, and the serfs became responsible to the common law of the realm instead of, as before, to the caprices of some irresponsible lord and master.

Then, too, the Crusaders saw that the "Unbelievers" were not of some strange *genus*, but that they were brothers, after all, with many customs and arts which Europeans would do well to adopt. The old feeling of separateness became less intense. Men, broadened by travel and experience, began to think for themselves.

Best of all, men became thoroughly tired of fighting. They became willing to give up a few little things for the sake of peace. For men cannot live in peace without, to an extent, quieting their own likes and dislikes and jealousies, and when a race gets to that point, Dark Ages are bound to pass away. So we see agriculture revived, as well as arts and industries. An interest in letters sprang up, schools were established, inventions and discoveries came thick and fast. Even before that, as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we see the establishment of those wonderful guilds or brotherhoods, guilds of armorers, metal-workers, harness-makers, weavers, goldsmiths, bridge-builders, etc., the first dim foreshadowing of a Universal Brotherhood. And this we owe to the Crusades.

Is it not plain that under and over all the little purposes of man runs the vast divine purpose of evolution, the guidance of the world-soul? The Crusaders died, disappointed. But humanity was saved. The currents of human life were turned out of their bed of selfishness and into the divine channels leading toward unity, brotherhood.

Comrades, if the Law, aided by the few who, even in Dark Ages, work in harmony with it, can so forward evolution when the race of men is selfish, ignor-

ant of the Law or consciously working against it—what might not be the destiny of humanity if men were unselfish, if they preferred to conquer self rather than take a city, even the Holy City of Jerusalem; in short, if they knew the Law and devotedly put aside their caprices and worked in harmony with it? And yet just that is the prospect before the world today. We have only to look a bit below the outer turmoil and confusion to see that this is true.

Twenty-five years ago H. P. Blavatsky came, a voice crying in the wilderness. As did Peter the Hermit, she spoke to the souls of men; herself a pilgrim from that Holy City which, as Jesus said, is “within you.” She told men of the *Christos*, the Higher Self, which abode in that Holy City of the Soul, hemmed in by alien desires and daily desecrated by the passions of men. She called to men to pledge themselves Crusaders to redeem that Holy Place; to conquer the passions that bound it and bring forth the *Christos* that it might become a power and a light in the lives of men. And she did not smirch it all as Peter did by nice little concessions to the lower nature. No; *this time the ideals were clean*.

It was high time the World Teacher came, for twenty-seven years ago there was much to parallel the conditions existing in mediæval Europe before the Crusades. The ruling motive was selfish. The liquor habit and the fever for gambling were common. The disregard for human life and suffering a thousand years ago is mildly paralleled in the underpaid labor and child-labor of the present; in our tolerance of capital punishment and of mob law. Religion was not all the name implied. Thousands were floundering in the choppy sea of materialism. Many things were done and alas! still are done, in society and in the business world, of which even a feudal baron would have been a little ashamed. And the intellect, to which men looked for a solution of the riddle of life, mocked them with but an echo.

Helena P. Blavatsky came and spoke to men’s souls. Many gathered round her and she clad them in an intellectual armor—the doctrine of Theosophy—for nothing else would have stood the assaults that are peculiar to this time. And when she laid down her work another Warrior-teacher came and took it up. And at last that vast army was equipped and ready, knights, all of them, like the warriors in that army of Godfrey’s, the very flower of the age.

On June 13, 1896, these Crusaders left New York on a Crusade around the world. The accounts say there were only seven, with the Leader, but believe me, in one sense, there were many thousands. For the hearts of thousands were centered upon this Crusade as the great hope of the ages.

The very thought of it brings to one the fragrance of the Golden Age.

You know the story of the journey; of how the first work was done in Liverpool where a Brotherhood supper was given to the very poor, besides the usual Crusade meetings. Then on to London, Bristol, Clifton, Southport, Middles-

borough, Halifax; to Glasgow and Edinburgh, then to Bray, Limerick, Dublin, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin. It is needless to name all the cities, for the Crusaders traveled through Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, Greece, then into Egypt and India. In the latter country, not only were strong centers for brotherhood formed, but Katherine Tingley, assisted by Crusaders all over the world, did much to relieve the terrible famine that raged during that year.

In Delhi, a Lodge was formed of which the President was a Hindu, the Vice-President a Mohammedan and the Treasurer a Jain. And this in caste-bound India! Truly, the World Teacher ever comes not to destroy, but to fulfill, not to sever, but to unite.

In Ceylon Crusade meetings were held; in New South Wales, in the Samoan and Hawaiian Islands, and finally the party reached San Francisco. At Point Loma, San Diego, the most important work of the Crusade was done, the laying of the corner stone of The School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

There, in a square enclosed by cords of cypress, lay the corner stone. From ropes above waved the flags of all nations. Over the arch hung the banner of purple and gold, "Truth, Light and Liberation for discouraged humanity." With impressive ceremonies, the corner stone was lowered into its place and dedicated by the Foundress of the Temple, Katherine Tingley. The Crusade was a success. It closed with a large meeting in New York, April 4, 1897.

Such a Crusade would not have been possible earlier, it could not have been undertaken later, for since then the whole world has been occupied with "wars and rumors of wars." But that very fact determined the nature of the next Crusade, when a band of workers went with the Leader to Santiago, Cuba. They carried not only the hope of a true philosophy but quantities of food, clothing and medicine, proving that Theosophy was the most practical thing in the world, its ideals being exactly those defined by James when he said:

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

Over ten thousand desolate, fevered, forsaken people in and about Santiago were nursed, fed, clothed and filled with hope by the Crusaders. And the thousands of workers for Universal Brotherhood who did not actually go there were true Crusaders none the less. Only because these stayed at home and did their duty there was it possible for this little band of seven to go so well equipped for practical work. And the results were far-reaching and permanent. To give but one instance: Children's Liberty Day, established by Katherine Tingley and proclaimed by Mayor Emilio Bacardi as a national holiday in Cuba, is celebrated every year in Cuba, a perpetual link between Cuba and America.

The Congress held at Point Loma in 1899 made possible the wonderful European Crusade of that year, when Katherine Tingley came into possession, on outer lines, of H. P. B.'s old home in London, 19 Avenue Road.

Not long ago a second Cuban Crusade was successfully carried out, by which a large number of destitute Cuban children were brought to Point Loma to be educated in the Raja Yoga School for their future work for the unfortunate of their own country. Extended mention of these Crusades is not necessary because full accounts are easily accessible in *The New Century* and the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. They are, however, but the first Crusades of many. They are but the beginning of an heroic and far-reaching work for humanity's children.

* * * * *

Ten centuries have passed away since those Crusades of the Middle Ages, and humanity as yet but faintly realizes what it owes to them. Is it strange, therefore, that these greater Crusades of modern times should not be understood? For they are greater, aye as much so as the things of spirit are greater than the things of sense. Ten centuries hence, humanity will look back at these times with amazement and with compassion, and will understand as none of us today, how utterly they owe the blessings of a Golden Age to that band of Warrior-souls who resolutely put self behind them and became Crusaders; bearing upon their shoulders the Karma of the whole race, a blood-red cross indeed; that they might carry Truth to a race that was worshiping error, Light to a race that dwelt in darkness and knew it not, and Liberation to a race of men who were slaves to appetite.

As Katherine Tingley said in her address to the Hindus at Bombay, India:

“O, ye men and women, sons of the same Universal Mother as ourselves, who were born as we were born, who will die as we shall die, and whose souls, like ours, belong to the eternal, I call upon you to arise and see within yourselves that a better day is dawning for the whole race.

“This is only an age of darkness for those who will not see the light. For the light itself has never faded and never will.”

DOES sound a moment drop the strain,
 Then silence takes it up again,
 Still sweeter—as a memory
 Is sweeter than the things that be.
 Pleased Nature's heart is always young,
 Her golden heart is ever strung,
 Singing and playing, day to day,
 She passes happy on her way.

—Selected

Science Degraded

by Herbert Coryn



IN a current popular monthly is an article by Mr. Carl Snyder on the recently published biological researches of Drs. Loeb and Matthews of Chicago University. It is well worth study as an instructive example of the way in which science is dished up for popular consumption. This same Mr. Snyder, in another popular monthly, asserted of nerve substance that it *is* the mind, and the article now under consideration contains a number of remarks of like caliber.

Materialism appears to be a sort of entity, a living black center thriving in the field of collective human consciousness, and its arms touch every department of life.

One of them reaches out and touches mysticism, and you get the mystical-erotic schools and those of the various types of "healing," headed by Christian Science.

Another touches and debases art, of course sensualizing it. Poetry in its decadent forms also evidences the touch of the same thing.

Under its touch philosophy wilts entirely, and the dead tree is marked by a label bearing the inscription: *All is matter and sensation*. Morals disappear with the undermining of their foundations, and selfishness and sensuality tend to become a practical code of conduct.

In science, the thing has its fully worked out presentation. Under its touch she precedes and follows her study of the facts by a number of presuppositions and pretended deductions that the facts do not warrant and which have often no meaning.

And as some of the general results of the presence of this creature we get a shortening of the general life-line (concealed by certain misleading factors) and a steady growth of the totals of suicide, insanity, and some nerve diseases.

The whole picture reads as a decay of human consciousness, a positive devitalization of it under the presence of a fungus, instead of its progressive evolution.

Fortunately, adequate countervailing agencies have begun to work. As Dr. Loeb says in another connection:

It seems as if there were two distinct processes going on. Death and disintegration are not a mere breaking down, a going to pieces, but a specific process that is checked by the life process,

Now let us examine Mr. Snyder's paper, a sample of the channels through which the people have to get their science. Fortunately for our immediate purposes it is an extreme sample. Mr. Snyder is, so to speak, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own dogmatism. His authority, Dr. Loeb, appears to be much more under the guidance of the real scientific spirit; though the whole of his researches are vitiated by the fact that he "very early came to the belief that the forces which rule in the realm of living things are not other than those *which we know* in the inanimate world." (Italics mine).

In other words, he "very early" reached the deduction which he was subsequently to make flow from his facts. (p. 388)

Then follows a remarkable argument in exemplification of this view, put by Mr. Snyder:

A moth flies straight for a flame. Sometimes of a morning about the lighthouses the birds lie scattered and dead, seemingly drawn by the glare to strike against the heavy panes. A flower standing in a room turns its petals toward the light. (p. 388)

What is implied by the placing together of these three facts? Let us complete the argument:

We know that the movement of the flower to face the light is unconscious and a mere affair of the mechanical effect of light on the plant cells. It therefore follows that the behavior of the moth and the bird is *also* a mere piece of unconscious mechanism.

"Surely," says the reader very naturally, "Mr. Snyder cannot have committed himself to so preposterous an argument!"

No? Read further:

(Page 488) When the new-born caterpillar climbs to the end of a branch where it may find the fresh bud on which it feeds, it seems as if some dim intelligence were at work . . .
 . . . *All that is needful to assume is* that the light sets up certain chemical reactions which cause the animal to move, just as it sets up a reaction in a photographic plate . . .
 It is *merely* an attraction or repulsion by the light. (Italics mine throughout).

"Merely"! No consciousness. Mr. Snyder and Dr. Loeb are sure of that.

Certain chemical stimuli from meat cause a fly to lay its eggs. In the fat these stimuli are lacking . . . It is *simply* a chemical reaction between certain substances in the skin or sense-organs of the fly, and the meat . . .

"Simply . . ." we are not to doubt such distinguished dogmatists.

So some of the flower-like animals, the actinians . . . will wind their slender tentacles round a bit of crab meat, but reject a wad of paper. It *seems* like intelligence to watch it . . . Dr. Loeb's work banished these childish ideas. The actinian, like the fly, *merely* responds mechanically to a chemical stimulus . . . *There is naught here* but the play of physical forces. (p. 389).

Can dogmatism go any further? Did the palmiest days of religious dogma ever produce finer examples?

Suppose we try reversing the argument. At sunset, a man turns his face towards the glowing light and color irradiating the clouds in the western sky. There would be pleasure, feeling, consciousness—subjective states—even in the scientific authors of these “merelys” and “simplys.” Presumably even they know enough not to speak of a state of consciousness as objective.

And the man turns to the west in order to get those states.

Therefore, by Mr. Snyder’s argument, the bird, the moth, and the flower, alike turn to the light in response to a conscious wish and obtain a conscious feeling. And they thus evidence a subjective life.

Here we are arguing by precise analogy from what we know. These people advance dogmatically from a starting-point of ignorance. The whole of the phenomena of nature suggest the presence of consciousness, often a determining factor in those phenomena; and we *know* that in man at any rate, consciousness has reached self-consciousness (though Mr. Snyder may not understand the difference) and manifests *will*.

Gross flaws in reasoning crop up throughout the whole article, flaws which the reader, rapidly detecting, will probably modestly ascribe to his own ignorance of science. Here is an example:

Dr. Loeb found that a heart, removed from the body, could be kept beating and have the rate of its beats variously altered by slight alterations in the chemical character of the solution in which it was placed. On this Mr. Snyder comments as follows:

It was clear now that the beat of the heart is not due to some mysterious influence of the still more mysterious nerves, as had so long been supposed. It comes from the presence or absence of a minute quantity of certain salts. (p. 391).

Let me make a parallel. I see a boat going through the water and suggest that its motion may be due to a screw and a gasoline motor. Mr. Snyder takes another boat, puts sails to it and finds that it goes. On this he comments:

It is clear now that the motion of the boat is not due to some mysterious influence of the still more mysterious screw and motor. It is due to sails.

That there were no sails visible, and that there was a screw, are disregarded.

In man, the character of the heart-beat is closely dependent, among other factors, on emotion and even (indirectly) on *will*; as where a man throws away a state of fear that was depressing his heart. Mr. Snyder may contend that feeling and will are really saline solutions, but probably the most modest of readers would stop at that. The same common-sense reader, in one of his less modest

moments, would probably claim that the *ultimate* cause of most of the muscular movements with which he is acquainted is his own will. Not so Mr. Snyder. According to him,

The ultimate cause of muscular action, and, it now seems probable, of all life-processes, is electricity. (p. 391).

A point remains for consideration here, which can be dealt with further on. Meanwhile, the next item on Mr. Snyder's program is headed "Manufacturing Living Beings." The way in which this title is made to justify itself is another example of his peculiar reasoning.

What is to be established is: that life is no other than electricity.

The forces that rule in the realm of living things are not other than those *which we know* in the inanimate world.

Now it is known that, of the two cells concerned in the ordinary bi-cellular method of reproduction, one (the male) is, so to speak, the stimulant to the other, the egg or female element; and that the latter will not as a rule start the work of segmentation and subsequent development into the future individual till it has received this stimulant. It is also known that the stimulus contributed by the male cell can be replaced by electricity. Since the segmentation of the conjoint cells is a *life-process*, and the male side can be replaced by electricity: *if we deny life to the female side*, it is clear that it must reside on the male side. Life is therefore either identical with electricity or the roles of the two are interchangeable. To make this point, Mr. Snyder duly proceeds accordingly, to deny life to the female cell.

In a strict sense, the unfertilized egg cannot be termed living matter. (p. 392).

Therefore life is electricity, Q. E. D. Simple, is it not? Mr. Snyder proceeds to cross the t's and dot the i's.

In other words, here is an organic product, like sugar, or starch, or the fats, which, treated chemically, can be developed into a living being.

Never was there a more unscientific statement. We know the exact composition of sugar, starch and fat; we can almost prepare them synthetically; under no circumstances can they be made to show a single phenomenon comparable to segmentation or evolution. On the other hand we know next to nothing of the composition of egg-protoplasm; we cannot prepare it at all; and on appropriate stimulation it enters upon a career of evolution and integral differentiation which ends in the formation of an organized living being.

Such is the "science" ladled out to the unfortunate lay reader, defenseless in his ignorance.

But though, for the purpose of showing life to be identical with electricity, life is denied to the unfertilized egg, yet elsewhere we get this sentence:

All the problems of life, growth, heredity, too, lie buried, then, within this bit of *living matter*. . . . (p. 391).

So the egg is living on page 391, yet not living on page 392! How curious! Of the egg Mr. Snyder says:

Exterior forces here seem to play but a minor role.

This remark is made by way of a blow to "the airy-headed folk who prattle of prenatal influence." Having got in this blow (and incidentally exhibited his ignorance of the facts known of prenatal influence) by dint of minimizing the role of "exterior forces," Mr. Snyder brings these same forces very much to the fore, showing that they are capable of inducing the inauguration of the process of segmentation.

But enough of Mr. Snyder. Much more of the same sort of stuff could be got from his paper; but what has here been selected is enough by way of examples of "Science as she is taught" in popular pulpits. The aim is obvious—to materialize popular conceptions of life. In their prejudiced blindness these men behave as if they were the tools of a force inimical to the further evolution and spiritualization of human consciousness.

Nevertheless the world is slowly returning to the tenets of the past. Through all nature is the pressure of conscious will. From this comes the consciousness of man and all creatures and things. But man, aware of himself—self-conscious—has to that extent grasped the cosmic will and made it his own, or entered to a degree upon his heritage of will. To a degree—for most of the phenomena of his own body even are as yet outside his control.

The study of cause and effect among natural forces leads to but part of the truth and remains amid phenomena. Before real knowledge can result, self-study must relate itself with the study of externals at every step.

Conscience is the voice of the soul, the passions are the voice of the body. Is it astonishing that often these two languages contradict each other, and then to which must we listen? Too often reason deceives us; we have only too much acquired the right of refusing to listen to it; but conscience never deceives us; it is the true guide of man; it is to man what instinct is to the body, which follows it, obeys nature, and never is afraid of going astray.

The Old *and* New Centuries

by a Student



THE close of the Nineteenth Century marked something more than the completion of a hundred years, and the birth of the Twentieth Century is more than an addition to the hundreds column of our era. Our life is divided into time, into days and years; the life of the world is divided into centuries and greater cycles. And if we were to study closely the life of humanity and of the world we should see that these divisions are not arbitrary, but are according to Nature's law. Nor is it time alone that is thus marked off. The dawn of the day brings with the light new strength and energy; it renews the opportunities and renews the energies of man; what seemed impossible from the discouraged view of last night seems easy of achievement with the fresh impulse of the new day. You may say this is the result of the night's rest, but the year proves the same thing even to a greater extent. The rush of new life in the spring-time is felt by all Nature. The seemingly lifeless seed bursts its hard shell and becomes a living plant; the barren branch, roused by the new energy, clothes itself in a wealth of blossoms; the sluggish animals awake from their long winter's rest; the birds overflowing with life and joy build nests for their young, and man, too, feels that life is worth living.

The starting point of our era may to some seem like an arbitrary date, but the efflorescence of spiritual life that nineteen hundred years ago caused the incarnation of a great World Teacher must surely have been one of the greater spring-times of the world, and the recurrence of the great periods must ever bring some of the same quickening power. But century after century this power has been lost sight of or misused.

A careful study of the present era will show that the last quarter of every hundred years has been marked by a period of change and unrest. One country has made war upon another; nations have been torn by internal strife; the world of thought has been convulsed by theories, by reforms, by discoveries; individual life has been strenuous and intense. The forces of Light have contended with forces of Evil for mastery during each coming century. Again and again have the forces which work for the destruction of mankind, the forces which appeal to selfishness, greed, envy and hate been victorious, and the new energy misapplied has plunged the world deeper into spiritual darkness. Again and again have the powers of Light been checked in their efforts to liberate mankind, and when the new century dawned man could but feel his way blindly through the darkness of ignorance. At the close of the Nineteenth Century the struggle was hard and

ferce, but this time the battle was won, yet not *by* the whole world but *for* the whole world.

Twenty-seven years ago H. P. Blavatsky took her stand at the front of the line, not ignorantly, but with full knowledge of the coming battle, with full knowledge that the powers of darkness were to make a supreme effort for mastery, with full knowledge of humanity's great peril, with knowledge, too, of the great personal sacrifice it must cost her. Man must be forced from the blight of materialism, he must be liberated from fear. In the face of materialistic science she taught the omnipresence of the living God; she confronted the dogma of Original Sin with the teaching of the Divinity of man; she combated fear and doubt by a logical statement of the Law.

The battle rages fiercest round him who fights most valiantly. That the ridicule of two continents should be heaped on one who taught such ennobling truths, that deceit and treachery should be practiced on one who gave her life to the service of humanity is a sad commentary on our race. But there was one who understood her mission and, when H. P. Blavatsky passed from the scene of battle, was strong enough to sustain the fight until another came. When William Q. Judge passed, leaving the guidance of the Theosophical Movement to our present Teacher, a few had learned enough from H. P. Blavatsky's and his teachings, and from their great example and heroic sacrifice, to be of service to the new Leader. Through their devotion she has founded The Universal Brotherhood for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures, an organization which today encircles the globe.

The close of the century found a large body of people under the direct guidance of her far-seeing wisdom, working for the liberation of humanity, striving to put into practice and proclaiming to the world her teachings of the essential unity of all that is; the divinity and power of the Soul; the responsibility of the individual as the fashioner of his own destiny and of the future of mankind. The force of such a power is irresistible. It has turned the tide. In this Twentieth Century man shall cease to live a parasitic life, fed on dogma and dead formalism, but shall begin to live the true soul-life based on Nature's law. Fear shall be replaced by courageous endeavor, for man shall know that he is responsible to the Law alone, and that from it he shall receive perfect justice. Selfishness shall be replaced by altruism, for man shall know that personal isolation is spiritual death, and Brotherhood shall become a living power in the life of the world.

This may sound like a dream when we think of the slow progress the world has made for so many centuries. So, too, when we look at the barren ground and the leafless trees, the return of spring seems impossible, but we know that when the reviving life flows uninterruptedly through physical nature the miracle

is accomplished. And when the vitalizing force of the new era, no longer perverted and directed against man, no longer checked, but flowing freely and used for his upliftment, awakens the spiritual life of the world, man shall awaken to a consciousness of his divinity and of his power to realize it.

An Ode

Sung in *the* Town Hall, Concord, July 4, 1857

Written by RALPH WALDO EMERSON



O TENDERLY the haughty day
 Fills his blue urn with fire;
 One morn is in the mighty heaven,
 And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
 Our pulses beat not less,
 The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
 Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad, blue fold
 O'er mantling land and sea,
 One third part of the sky unrolled
 For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
 To build an equal state,
 To take the statue from the mind
 And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,
 Present and Past in under-song,

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home: then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

For a man to conquer himself is the first and noblest of all victories, whereas to be vanquished by himself is the basest and most shameful of all things. Such expressions show that there is a war in each of us against ourselves.

The greatest punishment for evil conduct is the becoming like unto bad men.
For some say the body is the tomb of the soul, buried within it at present.

Current Notes

by H. T. E.



MAN NOT TRULY INCARNATED

SCIENCE and other authoritative institutions have, as we know, a way of shouting down all new thought put forward by people of imagination who cannot keep in the orthodox track, and afterwards, when the new thought has grown too strong to be ignored, of rediscovering it for themselves under their own authorized name. This is one of H. P. Blavatsky's chief complaints, and her *Isis Unveiled* was written, among other reasons, to give honor where honor was due and explode false attributions and credits. To belittle the ancients and then to steal their wisdom, dress it in modern clothes and baptize it with a Christian name—this is what she so justly inveighed against.

And now the scientists and parsons are rediscovering the things they derided in the days when Blavatsky proclaimed them. Professor Oliver Lodge, an English physicist, says that he does not hold that any one of us is more than partially incarnated. What we manifest is only part of a larger whole. What state the rest of us is in he does not know; perhaps it may be asleep. At all events, as pointed out by a commenter on the subject, in this age of new discoveries in science (such as Roentgen's and Marconi's discoveries) that are shattering cherished prejudices, it is more than ever absurd to set any limits to the possible or attainable. The question we would ask in conclusion and leave in the minds of our readers is this: What becomes of wonderful systems of philosophy, religion and science, based on what we can see of man as he is now—what becomes of these in the light of the suggestion that most of man is out of sight and may be just about to come in greater measure into sight?

MAN AND ANIMALS

We understand from an article in the *Outlook* that Professor Romanes has found abundant and undisputable evidence that animals have most of the thoughts and sentiments of man. We are glad to have science recognize the qualities and merits of our four-footed friends, and admit that an animal is something better than a machine and may have intelligence and sentiments that put many a human being to shame.

But the inference drawn by Romanes therefrom is one that shows that a cherished theory may become a vampire ready to swallow and assimilate all new discoveries and admissions. This recognition of intelligence in animals is for

him all so much grist to the mill of "Evolution," and it shows that man has evolved from the animals, not in body alone, but in mind and soul too!

We are reminded of Samuel Butler's satire, in his novel *Erewhon*, where it is shown that the little protuberance on the bottom of a clay pipe bowl is a rudimentary survival of the rim at the bottom of a teacup, after the fashion of man's rudimentary tail. To show that there is a continuous chain of types in nature does not prove that the higher ones were produced or born from the lower. It might as well, and as ill, prove that the lower came from the higher.

One sees in a dog's eyes, and recognizes in his character, a soul that cannot die with the body; and one feels that that soul will surely one day inhabit a man's body. The dog is evidently a being that is anxious to leave the animal kingdom and attach himself to the human. But it does not seem necessary or reasonable to think that his body will ever grow into or yield a human body.

Twentieth Century Demands for the Perfect Life

An Address read at the Opera House in San Diego

by Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt

THERE has always been a demand for the perfect life—an interior demand, that of the soul. In fact, it is that constant demand in the essence of man's natures which brings about all the struggles, all the pain, change and growth in human nature. Christ, the revealed Christos, and identical in essence and purpose with the Christos in every heart, said "Behold I stand knocking." But there has never yet been a complete recognition of this demand by this human family. There are times when it is greater than others, when perhaps the memory of some bitter experience is fresh, or when possibly the obstacles to true vision are less, but generally a standard of excellence in each nation or community, which is very far from a perfect one, has been set up by the minds of that locality, and the men there have taken infinite pains and trouble to pattern themselves after a grotesque or pitiful image which they themselves had set up to worship. This image of each community has been constantly remodeled, or dressed up to suit the shifting public opinion, but it has always been a very real thing—in fact the real god of the people, after which they have tried to fashion themselves. The soul force has caused it to be

overthrown many, many times in the history of the world, but except in rare intervals it has always been reconstructed out of the same substance, and dressed in the fabric of the human mind. The soul's ideals and desires have been used in forming this image, but the human mind, not united to the soul, has been the sculptor, and though often all the glories of heaven have been appropriated to dazzle the eyes with splendor, the pure metal has been mixed with alloy, besmirched, and the essence, the kernel of the image, has been human, constructed by the human brain.

Every race has had its Bible out of which it has dipped to glorify its image, and deceive itself so far as possible as to the reality of its ideals, but—the kingdom of heaven has not yet come.

It is a long time now since the image has fallen, and it is laden with all the luxury and magnificence of the Nineteenth Century. Marvelous, curious and interesting are the changes it has undergone in these latter years in *our* midst. It was comparatively crude and simple fifty years ago, comparatively honest, too. Rapidly it gathered the signs of great learning; looked wise; appeared able to answer every question under the sun, except the questions of life and death, and these being beyond the understanding of men, what more could be asked of a god? It was very hard and unyielding at this period, very stiff, the outlines sharp, and it was not a beautiful object to gaze upon. But it seemed to know so much that every one was overpowered and overawed for a short time. But the soul was not satisfied, and the soul, more active than ever before, has wrought more rapid changes in these latter years than history has recorded for us in the past.

Through the feeling which came from this source, the mind began to soften this image, and do away with the sharp outlines, and change the angles into curves, to make it a little more lovable. The mental image of perfection gradually grew very cultivated, refined, elegant. It became endowed with a most elaborate technique for all of the known arts. It required that everything should be perfectly done, which was generally in a difficult way. In fact, so unattainable did this image seem to the majority that they were filled with despair. At the same time it became endowed with wealth. Everything that was thought desirable was heaped upon it, and yet it did not satisfy. The urge from the souls of men asked more. It had not sufficient virtues. Surely these alone were lacking. And so the image had not only to seem learned, and rich, graceful, refined, artistic, it had to seem capable of noble deeds, generous, interested in the welfare of others, indifferent to small discomforts, patient under misfortune, moral, of course, and well governed, well disciplined. All these things it had to *seem*, in order to satisfy the growing ideals. It was now very fair to look upon, and men struggled, well-nigh exhausted themselves to meet its requirements.

And yet they were not joyous, strange to say, with all these perfections. On the contrary, life was only more miserable, more heavy, more impossible. And the soul urge has continued. There seems little left to give this image. Where is the trouble?

Little by little, under the illumination of the soul light now bursting on our earth with irresistible force, the idea is entering the human mind that after all this image is not genuine, and that even if men should succeed in patterning themselves after it, they would not be happy. It is learned, to be sure, but it has not wisdom, and is not even learned about the things most worth having. It is rich, but its wealth is not stable; it is beautiful, but its beauty is transient. It has the language of the arts, but no ideas to clothe which can inspire, arouse noble enthusiasm, stir the deeper springs of human life.

It is rich in virtues, but who better than the devil knows how to clothe himself in tight-fitting garments of virtue.

There has been a selfishness in the unselfishness of this image, a meanness in its nobility, a poverty in its riches. For at its root, at its very foundation, has ever been a lie. The whole structure has been built about the idea of separateness. Self attainments, self development, self culture, self salvation, has in some way been the force which has kept the image upright. And it has been the force which has twisted every truth that has been revealed to man. It has transformed spiritual insight into personal fads. It has corrupted true interest in another's growth into criticism, and the complement of this true interest in the growth of self, into a personal absorption.

What will be the result when this discovery, which has entered the minds of a few, enters the minds of the many? For enter it must. The old ideals must perish. They have been tried and found wanting. Humanity's heart is tired of shams. The image of the Past must fall. One need not be a great prophet to foresee this. He need but lift his eyes to read written all over the sign-posts of the century's close—"This path leads no further."

And what will follow such a fall? A moral interregnum? That might have been feared, had it come suddenly twenty-five years ago, for no monarch on his throne ever ruled with more absolute power nor crippled his subjects more cruelly with unnatural supports than has this monster of Public Opinion.

But the guides of man's evolution are compassionate and wise, and new ideals are always planted before the old ones are quite worn out. From out of the ashes of men's hopes and aspirations there appears always a fair flower to inspire fresh courage.

The hope is, that when the final crash comes, when the results of the rule of self actually overflow, to find nature's balance; when the saturation point of nature's toleration of disobedience against her laws is reached, the roots of the

fair flower which has been planted this time will have struck deep, and humanity be fortified to endure the strain.

The question is, Will it emerge purified, with the lessons of the past well learned? Will it trample out the germ of its false ideals, and demand the perfect life? Or will it proceed to remodel the same image in essence, under new forms?

There is much to promise that only the perfect life will satisfy. A few, at least, have already had a vision of it, and will they ever be silent?

And humanity collectively is the Prodigal Son who has wandered into a far country, and has been feeding on husks for ages. And although there is so much wickedness, vice and corruption, so much that seems dead and hopeless, still the real heart of humanity is weary and is almost ready to say, "I will arise and go to my father."

This prodigal son knows it is weary, but does not as yet recognize that it is feeding on husks. There is still prevalent the curious notion in many minds that to do right is difficult, tiresome, gloomy. The Evil One has always been busy painting the right in this way, and throwing a glamour over the wrong. So it is necessary to stay his hand for a time, to get the true color of things. Just a little practice of this sort and a little study of ancient periods of glory will reveal the startling fact that every thing now used is either identical with, or a modification of, the same that was used long ago with lofty meaning behind it, enormously increasing the pleasure and power of the user. The arts and sciences in those days had an application to the inner life. The professions, law, medicine, etc., were the outgrowth of and founded upon the knowledge of nature's laws—in harmony with the secret springs of nature's forces, because they were the outward expression of the same thing.

All the customs, the dress of the people, were guided by an understanding of the effect that should be produced, and were not something growing out of a fancied need or done at haphazard. Even the games and recreations were of such a nature that they really could re-create force and health in the body. They were based upon the body's real needs and real desires, and they were therefore a real benefit and a real pleasure. In other words they were given to the children of men by those who were evolved beyond them and they were the expression of the Will of the Father on earth.

All this was at the service of the Prodigal—Humanity—before it left its Father's house, but when it wandered into a far country and determined to depend upon itself, when it conceived the idea that the human brain mind was all-sufficient for guiding and controlling the affairs of life, then it lost the true meaning of everything, the soul went out of every form, and it began to feed on husks. At last the world is learning that these are unsatisfactory. But they are being

clung to because the evil intelligences who have had humanity's ear have made the world believe that it must be these husks or nothing. They have been clever enough to talk about the Higher Life and even to advise it, because they knew the Soul demanded it, but they have continually united this in their minds with sacrifice, with something unattractive, something connected with death and decay, with a cessation of pleasure. And as the desire for happiness is eternal, men have naturally gone on preferring these pleasures. But let the truth once dawn on their minds that they have been deceived, let them discover in even one instance that a husk they have prized should not be sacrificed, but should simply be ensouled, to enrich and give it meaning, will not all earnest souls retrace their steps? Will they not say, "Let us arise and go to our Father?" And those who are not earnest are asleep, and hardly count as factors in the race. They will follow the lead of awakened humanity. And when perhaps a few arrive at the Father's house in advance and are received with joy and the fatted calf is made ready and all make merry, will not the news be carried quickly in these days of close communication?

And then when they clearly see that the perfect life consists of perfect ideals, which exist within the heart of each one, and not outside in the form of a gaudy image; and that a following of these ideals really does bring joy and happiness and rest and beauty, and natural, wholesome pleasures; that nothing is to be lost, but everything is to be gained; that not even the personal will is to be trusted, but that it is to be tuned to the Divine Will, which is all-powerful joy; is it not likely that even in this Twentieth Century there will be a demand for the perfect life?

ART so discouraged by life's dole
 Thou canst not try again?
 Nay, never any human soul
 Reached forth for good in vain.

Thou growest by the stretch and strain —
 The intervals of rest;
 Believe thou must at last attain
 That which thou lovest best.

—Selected

A Tribute to William Quan Judge

Second Leader of the Theosophical Movement

by Allen Griffiths



THE lapse of time has not diminished the hope and courage of the old days in the ultimate glorious triumph of the Theosophical Movement, inspired in my heart by one of Humanity's greatest Helpers—the "Exile"—William Q. Judge. But in these last days, that hope has become a conviction, made doubly positive under the leadership of Katherine Tingley.

Years of mutual co-operation and a constant, unbroken heart-touch with the Chief, made the task of routine work an ever increasing source of happiness and usefulness. His absolute consecration to Theosophy, his clear discrimination and unflinching tact, his tireless industry and patience, his great knowledge of the motives and capabilities of others, his forgetfulness of self, and his power to awaken and call into activity all that was best and truest and purest in those who loved him, made him an imperishable pillar in the Temple builded of the hearts of men. His devotion and unreserved loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, whom he loved as a Teacher and a Comrade, and with whom he had struggled against the powers of darkness in many a past age, were undying. He stood like an undaunted hero, valiant and unconquerable, because his motive was pure as mountain snows, his strength like the on-moving glacier and his loving service for his fellows like the genial warmth of the sun. He was thus invincible.

No desire for selfish power ever tempted him to swerve from true service of the Cause which is redeeming the race. During H. P. Blavatsky's life he looked to her, and received from her, as from a Teacher, directions as to the guidance of the Movement. These he not only loyally followed, but by so doing set himself as a living example of loyalty which sustained the whole Society in its unvarying forward movement and enabled it to triumph over all obstacles. His power to STAND was superb! And, so, under H. P. Blavatsky the Exile became a Past Grand Master of Service, and when the hour struck for him to lead, he was ready, and sustained an invulnerable position. This was made possible by the love and trust in the hearts of comrades all over the world.

He wrote a comrade that he once received these words from H. P. Blavatsky:

Be more severe with yourself than with others; be more charitable toward others than toward yourself.

Those who knew him best loved him most, well knowing that he conscientiously followed H. P. Blavatsky in this and all things else. And how he was beloved! That was a period of letter writing, and shall we ever forget how we were electrified into instant and irresistible action on receipt of a letter from the Chief, charged as it was with his very life-energy and pure devotion! Not one true, yearning heart ever appealed to him in vain, and his great desire to help was always uppermost, imparting hope, and determination to work and win in the glorious fight. And the results—are they not stupendous, aye, almost incredible!

When the time came for his departure, all was in order. He had received his sacred Trust from the Lion Hearted and discharged it with the loyalty of a Knight of old—that Trust, the holiest ever given into the keeping of man, the Redemption of the Race. The rising tide bearing all humanity on its crest, had risen higher still and swept with increased momentum, because he had lived and served. And, so, when Katherine Tingley, the Victorious, in turn received the ancient charge, that flood mounted higher, ever higher in its triumphant course. Yea, my Comrades, “WE ARE HERE!” martialled by the Invincible Three, never again to be scattered or defeated, but for all time to keep the Fires brightly burning, those Fires that light the world. A victory, yes, transcendent in the history of the race—but at what cost! The unholy sacrifice of its Saviors, not least among whom was our beloved Chief, verily a Warrior.

Easter-Time *and* Its Significance

by H. T. E.



WE have been celebrating Easter, the Christian Festival which commemorates the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the tomb; and a few words as to the significance of that feast will be appropriate and may be helpful. Looked at historically, Easter is of course a strange mixture of the Jewish Passover, the ancient Teutonic celebration of Spring, and the memorial of Christ's Resurrection. But in any case it symbolizes new birth, revival, the ascension from the buried past to a new deliverance; and we may take the Resurrection as the most familiar and suggestive symbol of such a re-awakening that we can discuss at the present time.

And it is the general application of the truth—its application to you and me and every man—that we need to consider. The question as to whether Christ was or was not a historical personage can be set aside for the present, together with the questions as to whether the other religious Saviors in the world's creeds,

who died and rose again, were or were not historical characters. It is the symbolic character of Christ's life that we must consider, and we know that his life was symbolic, and that he was a type and a pattern for his disciples and all followers who should tread in his footsteps.

Resurrection from the dead is an universal process of Nature. It is, for most men continuous, and, instead of being a sudden and dramatic episode, is a silent but none the less momentous event in the life of the inner man. It is an universal law that light and darkness shall succeed each other, that ebb and flow shall ceaselessly alternate, that death shall follow life and life death. The panorama of Nature's changes and seasons shows this law, and the great drama of human history, with its rise and fall of races and empires, confirms it. The life of man may be compared to a journey which leads the pilgrim on, now over bright mountain crests, now through dim vales, but ever nearer and nearer to his goal. Every dark descent ushers in a new and more inspiring ascent, from which a yet nearer view of the longed-for goal will be obtained.

A glimpse of modern times, and a comparison of them with a brighter past, will show that humanity has been passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and that therefore a Resurrection is imminent. We have strayed far indeed from the vision of that Light whose beams lighted and warmed us ere we descended into the valley, and will illumine us with a yet closer radiance on yon further peak. Faith, hope, love, joy, peace, endurance, wisdom—where are these lights in our dull and troubled times? They have waned to mere memories and anticipations, while lurid fires and flickering rush-lights replace their tranquil glow. Man beguiles himself with sensual gratifications, feeds his spirit with sordid and selfish ambitions, solaces his restless heart with forgetfulness. Instead of certainty and illumination, he has wild and countless speculation, mingling terrible doubts with theories that must make the angels laugh through their tears. In all the worlds—the world social, the world intellectual, the world religious, there is no Sun; only a swarm of shapes scurrying to and fro with torches and pointing out various false paths that lead to quagmires and pitfalls.

Shall Man rise again from this tomb? Aye, for he only descended into it that he might win a more vigorous and glorious life beyond.

We shall see all this bewildering maddening swarm of ideas and opinions and cranks and crazes; this everlasting monotonous drudgery and dissipation and tedium; this universal strife and thwarting; we shall see all this confusion and darkness melt, dissolve, and roll away before the new dawn of glad simplicity, as the wan and uncertain lights of night pale before the rising sun, as the misgivings and fears of darkness melt in the warm of returning hope and vigor. This is Man's resurrection, and it needs no keen eye to discern everywhere the impatient longings and strivings after such a simplicity.

And as in Man there is a resurrection, so there is a resurrection in every individual man—in you and me. We all wander far into the mazes of speculation, the enchanted lands of slumber, or the halls of so-called pleasures, till we have lost the simple faith and joy of earlier days. We cannot recall the past, we cannot sing the old songs—ah! what a time-worn lamentation is this!—nor do we need to try. Is there not a future? Why should the old man live in the joys of his youth amid memories that bring more tears than smiles, if not because he has lost his vision of the future? He has lived to die; he will die to live.

So we say to the aged, cease your regrets; death is the gateway to life. And to the young, to those who, while their body yet lives, may be dying in their hopes and ideals, the same truth applies. *There is no death.* There is no loss that does not herald a greater gain. Seek not to revive a past that is outlived, nor despair at the failure to do so; but lift your eyes to the coming light. EXPECT THE RESURRECTION OF YOUR HOPES.

William Quan Judge, a Leader of Men

by E. A. Neresheimer



An address delivered on April 13th at the Opera House, San Diego, at a Public Meeting in honor of the Sixty-first Anniversary of the birth of W. Q. Judge

THE world will presently awake to the fact that this man is a great historical character. He has left the marks of his work for all time.

William Q. Judge was a luminary and benefactor to all mankind.

He was an ideal man not only as a living human being, but he was also the type of what all human beings might be, should be, in the course of their evolutionary progress.

If humanity were left alone to evolve without the aid of those who have trodden the Path of progress, there would be a sad plight awaiting it. Before it could reach the goal of perfection it would be overtaken by time and swept away out of existence, for the great law in its onward wave of progress shows no mercy to the laggards who refuse to move on in the appointed course. We well know that in the relentless march of progress more than one unbrotherly, so-called civilization has been swept away, and now again Humanity is at the threshold of a critical period. Believe me, there are highly evolved human beings who, out of compassion for suffering Humanity, voluntarily select a life of sacrifice and forsake well-earned reward of bliss and felicity. If it were not

for these there would be little hope for mankind to enter safely and speedily upon a better time; the promised Golden Age might never come.

You will recognize the failure of existing creeds to establish the paradise of love and happiness among men. In spite of all the great show and professions, the teachings of Jesus and other great Teachers, the doctrine of the Brotherhood of the whole human race, has been side-tracked and obscured. It took a mighty wave of energy to rehabilitate these ideas in the public mind. If you look back over the movements of thought that have taken place during the last twenty-five years you will acknowledge that a great change has come. To produce a change so vital, one that affects the happiness of the whole human race, takes a world reformer. Among such reformers must be classed that great man, William Q. Judge, his predecessor, H. P. Blavatsky, and his successor, Katherine Tingley. They have not come to mankind for any selfish interest—indeed the wonder is that they have stepped at all into the arena of human effort, knowing, as they must have known, with what ingratitude they would be received and how shamefully they would be abused.

The aim of their work is to light up the dark and gloomy life of mankind with the hope and knowledge that every man is a god, that each has the possibility of becoming perfect, free from anxiety and sorrow, that all are real and integral parts of the Universe itself, and can be actual co-workers with Nature.

How many millions of people had lost hope altogether in divine destiny during the last fifty years! I have met people of all classes, some quite superior in intelligence, who had no more hope than an oyster of being anything else than sensuous machines. Some of them said, "What is the good of living, anyhow, or being moral or honest?" "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Such sentiments are the outcome of ultra-materialistic religion, and of education which makes of man only a human animal and which ends in utter hopelessness. In our very souls no one believed we were merely beasts that perish, but the people had no Teachers who could enlighten them on the high purposes of life on earth.

I tell you, friends, we owe everlasting gratitude to that heroic man, William Quan Judge, who was able with a mighty hand to stay the further degradation of man, ignorant of his divine faculties. He possibly prevented the downfall of the entire human race in this cycle of evolution. As time goes on and men begin to open their eyes, it will be fully recognized what service he has done for Humanity; it will be owned by some who decry him now.

William Q. Judge was not the originator of this doctrine of Brotherhood, nor of the great keynote of man's Perfectibility, nor were these doctrines the invention of his preceptor, H. P. Blavatsky, nor does Katherine Tingley lay claim to such invention, but it was these three Teachers who knew how to stem the

tide of materialistic thought and turn the hearts of men once more to the truths of Brotherhood and Immortality, in such a practical and convincing way that much of the despairing picture which hung over the world is now changing into hopefulness. Men once more look with trust and confidence into their future destiny and turn their minds to problems of morality in place of senseless, wasteful displays of energy on chimeras.

William Q. Judge was the intermediate Leader between H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley. It is owing to his powerful mind, great wisdom and indomitable will that the cause of true Theosophy did not vanish off the face of the earth. He commenced by preaching to empty benches, with no audience at all to hear these sublime truths, and even though absolutely alone, he would make a speech with the same fervor and enthusiasm as if thousands were present. He was a wonderfully magnetic speaker, and in after years when he spoke on the platform he would often answer the unspoken queries of an earnest enquirer. Many incidents at the commencement of his Theosophical work show how sublime must have been his faith in the great Law. By this glowing trust did he not prove that if man will but do his smallest duty with his whole heart, his whole mind, he will be led and supported all along his journey of life? Well he knew that the force he was expending would be carried on the wings of the Higher Law, that what he was saying would find its way into the hearts of those who were hungry for these truths. He was right. His work was not in vain; no, not even the simplest effort was lost. His every endeavor told a thousand-fold more than the work of any other man, and now we see some of the results. Almost every nation of the world is represented in The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; members daily come in ever increasing numbers, and every month and year adds more strength to this mighty body. Look on the Hill at Point Loma, the world's center of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood. There are gathered a number of trained minds, the kindest hearts, the most compassionate people on earth, working with might and main to spread the truths of Theosophy for the good of all. Think you now that William Q. Judge's work was well done? Surely it was. Thus far it has touched in one way or another millions of people and the glory of the Truth still travels ceaselessly on until every man, woman and child shall have seen it and shall have had the chance to decide which Path they will follow.

Is it not well that we celebrate the anniversary of his birth today? Is it not true that the world was enriched by his birth with another Savior? I say it is true! In contemplating such a beautiful life is not the noblest and best aroused in one's nature? All true Theosophists are this day united in paying tribute to his memory.

Oh my Divinity! thou dost blend with the earth and fashion for thyself temples of mighty power.

Oh my Divinity! thou livest in the heart life of all things and dost radiate a golden light that shineth forever and doth illumine even the darkest corners of the earth.

Oh my Divinity! Blend thou with me that from the corruptible I may become incorruptible; that from imperfection I may become perfection; that from darkness I may go forth in light.

Tributes of Love and Respect To the Memory of William Q. Judge



THE following are a few tributes of love from those attached to the hundreds of exquisite floral wreaths, crowns, etc., made by the students at Point Loma, and dedicated to the revered memory of William Q. Judge at the great ceremony held in the Aryan Temple, Point Loma, on April 13, 1902, in honor of the 61st anniversary of the birth of W. Q. Judge:

TO the memory of William Quan Judge. One of Humanity's noblest teachers.

MAY the courage and devotion of our beloved Teacher, William Q. Judge, ever inspire us to greater and greater effort in sustaining those Principles for which he so nobly gave his life.

A LOVING tribute to William Q. Judge. May we, like him, render noble service to all that lives.

THIS day, the anniversary of the birth of William Quan Judge, makes our hearts glad, for he was a friend and helper and teacher of Humanity in all conditions, holding the same great love for his fellow men and showing by the example of his life the nobility, wisdom and God-like nature, of which all men may partake.

HIS name and work shall live when the most illustrious in the passing history of the day shall be forgotten.

HIS unfailing devotion to principle will always be an inspiration to those who follow "The Path."

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE still lives, in the hearts of those who are faithful and loyal to the principles for which *he* lived.

GREETINGS to all Humanity and Joy—that our Chief did not live and work in vain.

MAY our lives ever be as strong and noble and pure as was that of our Leader, William Q. Judge. May we always fight for the truth as he did.

“WE work for the future—the glorious future.”

THIS most sacred memorial to William Quan Judge is to emulate his nobility, continue his work and reverence his successor by the eloquence of useful action. **THIS WE WILL DO.**

HE put aside all selfish interest, and gave himself to humanity's need.

Take a Wider View

by H. T. Patterson

✠

AS one pursues a path in the midst of valleys, it is only by immediate indications, or the clearness of the path itself, that the way can be found. From an elevation where the entire path, or most of it, is seen, many windings and turns, unaccountable to one as he wends his way along, are understood. The same with work, or anything else.

A new member in The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may not have gained a sufficiently comprehensive point of view to grasp the applicableness of all the details of the work. A person, not a member, merely contacting the activities, is still less able to understand them in all their phases. As a member works longer in the Organization, in the right spirit, his view broadens. If he is at the center his outlook is wider yet. As to the Head of the Organization, her knowledge of the relationship of details must be complete. Only those who have the privilege of working directly in touch with her realize in any degree what that implies.

One of the books which treats of the higher life speaks of the workman grasping whatever instrument comes to hand. In Theosophical work, people are the instruments; and all who can do anything for the cause of humanity must be utilized often. Some, because of their natures, are limited in their helpfulness, their motives being largely unworthy; but, so far as their fitness on certain lines goes, that much is gained for the work; that much added to the credit side on the great ledger in which each one is making the entries in indelible characters.

Sometimes an instrument which has been used loses its usefulness—a flaw makes itself manifest—it loses its edge, or temper—it may be that the steam gives out, perhaps the fires are allowed to go down. Then our comrades wonder and the foolish doubt.

Those who are closest to Katherine Tingley and the heart of the work, best know her marvelous skill in utilizing every opportunity, every person, in humanity's service. They know, also, her equally wonderful insight into character. Often, she has disclosed radical defects in certain people—many times people who were very active in Theosophical work—defects which were dormant and did not become apparent for years. But those who have kept silent, watched and waited, have found that those defects were not chimeras. In time they came to the surface and became apparent to all.

What is true of any member of The Universal Brotherhood, in these respects applies as well to any officer, Cabinet member or other. The holding of an office,

gives one no patent right on infallibility; no immunity from the results of his own mistakes or weaknesses. Such an one, Cabinet member, other officer, or lay member, may have been sufficiently *en rapport* with the work before it had reached its present amazing and most satisfactory stage of development, and not be *en rapport* with it now. Such as these have had their opportunities, have done their service. Pitiable it is when they begin to undo this by detraction of the work. Generally we find their attitude is taken in an effort to cover up the traces of their own shortcomings.

The public at large, who come to Point Loma, as well as those of the public at large who do not come to Point Loma, begin, now, to be the greatest admirers and appreciators of Katherine Tingley and the matchless genius of her work. Even, if not sufficiently acquainted with its spiritual aspect to comprehend it in its higher phases, they do appreciate it from the standpoint of the utilitarian, the artistic, the musical and the philanthropic.

One is often surprised to find visitors who are even more appreciative of this great work than some of those who have the privilege of being in touch with it. Such as these know that there is an executive genius in this work greater than they have known of before, and, in some cases they perceive that a new and divine touch is being given to terrestrial life.

The visitors at Point Loma are from all states and countries, and from them information is being brought to the Point of the way in which the work done by The Universal Brotherhood is regarded by the public. They do not deceive themselves by imagining that the Leader has made a mistake because she has not acquiesced in the pet personal schemes of some ambitious member, no matter how important such member may be thought by those at a distance.

Mirror of the Movement



News from Loma-land

Katherine Tingley Speaks in the Aryan Temple

The inspiring Sunday morning services in the Aryan Temple have become a very special feature in the life on the Hill, and the short addresses given by the Leader strike the key-note for the rest of the week. There is something particularly impressive in these meetings, held as they are within sound of the eternal roar of the surf.

They keep the memory of the great Founder of the Aryan Society, W. Q. Judge, constantly present in the hearts of the students. On March 23rd, Katherine Tingley gave an address of which the following is a brief report :

COMRADES : There is a magic touch in the atmosphere of this beautiful Temple. It affects me, and I presume it does you to a degree, in a new

way, and I am conscious of something that I have often had in my mind before—that this time, in this century, the members of The Universal Brotherhood have a very sacred duty to perform and that they are to be the interpreters of the unexpressed in the thought-life of the great Teachers of the past. If you will look back into the history of the lives of all the best who have labored for humanity, you will find that each of them had their own particular time, and in that particular time they adapted themselves to the needs of the people; so great was their wisdom, they understood human nature so thoroughly, that they adapted themselves to the needs of the people—to the needs of the time. In so doing, the highest and the best, the noblest and the most inspiring and the most helpful of the ages had to be left unwritten and unexpressed, but now we are coming in touch with all this—we who do know that we are a part of the immortal scheme of life—we who understand that by working on lines of least resistance, with the Universal Law, we have opened the way to read the unwritten pages of the past, and to interpret the heart-life of the great reformers. This is our mission. We have willed it that we should be in the Theosophical Society.

We have moved toward its highest principles with all our best efforts. So we can easily see it was written in the law that we should be here. It is in the law that we shall commence to realize more at this moment than ever before, the sacredness of our mission—the mighty import of our doings, and it is in the law that we shall have the knowledge and the power to rend the veil that hides the light from humanity; it is in the law that we shall instill into the hearts of the sorrowing and hopeless the mighty truths which reveal to them the mysteries of life and death. It is in the law that we shall have that master-force to step out into the world and unveil the new truths for humanity. It is in the law that we shall reveal the higher truths of Theosophy; that we shall feed all sorrowing hearts with the true essence of consolation; with the divine spirit of hope and love, and that we shall say to those who mourn—mourn no more; the law is beneficent; love is immortal; and in the truest and deepest sense there is no sadness. Picture that touch affecting the world; picture the aching hearts that are in the churches; the aching hearts that are in the prisons; the aching hearts that are shut out from the light receiving the message that lies in our hearts, and not only receiving the message in words, but in that which words cannot express. That is the part of our higher education; that is the part of this great work that we are to do. It is the divine touch that we must give, and then, verily in the twinkling of an eye all darkness and despair will disappear and we shall become to the people, Children of Light.

* * *

Among the many cablegrams and telegrams received by the Leader from all parts of the world upon the occasion of the sixty-first anniversary of William Q. Judge's birthday were the following:

April 13, 1902

Alert, steadfast, joyful, guarding the fires; Judge's birthplace. Our hearts are with you.

DUBLIN LODGE

Faith, loyalty to Teacher and teachings.	April 13, 1902 NURNBERG LODGE
Faithful greetings.	April 13, 1902 DRESDEN LODGE
Truth, light and liberation.	April 13, 1902 TORSTEN HEDLUND, Djursholm, Sweden
This day Swedish hearts are with you.	April 13, 1902 TROLLHAEGEN LODGE

British members in London, North, East, South, and West, and thirty British cities all centered H. P. B.'s old Headquarters, send one united stream of loyalty and devotion, determined to overcome all obstacles, trusting your wisdom and loving help for humanity; supporting you to utmost with unfailing service.

April 13, 1902

LONDON LODGES

* * *

Most beautiful was the Temple ceremony at Loma-land in honor of William Q. Judge's birthday. A full account has appeared in *The New Century*.

**Great
Celebration of
April 13th**

It was one of those occasions from which everyone can draw according to his capacities. It was an invocation of the spirit of steady effort and patient resistance which were corner stones in the life which we were commemorating, and these are virtues as necessary now as they were then. If there were any who remained unstimulated thereto, for them the occasion was a failure.

The celebration was divided between the Amphitheater and the Temple—the future and the present, both of them the children of the past and of its persistent work. The beautiful procession to the Amphitheater with the flags of all nations was a most impressive spectacle. The ceremonies in the arena were of a simple but striking nature, including song by the Loma-land Choir, intonation, and a very beautiful speech by Mr. Neresheimer, the President of the Aryan Society, and on the return of the triumphal march to the Temple the central features of the day were quickly entered upon, including the speech of the Leader, and the formal admission of many of the children of the Raja Yoga School as juvenile members of the Aryan Society. It was essentially a children's day. Not one was absent, and not one went away without an individual mark of the Leader's attention and love. The Aryan Society and consequently the whole Organization has added to itself the sweet influence of children.

The remainder of the morning session and a short afternoon meeting were occupied with speeches. The invited guests were limited to a very few. Mr. Tyberg from Brooklyn was with us, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson from San Francisco, and Col. Blackmer and Mr. and Mrs. Griffes from San Diego. Mr. Reed in a few well-chosen words contributed the most gratifying evidence of the way in which our philosophy and its literature is being appreciated by thoughtful men in other cities. Col. Blackmer, one of the oldest Theosophists on the Pacific Coast, gave a most beautiful touch to the ceremony by a few very appropriate remarks, full of dignity and feeling.

The great meeting was truly a rejoicing of a united Organization throughout the world. Of this the sheaves of cablegrams were in themselves a sufficient evidence, and there could have been few there who failed to feel and to know the presence of the loyalty and the devotion which does not belong to one country only, nor to one people, but is the common tribute of the Theosophic world to its past Leader and to its Friend, William Q. Judge.

As part of the ceremony each student laid a memorial wreath upon the flower-strewn altar, upon which was written some sentiment appropriate for the occasion. From the large number written, the following are quoted:

This is love, that we walk after his commandments.

His deep calmness was a great sustaining power.

Between man and man gratitude is not so much a virtue as a duty—how much more then must this be so between pupil and teacher.

Thy voice is silent—but thy love for humanity speaks.

My delusion has been dispersed by the words which thou for my soul's peace hast spoken.—*Bhagavad-Gita*

It is not what is done, but the spirit in which the least thing is done for them who are all, that is counted.—W. Q. JUDGE

The Greatest of the Exiles.

“The living have a greater part in the dead than the dead have in the living.”

He standeth now like a white pillar to the west, upon whose face the rising Sun of Thought Eternal poureth forth its first most glorious waves.

Let the steadfastness of the Chief be forever emulated by the followers and the Law will bring forth the harvest.

Look up! The day is at hand!

His works do follow him.

Great men are those who prosecute and sustain vital missions for human upliftment. By this measure William Q. Judge will be ranked among Humanity's Greatest Helpers by future generations.

“Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime.”

“The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.”

The most beautiful part of the morning ceremony was the receiving of the Raja Yoga children. To the dress of each the Leader pinned a beautiful little souvenir, on which had been painted the American flag and our own banner of purple and gold, draped about the words, “There is no Religion higher than Truth.” Before this was placed upon the garment each child, marching before the altar in processional, paused a moment and read the motto—all without exception—even to little Alice.

**New Aryan
Members**

As a part of the celebration it was a great pleasure to all the Aryan members to welcome to the Aryan Theosophical Society several new comrades who had recently been admitted to The Universal Brotherhood. Among these were Mr. Albert G. Spalding, Ex-Mayor D. C. Reed, Mrs. Reed and Miss Reed, their oldest daughter. One can imagine how great a pleasure it must have been to our dear and faithful comrade, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Spalding, to have Mr. Spalding take this step and enter the ranks of the Aryan Comrades and The Universal Brotherhood. At the afternoon meeting both Mr. Reed and Mr. Spalding spoke and expressed the reverence and love they had for William Q. Judge, whom they had come to know through his work, although never having met him personally.

* * *

**Pithy and Brief
Addresses**

Besides the hundreds of tributes of affection attached to the beautiful wreaths carried by the children and students, the following short addresses were read at the afternoon meeting by some of the comrades :

From W. Q. Judge, we have been enabled to make or to better our ideal of manhood, for never was picture of mediæval Knight drawn purer, nobler, more compassionate and chivalrous than this man. Because he lived in this century just closed, he made the rebirth of a new and higher chivalry possible again in this one now open ; and it may be that in later years humanity may know what it owes to this true Knight of the XIXth Century. We at any rate know, and from our knowledge his memory shall live on through the ages.

H. CORYN

To William Q. Judge, Friend of all Creatures, our hearts this day bring loving tribute. One of the Warriors of Light from out the ages, the nobility, purity and high purpose of his life inspire us to dedicate our lives and all our powers of body, mind and soul to the service of humanity.

With unswerving and invincible devotion he kept inviolate the sacred trust given to him by H. P. Blavatsky and in turn handed it on to Katherine Tingley. That same trust is ours to hold and keep inviolate—to help our Leader bring Truth, Light and Liberation to the souls of men.

Comrades! this is our sacred Trust! May we be ever faithful to it! Only by the purity of our lives can we truly bring loving tribute to our Chief!

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

Oh! Steadfast Soul! that came to earth on such a day, and held the thread of destiny unbroken, in hands made strong by faith, until the coming of the Master set you free. We are here because your courage never failed. We, who are here, can see the dawning of the promised day, because you held the bridge alone by which we passed into the Light. Your loyalty alone made possible that which the future holds in store of Joy and Hope for millions of the yet unborn. Shall we not celebrate the day you came to earth? Shall we forget the lesson of that life? or show ourselves unworthy of the Chief, who led the little band of seekers for the Light, and kept the link unbroken? Here in the Land of Light we hail you by the name you made so dear to us, the name of Judge.

R. W. MACHILL

Men die but principles live. Any life may be prized by what expression and action of principles it has given to the world.

In the life of him whose anniversary we celebrate—our beloved Chief, William Q. Judge—we have one of the most heroic examples of steadfastness ever witnessed, when battling against the selfishness of this age he did bestow on humanity the priceless boon of the Gospel of Light. He held fast, and trusting in the power of the Heart, he kept on giving to men the very bread of life although they knew him not and some crucified him. Today the seed sown in loneliness and silence has brought forth an hundred-fold, and the same continuous, steady holding fast and working on, which was his last command unto us will bring to the earth the golden harvest when Truth, Light and Liberation will forever prevail.

S. A. CHARPIOT

The world is said to know nothing of its greatest men. William Q. Judge was one of the greatest. He was lacking in none of the elements of a man of nature's noblest mold. His power of taking pains—a mark of genius, it is said—was unusual. His insight, quick sympathy, and steady, unswerving persistence in his determined plan for the good of suffering humanity, combined with his utter abnegation of self, made him a very formidable opponent for the enemies of humanity to fight. Hedged in by unsympathetic surroundings, breasting almost alone the stream of popular opinion, how grandly he stands forth as a type of the strong man—what a noble and inspiring example he is for the children, as well as for all of us.

Then his books. Who does not rise from the perusal of *Letters that Have Helped Me* feeling a greater love for all creatures, a more ardent desire to offer one's life on the altar of work for humanity. All his work, in whatever line, breathes the true spirit of compassion and his noblest title was "The friend of all creatures."

Our duty and privilege is to spread broadcast the gracious influence of his memory, to keep his memory green so that future generations shall say—"there was a Man."

Looking to the future a picture presents itself, that even that suffering country which gave him birth, the sacred land of Erin, will in time, perhaps sooner than we have thought possible, turn and recognize the position of her glorious son, and learn from him the ancient wisdom which she has so nearly forgotten. From Loma-land the flame will be carried which will relight the slumbering fires and soon the Cause of Sublime Perfection for which William Q. Judge sacrificed his life will become the Life of Humanity.

C. J. RYAN.

* * *

Many letters of inquiry have been received since the members have become aware of the Leader's accident. While it is impossible for her to give personal attention to all of these, she appreciates the loving thought that lies behind each and every missive. At first it was feared that she might be permanently injured, but she is very much better although practically confined to her room owing to her inability to walk. Yet, in spite of much pain, she has

not lost a moment in attending to her work. Fortunately, Mr. Tingley is still here with her. It was a matter of great rejoicing to him that she was able to go into the Temple on the Sunday morning when the students celebrated Mr. Judge's birthday.

* * *

An increasing interest is being observed among those who visit Loma-land. They ask for book-lists, and various publications, and many appear to be particularly interested through having learned of Katherine Tingley's great loyalty to the State of California and her un-failing determination to do the utmost that lies in her power to make it a commonwealth that shall be an example on the highest lines. It daily becomes more evident that there is a large class who have been absolutely waiting for the help that only a true philosophy of life can give them, and, in the common-sense, practical activities of Loma-land are quick to recognize the demonstration of such a philosophy.

* * *

New Arrivals During the past month we have been glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of San Francisco, who brought us good news of the work in that active center. Mr. J. H. Fussell has been appointed President of the San Francisco Lodge and its work is rapidly increasing on many lines of Brotherhood. Mr. O. Tyberg of Brooklyn has also come among us—a very welcome arrival. He reports good progress and great devotion to the work among the comrades in New York, Brooklyn and vicinity.

Among the guests recently staying at the Homestead has been Mr. Bonnell, the private secretary of Mr. A. G. Spalding. Mr. Bonnell made a stay of several months and was much liked by all for his pleasant, genial manner. Although not a member of The Universal Brotherhood, he was a real comrade.

* * *

The regular Sunday evening meetings continue to attract immense audiences to the Opera House. Since it came into Mrs. Tingley's possession, on March 6, the audiences have increased and it seems as if to the meetings themselves were added more enthusiasm and power. The meeting of April 13th was unusually fine, particularly the music. Mrs. W. T. Hanson made brief mention of the Festival-celebration held in Loma-land in honor of W. Q. Judge's birthday, and read some of the thoughts briefly expressed by the students upon that occasion. Miss N. Herbert of England, one of our youngest students, read a paper upon "Some Mental Diseases of the Twentieth Century." Joseph H. Fussell, who left his work in San Francisco for a few-days visit to Loma-land on account of important business, read a paper upon "Theosophy, Theoretical and Practical," and Mr. E. A. Neresheimer read a heartfelt tribute to "The Exile," William Q. Judge.

Mr. Neresheimer is one of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet officers, one of the oldest of the Aryan members, and was Mr. Judge's staunch friend and supporter during the hours of his greatest trial, that crucial time when the Theosophical Society passed through its greatest strain and peril and came out with united ranks and colors flying. He is today a resident in Loma-land, and is giving the best of himself, with the enthusiasm that only an earnest student can understand, to assist in the work of teaching music to the children and of introducing it among the masses.

Preparations are already being made for the "opening" of the Opera House to the public. It will be made a great occasion, and those who desire to see music become a part of life itself, those who desire to place music in the homes of the poorest and most forsaken, will realize that they have much to be thankful for because of Mrs. Tingley's purchase of the great Opera House, so well adapted for a musical center. In her last address at the immense meeting held in the Opera House, where crowds were turned away for want of room, she said:

I have found that wherever the human heart could be touched, even at a time when the mind was indifferent to all that was bright and beautiful; that when the tender feelings of human nature could be aroused, when hope could be ingrained, then the soul stepped out to sing its song of gladness to the world and to show that music has a potent power which is not yet understood even by the greatest musicians of the age In the recesses of our hearts, in the secret chambers of our souls, are harmonics and harmonies—if we would but let them out; if we would but admit, as a people, that we are only standing upon the margin of real life My proposition is to have music in every household, to open the doors of this theater to working people, for the poor and for the rich alike My hope is to ennoble the arts of music and the drama, and thus to enrich human life. My hope is to make this work here in this theater so forceful that it will penetrate every nook and corner of the city, and in time it will not be necessary to have special police for protection. We shall not have to make a special effort on ordinary lines to undo the evils of our city. I hope that when I come to this theater to work I shall see even those who are considered the worst in the town, or the state, sitting here and receiving the influence of this brotherly love of the San Diego people, united with the efforts of the members on the Hill. Let us commence at once. Let us ask ourselves, Are we doubters or believers in the Divine Law?

The whole speech of which the above is an extract has been published in *The New Century*, and has also been brought out in a pleasing form as a small pamphlet. All subscribers to the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH are entitled to one copy free if they will send a postage stamp for mailing. These pamphlets will be found of great interest to all lovers of art and music.

* * *

The music at our Sunday evening meetings receives the kindest comment on all sides from those who listen to it. At the last meeting a stranger approached one of our members and said: "Your music is wonderful. There is something in it beyond what I have ever known in other music. Three things about it impress me—first, it is somewhat like church music—second, it isn't like church music, and, third, well, I cannot tell what the third characteristic is. Doubtless it could not be expressed in words."

* * *

While Mr. Neresheimer is best known as one of New York's most successful business men, his love of music is his predominant characteristic. Now that at last he is able to give his life to Theosophy, he is growing younger with every passing year. Recently the Leader

has inaugurated a Service of Song to be held on Sunday mornings in the great Opera House. The chorus is conducted by Mr. Neresheimer, and of the work and aims, the following, quoted from the printed circular, is explanatory :

The object of the Isis League of Music and Drama is to emphasize the influence of the harmonies of music. As one of the first steps to accomplish this it has been arranged to give free instruction to classes in Vocal Music at the Lotus Children's Hall at 1125 Sixth street between B and C streets on Sunday mornings at 10:30 o'clock, commencing Sunday, April 6.

You are cordially invited to attend the service and instruction.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

The
Easter Festival in Isis Theater at San Diego



A SPLENDID evidence of the sympathy with which the Easter Festival was received was the large and appreciative audiences which crowded the Opera House in San Diego on Easter Sunday morning and evening. Even from the lowest and most cursory point of view it was a marvelous sight. In its deeper aspects it was more marvelous still, that it should now be possible to publicly pay so exalted a tribute to the Wisdom Religion which is, as we know, the pure flame of Christianity itself. How much, too, it speaks for the intelligent and progressive spirit of an audience which was able to render such delighted appreciation of a presentation of Christian symbolism which must have been new to very many. Prejudice has made for itself a good fight throughout the world, and this shall be a pioneer augury on the largest scale, that the Light of Theosophy shall prove itself a light indeed, and that it shall triumphantly fulfill its mission, not of destroying, but of building up and re-creating.

Time was, and not long ago, when it was considered to detract from the value of religious narrative to speak of it as symbolic. That so false a view belongs already to a closed chapter of thought is evidenced by such a meeting as this. The new order of consciousness which we believe has come into the world, and on the reality of which the success of Theosophy so largely depends, is teaching men that the use of symbols can open the doors of the mind to truths so sublime that human language cannot approach nor express them, and that through symbols we may mount to heights otherwise forever unattainable. In its more ordinary usage, a symbol may be a crystallization of existing human ideas which has the effect of producing a mental picture, more rapidly, more accurately and more vividly than in any other way. Such symbols as this have already permeated our daily speech, as for example in the use of the word Kindergarten, and very many expressions of a like nature. In its

higher aspect it is, as we have pointed out, a narrative picture of spiritual truth which would otherwise fail altogether of expression. It is in the nature of an external stimulus by which the mind may soar into heights where words can no longer follow it nor obey it. The dawning comprehension of this sacred symbolism is the hope and the bulwark of religion, the assurance of its coming domination over the lives of men, and it was therefore in the defence of the religion of Jesus which taught the Brotherhood of men through the resurrection in them of the Christ of Compassion and of Wisdom, that the Leader framed and devised the Easter Festival which we have just celebrated.

The essence, and indeed the hall mark, of a religious symbolic representation is a simplicity which shall entirely appeal to the least instructed of its spectators as much as its profundity shall baffle the most intelligent and the most learned. May we too resort to a symbol by comparing the true mystery drama to a clear, starlit sky? Hardly a mind is so unformed as not to be altogether filled by its splendor and to be lifted a little above its normal, but to the true student come visions of cosmic heights and depths, and a mystic imagination adds itself to the knowledge of the mind. From the starry sky, as from the sacred drama, every mind receives that which it can retain and just a little more. It is food for babes and wisdom for the wise.

Such, indeed, was our Easter Festival. There is no human mind—at least we would so hope—which is altogether unmoved by the sight of children, and especially of children who are so obviously actuated by a simple, an unconscious and an artless fraternity, as are ours of the Raja Yoga School. There is no mind which is not, perhaps all unknown to itself, moved thereby a little nearer to the state which they symbolize, a state which all must reach who would “enter the Kingdom of Heaven.” And there are other minds which are consciously and strongly reaching out for the living mysteries, minds already touched by the living flame of hope and aspiration to whom the sight of these children must be the very arcana of knowledge, the Holy of Holies. Those who saw them know for themselves, each according to his nature, and for them all verbal description is but painting the lily. The passage of the children through the audience to join their elders on the stage was a symbol needing no more indication to our readers than it did to the quickly responsive mind of the audience. They were a living tableau of the benedictions.

The performance of the adults themselves needs no recognition here. It is because it was so entirely without desire for recognition that it was so effective. There are not too many illustrations today of those who are willing at all times to be as stones in the hands of the builder, for such work as this to pass unnoticed. This is the strength of selflessness and which can only come from selflessness; it is the living power of Theosophy in the lives of its servants.

Long ago we affirmed our conviction that H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge would yet receive their justification from a world which seemed to reject their teachings and to impugn their honor. Already that justification is being paid and in the way in which they would have had it paid. Were they here they would see that their teachings have sunk into the very hearts of their followers; and through their successor they are even now reaping rich harvests from the fields which they planted in their pain. Let us see to it that by no thought of self, by no hunger for recognition, or prominence or praise do we weaken the mighty

hand which steers our ship not into a haven of rest or repose but ever further and further over the heaving, sunlit waters of human endeavor and of human accomplishment.

Reports from the Lodges



BROTHER ALLEN GRIFFITHS, on his return home from a visit in Loma-land, called upon the Los Angeles Lodge and has sent in a most enthusiastic report. This Lodge is one of the oldest on the entire coast. It has weathered many storms, but has come out of them all, strengthened, purified and with colors flying. Today it has convenient headquarters, a prettily arranged lodge room with annex, which is used for Greek symposia and other public entertainments, and an excellent library. Its activities are of a character that tend to develop that solidarity which members find is an absolute necessity if the Lodges are successfully to do the real work for humanity. In his report Brother Griffiths said that his visit to this Lodge had been of the greatest help to him, and that he was indeed glad of an opportunity to observe the surprising improvement that had taken place during the last few years. He said that the meeting which he attended was like a benediction.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 6, 1902

San Francisco has always occupied a prominent position, not only geographically, but Theosophically, on the Pacific Coast. Among its members are many who joined in the early days under W. Q. Judge, and these with those who have joined more recently, form a strong, united body. It was a great pleasure to meet so many earnest, devoted members, who under difficulties had remained true to this glorious work, and who realize the opportunity for the great work that lies before them, as a Lodge. Being the first of the Lodges I have visited on my trip it was with a special interest that I found how close the ties are between all the faithful members and the Lodge, as a whole, and Point Loma. Public meetings have been held every Sunday and lectures given on the following subjects: "A Plea for Higher Education," "The Needs of Humanity," "Life at Point Loma," "California, the Center of the World's New Civilization."

On April 5th, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home and Raja Yoga School, Point Loma, arrived in San Francisco on a short visit, and on April 6th lectured on "Theosophy, Theoretical and Practical," a short address being also given by the President on "What is True Brotherhood."

April 13th was celebrated as the anniversary of the birth of William Q. Judge and a special public meeting held in the evening, the speakers were Dr. Allen Griffiths on "William Q. Judge," H. H. Somers on "Simple Beginnings" and Dr. Van Pelt on "Inconsistencies of Human

Nature." There have been good audiences at all the public meetings and the public interest in our work is greatly on the increase. The newspapers have given excellent reports.

The Lodge meetings always have a full attendance of members. Several other special meetings were held and were attended by members from Oakland and Alameda. A special feature of the work at both these last named places is the children's work, there being fine Lotus Groups in connection with each Lodge, and at Alameda also there is a large Boys' Brotherhood Club.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Robinson of the San Francisco Lodge, have recently made a visit to Point Loma, spending several days there. It was a great pleasure to all the students to meet these comrades and another link has been made between the Center and U. B. Lodge No. 7. J. H. FUSSELL

The following report came in from the San Francisco Lodge a few days since:

APRIL 13, 1902

The public meeting held today at 11 o'clock was a gratifying success. A large number were present. Dr. Van Pelt's address was bold, vigorous and convincing. She was more forcible and commanding in her delivery than on the evening of her first address. Dr. Griffiths' paper on W. Q. Judge was comprehensive. Brother Robinson's visit to Loma-land has helped us greatly. In his letter to our Lodge is a real heart-touch, for this comrade never says what he does not devoutly believe.

* * *

J. R. Addison of the Tacoma Lodge, has just arrived at Point Loma. He reports increased activities in his home Lodge, that all members are loyal and devoted and express the greatest joy at being a part of the great work being carried on at the Center. The Tacoma Lodge is one of the strongest on the Pacific Coast.

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Brother Fred. G. Plummer is at present located in Albany, Oregon. He is well known as the State Geologist of Washington. Brother Plummer has a class in Theosophy in Salem and reports its members as being interested and enthusiastic. They are looking forward with much anticipation to the arrival of Brother Fussell. There, as elsewhere, the public has been much confused by a certain class who use the name of Theosophy as a cloak for teachings which are entirely contrary to the principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, defended and preserved by William Q. Judge, and now being practically applied in every department of life by Katherine Tingley. Not until those who would investigate become able to discriminate between the true and the false, will the public be spared the imposition that so characterizes the work of the enemies of this humanitarian movement.

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Miss Wilson of the Fairhaven Lodge, who recently visited Loma-land, reports loyalty, devotion and steadfast work on the part of her home comrades. Similar reports are being sent in by Brother Spinks, Secretary of the Seattle Lodge, of which Paul Henning is President.

Miss Leila McKee of Hamilton, Canada, is one of our latest but most enthusiastic members. All her correspondence with the Center at Point Loma, as well as the work done by her as a Lodge member, show that she is already making Theosophy a living power in her life and that her common sense application of its principles is winning both the attention and the respect of the public.

* * *

Alpheus M. Smith, President of Lodge 70, Chicago, is, with Mrs. Smith, enjoying a vacation and rest at Point Loma. This he has fully earned by many years' close application to his own business interests as well as to the work of the Lodge. Since their arrival at Point Loma, the Lodge members in Chicago surprised the Leader by sending her a scroll containing words of increased devotion, loyalty and steadfastness, which was signed by all members. The signatures of all members of Lodge 70, who are now students at Point Loma, were appended also. It is perhaps significant that this loving heart-record should have been received so near W. Q. Judge's birthday.

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George H. Wilson, President of the Louisville (Ky.,) Lodge, reports that a splendid work is being done by Lodge members in that city among the boys, of whose Club W. F. Gearheart has charge. Their public meetings, which are always well attended, have recently been arousing particular enthusiasm, and there has been a marked increase of interest on the part of the public.

* * *

One of the strongest is Lodge 45 of Chicago, consisting of Scandinavian members, and known as Saga Branch. Andrew Wittrup is President and Pontus Lindkraus, Vice-President. Public meetings are held in various parts of the city in the Swedish language, and many are brought into contact with the truths of Theosophy by this means who would not otherwise be reached. The Lodge is earnest, devoted to the Leader, and the members most faithful in carrying out Brotherhood work upon the lines laid down. They sell Swedish Theosophical literature as well as distribute it for propaganda work. Their lodge rooms contain a comprehensive Swedish and English Theosophical library.

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Greetings from the Brooklyn Lodge were brought to the Leader by Oluf Tyberg. He reports better conditions in Brooklyn than for some time past in all matters pertaining to Lodge work there. The members were glad to hear from him that Colonel Hooper, who has recently been seriously ill, is much better, in fact is well on the road to complete recovery, and hopes soon to be at work again. Members at the Center remember with pleasure Colonel Hooper's visit to Loma-land some time ago. Brother Tyberg is taking a well-earned rest at Point Loma. Mrs. Tyberg has been here for some time and both of their bright little children have entered the Raja Yoga School for the full course. Mr. Tyberg expresses himself as more than delighted with the benefits already received by his children during the short time that has elapsed since their admission to the school. He says that the half has never been told about this wonderful Heart-center—Loma-land.

One always knows what to expect from the Providence (R. I.,) Lodge, of which Brother Clark Thurston is President. All members there are steadfast and loyal as a matter of course, a deeper loyalty manifesting itself as the years pass. All who know Clark Thurston, who know of his unflinching courage and steadfastness in past times of crisis in the history of the Theosophical Movement, and who know of his staunch friendship for William Q. Judge, and his devotion to the principles sustained by the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, can well understand why he has been such a pillar of strength to his Lodge. He is soon coming to Point Loma, at the advice of his physician, to gain strength and to take the rest he has earned after so many years of close application to business and to Brotherhood work.

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Brother Somersall, President of the Boston Lodge, makes frequent general reports of activities there in his letters. The public meetings are far more successful than usual since the adoption of the Leader's plans, which were communicated to Lodges some time ago. At present the various Lodges in and around Boston have so arranged their public monthly meetings that one is held at one of the Centers each Sunday evening. To this the members of the other Lodges contribute by their interest and attendance, to as large an extent as possible. The Boston headquarters has long been the Home-Center for all the other Lodges in that part of the state. Mr. Somersall reports unusual activity and success in the Lotus work and that of the Boys' Brotherhood Club.

* * *

Colonel E. T. Blackmer of the San Diego Lodge spent the Sunday of April 13th at Loma-land. He is one of the oldest members on the Coast, and one of the strongest in the ranks of Brotherhood workers. He reports that the San Diego Lodge is going unitedly and steadily forward, keeping up its members' interest with unflinching devotion and gladly co-operating with the Leader in all plans made for the advancement of the work.

* * *

Before very long much Theosophical work will be done in Mexico under the direction of Katherine Tingley. Some of her students would be already at work there except for the delay occasioned by important business matters, chief of which is the suit for libel instituted against General Otis of the Los Angeles *Times*, by Katherine Tingley, and which is still pending in the courts.

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The Theosophical work done in Cuba is quite different in character from that carried on in other sections. Although applications for charters have come in by some who are desirous of forming Universal Brotherhood Lodges there, the Leader is withholding such for the present. However, Cuba and the Point Loma Center keep in close touch, not only because of the children's work, but because of an extensive correspondence being carried on with those interested in the welfare of Cuba and Brotherhood, chief among them Senor Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago. There is a large field there, and, so responsive are the Cubans to the principles of Brotherhood there is certain to be a rich harvest. In spite of the

efforts of certain enemies, by all manner of malicious lies, to misrepresent Katherine Tingley's work to the Cubans, the latter as a class are quite able to discriminate and the efforts of these enemies have been well-nigh fruitless. The Raja Yoga Cuban children are the best possible propagandists, by means of the letters they write home to their people. Their letters reflect their own happiness and the joy of their lives here. And as their parents and acquaintances can easily see that all done for them is done as a labor of love, that their teachers do not work for selfish motives, but the truest love and compassion lies back of all their work, their gratitude to Katherine Tingley is unreserved.

These are a brief resume of but a portion of the reports which have come in from all quarters, both Europe and America. But what is expressed by these is expressed by all without exception. Never has the Theosophical Movement been so united, so loyal, so in touch with the great principles for which H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge gave their lives, and to which Katherine Tingley is giving of her own impersonal energy and devotion in a degree that is a lesson to us, indeed, when we behold it. Those who are at the Center witness its growth and learn of its solidarity, as a great humanitarian movement, as members in various Lodges cannot possibly do. To give but a single instance: On the very day on which the Organization accepted the resignation of a certain Pacific Coast member, a large number became members here at Point Loma, having previously applied, and three charters were granted that day, and several applications came in from Sweden also. And this is but an example that might be multiplied. New members are being constantly added to the ranks, in spite of the three years' probation now required, new applications are coming in and new Lodges are being formed. As students are aware, it has not been the habit of the Leader to make such reports, for it is a fact that, whenever this is done, the new members are constantly besieged by the enemies of this Organization. They are known to older members, who do not need to be warned against their subtle and malicious attempts to rule or ruin. Unfortunately new members do not usually have the discrimination to protect themselves from those who preach but do not practice, who introduce absurd "isms" not endorsed by Katherine Tingley, and whose only object in subjecting new members to their despicable attentions is to gain entrance to our Lodges in order to secure control, or failing that, to ruin and disintegrate. As members at the Center know, the real strength of this work is not known or realized for the real facts are not published. That this is not done is evidence enough of the wisdom used in safeguarding this work, for it is one of the simplest and yet most effective means of protection.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would not injure us, . . . for flattery is a kind of money to which our vanity gives currency.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD



Two Birds in Loma-Land

by Aunt Esther



DEAR CHILDREN: There are many, many birds in Loma-land, as you know. I think it is because there lives here a sweet lady whom the birds all love. Extending in front of the lady's window is a wide balcony. Every morning the birdies come there and sing to her and look for the crumbs which she throws out to them.

Last summer two dear little birdies came to see her every day for ever so long. They were almost as fond of her as they were of each other. After they had eaten their breakfast of crumbs they would chirp the sweetest "Thank you" and then sit on the edge of the balustrade and talk to each other. What they said I do not know, but I could guess, for the words sounded just like love notes. They were the happiest little mates in the world.

One day, as one of the students was passing out of the front entrance of the Homestead, she saw at her feet a little dead bird. She carried it to the sweet lady whose room opened out upon the balcony. "Ah, yes," said the lady; she was sad, so sad. "It is the dear little birdie that comes every morning to my window. What will her little mate do when he misses her? I must find some way to comfort him, and then perhaps he will understand."

And there was the little mate outside all the time, just chirping his little heart out with loneliness and wonder. Where could the other birdie be? So this sweet lady of Loma-land, whom all the birds love, laid the dead bird in a box

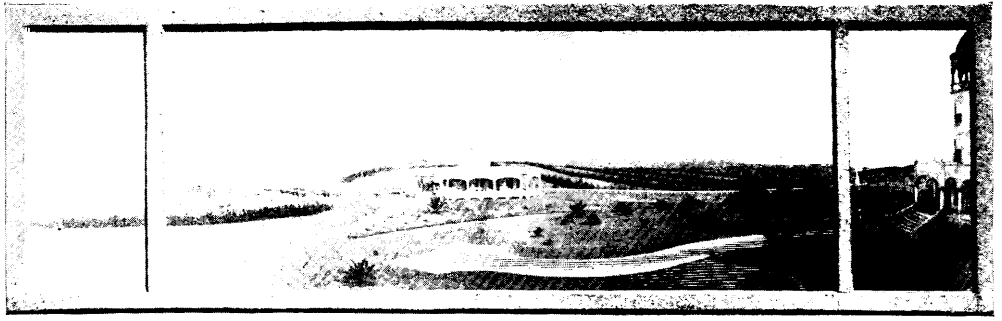
filled with roses and put it out on the balustrade. The other birdie fluttered about, chirping and chirping. He couldn't understand it. The lady scattered some crumbs in the old place. He would not eat. And finally he fluttered down beside his little wife and sat there ever so quiet, except for the love-notes he sang to her once in awhile. Perhaps he understood. Do you think so, children?

Well, next day the lady took the little bird and the roses, down into Loma garden and placed them in the soft, warm earth. The other bird fluttered about, watching and grieving, just like a human thing, and stayed near this place for a long time afterwards. The lady was afraid he would die of loneliness. Birds sometimes do, you know. Her heart ached for thinking of him.

Now, children, this is not all of the story. The best part of it is to come. A few days afterwards this lady of Loma-land heard a strange noise near one of the shrubs in the garden, in which she knew there were several nests. She found that some little child who had just come to Loma-land and didn't understand Raja Yoga, had been trying to look into the nests to see the eggs. Birds never like that—and we wouldn't like it, either, to have some selfish giant come into our houses whenever he wished and look into all our closets and drawers without so much as saying "By your leave," would we? And, do you know, just above that shrub fluttered that dear little bird whose mate had been buried in the garden. He was scolding this child with all his might, trying to drive her away. The lady told this child that this wasn't Brotherhood and she never troubled the nests again. But every day after that this dear little bird came there and fluttered about "On guard." When the mother-birds flew away to get something to eat, he took good care of the eggs and then, when the eggs were hatched, of the baby-birds till their mothers came back, and he was really happy. How selfish he would have been to have grieved so much over his little lost sweetheart that he would have forgotten all about Brotherhood! And what a chance to help he would have missed! This summer he came back again and came, as before, to the lady's window. But he came all alone. Yet he is not sad, and that is why I know he must understand Brotherhood.

BORN in the hush of things, rising to splendor,
 As a star rises through mists of the night;
 Upward forever our progress tendeth,
 Great is man's destiny, royal his might.
 Sunshine and loveliness lie all around us,
 Deep in the heart of all, would we but see;
 Wondrous our powers are, perfect and boundless,
 We who are Sons of God, forever free.

—Selected



H U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

What then is the panacea finally, the royal talisman? It is DUTY, selflessness. — W. Q. JUDGE

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The Hypocrite

a Study in Psychology

by a Student



Read at a Meeting of The Aryan Theosophical Society, at the Isis Theatre, San Diego, Cal.

This is not a confessional, my lord! You were not *obliged* to expose that shame here!

WITH these words, spoken to the crafty old Chancellor of France, Joan of Arc took her first step toward the fagot and the stake. For, with these words, she labeled La Tremouille and the Chancellor "hypocrites." She exposed them to the King and to each other.

Worse than all, they saw that Joan understood them.

From that hour the standard of their battle against the country was shifted. Before this they were content merely to betray France and their King by every little subtle means. It was they who contrived to delay, since they could not prevent, Joan's first audience with the Dauphin. It was they who contrived further delay, by persuading the Dauphin to send a commission of bishops to Joan to learn whether or not the "voices" which guided her proceeded from heaven or from hell! It was they who parleyed and did their utmost to prevent

the victorious march to Rheims, which ended in the coronation. And when Joan was appointed by the King "Commander in Chief of the Armies of France," and was summoned to a council of war, there were La Tremouille and the pious old Chancellor, pouring, as usual, their lies into the ears of the King.

"A council of war! it is amazing," said Joan. "There is but one thing to do, and only one, and lo, ye call a council of war! Councils of war have no value but to decide between two or several doubtful courses. But a council of war when there is only *one* course! Conceive of a man in a boat and his family in the water, and he goes out among his friends to ask what he would better do! A council of war; name of God! to determine what?" And they tell us she stood silent, looking La Tremouille through and through. Then she continued: "Every sane man, whose loyalty to his King is not a show and a pretense, knows that there is but one rational thing before us—*the march upon Paris.*" La Tremouille winced.

And when the Chancellor made his cunning reply, "Would it be courteous, your excellency, to move abruptly from here without waiting for an answer from the Duke of Burgundy?" Joan gravely spoke the words by which these two hypocrites knew that the maid had found them out. They knew that different tactics must be adopted from that moment on or this girl would win. And from that moment they added, to their old policy of secret negotiations with the English, and traitorous delays, a set determination to crush Joan of Arc. And there was joined with their own, the equally set determination of hundreds throughout France to crush this girl and prevent the exposure of their own hypocrisy. * * She had unmasked the hypocrites. That was her crime. In committing it she bargained with the future for her own martyrdom.

That Joan of Arc was one of humanity's Saviors we realize more fully as the centuries pass. She won for her people freedom, in the same old battle with the Forces that would enslave humanity that has been waging since the world began. What Ezekiel and Buddha and Jesus did with philosophy and precept, she did with the lance and the battle-axe. They were the weapons that the needs of the time placed into her hands and she used them. They were all that would have availed in that day, for the French people would have been annihilated, broken and crushed as they were under ninety years of English victory and French defeat, had she not raised the siege of Orleans and won the battle of Patay. She transformed a race of cowards into a race of warriors. She filled her people with the warrior spirit, the very same spirit that the Saviors of all ages have tried to pour into humanity's heart. She stands, by all her ideals, by her own purity, by her own wisdom, by her strangely karmic leadership, by her passion for freedom, by her selflessness, by her utter love for humanity, by her rare discrimination, on a common platform with all the Saviors of the world.

By another sign, too, are all these great Souls linked together: by the sign of the seer and the divine courage that dares to utter what is seen. By this sign alone may the world's Saviors be distinguished from those who are styled "reformers." When Jesus said, "Ye hypocrites," he took the first step on that treacherous way that led him to the Mount of the Crucifixion. When Ezekiel said the same to the false priests of his day he set himself up as a target for their persecution. When Hypatia dared to affront Cyril and his monks with her spotless life and her pure philosophy, they winced under these reminders of their own hypocrisy. Of course, they killed her.

It is the same old story. The ordinary reformer, as the world goes, sheds his anathema upon "the sinner." He never says, "Thou hypocrite!" He has not the knowledge of human nature which would enable him to discriminate between the hypocrite and the man who is sincere but mistaken. That is one reason. Neither has he the courage to unmask such as these. This is the principal reason. Few have that courage. It is a dangerous thing to do, and it classifies those who dare to do it among the Great Souls of whom the centuries have given us all too few.

When H. P. Blavatsky brought to this western world a true philosophy she openly threw down the gauntlet to "all the shams, follies and hypocrisies of the age." We well know the result. Every slander, every shaft that the Forces of Evil could command were leveled at her. Her life was a daily crucifixion. She died worn out, killed by persecution, when she might have been living and working today—and should have been. Whose the fault? Was it not ours, most of all, that we did not protect her? William Q. Judge, who dared the same desperate battle with the hypocrisy of the world, was crucified, martyred, and he might have lived. It is not a comforting thought that those whom he came to help *might have saved him and did not.*

Katherine Tingley is today fighting, as did Joan of Arc, the same old battle for humanity's freedom. This is not the opinion of one, merely, but of thousands and thousands throughout the world, many of whom, scoffers once, are believers now. She, too, knows human nature. She, too, has flung down the gauntlet to the general evil of the race, of the world, in daring to say: "It is my mission to call black, black, and white, white. I believe it is my mission to unmask tyranny and to unmask hypocrisy."

In saying this, Katherine Tingley has invited persecution, slander, the vilest calumny, treachery, in fact all the weapons which the hypocrite has at his command. And the invitation has not been refused. In recognizing the hypocrite, in spite of his mask, and then in daring to pull off that mask so that others may see him as he is, Katherine Tingley is doing a Savior's work for humanity. But, in doing it, she is incurring the enmity of a species of beings who have for ages

kept humanity in subjection, and who know that, when humanity is free, their day will have come.

“Ye hypocrites!” It is the old, old challenge. All through the ages it has been fatal to the one who uttered it. Today the tide is turning. The Warrior-Leader stands not so pitifully alone now, as in the past. There are those about her who love humanity, whose hearts are wrung by the sin and pain of the world, who hate hypocrisy and who are determined that it shall be driven off the face of the earth.

A desperate battle? Aye, and one ages long; one in which every step forward must be along a path sodden with the heart's blood; a battle in which one never sees a flag of truce; in which every stronghold of the enemy must be taken by storm. It is a desperate fight, but this fair planet is worth it. It belongs to a race of gods, it is their home, their paradise, their inheritance. And these gods are—ourselves. Is it not a serious thought? We have lost our right, our domain, and now it is ours to regain all that we have lost. What are we going to do about it?

The hypocrite is a curious psychological study. It is time that those who love humanity studied and analyzed him. What is he?

Katherine Tingley often speaks of the psychological influences that pour in continually upon the souls of men, lifting and purifying or degrading and soiling them. These forces are dual, the higher psychology and the lower. As each one of us

consciously inclines toward good or evil, one or the other feeds into and fills the mind. And it is obvious that the point of connection with either is that failing or that virtue to which we are most inclined. However small a point, it must, if encouraged, lead to and involve all the rest on that side of the stores of our nature and the universe.

Those who drink in the harmony and the peace of this higher psychology grow tall and beautiful in the sunshine of life. They blossom as does the lotus when the sunbeam reaches its heart. Those who open their minds to the lower, shrink. They become meagre-souled, coarse and selfish, focal points of the evil of the race. And, as there are many degrees of goodness, so there are many degrees among those who choose the evil. The man who is openly, avowedly evil, we recognize and shun. He cannot deceive the most stupid of us. That fact alone curtails his power for evil. He is disarmed by the very label he wears.

But not so with the hypocrite. I fancy it was to hypocrisy that St. Paul referred when he spoke of “spiritual evil in high places.” He is foul, black, hideous. But he covers the foulness and the horror with a garment that is tolerably presentable, and so we, seeing only the garment, are deceived. It is our own fault. We might, if we chose to do so, pierce through this veil, this cover of sanctity, and see the monster that wears it. For it is always a monster that lives

beneath the suave demeanor of the hypocrite. The sincere wear no cloak. Why should they, who have nothing to conceal? Truth needs no mask. The man and woman of pure life shrink not from investigation. They invite it. But the hypocrite beats the air like a trodden snake at the very mention of the words "investigation," "exposure." Why? Because honest inquiry, which the good and true welcome, affronts the very foundation of his creed and doctrine, which is this: *Thou shalt not be found out.*

The hypocrite is a vampire. His existence is an insult to that divine unity which our hearts tell us is the central fact of life. Without it, our institutions would go to pieces, humanity itself would become disintegrated, the very planet would cease to be. Its song we may hear in "the within," but alas, it cannot reach the boundaries of "the without," the hypocrisy of life so smothers and shuts in the real.

Yet this unity is the one condition of life which admits of no compromise. Humanity is a vast whole, a living organism, of which each unit-soul may be likened to a cell in the human body. True souls, those who are the builders, the light bringers, the re-formers of life, function as parts of a great whole. They lose sight of their merely personal existence in this baptism of brotherhood. They become co-workers with the law. Not so with the hypocrite. He differs in his very nature from the sincere soul. And it is to hide his real nature, which is that of the demon or vampire, that he wears so graceful a cloak. Those who are able to look beneath it—and can bear the sight—glimpse the demon itself. They see that the hypocrite is first of all an egotist. He thinks far more about himself than he does about humanity. He considers his interests as quite separate from those of his fellows. He denies the very basis upon which human life rests, brotherhood. He denies the great law of cause and effect. Others may, perhaps, reap as they have sown, but himself?—absurd! Alas, the hypocrite is fated to learn that those who will not work with the *Law will be broken upon the wheel of the Law.* And in that day his cloak will be torn off and humanity will see him as he is.

Those who have tarried in that region where dwells the pain of life must often feel that humanity is roughly divided into two classes—those who suffer and those who make others suffer. The good and true suffer because the tide of evil in the world is such a mighty current to stem. They suffer from avowed evil. But their keenest suffering is invariably forced upon them by hypocrisy. No one has such capacity to make them suffer as has the hypocrite. For his blows are hidden, subtle, they are given in the dark, when one's back is turned, when no one else is looking, and the knife he stabs with is always poisoned at the tip. The one who suffers must be silent, and hide the heart-ache and the horror of it all. There is no other recourse, for nothing will defeat the malignant, silent, hideous

persecution of the hypocrite save complete exposure, a complete tearing away of the mask. Who can do it? Very few have the courage to even try. Most often the one who suffers sinks and draws away from a task that it seems would take the courage and the strength of ten thousand. And so it goes. It is the tragedy of civilization, and those who are able to look just a bit below the surface can read it on every hand, in every neighborhood, in every community.

Theosophy has brought to humanity wisdom and higher ideals. Those who have drunk in its philosophy have gained an added insight into human life and human needs. It has given to them an added capacity for service. Æschylus said in old Greece:

Many are desirous to seem good while they are not so. But *when a man is able to read human nature*, then it is impossible that the eyes of a man which, with sympathetic feeling merely *appear* to show a kindly feeling, should deceive him.

The test of the true Theosophist is his ability to read human nature. That is why the true Theosophist is a Warrior, a spiritual Warrior. For his understanding of human nature places him at once in the midst of a terrible struggle with the hypocrisy of the world. Yet half the battle is won when the foe is once recognized. The battle is wholly ours once we know how to handle him. That knowledge, or wisdom rather, Theosophy gives.

Theosophy has many ideals. The greatest of all is duty.

"It is better to do one's own duty, even though devoid of excellence, than to perform well the duty of another," said an ancient Teacher. "Theosophy is the quintessence of duty," said William Q. Judge.

"Fear nothing for yourself. Fear only to fail in your duty to others," are the words of Katherine Tingley.

The duty is usually the humble, the unpleasant task, that which lies nearest at hand. It may be that fortune has placed us very close to hypocrisy in some of its many guises. It may be that our very happiness the hypocrite holds in his hand. It may be that some loved one is revealed to us as such at some turn of this wheel of the Law. And we learn in bitterness that those whom we love or once fancied that we loved are the ones who are deliberately and selfishly making us suffer to gain their own ends. Only those with whom we are closely linked have this power. The casual friend has it not. Woe to us if the suave exterior of one we care for be the cloak, merely, that covers a degenerate. For the hypocrite is that. The hypocrite is a tyrant. He is an Inquisitor. And if he does not use the rack and screw, it is because these are not torture-some enough to suit him—then, too, the neighbors might find him out! A morbid fear of Mrs. Grundy's disapproval, a morbid desire to be well thought of by "my acquaintances" is characteristic of the hypocrite. It is one unfailing sign by which we may know him.

Have we, then, a duty to the hypocrite? If so, what is it?

As we look out over the world, we see a common tendency, particularly among women, to yield when they fully realize that they are in the power of one who would be rightly labeled "hypocrite." They sink under the torture, they are crushed by the pressure that the hypocrite can bring to bear, while the looker-on never suspects that a soul is being butchered under his very eye. That is the pathos of it, and so these who suffer, and very, very often they are women, our wives and mothers, surrender. They are silent, save for the sobs that sometimes burst forth, and the weeping that is a merciful relief to the pent-up nature and the aching heart. And sometimes men, under the tyranny of a virago, endure as much because of a false idea of peace.

This policy is productive of much pain. Never yet has it produced a remedy. The hypocrite waxes in his hypocrisy and all humanity suffers as well as his immediate victim, through the unseen links that bind together all divine Souls. Worse still, others of his kind are encouraged to follow his example.

The years pass. Very often the victim of the hypocrite's unyielding but subtle tyranny passes with them. The fledgeling hypocrite has become the demon full-grown and the one who merely surrenders and weeps deserves our thanks for giving the world another Cauchon or La Tremouille. Such a course is anything but remedial and the Theosophist condemns it, unreservedly.

The Theosophist faces this problem of persecution and hypocrisy quite as often as his neighbor in the Church or the social club. But in facing it he has certain advantages. In the first place the true Theosophist not merely believes that he has a soul—no, he realizes to the uttermost boundaries of his consciousness *that he is a soul*, divine, godlike if he will, free if he choose. He has trust absolute in the Great Law, the Law which is so merciful in its inexorable sweep. He knows that the pain of today is but the blossom upon the plant of self, whose seed he cast into the ground with his own hand yesterday. If he sow more wisely today, who can measure the happiness that tomorrow will bring to him? The Theosophist therefore, is patient, knowing that he alone is responsible for the circumstances and conditions of his life. Thus it happens that, when the pressure and the pain come upon him, he faces the plain fact of his own responsibility. He has no disposition to surrender, little time in which to weep. He realizes that all this which is so hard is the experience his soul would gain, and that, if it be regarded in this light, invaluable lessons can be learned. He sees that, by taking the warrior attitude, he daily grows in strength. Then, too, his ideal of duty is insistent. He has a duty to the very one who tortures him and, more than that, to humanity. So he studies the hypocrite, studies his characteristics, his mental traits, his moral peculiarities, his caprices, his cruelty, his moods. He begins to understand this being who will ruin if he cannot rule.

And then a curious thing happens. He begins to understand himself. He sees that the hypocrite too, has something of the divine in his nature, albeit covered up with grossness and excrescence. Then he sees that in his own nature, mayhap, are planted the seeds of the very evils that have grown to such huge proportions in the hypocrite. It is solemn indeed, the moment of this discovery. And if the discoverer of this fact is a true Theosophist he will study his own nature more and more closely. He will not pause until every seed of evil is torn out, every weakness eradicated, every bit of insincerity in his nature is transmuted by the alchemy of his soul, into a jewel of truth. That is warrior work and it asks of the one who attempts it, courage, to say the least. But the faithful Theosophist keeps right at it until it is done, this task of purifying his own nature, this work of cleansing away from it even the shadow of that filthy stain called hypocrisy. It must be done before he can do his whole duty by the hypocrite, at his elbow. The "reformer" can say "thou sinner," when there may be a lie in his own heart. Such as these say it to the ones whom they labor to "reform," day after day. But this type of reformer dares not say "Thou hypocrite" *and take the consequences*, and he knows it. Not one dares risk this whose life will not stand the test, whose least act hesitates to invite the closest inspection. None but the pure, great souls of the world have ever dared to say that word. It costs too much.

And the Theosophist finds that all this warrior work upon his own nature pays. He begins to understand human nature. That is the sign of the wise soul. What was that in Joan of Arc by which she knew that the Dauphin's Chancellor was a vampire, that the smooth-tongued La Tremouille was a snake, and that La Hire, this "cyclopædia of sin," all profanity and violence, was—well, not pure gold, but *gold* certainly? They tell us that Joan had the "seeing eye." Well, so have we, but we keep it disgracefully under cover. Do we realize that there is within each of us the same divine inner sight which Joan of Arc possessed? Do we realize that we have spent the centuries in covering it, layers deep, with selfishness in all its Protean forms, sensuality, covetousness, love of power, greed, envy, vanity, insincerity and—yes, hypocrisy? That is why the clear sight cannot shine through. For we all possess this marvel, the inner sight, by which we may read human nature as a geographer his map. *Some of us know that we do.* That seems to be the chief difference. And of those who know it the bravest set about the task of clearing away this overlying rubbish-heap of faults. These are the true Theosophists, and this process, long, it may be, and painful, yet purifies. The personality loses its grossness, it becomes transparent, porous, as it were, to the divine within and the divine without. It is no longer a thick covering, shutting in all that is best in one's nature, but becomes a window through which the light of the soul may shine out. This is

what Jesus meant when he said, "Ye are the light of the world."

In proportion as the soul's light penetrates this garment which we call the personality do we gain a knowledge of human nature. Then we can tell who is the hypocrite and who is not.

What is our duty in that case? It is not to ourselves. Though we suffer much we know that the warrior never strikes a blow save in the defense of others. But have we not a duty to humanity and to the hypocrite himself? Verily, we have, and only the courageous can do it as it ought to be done—this duty which might be defined as *a refusal to stand between the hypocrite and the penalties of his own hypocrisy*. Every moment that we spend in tears, every time that we surrender to him, we strengthen the hypocrite in his evil course and pile his Karma high. He is guilty before the Law. That we know. But if we grow half-hearted and weaken and surrender through fear, through a lack of faith in our own powers, *we become an accessory in his every crime*. For by the judgment of the Higher Law, outrages committed upon the Soul of another, are crimes. Far worse are they than injuries to the body. And even our common law punishes the accessory in crime as well as the principal.

This statement may not be pleasant. But it is true none the less. It may conflict with our notions of "resignation," "meekness" and "submission." But Theosophy brings us a higher ideal than these virtues, which are likely to be passive at best. This ideal is Compassion. It is an act of the greatest compassion to check the hypocrite in his career of tortures and crimes. The sooner this is done the sooner is the divine spark, which does exist at the very center of his being, enabled to shine out and do its work in casting off this hideous thing which is hypocrisy personified. It behaves like a demon, this thing which we call hypocrisy. I think it is a demon, a monster. And if there is any good in the hypocrite, if the soul has not entirely withdrawn, how grateful must he be to the strong hand of the friend who dares to drag this demon off and send it about its business. There is something in the nature of even the vilest that is worth saving. But if this demon called hypocrisy steps in and absorbs all the good qualities, what can the soul do but withdraw? Knowing this, is not our duty plain?

How, then, shall we set about it? We long to kill out this demon of hypocrisy in human form. We long to save the hypocrite himself from his own hypocrisy. We may try gentler methods, at first. We may appeal to the better part of his nature, to his sense of justice, his love, his humanity. In nine cases out of ten this will avail nothing—those who have tried it know this by experience—so shut in is all that is worth while in the man by this monster of egotism. Yet it is our duty to be patient until we see that such means are absolutely of no avail. The hypocrite lives in a constant state of guerrilla warfare, *not*

satisfied unless those whose lives are a standing reproach to his own, are perpetually under fire. We who feel the sting of his thrusts, plead for peace. We plead for ourselves, for our soul is outraged, but even more do we plead for the hypocrite himself, knowing the penalties that the future will fling down upon him and crush him with. But when our pleading is scorned, our efforts despised, our patience outraged at every turn by renewed and subtler thrusts, it is time for us to change our tactics.

And then the trouble begins. We must, if we be true Theosophists, throw down the gauntlet for open battle. We must cease gazing at the good qualities in this hypocrite-tyrant; for search will reveal some good qualities in the depths of every nature, no matter how vile. It is now our duty to gaze for awhile upon the demon. We must give the demon, hypocrisy, to understand that we have found him out. And we do this work with two little words, "Thou hypocrite!"

Once we have uttered these words, everything changes. We are plunged into a battle that shakes the very foundations of all that we are and all that we believe in. We have challenged a monster. We must fight and fight and fight. The only alternative, if we surrender, is martyrdom that is most ignoble, with not a vestige of glory about it. We may die in the fight. What of it? Many have died. But to die fighting is one thing and to yield is quite another.

When Thomas Paine denounced the Jacobins and called Robespierre a hypocrite he earned ten months in the Luxembourg prison and a sentence to the guillotine. We may expect no less when we once dare to open battle with these two narrow words, "Thou hypocrite!" Not that the hypocrite is a warrior. Never. Hypocrisy is the quintessence of cowardice. But it is also the quintessence of vindictiveness. The blow it gives is not that of the Warrior, but of the demon who is driven into a corner. What we feel is the bite of the snake when it knows the heel is upon its neck—the final desperate stab in the dark of the creature which knows it will be disarmed the moment the light is turned upon it. The hypocrite's methods are those of the snake and the vampire. Always will he stab in the dark. Never will he battle in the open, save when forced to do so by the tearing away of his mask. And two quiet little words will do it. They have always done it. They forever will.

Those whose hearts have never been touched, who feel nothing of the world's pain, cannot understand me. They may daily break bread with the hypocrite and they do not suffer. Why? Because they do not recognize this thing, this hypocrite, to be what he is. And, this being the case, *they are not in his way.* But if the day comes when some shock wakens these and they see this thing in spite of its human guise, the awfulness of the sight, the horror of the experience, will change their whole natures. This change is inevitable. The

one to whom the shock comes may perhaps close his heart to what it would teach him. Then he, too, plays the hypocrite and takes his own place. If he open his soul to this experience, if he be glad for the chance to drink to the very dregs this cup of sorrow, then does its bitter wine pour into his heart a new life, and he becomes a Warrior. For a long time he fights defensively. It is during this time that the Warrior finds his greatest opportunity to purify and strengthen his own nature. But there comes a day when the Warrior sees that these tactics have outlived their need, and further following of them is but wasting time. When his disciples were in training Jesus enjoined them to "resist not evil," and submit to insult quietly and without resentment. When he sent them into the world he said, "He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one."

Merely defensive warfare is wise up to a certain point. Then the one who really longs to help humanity must assume the offensive and either carry things by storm or abandon the field to the enemy. It is the Higher Law.

How history reveals its workings to us!

The French, for more than ninety years, fought on the defensive plan against the English. A series of defeats culminated in the butchery of Agincourt. And they were fighting what? Not the English merely, but a greater enemy—the hypocrites in their own ranks. France itself was no longer a state. It had shrunk to a shabby two acres, as Joan of Arc told the Dauphin. But when she came, matters changed. She made short work of this century-long battle with tyranny and hypocrisy. Her warfare was offensive. She believed in carrying things by storm, *and she carried them*. In seven weeks she had raised the siege of Orleans, won at Patay, and crowned the Dauphin at Rheims. Seven weeks against more than ninety years! And France was free.

This is typical of every fight that is waged against hypocrisy. The aggressive stand *must* be taken finally or the whole ground is lost. And when taken it must be kept up, storm, storm, assault, assault. No waiting, no parley, no delay, nothing but a steady keeping-at-it till the enemy is down.

It is no holiday excursion, this deliberate carrying of the flag into the enemy's country. It is a desperate undertaking. Yet one thing is certain. If the one who does this is in the right, if his own life is true and strong, defeat is impossible, *providing he will not surrender*. "One thing only is important, that the Warrior shall win, and you know that he is incapable of defeat." The gods help, there is no doubt of it. But they can help only those who, like themselves, see in every blow an opportunity, and find victory in every defeat.

And when the hypocrite is finally defeated, then one of two things happens. It may be that the good in his nature asserts itself, casts off this incubus of hypocrisy and fear, and the man is saved. Then he will bless the hand that

chastened him. If the hypocrite be a lie incarnate, there he stands before us, still a vile thing and still capable, to a degree, of poisoning the lives of those who contact him. What is our duty in that case?

Let us reason by analogy. We call ourselves a practical people. We quarantine yellow fever and we isolate leprosy. We quietly separate from the rest of humanity the criminal and the idiot. Doubtless the leper is often lonely, doubtless the criminal often feels quite injured, and the idiot doesn't understand, but that is their misfortune. It cannot be helped. It is for their own good and they take the first step towards freedom when they so understand it. And how about humanity? Would any living person who is practical or even sane, allow such as these to roam about at will, defiling all whom they touch? No. And what should be done with the hypocrite? The very same thing—isolate him. Yet not in the same way, for our laws as yet do not take cognizance of the greatest crimes. With lesser crimes they are stringent enough. A young boy may be sent to the penitentiary for thirteen years for stealing a cow. But the hypocrite, who steals the happiness and the freedom of a hundred divine souls, who is a moral leper, a distributing center of foulness in any community, goes scot free.

He is answerable to a Higher Law, and this Law needs its appointed agents. Let us not forget that. Those who have the courage to defeat the hypocrite in his own battle are among those agents, depend upon it. And what shall they do? The analogy is plain. Isolate him. Quietly "cut off all connection with him in thought and action." Let him alone. He will soon realize that he is a thing apart from humanity in very truth, and in due course of time he will take himself off to planes or planets more congenial, and the earth will be a better place to live in.

Is this a disagreeable task? I assure you it is perfectly beautiful if we look at it in the right way. It is a work for gods—and artists. Democritus once said, "To impede the unjust—it is beautiful," and he touched upon one of the great facts of existence, which is, that beauty is a consequence of the right life. Think of the Golden Days, when men made Brotherhood a living power in their lives, when love was abroad in the land, when the heart-life was the natural life, common to all. Then was life itself balanced, symmetrical, the physical, so to speak, perfectly attuned and proportioned to the divine, of which it was the garment. It is easy to see why the hypocrite is a miserable blot upon such a picture, jangling all the harmonies, destroying the beauty of life and disturbing its balance. It is easy to see why those who realize this are guilty of an absolute crime if they do not stand, a solid wall of protest against the hypocrite and against all hypocrisy. It is a sin against humanity and against the gods to allow the hypocrite to rob life of its symmetry and its beauty and divine souls of their peace and joy.

“That is a task for the wise and the strong,” you say, “I am not great enough. I have not the knowledge, the patience.” Ah, you do but classify yourself, in saying that. Then should every one turn reformer? Yes, every one who realizes as you realize, humanity’s danger and humanity’s need. But you must be a reformer *on right lines*, or you but step into the ranks of the very hypocrites you condemn and add to the evil of the world. First of all, you must reform yourself—*first*, not last. The wise Warrior puts on his armor before the battle, not afterwards, and the only armor which will avail you in this battle against hypocrisy is the armor of the true, pure life. Then you will be of some use to those who are trying to save men from themselves. Then you will win the greatest privilege that time or eternity can ever bring to you—the chance to enter “this glorious, unsought fight which only fortune’s favored soldiers may obtain.”

A Basis for Education

A Proper Understanding of Man’s Nature

by H. T. E.



IT is clear that, before anyone can fitly undertake the bringing up or education of a child, he should have a reasonable, consistent, and definite notion of what a human being is. Otherwise his efforts must be vague, vacillating and indeterminate. We call this age “scientific” and we plume ourselves upon our method and accuracy in setting about things. How comes it, though, that in such an enlightened and precise age we are the veriest go-as-you-please, anyhow, kind of people that the wildest flights of the “scientific imagination” could possibly conceive? To rear a man without knowing what a man is!

The kind of education with which most of us are familiar through our own experience consists of two parts—(1) An ostensible, canting, and verbal curriculum of morals and accepted book-ideals; (2) a real course of instruction in compromise, expediency, and regulated self-indulgence, conveyed not by precept but by example.

Under this system the child soon learns that for the majority of people the precepts are for appearance’ sake only, and that they may be neglected with im-

punity so long as the neglect does not invite attention ; and too often he becomes a conspirator in a conspiracy of mutual humbugging.

This system is founded on the notion that man is a one-life, perishable animal, added to the vague fear that he is perhaps something more. Superstition and the voice of a conscientious fear bid us exhort to higher aims, while our own inner lack of faith and knowledge communicates itself through example.

Modern science has catered for all outward wants and pleasures, and by its aid we have constructed an elaborate system of life, working like a complicated machine. We carry into our business and our pleasure-seeking an energy, devotion and intelligence worthy of higher aims ; but leave the vital problems of life to vague, unordered speculation.

And this is why, in this culminating epoch of modern civilization, we are asking ourselves the question, Is life worth living ?

We hear much discussion as to the neglect of moral education in schools and the inadequacy of dogmatic religious teaching to fill the gap ; and all sorts of schemes for moral education on unsectarian lines are proposed. But there are two insurmountable obstacles in the way of such schemes. The first is that, in the absence of religious creed, it is held there is no theoretical basis or sanction for a code of morals. Talk is made about inculcating the duties of citizenship and instilling ideas of fellowship on the ground of social expediency ; and ethical injunctions are enforced by a reference to their consequences as contrasted with the destructive effects of the corresponding vices. But people will not be satisfied with mere exhortations ; they demand to know the reason for right conduct and must have a consistent philosophy, as well as rule, of life.

What is the rationale of such principles as impersonality, honesty, purity, and the like ? The answer to this question is what is lacking ; but without it the principles will not have enough sanction or force to enable them to supersede the old religious dogmas.

The other objection to the "moral education" schemes is that there are no teachers sufficiently in advance of their pupils to render their teaching of any use. The teachers need teaching ; and here again comes in the need for a reasonable philosophy of life.

It is a mistake to suppose that great learning or profundity of thought are required to enable us to understand the laws of life and do all that is necessary in the duty of parent or teacher towards child. Complexity and profundity are the result of much misguided study, and are the offspring of doubt and darkness of vision. Simplicity and obviousness are the marks of Nature's laws, and a simple, innocent mind is more likely to understand them than is the subtlety and learning of a cultured philosopher.

The ordinary common-sense of humanity, the universally implanted knowl-

edge of good and evil, suffice to show the right way ; and we need rather to unlearn than to learn, to simplify than to complicate.

If there is one truth which, more than another, can be made the basis of training for children as well as the foundation for a healthy philosophy of life for men of all ages, it is that of the *Dual Nature of Man*. This truth is no mere dogma, to be accepted on authority because somebody or some book teaches it ; it is one of those truths that are obvious and apparent to all. Everybody, even among the simple peoples called "savages," knows that man's mind and heart are the battlefield of two opposing forces, which may be termed good and evil, light and darkness, power and weakness, and so forth. Everybody knows also to which side various qualities belong, and the consequences to which they lead. On the dark side are selfishness, sensuality, anger, hate, fear, despondency, doubt ; and on the bright side generosity, self-control, calmness, love, courage, hope, trust. The former lead to misery and the latter to happiness.

Selfishness gradually contracts and hardens our nature, shutting us out from sympathetic contact with other souls ; while generosity expands the heart, fills it with joy, and extends the sphere of life through sharing with other lives. Indulgence brings satiety and nausea and ruins the healthy, vital springs of joy ; while purity makes a strong, clean organism that responds to all the nobler feelings.

Such simple wisdom as this needs not to be catalogued. In an age of materialism and lack of faith it may seem trite and visionary ; but, when based on a firm conviction of man's immortal and divine nature, it gains new life.

Given a Teacher to whom the eternity and indestructibility of the soul and its transcendent powers and glories are *facts*, and a school becomes possible wherein these simple truths can be ingrained in the plastic nature of children, until they become rooted habits for maturer years.

The work of The Universal Brotherhood therefore includes two main divisions. First it has by its philosophy and by the example of its mode of life, to inculcate into public opinion these grand old truths and turn the thought of future humanity into the lost mold of greatness and aspiration ; so that the world may once more have clearly before its eye great ideals of man's prospects and possibilities, and may gain a basis on which to ground its education of the young. Secondly, the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood at point Loma has undertaken the work of bringing up many children on the lines indicated by the philosophy, and the visible and ever-growing results of such a blessed system will give the world a lesson by example that no precept can ever equal. For here the world can see "moral instruction" as it ought to be, and can realize the vague hope it is so vainly groping after in its ineffectual enterprises of reform.

In the case of these children theories become facts in a way that startles the beholder and makes him confess, staunch Theosophist though he be, that never

till now did he comprehend the Theosophical teachings. He had faith, but now his faith is rewarded by the knowledge that replaces it. The dual nature of man is no mere intellectual formula for the regulation of one's inner contemplative life ; it is a fact of life, and works out in the case of the children as a chemical recipe works out in the laboratory.

The mind and heart of man, by loving the light of truth that shines from within, can gain power to rule over those tyrannous passions and lusts of the lower nature that lead most people such a dance. When this process is begun early, it gains the force of a habit, and has not to be learnt amid tears and groans in later life.

The Strenuous Life

by a Student



Read at a Meeting of The Aryan Theosophical Society at the Isis Theater, San Diego, Cal.

THERE is a new kind of consciousness coming into the world. It is choosing its habitations wherever it can find them, in the hearts and in the minds of men. It is that kind of consciousness which gives us the power to help the world, and to do deeds which the slow and cautious mind would declare to be impossibilities. That new consciousness is not a shy and furtive force which eludes our pursuit, but rather it seeks for admission, and if we have it not it is because we have ourselves excluded it. It is a faculty, an aspect of that Universal Soul which said once, and says now, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

This Soul Power shows itself in as many ways as there are varieties of mind through which it acts. We place a globe of colored glass around a white light and the light will show itself in accord with the medium through which it passes. We may change both the color and the opacity of the glass and the manifestation will change too. We may make the glass so dark and so opaque that the light can hardly be seen at all, but no matter how we cover it, no matter with what density nor with what color, the flame itself remains unchanged. It is ready to illuminate if we will but allow its rays to pass.

To understand this gives to us that charity from which wisdom comes. The flame is the Soul, the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The evils which we see in human character are as the opaque and colored glasses which have been placed around the flame. The flame itself is there, pure and white, and it will triumph. What we see of evil in another is not the man himself but rather the barriers of mind and passion which color and distort the light.

The new consciousness of which I speak is the supreme effort of the Soul to assert its power, that its light shall penetrate into the mind, and while that new light must show itself differently in every man according to the mental medium through which it shines, there is one universal way in which it manifests, and that is in its prompting to strenuousness, in its urging to the strenuous life. I believe that the fact of your presence here tonight, the fact that any human being, anywhere, is seeking to solve the problems of life and to fulfill his duty thereto, is evidence that the rays from the Soul-flame are touching the mind, it may be in so uncertain a way that we perceive it at first merely as an unrestful feeling. I believe that if we could only look into the mysterious depths of our beings we should see that the soul is trying to make us look at the pictures which it is creating, the pictures of a world from which hate and cruelty are banished, the pictures of a new Garden of Eden, of a Paradise Regained, and that because we, all of us, are able dimly to sense these pictures without knowing what they mean, or even that they are pictures at all, we feel this uneasiness, this urging towards something which is better, this strenuousness to reach a Promised Land. Is it not indeed a kind of homesickness? and perhaps the analogy is more perfect than might seem at first glance.

The Soul sets to no man a greater task than he can perform. Indeed, to face our possibilities, to strike the first blow towards their attainment, is more than half the battle. It is our inertia that cripples and confines us, the inertia which comes from too long gazing, without action, upon the miseries of the world. That inertia is the first thing of which we must rid ourselves, the inertia which whispers "impossible," where there is nothing impossible. Inertia comes only when we look away from the Soul. To look inward, towards the Soul, is to be at once filled with a hope which is more than hope, and with the energy, the strenuousness, which comes from that hope. We have all of us looked thus inward towards the Soul, but we have not known at what we were looking, we have not known whence came those sudden waves of compassion, those quick impulses to put our hands to nobler, better work than we have ever yet done. And so we have, it may be, wondered for a moment at this departure from our normal, ordinary thoughts, and then we have returned to them as though they were the verities of life, instead of the shadows and the unrealities. But it was in those moments of meditation, it was in those flashes of impulse that we approached the flame, which is ourselves. Had we tarried for awhile, had we looked a little longer, we should have seen the light coming up stronger

into the mind, and it needed only a little peace, only a little effort, to reach the flame from which the light proceeded. Even when we are but a little way upon that path we feel and know that this is truly life, and that all these things which we thought to be life were but imitations. In its light our ambitions seem so small, our fears so foolish, and we open wide our eyes upon a new world with a compassion which makes it already beautiful, and with a knowledge of our power to help and to save.

It is only those who have not attempted the strenuous life who stand bewildered before their task and think it to be too great for them. If we have once sought to look upon the pictures of the Soul, we cannot thereafter see any of the small things of life without knowing wherein they fall short of the ideal. It is a faculty of the Soul to always idealize for us every fact in life and urge us to mold that fact into that ideal. But the standard of the Soul's greatness is not our standard, and the facts of life which we think to be small are of magnitude to it. We need not send our minds far afield in search of tasks which we may suppose to be worthy of us. The tasks which the Soul itself has selected for us are at our hands, in our daily lives, upon the streets and within our homes. We are hedged in by conditions and by circumstances, not one of which is as the Soul would wish it to be, and as we look upon these conditions, and then within ourselves with the flashing appeal to the Soul which should become almost automatic, we see the picture which the Soul instantly gives to us of that same condition idealized, of that same circumstance as it should be, and as we can make it if we will.

When we have thus bound ourselves into the service of the Soul, we shall know what it is to lead the strenuous life. There will be no more apathy, no more inertia. Every detail of our lives will be judged by its comparison with that inward picture of what that detail should be. We shall be living, as it were, in two worlds, a world of beauty which is within ourselves, and an external world which contains all the potencies of beauty, ready at hand, to plan, to mold and to shape. Every tiny detail of the external world is also in the internal, our homes, our schools, our villages and our cities, our politics and the humanities which ebb and flow, and live and die, and live again, learning, laboring, sorrowing. Through all these years we have flouted the Soul, abashed it and discouraged it. We have turned away from its pictures and closed our ears to its harmonies, but we all know that its pictures push on resolutely into the mind and that its music has not ceased at all, however deafening has been the discord of passion, the shoutings of our ambitions and of our greeds. Was there ever patience like unto this? Was there ever Love like unto this? Was it not this *Soul* of yours and mine that has said, "Behold! I will call all men unto me"?

Has Theosophy then nothing whatever to say of the love and the patience of

Christ that shall redeem the world? Does Theosophy say nothing of the Christ who is crucified among the thieves of our neglect and pride? We are unabashed by those who cry out to us that we are destroying the religion of the Savior. Rather we would reply to them, "that God whom ye so ignorantly worship, Him declare we unto you."

The strenuous life is the direct outcome of the knowledge of our Divinity that takes hold of us as by a living power. The inmost center of Divinity is the power to create, and when we know of our Divinity—I should rather say, when we confess our Divinity, because we all of us already know it—then we too shall have the power to create. After all, what is the power to create? Is not the making something bad into something good, or making something good into something better, an act of creation and altogether divine, whether it be the decoration of a home, the cleaning up of a back yard, or a ray of hope sent by a compassionate word into a despairing heart? "Know ye not that ye are gods," and because ye are gods that ye can create?

We look upon the works of our great artists and we call them—thoughtlessly—creations. Yet truly they are creations, if they are truly art. There is a science of creation, but it is not taught in the schools. Scientifically speaking, what is it that the artist has done? He has looked upon something outside of himself, and then he has looked at that something, idealized, within himself, and he has tried to place upon canvas the internal picture which he saw. If he be a true artist he will tell you that neither colors nor manual skill were adequate to really show you what he saw, but the greatest of all pictures is the truest of all such attempts. There is no other art, true art, although there are countless degradations and debasements of art, which sometimes command our applause because we have not yet learned that, inasmuch as we, too, have the power to look within and to see ideals, we are ourselves artists, although we may lack the manual skill. The Soul will give even that. If we were to learn always to seek our own ideals, and to inflexibly judge all things by them, false art would shrivel up like a dry leaf in a flame because we would just as soon drink poisoned water as look upon a false ideal.

And what, too, is music? Is it not born of a comparison between our states of mind and the states of the Soul Mind, and an attempt to express the Soul Mind and to speak in the Soul Language? As we took the case of the true artist let us now take the case of the true musician, and apply our Science of the Soul to understand what he is really doing. For we must remember that there is a science of the Soul which can be learned, and which is quite as precise and accurate as the science of the chemist, and the forces of the Soul which are invoked by strenuousness are just as real and very much more so, and just as potent and very much more so, than the forces which we call electricity, or heat,

or light. We have seen then what the true musician is doing. He is listening to the sound of the Soul, and trying to reproduce it upon a material instrument, and as in the case of the artist, so also the musician will gladly and eagerly admit that his best music is but an attempt. We, too, are musicians, everyone of us, because we, too, can hear ideal sounds, we, too, can compare our mental states, the sounds of our ambitions and of our hates, with the Soul-sounds, and when we have the habit of doing this, false music must disappear like false art. The false artist and the false musician can no longer deceive us, for have not we too the Soul pattern, the Soul gauge, by which to measure and to compare all things?

Music and Art are thus Divine creations, because they are the expression of Soul Ideals. I choose these as illustrations because they are familiar and will pass without question, but if we have got hold of the Science of the Soul correctly, then every attempt to conform to an ideal is also a creation and also Divine. Every such attempt, in the highest sense of the word, is music, and it is art, whether it be a new order of things in a household, a new order of conduct in business and in the street, a new order of behavior in journalism, or a new order of thought in the mind. You see there is no lack of opportunity to begin, no lack of Soul models to work from. These Soul picture-models will take possession of the mind as soon as they are invited, and they will strenuously urge us to their accomplishment, and they will outline what we call the little things of life with just as much care and minuteness as they will the affairs of nations and of continents.

Do we sufficiently understand what actually are the great things and what the little things of life? I must confess that I am perplexed at trying to find a division between them, because if we take any one of the admittedly great events of the world and go back carefully step by step, from event to cause, we shall presently find that we have reached some cause, far, far back which seemed to be so little that the mind would not have noticed it at all, and yet from it some great world event has resulted. If the final result was important, the first cause must have been equally important, and yet at the time it would have seemed one of the tiniest of all the tiny things of life. It appears to me that the real test of the magnitude of a thing is *whether or not it was done on a Soul impulse or whether the Soul approved*. If so, then it was great, and in this way the simplest act of private life may be infinitely more important than the signing of a treaty. *The strenuous life is the life which thinks no deed is too small upon which to consult the Soul*. It is the life of intelligent and of soulful duty, and to such an one no goal is forbidden, no doorway is closed, no height is barred.

Not once, but often in our country's story

The path of duty was the road to glory.

The world has needed such as these and it will need them in the future more than it has ever done in the past. In its extremity it will search for them, for the men who are unafraid, for the men who can see and hear the Soul, for the men who can dare and who can do.

Now you can see that in all these ideas which I have tried to present, I have been merely seeking to amplify some one or two of the points which the Leader of this Organization brought before us when she spoke of the Soul Psychology. She urged us to bring ourselves under the domination of the Soul, to look upon its pictures, and to hear its music, so constantly, and with so much will that at last we can paint these pictures upon the great canvas of the world, and fill the hearts of humanity with the Soul harmonies. I noticed that in all that she said she made no effort to *prove* the existence of the Soul, but rather took for granted that what was already the common knowledge of humanity—needed no proof whatever. It is the common knowledge of humanity, just as much as is the presence of the Sun within the sky. If there is anywhere a poor being who, with eyes fixed upon the ground, chooses to deny the Sun, we can after all do very little for him except to wish him heartily a safe issue from his afflictions and so pass on. There are some who will never look upon the Sun until Nature, somewhat roughly it may be, throws them upon their backs, and then they must perforce look and learn.

But to us, the Sun within the sky and the Soul within humanity are facts not to be disputed, not to be denied. It does but remain to us to know something of the *science* of the Light, and because it is light it brings the knowledge of itself. May we attain thereto and by our strenuous lives make that light to shine throughout the world.

THE names that tower upon the mountain peaks
 Of time, and blazing in eternal suns
 Superior and unapproachable,
 Arose from out the crowd and shouldered up
 To their pre-eminence, not by their sole
 Pure strength, but by the force of love that heaved
 Beneath their feet as billows 'neath the ship;
 For they were of the men who gave the love
 And felt their sympathy and joyed with them,
 And caught their fire, advanced their hopes and gave
 To them their faith, and their excess of strength;
 And so, while serving, they o'ertopped the world.

—I. D. VAN DUZZE, *Selected*

The Second Cuban Crusade

by a Crusader



PREFATORY NOTE—Not only is the full record of this Crusade kept in the Archives, but the story is here retold both for those of our readers who have not heard it and those who are already familiar with it. All that happened on that wonderful journey can never be told, but each recital recalls to those who took part in it some new feature and adds another incident to the history of our Brotherhood work.

ONE Saturday evening, toward the close of the month of May, 1901, the children of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma held a family gathering in one of their Group Houses. Some of the grown-ups were invited and, after a time, to the great delight of the children, Mrs. Tingley also came in. In the course of the evening she remarked, "What a glorious thing it would be if we had room for some little Cuban children who are longing to come here! Shall we not invite some more to come? How many could you take care of?"

"Seven," "nine," "thirteen," came from various parts of the room. "Let us have twice thirteen," said Mr. Hanson, whose own happy little daughters were among the first children to be admitted to the Raja Yoga School.

And thus it came about that the following message was cabled to Honorable Emilio Bacardi, of 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; two twelve years old; total twenty-six, half boys, half girls; to be brought here and educated at the expense of the 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

Preparations for the Crusade were still going on at the end of three weeks, and, as a result, we did not start until August 3rd. We were three, only, in number, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, a member of the Cabinet of The Universal Brotherhood and Superintendent of the International Lotus Home, Miss Ethel Wood, of the Raja Yoga School, and J. F. Knoche. With us went a little Cuban lad of thirteen, who has been in the Raja Yoga School something more than a year.

A public meeting was held at New Orleans during our stay of four days in that city, of which the *New Orleans Picayune* gave a good report, after which we left on the steamer "Excelsior" for Havana. Ninety miles were covered before

we passed the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi and steamed out into the Gulf. The scenery was magical in its beauty.

How much of the divine might we translate into terms of daily experience, could we look at Nature with the clear eyes of childhood or the unspoiled vision of the old Greeks!

The first storm that had swept the Gulf in eight months broke on the second day, and we were not sorry when, on the evening of August 12, we were at last anchored in Havana harbor. Even Santiago harbor has no greater interest to Americans. Portions of the wrecked "Maine" are still to be seen above the water. In the distance Morro Castle loomed up, and near it the *Cabana*, the old Spanish prison. Built about three hundred and fifty years ago, by the Spaniards, and used by them as a place of punishment—one needs no details to be enabled to glimpse the suffering and the injustice that have been witnessed by the very stones within its walls. Why perpetuate the *Cabana*? The day will surely come when nations will be no more willing to perpetuate the signs of past degradation or ancient mistakes than you or I would be willing to go about the world with the sign of our conquered vices written upon our foreheads.

Sanitary conditions in Havana are a speaking tribute to American enterprise and government. The fact that the city was unspeakably unclean heretofore is no reflection upon the Cubans, for they were, while under Spanish rule, unable to take a single forward step. How glad they are today of better sanitary conditions, their co-operation is a living proof. Havana is more scrupulously clean than any American city I have ever seen, which is also true of Santiago.

Asphalt paving, electric cars, and electric lights contrast almost curiously with the low white-washed houses. The more modern houses are of white pressed brick, few of them more than one story in height. So clean were the streets that I would not have had the temerity to throw down even a piece of paper. Naturally, under such perfect sanitary conditions, yellow fever is now almost unknown.

From Havana we went by rail to Matanzas, thence to Cienfuegos, thence by boat to our destination, Santiago. Already American enterprise stands sponsor for a new line of railroad soon to be built connecting Cienfuegos with Santiago. Not more than one hundred and fifty miles are covered at present, by the railroad which passes through the most fertile portion of the Island.

Cuba is beautiful, most beautiful. "The godliest land that eye ever saw, the sweetest thing in the world." Thus wrote Columbus, after his visit to this island, four hundred years ago. It is belted by fertile lowlands which are utilized mainly for the raising of sugar; tobacco plantations cover many of the lower slopes, which rise gradually to meet forest-covered mountains. Never were mountains so green as those of the Sierra del Cobra. Its broken range extends

the length of the island, covered with trees, dense undergrowth, and in places, with a carpet of velvety grass. A greater contrast to our bare, rocky, brown mountains of Montana it would be impossible to find. Magnificent royal palms, date palms, the banana, cocoanut and other varieties, grow in abundance. Among native trees we saw the mahogany, rosewood, cedar, lancewood, and the *lignum vitæ*. With some enterprise Cuba would produce splendid fruits, oranges, bananas, lemons, mangoes, pineapples, etc. The ground is rich in ores, the soil so fertile that in some places crops have been raised continuously for more than a century without the use of any fertilizer. The island is perpetually green and beautiful, as if Nature were trying to compensate for the awful barrenness that has characterized the life of humanity in Cuba for centuries. I was reminded of the words of Katherine Tingley:

Look at the pain and sin and selfishness today in the world. The picture is almost hopeless, for where in all the life of men can you find aught to relieve it? I tell you, if it were not for Nature, her blue sky and green trees, her sunshine and her flowers, we could not endure this picture of humanity's life. We could not bear it.

From Matanzas we crossed the island by rail and spent one day in Cienfuegos, "City of a Hundred Fires," as the name signifies. It is a clean, wholesome little city, characteristically Cuban in its narrow streets, low, white-washed houses and iron-barred windows. Like Santiago, to all appearances it is guiltless of glass in its windows, a singular inconvenience at times. From Cienfuegos we went by boat to Santiago, arriving there on the evening of August 18th. There we were enthusiastically received by Honorable Emilio Bacardi, Senora Bacardi and their friends.

We found Senor Bacardi much interested in our reports of the Cubans who had been placed in the Raja Yoga School during the preceding year, recognizing evidently what great advances this would make possible for Cuba in the near future. For under Katherine Tingley's wise training children soon feel that all knowledge gained is to be used for the common good of humanity, and already the chief desire in the minds of these fortunate Cubans at Point Loma is "to go back to Cuba and help the people there."

Following Katherine Tingley's suggestions, Senor Bacardi and his good wife had assisted in the selection of the children, not twenty-six, but about twice that number. He told me some pathetic stories of one or two who were eager to place their children with those who had helped Cuba directly after the war, through the agency of the International Brotherhood League, which Katherine Tingley organized and of which she is President.

We remained in Santiago nearly two weeks, occupying rooms opposite the large Cathedral, in which, according to popular report, are supposed to be the bones of Columbus. Our stay there was most interesting.

When we consider that Cuba has been crushed by a cruel despotism for centuries, that under Spain none save the established religion was even tolerated by the Government, it is surprising that the slanders circulated against the Raja Yoga School had so little weight with the Cubans. Although we were always willing to answer inquiries, as also was Senor Bacardi, whose kindly patience was often tested to the utmost, still we made no concessions to those who were prejudiced. Not all of the children who applied could be taken at this time, for we had a great many applications.

No one could have been more genuinely hospitable than Senor Bacardi. He gave us a reception, and then placed at our disposal two of the largest apartments in his splendid residence. In these we arranged a fine exhibition of work done at Point Loma, from the Silk Industry, recently established, handiwork from the Woman's Exchange and Mart, much of the art work done by the Cuban children in the Raja Yoga School, and a large collection of photographs showing the buildings, grounds and activities of the various departments. Every afternoon the rooms were thrown open to the public from one until four, and during those hours there was a steady stream of interested visitors.

The *Centro de Instruccion* offered us the use of one of its halls, in which we held a public meeting. The hall was crowded and the people appeared to be thoroughly in sympathy with the work we represented. Senor Bacardi presided and first introduced young Antonio, who made an address *extempore*, in his native language, which called out great applause. After introducing the Crusaders to the audience, Senor Bacardi then read the three addresses which had been written by them, translated into the Spanish language. It is needless to say that his kindness and practical assistance, shown in many ways during our stay in Santiago, was an important factor in the success of this second Crusade.

While at Santiago we visited San Juan Hill, and also El Caney. We found the mayor of El Caney in a reminiscent mood, and he told us many incidents of the late war. In his own home, over four hundred people were fed and sheltered for many weeks, at one crisis. One of the American officials at Santiago extended many courtesies and offered us the use of one of the Government conveyances, and the sight of that carriage with the procession of Cubans following it on the day that we left, was a picture I shall not soon forget. It seemed as if a new force had been added to the Crusade, so many brave young hearts going out into what was to them a "new world."

One incident should not be forgotten, as it resulted in our adding four children to our party at the last moment. An old, old, "Cubana" came with her four grandchildren just before we left, begging us to take them. She spoke of her old age, her poverty, her love for them, and her anxiety as to their fate in case she were to die and leave them. When we consented she was fairly weeping with

joy and gratitude. Since then she has passed away and today there are no happier, rosier children in the Raja Yoga School than hers.

We were told that these four children, with their mother, had been driven into the mountains during the Spanish persecution. The mother died from exhaustion, and when the American soldiers found them the youngest, not two years old, was asleep in the dead mother's arms. The little four-year-old said, "Hush, mama's asleep!" After the surrender the soldiers carried these children back to Santiago for identification. There this old grandmother claimed them and had, since that time, been caring for them on a mere pittance. And yet there are those who would place obstacles in the way of this work for little children!

At last all arrangements were completed, the children were ready, delighted, of course, with the prospect of a boat ride and a chance to go to school when the boat ride came to an end, and we turned our faces towards Loma-land. After some difficulty we succeeded in obtaining passage on a passenger steamer that was expected in from the Canary Islands on October 1st. It arrived one day earlier and, on three hours' notice, we gathered our children together from the four quarters of Santiago, bade our friends, Senor Bacardi and his wife, good-bye, settled our various accounts with "the baker and the candlestickmaker," and at last found ourselves safely on board.

On October 3rd we arrived at Havana, where we were carefully fumigated before being transferred to the American steamship. In spite of the fact that, at the time of our visit there were not more than five or six cases of yellow fever on the entire island, the law regarding fumigation is rigidly enforced. And another law required the trip between Havana and New Orleans to occupy five days, that being the period required by the yellow fever germ for incubation. As the actual passage occupied but two days, we spent the remaining three in the boat and on the landings. Some of the Cubans amused themselves with crab-fishing; and between packing and unpacking incident to fumigation, a constant warfare with mosquitoes and the care of the children, we three lacked not for occupation.

On October 12th we left New Orleans. A car for our private use had been chartered for us by Dr. Lopez, one of the oldest students of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society who, as often in the past, rendered invaluable service. This car was well stocked with all of the necessities and many of the luxuries, and in it we "kept house" like a well ordered family. And I am very sure that, during our trip of three days, we learned several things that ordinary housekeepers have forgotten. We found this arrangement a great protection from that portion of the public which is well disposed but unpleasantly curious. And it spared the children from being looked upon in any way as objects of "charity," a word which, to those connected with the great humanitarian work at Point Loma, is most unpleasant.

On October 15th we reached San Diego. There we were met by the Homestead tallyhos and started on the eight-mile drive, around the beautiful San Diego Bay, for Loma-land. As we came into view of the Homestead and Temple, their great domes lighted by the rays of the sun, the sky as glorious as California skies always are, the ocean quiet and immense, our enthusiasm knew no bounds. The children, some of whom had been a little homesick at times during the journey, forgot everything in their delight over the "big palace." With the "Welcome Home" of waiting Comrades, the second Crusade to Cuba was finished.

Some Mental Diseases of the Twentieth Century

by N. Herbert



Read at a Meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society in Isis Theater at San Diego, April 13, 1902

IS it only *physical* diseases that are infectious? Is even *pure* thought, as it passes from mind to mind, always unaccompanied by *anything* that soils it? Pure thought, doubtless, comes from the soul, as pure food from the soil; but the danger-point of the one as it passes through the mind is as definite as that of the other as it goes through the hands that prepare it. In other words, there is some lower element in man's nature which tampers with the products of his thought, and makes them impure as they leave the mind on their way to other minds.

Do we give attention enough to this vital fact in life? We say, "teaching is teaching and facts are facts," and care little about the hidden natures of those to whom we send our children—and to whom we go ourselves—to get the teaching and facts. It is surely no wiser than if we said, "Food is food," and cared nothing through what manner of underground kitchen it passed ere it reached us.

Thought is not a skeleton, not bare form, not cold figures on a blackboard. In its own way it is clothed with flesh and blood; and these come from the mind through which it passes. Around the *thought* is woven the *feeling* of the man who thinks it; and in that is the danger. It is what men do *not* utter that is the measure of the difference between them. One man *says*, "a tree," and he is *thinking* of its commercial value as so many feet of timber. Another says the

same thing; but *he* is thinking of the living beauty of the rich and rustling leaf-age. In both cases there is an *unexpressed* background of thought. And there is yet another background—of—*feeling*—upon which this thought rests, and which guides this thought, or gives it birth. For one of the two men is of the commercially-feeling nature, and the other of the artistically-feeling nature. Behind all that a man utters is what he does *not* utter. And both that which he utters and that which he does not utter are charged with an atmosphere of feeling which guides the thought, and which is oftentimes the strongest element in the man's nature.

Is not an orator something more than a speaker of phrases, however fine? The very same phrases, from one speaker, leave us cold; from another, stir in us profound feeling. The latter has charged his words with an electric atmosphere of feeling; his heart-beat can be felt in them, the pulse of his sincerity. But what of the former? *His* high-sounding phrases are insincere, and his nature must therefore have a taint of insincerity. If, then, the sincerity of the one, getting into his words, be the cause of our enthusiasm in the first case, must not the *insincere* nature of the other, getting into *his* words, be the cause of our coldness in the other case? And must there not, in both cases, be qualities of the nature, getting into the words, of which we suspect nothing at all, but which yet have on us their full effect?

Why do we prefer the performance of one musician to another, though both play the same notes with the same technical perfection? One has somehow got his feeling, his heart into his notes. *But*—are we sure that he has only got *that much* of his feeling which is good? May not the music be veritably *inspired* and made glowing by feeling which is almost wholly unwholesome? And whilst apparently elevated by it, and really carried out of ourselves, are we not *by that very condition* rendered receptive to the strong *lower* colors of feeling whose strength is the cause of our aroused emotions? Surely it could only be very, very pure and strong natures that could, at each instant of listening, separate the music from the poison that came with it.

These considerations become very practical when we reflect that the strongest natures, those with the strongest feelings, are by no means necessarily those of the clearest and sanest minds; and that the strongest feelings may be anything *but* the noblest.

Strength of feeling is that which gives *carrying energy* to ideas and mental pictures; the ideas and pictures which are thus carried may be simple, or very complex; and they may be uttered or not uttered. And the energized ideas and pictures may be the ones *not uttered*, and may for that reason be all the more deadly or beneficent in their effects. For against something not uttered we are not on our guard.

Consider what happened in the case of the world's great Teacher, Jesus Christ. The ideas which he uttered to the multitude were quite simple, and few in number. Yet they revolutionized the lives and thoughts of those who heard them, from that moment. Must not that have been because they carried the *atmosphere* of the Teacher, the energy of his feeling? And with that which he did utter, must have gone a volume of thought too deep to put into words, also radiant with his feeling. Though this unuttered thought did not reach their uncomprehending *minds*, it reached their *lives*, their hearts. It was all wholly good in its effects on others, for this Teacher had nothing in his nature that was not pure. And his nature was limitless in its energy of feeling, in its unselfish love of humanity. We have further to note that he lit up in those who heard him a fire like unto his own, so that they too were able to energize their words with the power to convince unto salvation.

But here comes another element. For these disciples were not wholly pure, as was their Master; and so the atmosphere of feeling that played around what *they* uttered was more or less charged with a baser element of our mixed human nature. So the fire of the new life that *they* lit up in others was not quite clean and pure.

There arises a distinction of these early Christian propagandists into two groups. None of them was quite pure; but some confessed their failings to their own souls in utter honesty, and strove by day and by night after the perfection of their Master. Therefore their *predominant* inner motive was purity; and notwithstanding human failings, it would be *that* motive, that purity, that unselfishness, which winged their words.

But there were others that let ambition, impurity, and love of power creep in or grow up. And these forces added themselves to—and finally supplanted—the force that their Master had waked in them. So, though the words they spoke were the same, the energizing force was other. In its subtlest forms, evil masquerades in the guise of good; and here you had it. They taught—in words—perhaps the pure doctrine; but behind the words was the unuttered and energizing force of ambition and selfishness. The effect of their teaching became a subtle duality. They inspired men to *right life for wrong reasons*; it was a subtle appeal to fear and selfishness as the motives of men's conduct. So men's attention began to be drawn away from their own divine souls, and from the original Teacher, to the ambitious personalities of that Teacher's successors.

The lesson is just as strongly marked today. If, in the man who expounds the doctrine of Christ, there be a heart of ambition, and he is desirous to overawe you, or impress you with a sense of his eloquence or what not, then you will find that his words neither help nor strengthen you in your

life, and the message he is pretending to deliver does not go home. His words had *ambition* instead of love within them; and whatever admiration they awakened for himself, it was at the cost of attention to that which he said.

And suppose his inner nature were charged with a yet lower element, something he would fain hide from the faintest suspicion; suppose his private life would not bear a moment's ray of sunlight; how then? And there *are* such, even in pulpits. Then those of his hearers who instinctively loved purity would find that though they could not put their finger on a single objectionable word that he uttered, the whole thing would have left an unpleasant taste; they would neither quite like the man, nor know exactly why they did not; and in no long time it would be found that there were many in that congregation who represented that most nauseous of all mixtures—religion and impurity.

Sometimes you find a case in which ambition has reached a blinding intensity which sweeps its victim well-nigh out of the realms of sanity. It inspires him or her with some such idea as that he is a reincarnation of the prophet Malachi, or that she has had a special revelation from God as a new Key to the Scriptures. Then the words of these people, powerfully energized by this great force of their ambition, will attract multitudes of blindly convinced followers, infected to the point of worship of him by the fire of their prophet.

Here comes in a new factor, that of action and reaction. At first the prophet has but few followers; his ambition perhaps does not run high, and his craze is tentatively expressed. But as he lights up a conviction in those few, they play back to him and strengthen his ambition and his delusion. In return he is able to make them still more fervid; then the wave begins to go outward over larger and larger numbers of people, all strengthening each other and their hierophant in the common hallucination, and him in his ambition.

And there are today many similar movements arising out of a strain of radical impurity in the characters of their founders; a strain which, spreading outwards, absorbs at last all the other factors that were originally parts of the propaganda of the movement. We have to remember that with very many people this strain is *the* dominating factor of their lower natures. They may more or less successfully avoid its verbal or overt expression; but in the background of thought, and at the roots of feeling, it is a living and potent thing. It will out in subtle, unperceived ways, none the less effective because unperceived, none the less poisonous to all whose nature is not strong for good. We cannot measure the detriment of such a person to the sensitive consciousness of the children. And these men are only too often the *teachers* of children! Do we sufficiently consider this point? Is it possible to weigh too gravely the cumulative poison handed on from generation to generation *by way of the innocent children*, just because we do not insist that the lives of the public teachers,

whether in the pulpit or the schoolroom, shall bear the closest light of publicity?

Very much more has to be said on this point, and will hereafter be said, by our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, and, under her direction, by other of her pupils. The future of our people, of all peoples, depends on its understanding. It is only now that the world is beginning to awake to the tremendous power of unuttered thought and unvoiced feeling. The meaning of "telepathy," and of "thought-transference" has but commenced to be grasped as practical facts. They involve something on which we touched a few minutes ago—action and reaction. Take such a doctrine as that of an everlasting hell, the barbaric nightmare of Calvinism. Suppose this hell preached by one who believes in it and fears it, and that his fear so energizes his words as to wake a similar fear in those who hear him. As the speaker goes on, he gets back from his audience an intensified reflection of the state he wakes in them. His words become more burning; the situation reaches the intensity of a revivalist meeting; the fear-born phenomena of the "repentance-stool" appear; and perhaps a number have those convulsions that used to be reckoned as a precious symptom of the loving touch of God on the heart. But afterwards? A few go through life and into death on the basis of that fear. More lose it as their intuitions awake and their intellect recovers its balance; and in that loss, may lose also religion and hope.

But suppose the man be preaching it *insincerely*. Then his people will feel his insincerity behind his words, however glowing they be. It will disintegrate the roots of their faith; and though they may go away excited and their brains filled with the verbal formula of religion, yet, deep at heart, the preacher's insincerity has taken root and, even unknown to themselves, they live henceforth in an inner insincerity that is certain to become manifest in conduct after more or less time. Insincerity in a speaker becomes, in those who hear him, a fungus at the very roots of faith. Study the congregations of some fashionable preachers and see the effect of the process we are talking of. Hidden insincerity of a teacher or preacher is a tremendous disintegrating force of which we take no more account than we do of hidden impurity—so long as it *is* hidden; or of hidden ambition, which, like a magnet, attracts men's attention from what is said to the man who says it; from the Christ preached to the self-pedestaled preacher. At every point Society is rotten with hidden disease.

We listen to great singers and performers, forgetful that in the very act of listening, we must be receiving not only the expressed music, but the hidden nature of the performer. We let our children learn of music-teachers, careless of what else may come to them with the music. We take all men at their own valuation, judge all men by externals.

The problem is difficult enough, but at least let us face the facts. Let us understand that we cannot even talk to each other without getting—below the

threshold of consciousness, but none the less effectively—a breath from each other's inner nature. And to that we respond, not knowing why to this or that man we feel in such or another way. Just so far as we give up trying to *seem* anything and give that much time to an honest attempt to *be*, will our eyes open to a true discernment of those with whom we have to deal. The attempt to *seem*, the aping of the signs of a virtue we know ourselves not to possess, is not only an act of self-poisoning, not only an utter stultification of the soul and intuition, but a poisoning of all those with whom we have to deal. And it makes us utterly negative, utterly the prey of others, utterly unable to judge them aright or to repel the touch of their lower natures. Our first requirement is *personal sincerity*, an unreserved owning-up to one's own soul of one's faults; and then a steady fight to conquer them. Thus we are made invulnerable by anything; and whilst we are making that honest fight we cannot poison anyone else. We are in constant receipt of the true "forgiveness" of our own souls, the forgiveness which means that the soul is steadily *with* us; that it *keeps* with us in spite of all our failures because we are trying, fighting; that it is not *against* us. With every "confession" of this kind, every struggle, it pours more and more of itself into our consciousness. There can be no real absolution or real forgiveness save from our own souls. Any influence which creates the peace-sense of forgiveness, and is not entirely from one's own soul, is from without, and infects our natures from the source whence it comes. It is an intrusive violation of the sacred relation between man and his soul. It is only in the full establishment of that relation that society will be freed from its cranks, its impostors, its hypocrites; from the diseases that threaten its very existence.

Our ideals must be Sincerity; and a noble, self-reliant Womanhood and Manhood. Then will develop in our midst an atmosphere in which naught unworthy can exist a moment; and life will become as large, as rich, and as fearlessly joyous as in the fabled days of the gods of old.

SOME minds, otherwise bright, have objected to leadership: 'We are as unwilling to submit to a leadership or dynasty of thought as to any other.' This, however, is to misunderstand and to be frightened by a word when the thought is reassuring. The very law which requires that mankind should have *no owners*, requires that it should have *guides*. To be *enlightened* is the reverse of being *subjected*. The march forward requires a directing hand; to rebel against the pilot scarcely advances the ship; one does not see what would be gained by throwing Columbus overboard. The words "This way" never humiliated the man who was seeking the road. At night I accept the authority of the torches.—VICTOR HUGO

The Growth of Character

by Sidney G. P. Coryn



Read at a meeting of The Aryan Theosophical Society in the Isis Theater, San Diego, May 4, 1902

SOME of the greatest problems of life are so familiar to us that we pass them by unnoticed; and especially is this true of the problems of our own natures. We look out upon the world with its bewildering perplexities, its sorrows, its storms, its shipwrecks. The men of good-will set themselves to work to calm, to adjust and to save, and in so far as they are brave and selfless, they help to preserve humanity from itself and to keep alive the spark which shall one day grow into cleansing fires. There are many, many others among us who also feel the needs of the world, and lament their fancied inability to help because they, too, are caught in the pitiless wheels of a social system, the wheels which grind in human lives and hopes, and grind out the gold which we must have. Self-preservation seems to bid stern defiance to altruism, laying its shackles upon feet that would otherwise hasten to help, upon hands that might otherwise be strong to save.

And yet if there be a law of life, if that law be love for others, there can be no exceptions to its summons. There can be no other duties which conflict therewith, there can be no life so full as to exclude the law of its own strength, no one can be too busy to reform. Yet it may be that we have a wrong conception of reform and that from that wrong conception is born our inability. We live in an age of commerce and of manufacture and because we have learned the right division of labor, our commerce and our manufactures are triumphantly successful. It may be that we have imported our commercial system into our moral world, and that we have learned to look upon the reformer and the philanthropist as occupying a department which is not our department, and with which we have no concern beyond the occasional contribution of our dollars. So long as we are content that this should be so, so long must the world wait, but of this we may be sure, that if there are no exceptions to the law of love, so, too, there are no exceptions to the law of sorrow and there are no doors, whether of money, or position, or anything else by which we can shut out the despair of others from our lives and from our homes. Never yet was physical disease so contagious as is sorrow. It will wait patiently while the glamour of youth, the glamour of pursuit and of conquest holds its sway, but it will never weary, and there is no heart upon which it will not lay its head. I believe there is not one here who does not know that this is true, and that like the ripples upon a pool the despair of one must be the pain of all.

What, then, must we do to become reformers, and so to comply with the law of which the non-compliance brings sorrow and death?

First, let us understand the situation and diagnose the complaint, then we can apply the remedies. Half of our philanthropic failures are so because we try to apply remedies without understanding the complaint, as one who seeks to give medicine to a sick man without any preliminary inquiry into his ailment.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD THE PICTURE OF OUR CHARACTERS

Let us first understand that the social conditions against which we exhaust our eloquence and our invective are not conditions imposed upon us by some superior power, but that they are our social conditions; that we ourselves have made them, that they are not something apart from us with which we have individually to fight as with an enemy, but that they are the materialized photographs of our thoughts and our characters. This is so evident that it hardly needs to be stated, and yet it is well to remind ourselves of it. It does not become us to pose as angels who are sorrowfully watching a sinful world, until we have first realized that it is we who have made it sinful, until we are quite sure that the outside world is something more than a gigantic picture of our own characters.

Now, all this would be much easier to realize if we were able to take the commanding survey which is given by reincarnation. We should then be able to understand why we are justly reaping the social fruits of which the seeds, in some cases, seem to have been planted a long time ago. But that at the moment does not matter. Even within the limits of one life we can see sufficiently clearly that the world is indeed a picture of our own characters, a picture upon a vast scale. I do not mean by that, that because there is violence in the world, and greed, and murder, that therefore we are personally capable of these things, but I do mean that in our characters is the soil of selfishness from which these and all other crimes must and do spring.

As I said before, we import commercialism into our morality and so we are fond of making lists and tabulations. We tabulate our crimes, for instance, and so we get to look upon them as the water-tight compartments in a ship, each one separate and walled in. But if we are to understand we must get further back, with a fresh perspective, and then we shall see that there is only one crime in the world, and that is selfishness. Sometimes it shows itself as physical murder and then we punish it. Sometimes it shows itself as moral murder and then we are apt to applaud it. At other times it takes the form of theft of money, of character. It manifests itself as falsehood, as ill will, as cruelty, as greed, as desire to think evil. Its forms are countless, but they all spring from the same soil of selfishness, and that is an affair of character and not of act. The selfish character may show itself by countless little acts of daily life, all of them out of sight

of law and police, or it may show itself in commission of crime. Sometimes the selfish man will become a legal criminal simply because he has the daring which another man has not. Some men are not daring enough to translate their selfishness into crime. It may then show itself in another way, as for instance, by unkindness in the home, by harshness to children, by cruelty to animals. But back of all is the character. If that be selfish it will translate itself into selfish deeds and the form of those deeds will be determined by temperament, by education, by opportunity.

THE LAW OF UNSELFISHNESS

It occurs to me just here that when Jesus said that he who broke any part of the law was guilty of breaking the whole, he must have meant just this. Our commercial minds look upon the law as something with schedules, lists and chapters. But the law of which Jesus spoke was the law of unselfishness, one and indivisible, and he who broke the law by becoming selfish had thereby provided a soil from which all misdeeds might spring in himself and in those others to whom he brought the moral contagion. That text has been tortured into all sorts of grotesque and cruel creeds, but if we look upon sin in all its forms as springing from the one all-including character sin of selfishness, we can then understand that there is only one law and one way of breaking it.

It seems to me now that our task has become more clear and that we are getting to some light. If the evils of the world are the many-headed hydra which is the materialization of our own characters, the only conceivable way in which we can purify the world is by ceasing to provide an interior type and model of impurity and sin. I know that it is a new view, an innovation, but innovations have sometimes had a fair show on American soil, and so Theosophy puts forward the teaching, and it is reasonable and convincing, that every man can become a reformer, and that there is no man or woman in this Isis Theater who cannot exercise as mighty a reforming power as can statesmen or orators. The power to reform is unlike all other power. We need no money to begin, no place, nor worldly power. It will itself bring all these things when they become necessary. The true reformer has the gods at his elbow, the key is in his hand and the mighty ocean of evolution bears him up.

REFORMATION OF CHARACTER

What does it mean to reform character? To speak fully of such a subject would be simply to repeat what has been said here by the Leader of this Organization. In any case I am but selecting a text, as it were, from what she has said.

Briefly stated, to reform our character is to compel it into a resemblance with a type which is supplied to us from within ourselves. I mean our own ideal,

which we all of us have, although we may have buried it out of sight long ago and may now be somewhat ashamed to let it step out.

We shall find that our characters are not at all like that ideal and that our daily and hourly thoughts are the children of our characters and not of our ideals. We have been sending these thoughts out into the world in an unceasing stream, and they have been living forces. We have not always allowed them to come to fruition in ourselves, to become our own materialized acts, but they have gone out into other minds, and have produced there the actions which we did not allow them to produce in ourselves. And so we understand, in passing, another saying of Jesus, that "He who looketh upon a woman with impure thought has sinned." Truly and truly he has.

I remember reading an ancient book about the mind, in which it was laid down as an axiom that the mind always becomes like the thing which it thought of, as water takes the shape and form of the bottle into which it is poured. Now, if we can realize that character and thought act and react on each other, mutually producing and changing each other, we shall see at once what a power for the alteration of our characters is placed within our hands. But we have this initial difficulty to overcome and it will carry us a very long way. I mean the automatic tendency which we have given to our characters by many years of unwise thinking.

THE PLASTICITY OF THE MIND

Let us try to imagine the mind as something infinitely plastic and yielding, which is instantly affected by every thought which it entertains. Now we shall see in a moment that if, for many years, we have been almost exclusively thinking one kind of thought, we will say selfish thought, the mind has been so constantly bent and moulded into one particular shape, that that shape has now become its natural shape, the shape into which it naturally returns whenever released from strain. It is like a bow which has been kept bent so long by the tension of the string, that it now remains curved even when the string is removed. That natural shape of the mind is the character, and it is that natural shape which we have to alter into some other shape which is supplied from within, the ideal shape. We have to face and to overcome the automatic action which we have given to it by years of thought along certain lines, and we have to so persistently bend it into the new and purer shape that another automatic action is set up and the new shape becomes as natural to it as was the old bad shape. And this it is we are trying to do upon the Hill, Point Loma.

Now, it would be very easy to go out into the world, to state these facts and to get up endless arguments about them, and some people have been surprised and many more have been angry because the Theosophists upon the Hill are not fond

of arguing, and do not talk at the street corners or go into the clubs. I will admit that there are some of the non-vital and unimportant teachings of Theosophy that may in due time and season, be fitting subjects for argument. But this does not apply to the vital and to the ethical. There is no room for argument between you and me as to the reality of the Soul's ideals, because you know as well as I do that they do reproachfully exist, and I know it as well as you do, and we know that we can reach them in the twinkling of an eye. We will not argue where there is no honest disagreement, and we are both equally certain that the human conditions around us are the picture of the human characters around us, that is to say of ourselves, and that our characters are the normal shapes of our minds and that they are made by our habits of thought, and that, therefore, if we change our thought-habit—and our action habits must follow at once—we shall thereby change our characters, and so cut off from the world everything of evil which we are now giving to it by selfishness, with the horrifying fruits which we see around us.

The old automatic habits will sometimes die hard. Again and again the mind will slip away from the grasp of the Soul and glide into its old form, and then begin again to send out the old selfish thoughts and to prompt to the selfish deeds. Bring it back relentlessly and without discouragement. Remember that no effort is lost. Every time the bow is bent into its new shape the old tendency is weaker and weaker. Stand sentinel over the inner doorway and allow no thought to enter which has not given the password of purity and compassion.

I have tried sometimes to imagine what it must be to feel that realm where the mighty real forces are playing, and I have seemed to understand a little what was meant when it was said of the old Grail warrior,

His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

It seems to me that in those realms to which our ears are closed and upon which only the soul can look, must live forever the godlike power which comes from one soul deed and from one thought which is born of the principle which only the Soul can establish. Here are the armies which are even now arrayed for the preservation of the world, and they stretch out eager hands of comradeship to even the weakest among us, that they may gird him, too, with the sword which falls from heaven, that they may crown him, too, with the power of the gods.

Even now those forces are being marshalled, and from them a new force is coming into the world, and that force must appeal to us as a great invitation to fight a great fight—a fight which only real men and women can fight. There is no quarter of the world into which that force has not gone, no section of humanity which has not felt it according to its nature. It has set all men idealizing and into all

minds is creeping a picture of what might be. From it comes the great unrest which is upon all hands. Truly it is the parting of the ways for humanity, the separation of those who are not afraid to look upon their ideals, to purify them, to know them in their soul beauty, and those who will yet for a season put away those ideals and refuse to enter into the new life.

Even though one had the combined voice of men and of angels he could make no greater appeal than that which is even now spoken into the hearts of each one of us, and which will speak yet more clearly as we listen, and which will guide us from the beginning even unto the end with the light of a great wisdom of which the full glory has not yet been seen of men. Who now will write his name upon the honor roll of those who love their race, that honor roll which, though now unseen of men, yet will be the brightest in the archives of the nations?

In Memory of W. O. Judge

by Nelumbo

LET kings triumphant reign,
 And priests of hallowed might;
 Greater by far is he who brings
 Relief to hosts of night.

Alone 'mid rolling clouds,
 One beacon star, he beams:
 None succors him nor understands:
 Poor sleepers, lost in dreams!

Tossed on the waves of life,
 Bound in the serpent's rings,
 They yield him naught but gall and strife,
 And pluck his rainbow wings.

For their delight and pride
 They strut in borrowed rays:
 Thus toiling on till life was spent
 Death rapt him from their gaze.

Yet o'er his grave the star
 Shines on, and now they know
 That truer touch of souls that is
 Beyond all worldly show.

What hope, what lasting calm!
 Of peace, forgiveness, rest!
 At last they know that glad release
 Till now a fruitless quest;

As though an angel of the light
 Had touched their hearts with love,
 As though the harmonies of heaven
 Were sounding from above.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



What do you consider the most important part of your Theosophical work? M. K.

TO realize as far as possible the truths of Theosophy in my own life. My life is for me the stage upon which a great drama is being enacted—the drama of the Soul in its gradual triumphant emergence from the bondage of the lower forces of Nature. As personality is an illusion, I cannot claim any exclusive proprietorship over the faculties and tendencies which I find placed at my disposal; and every time I tame or submit to an impulse, I work so much gain or loss to the world. In my life I find epitomized two forces: the deep-seated habits of past error and the aspiration towards future right living. This struggle is going on everywhere, and I must superintend that portion of it which falls to my share. Thus I must try each day to realize more fully my oneness with my “other selves” (my comrades); to maintain a tranquil and luminous self-possession amid multitudinous moods and impulses; to beautify and harmonize every ugly and discordant spot I may encounter; and, in short, to apply all the teachings.

E.

In considering the whole field of Theosophical activity I consider the children's work to be without doubt the most important. However effective our operations in the world may be they will die with us, unless there are hands which will take from ours the activities which we must for awhile relinquish. The present generation of workers, however devoted, however unselfish, is necessarily hampered by early education and by early habits, and is therefore unable to give full expression to its own aspirations. But with our children a corner-stone has been laid almost from their birth, and the building which is being reared thereon will be in full conformity with the use for which it is intended. Even if The Universal Brotherhood Organization should disappear tomorrow the Leader has already done so much with the children that, without our aid, they would presently build it again. C.

Can you point out any texts in the Bible in support of your views on reincarnation?

H. W.

The Old Testament has the following passages:

But they shall serve the Lord their God, and David their King, whom I will raise up unto them.—*Jeremiah xxx, 9.*

Out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be a ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.—*Micah v, 2.*

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me.—*Malachi iii, 1.*

Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.—*Malachi iv, 5.*

In the New Testament we find that rebirth was the general belief of the Jews. We learn this from such passages as where Jesus says:

Whom say men that I am? And the Disciples reply: Some say Elijah, others Jeremiah, and others one of the old prophets.

The Old Testament prophet Malachi had declared that Elijah would be sent as the forerunner. And in the New Testament we find that the Angel who came to the father of John the Baptist declared that the child to be born would be Elijah. Jesus confirmed this, saying:

And if ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come.

And also where he said:

Elias has come already and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed. . . . Then the Disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist.

Again, in John ix : 2, we read that the Jews brought a blind man to Jesus, and said:

Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?

The reply of Jesus, taken in the light of what he said of John the Baptist, shows that he believed in reincarnation.

In the Book of Revelation we read of the perfected Man that he shall reincarnate no more:

He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out thence no more. N.

Why is it that your Theosophical Organization is at times so maliciously misrepresented, when I see your literature teeming with the highest expression of thought and love for humanity? ENQUIRER

It is to be feared that sometimes our enemies see more profoundly into the real effect of our work than do even our best friends. The hostility which our fraternal philosophy has encountered from the beginning is due to the menace which it brings to all those currents of human thought and activity which run in the direction of selfishness. It is the unfurling of a flag which is hostile to cruelty, to hate, to oppression and to self-seeking, and as such it attracts the malevolent attention of those who thrive upon the suffering of others. It may be urged that there has never been a time when altruism has lacked its advocates, and that these advocates have not been maligned so persistently and cunningly. It is true that very many systems have advocated altruism, but they have perforce contented themselves with the assertion of a principle without any attempted proof that Brotherhood is indeed the Law of Life. This proof has been rendered by Theosophy alone, and because it has been done in such a way as to compel the attention of the thoughtful and of the devoted, it constitutes the first serious menace which organized self-interest has received for a very long period. It would have been well for us if our defense of our principles had always been as strenuous as has been the attack of our enemies upon our Organization. C.

GLOOM and sadness are poisons to us and the origin of hysteria. You are right in thinking that this disease springs from the imagination, for it is vexation which causes it to spring up and fear that supports it.—SEVIGNE

Mirror of the Movement



**In Honor of
William Q. Judge
the Exile**

Seven years ago, on April 28, 1895, at the memorable convention held at Boston, William Q. Judge was elected President for life of The Theosophical Society. By that action a great forward step was taken in carrying out the purposes of the Theosophical Movement by proclaiming before the world the name of William Q. Judge as Teacher and Helper of mankind, making it possible for the Theosophical Movement to take its rightful place before the world. Yet we did not then know how great was the step taken, how momentous was the occasion, or what barriers were swept aside, and entrance given to what a flood of light and new hope into the midst of the darkness of the world.

At a private meeting of the students, held immediately after the great Convention meeting, W. Q. Judge stated that were it not for the help given to him by one person then present, he would not have been still among us, and this step could not have been taken. A few then present knew to whom W. Q. Judge referred, we knew that it was she who had outlined the plan and by her magnificent generalship had brought it to a successful issue. It was Katherine Tingley who, during that time of stress and persecution and martyrdom, stood by and aided our Chief, who with him kept the link unbroken and prepared the way for the stupendous world-wide work that is today being accomplished by The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

* * *

**Resolutions Passed
at the
Boston Convention
April, 1895**

The Resolutions by which this action was taken were adopted by a majority vote of 95 per cent, and were as follows:

WHEREAS, The growth of the Theosophical Movement has been phenomenal in America, and in its origin, aim and method of work is unlike any movement of modern times, and

WHEREAS, The different forms of organization through which the body known as "The Theosophical Society," has passed since the year 1878 were solely the result of growth, and not the result of votes, and were thus adopted from time to time to suit the exigencies of the moment and have been merely *de facto* and not *de jure*, and,

WHEREAS, On the other hand, the Confederated Branches in America were regularly organized in 1886, and

WHEREAS, We have outgrown the present form of organization of The Theosophical Society, and

WHEREAS, The duties pertaining to the general offices of the said Theosophical Society have not been essential to the real work of any Section or to the Movement as a whole, its federal and general officers residing at remote distances from each other and being necessarily unfamiliar with the exact conditions and needs of Sections other than their own, and

WHEREAS, A federation of all the Branches of the world is not essential to the real work of any Section, or to the Theosophical Movement as a whole, and

WHEREAS, Conditions contrary to the principle of Universal Brotherhood have arisen within The Theosophical Society which would prove fatal to the continued existence of said Movement; therefore, be it

Resolved: First, that the American Section, consisting of Branches of The Theosophical Society in America, in convention assembled, hereby assumes and declares its entire autonomy and that it shall be called from and after this date "The Theosophical Society in America."

Second, That the administration of its affairs shall be provided for, defined, and be under a Constitution and By-Laws, which shall in any case provide for the following :

(a) A Federation of Branches for the purpose of the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without any distinctions whatever, this being its principal aim and object; its subsidiary objects being the study of ancient and modern religions, sciences, and philosophies; the declaration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers of man.

(b) That William Q. Judge shall be President for life, with power to nominate his successor; and a Vice-President, Treasurer and Executive Committee elected yearly.

(c) Autonomy for Branches in local affairs.

(d) A yearly Convention with equitable representation.

(e) Territorial Committees for propaganda, without power to legislate.

(f) The declaration that every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy consistent with Universal Brotherhood and declare such belief or disbelief, without affecting his standing as a member of this Society, each being required to show that tolerance for the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

Resolved, That until the final adoption of a Constitution and By-Laws the President is empowered to issue charters and diplomas for this Society.

Resolved, That the Branches in America shall retain their present charters, the President being directed to endorse them as valid under the Constitution within a period to be defined.

Resolved, That the books, records, lists, moneys, funds, and property of every kind belonging to us as the American Section of The Theosophical Society be, and hereby are, turned over to and declared to belong to The Theosophical Society in America, their custodian to be William Q. Judge; but all members of the present Federation not wishing to continue their membership under the new name shall on demand be entitled to their *per capita* share of said moneys and funds.

Resolved, That until the said Constitution is written and adopted the affairs of The Theosophical Society in America shall be administered under the Constitution of the American Section of The Theosophical Society, where that does not conflict with the above preamble and resolutions, and wherever such conflict occurs the said Constitution is hereby repealed, but all provisions relative to the Theosophical work and propaganda shall stand valid.

**Commemoration
Services at
Loma Homestead**

To commemorate this event, festival services were held at Loma Homestead on the evening of April 26th. The great Rotunda presented a beautiful sight. In the center were flowers, green boughs and leaves arranged in a beautiful design and reaching up to a height of many feet. Around the balconies were the flags of the nations and green trailing vines, while from the grand stairway was hung the portrait of W. Q. Judge, and massed above it were calla lilies. One of the great features of the ceremony was the dedication of the Interior Temple of the Homestead as the central office of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and all its departments. Around the Rotunda were placed the desks for the various departments. These were made by Loma-land students, and on them are carved scenes illustrative of the department or of incidents in the history of the Society, or other historical events. Two of the Raja Yoga children took their places beside each desk and afterwards all the departments were announced and the officers came forward to their places. How significant was the presence of the children and how great our charge to hand on our work to them untrammled and unfettered! Short addresses were read by the various department officers, and by the invitation of the Leader, Mr. D. C. Reed and Mr. A. G. Spalding also spoke, and then the Leader said:

How sacred is this hour! We ourselves cannot understand, but in the year of the great universal harvesting, then the world shall know how great was the life of H. P. Blavatsky, how great was the life of W. Q. Judge, and how great are the lives of the faithful members of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. All true members of The Universal Brotherhood, all who believe in the high ideals laid down by the two great Teachers, know that the Higher Law has been operating in our midst and has been promoting high purposes and continuous unselfish living, and as far as these members have fulfilled their duties, just so far has this mighty work pushed its energies into the coming years, and just as faithfully as we shall work in the future shall those who follow after us have glowing examples of true manhood and womanhood.

Mighty and majestic is the Higher Law. It has brought us together, it has bound us by the tender tie of brotherhood, it has given us the blessed privilege of standing on this Mount, the great International center of the world's life, at our ADYAR, if you please, in America, the great land of freedom. Those here can understand a little of what this means and they can thank the law for its generous tenderness to us and for its protection, *and it is here that we can stand tonight and plead with the Law that it may demand more of us and that it may find more in us so that we can accentuate in every thought and act the sacred and beautiful teachings of Theosophy.*

A glorious victory has been won tonight, a victory which cannot be expressed, because it lies deep in our hearts, because it is the unspeakable force of our aspirations, but we can see with our own physical eyes that if we but do our duty, if we but sow the seeds of unselfishness we shall have a glorious harvest. There are many comrades here tonight who stood in that Convention Hall in Boston in April, 1895, and saw the martyred Chief honored for his life of sacrifice. There

was joy and sadness, and sadness and joy. Great was the joy for the victory and great was the sadness, because all knew that that life had been sapped out by those who were pledged to sustain this, our great Theosophical movement. And so as this work has grown throughout the world, we can pledge ourselves gladly, joyfully, and with a devotion which cannot be expressed, that each year shall tell his story to the world, the story of his simple and beautiful life, and that every act and thought of ours shall be dedicated to the living principles which he taught us, and some day the whole wide world shall be encircled with the compassionate love of those who guided him, and then the whole wide world shall be in sacred bondage with us, and we shall clasp hands with those who are in joy and those who are in sorrow. We shall clasp hands with our friends and with our foes, we shall be united with such a mighty force that we shall send continuously down the ages the joy of having lived in this time and having had as Teachers the two great souls, H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge.

The other addresses are given in *The New Century*.

* * *

White Lotus Day
May 8th

As we look back to the time when H. P. Blavatsky came to this country unheralded, and unknown, and see how, in spite of opposition and calumny, she built so securely the foundations of the Theosophical Society that today the world-wide structure of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society stands as a living monument to her and her heroic daring and far-seeing wisdom, and to the continuance and upbuilding of this work by William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley—in what light can we regard H. P. Blavatsky's death except as a victory, for it marked her utter self-sacrifice for humanity's sake. Through that sacrifice has light come into the world. Thus White Lotus day is a day of rejoicing, a day of victory, and a day of new endeavor.

The services at Loma-land were held in the morning. The members of the Aryan Theosophical Society assembled in the Aryan Temple, the Raja Yoga children gathered in the largest of their Group houses and the Senior Boys' Club also met separately. After brief separate meetings, all assembled in the Aryan Temple and then proceeded to the Amphitheater, the men carrying the International Flags. In the Amphitheater the children were grouped to form in the center a beautiful seven-pointed star and around it a great heart. After singing and marching by the children, and the reading by the students of extracts from *The Light of Asia*, *The Bhagavad Gita*, *The Voice of the Silence*, the procession formed again and all marched back to the Aryan Temple, and then dispersed. Over the whole day there seemed to be a benediction. But one thought marred the pleasure of the day: It was the thought of those, of whom there are all too many out in the world who call themselves Theosophists and who claim to march beneath the glorious standard upheld by H. P. Blavatsky,—yet whose "Theosophy" is but a pretense and a profession, and whose lives openly and secretly violate the precepts they pretend to follow. When the public becomes able to discriminate between the true and the false, much of the hypocrisy of the world will disappear.

**Increasing
Interest in Our
Publications**

Both the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and *The New Century* are receiving wider and wider attention from the best classes of readers and are much sought after in the Public Libraries and Reading Rooms. They are valued as helpful factors among young people and in the Colleges—and it is the young folks who most need the moral and helpful inspiration, such as is found in *The New Century*, which is entirely unsectarian and non-political. The following is but a specimen of hundreds of similar reports: “The Librarian says they are much sought after and well worn with reading.”

It is very interesting to note that the class of people who are now becoming interested in our work, mainly through *The New Century*, are entering into it in such a way that from the first they begin to move along the right lines and to discriminate between the real gold of Theosophy and the counterfeit coin that certain people that can be found in almost any city—self-styled Theosophists—offer under that name. It may surprise some people, yet it is nevertheless true, that in many places, persons, evidently employed for the purpose, posing as enquirers or as interested in education, etc., seek to tear down the work of The Universal Brotherhood. But these nowadays meet with very poor success. Stories could be told that would horrify any fair-minded man or woman, of what has been done in various places. In London, for instance, the children who attend our Lotus Groups are interfered with and the mothers visited to persuade them not to send them.

It is not only yellow journalism, but a class of people whose interest it is to interfere with and to try to disintegrate our efforts. Upon investigation it has been discovered that these people represent organizations and societies, and in some cases are attached to religious bodies. But the fair-minded public are beginning to recognize the underlying motive of such misrepresentations and to ask for information about our work, not from those who seek to tear it down, but from The Universal Brotherhood itself and from our publications, and when they do so they are immediately arrayed on the side of truth and many times become our defenders.

* * *

**Visitors to
Loma-land**

The constant stream of visitors to Loma-land shows no abatement. Last week crowds of representatives from the Federation of Women's Clubs which have recently held their Biennial Meetings at Los Angeles have made special trips to Point Loma. On Sunday, May 11th, hearing that several of these delegates, representatives of the Press, were in San Diego, Mrs. Tingley invited them to Point Loma to attend the Children's morning service and see some of their work. They all showed the greatest interest both in the work and the place, and in an interview with Mrs. Tingley they seemed keenly alive to the educative work for humanity which is being done at Point Loma. It was a pleasure to see our Leader who had been ill so long enjoy meeting with some of these ladies, for she has always taken the deepest interest in Woman's work.

OBSERVER

Reports from the Lodges

U. B. Lodge, No. 1, (Australia), Sydney, N. S. W., March 28, 1902

It is most encouraging to see the remarkable advance made in every branch of our work here since *Suggestions* came out. Truly our body is doing ten times the work it did before.

This month we gave our first performance of Hypatia. It was a great success. For scenery, the idea was carried out that the banquet hall should look out upon a sky-covered square at the center of the building in which flowers, grass, earth and a little blue sky would bring as much of nature as it was possible to have in an Alexandrian City scene. The rows of pillars round the square were a striking feature, giving opportunity for a good effect in perspective, and an architectural touch of value. The design of the pillars was taken from the picture of the Temple of the "Wingless Victory," in one of the old numbers of *The New Century*, supplemented by a careful study of the porch of our new Art Gallery in Sydney, which is very carefully reproducing that style of column. I have also had considerable help from the picture in *The New Century* of the House of Vetii Pompeii. The walls of our banquet hall were pure white, the only decorations in color being the flowers and fruit on the table, and one or two large jars on pedestals filled with great leaves and ferns—a large yellow jar being very effective. Some of the gowns of the ladies added also a beautiful touch of color to the scene. One a beautiful shade of yellow pink and another of violet. In the second scene we dropped a white curtain over the back picture of the square making a simple interior for Hypatia's lecture room. All did their parts remarkably well.

U. B. Lodge, No. 62, Los Angeles, California, April 29, 1902

The birthday of William Q. Judge was observed by our Lodge just among ourselves. Such a trustful, happy spirit characterized the meeting that it did each one lots of good to be present. One of the features of the meeting was an expression, in writing, such as the occasion would call out, from each one. At the time no thought was given about sending them to Point Loma, but we do so in hopes that they may perhaps add some to the strength and heart-force at the Center, and help support our Leader.

LAWSON SCOTT

U. B. Lodge, No. 19, Santa Cruz, California

This Lodge holds its regular public meeting on the first Sunday in every month. Lodge meetings are held twice a week. The members meet every Friday afternoon to devise ways and means to help the work by sewing, etc.

Our Easter entertainment was well attended. The children gave great delight to all by their singing and their fairy dance, and we feel that the seeds sown in their young lives are already blossoming forth in flower and giving promise of a rich harvest.

The anniversary of the birthday of W. Q. Judge was celebrated on April 13th by the members of the Lodge in our Universal Brotherhood Hall. Addresses were made and papers read by members. The decorations were in white, with green vines and flowers and

plants. W. Q. Judge's picture was on an easel draped in white and vined and wreathed in flowers. The following is a paper read by one of our members:

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

Like H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge gave his time, money and life to the work of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. He met Madame Blavatsky soon after he came to America, and with others they formed a nucleus of the Theosophical Society. Beginning with but a handful of people, the Society has grown until now it is what you see it, a mighty organization all over the earth. In every country are its members, and belonging to every religion, and all these people call themselves brothers.

When H. P. Blavatsky died she appointed W. Q. Judge as her successor, and he in turn appointed Katherine Tingley as his successor. We now see the result of his devotion and life work in this great movement as carried out by our present Leader, Katherine Tingley. In 1878, when H. P. Blavatsky went to India she left W. Q. Judge in charge of the work in this country. For a while he held meetings at which he was chairman, speaker and audience. An incident is related of him and his persistency in advocating Theosophy. It is told how for weeks this heroic soul held meetings with no other audience than empty chairs. Finally one day a newspaper reporter heard of this peculiar man who talked to a room full of empty chairs and he went there to report his lecture. After that Mr. Judge never lacked an audience. Thus by his persistency, loyalty and faithfulness, he made strong the Theosophical Society in America. Like a parent he cared for it through all the troubles and difficulties of its childhood and proved himself worthy of his great trust.

Today the Theosophical Society is the Literary Department of this great Universal Brotherhood Movement which is the bright star of hope on the horizon of the New Century. How much the people of the earth owe to this great hero and Teacher, William Q. Judge, we little know. He was the Friend of all creatures, the Exile, the standard bearer, the one who held the beacon light through those years of struggle. He held it aloft while the waves of persecution surged around him. And at last, when his frail, worn out body could work no longer, he gave the "Light" into strong hands that have carried it through the years since, illuminating the world.

This is what William Q. Judge wrote: "Let me say one thing I know. Only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love towards humanity, aroused in the soul of some strong enough to stem this tide, can carry us through to the close of next century and onward, for Love and Trust are the only weapons that can overcome the real enemies against which the true Theosophist must fight."

Such a soul has Katherine Tingley, of whom he said, "She is as true as steel, clear as a diamond, and lasting as time."

The following is by the President of the old Lodge in San Diego, Cal.:

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

With what wonderful persistency the mind adapts itself to the feelings and emotions that cluster around the oft-recurring cycles that come and go

in his ceaseless round of experiences. How the closing of the national cycles each year stirs the hearts of all true Americans, as we celebrate the days that mark the anniversary of the "Father of his Country" and the birth of the nation. With an instinctive gladness we recall the noble deeds of those who, in the long struggle for liberty, cheerfully gave all that heart and intellect and strength could give for the cause in which they had enlisted.

As the day again draws near which marks the recurrence of the date on which William Q. Judge was born into earth life, my mind again falls into the channel that leads the memory back to the time when he was a loved and trusted co-worker with our beloved and revered H. P. Blavatsky, and who, after her departure, stood at the helm and guided the faithful, while storm, and calumny, and unjust accusations beat upon him until the frail tenement, too weak for the full expression of the Great Soul that inhabited it, gave way under the heavy burden, and the loyal comrades who were present at his going out—

"Steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead
And bitterly thought of the morrow."

During the years of his noble service in America he endeared himself to every honest seeker after light. His was a personality that not only charmed, but it bound his many faithful followers to him as "with hooks of steel."

Unswerving in his loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky and to the Theosophical Society, he was always the most genial companion, and those who were privileged to look into those wonderful eyes when they were ablaze with enthusiasm for the work he had to do, can never quite forget the responsive thrill that welled up from the depths of their own hearts.

Surely the record of his noble life shall long remain a living inspiration to all who follow after him.

E. T. B.

WHAT is music? . . . The very existence of music is wonderful, I might say even miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator, it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time: It is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.—HEINE

BENEATH these flowers I dream, a silent chord; I cannot wake my own strings to music; but under the hands of those who comprehend me, I become an eloquent friend. Wanderer, ere thou goest, try me! The more trouble thou takest with me, the more lovely will be the tones with which I shall reward thee.—ROBERT SCHUMANN



The Caterpillar in *the* Raspberry

From *the* Swedish of Z. Topelius---Translated by S. O. and H. A.

- “OH!” cried Therese.
- “Fie!” said Aina.
- “What is the matter now?” asked their elder sister.
- “A caterpillar,” cried Therese.
- “On the raspberry,” said Aina.
- “Kill him,” exclaimed Lorenzo.
- “And all this noise for a poor little caterpillar,” cried their oldest sister.
- “Yes, when we were cleaning the raspberries,” said Therese.
- “Then he crawled out of the finest,” continued Aina.
- “And if anyone had eaten that raspberry—” said Therese.
- “Then they would have eaten the caterpillar also,” added Aina.
- “And what then?” queried Lorenzo.
- “Eat a caterpillar!” cried Therese.
- “And bite him to death!” said Aina.
- “How dreadful!” rejoined Lorenzo, laughing.
- “Now he is crawling on the table!” exclaimed Therese.
- “Blow him away,” advised the eldest sister.
- “Step on him,” said Lorenzo.

But Therese took a raspberry-leaf, and putting the caterpillar gently on the leaf carried him out into the yard. Then Aina saw a sparrow sitting on the fence, and keeping his eye on the caterpillar. At once she took the leaf with the

caterpillar on it, and carried it off to the forest, and hid it under the raspberry-bushes, so that the sparrow could not find it.

It was close to dinner-time, and then they all had raspberries and milk.

"Don't take too much sugar, Lorenzo," said his eldest sister.

But Lorenzo's plate was so thick with sugar that it looked as if it was covered with snow. When dinner was finished, the eldest sister said: "We have now eaten up all the raspberries, and have none left to make jam for the winter. It would be a good thing if we had two baskets filled with nice fresh raspberries; we would then clean them tonight, and cook them tomorrow in the big saucepan, and I would then treat you to pancakes and raspberry jam."

"Let us go to the forest and get some," said Therese.

"Yes, we will," cried Aina.

"You take the yellow basket, and I'll take the green one," said Therese.

"Don't get lost, and come home in time for supper," added their older sister.

"My kindest regards to the caterpillar from the raspberry, said Lorenzo" in a taunting way. "The next time I see him, I shall have the pleasure of eating him."

Aina and Therese soon started for the forest. Oh! how beautiful it was! It was a little difficult for them to climb over fallen trees, and sometimes they got caught in the branches, and had to fight with the juniper bushes, but they did not care, and walked quickly on, and were soon deep in the forest.

They found plenty of other kinds of berries, but raspberries were very scarce. They plunged deeper and deeper into the forest, and came at last to a wood of raspberry-bushes. There had been a fire here a long time ago, and all the trees were burnt. The raspberry bushes covered the place, and each bush was bent to the ground with fruit. Therese and Aina picked the fruit and soon filled their baskets.

"Now we must go home," said Aina.

"No, let us pick a few more," answered Therese, "and put the baskets on the ground."

They then filled their aprons with berries.

"Now we will go home," said Therese.

"Yes, we will go home," replied Aina.

But this was easier said than done. They had never before been so deep in the forest. There were no roads or paths for them to follow, and they soon saw that they were lost. As the evening came on, the shadows of the trees grew darker and darker, the birds flew back to their nests, and the dew fell. At last the sun had sunk behind the tops of the pine-trees, and it became very cool in the beautiful woods.

The girls although frightened, continued to walk quickly on, thinking they would soon reach the end of the forest, and see the smoke from their own home.

When they had traveled for some time it became quite dark. They had now reached a large open space, which was surrounded by bushes, and when they had looked around as well as possible in the dark, they discovered that they had come back to the same place, where they had before gathered the fine and large raspberries and filled their baskets and aprons.

They were very tired, and sat down to rest upon a stone and began to cry.

"I am so hungry," said Therese.

"Yes," added Aina, "I wish we had some bread and butter."

As soon as she had said this, she felt something on her arm, and when she took it in her hand, found it was a large piece of bread and butter. At the same time Therese cried out: "How strange! I have some bread and butter in my hand."

"Then we have both got some," said Aina. "Do you dare to eat it?"

"Certainly! Why not? I only wish I had a glass of milk with it."

"She had hardly expressed the wish, when she found a glass of milk in her hand. And then Aina said: "This is too wonderful; I have a glass of milk in my hand."

"As they were both very hungry, they greatly enjoyed their meal. When they had finished it, Aina felt sleepy, stretched out her arms and said: "I wish I had a soft bed to sleep in."

No sooner had she said this, when she saw a soft bed beside her, and so did Therese also. They were greatly surprised, but as they were sleepy and tired, they thought very little of the matter. They jumped into bed, said their prayers, and covered themselves up. Soon they were fast asleep.

When they woke up, the sun was high in the heavens, and it was a beautiful summer morning in the forest. The birds were flying around the tree-tops. At first the girls were much astonished when they found they had slept in the forest, among the raspberry bushes. They looked at each other, and then at their beds, which were made of soft moss and leaves, and covered with the finest linen.

At last Therese said: "Are you awake, Aina?"

"Yes," replied her sister.

"But I am still dreaming," remarked Therese.

"No," answered Aina, "but I am sure that a good fairy lives among these raspberry-bushes. I do wish we had two cups of hot coffee, and fresh buns with them."

As soon as she had said this, they found beside them a little silver tray with a golden coffee-pot, two cups of the finest china, a sugar-basin of crystal, and the most delicious hot buns. The girls poured out the coffee and enjoyed it. They had never before tasted such good coffee. "Now, I should like to know who has given us all this," said Therese with a grateful smile.

"I am the giver, my good little girls," said a voice at that moment from the raspberry-bushes.

The girls looked round and saw a little old man, with a kind face, dressed in white, with a funny looking cap on his head, coming from behind the bushes. Therese and Aina were so astonished that they could not say a word.

"Do not be frightened, my little friends," said the old man, with a kindly smile. "I bid you welcome to my kingdom. Have you had a good night? Did you enjoy your supper and breakfast?"

"Yes, we did," said both the girls. "But tell us who you are."

"I am the Raspberry King," replied the old man, "and this is my kingdom. I have lived here for thousands and thousands of years. But the Great Universal Spirit that rules the forest, the sea, and the sky, does not wish me to become full of pride on account of my royal power and long life. It is therefore ordained that I, for one day in each century, shall be changed into a caterpillar, and shall live in this weak little creature from sunrise to sunset. During this time, my life depends upon the little caterpillar's life, so that a bird can eat me, and a child may gather me with the raspberries, or step upon me, and thus put an end to my long life. Yesterday being my day for changing into a caterpillar, I was gathered with the raspberries, and should have been killed but for your kindness, my dear children. You have saved me. Until sunset I was lying helpless in the grass, and when I was blown away from your table, I hurt my foot, and was so frightened that I was quite paralyzed. When the night came and I regained my proper form, I looked all around to find you, that I might thank you and give you a reward. I found you both here in my kingdom, and received you as honored guests. I will now send a bird to show you the way home. Good-bye, my dear children. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and the Raspberry King will show that he is not ungrateful."

The girls then shook hands with the old man, and thanked him for his kindness. They were very glad that they had saved the little caterpillar the day before.

Just as they were going, the old man turned round with a stern look in his face, and said: "Tell Lorenzo that next time we meet I shall have the pleasure of eating him."

"Oh! pray don't do that, Mr. Caterpillar Raspberry King," cried the two frightened girls.

"Very well, for your sake I will forgive him," said the old man. "I will not take any revenge. Tell Lorenzo that he may also expect a present from me. Good-bye."

The girls then took their baskets and walked on through the woods, following the bird, and soon reached the end of the forest; they were not surprised that they could not find the right path the day before.

There was great joy when the girls reached home. Everyone had been searching and waiting for them, and their eldest sister had not closed her eyes during the night. She was greatly afraid that the wolves had taken her dear little sisters.

But Lorenzo met them with a basket, saying: "An old man has left this basket here for you. Come and look inside."

The girls took the basket, and found within it, two beautiful bracelets, of dark red stones, in the shape of raspberries. Engraved on them were the words, "For Therese and Aina." Also a fine diamond scarfpin, with the words, "Lorenzo; never injure the weak and helpless."

Lorenzo felt ashamed, and understood what it meant. But still he admired the way in which the old man had taken his revenge, and thought that the latter must be a generous soul to act as he had in the matter. The Raspberry King had not forgotten the eldest sister. When she came in to cook the dinner, she found twelve baskets full of lovely raspberries, and no one knew who had brought them. After that, they were all busy preparing the jam, and if you go there to-day, you will find them still at it, and they might give you some.

Boys' Brotherhood Clubs in Holland

THE Clubs here edit together a monthly paper, the *New Century Guard*, which is now printed regularly at the W. Q. Judge Press at Arnhem. In the paper the interests of the Clubs and in general all that has connection with the boys' work is discussed. Facts and events happening in nature and society are dealt with from a Brotherhood standpoint.

Those who read English give translations from foreign magazines to bring the Clubs in contact with the work in America and England. The boys are helped herein by members of the League.

The following are extracts from a recent issue of the monthly paper:

OUR WORK

We must be the reformers of humanity. We must do away with the enmity which exists between men. O, how often the baneful proverb is put into operation: "Revenge is sweet." This too, we must conquer, not with the same means, but with *tolerance*. And why do men not put this into practice? Well, they think that if they showed tolerance they would abase themselves before their adversaries, and they do not like to be considered of small account. Such is their reasoning. But if they saw it otherwise what a misery would be removed from the world. How do those death-dealing and calamity-bringing wars originate? Well, boys! here again is a new duty for us. But we must not drop our heads and say: "In this way there is no end to the enumeration of evils." No, even if there were a thousand more (and there are so many!) we must stand

with heads erect and think: many hands make work easy. When we look about us in nature or still closer around us, in our large towns, how much misery, how much unbrotherliness among men we see. Everywhere one sees hatred, cheating and selfishness, which tear men away one from another. Mankind does not know what is tolerance; everywhere selfishness; the desire to gain profit each for himself comes to the front. They promote their own welfare at the cost of others. What does it matter if another goes down if only they themselves profit by it? Such is the opinion today; and against this great evil we must fight. For this purpose are the Boys' Clubs. They must be working with word and deed. They must make true the saying in their club song: True saying and true doing is his sword. Then the spirit of greatness would fight in our midst. We must be the guard, which stands guard for the good and wages war against evil.

THE HEATH

What? The Heath? To the heath for your pleasure? To the monotonous brown heath? No, I will rather go to the valley of the Rhine, to see the beautiful mountains, to other countries, where—stop a bit, rash fellow! Have you a right to judge the heath in this way? Have you ever been there? And if so, have you *seen* the heath indeed, really? I don't mean to have looked superficially over it, no, lived in it with the living things of the heath. If you had done that, you would not have scolded about it, but then the thought of it, instead of frightening you, would take hold of you, even as the sight of the endless plain made a great impression on you, when you came there for the first time—or your heart must be wholly of stone.

Now, when you come to the heath, instead of trying to go away from it as soon as you can, you must study the living creatures, find out the bushes, which break the monotonous plain, and you must let the sublime impression which the bushes and pine trees and evergreens and the large, monotonous heath made on you, work on your heart—then you will begin to realize a bit what the heath really is.

Whoever will take pleasure in studying the heath with me, though he may not dwell in Holland, he can read every time the description of it which I shall give in this paper.

MAN

Let us conceive this word in its purest, noblest sense. How many call themselves men and how few are in reality so? He, who, to gratify his lust of gain, does not hesitate to ruin or to destroy thousands of precious lives, is still arrogant enough to call himself a man, and many are vile enough to give him this name still. Are these not far beneath the animals of which is said so often indifferently, "O, it is only a beast!" Has the most zealous investigator of nature ever discovered that an animal, in order to bereave another of a thing, made use of others of his kind to do this?

Greater hero is he who saves a life than he who destroys one. Oh! that all might realize this truth, for then society would become an orderly society; strife and discord, those mischief-creating monsters, would be done away with

and peace and happiness would reign everywhere. Once united in purpose, men would work then and the world would be no longer a valley of tears. Nobler and greater would then be the soul of man, and endeavor to greater development would be his greatest characteristic. It is not so as yet, alas, but the time will come that it will be so. To reach this, all men who think right must unite and no longer excuse their laziness by saying, "Oh, it is impossible. Why should we busily work? Surely as long as one tries to silence his conscience with such talks, conditions will not change for good. But there must come a change. For it is contrary to the human heart, it is unnatural, it is devoid of manliness to behave in such a way that one should think only of his own pleasure and comfort; to lead a life that one only thinks of his own comfort! No, it is impossible that this should continue to remain so! Therefore it is not only a necessity, it is also a bounden duty to unite to begin the great work together, the completion of which shall make true the word spoken ages and ages ago: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Then man will be really man.

H. G. S.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR BADGE

Already I have shown in our paper the great duties which we have to fulfill. Now, brothers, I venture to add one more. I ask, Will every one of us be able to wear his badge? Do you laugh at this? Now, I do not wonder about that; it is possible if some one else had written this, I should have laughed also. But no! I am quite in earnest!

Well, indeed, we must not think of our badge as a mere token that we belong to such or such society, as is the case with other badges; no, *it must be justified by our behavior* and also *we must do honor to it*. For even a soldier shows by his decoration how brave a man he is, so we must show by our "badge of honor" to which army we belong as soldiers, the glorious guard which fights against evil, a guard of boys which has more to do than an ordinary guard.

What a high standard of conduct must we maintain, brothers, if we would wear such a powerful insignia with honor to our club. People have indeed the right to point to our badge at the slightest offense (perhaps to them a little exaggerated) and say, "How dare you wear such a thing?" And what shall we answer then? Then we must remain silent and our conduct is blamable in the highest degree, which perhaps would not be the case if another than we had done the offense; but by the very reason that we have promised ourselves to fight against all evil, we must be on guard a hundred times more. Let us first say: There must be a few, a nucleus, who stand fast enough in their resolve to risk wearing a badge. Now, brothers, I think I have proved to some extent that we must justify wearing it and also it must be a warning voice, which reminds us of our duty everywhere and always. We must ask ourselves steadily: Do we act according to our badge?

Believe surely, my brothers, in doing this, we fulfill in the best way our duty, and maybe that it is difficult in the beginning, it at last becomes a habit, and "habit is second nature," says the proverb.

Notwithstanding this, it may happen to us at times that we are not doing all things as they must be done. No, then it is very desirable, and we have reason to rejoice, if one of our friends points this out to us. Then we can make it better, when we are not obstinate and refuse to listen to wise counsel. I ask pardon. I forgot that such boys are not in their place in our club.

So boys, once again, let our badge be a sign-post for the way we have to go.

G. W. S.

Reports from the Lotus Groups

Lotus Group, 19 Avenue Road, London, England, January, 1902

On Sunday, January 19th, the Afternoon Lotus Group met for the first time after the holidays—it was in many points a new gathering and was one of great joy to all. The unsectarian Sunday School has been held regularly since September last, and has now been more thoroughly organized on the lines laid down by the Leader. At 3 o'clock the doors were opened and music was played while all were assembling. Silent, but none the less joyous, greetings were given and received as each one passed to his seat. The opening ceremony was performed with a power that happy children never fail to use, and the Hall was filled with their songs. Many of the Lodge members have for the first time become members of the Lotus Group and, as members of a larger growth, take part in the afternoon's program. Today we had a message from "Santa Claus" to deliver, which helped us to realize as never before our share in the "Song of Life." Many of the members, young or old, as called upon, then sang or spoke—all having determined that our motto, "Helping and Sharing," should be more practically carried out. The Circle then formed itself into three smaller circles (for that day—we mean to be seven eventually), and with their respective teachers marched away for the afternoon's study. The babies, of three and four, found naughty fairies in the doll house that had no business there, so they promptly set to sweep them out and make all clean and pure. They named their Group "Blue like the Sky."

The second Group of somewhat older years, say nine and ten, chose purple, and were soon deeply engrossed in the story of the "Start of the Little Pilgrim." The third Group chose yellow, or the "Golden Light," as they prefer to name it. This Group comprises members of from twelve to fourteen years, and a few others who wish to be that age also. In this class the study is also drawn from *Evolution Series*, Manual II, an intelligent and ready appreciation of this wonderful story of their own real life is shown. As all these members have attended Lotus Group nearly two years, the well-known truths of Theosophy are no longer strange to their minds. The eternal life of the past as well as the future, with its purpose, *Self-consciousness*, *self-control*, are being realized as Facts in Nature. We have taken as our motto for this New Year, "We Conquer Step by Step." The afternoon closed with a united march, music and song.

On Sunday, the 26th, the general program was as before. The letter in *The New Century* to "Blossoms," telling how the children of Loma-land learn to express music, was

read; also "The effect of Music on Animals," and Longfellow's "Singers," interspersed with songs and music. In the classes we studied "Life in the Mineral," and at the close marched to form triangles and crystalline stars. During the week the children of the Raja Yoga School had learned and performed a play, "The Mineral Gnomes," who discovered that through working together in harmony by each one doing his share they had found the Diamond Soul, the bright star-light which shines in all. The Lotus Group had watched the performance of this little play with great interest, and the vivid imagination of the little ones on the stage aroused in all a great desire to be loyal fairies of the queen and press "onward and upward."

Senior Lotus Group

On Thursday, the 16th, the Senior Lotus Group met for the first time after Christmas. Some of the younger children, dressed in white, sang a New Year's welcome to the visitors. After marching around the Hall singing, the passage of the builders, called the Fairies, through all the different stages, was beautifully illustrated by lantern slides. At every fresh picture the children were delighted, listening with evident interest as each one was briefly explained. Beginning with the passage of the fairies through the different elements, their further progress was traced through the three lower kingdoms, finally reaching the kingdom of man, which was illustrated by the portraits of some of the most notable persons of the last century, ending with the portraits of Madame Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley. After discussing the plan of work for the next few months a very pleasant evening was brought to a close.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, the children gave an entertainment to which their mothers and friends were invited. First the little ones gave their play, "The Mineral Gnomes," afterwards four of the older girls gave much pleasure to their visitors by their action songs, "Fairies of Time." A few general songs followed and a most enjoyable hour was over.

On the 29th, after learning a new song and singing and marching, the children were intensely interested with the story of "The Winged Horse." More songs followed and the class separated.

Junior Lotus Group

The Junior Lotus Group, formerly held on Friday, has been re-opened on Saturday mornings, with a number of children from three and a half to seven years.

MARY ATWOOD BARBER
S. ADA ROBINSON



Another encouraging feature of the Lotus Group work in London was the restarting of the classes of the Chelsea Lotus Group on Sunday afternoon, March 9th, by U. B. Lodge No. 7. The use of a very commodious room has been secured in a block of buildings belonging to the Chelsea School Board, in Park Walk, Chelsea.

The joy of the children (a considerable number), in having the opportunity to once more assemble, was inspiring to the members of the Lodge, and the tone of the afternoon's proceedings was very fine. It is hoped, and fully expected, that before long the Group will be one of the largest in London.

W. H.

Union Lotus Group Meeting for Boston and Vicinity, March 29, 1902

This was the best yet of the Union Lotus Group Meetings, but the impression produced by color, sound and action, in what was in effect a little mystery play, cannot properly be described.

The day was bright and full of sunshine. The Lotus Buds and Blossoms, who, in spite of wind, snow and rain, made their heart-light shine and shine on previous occasions, now had good fortune.

What eagerness there was to come! Not merely with the usual great eagerness which they always show before these union meetings, but with still greater joy. For were not all to be dressed in white gowns, buds and blossoms and workers, and had not each group by itself been rehearsing the songs and little play which was to be given, and had they not met in the spirit of helping and sharing?

There were present ninety-eight Buds and Blossoms and nineteen workers. Each child represented a color of the rainbow, and carried in its hand a little streamer of the color it represented.

For the first time the members of the four groups were separated as groups and joined together in the higher unity of the seven colors of the rainbow, all of those who in all the four groups represented any one color being together, the wee Buds being the reds, and rising in the scale with the largest Blossoms representing the violet color. Beginning with the wee reds all marched into Universal Brotherhood Hall, singing as only happy children can, "We're a Band of Young Crusaders," causing the walls to ring and ring again with sounds of joy.

After all were seated we answered the usual questions in our catechism of brotherhood, *Heartlight and Joy*.

Then came the "Warriors of the Golden Cord;" and such marching you never did see. The entire figure of the march naturally and without premeditation, formed a heart, a living, radiant whole, throbbing and swaying, to the music of the march, with the ever circulating joyous, buoyant life of each living unit which made a part of it, and with the buoyant life of joy in the body, mind and soul of the unit whole. No description can convey to the mind of one, who did not see it, the beauty and inspiration of the whole and of each and every part.

After song and march the little warriors took their seats, and then again came out in the order of their colors singing "Happy Little Sunbeams," and holding their colors in their hands. Then, holding them high above their heads, and moving them to and fro in order and in time to the music, the Buds and Blossoms sang the color song, each color its own particular stanza; after which all joined together in singing "Brothers We," all of them bringing their colors down so that only the white of their gowns was seen, as they ended with "The White Light of Unity."

Then the color groups took their places as Flowers of Fairy Garden, in which they chatted together and worked for Brotherhood in the presence of their beloved Queen Rose, until Purity, the White Lotus, comes to them, bringing the message, which he had found in his heart, after coming up into the sunlight, through the turbulent waters from his bed of clay. After his refusal of the scepter offered him by the Queen, saying as he does so, that he is

but a messenger to bring a gleam of light, all recognize him as Diamond Soul. The meeting closed with singing "Children of Light" to the tune of Lohengrin's wedding march.

THE SECRETARY



Sydney, N. S. W., Lotus Group, March 28, 1902

We had a most successful Easter Sale Entertainment, given by the young folks. All the children were greatly improved—far ahead of any performance they have given before. They knew their songs well and sang them beautifully, and the action accompanying was done with life and grace. They all entered so heartily, naturally and *unitedly* into their work with so much visible, smiling happiness, that we had never seen anything like it here before. It was a great success and a wonderful step forward since last year. E. W.

Lullaby

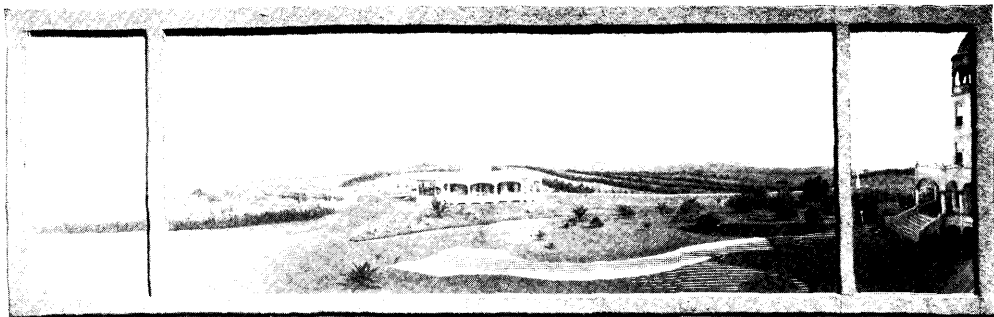
by FORD M. HUEFFER—(*Selected*)

We've wandered all about the upland fallows,
 We've watched the rabbits at their play,
 But now good-night, good-by to soaring swallows,
 Now good-night, good-by, dear day.

Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last;
 Sleep, liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling;
 Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes must sleep at night:
 Sleep, liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.

Even wind among the quiet willows
 Rests, and the sea is silent too.
 See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows
 Wait in the darkling room for you.

All the little chicks are still; now the moon peeps down the hill;
 Sleep, liebchen, sleep, the owls are hooting.
 Ships have hung their lanterns out: little mice dare creep about:
 Sleep, liebchen, sleep, the stars are shooting.



A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

From your lips speak the truth,
In your minds think the truth,
In your hearts love the truth,
In your lives live the truth.—*Selects*

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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Man, the Creator

by C. Woodhead



THE vast problems which involve the questions of the why and the wherefore of the earth's existence as we find it today, with its teeming lives, visible and invisible, plants, animals, and men, are of surpassing interest to all of us. The history, traditions and religions of all nations, far back into the night of time, are full of explanations, some literally true, some symbolical of the great evolution which is progressing before our eyes. The times are now passing away when men will any longer accept the disheartening theories of the fatalists and the pessimists who look upon this world with all its possibilities of happiness and beauty as being on the road to destruction. The heart of man will not accept this theory, however much his brain may try to make him do so in moments of vicarious depression. Nature works on, ever onward, towards its own perfection. There is no greater fallacy than the worn-out maxim about "the good old times."

The explanation of the principles which lie at the foundation of things as we see them has come as a revelation to the world, once more, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, through the teachings of the Wisdom Religion, now

called Theosophy, which has lain buried from open revelation throughout the darkness of two thousand years. So simple are these explanations that the youngest child can understand them, yet so complicated is the working out of the world-wide system that it embraces this great earth and all which it contains.

Perhaps the most crucial point and the one which it is most desirable we should all rightly understand is that of the governance of this vast kingdom. From earliest childhood it has been instilled into us that the ways of "Providence" are inscrutable. But possibly no one has been able to give us any satisfactory explanation of what Providence means or who or what it is. Yet it is not very difficult to realize, in some degree, how things came to be as they are, and furthermore to recognize how greatly we ourselves are responsible for the present condition of affairs, and further, how greatly we may modify them if we go about it in the right way.

Let us first of all recognize that there is one Eternal Law of cause and effect, which lies at the very foundation of things. This Law is patent to every one of us and requires no explanation. It is the manifestation of That upon which everything is builded. Then let us consider that the Kingdom of the earth is with the sons of men. Let us realize that everything we can see, or know, or imagine is brought about by Man, man as he is or man as he has been. Let us not forget that there are beings, who once were men, who still take an all-important part in the world's direction for the benefit of their struggling younger brothers on the road towards the Great Perfection.

All these acting together make the world as we see it—all of them working by and through the Eternal Law.

The fact that Man is the King of the Earth is too little recognized. The Divine part of our nature—that which alone is permanent—has been forgotten.

The times are ripe for its reassertion and open recognition. Could it be possible for us all to awake to our possibilities, and to unite our forces for our common enlightenment and salvation from the forces of darkness and selfish error, the desert places of suffering and heart hunger would indeed blossom as the rose.

And whilst these observations are true of man's social relationships, and of his mental intercourse and cooperation with his fellows, they are also true of those problems of more material progress which are largely engaging public attention amongst this, the most progressive and enlightened of earth's peoples. Every year is showing evidence of man's increasing understanding of the possibilities and powers that lie within him for the molding of the earth and its forces towards our common destiny.

In so far as the application of these discoveries is in accordance with the Eternal Law of Harmony, working out the happiness and joy of the underlying Soul of things, so far will they succeed by becoming permanent and eternal, as

they always have done from time immemorial. On the other hand, if applied to selfish ends, so by the action of the same wondrous and beneficent Law, their destruction is sure.

To point out, in detail, how the earth today is just as man has made it, would be obviously impossible. Let us revolve the matter in our minds and see if it be not so. And having determined, as we must, the truth of the statement, let us recognize our responsibility and determine that, as far as in us lies, we will, each of us, make possible those ideals which we all recognize. We have a mightier power to make these ideals living facts, than we are inclined to believe in our moments of sloth and care of self.

The above observations were inspired by reading an article in *Scribner's Magazine* for June, 1902, entitled "The New Agriculture," by W. S. Harwood. In the course of this article it is pointed out how unobtrusively the United States is working out its own agricultural future, and incidentally that of other nations.

It appears that there are in this country fifty-six Experiment Stations employing nearly 1000 men engaged in investigating atoms of animal and plant life, for the common benefit and welfare of the people. About a million dollars yearly are given by the Government for their support. So important have been the results accomplished that a very large number of new forms of life have actually been created. The following are extracts from Mr. Harwood's article: *

This is the key-note of the success of these institutions: There is no patent, there is no private gain, there is no monopoly—it is all absolutely free to the world.

The result of this work not only provides a distinct addition to natural wealth both on land and crops, amounting to millions of dollars in value, but it serves to set still further ahead among the cycles of theorists, that date when the earth shall have reached its maximum of productiveness.

In the prosecution of the work of each station one question is always before the director and his staff, insistent, vital, paramount, ever answered, and yet never answered:

How may we most help the State?

The answering of this question may lead forward through many avenues. It may be by the training of an ear of corn to grow for a particular purpose—to be food of man or food of beast at will, by the lengthening of a blade of grass, by the creation of a new wheat, promising magnificently to strengthen the harvests of the world; it may be the line will lead to the development of the fragrance of a flower, or the enrichment of a fruit, or the curing of a disease in plant or animal; it may mean the installation of a new grass or fruit from a foreign land, destined to supplant native varieties, or the reclamation of vast stretches of arid land, or the betterment of a strain of cattle, or the restoration of an exhausted soil, or the revolution of the methods of handling a dairy product, or the solution of intricate problems and the establishment of vital laws for the feeding of man or animal, so that economy is conserved and health sustained—*the lines reach far and deep into the heart of life.*

* The italics mine throughout.—C. W.

It is quite beyond one's power of imagination to foresee what such work as this means to the race, what it means in influence upon the world's markets, upon its flour manufacturing, upon its food production.

It is related on good authority that many of the forms of plant and fruit life which we now enjoy, are due to ages of special cultivation in prehistoric days.

The more we look at it the more shall we be convinced that the future holds many and untold possibilities which we cannot foresee, and surely these Experiment Stations may be classed amongst those which are engaged in working out a beneficent future for mankind.

Of all places in the world California is most likely to benefit from such works as these. Its magnificent climate, its rugged and uncultivated but rich and fruitful soil, await the hand and mind of the creator—man—to make it the fairest country of the world. The planting and irrigation of it are but questions of determination and subjection of supposed private interests to the public welfare.

Can it be possible that the people of the Golden State will fail to recognize the future, which lies ready for the taking?

THE ARID LANDS OF CALIFORNIA

From an article in *Scribner's Magazine* for June 1902 by W. S. HARWOOD

For more than twenty years the California station, a department of the university of that State, has been at work upon a problem of national, indeed, of international importance—the reclamation of arid lands. The subject was particularly vital in the far western portion of the United States, where great stretches of waste lands have abounded since the beginnings of agriculture, a disheartening bar to development. The solving of the problem was immensely difficult. The situation was full of perplexities. But the work was searching and consistent, and the one main object was not lost sight of for an hour: to prove that these arid soils might be made fertile. Within the last two years the value of all the experimental work of the two decades has become apparent. Millions of acres of land, once believed to be desert, will now be compelled to yield richly. It has been proven at this station, that regions which have been shunned for a century as among the barrenest spots on the globe, are marvelously rich and amenable to agriculture. Many hundreds of samples of soil from the barren lands were analyzed, coming under the keenest scrutiny of the microscopist and chemist.

Broadly speaking, the investigations demonstrated, that the salts of the soil of the alkali lands, injurious to grains, grasses, fruits and forests bear no relation to the salt of the sea, the alkali land being wholly different from coast marsh lands deriving their salt from the ocean waters; that the salts of the alkali lands are native to the soil, their presence being largely due to the absence of rain-fall, (the salts staying in the soil because they are not leached out and carried away by the rain); that the salts rise to the surface after heavy rain-falls, as Professor E. W. Hilgard, of the station, puts it, as oil rises in the wick of a lamp; that when the land is flooded with water by some sudden rain-fall or by over-irrigation, so that the salts rise to the surface and destroy vegetation, it is only necessary to resort to under-drainage, a re-

versal of the usual process ; that the salts in the soil have a way of running up and down in the upper four or five feet of soil following the movement of the moisture.

It was proven also, that the evil in the soil called black alkali—stretches of dark, barren regions unfit for agriculture—may be neutralized by spreading over the black earth a coating of gypsum. And then, curiously enough, as a result of investigations, a mine of the gypsum was found within the limits of the State.

Napoleon

by LORD BYRON—(*Selected*)

O MORE or less than man—in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field:
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now,
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield:
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor
 However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
 Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
 With that untaught, innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye—
 When fortune fled her spoiled and favorite child,
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow:
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

The Selfishness of Sorrow

by A. X.

L²

LITTLE SUE was full of excitement and unwonted energy that morning. She had worked well at her lessons and her governess let her off earlier than usual, so before the luncheon bell rang there would be time for a nice chat with her little friend Amy, next door. Sue had soon mounted on the rockery at her side of the wall and signalled to Amy, who ran out and climbed on to the back of a garden seat so that they could talk quite cosily.

"She is coming today, and I am to go with Aunt Theresa to the station! The carriage will be round directly after luncheon," Sue announced breathlessly.

"Oh, how splendid!" said Amy, looking quite as delighted as her friend.

In eager tones the two little girls chatted on about the golden days that were to follow, now that the long-expected home-coming of Mrs. Dowse, Sue's widowed mother, was really at hand.

Captain Dowse had been away on foreign service ever since Sue was three years old, and for several years Mrs. Dowse had spent the winter abroad with her husband. Some months before this she had nursed him through his last illness, and for a long while afterwards had been herself too ill to travel.

Sue could scarcely remember her father, so all her hopes and affections were centered around her gentle and beautiful mother, who had spent many joyous summers in England with her little daughter. The bright memory of those glad times only helped to make the rigid and joyless routine of her dull life with an elderly aunt seem all the more gloomy. No pains were spared in the little girl's up-bringing, and all her outer wants were carefully provided for, but as regards heart-hunger and soul requirements she was starved and destitute.

The momentous meeting was over. Sue, arrayed in the stiffest of her detested black frocks, was sitting bolt-upright in the brougham glancing timidly at the sad-eyed lady, all shrouded in harsh, black crepe, who was her mother.

"When we get home it will be all right," thought the poor child hopefully. But the evening passed without lessening the feeling of mournful constraint. Her mother cried so much every time she caressed little Sue that the child began to feel quite frightened, and for once was glad when the time came for her to go to bed.

It was a doleful enough little face that appeared on Sue's side of the wall the next day, but when Amy came running up eager to hear the news, Sue tried to hide her sorrow and smiled bravely:

"She looks entirely different to long ago—nothing seems quite the same except the pretty shiny curls in her hair. Oh, Amy, she is nearly as sad as Aunt Theresa all the time, and I can't cuddle up to her with all that scrappy black stuff on her dress! She cries when she kisses me, and she's not one bit like my pretty little mother used to be," and in spite of heroic efforts Sue's lip quivered and a big tear plashed on to the wall.

"Perhaps she is ill and her head is paining her," suggested Amy, full of sympathy. "When she is better it will all be different. Did you ask her about letting you go to school?" This was one of the children's most cherished projects. Sue hated doing lessons all alone with her governess, and Amy was longing to have her friend go to school with her every day.

"No, I think now I shall never dare to ask her that," said poor Sue. "Aunt Theresa was saying at breakfast what an excellent teacher Miss Jones is, and mother said she hoped she would stay with us a long time."

Amy did her best to cheer her friend with hopes and prophecies, but as days grew into weeks things got worse rather than better, and she was nearly in despair—all the plans she had proposed to Sue for getting her mother to be happy again had proved useless.

At last one afternoon, she saw Sue driving off to town with her aunt, and so she guessed Mrs. Dowse would be alone. "Now, I shall just go to see her by myself and tell her about Sue," said Amy to herself, with sudden resolution.

She got ready in feverish haste, and before long was shown into a very prim drawing room. Her heart beat wildly while she waited there alone; then the door opened and Mrs. Dowse came in looking very sad and solemn. But something in the bright, eager face of the little visitor touched her heart, and her voice was soft and kindly as she said: "Did you wish to see me, dear? You are Sue's little friend from next door, I think." And she led the child to a seat near the fire.

"We were so glad at first that you were coming back," Amy blurted out precipitately, "and we talked and talked about it all every day, and Sue had no one to love her properly, and we thought you would not make her wear those horrid black things, and you'd let her go to school and be with all the other children, and she has had no mother loving her for such a long time now."

With a sharp pang Mrs. Dowse recalled the frequent signs of furtive grief she had noticed on her little daughter's face, and she recoiled at the picture of her own selfish sorrowing that the child's words revealed. Stung to the quick, her inner nature was aroused, and tenderly drawing the brave little girl to her side, she said: "I see you love my little Sue very much indeed, dear; it was so good and kind of you to come and tell me this."

Then the child chattered on with renewed confidence, and every word made clearer to the mother's heart how poignant and prolonged her daughter's sufferings

had been, and while she encouraged Amy to talk on, she was rapidly maturing a scheme that would end this unhappiness and inaugurate a bright new era in her little daughter's life.

"Do you know, dear," she said, "I am thinking that Sue needs a complete change of air to make her quite happy and strong again, so I am going to carry her right off with me to the sea-side in a few days, and when you get your holidays you shall come and stay with us, and what glorious times we'll have, all three together! Let us go in right now and ask your mother if you may come to us."

It was soon all happily arranged, and what a summer that was, to be sure! The mother, who had been so nearly absorbed and deadened by a morbid grief, proved to be the most delightful of playmates and companions; and in the new interests and joys which her life with the two children brought, she forgot her sorrow and her lack of strength and grew bright and happy as of yore.

The Flood-tide of Spiritual Life

by Rev. S. J. Neill*



WE know there are tides in the ocean; and we know that men have been able, by careful observation, to construct tables of low tides, and high tides for a long time in the future. The general theory is that the moon and the sun cause the tides by the pulling influence which they exert on the earth. The external world is a type of the invisible, and corresponds to it as the glove corresponds to the hand that wears it. The Universe is the embodiment of Law, and the word "chance" is a term we use to cover our ignorance. The tides in the ocean do not result from chance, but from fixed law. The general state of the tide is, we know, caused by the relation of the sun and moon to the earth: and though winds, and other causes, which vary the state of the tide, may make it impossible for us to tell *how* high, or *how* low the tide will be at a given place and time, yet these causes, too, are the result of law; not of chance.

A study of human life on this earth discloses the fact that there are many ups and downs in the life of the race. A closer study shows that these periods of rise and fall have a certain relation to each other, a certain periodicity, as truly as have the tides of the ocean. This fact Shakespeare has noted in the lines:

* Address given at Isis Theatre, San Diego, May 25, 1902

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.—*Julius Cæsar*

It is a general observation that races and nations have their periods of infancy, manhood, age, and decay. It has also been observed that the progress of civilization, in historical times, has been from the East towards the West—from the Orient to Asia Minor, thence to Greece and Rome, and then to the various European nations, and lastly to America, where various elements are coming together for the purpose of evolving a new and more advanced race.

These two general facts are accepted by all, but they are only parts of a larger whole. And in all ages there have been a few advanced thinkers who have taught that the long course of the Life of Humanity is divided into definite periods, ages or eons, some longer, some shorter, corresponding somewhat to day and night, the seasons of the year, and other observed periods in the ordinary course of nature. We often speak of the night of the Middle Ages, when darkness covered Europe: and there were periods of night in other lands and times, as in Palestine, India, Egypt, and ancient America. Thus history, as we know it, indicates beyond all doubt that the law of periodicity, which we see in the tides of the ocean, holds good also in the course of the life of humanity; and we can speak correctly of a tide in the affairs of nations, races, or individuals.

In that revelation of the Wisdom Religion given us by H. P. Blavatsky, and known as Modern Theosophy, we have, among many other things, a much fuller outline of the general plan of things given us than men had been able to get in other ages. In that revelation of the Great Law which governs the world, and the universe, we are told that humanity evolves, by certain natural stages, through great races, like the Atlantean, and smaller races, like the Aryan or Semitic, and minor races like the Greek, Roman, French, German, English, and others. Each of these has its morning, noon, and night, or its spring-time, summer and winter—in each the great tide of the world's life flows and ebbs.

Each great religion marks a spring-time of the world's life: and as spring follows a period of winter, so the spring-time of a great religion comes after a season of winter, a period of spiritual darkness and need.

If we take the case of the Mohammedan religion, we find that it came to the peoples of the Arab stock when they were immersed in a miserable idolatry. If we can judge of the state of the world 1900 years ago from certain parts of Greek and Latin authors, or from certain things found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, we must conclude that the Greek and Roman religions had become little more than a mockery, and that no strong moral and spiritual power existed to keep from corruption the nations around the Mediterranean. It was in that hour

of great need that Christianity came bringing Life and Immortality to light.

We know also that when Buddha came the religion of Ancient India sadly needed reform. In each instance, after a period of winter, after a time of spiritual darkness, there came a spiritual spring-time, or a full-tide of the world's life.

The pity has been that, owing to obstructions caused by human folly, the spring-time has not lasted so long as it should have done; the full-tide of spiritual life has ebbed very soon. If we take the case of Christianity we know that even during the life-time of the Apostles, disharmony and division began to work. And the state of the church which we find at the Council of Nice (A. D. 325), is a condition of turmoil, strife and worldly scheming, utterly foreign to the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ. Thus the spring-time of Christianity was nipped very early: the flood-tide of spiritual life was split into foam as it dashed against the rocks of human vanity, love of power, and love of rule.

Now, what is the meaning and practical outcome to us of all this? Surely it is that we may read these letters of fire and take warning. Surely the voice of history is a divine voice warning us that we neglect not to co-operate now with the Great Law of Nature that again brings the spring-time, that again produces a flood-tide of spiritual life, and that not for one nation or race only, but for the whole world.

Had Christianity remained on the lines laid down by its great Founder, the world would not be the pandemonium which it is today—the armed camp where greed, and craft, and might rule, and where nearly every man's hand is against his fellow. The mission of Jesus, as he himself says, was specially to the Jews: "I was not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." His teaching, however, being universal, being part of the Divine Wisdom, could not be limited, and hence the spread of it among European peoples. The mission of Mohamed was to the Arabs, another portion of the Semitic stock, and it has never extended much beyond them. The mission of Buddha was to a portion of the great Aryan race and, strange to say, just as Christianity came to the Jews and when rejected by them was given to the Greeks and Romans, so Buddhism, which came to reform the caste-bound Brahmins, was rejected by them, for the most part, and was then extended to other countries—Ceylon, Burma, China, and Japan.

We have, in the present day, the Ancient Wisdom Religion again presented to the world in a fuller and more perfect way than ever before. It is not too much to say that for the last 1900 years or so, the world has been undergoing preparation for the full-tide of spiritual life which is now flowing.

But one may say, what reason have we to assert that there is any tide of spiritual life at present? Do not the conditions of the world point just the other way? When, in the history of the world, were men more selfish, more

materialistic in their thoughts and lives? When were spiritual things so little esteemed? Are not the churches often as worldly as the world? Are not some of them as devoted to the outward and the conventional as ever were the effete religions of the ancient world? All this is true, and it is just because it is true; it is just because of the world's winter—because of the world's terrible need, that the spring-time from on high is coming to break up the frost and ice of the materialistic winter, and to make the flowers of hope, and joy, charity, and peace, bloom once more in the hearts of men. It is an old proverb, founded upon long experience, that “the darkest and coldest hour of all the night is the hour before dawn,” and certainly that was so in the history of the twenty-five years before H. P. Blavatsky came again to reveal the ancient Wisdom Religion.

But some one may still say, What evidence have we for believing that modern Theosophy is such a great revelation, or that it floods the world with spiritual life? That the world was in great need is some evidence, but it is not enough to warrant us in accepting Theosophy as meeting that need.

The needs of this age are at least three-fold, whereas the prominent need of any other age was confined to one point chiefly. In the case of Buddha, for instance, the need was to proclaim the true religion as being independent of caste, as itself constituting the true nobility. The need which Jesus Christ met was to give reality instead of formalism, the spirit rather than the letter, and to proclaim God as the Father of all men, and not of one race or tribe only. But today the needs of the world are many and varied. We know that the Nineteenth century developed the scientific spirit so that there was a great “Conflict between Science and Religion.” Theosophy must therefore meet all those points demanded by the age. It must explain man's nature as neither the churches nor the scientists were able to do. It must emphasize the fact that man is divine, and not a mere animal, as the scientists had taught. It must show that true religion is based in the very nature of man, and of all things, and is therefore *divinely* scientific. This Theosophy has done, and it has not only covered the points on which science was speculating, but it has gone very far beyond, and has unfolded the general principle of the universe in such a way that no future revelation will make the present one antiquated.

Another crying need of the times is for unity, for justice, for truth, for love and peace—in other words, for Universal Brotherhood. The nations of the world have been wearing out their lives to support huge fleets and armies; and the warfare of commerce has been hardly less bitter than that of the sword. Theosophy declares and proves the unity of life, and the amity and peace which should naturally result therefrom. We are all members in one body. We are all children in the same divine family. Each man is his brother's keeper. The

loss of one is the loss of all, and the gain of one is the gain of all. Theosophy meets that fear of death which holds so many in bondage, and shows that the real man never dies, for what we call death is the soul's laying aside for a time its garb of flesh.

Another great need of the age arose from the fact that men had largely ceased to believe in the old church teaching about hell and the devil, and nothing had taken the place of these beliefs, hence the tendency of many, when left without any restraint, to lead careless lives. Theosophy, by enforcing the law of Karma, showing that we reap what we sow, makes all wrong-doing a blunder and a folly as well as a sin, for who but a fool would light a fire to burn himself?

Another very essential need of the age was a right conception of the Divine. Scientists had become so immersed in their own investigations of matter that their eyes were like the eyes of moles, they could not see the sun. For them matter was all. The churches, on the other hand, had made God more and more like mortal man, hence it was most necessary that men should realize the immanence of the divine, and feel that they "live, and move, and have their being in God." The Universe then becomes the perpetual dwelling place, the solemn temple of the Most High. The All-Seeing Eye is upon all our thoughts, and in all the manifestations of law we see the presence of Divine Will. These, and many other things Theosophy teaches, and in doing so it covers the whole field of the world's need—a wider field of need than ever existed before.

Consider, again, what long preparations, on outer lines, have been taking place in the world, so as to make possible the rapid diffusion of spiritual light now. The net-work of electric wires connecting nations. The Universal Postal Union, silently bringing men nearer to one another, and making for peace. The rapid intercourse by sea and land. The community of nations along many material lines. The printing press. These and many other things are so many channels for the full-tide of spiritual life to flood all nations. St. Paul could not travel a few hundred miles without great danger both by land and sea; now he could sit in his office and send circulars to the whole world. When Jesus came his wonderful works and life were hardly known outside of Palestine; now the Sermon on the Mount would be in the morning and evening papers from California to Japan, and from Northern Europe to the Southern Pacific.

The great activity of the world, the rapid intercourse between nations, the consuming hunger for something that will satisfy—all these are signs of the times, and they indicate that a mighty tide is flowing.

We know that the ship which hardly moves responds very slowly to the helm, but when she moves quickly a slight motion of the helm is sufficient to rapidly change her course. Things move quickly in the world today, and that itself is an avenue of hope, and an indication of the mighty tide that is flowing.

We can, by a firm hand on the helm, change our lives, and change the course of the world much more quickly now than would have been possible in other times.

The cardinal feature in every great spiritual movement is that it brings *reality* in place of shams, and *truth* and *honesty* instead of lies and dishonesty. This the Theosophical teaching has done, it has been a light-bringer, and for this very reason that it has thrown light on shams, and idols, and hypocrites, holding up as its motto—"There is no religion higher than Truth"—for this very reason it has called forth the vituperation and misrepresentation. Those who love darkness have made common cause against the Theosophical Society. Thus it has been in all ages; the orthodoxy of every age has been the opponent of Truth, and those who regarded themselves as the custodians of religion have been the first to stone the prophets, and kill those that were sent for man's liberation. This in some cases arises from bigotry and mental darkness, but in most cases it springs from self-interest. The craft is in danger. But we feel certain that no obstacles, no detractors, no misrepresentations, nor any other thing can now impede the course of the mighty wave of spiritual life which is flooding the world—which is welling up in the hearts of men. The great ones who have watched by the cradle and the grave of empires and races, and who have shaped events for this time in which we now live, are not going to allow a few obstacles to block the path of the world's progress. The sun is rising with healing in his beams, and the world itself could not prevent the light shining. The utmost any man can do is to put up the shutters on his own window. The mighty tide of spiritual life is flowing—it is rising higher and higher every year, and every month. All that is worn out, all that is merely conventional, all hypocrisy and sham will be swept away; and Truth shall establish her kingdom on the pillars of justice and judgment, uprightness and peace. Then truly shall the waste places of the earth rejoice, and the desert shall blossom as the rose, and none shall hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.

THE Infinite always is silent,
 It is only the Finite speaks;
 Our words are the idle wave-caps
 On a deep that never breaks.
 We question with wand of science;
 Explain, decide and discuss;
 But only in meditation
 The mystery speaks to us.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

What Is True Motherhood?

by Phaeton



THE nineteenth century has been called the woman's century. The twentieth century will be called the century of the child.

Those who study conditions in a broad way awaken more and more to a knowledge of the present universal interest in childhood, a universal desire to give to all children a higher moral training than was given to ourselves.

Napoleon was not wrong when he said, "What France needs is mothers." What the world needs today is mothers, true mothers. We begin to realize at last that the great souls of the past cannot come back to us and work again for humanity as they long to do, until there are great and noble women willing to call them back and care for them. Like attracts like and the magnetic laws which operate on the physical plane operate also on the planes of mind and soul.

Yet, today a startling fact confronts us. The most highly educated women, as the world goes, shrink from motherhood as if it were a state most undesirable. How can the paradox be explained? First, we must ask, what is true motherhood?

Let us picture to ourselves what motherhood would mean under ideal conditions. Let us go back in thought to the Golden Age, the spring-time of the race, when there was no sorrow, no selfishness, when the gods walked beside us and all dwelt together in one vast Brotherhood. Picture to yourselves the benediction that motherhood must have brought in such an age, when the woman went forth like a warrior, to pay her debt unto the future, where both man and woman welcomed the little child, where life was joy because passion had not yet laid its filthy hand upon the human race.

Those were golden days when the woman was an inspiration to the man and together they studied the deeper meaning of life. But picture to yourself what motherhood must have meant during the Dark Ages, when woman was the toy, the courtesan, or the beaten slave; man the tyrant, the victim of his passions and appetites. Is it strange that during those days children were unwelcome, motherhood came to be regarded as a task, a misfortune or a curse?

Read the history of education during the Middle Ages. See how the children of the world were totally misunderstood, their minds crammed and stuffed, their souls left to starve. Had not a Light come during that heavy time and given to the race a higher conception of womanhood, what was there that would have saved humanity from sinking so low that at last it would have wholly passed,

the soul of it snuffed out like the flame of a candle. But the Light came, the standard was planted and lo, the world became a battlefield. History makes very plain how the real pain of it all fell upon the mothers. They could not fight a fair battle as could man, for their every step was heavy with the little children clinging to their skirts. They could not strike a single blow for themselves for their arms were about the child. Contrast the benediction of motherhood in the Golden Age with the terror and struggle, the heart-ache and the disappointment that have been the sign and seal of motherhood ever since written history began. For the true mother heart yearns to give her children something more than she had in her own childhood, something more than mere bread, mere knowledge, mere education. And, in accordance with that Universal Law by which we become strong and wise only in proportion as we contribute to the wisdom and the strength of others, so, in seeking to help the child, has the motherhood and the womanhood of the world grown strong and great. Today once again the true woman is in the van of that great army of warrior souls that sweeps on through the centuries and through all time.

Yet, is the battle over? No! Within the heart of every true woman is a deep unrest. The race has won for its children the bread that feeds the body and the bread that feeds the mind. But today a new need has arisen, for the sunlight is beginning to pour in on human life, and much that was hidden by the darkness of the past this light now reveals. We see that our children are more than bodies, more than mere intellects. We see that they are souls; and that, as souls, they demand soul-food. They demand the Bread of Heaven, and they look for it first to their mothers.

Yet what a battle awaits the mother today in her effort to guide the higher nature of her child, to win for her child the Bread of Heaven. Pitted against her are all the intellectualism, all the convention, all the sensuality of the age. Pitted against her better impulses also, are her own intellectual tendencies, her own intellectual ambitions. All these she must face and conquer or she barter her own motherhood. That is exactly why today our brightest women shrink from the difficulties and the obliteration of the mother's life because, as the frankest of them confess, "One has to give up so much."

Let us not condemn them. They do not know that Universal Law by which the seed must be buried in the ground and die ere the living plant can come to birth, that Universal Law by which the mother must bury her personal likes and dislikes or the divine, real, mother self cannot take root and grow. They do not trust enough. They hesitate to drink of that sacred cup of experience which in the beginning is as poison and in the end as the waters of life.

Oh! if the mothers of the world knew of the message the women of Lomaland have for them, they would go out like warriors to meet the difficulties of

their position, willing to become a target for the enemies of the right and of God. They would find their own souls, and in this battle for their children, they would learn their power and blossom into such a wise use of it that the world would become a Heaven, verily, in a single generation.

Let me paint you a symbolic picture. It will tell you the story not of one mother but of every mother in the world who dares this fight and wins. I paint you in that picture a mother beside the cradle of her baby boy. She is thinking of her daily life, so crowded with the hard things and the insignificant things that are left to the mothers of the world because no one else will do them. She is thinking of her intellectual ambitions, buried. She is thinking of the great men of the ages. She sees the laurel crown their heads and the palm before their feet. She hears the world's applause and this mother counsels with her soul, and cries, "Have the mothers of these men no share in all this?" And her soul replies, "No one dreams of it, if they have."

The mother looks down at her boy and says, "I could have done a broader work than this." And her soul replies, "What is broader than the foundation?" She thinks of the battles she must fight for that boy and she asks, despairing, "Will motherhood always mean heartache?" And her soul replies, "Yea, until motherhood is learned." And the mother becomes silent, silent. And out of her silence is born the peace that tells of conquest.

The baby boy laughs in his cradle. The mother stoops low and lifts him to her heart. She looks into his eyes and sees there the shining of the Infinite Light, and over this woman sweep the life currents of the divine. The old selfishness slips away from her soul like a cast-off garment. She holds her boy closer to her heart and stands erect, for her face is radiant.

Years pass away. The battle is often heavy. The fire is hot about her. But the gods bend low. They lift this woman into power and into peace, and from that mystic hour she walks beside them.

And at last the time comes when the mother can say, "I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith." She has won for her boy the Bread of Life, and at last he stands before her a man, in the fullness and stature of the Higher Self, and the world has another Teacher.

And the mother says unto her son, "Let us help the world together." For the battle has made her young. Her heart is still aflame and the world is a place to grieve over.

The son takes his mother's hand and together they go forth unto humanity. For humanity needs their message and the pain of the world still is. But the mother says, "Nay, this is not enough; let us carry this message to mothers."

And it comes to pass that the mothers of the world hear this message and take heed.

And I paint you another picture of a fair land beside an opal sea, where men and women together teach the child; a land where pain and sin are not, where selfishness exists not; a land where dwell the gods, unto whose borders broodeth an infinite peace, and over whose mountains shineth the Eternal Sun.

And shall these things ever be? Yea, verily, in the future as in the past, when true motherhood is learned.

Thomas Paine



Extracts from an article contributed by MONCURE D. CONWAY, in the *New York Sun*

THE present year, 1902, is the hundredth anniversary of Thomas Paine's return to America after his fifteen stormy years in Europe. His *Age of Reason* caused him to be met with universal denunciation in the pulpits, in which President Jefferson was to some extent included for receiving him as a guest in the executive mansion.

But Paine's adherents made the most of his "providential" escapes from British pursuit after his indictment for writing *The Rights of Man*, and naturally his escape from the guillotine by the accident of a chalk mark being made on his door in prison when it was open, so that it was inside when the door was closed.

When, after so many perils, Paine settled peaceably in his homestead at New Rochelle, presented to him by Congress for his services in the Revolution, and continued to propagate his theistic opinions, there were many pious predictions that he would either recant or that his death-bed would be marked by some fearful judgment.

On January 18, 1809, Paine wrote his will, the opening sentence of which is: "The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my Creator, God, and in no other, for I know of no other, and believe in no other."

Paine had no fear of death, but only of living too long, and suffering like his parents, from helpless age. When at length death was plainly approaching, his only dread was excited by the aggressions of proselyters, whose eagerness for some miraculous manifestations, from heaven or hell, at the death-bed of the famous Deist, was likely to fabricate a fabulous fulfillment. He therefore sent

for the widow of his friend, Elihu Palmer, left in poverty, to watch beside him till his death.

His next anxiety was lest fanatics, in their disappointment if he was neither converted nor carried off by Satan, should subject his body to indignities, and, his parents having been Quakers, he requested burial in the Friends' graveyard in New York. This was refused solely because of his Deism, nothing being alleged against his character.

Paine, who was born January 29, 1736 or '37, died of dropsy June 8, 1809, about 8 A. M., in a house on the spot now occupied by 59 Grove street, Greenwich. No announcement was made of his funeral, probably through fear of some popular demonstration.

He was followed to his grave in New Rochelle by Mme. de Bonneville, who with her husband—still under surveillance of Bonaparte—had so long given him a home in Paris; by a company of negroes, for the freedom of whose race he had so often pleaded; and by an eminent Quaker, William Quittance, probably also by another Friend, Willett Hicks. With Mme. de Bonneville were her two sons, Benjamin (afterward General) and Thomas, who entered the United States Navy.

Placing Benjamin at one end of the grave, and herself standing at the other, Mme. de Bonneville cried: "O, Mr. Paine, my son stands here as testimony of the gratitude of America, and I for France!"

Such were the only services at the grave of the author concerning whom a committee of Congress had reported on the preceding February 1st "That Mr. Paine rendered great and eminent services to the United States during their struggle for liberty and independence cannot be doubted by any person acquainted with his labors in the cause and attached to the principles of the contest."

Then Paine entered on a posthumous career. There was no Quaker formula against Deism, and the refusal of a grave to Paine—resented by Quittance, Willett Hicks and others of the society—initiated, as I believe, the controversy which presently founded the Hicksite Quakers.

A plain headstone was placed at Paine's grave, but bits of it were chipped away by visitors. A fragment used to be occasionally shown at Paine celebrations in New York, and the destruction of the headstone ascribed to orthodox vandalism. But Gilbert Vale, who in 1837 edited *The Beacon*, said in that paper that it was done by "admiring visitors."

In September, 1819, William Cobbett, the English Radical, who was then planning to steal Paine's bones, wrote from America a public letter to Lord Folkstone, in which he advised him to read Paine's *Decline and Fall of the British System of Finance*, and said:

Yet while such a fellow as pensioned Johnson, that slave of State, stands in colossal marble in St. Paul's, Paine lies in a little hole under the grass and weeds of an obscure farm in America. There, however, he shall not lie unnoticed much longer.

He belongs to England. His fame is the property of England; and if no other people will show that they value that fame, the people of England will.

Yes, my Lord, among the pleasures that I promise myself, is that of seeing the name of Paine honored in every part of England, where base corruption caused him, while alive, to be burned in effigy. Never will England be what it ought to be until the marble of Pitt's monument is converted into a monument to the memory of Paine.

In the same month the remains were dug up.

Our expedition set out from New York in the middle of the night; got to the place (twenty-two miles off) at the peep of day; took up the coffin entire; and just as we found it it goes to England. Let it be considered the act of the Reformers of England, Scotland and Ireland. In their name we opened the grave, and in their name will the tomb be raised.—*Cobbett's Register*, vol. xxxv, p. 382

An aged Quaker informed me that a number of Friends who were on the ship *Elizabeth* when Cobbett came aboard with the big box at New York, left ship on learning its contents; and those who looked for a striking judgment on the vessel were disappointed. Cobbett with his strange freight landed at Liverpool November 21, 1819.

The reaction caused by the French Revolution was beginning to subside when Cobbett brought to England the bones of its famous outlaw, who, the attorney-general had declared in 1792, should never enter the country again except *in vinculis*. Cobbett's enterprise was met with mingled wrath and ridicule. . . .

Eight days after the arrival of Paine's bones at Liverpool, three different bills were introduced into Parliament, all aimed against the recovery by the people of rights lost during the French Revolution—the Seditious Meetings bill, the Training Prevention bill, and the blasphemous Libels bill. The promoters of these measures were not slow in availing themselves of the Paine-Cobbett incident. On December 2, 1819, Mr. Wilmot said in the House of Commons:

Does anybody advocate the principle of these meetings? If such a man exists it can only be in the person of the individual just returned from America, who has dug up the unhallowed bones of the blasphemer, and has brought them to this country for the purpose of creating a frenzied feeling in favor of his projects, and like old John Ziska, who desired that his skin should be made into a drum to rouse his countrymen, wishes to stir up impiety and disaffection by the exhibition of this mummery to the irritated people of this country.

As for the ridicule, it was, apart from newspaper paragraphs, chiefly represented by some anonymous rhymes, written with skill but with an affectation of rudeness, and printed in the cheapest form.

Whether even under more auspicious circumstances Cobbett could have revived enthusiasm for Paine is doubtful. In 1820 George III gave a blow to public interest in Paine's bones by dying on Paine's birthday, January 29th. Thenceforth popular feeling was entirely occupied with the sufferings of Queen Caroline and the affairs of George IV.

Cobbett at once began his efforts to get into Parliament, and Paine's bones were stored away and forgotten for years. It appears, however, that he occasionally exhibited them.

[Mr. Conway then traces in detail the fate and fortunes of Paine's bones through many years. They were successively lost, found, given away, sold at auction once or twice, and finally the purchaser of them at the Cobbett sale discovered that theft also had played its part. The skull was missing. That with the bones of the right hand had been removed and, to quote Mr. Conway, "had gone on a career of its own." Of Paine's hand he says]:

Oliver Ainslie says that the smallness and delicacy of Paine's hand were such that the late Professor John Marshall of the Royal College of Surgeons at first thought it was the hand of a female. "The head was also small for a man and of the Celtic type, I should say, and somewhat conical in shape, and with more cerebellum than frontal development."

Some little time after his father's death the skull and hand were brought from 71 Mornington Road, where the Rev. Robert Ainslie had resided, to Oliver Ainslie's house, 47 Lincoln's Inn Fields, whence they were taken away by a Mr. Penny, to whom had been confided some arrangements of the room containing them for a new tenant. Oliver Ainslie became interested in the remains only when too late to save them, and was unable to find Mr. Penny, nor did he know his full name.

He supposed that Penny may have disposed of the skull to one of the waste paper dealers near by. But this appears to me improbable. Every physician must possess a skull, which is worth more than a waste paper dealer would pay.

This skull of Paine also had the name of J. P. Cobbett written, or perhaps scratched, on it. If an obvious remark may be forgiven, Mr. Penny would hardly be so pound-foolish as to dispose of a skull so inscribed as mere rubbish, and Paine's skull may be in some London doctor's office or craniological collection.

. . . .

Mr. Ainslie had come into possession of Paine's skull some years before his orthodoxy was called into question, and the hue and cry might have been disagreeably renewed had it reached the public that while secretary of the City Mission he had the bones of Tom Paine in his house.

It appears certain that when he purchased Paine's skull some years before his orthodoxy was called into question, Mr. Ainslie was unconscious of heretical symptoms. If it were admissible for Painites to believe in the potency of saintly

relics they might point to the fact that Paine's skull fell into the hands of an orthodox member of the City Mission, and Paine's brain into those of an orthodox Baptist minister, and that both of these ministers subsequently became unorthodox.

That Paine's skull is still somewhere in London is highly probable. . . . Most of us have heard from the pulpit stories of Paine's recantation or of his frightful end, but one told me by my friend, Mr. Van der Weyde, the eminent London photographer, exhibited him as a variant of the Wandering Jew. In boyhood Van der Weyde heard shudderingly a sermon in which the preacher said that Tom Paine was so wicked that he could not be buried, the earth would not hold him. His bones were placed in a box and carried about from one place to another, until at last they came into the hands of a button maker, and now his bones are traveling about the world in the form of buttons. Every now and then one of these legendary "buttons" appears in the form of some long-exploded fiction about Paine.

But I have recently been able to terminate the wanderings of the last discoverable remnant of Paine's body. Two years ago I learned that the fragment of brain had been turned over by the aged minister, Rev. George Reynolds, to the well-known second-hand book-seller of London, Charles Higham. Seeing Higham's advertisement of the same it troubled me that any atom of Paine's unpurchasable brain should be hawked about. So I offered £5 for it, and the offer was accepted.

I brought it home with me on the *Kaiser Frederick*. It need hardly be added that the ship was struck by a cyclone, but nevertheless the remnant of Thomas Paine so ended its wanderings of four-score years, and has found a repose in the country whose cause, as he declared, made him an author.

BUILD on resolve, and not upon regret,
 The structure of thy future. Do not grope
 Among the shadows of old sins, but let
 Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope,
 And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
 Upon the blotted record of lost years,
 But turn the leaf and smile, oh, smile to see
 The fair white pages that remain for thee.—*Selected*

Design in Art

by Cashel



AMID the discord of conflicting voices, each crying its infallible remedy for all the ills artistic from which mankind suffers, it is with pleasure that one hears the call of a prophet in the wilderness who is not entirely psychologized by the prevailing fads and fashions of the day. We refer to the American artist, Mr. George de Forest Brush, who has lately expressed in pithy words what thoughtful students and critics are feeling in degrees proportionate to their experience. Mr. Brush, after discussing the false ideas of the purpose of art so largely current, contends, wisely, that a true advance in art must be the outcome of natural development and the lifting of the whole mental atmosphere of the people, and can no more come by the exclusive devotion of the few professional art students or by the mere multiplication of art museums—excellent things though they be in their degree—than swimming can be learned without going into the water. You can learn all *about* the history and technique of art, as you can learn all *about* poetry. But the most learned knowledge of processes and systems will no more make an artist than a familiarity with the rules of grammar and scansion will make a poet.

Numberless deadly dull books have been written upon the works of the great masters, their varnishes, their "composition," their "transparent shadows," and the like, and in the galleries are collected, as in a botanist's herbarium, "specimens" of all the schools of painting and sculpture, mosaic, metal-work, etc., and on the neatly trimmed lawns of old cathedral cities are found specimens of the architecture of former times.

These remains, which are now mainly objects of wonder, were the vital outgrowth of the spirit of the ages in which they were created. They reflected the whole attitude of the man of the day—the rich man and the common man too. They were part of life itself. Look at the quaint gargoyles of the mediæval churches and remember they were carved by simple men who did just what seemed to them most natural. Look at the grotesque Madonnas and altar pieces of the early Italian schools, how exactly they illustrated the spirit of the age. As evidence of this, when Cimabue's masterpiece, which first broke through the conventions of the past and expressed the growing understanding of the Florentines, was completed, the whole people with one impulse turned out to do it honor, and carried it in triumph through the city streets.

We never do that sort of thing nowadays. Why not? What have we lost? We have lost simplicity, sincerity. We have lost the power of thinking for

ourselves in the extraordinary multiplication of useless and absolutely embarrassing objects surrounding us. Our lives are made up of too many false activities. We are prisoners to custom in our own houses. Why should nearly every fashionable drawing-room look more like a bric-a-brac store covered with useless, trivial knickknacks, than a room where the owner's individuality might show itself?

Possibly it is because the proprietor has no taste and therefore trusts to his upholsterer to supply him with the "correct thing." I fear this is only too often the truth. But how much better it would be if a little honesty and simplicity were introduced into our lives, and we ceased to live in dread of what other people might say! We then could legitimately expect a real art to arise and permeate society as of old.

Mr. Brush speaks forcibly of the influence of religion upon art, and points out that individualism has reached such an extreme in modern times that it gives rise to unrest in all departments of life, including the world of art. What a picture the current art reflects of our state of civilization! The aim to appear "respectable" is dominant. Until our young artists realize that the production of acres of mediocre canvases is not supplying a real need, and turn their abilities in the direction of applied art, humbler though the external rewards may be, shall we begin to break down the barriers which have been raised between the general public and the limited art "caste."

Though it is impossible to learn to achieve great works from a study of the past alone, it is a necessary help in lifting the general level of intelligence. To all students of human life, true knowledge of history, art history or otherwise, is of the utmost service in forming intelligent views and in helping to create a healthy public opinion. False views of the past, a narrow outlook into, or interpretation of, the pageant of history thrown upon the screen of time have actually hypnotized the leaders of modern thought and have proportionately cramped their anticipations of the future.

While bearing in mind that the study of the foundations of design in art will not make us artists, we will heartily recognize that the symbolic forms we find so widely distributed are not arbitrary inventions but, like the characteristic shapes of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, express in a sort of short-hand, the inner idea concealed behind the form.

It will be profitable to investigate some of the deep causes of the world-wide manifestations of the art-spirit in its apparently different forms.

In the ordinary courses of study given in numerous art schools in different countries, the real origin of the beautiful and curious patterns we admire and blindly copy is entirely ignored. Is not this neglect of one of the most important factors caused by the ignorance of the teachers? In earlier days art was truly the handmaid of religion and the ornamentation was an integral part of the

whole harmonious unity. Used merely for purposes of space-covering, it was almost unknown—certainly during the brightest days.

We cannot trace, with certainty, the earliest development of art in any region. Many of the remains now existing are beyond all possible calculation in point of age. But some which seem simpler in construction have been considered by common consent to be of the greatest antiquity such as, for instance, "New Grange," and its neighboring structures near Drogheda, Ireland, not far from the Hill of Tara, so famous in song and legend.

A remarkable identity in design is found between these Irish remains of extreme antiquity and the cyclopean works of Brittany, Greece, etc.

In these earliest and simplest remains we should expect to find, if our hypothesis be true that the origin of much or all of the time-honored designs is to be found in symbolism, the decorative elements of many of the later periods in simpler form. And so we do. Among the most characteristic features of antique religious decorative work are the Zigzag, the Spiral or Volute, and the "Lozenge." At "New Grange," and in the other primitive chambered buildings, we find these plainly carved on their walls; but a significant fact strikes the student who examines with care. This is that these fundamental elements of a large group of designs were obviously carved for other purposes than ornament alone, as is plainly shown by their singular positions. For, though the opening of some of the Mound-chambers is marked by a conspicuous stone bearing the significant symbol of the Spiral—the glyph of eternal progress in evolution—yet, within the dark recesses of the interior we find the same, and many other forms of frequent occurrence in later periods, carefully concealed in out-of-the-way corners and behind projections where it would be absurd to place them for decorative purposes.

In ancient Greece the cyclopean remains of extreme antiquity at Mycenæ afford a most interesting resemblance to those found in the far away Celtic countries. In the "Treasury" or "Tomb" of Atreus we find the three chief mystic symbols of New Grange reproduced with exactitude, but with the refinement which was such a distinguishing mark of Greek work. Here, in front of the Mound called the "Tomb of Atreus" the pillars bear the three chief signs which occur on the ruder masonry of Ireland, Brittany, etc. In the Greek example the spiral, the "lozenge" and zigzag are combined in a most effective design.

Traveling down the ages to a much later period, when the cult of beauty had become more dominant in the Greek mind, we find the simple scratches mentioned, with other forms such as the "world-egg," the "egg-and-tongue," the "Anthemnion" and others. Previously found in embryo, so to speak, the designs have increased in complexity and elegance, but have not altered in essential nature. Following the course of art through the centuries, we still find these

forms holding a prominent place until, at last, the tide of ignorance and materialism swept away the meaning of the symbols from the reach of mankind in general. The sacred emblems became merely subjects of curious speculation, or "properties" to be fitted in by the uninspired "decorator," wholly regardless of appropriateness, or need, except the desire to encrust a bare space with some pattern to relieve the monotony. Thus we see the chaste and dignified symbols of Greece plastered over the walls of a pot-house.

Another illustration is furnished by the treatment of the well-known wave-molding or zigzag of the early Byzantine and Norman builders. That pattern symbolized spiritual existence in the "picture writing" of antiquity, and before it fell into disuse in the later Gothic period the Romanesque architects adopted it intelligently and with obvious purpose mainly for the enrichment of the chancel; the complexity and multiplicity of the zigzag carvings increasing as the altar, the most sacred place, is reached.

The introduction of certain symbols, such as this and the Egyptian (and universal) sacred cross, the Tau, in the most important places in the early churches and cathedrals, shows, to those who understand the importance attached to this form from the earliest prehistoric times, that the guilds of wandering builders had not quite lost the lingering tradition of some of the ancient teachings of the Wisdom Religion. In the chapel of the Tower of London can be seen the sacred Tau engraved upon the two chief pillars in the chancel closest to the altar; also in Canterbury Cathedral, the center of the religious life of England during the middle ages, the two main pillars which support the high altar have the same symbol upon them in addition to the spiral or volute at the corners. In the light which Theosophy has thrown upon the deeper meanings of the old philosophies and religions it is easy for us to see that the usage of these designs in the striking manner mentioned was no haphazard coincidence, and that there was more than merely the spontaneous art-instinct displaying itself.

Many other illustrations of this theory could be given, if space permitted, but enough has been said to suggest to students that the treasures we are still fortunate enough to possess of the ancient world are a storehouse of more valuable facts than some have been willing to think. The time is coming rapidly when the intelligent study of art upon the broader lines laid down by Theosophy will open doors which have hitherto been closed against us owing to our want of brotherhood and consequent spiritual and mental blindness. To that end the simplifying and purifying of our lives will directly tend.

How often would we be ashamed of our noblest actions if the world were acquainted with the motives that impelled us.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Clouds That Hide the Sun

by a Student



As a blind man cannot see the sun although it lightens the whole world, so those blind of knowledge, or spiritually blind, also cannot perceive the omnipresent Eternal Peace that encompasses the whole universe.—*Uttara Gita*

IT is characteristic of modern speculation, as contrasted with ancient philosophies, to regard man as “evolving” or reaching up, as it were, to some hitherto unattained height. Ancient philosophies regard man as being under a cloud, in a state of lapse and delusion; and they consider his aim should be liberation and disillusionment. With the moderns, progress appears in the light of an exploration into unknown realms. With the ancients it is the home-coming.

No doubt there is no essential difference between these two, nothing more than a difference in the point of view and mode of expression. But it is often useful to correct the bias of our own opinions by comparing them with those of others. For instance, we may unconsciously fall into the habit of regarding the present life as normal and the ideal life as abnormal—something to be strained after. The influence of modern thought, in which we were bred, is so strong that it is difficult to eliminate it from our minds; and our notions as to the better life after which we aspire may be tintured with the wrong notions we had before.

We may sub-consciously harbor the notion that, in devoting ourselves to the pursuit of an ideal life, we are “sacrificing” something good, and generously courting something unpleasant for the sake of duty or some such high incentive.

Now, in the passage quoted above, we have the ideal set before us as a home-coming, a restoring to health, a removal of infirmities. The peace and joy are not elevated to some lofty and distant heaven, ever-receding, but are placed all around us; we are not asked to go searching and straining about after a new world, but to open our eyes and see the one we are now in. Heaven is not hereafter, but here; and we are gods now.

Joy is all around us,
If we would but feel it.

Now think what a vast difference these two points of view make to our hopes and prospects. The old-fashioned notions in which we have been brought up teach us to regard ourselves as weak, erring creatures, and to postpone the hope of eternal happiness and wisdom far into the future. It is the doctrine of despondency and despair with which humanity has so long been hypnotized. It

effectually kills aspiration and effort, and keeps us in continual ignorance of our possibilities—of our actual present powers. We speculate on what we may become, and know not what we are.

What a device to divert man from his treasure—to relegate all good to that imaginary sphere called the “future,” thus removing it from the present which is where we live and work!

The other point of view shows man that he *is* an immortal Soul, and there was a time when he knew it and realized it; that the Soul is filled with peace and power and knows not unrest and anxiety. But, owing to the mental blindness and paralysis brought on by long devotion to mistaken ends of lust and selfishness, the race has lost its peace and power.

And so far has the race strayed into the dark that every man is more or less consciously yearning for a return and a deliverance. We crave a restoration of health, physical, mental, moral, that we may once more be able to see the sunlight and feel the peace that enwraps all nature.

We must give up the *personal* idea which colors all our thoughts and aims, and seek for a larger and roomier ideal that will give us room to breathe. Many find this in devoted work for others, but they have to run counter to all the traditions of a society which is founded on a selfish basis. There is need for the nucleus of a new order of society to be formed, which shall encourage impersonal work instead of impeding it, and wherein the people live primarily for the sake of a common ideal, not for their individual welfares.

The peace which is all around may enter any heart that is free and open and where mean and narrow feelings are not allowed to dwell; but in the cities there are too many destructive forces at work. In Loma-land there is the opportunity for such isolated hearts to unite and together seek that peace which the greater world shall anon see and covet.

More than that: those who live the larger life in Loma-land will, as they become strengthened and fitted, go forth into the great world as Helpers, Teachers, Comforters, Bringers of Wisdom and Bearers of Peace. With the magic of a true philosophy they will touch the hearts of men. They will go into the highways and byways, they will shrink not from the publican and the sinner, they will seek the outcast and the forsaken and the despairing, they will go into the prisons which confine the body, they will break through the chains of hypocrisy which chain the minds of men, they will say to the erring man, “Look up, despair not, for verily the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, is within your own heart; and you will find it there if you will but throw off the despair that covers it up.

Those who live the larger life, students of Loma-land, will dare to speak to the erring woman, and tell her that she, too, is divine, that she may be a maker

of destiny if she will but stand forth as a soul, if she will but acknowledge her own Divinity and lay her passion and her heart-ache upon the altar of her awakened soul. But greater than all, the students of Loma-land will carry their influence and their benign philosophy into the home. They will speak unto the mothers of men and rouse them to a consciousness of their own limitless power as fashioners of the race that is to be. As Katherine Tingley spoke to the Hindus at Bombay, India, so will these students speak to all the world:

O, ye men and women, sons of the same Universal Mother as ourselves, who were born as we were born, who die as we shall die, and whose souls like ours belong to the Eternal, I call upon you to awaken from your dreamy state, and see within yourselves that a new and brighter day is dawning for the human race. This is only an age of darkness to those who will not see the light, for *the light itself has never faded and never will.*

Do Your Own Duty

by E. T. Sederholm



IN the silent battle that is being waged for humanity the lines are drawn more closely day by day. Men and women become more and more divided into two distinct camps, the one flying the banner of Light, the other the black flag of darkness. The neutral space between, once so crowded, is gradually cleared, and there are fewer of those who do not know where they stand or who from fear of losing their friends, would compromise with that which they know is wrong and evil.

There is more and more of a recognition that such a course is cowardly, that it is the duty of all good citizens to take sides, to declare themselves and to work for that which they consider right. There comes then also the desire, once the slumbering warrior spirit is awakened, to plunge at once into the thick of the fray, to engage in the hand-to-hand battle which is raging at many points along the line. This desire is natural, yet it must be held in check, for the first requirement for success in any battle is adherence to the general plan, so that the ideas of the commander may be carried out and victory not only achieved, but won in such a way that it will lead to future and still greater glories.

The brunt of this battle is borne by a few who are strong enough and brave enough and wise enough to at all points be superior to the foe, and who therefore are able to form an impenetrable wall, a solid shield around the standard,

around the Leader. They will do all the striking, will deliver the actual blows, but they derive much of their strength, much of the force needed to give these blows, from the ranks of those who stand behind. It is these silent forces, steady, and with the right attitude of mind, that, united in their endeavor for the good, furnish the real sinews of war without which the warriors in front would be powerless to force the battle.

So each one has his own duty to perform, in whatever place he may be situated. His duty is that which lies nearest at hand, and to himself as well as to the whole army that duty is the most important, the one on which the safety of the many will depend. So whether this duty seems great or small, let each one do it well, with all his might, that thus there will be no gaps in the ranks, no vacant space of duty unfulfilled. Let each one do the duty he owes his family, his friends, or those who may depend on him. Or, if his work be in the lodge, in his community or for his country, let him perform it without shirking. Whatever it be, let him fulfill it so that he may stand out as a beacon light in his own sphere, an honor to the cause he represents, and by so acting he is doing all of his share of the fighting.

All know full well what is their duty, will they but listen to the still, small voice within their hearts. That voice repeats again and yet again with Krishna : *Do your own duty, the duty of another is full of danger.*

An Arabian Fragment

by Ab-y-Hyat



AND as Yusuf ben Hassan lay under an ancient date-palm by the fountain, an angel came and talked with him. To me, in later years, when Hassan had attained that which he longed for, he told me all that the angel had said. For Hassan longed that he might come to a knowledge of God, and lead the life that is led by those who know God.

He lay dreaming by night, under the low moon and the stars; and in his dream he was washing garments, the garments of his life, in a stream that ran by the foot of a hill. He washed until in his pride it seemed to him that the garments were quite clean. As he said, in his interpretation to me of his dream: "I had kept all the law, and in nothing failed. Yet I had kept it that in my pride I might be apart from men. And I held myself by day and by night in the thought that I was a law-keeper, one perfect."

But when the angel came, white-robed and white-winged, with a whiteness like unto naught Hassan had ever seen, the clothes he had washed looked in no wise better than the unwashed robes of other men. And Hassan thought: What shall I do to make them even as the robes of the angels?

The angel showed him another stream, far up the hill, as clear as crystal, yea, of a clearness like unto naught Hassan had ever seen. And the angel said: "There, if thou wilt wash thy garments, they shall be clean of a surety." So Hassan went up the hill, and did as the angel had said, and it was even so. For the stream was the Light of God.

Hassan said to me: "Thou must wash thy garments, the garments that be woven of the threads of thine every act and thought, in the Light of God. Up to that Light thou must daily carry them. Not otherwise can they be made clean."

A Twentieth Century Note

by Mongol



THERE are many signs that the Chinese national Soul is bestirring itself. It is time. If there is to be a Brotherhood of Nations, it would be incomplete were one of the Nations to be left alone in its separate, somnolent life. Not one can be omitted if the Soul of Humanity is to be fully realized. For every Nation is in a sense but a function, an organ, of that all-human Soul. Out of evil will come good, for the march of things is immensely quickened these later days.

American agitation against unrestricted Chinese immigration is reacting upon China as a sort of irritative stimulant, tending to unify the national consciousness. The Boxer agitation was a sign of stirring national spirit, however brutal may have been its manifestation. Measures taken to repress it have still further stirred that spirit. Now the nation is beginning, as a whole, to resent the threatened partition of its territory among the European Powers, a fate from which it may be saved by the very jealousy of those same Powers; and let us hope, by the nobler attitude of England, Japan, and America.

It was recently reported that a rebellion is spreading rapidly in the province of Kwang Si. The leaders have placarded the country with announcements that the government has sold parts of the country to foreign powers, placards urging the people to resist the taxes for payment of the international indemnity.

China had to awake. It depends upon her sister nations whether she awake in peace or to the sound of great guns.

History Not a Chaos

271

by H. T. E.



WE have more than once found occasion, in writing on myths, to point out that the same story may be both historical and allegorical, the historical facts serving as a dramatic basis on which to build the allegory. Historians, however, seem incapable of entertaining such a complex idea, and are usually found speculating as to whether a legend is historical *or* mythical. In histories of Greece, for example, we find some arguing that the story of the Trojan war, with the characters concerned, are mythical; while others, basing their arguments on antiquarian research, affirm that they were historical. In many cases, however, it is impossible to select either alternative to the exclusion of the other, for both historical and mythical interpretations are too firmly established. Thus Scylla and Charybdis are at the same time actual geographical facts and symbols of probationary trial and danger; the twelve tribes of Israel are without doubt the twelve signs of the Zodiac, yet are also twelve tribes; and many ancient classical heroes have their place both in the world of men and the realms of symbology.

Such a story as the Tower of Babel is obviously a myth representing the attempt of human art, or "black magic," to reach power and illumination by illegitimate means; and similar myths are found everywhere. Yet archæologists are exploring the ruins of an actual tower whose record through history seems continuous and authentic. Considerations like these lead one at last to the conclusion that all history is symbolical, and then instantly succeeds the thought that "of course it must be so." As students of Theosophy, we recognize law and order, plan and design, and perfect correspondence, throughout all the Universe; and the words "chance" and the like have no use in our vocabulary. History is made up of the actions of men, and the actions of men are determined by their characters and circumstances, both of which are links in the great chain of cause and effect.

The events of life may be very far removed from the primal causes which determine them, yet their connection therewith is none the less certain; and the proper systematizing and interpreting of these events is only a question of coping with complexity and intricacy. We do not see the symbology and consistency of current events because we get too close-sighted and limited a view of them; but when events become lessened and blended together in the distance of historical perspective, then we get a sufficiently bird's-eye view to see the pattern. This is one reason why it is *ancient* history rather than modern that affords the basis for allegory. In ancient history we see centuries and even millenniums condensed on one page, and the pattern, though large, becomes discernible.

Our conclusion then is that history goes on repeating the eternal processes of cosmic and human evolution, and that the life-drama of a single human soul is the very same as the drama of a nation. Hence, the characters in the drama of history will necessarily represent the elements that war and combine in a human life-drama; and it will be easy for anyone writing a drama of the Soul to use any portion of history for his cast and setting. This explains satisfactorily how it comes that history is mythical and mythology historical.

We may follow this thought further by tracing its application to human life on the smaller scale; and, in our own lives and those of the people about us, trace the lineaments of the same divine patterns. Especially can this be done at Point Loma, where the life approximates more closely to primitive simplicity and the effects are closer to the causes. The idea is full of suggestion for observant minds prone to speculate whether such and such a procedure is "done with an ordinary purpose," or is "merely some symbolical ceremony." How, we may ask, could a person gifted with the power of "right action" help acting symbolically? And in the world outside Point Loma, discerning eyes may see behind the masks of the actors and the machinery of the stage, the plan of the great dramatist working itself out. Or, turning a calm and independent eye on their own life may escape for a moment from the delusions caused by self-interest and personal concern, and catch the meaning of that life. At all events there can be no excuse for a Theosophist, believing in Law, to talk and think as if he still believed history were a chaos and human life a medley.

Bible Notes

by Students



But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.—St. Luke, xix, 27

I

THE most important word in this text is the word "enemies." It seems clear that the text is not to be taken as ordinarily understood; that is to say, it is not to be considered as a command to murder disloyal individuals. Such a command would be contrary to and inconsistent with other passages which enjoin us to love our enemies and to do no murder. The idea that the text declares for the committal of murder may therefore be dismissed.

A wide field for exploration, as to its meaning, is furnished by this text.

As regards man individually, we may consider the word "enemies" to mean the lower nature, which has to be slaughtered in the interests of the Higher Self.

With respect to mankind in general, the word "enemies" may be held to indicate the destructive forces which war against progress.

The text seems singularly appropriate to the notable time in which we live, for never in the history of this world has the idea of Universal Brotherhood taken such root in the hearts and minds of the people as at the present time, and never before have the forces of darkness so accentuated their opposition—hence it is necessary that they who will not fall into line should be deprived of their power for evil.

It seems to me that the slaughter of all that is bad in individuals and in aggregations of individuals or communities is what is to be understood from the text before us.

It might be asked, *cui bono?* Why should all that is inimical to mankind be destroyed; why not let evil burn itself out? The answer is that, as evil impedes progress, there results a dissipation of energy in eternally battling with it. Better that evil be destroyed outright, so that work for humanity may go on unimpeded.

H.

II

It is impossible to interpret this verse in a literal, material sense, to think that the Teacher meant actual, physical enemies were to be slain before his eyes, nor is there any trace of such a thing occurring. We must look deeper for the meaning. There comes up into my mind the memory of another saying, "The foes of a man are they of his own household," meaning the evil tendencies within that ever war against the good. "The *spirit* is willing, but the *flesh* is weak," but said the Master of old, "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world," holding himself up as an example of the possibilities that lie latent awaiting development in all men when they recognize their divine origin. "Ye are all sons of God," he told the humanity of his day.

When studying the New Testament it is necessary to bear in mind that much that is given is the teaching of the Master to his disciples, to whom he states he spoke plainly, and the above verse seems to have been essentially addressed to his *disciples*. It appears to me to be at once a command and a privilege, and I take it that it applies as much in our day to the students and members of The Universal Brotherhood as it did in the days of the disciples of Christ. It is both a command and a privilege addressed to all those who are truly in earnest in their search for truth, and willing to serve humanity, and it embodies a phase of the Great Law running throughout the universe—the law of Brotherhood. It is said in one of the ancient scriptures that a holy and pure

man persisting in devotion to the true self, and whose life conforms to the purposes of the Higher Law, becomes a protector and shield to whomsoever he is with, and we get many hints and even plain statements of the great help we receive from our Elder Brothers, the progressed Souls, who, once erring mortals like ourselves, have conquered their lower natures and learned the lessons of life. The true Teacher is one in whom the Higher Nature is predominant; the "spirit" has subdued and conquered the "flesh," and the true peace exists in his household, the enemies are slain, God rules on earth, the body—as in heaven, the Soul—and his kingdom is established to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Then the Teacher turns in his divine compassion and says: "Bring hither the enemies and slay them before me." *He* is identified with the God within, and it is to that tribunal, before that bar, that we must courageously summon and face our evil tendencies and failings, and trusting and relying on our higher nature and its power to aid, relentlessly and without quarter slay the personal desires, faults and evil tendencies as they arise, making our deliberate choice for the right in the face of all odds, no matter how desperate the situation may look. This verse illustrates the power of the Self, the power we possess to slay the dragon of evil—if we look to our Higher Self. The Teacher, being the Higher Self, as it were, in manifestation, aids us to discover our faults, and when we faithfully follow our Teacher we strengthen our hold on the true Life, and in its light the illusions of the senses and desires are dispelled. We have the power to bring our hidden, lurking foes to the surface through our love and trust in our Leader, and that same love and trust will enable us to become as little children, hiding nothing, but letting the light of Truth shine into all the dark corners of our being. We can rout out the enemy and slay him in "boundless pity for suffering fellow-men," for what room will there be for personal bitterness in the face of the realization of what life really means, and the path we must tread to reach our divine destiny. This the Teacher shows us by the living example of a pure, unselfish life, the torch by which we can light our torches until all the world is ablaze with the glory of love and compassion, peace and good will to all that lives.

This state of things can only come about when the evil forces of the world are subdued and regenerated. The evil must be driven out from our hearts, and the Teacher calls to all of us to slay the enemy lurking in the world's spiritual stronghold.

E. I. W.

* * *

Jesus at meat in the Pharisee's house, and the story of the two debtors.—Luke vii, 36-49

The Pharisee desired that Jesus should eat with him, not so much perhaps for love of Jesus as to gratify his own pride.

The Pharisee seems to represent a self-satisfied, self-righteous person, or the corresponding aspect of the personality of man.

The Pharisee condition prevents the reception of spiritual light, and hinders spiritual insight. Under its sway judgments are superficial and selfishness rules. So the Pharisee, Simon, misjudges Jesus in two respects. He thinks Jesus does not know the nature of the woman who has ministered unto him, and thinks that if he did he would not allow her to touch him. Thus he underrates both the knowledge and the compassion of Jesus. There are still Pharisees in the world who in like manner misjudge the wise and compassionate Helpers of Humanity.

Jesus, knowing the thought of Simon, speaks to him the parable of the two debtors, and receives from him the correct statement that the one who is forgiven most loves most. Then a comparison is drawn between the Pharisee and the sinning woman. One having been outwardly so correct in his life, and being so well satisfied with it, felt little need of forgiveness or help, and so could feel little gratitude or love for any proffer of the same. But in the sinning woman self-satisfaction and pride are gone. She knows she is a sinner and needs help. She longs for it, and when it comes, her heart flows out in love and gratitude to the helper. The barriers between her and the light are broken down, but in the Pharisee they are still standing. These barriers must be broken down in each one of us, if we would come in touch with the Divine Helper in ourselves.

Another lesson we may learn from this story is that the criminal and the out-cast furnish a rich field for brotherhood work. They are unhampered by many of the obstructions that hedge in the so-called respectable, and their souls are hungry for Truth and starved for true brotherliness and appreciation. The wise and sympathetic work that has already been done among them proves how weary they are of husks, and how they long for the bread of life, and how many are ready to arise and return to their "Father's house" when the way is made clear. Their energy turned in the right direction would be a great power for good.

B. W.

* * *

A man's foes shall be they of his own household.—Matt. x, 36

This is a saying which is recorded as having been enunciated by the prophet of Nazareth. It was known to him as a true saying, just as the fact which it states was known to sages of still more ancient times. It is not to be considered true because he said it, but because it shows itself to be a statement of law and fact when applied to life and the affairs of life from the spiritual, mental and

physical points of view. It is in this manner that all teachings may be tested; it is in this way only that truth may be known.

While this particular saying has an evident commonplace application in accordance with its wording, yet if true, the spirit of it will be found as related to phases of life collective as well as individual, and in thus considering it we may be able to know its truth in our own experience, and obtain a deeper insight into its meaning even in its commonplace relation.

We may begin by considering the humanity of this planet as one household, and in this view we shall have the sanction of exoteric religion which states that all the inhabitants of the earth sprang from one household. And the same religion relates that out of this first household sprang its own enemy, the enemy of the head of its house. This household, we are told, was under direct spiritual guidance, and had only one rule given it which it was enjoined to observe. This rule was broken by a member of the household—not its head—who, having done so, induced the head of the house to do likewise. From this first step in disregard of spiritual guidance came a multiplication of the degrees of relation, and a change in conditions, which led finally to one of the household slaying his brother who tried to follow the path of right. And this slayer, as the record says, “went out from the presence of the Lord,” or as we may say, forsook spiritual guidance, and followed the bent of his own desires.

Whether we regard this story as a fable, or as one of fact, we cannot avoid concluding that the writer of that ancient story knew that the first and worst enemy of man was—personal selfish desire—which, when allowed control, brought about the evils recorded, and also entailed upon man all the suffering that he is heir to. He might also have written with all truth, that “a man’s foes were those of his own household.”

Coming down to our own history and times, do we not see that each national household has within itself its worst foes? Is it not the selfishness of its personal elements which persistently blocks the path of true national endeavor and progress? There is no enemy worthy of the name when compared with it. A nation may be conquered by a stronger nation, and have to exist under the most oppressive conditions imaginable, yet the conqueror would be as a friend, compared to the foes of its own household; for the conqueror is but a temporary opponent, and his objects are seen, known and appreciated at their value; but the foes of a nation’s household are ever with it—they are insatiable—their ways and the dangers thereof are not perceived, because those ways are based upon the lower selfish nature of all its members, who accept the exhibitions of that nature as unavoidable and ineradicable—so that in very truth it may be written, that “the foes of a nation are those of its own household.”

The specific application of the saying of the prophet is in regard to one’s

own family, and the context of the verse shows its bearing. He says:

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; 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 who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me.

Here the prophet speaks of himself, as embodying that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and calls to the sons of earth to follow *it* as he had done, and *become as he*; he points out that the following of this light would *not* bring peace, but would be at variance with the ways of the selfish world, and would bring a sword to destroy them; and that a man's foes would be those of his own household. Each individual member of his hearers could readily perceive the truth of this, for it would be apparent to each of them that no one could assume the position of dictation and interference with his ideals and form of life, and make that interference felt so persistently and acutely, as those of his own household; and they may have gone, as we go, to the root of the matter, and see that that which was the foe, of what is known as "the first man," that which has destroyed nations now extinct, and is eating at the vitals of all existing ones; that which prevents national progress; that which destroys social life, and individual happiness; is that which exists in every son of man—the proclivities of the lower nature—expressed in personal, selfish desire.

It is this personal, selfish element, and the pandering to it, which causes all sin and suffering; which prevents all progress, whether individual, communal, national, or that of the world. It stands in the way of all effort to aid humanity. It is accountable for all failures to do so. And what most concerns us, is the imminent danger which arises from it at the present time among a body of men and women who have volunteered to help in this effort of the ages; for have they not placed themselves in the position of representing humanity; are they not connected with humanity in thought, word, and deed; and is not each individual's help or hindrance intensified a thousand-fold by reason of his pledge to the Most High to serve his fellow-men? Has he not leagued himself with the Powers of Light? and can he swerve from that path one step, without exposing himself, his comrades, the Movement, and through them Humanity itself to unseen dangers from the ever-watchful, subtle, implacable enemies of the human race? We know he cannot.

We aim to heal the wounds of all the nations; to make this world a more beautiful and a happier place than any dreamed-of heaven. We know that

there is but one thing needful to accomplish this. It is that each one shall fight and conquer the enemy in his own nature; for therein lies the origin and constant cause of sin—it is the tempter—the Satan spoken of in sacred writings—the enemy of the Race. Let each one then become a Warrior for the right; let him gird on the armor of Service to Humanity; and with the Sword of Devotion let him slay the enemies within his own gates; and that which will make his sword more keen, his attack more courageous, his victory sure, will be the constant memory in his heart of hearts that **THE FOES OF A MAN ARE THEY OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD.**

C.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



I have read a good deal of Theosophical literature, including the **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH** and *The New Century*, and am much interested. Recently the pastor of our church made the statement that Theosophy taught that human souls after death reincarnated as animals. I do not think this statement originated with him, and I do not think he has read any Theosophical books. I have never seen any such statement made in Theosophical writings, and I should be very glad to hear from you definitely about it. To me it is a perfectly revolting idea, and I cannot conceive how Theosophy which, as far as I have read, is so ennobling and inspiring, could teach it.

A. G. C.

THEOSOPHY does not teach any such absurd and revolting idea, and no sane Theosophist could ever make such a statement. It is a regrettable fact that certain persons and especially some whose position and profession give them an added responsibility and should make them extremely careful of the correctness of their statements, have spread such reports. It plainly brings to light the fact that they have neither studied nor intelligently read Theosophy, and not understanding either its teaching or the work of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, they have repeated from mere hearsay or from the sensational reports of yellow journalism, what they would like rather than what they know to be true.

We have great pity for such people, especially those professing to be ministers of Christ's gospel, and yet the greatest blame should be given, not to these pastors, but rather to those who originate these false and malicious statements, who seek to tear down the Organization and spend time and money to do it. But we do blame any minister of the gospel for spreading statements that have

not been investigated and which interfere with the good work of their neighbors.

William Q. Judge makes the statement:

Reincarnation does not mean that we go into animal forms after death—“Once a man, always a man.” . . . Once Manas, the thinker, has arrived on the scene he does not return to baser forms. . . . Reincarnation as a doctrine applying to the real man does not teach transmigration into kingdoms of nature below the human.

This, too, is the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley, and the contrary statement is utterly void of common sense and cannot be excused on the ground of mere ignorance.

The Theosophical teaching of Reincarnation is in every respect ennobling, giving to man a key to the perplexities and apparent injustices of life. It is indeed deplorable that there is even one “minister of the gospel” who knows so little of the teachings of the Master he professes to follow, but the demand of the public is that these teachings which have been so long hid shall be revealed. And one of these teachings is Reincarnation. I would recommend to the pastor referred to by A. G. C., to study the story of John the Baptist and Elias. Reincarnation is the “Lost Chord of Christianity.”

H.

I once saw printed in one of your journals that Katherine Tingley said “there should be fewer clergy.” I should like to have further light on this, as surely there is great need among the masses for more help and teaching along spiritual lines. Are not Christ’s words still applicable?—“The harvest truly is plentiful but the laborers are few.”

T. B.

The statement as quoted is not complete. Katherine Tingley said, “There should be fewer clergy *and better ones*,” for while it should never be forgotten that there are noble, unselfish and pure-minded men among the clergy, yet the fact remains that the inducements of the “profession,” such as social position, salary, etc., attract others in whom these qualities are not predominant. Then, too, there are also well intentioned men and women in the Church who, inspired by Christ’s teaching and example, feel they must work for humanity, but on the other hand many others attend for the sake of mere conventionality or through fear of death and of the “wrath of God,” and this fear plays a large part in their motive for supporting the Church and—the minister.

Christ said, “He that is an hireling careth not for the sheep.” And though another text is frequently quoted in support of the position of the *salaried* minister, in reality taken with the context it bears no such interpretation. To the seventy disciples whom Jesus sent out, he said:

And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give: for the laborer is worthy of his hire. (*Luke, x:7*)

It is generally overlooked that he also instructed the disciples to carry no purse, or as Matthew has put it:

Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, . . . for the workman is worthy of his meat.

And we know that he spoke of those *who were worthy*, who worked and labored not for the *hire* or the *meat*, but that humanity might be helped by the example of their lives—not by saying “Lord! Lord!” but by “doing the will of the Father in Heaven.”

Katherine Tingley says that the best type of minister is one who works six days in the week earning his own livelihood and coming in touch with the work-a-day life of the people, and on the seventh day preaches a heart sermon, and she furthermore says that every true, sincere and well-informed man and woman should have the opportunity of preaching, even from the pulpits of the churches.

But while we know there are many true ministers who seek only the spiritual upliftment of mankind, yet so long as there are *any* who have entered the Church from motives of self-interest or for the sake of its emoluments, just so long will it be good both for the public and the Church itself to have fewer clergy. But when there are no longer any inducements offered to these, when fear is eliminated from the teaching of the Church and the stone of creed and dogma is no longer substituted for the living bread of Christ's words and the example of his life, the Church will find it has a greater mission and a wider influence and then more of the “better,” nobler, type of men and women will be attracted to its ranks as *workers*.

The doctrine of fear has no place in Theosophy, there is no creed or dogma, there are no salaries or emoluments in The Universal Brotherhood Organization, but there is the opportunity for unselfish service for humanity and the joy, deep and ever increasing, that comes only through such service. J. F.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
 And what is nature's order but the rhyme
 Whereto the worlds keep time,
 And all things move with all things from their prime?
 Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
 On far retreats of elemental mind
 Obscurely comes and goes
 The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
 As trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.

Mirror of the Movement



Anniversary of Theosophical Crusade around the World

The history of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood does not present a series of haphazard events dropped in any order by the hand of favoring chance. It is the record of another vast struggle of the soul of our Aryan humanity to come out into birth and manifestation. Read in that way only, does it become intelligible and inspiring. From time to time, the steady trend of purpose within the events comes up out of the confusion into clearer light, and then we are enabled to look backwards and forwards—sometimes far, far forwards, on to where the future is lost in the glory of the coming light, where the details dissolve in the splendor of promise.

Once there were separate Societies—they were practically that—working as units among their several peoples. In their effort to give voice to the common spirit that was in them, and to throw off the obstruction of fast hardening old forms, they suddenly gained a new impetus in their work which gave them a new consciousness of unity. This impetus was given by the new Leader, Katherine Tingley, who gathered up in strong hands the threads of the Leaders who had preceded. And one of her first acts was to lead the first of the series of Crusades, which marked—as it were with lines on the map—the new bond of conscious unity.

This Crusade was crowned and completed by the laying of the corner-stone of a new Temple, successor to those temples of the historic and prehistoric and unmemoried past which have ever embodied and symbolized the highest and secret life of the peoples in whose favored lands they arose.

The corner-stone was the promise of the Temple—at last to be no longer, as of old, merely national, but *International*; just as the unity of the heretofore separate Lodges was the promise of the coming unity of the nations. And the symbol and promise accentuated itself in the organization of Universal Brotherhood.

Step after step toward the building of this Temple has been taken from that day onward. Each building at Point Loma has been one of these steps made visible. Every building—every tent even—has marked a new manifestation of the ever-gathering life at this Center, a life contributed to from without by the thought and devotion and work of all faithful members everywhere, a life which is itself the embodiment and blood of the divine energy of the Human Soul. And each building has subserved the purposes of new activities.

From time to time the Leader has marked the epochs of the pulse-beat in special ways, often unchronicled in these pages. One of these was the great American festival day of last year, July 4, the day marking the birth of America as a nation; yet not on that account a merely national day, as will sometime become manifest to the eye of all peoples, for Freedom for America means ultimately Freedom for the whole world. The flags of all nations were brought together under the symbol of *Universal Brotherhood*, and the ideal of Peace on Earth, international true Fraternity—an atmosphere in which alone the soul of man and nation can manifest in all its beauty and powers—was celebrated in symbol, song and story.

July 4th approaches again. What will it *now* mark? On June 13th we celebrated the Sixth anniversary of the starting of the Crusade, and we all remember that about that time the Leader said that in six years the Temple would be begun.

On the night of June 13th she repeated this and said that the building of the foundation would be commenced on July 4th. The corner-stone stands square with the true four points of the compass on the crest of the hill of Point Loma, higher than the Homestead. Standing beside it one sees stretching southward the long crest of the hill towards the beacon lighthouse; west, one looks out over the still Pacific, and facing this broad expanse of peaceful life will stand the main portals of the Temple with its stately marble columns, "to stand as a record when all else has vanished." To the east is the beautiful harbor-bay and the City; northward the homes of the children, and beyond that the domed Homestead and the Aryan Temple. Yet further north the diminishing crest, sloping to the sea.

The rotunda of the Homestead, under the dome, was beautifully decorated with palms, wreaths, garlands, and flags; and there were flowers on all the beautiful historical desks, which are to be handed down to the future workers of The Universal Brotherhood. Students filled the galleries, and on the floor in the center was the Leader, with the two remaining Crusaders, Frank M. Pierce, and Henry Turner Patterson. In the circle of historic characters, were also E. A. Neresheimer and Clark Thurston, who in so many vital ways worked to make the Crusade possible. Of the latter the Leader said, "he laid its trail beforehand in Europe," and he is as much loved in England as here; and E. A. Neresheimer, chairman of the Cabinet, may almost be said to have sustained the responsibility for the whole work of the Movement in New York during the Leader's absence.

All of these spoke, dealing with the work of the Crusade from some of its many aspects and recalling many interesting incidents. Robert Crosbie also spoke, following in line with others. His work at the time of the Crusade in Boston in connection with *The Theosophical News*, which chronicled the events and progress of the Crusade, and his steadfast loyalty during that trying period are well remembered and appreciated. From a more general standpoint were the introductory addresses of H. T. Edge and R. W. Machell, and that of Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home and Raja Yoga School.

Opposite the Leader were ranged the children of the Raja Yoga School, and it was of the great future before these children and the work that awaits them in the world that the Leader mainly spoke.

The older students, who can look back to the days of H. P. Blavatsky will best appreciate the procession of events, best understand the immense development of seeds sown by that great toil-worn Teacher, seeds whose growth is in the sure hands of Katherine Tingley.

A lover of humanity may labor, up to a certain point, unnoticed and with safety, for the elevation of the race. But if he be great enough, strong enough, wise enough, self-sacrificing enough, there comes a time when he begins to wield a force not accessible to common men. It is at this point, when the inertia of the mass becomes disturbed that the hostility is aroused of those—or that—which would have humanity progress no further. That is the clue to the venom and force of the attacks against which Katherine Tingley, W. Q. Judge, and H. P. Blavatsky have had to contend all along the years of their work.

But against it all, the work has moved on. That of Katherine Tingley has now been

in progress six years and more. Look at a few of the shoots of the tree of Universal Brotherhood, developed by our present Leader :

The Raja Yoga School is in full progress. A centenary of children of many nations are in training. They show that unique training in their bearing, their readiness, their speech, their writing, their joy, their comradeship, their understanding of themselves, and their understanding of life and of some of the deeper problems they will have to face in the world, the future arena of their work. And in five years, they will be twenty times as numerous.

The musical training, among these children, and among the older students, promises a development of the powers and deeper secrets of music which the world has lost for ages. The Isis Conservatory is of course but a fragment of this work, and both it and the Raja Yoga School are parts of the work of the School of Antiquity. The superb Amphitheatre, in the great canyon lying west of the "Sacred Way" from the Homestead to the Temple grounds, now completed, will witness a true revival of all the modes and purposes of the *spiritual* Dramas, which were a part of the work of the Temples of antiquity.

A large building has been erected on the School of Antiquity grounds for the "Karnak" students, those whose work is concerned with the great and growing literary activities of the Center.

And in the midst of it all, the inner and outer work of the School of Antiquity has been going on; one would more truly say—through and by means of it all, yet also apart and separate.



**Dedication
of Isis Theatre
San Diego**

If the Isis Theatre had been twice its actual size there still would have been some unable to gain admission on the occasion of its dedication, Sunday evening, May 18th. Certainly there was no lack of appreciation in San Diego of the importance of what had been done, and of what it meant that this magnificent building should be dedicated to the service of humanity. Long before the doors were opened the street outside was impassable and hundreds were turned away for the lack of even standing room. The proceedings were singularly impressive, and the Raja Yoga School was fully represented, and added many novel and beautiful features.

The whole theatre was decorated with a profusion of flowers and foliage, and as soon as the doors were opened the people were greeted by three of the Raja Yoga children who from amid a great bank of flowers offered to each a little souvenir bouquet. When the curtain was raised and the beautiful decorations of the stage were seen, the audience looked eagerly for the entrance of the children, but a great surprise was in store for them. The sweet voices of the children were heard from the foyer, where, unknown to the audience, they had been assembled. After singing they marched in four lines down the aisles and on to the stage. It did indeed seem a promise for the future of Isis Theatre that the first voices that were heard in its dedication were those of the children. Then came speeches by one of the Raja Yoga boys, and by one of the youngest lady students, followed by Rev. E. R. Watson, a Unitarian minister of San Diego who had been invited to speak by Katherine Tingley, and who gave a manly and courageous recognition to a work which he knew to be along the highest lines. Mr. H. C. Wyatt, who has leased the Isis Theatre proper, next

gave a short outline of the general plan he intended to follow in providing dramatic entertainment for the public, which he stated would be only along first-class lines.

Although the Leader is still suffering from the results of her serious accident and cannot walk without the aid of crutches, she was present and gave the closing address of the evening. Her speech was very short and was frequently greeted with bursts of applause. San Diego has learned to recognize that she is working along practical lines for the benefit and elevation of the city, and what she said on this occasion did but strengthen the conviction that she had not alone the will but the wisdom and power to help in the right way.



**Cuba's Independence
Day celebrated at
Point Loma**

May 20th was one of the red letter days which will mark the chronology of The Universal Brotherhood Movement. It is a beautiful sight to watch the expression of intense patriotism and tender love of their native land which is so marked in the Cuban nature, and the love that they bear for America. This day had been looked forward to most eagerly by the Cuban children at Loma-land and great preparations made for its fitting celebration. All the children of the Raja Yoga School helped, and was it not significant that among the children and students were representatives of fifteen different nations, and that in heart were included all the nations of the world?

Early in the morning all the children assembled on the Raja Yoga School grounds and marched in procession with the Cuban and American and Universal Brotherhood flags to the front of the Aryan Temple. Here speeches were made by Seniorita Antonia Fabra, Philip Fabra, Senora Preval and Katherine Tingley. Cuban songs were sung and cheers given for Cuba, for the Cuban patriots, "for the living and for the dead," for President Palma, for Senor Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago, for America, and for Universal Brotherhood and its Leader, Katherine Tingley.

Then marching in front of the Homestead, the students showered flowers upon the Cuban flag, and a beautiful bouquet—a crown of victory, a tribute of love from America to Cuba—was pinned to it by Mrs. W. T. Hanson, with a hearty cheer from all. One of the most touching scenes, made by Seniorita Antonia Fabra, was the spontaneous tribute of gratitude to Katherine Tingley, whom she called not only the Friend and Helper, but the Protector of her beloved country.

In the afternoon the Cuban children had arranged a series of tableaux illustrative of Cuba's struggle for liberty and portraying many historical scenes. These tableaux were given in the great Amphitheatre, and were interspersed with patriotic speeches by the children, ending with a magnificent triumphal march. It was a happy day throughout and would have gladdened the hearts of all Cuba and of Cuba's friends to witness the rejoicing of all the children at the Independence of Cuba. It closed with a social gathering of all the children in the large Group House, to which the grown-ups were invited to listen to their songs and witness their games.

Cable messages of congratulation were sent to Cuba from Katherine Tingley and the Raja Yoga children, and the hearts of all were filled with a great hope for Cuba's prosperity and happiness. As the years roll by may the bond of friendship between America and Cuba grow ever stronger and stronger.

Gift to the Raja Yoga School

APRIL 23, 1902

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood:*

DEAR LEADER: Enclosed I send you a check for \$10,000 to be applied to the children's work at Point Loma, wherever in your judgment it may be of most service.

This money is given as a living memorial of my mother and father, Lottie Davis Duncan and Hilarion Duncan, both of whom were devoted to children. It had been my intention for some time to do something to perpetuate their memory and the usual monuments did not appeal to me, but, when on my recent visit to Point Loma, I saw the splendid work being done for humanity in the Raja Yoga School; how a clean and pure body of men and women were in progress of development in the children there, I felt that to help such would be a memorial indeed. Could the world at large see these children at their play and at their work, even the most pessimistic must realize that there is a hope for humanity and that that hope is in the *children*, evenly and harmoniously developed as these are.

Deeming it a privilege to be thus enabled to help this work and honor my father and mother, I am, Dear Leader, yours most loyally and lovingly,

MARION DUNCAN ROBINSON

**Frederick Warde at Point Loma***San Diego Union*, Wednesday, June 18, 1902

FREDERICK WARDE, his wife and daughters, and several members of the company were the guests of San Diego Lodge of Elks on a launch ride across the bay to Point Loma, and there they were all the guests of Mrs. Katherine Tingley, who entertained them right royally. The party started from the pleasure wharf of Captain Napier at the foot of H street at 2:30 yesterday afternoon on the captain's launch Fashion, and the trip was quickly made across the bay. There were in the party:

Mr. and Mrs. Warde, their two daughters, and their grandson, David Traitel; Harry C. Barton, H. M. O'Connor and Mr. McLeod, of the company; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Niles, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Newland and son, of Victor, Col., Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Sprigg, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Blake, Mrs. T. A. Nerney, Mrs. F. W. Jackson, Mrs. T. E. Rowan, Miss Lena Polhamus, R. C. Jones, L. A. Wright, Prof. H. J. Baldwin, Joseph Bachman and son, Curry Bachman, Major Hess, A. F. Cornell, Dr. M. L. Hearne, Captain W. Mifflin Smith, Dr. F. H. Mead and Captain Napier.

At the Roseville wharf the party was met by conveyances from Point Loma Homestead and was soon on the way to the home of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. There were four carriage loads, one of the conveyances being a carry-all, the capacity of which was taxed to the utmost.

The ride to the Homestead is tortuous, but it is pleasant, and there is so much of a treat at the other end of the ride, not only in the view of bay and city and country beyond, but also in the charming surroundings of the Homestead itself, that one is doubly paid for the ride, even if it be in a crowded carry-all.

The party was met at the door of the main building by Mrs. Tingley herself and by members of her Cabinet and household, and was conducted through the large building where the charming surroundings were noted and enjoyed. Thence they were conducted to the adjoining building where the children of the Raja Yoga School, to the number of fifty or

sixty, gave an entertainment which delighted the veteran of the stage for whose benefit it was given.

The entertainment was similar to that which was recently given at the Isis Theatre just after the building had been formally turned over to Mrs. Tingley. There was much music and a number of tableaux showing historic scenes of American life. The little ones, from four to fourteen years of age, who took part, were roundly applauded and not the least demonstrative of the party was Mr. Warde himself, who sat with Mrs. Tingley, the most interested of all the spectators.

The closing number of the program was the march of the children in their costumes representing all the nations of the earth, and the costuming was remarkable for characteristic truth.

After the entertainment, which was roundly praised by Mr. Warde and the members of the party, Mrs. Tingley, though she is still compelled to use crutches because of her accident, personally conducted the party through some of the other buildings.

There was a drill of the children, of whom there are more than a hundred all told, at the close of which Mr. Warde spoke briefly to them of their work and of the excellent opportunities which they have for advancement. The last visit of the day was to the natural Amphitheatre where Mr. Warde recited that passage from Shakespeare beginning, "All the world's a stage." It was a remarkable scene, and though the seats were empty, one could easily imagine that the eminent actor was speaking to a forum.

The visitors had been so interested in the visit to the different parts of the ground that it was after 6 o'clock before they were ready to start on their return trip. It was made in quick time and the journey by carriage to Roseville and by the fast launch to the H-street wharf, was made in just one hour.

Before leaving the assembled Elks gave three cheers for Mrs. Tingley, and the visitors were cheered by the Raja Yoga children until the carriages were out of sight and hearing of the Homestead buildings. On the trip across the bay Mr. Warde expressed himself repeatedly as having been delighted with the trip, surprised at the Homestead and its work, and so altogether impressed with the events of the afternoon that he would not forget them to the end of life.

An Open Letter to Rev. W. B. Hinson

Pastor First Baptist Church, San Diego, Cal.

From *The San Diego Union*, Wednesday, June 11, 1902

POINT LOMA, June 10, 1902

SIR:— We are informed that at a meeting held by you and some members of your church on Wednesday, June 4th, 1902, you stated that one of the teachings of Theosophy, known as Reincarnation, is that men and women incarnate in animals.

As, doubtless, you profess to be desirous of having correct information so as to be able to make correct statements, we ask you to inform us what Theosophical literature or society or Teacher ever gave the authority for such an unwarranted statement.

It is well known that yellow journalism caters to the illiterate and to a certain class of sensationalists, and these might be found circulating vulgar and absurd statements, but one would expect in this Twentieth Century that men professing to be scholars would familiarize themselves with facts before cold-bloodedly circulating such a pernicious doctrine. It may pay the writer for yellow journalism to do malicious work, but something more is expected of "a minister of the Gospel."

We are very grateful to have the opportunity of presenting this matter to you, not only

because of the statement reported to have been made by you to some of the members of your church, but also because we have heard that similar statements have been insinuated into the minds of public school children by those who are supposed to have at least a reasonable regard for truth.

It is thus apparent there is more than one promoter of this false statment, but whoever these promoters may be they certainly cannot be doing this to uplift humanity — possibly they belong to the same class who desire to efface Point Loma institutions from the face of the earth. A fair and open discussion of this matter outside of “closed doors” might eradicate this evil of misrepresentation from the city and bring out to the gaze of the public, the promoters of this evil gossip.

In order to induce the people to see how false the statement referred to is, we offer you \$100 for the benefit of your church if you can produce any endorsement of this statement made by any one of our three Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley or by any member of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in good stndding.

Certainly in your experience in your religion and church, you must have known of your own doctrines being misrepresented by fanatics and by those who have used their profession, as ministers even, to support their own schemes and selfish ends, and possibly you may come in contact with persons calling themselves Theosophists who would support such a degrading doctrine. We should be the last people in the world to condemn the whole church or the teachings of Christ because of any statement made by one who merely followed the church as a profession. There is spurious Theosophy as well as spurious Christianity, but it is expected that the enlightened minister, before he attempts to teach, shall investigate sufficiently in order to discriminate between the true and the false, and thus avoid misrepresenting the good work of his neighbors. Yours, for Truth,

J. H. FUSSELL

Reports from the Lodges



U. B. Lodge No. 119, Louisville, Kentucky

Louisville U. B. Lodge No. 119, held its regular monthly meeting Sunday, June 1, 1902, under very favorable auspices. There was a good crowd and everything seemed to pass off harmoniously.

After President Wilson, stating the objects of the Brotherhood Organization and reading from the *Gita*, good music was rendered on the piano by Mr. Gideon. After the usual preliminary proceedings, Brother Gearhart then gave a talk of about thirty minutes on “Modern Civilization.”

Louisville Lodge is making an honest endeavor to carry out the work of the Central Lodge, and the success of our work here and the favorable outlook for a healthy growth of membership, is due both to the fact of our fealty to Universal Brotherhood and our Leader. Our Lodge is growing slowly, but the personnel is of the charactr to make the Lodge solid and its

work felt. With a confidence born of the *Truth*, all are firm in the triumph of the Great Law.

June 7, 1902

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge No. 19, Santa Cruz, California

We had a very interesting Members' meeting, June 13th, it being the night of our regular meeting, and also held to commemorate the anniversary of the starting of the "Crusade of Theosophists Around the World." The following is the order of the meeting: Music; chanting of "Truth, Light and Liberation;" reading from the *Bhagavad Gita*; paper by Mrs. L. H. Littlefield; reading of the Greek Symposium—"A Promise;" paper by Miss Jessie McNaughton, giving an account of the visit of the Crusaders to New Zealand, where the writer resided at the time.

D. B. EAMES



U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

We have, as usual, had a busy month. Now-a-days event succeeds event with great rapidity, and we are kept fully occupied. The circular, "On Lodge Work," was read at the first members' meeting, when also preparations were made for the public meeting and entertainment—our chief work during the month. On the night of the 13th we held a special meeting of members in honor of William Q. Judge. Some of the reported speeches of the great meeting in the Opera House, San Diego, 1901, were read. Our president gave some personal reminiscence of the Chief, particularly dwelling on the last time the Chief left these shores to cross to America. The Chief's message and last parting, when everything looked so black, was "To Hold On." Today we rejoice with gladness, for his heroism, steadfastness and dauntless courage made possible the grand harvest. Other members spoke lovingly and with grateful hearts, and we sang "The Sun Temple." This simple and impressive tribute to our Chief touched, dignified and blessed us all. On the 14th a public entertainment was given in honor of W. Q. Judge. The Lotus Buds brought floral tributes and sung some of the Lotus Group Songs, astonishing a delighted and attentive audience, after which the Lodge members, assisted by some Comrades from Lodge No. 4, Everton, gave the Symposium, "A Promise," making an undoubted impression on the public.

The monthly Public meeting was held on the last Sunday of the month.

May 7th, 1902

SECRETARY



Report of Amsterdam Lodge

The Amsterdam Lodge recently held a meeting especially for inquirers. It was held in one of the hotels, and members from Baarn, Utrecht, Haarlem and Terschelling were present. The meeting was a pronounced success. It was opened with music, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, after which Brother Schudel from Baarn gave a word of welcome. Brother Kes of Haarlem read the Leader's lecture on "Higher and Lower Psychology." After this Miss Van Rossum read a translation of an article upon "The Home Ideal," from *The New Century*. The audience listened most attentively and were strongly impressed. Theosophical literature was distributed. The Symposium of "Hypatia" was also read, after which the meeting closed with music, the *Sarabande* of Handel, by Brother Kes.

Never before have I seen an audience of mere inquirers so profoundly impressed. The

whole evening was filled with a joy and a feeling of harmony that could not be described. All members felt that a new courage and new hope had found their abiding place in our hearts.

Laura van Rossum, *Secretary* Lodge No. 4, Haarlem.



(The following reports were held over from previous issues for lack of space)

San Francisco Meeting to Commemorate the Life and Work of William Q. Judge

A special Public meeting was held by U. B. Lodge No. 7, in its Headquarters, No. 310 O'Farrell street, Sunday, April 13th, at 11 A. M. The stage was decorated with flowers and vines, with a sylvan scene as background. Beautiful and appropriate vocal and instrumental music, bright and inspiring, was rendered. Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the International Lotus Home and the Raja Yoga School, and Cabinet Officer, spoke upon "The Inconsistencies of Human Nature; the Persecuted of one Age Honored in the Next." H. H. Somers spoke next upon "Simple Beginnings—Common-sense Theosophy," and Dr. Allen Griffiths spoke on "The Life and Work of William Q. Judge." The deep earnestness of the speakers and the heartfelt, reciprocal response on the part of members, inspired the audience with a sense of love and reverence for the noble character of the departed Chief, with a truer appreciation of his great work in the service of humanity. Local papers printed good reports of the memorial services.

The regular dramatic presentation was given Monday evening, April 14th, "The Conquest of Death" being produced this month. The splendid training afforded the members in the preparation and production of the Symposiums can hardly be overestimated. At the same time the highest teachings are given to the people in one of the very best ways.

A. G.



U. B. Lodges of Boston, Massachusetts

The monthly entertainment of the lodges of Boston and vicinity was "A Musical Symposium," and took place at Universal Brotherhood Hall, on Saturday evening, April 12.

This time the entertainment was under the general direction of Lodge 114, of Everett, while the entertainment itself was mainly furnished by members of the Boston Festival Orchestra, (who, through the exertion of Brother Franklin, of Boston Lodge No. 28, kindly volunteered their services) and by Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick of Lodge 28.

The entertainment opened with a reading of selections taken from *The New Century* on the power and possibilities of music as a helper and teacher.

Then followed the program given by seven members of the Boston Festival Orchestra, which is composed of picked musicians engaged by the City of Boston for the purpose of giving free concerts to its citizens. No one was allowed to enter or go out of the room during the performance of any one selection, and apart from the music itself, one could have heard a pin drop in the room, so deep was the silence.

After the concert, Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick read the symposium, "A Promise," under its new name of "The Conquest of Death." Mrs. Southwick was at her best, and brought out with telling effect the salient points of the drama, especially those which related to music and number.

G. D. A.



The Midsummer Time

Translated from the Swedish of Z. TOPELIUS by S. O. and H. A.



IN midsummer time it is beautiful and bright to live upon earth. Then all the birds are singing and all the trees are dressed in their beautiful green robes. In Finland, the place about which I write, the sun at midsummer dips in the sea only for a moment and then rises again.

Finland is a large country, and the northern part of it is much lighter in summer and much darker in winter than the southern portion.

If it is a dull midsummer's night, you cannot see to read without a light, in the southern parts of the country, but in the northern portion you can read even at night-time without a light for three months, even if it is ever so cloudy.

There was once a little dog which was born in the last days of April, so that he was three months old before the end of July. During the whole of his life-time it had never been dark. When August came, and the nights grew dark, Prissy, which was the little dog's name, thought this was really wonderful. He thought that the whole of nature had crawled into a bag and he went out on the doorstep and began to bark at the darkness.

In the midsummer evenings all the boys play ball in the play-grounds, and the girls are dancing there. And those that have money can get all kinds of sweets and nice things, but the poor children are only allowed to look at them, unless some of the others share with them. During the night bright fires are seen burning on all the hills, and in Finland these fires are called Balders Bol.* And the

* The sacrificial fire of the beautiful God Balder.

fires mean that everybody rejoices because it is summer. The dark time is Christmas, when all the lights are kept burning brightly in the houses. But when it is midsummer, the whole of nature is glad and rejoices, all of the forest is like a great temple, when the beautiful sun shines down from heaven. Then the bluebells are ringing, the high pine trees are preaching, the wind is playing the organ in the branches of the trees, and the small birds with their charming voices are singing God's praise.

I will tell you a pretty story about something that happened on a midsummer night.

Carl Gustaf and his sister Sofi, had had a little sleep after dinner, so that they would be able to keep their eyes open when the night came. At six o'clock they had a glass of milk and some bread and butter, and then they started for the playground with balls, sticks, and rings. Their father had given each of them a silver penny to buy some sweets with, because there were always old women by the roadside with many good things to sell to children. When they arrived, there were many boys and girls on the play-ground, there was proud Walter who had such bad luck with his spinning top, Axel who taught Stina the map of Europe, Matthew who defended the snow-castle, Emma who heard the bluebells ringing, Aina and Therese who met the Troll in the forest.† They played ball and lots of other games, and enjoyed themselves very much. Even the sparrows who were sitting close by on the roof enjoyed the fun, singing in their own way as they always do, when they think there is something funny going on.

When Carl was tired, he said to his sister.

"Come, let us go and buy some sweets with my penny."

"Yes, we will," said Sofi.

They saw five or six boys and girls sitting by the roadside, greedily eating cakes and sweets as fast as they could. Close by was sitting a little beggar girl quietly watching them. She said nothing and asked for nothing, but did not take her eyes from them, and sometimes put her little fingers in her mouth.

"I think you are very hungry," said Sofi, "have you had anything to eat today?"

The little girl sat silent at first and did not answer. But at last she said:

"I have had nothing to eat since yesterday."

"Here take my penny and get some food," said Carl Gustaf. "We have had a meal already, tonight, and my sister has still another penny."

"Let us save my penny until we are very hungry," said Sofi.

"Yes," said Carl.

And they walked back to the playground. But the little beggar girl nodded to them and said,

† The story of Aina and Therese and the Raspberry King was told for the children last month.

“Thank you, thank you.”

And none knew what she bought with the penny.

It was now getting late and some of the children had to go home and go to bed, whilst others went to the forest to watch the fires. On top of the highest hill a great fire was placed, and from here a lovely view met the eye. The dark pine trees which stood around the hill, and the lovely flashes of fire which lit up the sky, all made a pretty picture. Old and young were all dancing round the fire. The boys were constantly bringing more wood, and shouting and laughing as never before. Their clothes greatly suffered from the dust and soot.

“Oh, Carl,” said Sofi to her brother, who came dragging the trunk of a tree, which was twice as large as himself. “What do you think mamma will say when she sees your clothes?”

“Yes, they do look queer,” said Carl. But still he could not help laughing. “But I wish you could see yourself as well. Do you know, Sofi, that your face is covered with soot. How pretty you do look just now.”

Sofi was frightened, and wiped her face with her handkerchief.

“Is it better now?” she asked.

“Yes for a little while,” said Carl.

And very soon she was just as black as before, because she would not leave the fire.

“We must really go now and get something to eat,” said Carl. “I am terribly hungry.”

“Yes we will,” replied Sofi, “I have my penny still.”

This time when they came to the roadside, they found a little boy with hardly any clothes on; he had only a little ragged shirt.

When he stood near the fire he felt warm, but when he tried to help the others to carry the wood, he was shivering in the cold night air.

“Why don’t you put more clothes on?” said Carl Gustaf.

“I have no clothes,” replied the boy, and crept still closer to the fire.

“Such beggars who have no clothes to put on, ought to be at home and in bed,” said one of the boys standing near.

“I have no home to sleep in,” said the beggar boy.

“You have two long coats,” said Sofi to the boy, who carried a fine overcoat on his arm. “Lend that coat to the boy.”

“Lend!” replied the boy. “Yes, if someone will pay me for the loan of it, I might lend it until sunrise.”

“Here you are,” said Sofi, and gave him her silver penny.

The coat was put on the boy, who felt warm and comfortable in it. No one now felt happier than Carl Gustaf and his sister, although they had to go without sweets, bread and butter, and money.

The fire burned the whole night, but the night was not long. Soon a red streak was seen in the northwestern sky, and shortly afterwards it shone like burnished gold.

“The sun is rising,” said Carl Gustaf. “Come let us get on top of the mountain, we shall see it better there.”

“Where is my coat? I want my coat back again,” said the boy who had been paid to do a good deed. “Oh! what a fool I was,” he cried. “Now I have lost the silver penny which I had received for lending my coat.”

“There is no luck with the money which is earned by acting in a mean way,” he added.

He found his coat on a small hill, but he did not find his good temper; he was cross and vexed with everybody.

But the poor little boy was not seen any more. No one knew what had become of him.

When Carl Gustaf and Sofi had reached the top of the mountain, they were greatly surprised to find there the two poor children whom they had benefited. They no longer seemed to be poor and unhappy, their faces were full of joy when they said

“Because you have been so kind to us, we will thank you in a way that no one has ever done before. Stand quite still beside us.” Carl Gustaf and Sofi did as they were told, although they did not understand what the children meant. They forgot they were hungry and sleepy. They thought, What shall we see now?

Just then the forest became hushed, the birds ceased singing, and even the waterfalls seemed to be still.

All at once a ray of golden light was seen in the sky, the great shining sun rose, and a feeling of joy filled all Nature, and at the same time the birds began to sing again.

“See,” exclaimed the beggar children.

Carl Gustaf and his sister saw how the air was filled with tiny angels, millions of them were moving up and down, and around those they were protecting; for every tree, every flower, and every animal, had its own guardian spirit. Sofi then said to her brother, “Do you see everything has its own protecting angel? But we have not got any to help us.”

“Do you think so?” said the beggar children, “who are you then? Do you not already know that we are your guardian angels? You have not seen us before, but you have often felt us in your heart, every time you have done a good deed or sent out a kind thought. We spread our white wings over your cradle when you were young and helpless. We are always by your side to protect you from the evil in the world. We shall lead you through your whole life, if you try always to do what is right and to make all the little children of the world happy.”

While the poor children were thus talking, they became bright and shining Beings.

Carl Gustaf and his sister promised each other, that they would always live so that their good angels would always preserve them. And when they uplifted their eyes, they heard the songs of adoration of the birds in the forests, singing songs of happiness and joy to the whole world.

Lotus Group Reports



Lodge No. 13, Macon, Ga., Lotus Group, (August, 1901, to May, 1902)

In addition to Lotus Songs, etc., the children were drilled in speaking, responding at once when called on. This was much needed as the children were timid and hung back, having nothing to say. The improvement has been marked; they now respond with interest and what they say shows an understanding of the teachings.

The first entertainment was given in November for Members only, and was divided into two parts. First, the Lotus children and Brotherhood Club boys, all in Greek costumes—read original papers, one of the older girls presiding with much dignity. The second part consisted of recitations from the poets, Lotus songs and dances.

The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers. Great attention is always given to this feature. The children did well, putting life and spirit into their parts.

After this entertainment there were continued the regular lessons Sunday mornings until the work began for the New Year entertainment, an account of which has been sent. After these entertainments, each child's part is criticized before all the others— their mistakes being pointed out and the way to improvement shown. Some of the children brought the money which had been given them for candy, and asked to have it sent to the Raja Yoga children. Enclosed please find 93 cents.

The Lotus Group invited the Members of Lodge No. 13 to meet with them on the morning of April 13th, to commemorate the birthday of our Chief, William Q. Judge.

The stage was trimmed with a profusion of wild flowers, Mr. Judge's picture in the place of honor, was framed with them.

The meeting was very impressive. It consisted of music, songs and tributes to Mr. Judge, from the members and children, who spoke from their hearts of their love and gratitude to him.

FANNY HANSON WHITE, *Secretary*



Alameda, Cal., Lotus Group Entertainment

Much interest was shown by those who were fortunate enough to be present at the children's entertainment given in the Universal Brotherhood hall Friday evening. There was

standing room only and many were turned away. The Lotus Buds and Blossoms appeared to great advantage in Greek attire, which with the white drapery of the stage, gave a dignity and tone of purity and elevation to every song, motion, and recreation throughout the performance.

Just before the last tableau the superintendent gave a short address in which he told of The Universal Brotherhood Organization and how Katherine Tingley at the society's center at Point Loma, was showing the real active side of the brotherhood. Refreshments were served and after song and recitation, the hearts of all felt that "life is joy," and the evening came to a pleasant close.—*The Alameda* (Calif.) *Daily Encinal*, June 9, 1902



Lotus Groups of the Boston Lodges

The various Lotus Groups in and about Boston recently gave an entertainment that was in every respect a success. After a pleasant talk by President Somersall the children were held spell-bound by a series of stereopticon pictures thrown upon a large screen in the rear of the hall. A number of our Buds and blossoms added to the entertainment with songs and recitations. Our thoughts went to Loma-land, and, as if in response, beautiful pictures of that great Center, Point Loma, were thrown upon the screen. As we saw beautiful Loma Homestead, the Temple Hill, the Egyptian Gateway, Aryan Temple, and other views, great joy and peace took possession of our hearts.

The meeting closed with recitations and music and a splendid talk by our President.

GEO. D. AYERS, *Secretary*



Lotus Group, Stockholm, Sweden, Majorsgatan 9B.

The meetings of our Group are being continued as usual. At every meeting we have a story, sometimes from the Lotus Leaflets, again some of the "Nature Studies in Loma-land" are read, and recently the story of Theseus has been related and explained. On Sunday, April 13th, that being the birthday of William Q. Judge, we held a festival meeting in his honor. The children twined flowers and garlands about Mr. Judge's picture, and Miss Sonesson spoke to them about this noble man, without whose sacrifices all that the children value so highly in their Lotus Group work, would not be theirs, today.

The children contributed to the program by songs, recitations and some fairy tales which they had selected and prepared themselves. Following this was our song of "The Sun Temple," and the Group closed in the usual way.

GERDA NYSTROM

ANNA SONESSON, *Supt.*



Lotus Group at Kungsholmen, Sweden

The work in the Lotus Group has never been more encouraging than during the last few months. In February, besides the usual meetings, we gave an entertainment on the 15th, at which the children gave a little play arranged according to Lotus Leaflet No. 1, series 2. Both teachers and children much enjoyed the rehearsals, and we were happy to note from week to week the great improvement and increased interest on the part of the children. This entertainment was given in the Lodge rooms at Majorsgatan, 9b., and was a remarkable suc-

cess, in spite of the fact that the children had had no rehearsals in that room beforehand.

On April 13th the Lotus Group celebrated the birthday of William Q. Judge. We had a very beautiful meeting. Both grown-ups and little ones send their love and best wishes to the Lotus Mother and to all Comrades at Point Loma. The children often express great happiness in the work of our Lotus Group, and hope that when the Lotus Mother again comes to Sweden she will find many true Warriors of the Golden Cord.

ANNA SONESSEN, *Superintendent*



Lotus Group, Helsingborg, Sweden

During April we have had the usual Lotus Groups. The program has been, in general, a song, music and then silence. We have had lessons from the Lotus Leaflets with explanation; a tale from Andersen or some other writer for children, and the meetings have closed, as usual, with song and a moment of silence.

SUPERINTENDENT



Lotus Group, Lodge No. 7, Utrecht, Holland

During the last month the Lotus circle has been held with the usual regularity. The little ones much enjoy the song of "The Sun Temple," and are now learning the melody of "Trinity." We have a splendid Girl's Club, strengthened with some recent new members, and they meet every Friday evening.

J. BLANKERTS



Rotterdam Lotus Group Report, Lodge No. 5

The children are arranged in three classes, according to their age and ability. The teachers exchange every month. In the lowest class (the smallest children), fairy tales were told and efforts were made to bring the children in contact with nature, by bringing to the Lotus Circle branches and buds of shrubs and flowers. We tell them also the finest poems in the Dutch literature for children, and teach the children to recite them. The children are very fond of reciting, and often they bring in songs they have learned elsewhere. The Circle is regularly attended, most of the children being from eight to ten years of age.

The second class consists of children from eight to twelve years of age. They also are told stories and fairy tales, and sometimes narratives of the life of some hero or heroine.

In the third class Miss Irieleman told the "Coming of the King," which was an occasion for much explaining. In the highest class the children are taught self-reliance in a practical way; they are urged to read, to think for themselves and to speak about subjects which deeply interest them. We are trying to arouse and develop every good inclination in the children.

J. MEIJER, *President*

F. P. C. DE ILEN, *Secretary*



Brixton Lodge Lotus Group, from March 4, 1902

Just now the children are working hard at a new play and rehearsals occupy a good deal of time. The boys and girls who are taking part are, with one exception, those who have remained with us very steadily during the whole of a series of annoying attempts, on the part of some Sunday-school teachers and others, to induce them to leave the Lotus Group.

They are working at the play with the greatest earnestness and much improved capacity. We may regard this set of children as a permanent nucleus in our Group.

Sunday morning, April 13th, was a special occasion, for a letter was written to the Lotus Mother. This was entered into with real interest by the children, and even tiny ones were anxious to sign their names.

In the afternoon of the same day a special Children's Lotus Group was held at 19 Avenue Road, in which children from each of the London Groups took part, including a number from Brixton. All were greatly interested in seeing the house and gardens once the home of H. P. Blavatsky. The whole meeting and the part taken in it by each individual boy and girl, must have helped them to feel more than ever the meaning and purpose lying behind the work of these Lotus Groups.

A small Drill Class is held once a week for children, aged from eight to twelve. The interest in it is great, and we believe the class to be of use to the children and certainly to the teachers.

SUPERINTENDENT



Wavertree Lotus Group, England

The Wavertree (England), Lotus Group is doing good work. The children are intensely interested and often unite with those of the Liverpool Lotus Group in public entertainments. The meetings are filled with song and story, music always and a reading from *THE NEW CENTURY*. For our meeting in celebration of May 8th, White Lotus Day, we gave to each child short quotations from the writings of our beloved H. P. Blavatsky. Before long we shall arrange to hold a meeting, also, for the mothers of the children.

KATE LITTLEWOOD, *Superintendent*



Myrrdin Lotus Group, Cardiff, Wales

The Lotus Group is being carried on as usual, on Wednesday of each week. We open the meeting with the march and song, "Warriors of the Golden Cord," and after that sing the "Circle Song." During a few moments of silence we send loving thoughts to all children and all grown-ups throughout the world, not forgetting the Buds and blossoms and the Lotus Mother in Loma-land.

We always have a story from *The New Century* or the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. It is our aim to foster in the children the feeling of brotherhood and to encourage their efforts at self-mastery. Among our favorite songs are "Happy Little Sunbeams," "Tiny Buds," and "Brothers We." I have observed a marked improvement in those who attend the Boys' Club as well as the Lotus Group.

We all rejoice at the great work going on at the Center, Point Loma and San Diego.

JOHN MORGAN, JR., *Superintendent*



Lotus Group, Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

The meetings have been held on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the month of April. The children have been learning some new songs lately, among them some melodious Welsh airs, which they seem to enjoy singing. The routine is much as heretofore. On

the 12th of this month most of the children came for an outing to commemorate W. Q. Judge's birthday, after which they reassembled at 71 Park street for tea, after which they marched, sang, and kept silent moments around W. Q. Judge's portrait, which was draped in purple and wreathed with golden daffodils.

Several new children have come during the past month.

EDITH CLAYTON,

30th April, 1902

Superintendent



Lotus Group at Seacombe, England

Reports from the Lotus Group in Seacombe (England) state that the work is most encouraging in every way, the children being deeply interested, with new children constantly coming in. On the Fourteenth of April a public entertainment was given in honor of William Q. Judge. His picture, festooned with flowers, was placed upon a white-covered table and it was a beautiful picture to see the Tiny Buds march around the table reciting some of his masterly words. Lotus songs delighted the audience. In this the group from Wavertree took a prominent part.



Lotus Group, Lodge No. 2, Bristol

Our Lotus Group meetings are held regularly, twice each week. Our meetings are most interesting, with lessons, stories and music. We are looking forward with great anticipation to the little plays promised from the Center. EDITH CLAYTON, *Superintendent*



Lotus Group, Seattle Lodge No. 100

Our Lotus Group work is going on with added interest on the part of the children from week to week. On May 28, the children of the Group and the members of our Boys' Brotherhood Club united and together presented the music-play "Harmony and Joy."

The children entered into the spirit of the play with gratifying responsiveness, and the result gave us just a glimpse of what is attained at the Center, Loma-land. The hall was more than filled, and there was standing room only, long before it was time for the entertainment to begin.

The costumes of the children were beautiful and effective, and as the curtain rose on the first scene an exclamation of approval was distinctly audible.

The Rainbow Fairies were most attractive, each child being encouraged to give her own simple interpretation of the song and the preceding graceful prelude. These were followed by the Blossoms, Bluebell, Primrose and Snowdrop, dignified and sweet.

The climax was reached at the close of the second scene at the singing of "The Crusader." It is truly a song which stirs the heart, and I am sure that there was present no one who did not feel a new joy and a greater hope for the future. For the future lies in the hands of the children. It is they who must redeem the race and, knowing this, can we not better understand our Leader's great love for the little ones in our midst? Do we not find in our hearts a deepened determination to make this Lotus Group work what it should be?

E. H. S., *Corresponding Secretary*

The B. B. C. of Helsingborg

The Boys' Brotherhood Club of Helsingborg, Sweden, has been doing its usual good work and the members are enthusiastic. The sad news has reached us that recently one of our beloved members was drowned, Ferdinand Tullstorp. His comrades sent a garland of flowers and many of them were present at the funeral.

Boys' Club of Bow Lodge, England

The Leader is in receipt of a letter from the Boys' Brotherhood Club of Bow Lodge, England. In it is expressed the ardent wish of all members that the great work of The Universal Brotherhood may be successfully carried forward; their deep desire to help in the work; and their heartfelt wish that the Leader's life may be spared for many years to come, that the good work which has been so successfully carried on, in spite of all opposing evil forces, may be continued. This was signed by all members, and is only one of many such evidences of loyalty constantly received by the Leader from all parts of the world.

Boys' Club in Leyden, Holland

Brother Arie Goud reports that our loyal comrades of the Leyden (Holland) Lodge organized a splendid Boys' Brotherhood Club on April 13, the birthday of William Q. Judge. We congratulate these fortunate boys. If every country in the world would do as much as Holland, what a light would shine into the hearts of men in the near future!

Boys' Club of Rotterdam, Holland

The Boys' Brotherhood Club of Rotterdam, Holland, is doing unusually good work at its regular meetings. "The Higher Patriotism," was one of our recent subjects, treated in January. The general discussions are most interesting, and already the boys are starting out on lines of independent and original thought.

Girls' Club, Utrecht, Holland

Reports from the Utrecht Lodge tell of the organizing of a Girls' club.

Louisville, Kentucky, June 1902

Our B. B. C. and Lotus Group are progressing very nicely. A number of good speakers are coming to the front in the Boys' Club and brotherhood is having a marked effect upon the Boys' Club and the Lotus Group. Louisville seems to have a bright future before it.

W. F. GEARHART

Boys' Brotherhood Club of San Diego, California

We, the members of the Boys' Brotherhood Club of San Diego, do hereby unite in thanking Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, for the opportunity she has given to the boys of San Diego by the formation of a Boys' Brotherhood Club.

We feel that it is a great privilege to belong to this Club and take part in the Brotherhood work carried on all over the world, and to show our gratitude we will try our best to carry out the purpose of the Club and to be worthy members of the New Century Guard, and thus bring about the New Order of Ages which the world needs so much. Signed by

HARRY SCHNEIDER, *President*,

June 14

BERNARD RYAN, *Secretary*, and the other members



Children's Entertainment, April 13th, 1902, at Groningen, Holland

Translation of Report Given in the Local Paper

Last night, The Universal Brotherhood gave an entertainment in the Upper Concert Hall of the "Harmonie," in commemoration of the birthday of William Q. Judge, the former Leader of the Movement. The program was varied and was given by the Lotus-circle (the unsectarian Sunday-school of the organization), the Boys' Brotherhood Club and the Girls' Club.

After a piece of classic music and some opening words by the president of the lodge, wherein he explained briefly the purposes of the organization and the character of the entertainment, a tableau was presented by the Boys' Brotherhood Club. The members of the club were in Greek dress, armed with spear and shield. They sang a Brotherhood-song, after which the children came into the hall. As always, this was the most impressive moment of the evening. Over forty children in Greek dresses, with large Lotus collars around their necks, so that they looked like living flowers, marched with a white and golden cord, singing the "Sun Temple." The smallest—a boy five years of age—walked ahead and stepped as if he were accustomed to so walk every day. The Boys' Brotherhood Club sang a song of welcome to the children. Then there was the flower-offering. Beside the portraits of the Leaders, adorned with leaves and flowers, the oldest girl took her place, received from each child a flower. These she placed in a vase standing before the portraits. After this the tableaux were given consecutively. In the meantime, the members of the B. B. C., who stood before the stage, entertained the public with songs and recitations. One of their number did homage to the memory of W. Q. Judge. The recitations were read from a scroll. The key-note of all was that Life is Joy. The ideal life, that is being lived at Point Loma, the World-Center of Theosophy, was faithfully mirrored in the spirit of the recitations and in the glow and in the self-reliance with which they were rendered.

The tableaux of the children and the girls elicited enthusiastic applause. They were called back several times. The radiant little faces of the Lotus children showed with how much joy they gave this entertainment. Notwithstanding the proceedings lasted about three hours and the children were on duty during that time almost without any interval, they did not grow tired and would gladly have done more if time had permitted.

We do not say too much, when we state, that the work of the children was a living wonder and gave evidence, more than anything else, of the great force, which is hidden in The Universal Brotherhood Organization and which energizes it. We hope, that soon another entertainment of the Lotus-circle may be expected and that many more children and boys and girls may partake in it.

A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

Thou canst not gather what thou dost not sow ;
As thou dost plant the tree so will it grow.—THE LAWS OF MANU
Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—ST. PAUL

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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The Problem of Aborigines

by H. T. E.



THERE is no more vexed question than that of what to do about aborigines. It is evident that the laws of time and progress demand that an ancient race, long past its zenith, shall melt away before the advance of a newer and upward-tending race. It is useless, therefore, to expect to force back the tide and reproduce a past that is spent ; and the white man's duty seems to be confined to easing the closing days of his predecessors.

This is the duty that devolves upon the white race in America, Australasia, and Africa. Much needless cruelty has stained the records of pioneer years, when the rougher advance guards of modern civilization have first swarmed over the domains of the aborigines. Later generations must see how the inevitable laws of progress can be squared with the voice of humanity, and how the lot of the disappearing races can be made happy.

To this question no answer seems to be forthcoming from modern thought. Palliatives only are suggested, and these palliatives always presuppose a milder and more considerate disposition on the part of the people who are expected to adopt them than those people are likely to evince. We may make the Red Man more comfortable on his reservation, but, all the same, land-greed will still have

its jealous and ruthless eye upon him, and will find a way to turn the best laws to its own advantage and the Red Man's loss.

In the principles of Universal Brotherhood alone can be found a means of reconciling the lives of white men and aborigines in a way that will allow Nature and time to take their course unaided by haste and brutality. Under an order of society such as is being laid down at Point Loma, one might expect to see white and red working and living harmoniously together as collaborators in the common end of uplifting the standard of human life. The aims pursued by Universal Brotherhood people are of such a nature as to reconcile in united enterprise the most varied types of humanity; and when such aims become diffused over broader tracts and the Point Loma standard of life comes to be adopted over wider areas, the Red Man may find his place in the human Brotherhood and fit into the ordered plan as all other social units, however diverse, invariably do.

But at present the world at large is as far from any such ideal as it can be. We have been reading about the blacks in South Africa, a race which, between the two millstones of commercial rapacity and religious cant, seems to be in danger of speedy pulverization. For, so extreme and indiscreet are some of the advocates of the black man, that they only cause violent reaction by their well-meant but unintelligent efforts on his behalf.

We are indebted to *The British Weekly* (English Non-conformist Church paper) for the following items about

THE NATIVE IN RHODESIA—SALVATION BY LIQUOR?

The *Salisbury Herald* gives a report of a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. A communication from the London office of the British South Africa Company came up for consideration, asking suggestions as to how the conditions of employment could be rendered more attractive for natives, and how the desire of natives to possess themselves of articles of European manufacture could be increased. The discussion went on as follows:

MR. WIGG—Were the natives of South Africa civilized in any other way but by the introduction of liquor? *I think liquor is the only thing that will civilize them. I do not think the natives will ever be civilized until they get liquor.*

THE CHAIRMAN—*We agreed on that point at the last meeting.*

THE MAYOR—*Yes; we all shared the same view.*

Mr. Stecker thought they could not communicate that recommendation to the Chartered Company. Liquor, no doubt, degenerated the native.

THE CHAIRMAN—There is no doubt about it, if the Kaffir could get liquor, under supervision, you would have all the labor you wanted. The Company, however, does not want to hear this, and we are trying to avoid suggesting it.

MR. STECKER—I do not see why we should not suggest it.

THE MAYOR—We have a very strong argument against Exeter Hall, if they say anything about it.

THE CHAIRMAN—We might reply to the British South Africa Company's letter, saying *the Chamber thinks the great solution is to give the natives liquor under control.*

The other members concurred.

The italics in the above report are ours [says *The British Weekly*]. A Wesleyan minister, the Rev. John White, plucked up courage to remonstrate with the *Herald*, declaring that if the Chamber of Commerce persisted in their proposal "there is in this country a large section of the people who are not in any way connected either with the much abused Exeter Hall party, or the Aborigines Protection Society, who will offer to it uncompromising and relentless opposition." He went on to say that, suppose the liquor increased the labor supply, "is it nothing that an immoral atmosphere is being created that the rising generation must breathe? Is it nothing that you are rendering your wives and daughters increasingly liable to assaults from savages whose vilest passions are inflamed by strong drink?" Mr. White concludes what is in the circumstances a singularly mild letter by saying that the commercial advancement of the country should not be promoted at the expense of the demoralization of the natives. The *Herald* took alarm, and declared it was astonishing "that members of the Chamber of Commerce should profess themselves convinced that strong waters are a civilizing factor. That was a crude expression, and liable to much abuse and misrepresentation by *The British Weekly* and its thousands of readers." We are much obliged to our contemporary, but we are quite satisfied to quote from its own columns without paraphrase or comment. The *Herald* goes on to say that "to deprive the native of all stimulant is, humanly speaking, an injustice." It further blames the London office of the British South Africa Company for asking suggestions as to how to make the conditions of employment more attractive to the natives. It complains that the development of the country is seriously retarded by the instructions issued to native commissioners throughout the two provinces prohibiting them from recruiting boys. Rhodesia is decidedly worth watching. The ministers of religion in that favored country should find the path of duty very plain and clear.

Yes; even rum can be called a civilizing influence, in certain meanings of the word "civilization." If civilization includes the existence of a degraded and uncomplaining slave gang, no doubt rum can furnish this requirement; and probably the mine owners, like Legree, find it cheaper to put their slaves through for what they are worth, and buy new ones when the old are used up, than to waste time and money in preserving what is so cheap and plentiful.

FOR it is my opinion that war is no doubt much to be dreaded, but still not to such a degree that we should be willing to submit to every kind of insult rather than engage in it. For why should we value so highly equality of government, liberty of speech, and the glorious name of freedom, if nothing is to be preferred to peace.—POLYBIUS

Cycles

by C. E. W.



CYCLES have their roots, their *raison d'être*, in consciousness, human and divine. We are apt to entertain a somewhat automatic conception of the mysterious time-periods within which humanity moves, grows, and dies, as under a seemingly inexorable destiny. The truth is, humanity is its own destiny-maker, hence the controller of the movements by which destiny works. Let us look at the matter from the philosophical point of view.

At the beginning of a period of manifestation, one eternal, pure, undivided Consciousness awakened in itself thoughts, activities, forces, which, vibrating through elementary Substance, evolved Universes, and sent the whole march of sleeping Nature into action. By what process was this great awakening of the Spirit that had "slumbered once again for seven Eternities?" It was the process of movement or division of pure Consciousness into what we may term Thought-Consciousness. The One put forth Its attributes or thoughts into activity, realized them in a material expression, brought them out from darkness and latency into objective life. And they became thoughts clothed in a body of form and matter. The forms differed as the thought behind them; the consciousness composing the thought was the same throughout all varieties of manifestation.

Now, in the breaking up of pure, undisturbed Consciousness into thought-consciousness, something happens. When we ourselves pass out of a state of passive consciousness, and begin to think, we generate force. The fact that not only idea but force is inseparable from the act of thinking, is of importance. It is sometimes forgotten that our minds are real dynamos, generating force on the mental plane, as electrical machines generate force on the physical.

To make clear my illustration of the difficult subject of cycles, I must speak in somewhat mechanical terms for a while. And, returning to our thought-dynamo, and its corresponding generation of force, I must ask what *is* force? No one knows. Scientists can tell us how force behaves; its attributes; the work it does; everything, anything, in short, but what it *is*. And so we need not be afraid of calling down scientific opprobrium if we venture, ourselves, on the statement that force is a mode of consciousness—that is, one of the ways in which consciousness works and manifests.

The *Secret Doctrine* tells us a little more. Force, we know, is inseparable from motion, and motion is "Deity's only philosophical aspect—the thrill of the Creative Breath."

As an eternal abstraction Motion is the ever-present; it is finite both in the coming direction and the opposite—the two being the Alpha and Omega of successive reconstructions.

The first Cause is Infinite and unlimited; that which produces a limit is analogous to Motion.

From this we gather the idea of a Universal Consciousness manifesting universal thoughts, clothing them in matter, generating by and through them forces whose action is that of a perpetual motion in two directions—"the coming and the opposite." This, to speak rather crudely, is the mechanical effect of the "Eternal thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts." Each wonderful world-thought, from the widest system to the tiniest atom, is inseparable from force, which is consciousness active in matter. We have only to appeal to the common facts of Nature for evidence of this. Lives there in the whole wide universe one speck of absolutely inert matter? What know we of the force-play of molecules in an atom? What know we of the incessant regeneration of those molecules, after they have been dissociated? Point to one element in Nature where the principle of transformation or rebirth—force exhibiting as motion in a perpetual circle—is not to be found? Empedocles spoke truly when he declared:

By nature is no birth, and of that which dies, no complete destruction. Nothing but mingling of parts, and again separation of mingling.

Very well, then, since the Universe is consciousness manifesting as thought, and force is consciousness acting as matter, there will be periodicity in all departments of nature. For, on the simplest mechanical grounds, the combined results of two forces moving in different directions will be the formation of a spiral. Divine thought in manifestation produces the incessant warfare of spirit with matter. From this duality springs the law—operative on all planes—that action and reaction are equal and opposite. We act, and force is thereby generated. Sometimes we think the action dead, and straightway prepare a funeral. It is not dead, but only completes its cycle, and will presently return with a reactionary force proportionate to that which gave it birth. In short, we know nothing of the transformation process of an act, once it has passed within the veil of the subjective. So each fresh moment records a death in body, mind and soul, as each new hour records a resurrection. Indeed, death and rebirth are traceable in the commonplaces of each day. Everywhere and all the way forces, generated by thought, react to be again reproduced by their own energy. Always we are reproducing ourselves in cycles of unvarying law. Cycles are the thoughts of God, returning unto Himself.

In viewing the subject from this standpoint, I am anxious to avoid the conception of the Universe as of a huge automaton which, once set going, grinds out an incessant repetition of phenomena, until the exhaustion of the initial force

and its reaction stops the works and the end comes. I want to keep well in mind that *force is inseparable from consciousness*. We ourselves are not automatic machines because our consciousness observes periodicity. So with Universal Thoughts. Humanity's thought-waves, whether material or spiritual, ebb and flow in obedience to the great laws of energy. *But humanity itself has created that energy*; it is bound by its own handiwork. By altering the trend of the force, it can modify old reactionary impulses and create new ones that shall aid, rather than obstruct its higher endeavors. There comes a time, at the completion of each ebb of the world's thought, when Consciousness stands, as it were, unhampered by the past. Having cancelled old debts, it is, in a measure, open to follow an upward or downward trend, according to its now freed will. New lines of thought, new courses of action lie all before it where to choose. Because we have thought much original evil, and much also that I might call reflex evil, it need not happen that we are bound by law to think nothing but evil forever. So world-cycles being the product of the consciousness of humanity, have their turning point, at which humanity is free to strike out a fresh line of advance. There are times, I take it, in the history both of races and individuals, when the will attains complete freedom from modifying forces. There is, in the World-Consciousness, a point of perfect equilibrium at which the cycle returns to its starting place, as it were, and "God rests." The gradual loosening of the will from the trammels of reactionary forces gives rise to the graduated degrees of spirituality in consciousness, termed in the East the four Yugas. At the close of one such stage are we today. There may be for us a further age of iron, or a dawning of golden life whose glory shall increase unto all eternity. The world is free to choose, and we believe it has chosen. Its Higher Consciousness, aided by Those Whose hands stem the heavy tide of Karmic reaction, has marked the directing line, has generated the new force whose wave will carry humanity over the storms of a transition period into the safe harbor of the new country.

LAWs, in their widest signification, are the necessary and inexorable results which spring from the nature of things; and, in this sense, all beings have their laws, the Divinity has His laws; the material world has its laws; the intelligences superior to man have their laws; man has his laws.—MONTESQUIEU

“The Law and the Prophets”

by Rev. S. J. Neill



OVER 2000 years ago the books of the old Testament were divided into three classes, and are still so divided in the Hebrew. These divisions are, the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, — to use the language of Luke, where Jesus tells his disciples that all things must be fulfilled which were written of him “in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms.” As early as the days of Daniel and Zechariah, or about 500 B. C., we find evidence of a twofold division, the Law and the Prophets.

The Law, or the Law of Moses, the *Torah*, included what we know as the first five books of the Old Testament. The Prophets, called *Nebiim*, were divided into the former and latter Prophets. The former included Joshua, Judges, 1st and 2nd Samuel, and 1st and 2nd Kings. The latter Prophets were divided into the greater and the lesser. The greater were Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel: and there were twelve minor Prophets.

It seems strange to us that historical books, such as 1st and 2d Samuel should be classed as part of the Prophets. The explanation given is, that as early as the time of the Judges there were schools of the Prophets, or “Sons of the Prophets,” living together as a society. They were naturally the teachers of the people, the recorders, or historians; they were also the seers and cultivated seership. Nathan the Prophet, Gad the Seer, Ahijah, and Iddo were examples.

They were probably somewhat similar to the bards, seers, and Druids of western lands. Their writings were therefore classed as “the Prophets.” It is very probable that in some form or other this School of the Prophets existed from the time of the Judges to the days of Ezra, and the “Men of the Great Synagogue,” who, according to Rabbinic tradition, fixed the canon of the Old Testament.

The third division, called the Psalms, in the Gospel of Luke was named in Hebrew, *Cetubim*, or writings. And in the LXX, the *Hagiographa*, or sacred writings, and included the rest of the books of the Old Testament.

The threefold division was not invariably used, for we find Jesus, in a celebrated passage, saying, “Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill.” And again,—“Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.” It will be seen from the above

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quotations how deeply the title of our discourse, "The Law and the Prophets," is embedded in our thought, our literature, and our religion. It will also be seen that Jesus teaches the continuity of Divine revelation. He came not to destroy a former revelation, but to fill out, or complete; and "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the Law till all be fulfilled."

It has been the habit of some, in all ages, when a new teacher speaks, or when a fresh revelation of Truth is given, to ignore, or discard the former revelation. This is childish, and unscientific, for a little thought will show us that Nature works by orderly development. The growth of the corn is a picture of how Nature works. There is first the blade, then the stalk, rising joint upon joint, then the ear, and the full corn in the ear. It is all a continuous and harmonious development, the second stage rising out of the first, and resting upon it, the third rising out of the second, and so on. No wonder that the ancients regarded the Tree as a very sacred object, symbolizing many deep truths to the wise.

The second quotation, in which Jesus sums up the Law and the Prophets in one sentence, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," emphasizes the need for that higher point of view which shows us the heart of things.

The "Law of the Lord" is not a set of arbitrary rules, but is based on the Divine goodness, which outlines the best way for men to live in order to reach perfection. But if a man, inspired and guided by the living heart of the Law, which is love, or the "Heart Doctrine," made this the great rule of his life, then he would not only fulfill the whole Law, but would transcend it as far as the Spirit transcends the letter. The Apostle Paul teaches the same thing where he says that, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." We require no law to deter us from injuring those we love. We should never think of stealing their goods, or defaming them, or lying to them, or harming them, not because we are restrained by written enactment, but because the higher law of Love, written in our hearts, renders unnecessary all outward regulations. The understanding of this gives us the clue to much of Paul's writing. And it is this inner or higher law which is the basis of Universal Brotherhood, making it a fountain of health and peace for men and for nations. And this being so, we can see how true it is, as Katherine Tingley said on the first crusade, that "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age."

There is no more remarkable feature in human history than the wonderful vitality and individuality of the Jewish race, notwithstanding all it has suffered. And along with this we may place the widespread influence of the religion of this handful of people. The law of the Old Testament is at the basis of all law in the western world. The Prophets and the Psalms speak to a vaster audience

than any other writings on earth. And the no less remarkable thing is, that, humanly speaking, this came about through the union of Hebrew and Greek thought. Had the Old Testament not been translated into Greek about 280 B. C., and had not the New Testament been given in Greek, the Western world today, bad as it is, would probably present even a darker picture than is shown by the most backward peoples of the East. Still more, in nearly every instance, from the time of Christ to the present day, with the development, both of the textual and “Higher Criticism,” the diffusion of light and liberty has been closely connected with the revival of the study of Hebrew and Greek. But for this, how could Luther have existed? How could the Reformation have taken place? And the light and liberty of today rest on that time as the grain of wheat rests on the stalk. Luther, speaking of his translating the Old Testament, says :

We are laboring hard to bring out the prophets in the mother-tongue. *Ach Gott!* What a great and difficult work it is to make the Hebrew writers speak German! They resist it so, and are unwilling to give up their Hebrew existence and become like Germans.

I do not say that the great Guides of humanity could not have acted in some other way to help the race, but this is the way they did act, just as they used the Law and the Prophets two thousand years ago.

We have spoken of the Law as that known in the Old Testament, and the Prophets, as the Prophets of Israel; but surely the words have a wider application than this? As the sun in the heavens is the symbol of that Divine Sun whence all things proceed, so the Hebrew Law is but a type of that Eternal and Divine Law which is wider than all nations, and vast as the universe itself. What is the Great Law? It is not a mere name. It is not an empty abstraction. It is the living presence of the Infinite, the Most High. In the mighty sweep of planets and suns, and systems; in the gentle growth of a flower; in the exquisite structure of some insect’s wing, too tiny for the naked eye to see—in all the myriad forms and workings of Nature, but chiefly in man, we see the presence of the Great Law, which weaves and unweaves all things. What we call the Law is but the veiling and manifesting of that Infinite Life in which we live, and move, and have our being. When we think, and speak, and act rightly we put ourselves into union with the Great Law. Emerson speaks of hitching your wagon to a star, but we can do more than that, we can join ourselves to the Infinite and Eternal. Or we can do the other thing, which many do; we can set ourselves in opposition to the Great Law by joining ourselves to what is untrue or wrong.

And the Prophets of the Great Law, who are they? The Prophet is not necessarily a foreteller of things; that is but a narrow and secondary meaning of the word. The Prophet is one who speaks for another, one who manifests or

declares another. All who reveal the Great Law are to that extent Prophets of the Law, God's Prophets. Those who declare the truths men need, and the life that men need, are God's Prophets. And when all the newspapers and writings that either ignored them or maligned them have rotted out of existence, and their very names are forgotten, these Prophets will shine as the stars for ever and ever. And not only the great Leaders, they who are found amid the hottest strife, withstanding the ignorant, the selfish, the bigoted, as Elijah withstood the Priests of Baal on Mount Carmel — not only they, but also those who in humble positions in life, patiently and cheerfully, trusting the Great Law, do the right thing, though difficult, and speak the truth in love, and act with self-forgetting charity; they too are Prophets of the Great Law, manifesting it, declaring it as a living force in their lives. And that is the ever-victorious path of the genuine Theosophist, the man who makes Theosophy a living power in his life — he is at one with the Great Law, and a Prophet of it.

From the time of Christ till the close of the 18th century the spread of light was closely associated with the revival of learning, and that meant Hebrew and Greek learning chiefly. But with the 19th century, and especially the latter part of it, a new and vaster flood of light poured over the whole world. Every department of the human mind, every domain of thought was lighted up, and invigorated with new life. Looking at the past from our present standpoint, the human mind appears to be like one waking up after a long sleep. The tendency of the Dark Ages — and many of the centuries were dark ages — was to worship the letter rather than the spirit, and to crystallize forms of thought. The Bible was fast becoming a fetich, and not a living Law. Christ was lost in the creeds and rituals of the Church, and the human mind, denied freedom of thought, was becoming the mere echo of those who ruled — man was fast ceasing to be man. The Reformation of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, and others had done much, but it had not done enough. It had, however, roused the human mind from spiritual slavery, and made freedom of thought and unfettered investigation possible. This in the course of time awakened the minds of men to juster views of history, more intelligent views of Scripture, and wider and nobler views of all human life. With the perfecting of scholarship came the perfecting of textual criticism, that is, the finding out of just what had been written — for unless you know what a man wrote how can you know what he meant? Then followed the so-called “Higher criticism,” the study of the matter itself, and the comparison of the thoughts it contained with similar ideas found elsewhere. In the midst of this a great light shone from the East. The knowledge of Sanskrit literature, the discovery of it, can only be compared to the discovery of America. This made a new science possible, the Science of Comparative Religion, and paved the way for modern Theosophy.

Science had been working toward unity in Nature, and unity among the races of men, and now it was shown that though the various families of men had wandered far and forgotten their ancient home, yet did their forms of religion contain proof that all had sprung from the Ancient Wisdom Religion. This was truly a golden cord linking all together. And as Theosophists we believe that no works on comparative religion can at all be compared with those monumental books of H. P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, and the *Secret Doctrine*—books to which the world, before long, will wake up, and wonder why it has not read them. That great light, which has its focus in Theosophy, has been shining and shining in many ways, and in many corners of the world. It has illuminated the minds of the scientific, it has kindled the fire of love and compassion in the hearts of philanthropists, great and small; it has shown its presence in the vast number of inventions; and we may reasonably believe that it will, at no distant date, kindle celestial harmonies of music and sweet voices of song—“poets hidden in the light of thought, singing hymns unbidden till the world is wrought to sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.” These are but a few of the many quarters in which the Great Light, the Great Law, shines.

We live in a momentous time. The last twenty-five years have produced mighty changes in the world of thought, and prepared the way for even greater changes in the future. As never before men are waking up to see the true relations of things. And before long many will be sufficiently awake to seek, not shams, nor shadows, but reality, the *Truth* itself—that Truth which is the only religion.

Today the minds of men are moved and stirred as never before. Carlyle says it is a serious thing when men have to try their gods. We have come to that point. In such a state of things it is a matter of infinite importance that men rely on the Great Law. It speaks in the inmost soul of man, and it speaks also through all the prophets since the world began, and may we not recognize in the prophets of today the great prophets of the past?

As it was in the days of Jesus, so it is today. The priests then made the Law of none effect by their traditions. So, today, Ecclesiasticism has well-nigh strangled Christianity. Therefore the Great Law raises up new prophets to us, and gives us Theosophy whose mission is to accomplish for Christianity what Jesus did for the Jewish Law, viz., to give it new meaning, fresh life, and a wider scope.

This is the working of the Great Law which cares for all nations and peoples, and which, in the world's hour of need, proclaims through its prophets today the necessity for Universal Brotherhood.

But what shall we say of those who revile the name of Theosophy while they appropriate its ideas, and try to twist them into the orthodox groove of

thought? Are they not doing what Rome did to early Christianity? Let us be warned by the lessons of the Old Testament, for there were false prophets as well as true. In Micah, twenty-five hundred years ago, we find these words: "The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money, yet will they lean upon the Lord and say, Is not the Lord among us?" That reads very much like what might be said today. And it was one of the gravest charges made by Jeremiah: "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so." Yes, the sad thing has too often been, "And my people love to have it so!"

Surely it is time for men to think for themselves, and to distinguish between the false prophet and the true; and this can be done only by listening to the Divine Voice, the Voice of the Great Law that speaks from the inmost soul of man, as the Divine Voice of old spake from the Holy of Holies. In the light of that Divine Light we can recognize all external helps, and discern all hindrances too. Along the path it will be a lamp to our feet, shining more and more brightly till we reach the perfect day.

"What Must I Do to Be Saved?"

by Bruno



WHAT, in reality, is the meaning of salvation? What am I to be saved from? What is meant by "I"? These are the questions that confront us when we enter upon the discussion of man's origin and destiny. And if we answer these questions rightly we shall have a clear comprehension of our duty towards God and man. In the absence of absolute knowledge we have a right, nay, it is our duty, to take the facts of life and to exercise our reason and understanding that we may solve, if possible, these questions that are so essential to man's welfare.

The time is past when men might say: "We will not trouble ourselves about these questions; they are too difficult for us; we are mere passengers; we have entrusted our safety to our guides and conductors." We have arrived at a point on our way where we realize that humanity has had innumerable professed guides who know no more than we do as to the vital and essential questions that con-

cern us. The intelligent man realizes now that he should exercise his faculties and do all in his power to obtain the clearest aspect of the truth that he is capable of receiving, and not delegate to others the duties that especially devolve upon him. For, as we advance along the line of discussion of this subject, we may learn that the light which we perceive and into which we enter will be ours, because we have earned it and have the right to it.

In whatever way we answer the question as to man's origin, after our long pilgrimage, we must realize that we have been deluded wanderers that have lost our bearing and identity. Each one may say: “The night is dark and I am far from home; lead Thou me on.” The earnest yearning of every heart is to return home—to enter again the Father's house. Eons ago “spirit” descended into “matter,” obedient to the law of the outbreathing and the inbreathing of the Eternal One. This is one of the meanings of the “Fall.” This produced the great illusion and the heresy of separateness. From universal harmony and homogeneity came heterogeneity. From unity came diversity and individuality. In consequence of the veil of matter enveloping spirit and the development of individuality, separateness was regarded as real and not an appearance only, and the truth of the unity of mankind was obscured and lost sight of and forgotten. Each ego regarded itself as disconnected from and independent of all other egos. Sin and crime followed. Ignorance, therefore, is the cause of all our woes, and the meaning of salvation of the soul is that it has reached the state where all illusion has disappeared, and it recognizes that in essence it is one with all other souls. In other words, the soul has gained its freedom.

The reason why the great Helpers and Teachers that came among men at certain periods of the world's history were called “Saviors,” was because they taught mankind the way by which the human race could rise out of the low condition in which it has plunged in consequence of the illusions of the material world. It would have been almost impossible for a soul veiled in matter to realize its divinity without the aid and direction of great beings inherently wise, who know the Higher Law. Such compassionate souls, for the sake of humanity, are willing to make the sacrifice of their peace and bliss, and voluntarily take upon themselves the pains and sorrows of human existence, to rescue men from the chains of selfishness and the materialistic conditions in which they are bound.

That men desire to be saved is made known by Humanity's heart-cry and by the responses, from time to time, that come from the very soul to the appeals of these Saviors and Helpers, who have made the great renunciation in order to redeem mankind. The deep, undying love of these Teachers of Wisdom for all creatures causes them to forego the bliss they have earned, to take upon themselves the burden of the world's sins, “self-doomed to live through future Kalpas,

unthanked and unperceived by man," that all may at last attain to freedom. Compassion speaks and says: "Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?"

To keep the "radiant thread" between the Higher Self and the human soul unbroken, to the end of the pilgrimage of human experience, is salvation. A human soul cannot be saved against its will. So long as a soul persists in evil and continues to regard material existence as its home, efforts to redeem it will prove fruitless. Some tremendous shock, or a series of so-called misfortunes, which should be regarded as blessings in disguise, might cause such an awakening that it would appeal to its God within for aid and guidance. Without the proper disposition and the positive attitude of turning to the Higher Self for guidance, the human soul cannot be saved. To attempt to save it without such tendencies and attitude would be like unto an effort to raise one absolutely dead to life. We may readily conceive, then, how futile the shedding of blood would be to rescue a soul from perdition. If the soul persistently tended Godward—the shedding of innocent blood would be superfluous; and if it did not assume such attitude, the shedding of innocent blood would be vain.

A beautiful, spiritual and mystical truth has been materialized and grossly disfigured by the grovelling worldliness of men. Spiritually, the Divine Man is the victim of his earthly image—the subtle vehicle, for whose sins he makes atonement. It is not a question of wrath to be appeased, or offended Divine Justice to be satisfied, by the ignominious death of perfect innocence in the midst of a career most necessary and beneficial to mankind. Divine Justice, Karma, knows not wrath nor pardon. The ideal man has no wrath to be appeased, but, full of compassion, he voluntarily comes to the rescue of the fallen brother to aid him in his evolution to a higher spiritual plane of consciousness.

The qualities of compassion and brotherliness appeal to our higher nature which gives a response which is unmistakeable in approval. Is man more compassionate than God? Why should man impute to God—the source of wisdom and justice—that which he would regard as discreditable if imputed to himself? As all power is from God, so all virtue is from God. Our love of justice, our compassion, as every other human excellence, are the reflection of God. Man's intuition and reason, the brightest jewels in his crown, are rays of Divine perfection. Let us not deceive ourselves.

The measure of our woes is that of the joys that end them.

Spirit, veiled in matter, has dropped its recollection of the angel's smile and rendered human existence sad and tragical. In his struggle to be saved man loses patience and calm because of the absence of due reflection. He expects, or desires, a happy ending of every enterprise. If present gain is not the result

he thinks that the work performed has been a failure. Not believing in the pre-existence of the soul, a man has no correct notion as to ideal or true justice. Amid the contests of material existence, or, in beholding the representations of dramatic action, he expects that his conception of justice must be attained, virtue must have her reward, or the contests of life have been of no benefit except to him who has won the material reward. In conformity to the Divine plan, the misfortunes encountered in material existence chasten and refine us, and impress the truth indelibly on our souls that this is not the whole of our life; that it is a transitory state, and that our home is in the eternal. The soul would make no advance if deluded by the idea that every worldly enterprise should be crowned with success as an assurance of Divine approval. If all our worldly work had the smile of approval, we would be satisfied; we would seek for no higher state than this.

This would be our heaven—we would search for no higher object. Waterloo was more useful to Napoleon than Austerlitz—St. Helena than boundless sovereignty and a firmly established dynasty.

At the present stage of our development misfortune is essential to the soul's growth. The great poets and dramatists discovered the true path. They have not assumed to speak for the truly wise, nor have they assigned a role in tragic action for the wise man. The learned and the ignorant may play their roles on the same stage. Misfortune is a great teacher—it faces its opposite on every occasion. If it does not always triumph, yet how often does it send a thrill of disappointment through success, and cause the artist or actor to be dissatisfied with his work! He must try again. An ounce of success rests on a ton of failure. At the completion of all our laudable endeavors we need to hold on to still higher ideals that we may persevere to the end, without discouragement, in the path we have chosen.

Each one must work out his salvation with fear and trembling. We must die daily to the old and worn-out fancies and delusions, and daily and hourly rise from the dead to a new life. In this way we may be “accounted worthy of the resurrection from the dead.” A sudden marvellous change in us is not to be looked for. At times we live in our emotions, and may fancy perhaps that we have experienced such a change that we feel that our salvation is sure. It is the tendency of the mind to oscillate between two extremes. Man would venture all if convinced that by making one supreme effort, he could end the turmoil of physical existence and reach salvation at one bound.

The ordinary mortal does realize his limited vision, or how incapable he is of comprehending real spiritual life. If suddenly revealed, it would be a puzzle-picture to him. We may learn by analogy how the spiritual faculties unfold. The five senses require training, and are susceptible of development and discrim-

ination to a marvelous degree. As the eye and ear are trained by practice and discipline, so are the spiritual will and other like powers quickened into activity. Reliable evidence of the awakened spiritual will is the quick response made to its requirements. Performing what is disagreeable to animal tastes and human habit to subserve a great and laudable purpose, in obedience to Divine law, is a proof of the supremacy of the spiritual will. The brutish nature awakens to the human impulse, the human yields to the Divine, man ultimately reaches the portal where he becomes more than man. No miracle of Divine grace enters into the problem. The aspirations of all Nature are toward the Divine.

“Nature well known, no miracle remains.” Salvation is a matter of growth and faith in the right. Persistent affirmative attitude in right-doing and purity of life leads to the goal. In the course of time such attitude and right action, commenced early in life, make the path comparatively plain. But the one who has gone astray in early life and become habituated to an evil course finds it extremely difficult to reconstruct himself and recombine the atoms of his life so as to form a symmetrical moral being.

There is nothing more interesting than the contemplation of the play of the irrepressible forces of the Divine with the human nature. It is, in the beginning, in some respects, like unto the conflict between the builders and the destroyers in the human organism. Then again in other respects it is quite different. In the conflict between the builders and destroyers we are reminded of a personal struggle between many organisms. The opposing forces of the Divine and human suggest an impersonal contest, like the light shining in darkness and the darkness comprehending it not. It is not like an intelligent being sinning against light and knowledge; but rather like a refractory element that is to be subdued and taught to be responsive to a higher intelligence, by the dispersion of the darkness and the comprehension of the light. That which is gross in the human is dissipated and the more subtile elements are liberated into coalescent action with the spiritual forces. Yet danger is ever present. We may find “under every flower a serpent coiled.” The experience of the soul in light and shadow teaches that we are never secure against the lurking enemy of the lower nature. And it is said that we are never more in danger of falling than when we think we have achieved a great victory. The flattering tone of the tempter, the subtle color of the temptation, when once experienced by their victim, should never be effaced from his mind. Like disease, temptations strike us in the weakest part. Appeal may be made to our hunger, to our vanity, to our pride, greed or ambition. It may come when we are physically weak and apparently unable to resist. It came to the Divine Man when his soul was sorrowful even unto death, when he said, “O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.” But the human will yielded to the Divine will.

Thus we may learn how the human nature is disciplined, how the human soul evolves and grows to be like the Divine model—how it gains its freedom and obtains salvation.

On the Study of Human Nature

by E. M.



“HIGHER Education” is one of the ideals of the present day. We can scarcely pick up a book or a paper which does not plead for this ideal and offer suggestions that some one believes would at least aid in bringing it into realization. It is a good sign. But, unfortunately, very few have a definite idea of what higher education really means. As a result, our writers and educators, as the world goes, sometimes plunge into the dark in their search for it and reach—chaos.

The Theosophical Movement was opportune. It seems as if it were founded in answer to humanity’s heart cry for an education that would educate. H. P. Blavatsky advanced the idea that nothing short of a three-fold education, spiritual, mental and physical, would define this ideal. As a broad foundation on which to build it she brought back to men a new doctrine—new at least to that generation—the Doctrine of the Heart. For she realized that humanity’s only hope lay in education on right lines.

Today all, and more, that she dreamed of has come to pass. At Point Loma the great educational Center of which she dreamed, and which was the objective point of all her work, is established. Already students are here and are constantly coming from all points of the world. Yet this differs from other schools. Art, music, law, philosophy, all these are studied, but not in the usual way. Here they are not mere accomplishments, mere weapons with which to fight our way through that jungle which we call “the business world,” in the hope of securing bread and butter, with cake if possible. No. Here the students realize that each study is a part of life itself, an integral part. The personal view is eliminated by this ideal of preparing to serve humanity, and this is the basis, as students well know, of the true theosophical life.

To do this as it ought to be done, students in Loma-land have to look well into their own natures. They must also study others. And this gives one the

chief reason why Point Loma differs from all other educational institutions in the world. It is the great world-school for the study of human nature.

Now, as all universities and schools furnish special facilities for the study of each special branch, so in the great heart laboratory of Loma-land are there special facilities for those who wish to study human nature. Life here is simplicity itself. That alone suffices to lift off many layers of this garment of personality which we wear in common with our fellows. Then, too, the place itself is a throbbing heart center of force. It is as if we were approaching nearer and nearer the center of the wheel of life. Experiences accumulate rapidly—inner experiences—for on its surface life in Loma-land is more placid than in any other spot in the world. As there is swift ebb and flow of life forces at the heart of the human organism, so is there at Loma-land, at this heart center of the vast organism called humanity. On outer lines as well, the ebb and flow is continual. Hundreds and thousands of visitors coming from all parts of the world, bring definite instruction to those who are able to grasp it.

Those who contact them find additional opportunities for the study of human nature. Then, too, the presence of the Leader, Katherine Tingley—how much that means—the Teacher in this science called the study of character. Do we all realize that it is this which she tries to teach us? The folly she checks, the weakness she leads us to transmute into strength, our darling likes and dislikes, she quietly inspires us to make over upon another pattern, all this we understand in a way. But do we realize that one of her objects in seeking to lift us into purity and strength and joy is to so quicken our insight that we may become able to read human nature, and thus become able to help our fellows wisely instead of foolishly.

I fancy that if the gods were asked, "Who cause you the most trouble, the bad or the indifferent?" they might reply: "Neither—we suffer most from the extremist." No one, who has ever thought beyond the limits of his own yard, but has witnessed the follies of some extremist. This type exists in all places, on all lines, and his favorite hunting grounds appear to be philosophy or so-called philosophy. The Theosophical Society has suffered enough from him, although today he is pretty thoroughly sifted out. One type has gone into "self-development," or pseudo-occultism, of one kind or another. Another type of extremist has taken the pure ethics of Theosophy and made such a fetish of, say, "compassion," that he would not choke the snake that was eating his own child for fear of hurting the snake! I assure you the picture is not overdrawn.

Another worships the ideal of "patience" and "submission" till he loses all his common-sense, all his warrior qualities, and allows his soul to fairly prostitute itself to circumstances. Another fixes his vision upon a distorted idea of, say,

“duty,” with such persistence that he loses all sense of proportion and fairly nags his neighbor to desperation.

Another hangs over the ideal of “brotherhood”—or his interpretation of it—as a dog would hang snarling over a bone. The result is that all these twist their ideals into something that they are not, and never could even appear to be save to those who look at life through lenses of their own manufacture. And so it goes! And there are extremists, as well, in this study of human nature. Here and there one meets the person who has departed a bit from the sanity of middle lines. He makes “human nature” a kind of hobby. He transforms his fellow men into laboratory specimens. In a certain sense this is what we should all do, but not with that desperate and calm thirst for mere discovery that is so characteristic of the extremist. Others should be to us a mirror in which to better witness our own faults. Our motive should be pure. From it should spring an unquenchable determination to eradicate the weak spots in our own natures, an unquenchable desire to help those whom we are trying to understand in every possible way, even at the cost of our own self-satisfaction.

The extremist of this type usually invents far more than he observes. In him the philosophic insight into another’s life is quite likely to degenerate into mere curiosity. He snatches a word, a hint, fastens to it some discovery he believes himself to have made—or perchance really has made—by observing the person, and then invents whatever is needed to make out his case. Then he holds up to us the diagnosis he has fashioned of some weak spot in our nature, and affronts us with his “discovery.” Few of us are properly grateful. The reason for which is two-fold. In the first place, his diagnosis is never a true one, for his own insight is obscured by his mental attitude. And then, *even if it were*—is not our very soul outraged by the dragging into light of those things which belong only to ourselves, to the Great Teacher, and to the Law? It is as if a burglar, who by his cleverness broke into our room at night, should affront us next day by holding up to our view the jewels he had stolen, and proposed to keep; or the soiled linen he had found in the closet. We might admire his cleverness, but we could not call him highly moral nor humane, nor would we invite him to call again.

Those who have come in touch with Katherine Tingley — whether they have ever seen her or spoken with her matters not—well know she is one who can read human nature to the last narrow letter on its final page. She knows us — ah, how well! But does she fling her knowledge of our weaknesses into our faces with the air of a common thief? No. That is not the Teacher’s way. Yet she brings them to our notice none the less one by one. She stands, all compassionate, yet adamant, till every weakness is eradicated. How does she do it? We know not, for who among us can look within the depths of that current

called processes? We know only that she, in the many ways that only the mother heart could traverse, leads us to discover our faults, one by one, for ourselves. At least we think that is how it all happens, and so our self-respect grows instead of being blighted. She does not tear apart the petals of that blossoming thing called the human soul as does the extremist in this "study of human nature." The artist hand and the mother heart are never guilty of that. She lifts the blossoming thing into the sunlight, she warms it, she lets the sunlight stream into its very heart. The petals open, and by and by the heart of the flower has given up its last fragrant secret. Is there need of pruning? Then she does the surgeon's work, the gardener's work. That is a different matter. That, too, is part of the Law, and how grateful are we—as grateful as the rose from whose heart the gardener tears a parasite that was eating out its life.

The one who can faithfully read human nature carries around no signs nor labeled "discoveries" by which to announce the fact. The extremist invariably does. That is one sign by which we may distinguish the one who really understands human nature from the one who merely thinks he does. The Teacher discerns because that is a part of the position the Teacher holds. Such an one is an agent of the Law, entering your soul's dwelling with the dignity of the officer who has a right, given him by the law, to make a search. If we really want to do the right thing, if there is nothing in our domain to conceal from those who have the right to search, then we welcome this emergency and meet the dignity of the law's agent with our own. That is quite one thing and forcing one's way in without the right is quite another. It is burglary, a picking of locks, a disreputable business, to say the least.

The extremist in his study of human nature has a fatal facility for inflicting pain to no result. Yet in many cases he would not consciously do it for the world. However we are equal to our own defense if we, too, are making use of our opportunities. While he is studying us, *we may be quietly studying him*. That is a contingency on which he rarely reckons. Argument, protest, all these are useless. We do but waste our time, we would better be silent. The wiser course, and one which we will follow naturally, almost without realizing it, is to quietly abolish the pedestal on which the extremist stands. He may not know that he ever was on a pedestal. He probably will never dream that we have quietly tipped him off. But we know *because we reared it ourselves and set him upon it*. The remedy is plain. The cannon leveled in the valley can do a certain amount of injury, but it is the shot and shell from the mountain fortress that tears and hurts.

Shall we study human nature then? Aye, and deeply. But let us take account of our own humanity in the process. Let us realize that there is an infinite distinction between the grasp of the ravisher and the healing touch of the

physician. And if we long to help humanity, it is our duty, nay, we should make it the passion of our lives, to understand human nature. But let us constantly ask ourselves, "Why am I permitted to glimpse this or that secret of my friend's heart? Is it not that it may better mirror to me my own? If not, then perchance, it is permitted to me to lead my friend into the pain of its discovery that he may find the strength that is born of pain. How may I do this that the touch of my hand will heal and not merely hurt or, perhaps, kill?"

He who outrages the human body we call a criminal. But he who outrages the human soul, who attempts to drag into exposure its sacredness merely that he may say, "Lo! this have I discovered!" — What shall we name him? Extremist? The word is quite too gentle.

Theosophy and Business

by Oluf Tyberg



THEOSOPHY is the Wisdom of the Gods, and as such it not only reiterates the essential teachings of the founders of all the great religions of the past, but it brings with it also new tidings of hope and joy to the present discouraged humanity.

Through its teaching the student may learn to comprehend the different stages of growth through which humanity as a whole and man as an individual must pass. He may learn to understand the apparent gaps between so-called life and death by beginning to recognize himself as a divine being through whose inner and deeper side he is indissolubly linked to all that has been in the past, and through whose mind and outer garment of flesh and blood, invested with organs of sense, he is linked to all that now lives and breathes.

As an individual he is a part of the whole scheme of evolution, and as a conscious being he shares with all the rest of humanity the responsibility for all that is. Just as his individual life and condition are the harvest of the fruits of which seeds were planted in ages past, so this harvesting time becomes also the seed time, the fruits of which shall be gathered in lives to come.

Theosophy deals with facts, not beliefs; it is founded on knowledge and therefore appeals to reason, it is based on love and justice and appeals to man's nobler quality of courage, the courage to dare to do right, and it altogether

rejects appeals to ignorance and fear which, unfortunately, characterize so many of the modern systems of religion.

How many miserable sinners, now shivering from fear in some of the so-called Christian churches today, might be converted into free, whole-souled, warm-hearted men and women had they but the courage to partake even of the crumbs which fall from the bread of the wisdom of Theosophy.

The only true test for worth lies in the quality of usefulness, and this is the test which each man must learn to apply to his religion. Theosophy alone can stand this test, because it is the only religion today that clearly proves man a responsible being, *placed* by the great law of cause and effect in conditions welded by himself in past lives, which neither chance nor arbitrary enactment can modify an iota. It shows him answerable in every sense of the word, under any and all conditions, for every act and thought in life, and because it points out that duty is based on brotherhood, that brotherhood is founded on the firm rock of law; by the use of this knowledge, and only by it, may man successfully seek the royal road that leads to happiness and joy.

What is it but happiness which we are all seeking, each in his own way, each through his own self-appointed task? But it is only the few who are finding it, and those few are the *practical men of the day*. It is the practical man who has learned that happiness is not dependent on either wealth or power or fame, who knows that so-called success is more often a hindrance than a stepping-stone to happiness. True happiness is altogether dependent on conditions within, and may be present where wealth abounds or where poverty rules, among the leaders of the men of industry as well as among the humblest toilers; but wherever you find it, wherever you meet it, you stand face to face with a practical man.

All practical men, to the extent that they have found the secret of true living, are Theosophists, which does not necessarily imply that they are students of "Theosophy," for they may not even know the word, but their philosophy of life is the philosophy of Theosophy and brotherhood, as taught to the world from Loma-land, whether they recognize it or not. There is but one road to happiness, and that is the one pointed out by Theosophy, and that road leads along the path of usefulness. Witness the signs posted all along the way:

Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means.

To live to benefit mankind is the first step.

Step out from Sunlight into shade to make more room for others.

Act thou for them today and they will act for you tomorrow.

The selfish devotee lives to no purpose.

Restrain by thy divine thy lower self.

Guard thou the lower lest it soil the higher.

The way to final freedom is within thyself; that way begins and ends outside of self.

Let us try to apply this test of usefulness to business and to the business world, but in order to do this let us take a quick glance of the business man's sphere, our social and industrial life, our present civilization.

We take a great deal of pride in our modern civilization, and many wonderful things have indeed been accomplished. By the opening up of the world by means of steamships, railroads and the telegraph, the necessity and advantage of the inter-relation between the different nations have become more and more apparent, and the barriers of prejudice and race hatred are rapidly being removed, but within the nations themselves, and particularly in this country, greater changes are taking place. By the establishment of great enterprises thousands of people are learning to work together for the accomplishment of definite ends. To do this all kinds of people are needed, specialists in every line of work, men with brain and men with muscle, men to direct and men to execute, men to command and men to obey.

Thus men are brought closer and closer together, the inter-relation, the interdependence of humanity is becoming more and more apparent, more and more clearly defined, and this indicates not only the beginning of a new phase of human development, but points to possibilities hitherto undreamed of because it is a development along the path of true progress; it is working with the law and must eventually teach the world to recognize not only the interdependence that exists between all men, but also the great brotherhood lesson, that true progress cannot be accomplished single-handed, but must be by all and for all.

But it is this lesson we have not yet learned, and therefore we have presented to us side by side with the picture of material progress, another picture of mental agony, despair and discontent.

While everybody may not be willing to admit it, I think there is enough evidence to show that the world is not any happier today, for all this material progress, and the reason is quite plain, as we shall readily see.

In olden time, people fought one another for the possession of wealth and power, and the physically strong were the leaders of men. Today we do not fight each other with the spear and sword, but by means of the subtler powers of the mind; we utilize the machinery of progress, we monopolize the forces of Nature which man's inventive genius has succeeded in harnessing to gain control over one another, and so today everywhere we find the keenest minds the leaders of men.

We look up to them as the successful men of the world, admiring them for their ability to draw everything to themselves, envying their position, always hoping that some day we may succeed as they have succeeded. The greed for wealth, the ambition to rule and to shine is not confined to any particular class, but permeates the whole of the modern civilization. Nobody is satisfied, every-

body madly rushes on for more gain, for more power, for more homage, but nobody is any happier.

We call this a Christian Civilization, but forget the teaching of Christ:

What does it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

And so we have the other picture, the picture of two sets or classes of men, the successful and the unsuccessful, all madly grasping for more in their vain hope to gain happiness, only to discover that when they get what they were looking for it was not what they expected to find.

But the happy man, the practical man in the truest sense of the word, where is he?—not in this picture, but somewhere else, unobserved by the busy world—madly rushing after false gods.

It is not my purpose to merely criticise the existing state of things, nor even to point out how, theoretically, this wonderful development with its wealth and prosperity, now a burden to the few and an eyesore and a heartache to the many, might be transformed into a blessing for all. The world is already full of would-be reformers of all shades and degrees of sanity or—insanity—all busily at work trying to reform the other fellow; all seeing the mote in their brother's eye.

But I want to direct your attention to an accomplished fact, not a dreamland or Utopia, but a modern community of men and women, gathered from all over the world, rich and poor alike, people from many different walks in life, all living together in purity and happiness at Point Loma. There the ancient Wisdom Religion is once more made practical, there the Golden Rule is once more made a living fact, there all are working together, many minds, many hands, but one heart and one head.

It was for Theosophy that H. P. Blavatsky devoted a life of unselfish effort in order to present it to the world; it was this teaching that W. Q. Judge died for to save it from dogmatic interpretation and malign influences, and today it is being taught to the students at Loma-land by the great World Teacher, Katherine Tingley.

As a practical system it is neither communistic, anarchistic or socialistic; *it is Theosophic.*

Law and order rule supreme, and everything is conducted on the strictest lines of business because there even business is a religion, in marked contrast to the rest of the world, where so much of the so-called religion has been turned into business.

The business of Loma-land as I see it, is not conducted with the view of placing everybody on the same level, but to place before everybody the same opportunity, because Theosophy recognizes the different stages of development to which men have attained, through which all men must pass, and which are needed

for the sake of experience, and the student therefore knows that we shall always have leaders of men, men with brain and men without, men with wealth and men without, but in the perfect society as established there, each will be able to find his own place, his *right* place. None will suffer discontent, because there will be no inducement, no, not even an opportunity for the rich man or the brainy man to use either wealth or wit to gain advantage over others, and so at last a new and much sought-for opportunity is presented, where each man, in peace and contentment, may learn to recognize the true nobility which belongs to any calling.

My personal observation of the life in Loma-land presents a very striking contrast to me, coming, as I do, from the City of New York, which is looked upon as one of the greatest centers of modern civilization. No greater contrast is possible.

New York, with its extremes of exhilarating excitement and severe mental depression, its appalling wealth and its dreadful poverty, and add to this the racking climatic conditions existing there and it would seem as if Nature and man had combined with one another to produce the most wonderful discord. Then look at Loma-land, beautifully situated in this magnificent State of California, where Nature is balmy and equable, where the mental atmosphere is so free and pure that it seems a foregone conclusion that from this land must go forth to the world the recognition of the law of Brotherhood, and the old message sound anew, that man is a living soul.

At both centers we find the same energy at work, but while it spends itself in vain at the one place, it becomes the storehouse of force, accessible to all, at the other. At both centers men are seeking for happiness and advancement, but at the one place each is seeking it for himself, at the other they unite in seeking it for all men.

At the one center people rush daily to business, in their mad desire to gain wealth, and when business hours are over they rush on to seek further excitement in the shape of pleasure or dissipation, in order to forget business, and at last when the day is over, tired and exhausted, they rush to bed to forget all in their sleep; while at the other center all is dignity, calmness and cheerfulness. There business, recreation, work and study, music and art, all have their proper place, each complementary, not counteracting one another.

And this, I take it, is one of the "Mysteries of Antiquity," which Point Loma is destined to unveil. The beautiful relation which music and art bear to the lives of the students and their daily tasks, will soon bring about its inevitable result in creating a new and more beautiful music based on the sweetest and deepest of harmonies, and a new art more noble and inspiring than any the world is now even dreaming of.

But it is not only the men and women that are having the opportunity to learn the lessons and the blessings which come from living a practical life. A new race is being born. By the magic touch of the Leader of this work, Katharine Tingley, hundreds of children from all parts of the world, are blossoming out into youth, the like of which were never seen. Where are the theories of the modern education in the light of this system of education, based on the teaching of Theosophy—the Heart Doctrine? The modern educator deals with methods whereby the young minds may be easily contacted and influenced. Katharine Tingley deals with principles which appeal directly to the soul of the child, and develops such qualities of will, self-control and powers of concentration, that the mind becomes a mere tool in the hands of these children, ready at once to grasp all knowledge.

I have not words to express the wonderful results witnessed in these children; a new language is needed, and I verily believe that even that will be evolved in Loma-land.

It is as if the dawn of a new day was being ushered into life, a new touch to everything, to art, music, drama, language, even business itself, as there are being planted many seeds which in time will furnish plenty of food for thought for the modern business man.

It is to Loma-land that the world will have to turn to find the happy man, the practical man, the man who understands true business principles and who has the courage to carry them into effect.

But whether successful or not in the eyes of the material world, he will still be the practical man, because he has found the Key to happiness which is none other than the business of trying to make others happy.

Point Loma is destined in the very near future to be recognized as the Spiritual Center of the world, from which the "lost word" shall be sounded and to it the people of the earth will respond.

WHAT is music? The very existence of music is wonderful, I might say even miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator, it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time: it is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.—HEINE

An Old, Old Lesson

by E P O C

IN the time of yesterdays unnumbered
 On the moorland lived an aged couple.
 Scant protection was their humble cottage,
 Equal quite with their scant means of living.
 Toils and wantings were their boon companions,
 Dire necessity their often caller.
 Rare their pleasures were, like angels' visits.

When the poorly-paid day's work was ended
 And the old folk, following their custom,
 Strolled across the moor in aimless fashion,
 Seeking rest in Nature's peaceful gloaming,
 In their path one eve they found a wild-rose,
 On the night air pouring forth its fragrance,
 All unseen, yet faithful to its mission.

Pleased indeed were they at their good fortune,
 Flowers were rare, including the uncultured---
 And with care, lest either root or tendril
 Be disturbed, they gladly bore it homeward.
 In new home it sent forth willing blossoms,
 As if cheering hearts by labor saddened,
 Showing sympathy in mute devotion.

Once a trav'ler, at their door-step pausing,
 Quenched his thirst and then, the wild-rose spying,
 Gazed and gazed with such pronounced attention,
 Thinking she might please her guest, the house-wife
 Kindly offered him a tinted blossom.
 (Wrongly she interpreted his glances)
 Angrily he scorned the favor proffered.

He a florist was by his profession;
 But so narrow-souled and selfish-minded,
 Wild flowers brought him only deep vexation,

Being uncontrolled by money markets;
 And his jealous heart with sordid promptings
 Envied even God the holy calling
 Of bedecking earth with beauteous fruitage.

So with rancor did he show displeasure.
 "Why on worthless weeds spend such fond labor!"
 "Sir," she answered, "'tis no weed, but wild-rose,
 Sweet and dainty." "No," he contradicted,
 "But a hybrid rank with noxious poison
 Called 'sweet-brier,' a brier whose thrust is painful."
 Thus he sought to win his artful measure.

On his way he went self-gratulating,
 While the old folk, quite cast down, sat musing
 At their door-step, sad, perplex'd and wond'ring.
 Subtle is the force of evil-speaking---
 "Should they cherish still what seemed a blessing,
 Or were stranger's words of worthier credence?"
 Thus they pondered far into night's watches.

So 'twixt fear and reason alternating,
 Mused they till the hour of midnight sounded,
 Mystic hour, when Nature, freed from silence,
 Speaks at times in tones of comprehension.
 "Foolish ones!" the flow'ret sadly murmured,
 "Long I've dwelt here, yet ye do not know me."
 This and nothing more it gently whispered.

But the hearts of those two simple-minded
 Souls had listened, understood the message,
 Saw how all these days new charm were hov'ring
 Round their cottage, and how their poor flow'ret,
 Be it "wild-rose," even "weed," or "sweet-brier,"
 Brought them naught but sweetness, health and comfort,
 Joy and happiness instead of sorrow.

Emancipation

by Hester Forster



SHE was traveling alone. It was an early morning, and the huge railway car was empty. She wondered what loss that would cause to the railway company. Having dwelt only a moment on the idea, she left the company to attend to its own business.

It was so pleasant to be alone. Last night she had received bad news. The lawyers had squandered her inheritance on involved lawsuits. They seemed to possess the faculty of making a complex matter out of a simple one. The dream of luxury had vanished. What little money was left, she decided to invest in a greenhouse for tropical fruits and flowers, on the outskirts of the city. There she could work quietly, imagining that she was in the country. That was her only salvation, as she could not live without at least a fragment of Nature.

Yes, she will work now. She had not even felt sad that her great fortune was gone. After so many anxieties there was some relief that it all was settled at last definitely. Society? Of course, she will shine in society no more. They will close their doors against a pauper. And yet has she changed? is she any worse than before? She smiled ironically.

And this is America, free America? Why, even in Europe, when a nobleman loses his fortune, he nevertheless retains his place in society, at least as long as he keeps up appearances and does not engage in any work.

This last thought jarred her still more. It was not an improvement. Had she been a European, she must have renounced her present plans. What then would have been left to her? To play a fraud? She was glad she was born in America.

After this encounter with an inimical thought, the idea of work appeared to her as something most noble—as a new friend and comforter in her future days. And she loved Nature so much. She glanced out of the window and saw some children working in a garden. She heard them calling to one another—something about play—she wished to linger on the picture, but it flashed by as suddenly as it appeared.

So those children know no difference between work and play—no society distinctions—no cares about appearances ever trouble them. She felt a sudden sympathy towards them.

And her memories ran towards her own childhood—towards her own age of happiness. It seemed to her that some of the threads holding her to her troubles,

her anxieties, had snapped. She had decided—she had accepted her duty lovingly—and she was free. Never could she think with such clearness as now. Oh! how pleasant it was to feel free at last. Her thoughts were carrying her into a state of contentment—her own interior contentment, which she had not felt for so long a time—and her memories were traveling towards her childhood as fast as the railroad car that she was in.

Then these two ideas blended together in her mind, and it seemed to her that this car is carrying her, indeed, towards her childhood. Dear car! hasten, hasten! thought she. Oh! I would like to see again that old—new country so much!

The perspective of her thought was moving fast. Her immediate past receded, began to diminish, she could embrace it with one glance. She waved her handkerchief unconsciously.

“Good-bye, good-bye, merry friends!” said she mentally, and laughed. “A rich feast had we together, but my bank has crashed now, and I cannot pay my share any more. A pleasant time we had, indeed—but I shall have a still pleasanter one—in another garb, another pastime—the pastime of duty.

“I wonder if you will recognize me. Will you? Yes, of course you will; it will be in the theatre of life. But while you keep there your boxes, I shall be on the stage; does not that seem horrible to you?”

“Well! have no fear! The stage will not be fictitious; it will be the earnest, eager, real stage of life—so much more interesting than a fictitious, play-house stage. I hope you will applaud me, when I play my role well.

“You will? Thank you in all sincerity. You see, my thanks are unaffected, whether by custom, or by conventionality. Everything about me is real now. It is your boxes that are fictitious now, not the platform. It is a cause for regret that such a great gulf is fixed between your boxes and the stage. I believe there is an orchestra between us—but the little angels of music have wings—and swords too. You must beware.

“Anyhow, I send you my kisses on the wind. Now, if you dare, come out and see me. Dare to gain real happiness by effort, instead only of a semblance of happiness by dreaming of it.”

And it seemed to her that at every station, as the car was passing, she had to say a good-bye to some of her associates. Like a panorama they were passing before her and receding, like cities full of men and women—half-sleeping, unthinking, irresponsible, caught in the net of self-created destiny, in such a gossamer, stupid, flimsy net of destiny, that surely does not require any tearing to become free from it. Why, it would simply melt like vapor before a few sunbeams of the heart-light illuminating the thinking faculty of *Man*. But to her it seemed that it was easier to overthrow those mountains with a sledge-hammer, than to make those people think. Was not it strange?

Yet could she blame them? Was not she herself not long ago in a similar condition—so vapory, so dreamy? What made it clear then? Ah! her decision of duty! her traveling towards childhood and towards its simplicity and its intuition that speaks without arguing! Surely every sunny smile of childhood is unaffected, unpremeditated. So unpremeditated thoughts, thoughts not based on argument, on custom, on conventionality, on imitation, are the thoughts of childhood. On what then are they based? Upon what do they hang?

She sighed. Again she was happy. "My thoughts shall not crawl again like worms upon all those things—timid and desperately clinging to them—but they shall be independent as when I was a child."

Indeed they were independent in her childhood. She thought then what she liked in this God's world—and nobody then dared to psychologize her, as they had done it persistently in her later years. Of course, a child is permitted to think any nonsense, even fairy-tales.

Independent she used to be in those old, happy days, unless she saw someone else unhappy. Then she wept her tears and tried to do what she could. Then she felt dependent, because her heart spoke. What a pleasant, what a sunny memory! "Ah!" she thought, "I know now on what children's thoughts hang. It is on sympathy, on heart-force, instead of argument. This is why they are brighter, why they are clearer."

"My God, my God!" exclaimed she, "I am a child again, I have escaped! Take me again into thy bountiful home, cover me with thy vault of blue, surround me with thy blossoming Nature, full of thy voices, of reminiscences of the past, of suggestions of the future, and I shall learn thy will, and do thy work. I shall pour forth thy love from my heart on all around like the rays of light from thy life-giving sun, and—and I shall not permit myself to be psychologized again."

BENEATH these flowers I dream, a silent chord. I cannot wake my own strings to music; but under the hands of those who comprehend me, I become an eloquent friend. Wanderer, ere thou goest, try me! The more trouble thou takest with me, the more lovely will be the tones with which I shall reward thee.—ROBERT SCHUMANN

An All-Round Education

by a Student



ONE of the ideals which The Universal Brotherhood cherishes for humanity is to give to every child an all-round education. Proportion and balance should be maintained in all things, for they are necessary to beauty and harmony of life; and all excess and exaggeration belong to what is evil and ugly. In civilized life, as we find it today, there is no sense of proportion and people run to all kinds of extremes. Hence our life is inharmonious and our cities are ugly and noisy.

And nowhere is this lack of proportion more observable than in education. It is quite rare nowadays to meet anyone with a good all-round knowledge. This is an age of specialization.

It is of course necessary and unavoidable that people who have to work in the world should choose some special line of study and practice, in order to qualify themselves for their particular profession. But there is no reason why they should remain ignorant of everything else. In order to understand any subject thoroughly, it is necessary to have some knowledge of other subjects, for no branch of knowledge can be entirely separated from the rest.

Take the case of a doctor. Medical students nowadays begin to specialize at the very outset of their college career. Thus one young man will decide to become an eye specialist, and will direct all his attention to the structure and diseases of the eye; and, if you examine him, you may find that he is very deficient in knowledge of general anatomy and physiology. This is an instance of overspecialization, and, not only will the man be useless as a general doctor, but he will not even be a good eye-doctor on account of his ignorance of the body generally. If consulted, he will generally manage to find something wrong with your eye, because that is the only organ he can treat.

The man with a good all-round education is infinitely better off, and more useful, than the specialist. For his general ability will enable him quickly to master any special subject, which he may require to study. But the specialist is compelled to keep to his beaten track; and, even in that, he is pretty sure to be cranky and set in his ideas.

Suppose you needed a handy man who should be able to stand at your elbow and assist in any kind of work you might have in hand. Would you not choose a good all-round man, with a well-trained mind and a wide range of useful knowl-

edge and general resourcefulness? If you had to have specialists, you would need a large staff of them.

In education, what is most needed is, not so much actual knowledge, as the ability to use the mind. A boy who has had his wits thoroughly trained when young, might in after years easily turn his hand to anything; for he would only need a little study and practice to enable him to learn it. His intelligence would be equal to any emergency. And a girl, trained in childhood to think, to devise, and to use her hands, would in womanhood be able to write, keep accounts, cook, sew, garden, play music, paint, or anything else. But how many women are quite useless for general all-round occupations, and able only to play the piano or practise some other single accomplishment.

But perhaps the most valuable and important advantage of an all-round education, is the breadth it gives to the mind, the enjoyment and scope that it lends to life, and the usefulness which it gives a person as a member of the human family. How interesting and stimulating it is to talk and walk with such a well-informed, and handy man or woman! He is always ready with some useful hint or illustration, or some practical help; and the woman is able and ready to understand and sympathize with any enterprise man may undertake. But what use can we have for drones and bores who can talk about nothing but their own line of business, and see everything in a false light through the colored glasses of their hobby.

Society needs men and women, not machines. Machines can do the special work and go on grinding out their own particular product till they are worn out; but men and women should have broad interests and be able to send out feelers into all branches of human enterprise and thought, sharing the common life of all, and having in their hearts a corner for every one.

Let me say a word on this subject from the point of view of a student of The Universal Brotherhood. As such I believe in the infinity, capacity, adaptability of human nature, and consider that there are no limits to what a human soul and mind can reach. It has been said that what the mind gains in breadth it loses in depth, and what it gains in versatility it loses in thoroughness. But this is one of the narrow pessimistic notions of materialism. There is no reason why a man should not be good all-round, if he is properly trained in youth, and taught to think, and devise means, and use his hands and head.

Instead of cramming him with facts and dates in history, and with rivers and populations in geography, let him be taught to read, to remember what he has read, and to discuss it intelligently. Then in after years he will be competent to quickly make himself master of any subject, as occasion may require. And so in manual training; teach him a trade, if you will, that he may earn his salt; but let him be trained to turn his hand to anything. Make a handy man of him;

for I believe that handiness is not only inborn, but can be taught as well.

With this all-round education we shall see disappear the mere drone who, as soon as his tools are laid aside, has no resource but to eat and drink, and loaf; and the bore and crank who can talk of nothing but their own line of business or ism. And, instead, we shall have men and women who are never bored, and who never bore others, who enjoy life and are useful members of society, and pleasant and helpful companions; and who are ready to lead the world on to those higher levels, that lie in store for future humanity.

Personal Responsibilities

by S. C.



ONE of the great needs of the age is an increased sense of personal responsibility, and there is no greater indication of the advance of selfishness than the loss of this. We have cramped our highest duties into the narrow circle of domestic life, and even there we devolve upon others, upon school teachers, and upon churches, the responsibilities which ought to be sacred to the parent. The great world which lies outside of the home is no concern of ours, unless it be as a stepping stone to ambition, and the question which has been eternally asked through the ages — “Am I my brother’s keeper?” we answer with a persistent negative. That question must be answered in a different way before the world will step out of the shadow in which it lies. There are duties which cannot be delegated to others, responsibilities which we cannot devolve, obligations for which no substitute can be purchased.

Even many of those among us who are most keenly alive to the needs of the world yet lack that sense of responsibility for those needs which would give an added stimulus and, we may say, an added guidance to their efforts. If there is anywhere a philosophy which can teach the one-ness of human life in terms so simple as to bring conviction into every mind, that philosophy will do more for the uplifting of humanity than any other teaching or any legislative or other authority, however it may be constituted. It will necessarily bring with it a sense of individual responsibility for the condition of the world which will enable us to look out upon the race, upon its errors and upon its sorrows, and to recognize

our own handiwork, and to accept the shame and the reproach which it must bring. There is no force in nature which can make good our claim to isolation, and the strong hand of personal grief will sooner or later tear away the flimsy veil which our selfishness has spread before our eyes in order that we may view through it with a placid and a comfortable indifference the griefs and the pains of others. There is no such joy as that which spiritual knowledge can give, but it may be that we must learn it from the tear-stained page of pain.

When a sense of personal responsibility has once been gained there will no longer be ignorance of the ways to help. There is no lack of light to the eyes which are opened gladly upon the sky. All the roads of life become plain when we see that we too must tread the paths of pain so long as there are any feet that have wandered thereon. Cowardice alone urges us to deny our personal responsibility, of which the brave recognition would be the immediate forerunner of a wave of compassion strong enough to save, and as enduring as the Soul.

Educating Indians

by W.



IT is a fact much lamented by those who profess to seek the Indians' welfare that even the most complete education will not wean an Indian from the "savage" life. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to find a high school or college graduate in a teepee or wickiup. Space forbids a detailed discussion of the reasons for this, but the basis of the whole trouble is that the white man's education is wholly foreign to the Indian racial life. No effort whatever is made to teach them to be good Indians; the whole process is intended to make them Anglo-Saxons. It is an illustration of the old fable of the Greek tyrant's iron bed to which all travelers were fitted. Because the Indian cannot change his basic nature he is exterminated, either by direct violence or the introduction of the white man's vices and diseases.

True, there is very much in the Indian mode of life which could be improved, and such improvement they would gladly welcome, but it is, in the majority of cases, only superior force which induces them to submit to an education which is as foreign and repugnant to their natures as that of a Fiji would be to ours. They spend years in school and return home only to find that they

have become nondescripts; have lost their woodcraft without having acquired any practical knowledge of anything else.

Many tribes have ceased to exist, but there are still some with hundreds of members, and it is not yet too late to apply to them more rational methods of development, based on the truth that proper education consists in the developing and ennobling of the essential nature, and not in the violent substitution of something wholly different. Moreover, the Indians possess a body of knowledge and arts well worth our acquisition, which will never be possible while we treat it with contempt.

The Three Abiding Graces

by An English Student



And now abideth Faith, Hope and Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love.—I Cor. xiii, 13

THE FAITH OF HUMANITY

PAUL was, no doubt, well acquainted with the ever-changing conditions of his time, when, as today, the status and surroundings of both national and individual life were in a seething and tumultuous state of strife and uncertainty.

Then, as now, the welfare of the community was continually being sacrificed to the selfish ends of the individual, and the weakest went necessarily to the wall.

To one who could realize the Divine possibilities inherent in Humanity, and contrast them with the actual conditions and conduct of the race at large, the prospect must have seemed dark indeed. And yet, looking down the vista of time, the apostle was able to discern these three indestructible principles, which survive the ever-varying aspects of the outer world, and like silver streaks in the dark background of selfish and material ambition, point unerringly to the ultimate salvation of mankind.

And today it is only by means of these three "abiding" graces of Faith, Hope and Love that man can hope to regain his legitimate position in the universal plan.

Let us consider what Paul meant by "Faith," which he places first in the category as leading on to the greatest of the three—Love. For there is method in this classification. Without Faith there can be but little Hope, and true Love is the consummation of the other two.

There was in the mind of the apostle no uncertain idea of Faith, no mere sentimental wish to instill a blind belief; but he realized that pure Faith is the basis of real activity. Yet there was even in those early days of Christianity a disposition to rest on a mere theoretic Faith without any active energizing principle. For we find James saying, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." (*James ii, 18*) And again, "Faith, if it have not works, is dead." (*James ii, 17*)

The world is full of "dead faith," and is perhaps worse under its influence than if it were altogether absent. A live body has at any rate a chance of health, but a dead one decomposes and breeds pestilence and death. In like manner a dead faith breeds an aroma of false security and indolence which not only tends to spiritual decay in the individual, but spreads a paralyzing and destructive influence on others.

There is no doubt that the vast amount of "dead faith" in the Christian church of today is responsible not only for its own inefficiency and stagnation, but is a direct cause of the spread of agnosticism and unbelief among those who can view it impartially, and note the striking divergence between theory and practice.

Where a church or an individual possesses a live faith, it is bound to manifest itself in ever-increasing activity for the welfare of others.

Thus the Faith which will become the Hope of humanity is that which is *the mainspring of action*. And it is this faith which makes successful action possible.

"All things are possible to him that believeth." Any enterprise embarked on without faith in its possibility and its ultimate success, is foredoomed to failure.

Thus the reformation of the individual, or the race, will be proportionate to the amount of living faith put into the effort. "According to your faith be it unto you."

We Theosophists have set ourselves to the task of uplifting our own nature and humanity at large. In whom, then, or in what, shall we put our faith in order that we may work with that confidence of success which will enable us to ignore apparent results and *know* that the end will be attained?

Many of us are beginning to realize that our faith is in the Christ principle within us, and are trying to exercise that Faith in the removal of mountains of evil tendencies and desires which lie in our own path. And it is in proportion as that faith manifests itself in our daily life and conduct, and in our relations

with our fellow men, that we shall inspire or evoke the faith which lies dormant in others.

Dead faith breeds doubt, but a live one ever begets new faith.

The great mistake of the Christian Church lies in the fact that for centuries it has endeavored to create a Faith in an "outside Divinity"—in a separate individual, Christ.

Men have been told to believe that *His* sacrifice has once and for all paid *their* debts; that His work has obviated the necessity for *their* efforts; and that Faith in *Him* is the one thing needful for *their* eternal salvation.

What is the result?

We have today a "Christian" civilization, more selfish in practice than heathendom. We have a "Christian" Church less true to its principles than is the Mohammedan or Buddhist. We have immense organizations of men whose faith in the majority of cases is *not proved, but absolutely contradicted* by their works.

But the Faith which is the basis for the uplifting of humanity must be founded on man's realization of his own Divinity. Let a man realize that *he, he himself* is a temple of the living God, and that the Spirit of Christ dwelleth *in him*, and he at once has a solid foundation for Hope.

Let him feel that *he* has all the necessary power at his command to make him more than conqueror, that he is, in fact, a potential god, and he will rise to his opportunities and enter upon the Path.

Men recognize instinctively the weakness of humanity and the omnipotence of Divinity, and who would remain a man when he knows he can become a god?

This is the Faith which we must evoke in every man before we can hope to raise him to his proper level.

THE HOPE OF HUMANITY

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," sings the poet. Were it not so, we should be confronted with the appalling picture of a vast majority of our race who were either hopelessly reckless, or insane. For the effect of the external conditions of today could only be despair, unless there were an internal counterbalancing element of Hope. Hope is like Faith, inherent in varying degrees in the nature of every man.

Like Faith also, it may be either active or passive. Paul speaks elsewhere of a "lively hope." Too often we are prone to call mere empty wishes by the name of Hope.

A half-hearted desire is often expressed in the terms, "I hope it may be so"—the unexpressed innuendo being, "But I very much doubt it."

A genuine Hope is founded on Faith in the possibility or probability of the thing desired.

A doctor who says to his patient, "Let us hope you will recover," in a tone which conveys the impression that there is no hope, simply creates in him a state of mind which hinders the successful operation of the remedies given. But if he can say with assurance, "I know your complaint, and it is curable, I have given you a remedy which has never been known to fail, and I hope you will soon be well," then his faith will inspire faith in the patient, and his hope—founded on faith, will create in the sick man a hopeful mental condition which will assist him in combating his disease.

Thus our hope, like our faith, is not confined to our own hearts, but has its direct effect for good or ill upon our fellow men. And we see that a lively hope depends on a living faith behind it.

Many people hope vaguely that the time will come when all wrongs shall be righted, and mankind shall enter on an era of peace and universal prosperity—but *they do not believe it.*

Others hope that they may some day be able to conquer and restrain their own passions and evil tendencies—but *they have no faith in their power to do so.* Hence their hopes meet with continual disappointment and failure, till they die of inanition, and give place to despair.

It is our belief in the Divine potency within man, and our faith in the ultimate victory of that potency over the animal nature, that inspires us with a reasonable basis for a hope which not only changes our outlook on the future, but the aspect in which we view the present moral and mental atmosphere of the world. We are not oblivious to the darkness, but we have confidence that the Sun is still shining, and that it will infallibly rise and dispel the darkness.

We can not but feel the hideous disease which afflicts and all but destroys our common humanity, but we know that the remedy is already at work, and the cure is certain.

Thus we have a double incentive to activity. Faith affords a basis for a definite line of action, but if to Faith be added Hope, then in proportion as the Hope increases, and the expectation of the realization of our hopes draws near, so will our energy and devotion to the work be increased.

But it is most important that our hopes should be well defined, and worthy of the energy displayed. There are many who center the hopes of their lifetime on the attainment of a certain ambition, which, when attained, gives not the satisfaction that was anticipated, but simply a useless regret over a wasted life.

This will always be so when the end of our hopes is a selfish one. Like Alexander, we may conquer the whole world, only to weep that there are no more worlds to conquer.

But if the end hoped for be for the permanent benefit of others, then although the end in view excludes all considerations of our own personal gratification, yet the very effort brings its own satisfaction, which the attainment of the hope can but increase.

Let us make sure, then, that our hopes for humanity are pure and unselfish.

Further, we must take care that our line of action is the best calculated to insure the fulfillment of our hopes.

Suppose that I, here in London, wish to send a message of good cheer to Point Loma. I go to the telegraph office. There is an instrument there, the workings of which, perhaps, I may not understand. But I have faith, that by the operation of a certain little magnetic needle, a message may be sent in a marvelously short time over the intervening thousands of miles.

The result of my faith is that the machine is put in action. But suppose I simply write out the message in my own room and forget to take it to the telegraph office or carelessly put on it a wrong address; however much faith I may have in the telegraph, I do not take the right line of action to insure its fulfillment.

Hope is the wire—the connecting and directing medium, between Faith and the supreme end—Universal Love.

Let us therefore ever keep in view the end we have set before us—the Brotherhood of Humanity, and let our Hope, ever fixed on that, guide our actions into the right channel.

Comrades, the Hope of Humanity rests, more, perhaps, than we are aware, on our hopefulness.

Let our life's work be carried out in a spirit of unwavering faith and undying hope, and it shall be a stepping-stone to an eternity of Divine Love.

THE LOVE OF HUMANITY

“The greatest of these is charity,” reads the old version; but “charity” has of late years become mostly synonymous with a somewhat useless or indiscriminate form of benevolence, and fails to convey to many people the true idea of the grace referred to, which is better expressed by the word “Love.”

It is the greatest of the three, because, though Faith and Hope may be the stepping-stones to the ultimate emancipation of mankind, it is Love—perfected and universal, which will ultimately be the basis of that emancipation.

The Golden Rules of Jesus, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind,” and, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,” are in themselves sufficient, if carried into universal practice, to insure the complete regeneration of humanity from the selfishness of modern civilization, and the establishment of a New Order of the Ages, worthy of the Gods themselves—to create, in fact, a new Heaven and a new Earth.

The injunction, "Love one another," embodies the whole, for, "Love to God is love to all mankind."

A man cannot properly love the God within himself without recognizing and loving the same Divinity, manifested in his fellow men. It is because this unifying God-principle is *not* recognized that the world is full of strife and unbrotherliness.

We look on a man's physical body, on his mental and moral attributes, on his transient earthly temperament, characteristics and surroundings, and imagine we are looking at the man.

Small wonder that we find cause for dislike, and small ground for love.

But if we can get away from this false standpoint, and catch a glimpse of the man within—a soul like unto our own, ever struggling against the bars of its prison, ever seeking to soar above its mean surroundings; bearing, maybe, in its earth-life sorrows and trials which are as much the Karma of the Race as of its own past; if we can catch a glimpse of the pure Spirit-flame, ever burning through the mist of sin and worldliness, and realize that *there is the man*—then we shall find ground only for unbounded love and sympathy.

Thus we see that true love for humanity must be based on a recognition of man's real Divine nature.

In every heart there is the germ of love, and it will invariably find an outlet and a center of attraction, either in its full purity on the spiritual plane, or in a dwarfed and distorted condition on the material plane.

The canker of selfishness has so eaten into the race that Love has in nearly every case lost its Divine universality and become crippled by being centered on personal objects, or confined to the narrow limits of a small and select acquaintance. The reason is that Love is really dual.

The aspect commonly known is 'animal love,' selfish in its ends, temporarily gratifying to the desires of the lower personality, and controlled chiefly by the animal or lower mental instincts.

The higher or 'Soul Love' is so seldom manifested because the soul-life of men is so seldom cultivated and developed.

Soul Love is impersonal, and extends to all creation, realizing the Oneness of all, not fascinated by external beauty, or killed by mental or physical defects.

This is the Love which is the key to the Golden Age.

To bring it into action, the soul must be evoked. Faith must be aroused, and must energize Hope, before the soul can spread its wings and shine forth in all its beauty—the beauty of undying Love.

A great cycle stretches from the distant past when humanity was under Love's control, to the future when again on a higher plane the reign of Love shall be renewed.

As the race descended from its high estate, plunging deeper and deeper into the darkness of selfish materialism, Faith was the only power to which the soul could cling, and few indeed were they who could retain it in their grasp throughout the ever-deepening shades. But the turning point has been passed and a new light—the Light of Hope—has dawned on the sin-stricken world. That Light is growing steadily and surely, as we move once more on the upward arc, and the consummation of that hope will be another Golden Age of perfect Love.

There is nothing forced or unnatural in the process. .

Nature, even on the physical plane, often uses a common trial or common suffering as a basis for reciprocative Love. And as man realizes that his own soul is passing through the same evolutionary processes, facing the same difficulties and dangers, and enduring the same discipline as his brother men, a link of sympathy will be established, and all will be united in a common effort for the realization of the soul's aspirations.

Thus the emancipation of humanity must be brought about from within—on the spiritual plane, and when that is accomplished, the external circumstances will right themselves.

Finally we may notice that Love is the greatest of the three, because it is *eternal*. Faith can endure only until it becomes absolute knowledge. Hope must one day disappear in its realization. But Love can only be perfected into Love.

It may change its surroundings. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Love will unify apparently contradictory characteristics. It will cure all the evils of humanity, and bring about perfect conditions of society and perfect thoughts and actions. But in so doing it will itself only become intensified.

Love is the key to the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but each must avail himself of it to secure his own admission. Yet in so doing he will be showing to others the infinite possibilities which lie before them also, and encouraging them to enter for themselves.

Cast forth thy bread upon the waters :
 Thy bread of Love, upon the sea of Time ;
 Thy bread of Holiness, where nought but sin is found ;
 Thy bread of Sacrifice, where selfish aims abound ;
 Thy bread of Hope, for the hearts that are sighing ;
 Thy bread of Life, for a world that is dying.
 Doubt not, nor fear ; it shall not be in vain.
 Rest, calm and sure, till Faith be changed to sight.
 Thy loving gift shall fill thy soul again
 With an ocean of Light.

Facility of Action

by a Student



ONE of the most marked characteristics of the Great Souls who are the Leaders of the world is their facility of action. They know the right thing to do and how to do it, not only in the great events, but in the seemingly trifling circumstances of daily life and—they *do it*.

Carlyle in his book *On Heroes* gives the derivative of the word King from the Anglo-Saxon Konning, which means can-ning, able-man. "Find me the true Konning, King, or Able-man, and he *has* a divine right over me."

What is the secret of their power and strength? It is found in the key-note of their teaching, the glorious song of joy they sing, "Man's Divinity"! But, it may be argued, if all men are souls why are some so apparently incapable of doing anything that they have not spent years of study over? The secret of the strength is not in the *fact*, but in its *realization*. Man's power is inherent because of his divinity, but it has to be liberated.

The great soul in realizing his divinity has realized the vast responsibility that the knowledge brings, and in faithfulness to his trust he has learned to translate inherent capacity into ability, he has gained facility of action *by acting* and needs no spurring. The living power, "that power which is Himself," is in him set free.

Freedom! how the human soul responds to that word in spite of, or rather, because of, its bondage. "Home, sweet Home," is said to have been written by a man who had no home and the undertone of pathos that runs throughout the melody is an evidence of the heart's home-sickness. The feeling of yearning enthusiasm that the thought of freedom evokes in us is akin to it. Freedom is the atmosphere of the true home and if we were really free we should be always at home, for the Great Heart of the Universe beats everywhere, and every human heart is a part of that; the way to the One is through the many. It is not *a* home that the soul yearns for, but *home* in the Universal Heart and such can only still the longing of his life-need by *giving*—giving himself in service for the common good.

Only love can free the soul from the constricting power of selfishness. The great soul, like the hero of old, has cut off the Gorgon's head and from its blood has sprung a winged horse which can with one stroke open a spring into the Heart of Earth. We play with the Medusa's hair and if, perchance, we succeed in cutting one of its strands, we think we have achieved a great feat and waste our time in sorrow when we find the giant root is thereby strengthened. The great soul who lives to act for others allows no thought of self to break the continuity

of his consciousness. Feeling the need of humanity's suffering heart, his compassionate soul goes out in love and his whole life's thought is set on one purpose—how best to bring the sunlight of Truth to liberate the souls in bondage, his mind one-pointed receives the Light of his soul which flows out in a living stream gladdening all hearts, even though as yet they feel but the flutter of the wings of the swan of hope that bears the soul's champion to her aid.

We need to follow our Leaders in the simplicity and sincerity of their lives, doing the smallest things of daily life in the best way possible, striving our utmost with the faith in our divinity that can remove mountains. Each soul who lives his best in faith and trust helps to break the bondage of the world and joins hands with the Higher Law to fulfill that one purpose of the diamond-pointed wedge that is cleaving the darkness of Earth. We can only gain facility of action by thus acting, each moment, not waiting for some great thing to do and letting the precious opportunities *that never return* slip past. The "great," is but the sum-total of the "small." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Whatsoever thy soul conceiveth, bring it forth."

Seeking for freedom I go to that God who is the Light of his own thoughts. A man who knows him truly passes over death; there is no other path to go.

Latest Scientific Discovery!

by H. T. E.



PROFESSOR SCHATZ, a German "authority," says the Greek gods were merely human monstrosities.

There is much to make us think that, so to say, the gods did not create men, but men made the gods, in the sense that in early times the occurrence of a monstrous birth suggested to the people of these early times that their gods, or at least their demi-gods, might have appearances similar to those seen in the deformed products of human reproduction. . . . Polyphemus owed his existence in the Pantheon to the birth of a human (or animal) one-eyed fetus.

The Centaur is to be identified with a human monstrosity having two pairs of legs, the Siren with one having the legs united, the Gorgon with one having an imperfectly developed head, Atlas with one having an enormous excrescence on the head, and so on.

Every day shows us more and more what terrible fools those ancients were. Such childish ideas! Oh, what it is to live in an enlightened age!

An Enlightened Employer & Journalist

by H. T. E.



IT is matter for much congratulation to England that one of its leading daily papers, *The Daily News*, has passed into the chief proprietorship of such a man as Mr. George Cadbury. The result has been a most enlightened, elevating and progressive attitude on the part of the paper, and the total exclusion of betting news and other objectionable items from its columns.

Mr. Cadbury is a leading cocoa manufacturer of England, and the April number of *The Review of Reviews* (London) gives a character sketch of this man, whose cheerful and kindly face greets us in an accompanying portrait.

He belongs to the Society of Friends, a body that still preserves much of the simplicity of character which adorned its early years, and is a direct descendant of one of the persecuted converts of George Fox. He was born in 1839, and succeeded to his father's business at Bournville, near Birmingham, at the age of seventeen. His first act was to raise the wages of his women employes to a reasonable living scale.

The description of the way in which the great business is carried on, and the magnificent advantages which the employes enjoy, is one that should serve as an example to all employers as to how success goes hand in hand with considerateness and justice:

Through rustic wicket, along a winding path, amid overhanging tree and shrub and flower, [the visitor] makes his way to the chief offices, a range of beautiful rooms, two stories high, built in the chalet style, and in the summer time running over with flowers inside and out. The wonder grows as the entrance is found to be a fair sample of the interior. The dining halls are spacious, well lighted, decorated with pictures and flowering plants. . . . Only the best food is served at cost price. The work-rooms keep up the glamor. They seem designed to make a pleasure of toil and to idealize it. Not merely in the great essentials of light and air and temperature, but in a thousand little things which reveal a constant and inventive thoughtfulness, the welfare of the worker is kept in view.

There is a retiring-room, with nurse, for work-girls who are sick. The eight-hour day is observed. There are 2300 women employed, and all are habited in white.

The general impression left on the most casual visitor is that the girls are happy at their work. The sight of the largest work-room, bright and airy and spotlessly clean, with the women all in white, cheerily busy, their faces lit up by frequent smiles, seems to suggest that labor has been redeemed from its primal curse. Yet this is a giant factory, giving employment to 3600 persons.

The surroundings are rustic and beautiful; there are playgrounds, gymnasium, baths, etc., for the men; and the grounds of the Hall form the women's playground, with rustic pavilion and cycle-house. The owner knows the lives and needs of work-people, and shows his sympathetic knowledge by providing them with things better than the mere cold cash of the weekly wage.

It is worthy of remark, as our writer suggests, that Mr. Cadbury has not confined his philanthropic efforts to writings and rhetoric. He is a *doer*, and first *did* things on the small scale in his own domain. *After* that he has taken up his pen, to wield it with the strength given by actual and practical achievements.

Bournville is Mr. George Cadbury's "propaganda by deed." It is a transcript of his character.

This is the man who has with his friend, Mr. Ritzema, taken over *The Daily News*. . . . Both men have shown by their past record that they are absolutely independent.

. . . Speaking of Mr. Cadbury, a near friend said: "He has done many big things in his time, but this of *The Daily News* is the biggest he has yet set his hand to. I expect he will put it through like the rest. He means to."

Journalists may be pardoned for thinking it easier to turn Bournville Park into a model village than to make a London daily into a model newspaper. But the habit of achievement counts for much.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



THE following newspaper clipping, taken from the *Kansas City Star*, has been sent with the request that the question be taken up from a Theosophical stand-point in the Students' Column:

To the Star: The following article by George D. Prentice is one of the most beautiful gems in our language. I submit it for publication with the view of having some one tell whether the quotation ascribed to the devoted young Greek can be found in any Greek drama, and furthermore, is his so-called reply to Clemanthe the Greek view of immortality?—
J. M. GREENWOOD

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

"Men seldom think of the shadow that falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones, whose loving smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave even

with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world today will tomorrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

“In the beautiful drama of *Ion*, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to give his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: ‘I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot perish.’ We shall meet again, Clemanthe.”

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

The fear of death, of parting, of “the dark valley,” is almost wholly a matter of heredity and education. It has been ingrained into the very fibre of our being for generations after generations, and the fear of death is forcibly thrust upon us before the bright and hopeful side of life can be even anticipated. Yet this fear is not naturally a part of our being—it is unnatural. When the actual parting comes, how frequently does it leave a smile on the face, and on the very threshold all fear is left behind—it is very rare that there is any feeling of dread at the actual moment of death. As Katherine Tingley has said:

“To one not disposed to take a wider view of life all the argument in the world would be unavailing. But if we could free our minds from the limitations of time and the fear of death, if we would fill our lives with unselfish service of others, we should not have laboriously to search for knowledge, it would spring up spontaneously in our hearts and we could span the very eternities with hope. To those who understand the law and work with it, this knowledge which comes from within reveals these things in an inner sense of absolute certainty that is a benediction throughout the whole of life.”

We may learn from Nature, we may learn from the children, we may learn from our own hearts. But if we prescribe beforehand what Nature shall say, if we put *our* words into the mouths of children, if we persistently stifle the voice of our hearts and refuse to let the heart-light shine within, we shall find argument, objections, doubts, but not knowledge, however much we may strive for it. For this deeper knowledge is not so much something to be acquired as a state to be realized. As Christ said,

He that doeth the Will, shall know of the doctrine.

Once, this “knowledge” of immortality was the common property of the whole human race and it will again be the possession of all men, as the simpler,

purser, life is lived again. And until then?—do we not even now have it? Is not the fainting hope of our own hearts an evidence of it, and do we not find it in the faces of our *true* friends? Yes! we shall meet again.

A new flood of light is thrown upon the subject of immortality by Theosophy in its teaching of Reincarnation (and this may explain why all true Theosophists so happily meet death). It not only assures man of his immortality, but it reveals to him the godlike power, which is his, of shaping his own destiny, working with the Higher Law, which is the law of his own being. It is no wonder that argument and “authority” should be needed to uphold the orthodox teaching of immortality—of an eternal heaven and hell; it is no wonder that men should have become skeptics in these things. Within the heart of every man is a sense of justice and only that immortality and that idea of “God” which is at the same time absolutely *just* can satisfy the soul’s longings. So Theosophy comes proclaiming again to man his divinity, his immortality, his power to rise ever upward to the stature of the perfect man, the stature of godhood. Even the scientific *facts* of evolution demand reincarnation and immortality for their explanation, otherwise they remain meaningless. Why do we go the long, hard road in our search for knowledge, or is it that we really love darkness rather than light?

Truly, as the writer quoted from states, “the fiat of Nature is inexorable” and “there is no appeal from the great law,” but that law *does not* and *cannot* doom us “to dust.” For we are not of the dust, but of the Light.

When will men realize they are not the body, but the soul? It is but the garment of the soul that fades “as the leaves of the forest;” the soul is deathless, eternal. Replace this truth for the false teaching that has identified man with his body and the fear of death will cease, it will have been plucked out by the roots. We may well bemoan modern literature if the passage quoted is one of its “most beautiful gems.” The essence of beauty is Truth. Beauty is the Harmony of Truth, but there is no truth in the statement that we “lie down in the grave,” any more than in saying that when we discard a garment *we* are consigned to a rag-picker’s heap, or to an old-clothes chest. Let us cease these false, degrading notions, let us begin to teach the children the *Truth*, that they are souls, divine, and that death is but the changing of a worn-out vesture — a brief rest, and then the taking up again of the glorious battle of life, a meeting again with all one’s loved ones on earth.

“As a man casteth away old garments and putteth on others which are new, so the dweller in the body, having quitted his old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new.”

In the new education at the Raja Yoga School, at Point Loma, it is taught that the *sine qua non* of knowledge is purity of life, and can we not look forward

to all the lost knowledge of the ancients being brought back, as the hard crusts of dogma—scientific as well as religious—are broken through and the fogs of misconception are dispersed?

Then we shall come to know ourselves as we are and to know our true friends, whom we have met—aye, many, many times and yet have not truly known them.

J. F.

Mirror of the Movement



Celebration of July the Fourth at Loma-Land

July Fourth was celebrated at Loma-land in a very delightful way. The children were all up at sunrise and had prepared a great surprise for the Leader and all the grown-ups. At 5 o'clock they marched to the Homestead, into the great rotunda, and there sang some of their beautiful songs. It was a day of great expectations in another way also. The Raja Yoga School children were to have their quarterly examination before the Leader and her Cabinet officers and older students. Mr. H. J. Baldwin, the county superintendent of schools, of San Diego, was also present, on the invitation of Katherine Tingley. The examination was held in the Aryan Temple and began at 10 o'clock. The exercises opened with singing—and oh, what voices these Raja Yoga children have—there are none others like them; such a ring and sweetness do they have that their harmony reaches to the very heart. Several speeches followed by Raja Yoga boys and girls, telling how long they had lived in Loma-land, and how they loved their school. Then came the classes, first the little tots of three years old, who can count up to a hundred, pick out the numbers and letters on a blackboard, spell words of three letters, and do such wonderful addition sums of $3+2$, $4+2$.

The senior boys and the junior boys, the groups of girls, the different Cuban classes, all acquitted themselves splendidly. At the close of the exercises the Leader invited Mr. Baldwin to speak, and in a very few words he expressed his pleasure and astonishment at the results shown, and the hope that all the children would realize the great opportunity they had of being trained under the great Teacher, Katherine Tingley. The Leader then spoke to the children, telling them how much they can do to help all the children in the world and help to make the whole world happy.

In the afternoon an illustration was given of some of Katherine Tingley's methods that she is introducing in the teaching of music, and of the progress made by the children who are studying the piano and violin and in the special singing class. Never have I witnessed or heard of an examination where the children were so much at their ease, so contented and happy.

Professor Baldwin later said that the whole system was wonderful, and that although less time was given to the actual book and class study, the standard was very high.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in games, and then, although the children's dinner hour was passed and all were hungry, the children begged the hour might be delayed a little longer, that a part of the day's program which they had themselves proposed might be carried out. This was for all the children to go to sing outside a cottage away over the hill, where lived a man who had been ill and confined to his room for a long time. It was a merry, happy crowd that went down the hill through the Egyptian gate on this errand of love, and fifteen minutes afterward standing outside the main entrance of the Homestead, and for the moment thinking of something else, I heard what seemed to be fairy voices carried along on the breeze. I almost wondered if I were dreaming, or the magic of Loma-land were expressing itself in a new way, when I remembered the children singing far away over the hill.

The day closed with a grand display of fireworks, to the great delight of the boys and girls, and they went to bed with their minds filled with a wider conception of a peace day for the whole world, of which the American day of Independence is typical.

* * *

***The Leader's Birthday
Work on the
Site of the School
of Antiquity***

The festival of June 13th, commemorating the great Theosophical Crusade around the world in 1896-7, brought into clearer light the immense scope and grand purpose of that undertaking. All the progress made in the Movement since that time, together with the marked change which has been wrought in the minds of the leaders of thought throughout the world, are traceable to the seeds sown during the crusade. Great changes in the thought-trend of humanity come not from elaborate theories, but from events. The "wise ones" knowing this, create and shape events in the fullness of time, which will bring about such results as tend to elevate the human race. The "Crusade" was such an event, and its far-reaching results prove the wisdom of its creator and her love and abiding faith in humanity.

This much is said, because it becomes more and more evident that events "on the hill" are not only matters of the present, but are summaries of the past and indices of the future; they serve to unify all lines of effort, and mark the gradations of advance towards the freedom and happiness of all peoples.

Following the celebration of July 4th, came the festival of July 6th—the Leader's birthday—and the day set apart for the beginning of work upon the great Temple of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.

In the early morning, loving gifts of flowers and tributes of gratitude were placed in the Leader's office, with heart congratulations from the comrades.

At nine o'clock all met in the Aryan Temple to witness and take part in a festival conducted by the lady students and children. The beautiful decorations on the stage and under the purple dome, the joyous faces of the comrades, the happy children and their sweet voices all breathed an atmosphere of a higher, purer life, and awakened all that was good and noble in every soul present.

In the afternoon all the students assembled on the road opposite Camp Karnak and formed in column, the Cabinet leading, followed by the young ladies' drill corps, the senior boys,

the Raja Yoga children's companies and the students. Preceding the column was a pair of powerful horses attached to a plow—the harness of the horses and the plow itself being decorated with flowers.

When all was ready, the column moved forward up the hill and along the Sacred Way to the temple site and encircled the corner-stone. The plow was driven into position at the south-east corner and the work of breaking the soil for the foundation was begun by "Father" Thurston, who plowed the first long and deep furrow in the sacred soil. Each Cabinet officer in turn did likewise, as did the representatives of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Sweden, Cuba, Spain, Australia, India, Canada, Denmark, Finland, Guatemala and Chili, and nearly all the States in the Union. Then each student in turn and even the children, were given an opportunity to put their hands to the plow as, driven by the Secretary-General and guided by steady and loyal hands, it performed its important function.

When all had thus broken the ground on which was to be built the great Temple for Humanity, the pure voices of the children were raised in songs of joy and promise.

Flowers in abundance were brought to add beauty and inspiration to the occasion, and addresses read and presented to the Leader by the Senior boys and the students of Camp Karnak on behalf of the comrades.

Rev. S. J. Neill, Librarian of the School, then spoke of the historic importance of the occasion and of the results which must follow for good to all the world. He called to mind the fact that when the Leader was on the Crusade in 1896, before anything was known of Point Loma, she had directed the comrades to turn their thoughts Westward to a Point where a light shone out over the ocean, for there would the Temple be begun in six years time. He said, "We stand today upon the place then unknown to us, and we have assisted in the breaking of the soil for the foundation of the Temple. The Leader's promise is fulfilled. From the time the land was purchased and the corner-stone laid by the Leader on her return from the Crusade in 1897, a light has been kept burning every night over the site of the Temple as a sacred symbol and promise, and every day the Universal Brotherhood flag has been flung to the breeze."

The Leader then made a stirring and inspiring speech. She said that the scenes before her recalled to mind pictures which presented themselves to her in her childhood—pictures of mountains, valleys, plains and ocean—of wonderful buildings unlike any she had ever seen. She remembered seeing great cities, temples and peoples in every phase of growth, maturity and decay.

Some of these pictures were appalling, but many were sources of inspiration. When she told of these pictures or visions to her relatives, she was ridiculed—but to her they represented a promise of the future, a truer and more real life. One day when everything and everybody seemed to be trying to turn her from her hopes, she went to the woods and wept bitterly, without knowing the cause of her tears. She questioned herself as to why she wept so bitterly, and the answer came, "These are the tears of the world." Then came the feeling that she could do much to build up a new life for the people—but not there—in another climate, a newer land.

She had days and nights of sorrow for the unhappiness of the world, but all the time she felt the urge to push on, and later in life, when she met William Q. Judge and heard his

voice, she knew that a door had been opened for her and her path made clear. During Mr. Judge's sickness, despondency at his disability and the unfaithfulness of some upon whom he had relied, would occasion him to cry out, "Oh, if I could see that in five hundred, or even a thousand years, something lasting would be done, I could die happy." She standing by him on such an occasion was constrained to speak and say, "There are thousands feeling as we do—all we have to do is to work, to energize our faith and to keep the fire burning, and the Twentieth century will bring what we so ardently desire, and you yourself will know it; the souls of men will be raised by what we can do."

She further said, "That great, that noble man (William Q. Judge) has made it possible for us to move out as warriors in the New Age. *He has made for you all a new life.*"

Mrs. E. C. Spalding, Superintendent of Lotus Groups throughout the world, and Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, Superintendent of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, also made telling addresses.

The Leader and Comrades then went by invitation of the Raja Yoga School children to witness a festival arranged by them. On arrival at the Amphitheatre a great pile of brushwood was seen piled in the center, and near it were grouped the boys of the Raja Yoga School. When all were seated, we were informed by one of the boys that we were about to witness the cremation by the boys of their "bad tempers." The brush-pile was set ablaze, and each boy approached the fire with cup, tin or other vessel containing something which represented his "bad temper"—the contents were thrown into the fire—sometimes with much effort, but with evident satisfaction at the "good riddance," and arousing much laughter both on the part of the children as well as of the grown-ups, at this unique event which originated entirely with the children, and was carried out seemingly quite to their satisfaction. The boys were afterwards called upon in turn for remarks, which they made in manly fashion.

The day's celebration concluded with drill exhibitions by the different corps under their own commanders—even the little "tots" under the diminutive Captain Margaret Hanson, 7 years of age, went through their setting up exercises, facings, marching and counter-marching in a wonderful way, and with great precision.

* * *

New Building for the Children

A single week brings about so many striking improvements at Loma-land that one's eyes need to be kept wide open all the time to take note of them. They occur in all departments of the work, and are especially marked in the children's department. This is growing so fast that more and more accommodations are needed. Another new and larger building is being constructed to the south-west of the children's group houses, and a large two-story building with the sides of glass, also for the children, part to be used as the children's refectory and part as a club-room.

Dr. Lorin F. Wood, although busy in many ways, always finds time to assist in the beautifying of the Lotus Home Grounds, while his wife and daughter are two of the most active and devoted workers in departments of the children's work and the Raja Yoga School. Dr. Wood, it will be remembered, was, with his family, the first to settle at Point Loma, soon after the return of the Crusade and the dedication of the site for the School of Antiquity.

**Greek Symposiums
Presented in the
Amphitheatre**

On the evening of July 2nd, the Greek Symposia, "Hypatia," and "The Conquest of Death," were given for the first time in the great Amphitheatre at Loma-land. Oh! what a perfect night it was, it seemed as if Nature herself participated and lent her magic aid to the occasion. It was just after sunset, and a glow of light still flooded the western sky. The effect was marvelous, and as the performers stepped out in their classical dress against the background of the canyon ridges and the great Pacific beyond, the onlooker was transported back to those ancient days. Then one by one the stars came out until the whole expanse of heaven was studded with scintillating points of light. As the soft light fell upon the speakers it was as though we were in a dream. The effect too on the performers themselves was most marked and inspiring. It was a great pleasure to watch the real joy of our artist-comrade, R. W. Machell. To act or merely to be present at a performance amid such surroundings would awaken something of the artistic faculty in the most prosaic—and what an inspiration must it not be to one whose soul has been stirred by that love of the true and beautiful that calls forth the divine creative power in the art-work of painting, sculpture, music or the drama.

All the English students at Loma-land have watched with intense interest and deep solicitude the recent events in the Old Country. They felt the full force of England's sorrow at the King's illness, and now they feel a new joy for the whole nation at the lifting of the weight of sorrow by the promise of King Edward's recovery. May his recovery be the beginning of a new day of peace and of higher progress for the whole English speaking race!

* * *

Loma-Land Comrades

On the afternoon of July 4th, we welcomed home again Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Spalding, and on July 17th, we bade a short farewell to Brother Fred J. Dick, the old warrior from Ireland, who recently came on a short visit to Loma-land. His reports of the work in the Chief's old country were excellent, and the devotion and steadfastness of the comrades there are a great promise for the future of that ancient land. It seemed, too, as though he brought with him the heart-pleading of the whole country, and he carries back with him new hope for Ireland in the many heart-greetings from all the comrades at Loma-land, and in the trust and confidence which the Leader reposes in him. One important feature of his work and far-reaching in its results is as editor of the *International Theosophist*. Mrs. Dick who has been at Point Loma for several months, having come here as an invalid, is almost completely restored to perfect health. She will remain here and we all are looking forward to Brother Dick's return for permanent residence among us.

* * *

**San Diego Meetings
of Aryan Theosophical
Society**

The Sunday evening meetings of the Aryan Theosophical Society at Isis Theatre evoke the astonishment of all who attend for the first time. The beautiful Theatre, the decorations, the music, the speeches—but more than all the fact that here people are trying to practice what they profess and are speaking out facts of the *experience* and knowledge of life and not mere theories or beliefs—call forth a profound appreciation, and are sowing seeds that spread all over the United States. It is most in-

teresting to watch the development of the younger students—some of whom only a short time ago were timid at speaking before their class but now can hold the attention of the public with clear cut expression of their thoughts. After the meeting has begun it is a difficult matter to find a single vacant seat in the great auditorium.

The singing class instituted by Katherine Tingley and conducted on Sunday mornings at the Lotus Group Hall in San Diego, creates more and more interest. One of the secrets of a happy home-life is being solved and a new keynote of human progress has been struck, for when there is music in the heart, music in the life, music in the home, the regeneration of social life will have begun—and it has already begun.

* * *

**Music at the
Homestead**

On Wednesday of every week is held a delightful musicale and reunion of students in the great Rotunda of Loma Homestead. The Loma-land Orchestra, the Students' Chorus and the Raja Yoga Chorus provide the main features of the evening with one or two short addresses. The acoustics of the Rotunda are singularly beautiful for all orchestral and choral effects, and the interior architecture, the great dome overhead, the grand stairway, the balcony and its supporting columns, and the pictures with their wonderful color effects, make a setting which calls forth the harmonies of the higher and nobler qualities of the human soul, and in which naught that is selfish or degrading can find a response.

* * *

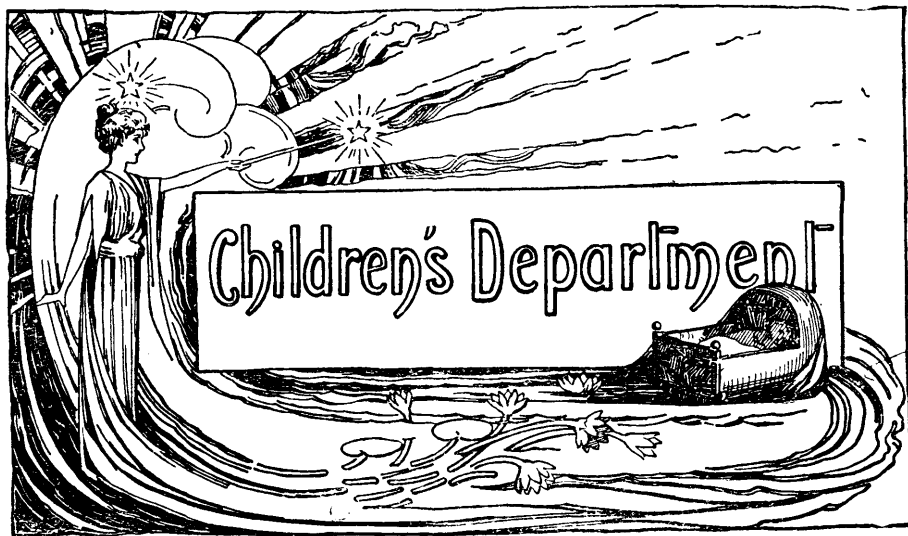
**Progress of the
Universal Brotherhood**

It is impossible to give to the public details of the progress of the great work of The Universal Brotherhood. He who runs may read, and he who is observant in his daily life wherever he may be cannot fail to find evidence of the great influence which Theosophy and the Universal Brotherhood are exerting on the world today. Lodge reports convey only a little of information; newspaper notices and reports, while they mirror the increased attention of the public, give only an indication of the great spread of interest in Point Loma and its activities—it is to the private letters of inquiry which came from all over the world that one would have to turn to see how deep have struck the roots of this world-wide movement for the regeneration of humanity. To report these would be impossible, but the effects are to be seen by any one in the world's life. Every mail brings with it a further appreciation of the altruistic work of The Universal Brotherhood, and a further indication of the needs of humanity and of the power of the Heart Doctrine of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood to satisfy those needs.

* * *

**The Mysteries of the
Heart Doctrine**

Before this issue is in the hands of our readers, this long promised work will be ready, and the students who have labored so assiduously are enthusiastic at the prospect of the good work that will be done by this book. It should be in every public and private library and every home. Every honest and inquiring mind should read it, every true student of human life should make it a study book.



The Magic Flower of *the* Golden City

by Uncle Starlight



CHAPTER I

LONG, long ago, far over the great sea, there was to be seen a handsome city. You cannot find it on the map, for somehow it has been overlooked. This city was so very beautiful, and the people who lived there were so happy and contented that it was called the "City of God."

I cannot describe all the beauties of this wonderful city, but some day, perhaps, you will see it for yourselves and then you will understand how much grander it is than anything you have ever imagined. And right in the center of the city, surrounded by a lovely park, stood the magnificent castle, which was the palace of the good King Lux.

Now King Lux had a son whose name was Prince Manas, a very handsome and clever prince, who knew a great many of the wonderful secrets of Nature, and who hoped one day to become king of all the country round about the Golden City. But King Lux did not wish his son to become king until he thoroughly understood all about the habits and customs, and the difficulties of the people he was to rule over, and had proven himself capable of doing his duty as a good king should.

So he told Manas to go about among the people and win their love and respect, so that when he became king he might be able to benefit his subjects. And in order to test his son's attention to little details of duty, he gave him a small portion of the castle garden to cultivate.

In this garden there grew a wonderful magic flower called the *Vita Pura*, which had many strange properties, and which usually bloomed but once in many, many years. But when it did bloom the blossom was the finest of all flowers, sweeter than any other, and as long as the plant was properly cared for and watered every day its blossom would never fade. It was in full bloom then and the king specially warned his son to watch over this magic flower, and on no account to neglect it.

Prince Manas set to work to carry out all his father's wishes, for he was a good son, and meant to become a good and wise king. He went in and out among the people, learning many things about them, and made himself generally loved and respected. And every morning and evening he carefully cultivated his garden and watered the magic flower, which seemed to grow more and more beautiful every day.

Now among the subjects of King Lux were some young men, who were very wild and selfish, and did not care at all whether other people were happy as long as they themselves could live in luxury and ease. They determined, if possible, to draw the young prince into their society, thinking that his wealth and power would prove very useful to them in their selfish schemes. So they made his acquaintance, and knowing that he was an honorable man, they put on their best behavior, pretending to be anxious to help him in his efforts to learn how to rule rightly.

Thus they gradually led him on. As they were very witty and clever, the prince became quite fascinated with their society, and soon began to spend most of his time in their company. He still tended his garden, but not so carefully as before, and after a time the magic *Vita Pura* began to look a little less healthy and beautiful. Still, knowing that as long as he watered it every day it would not die, he managed to spare just enough time every morning to keep it alive.

One morning Prince Manas woke a little later than usual, and found that he had only just time to snatch a hasty breakfast and hurry off to join his friends, who had arranged for a merry outing in the country. So he decided to attend to his garden when he came home in the evening.

It was very late when the party broke up, so late in fact that the prince did not reach his home until after midnight. Then he found it was much too dark to attend to his garden, so with an uneasy feeling in his heart he went to bed, asking his servant to call him very early in the morning.

As soon as he was dressed he hurried down to his garden in the hope that he might atone for his negligence of the previous day. But here a dreadful surprise awaited him. The garden was all pulled to pieces; the lovely flowers had been pulled up and lay scattered around, broken and dying; while the magic flower had disappeared entirely! The prince rubbed his eyes to make sure he

was not dreaming, and then, as the truth flashed upon him he sat down on a seat near by and, man though he was, he began to weep. His tears, however, did not undo the mischief, and after a time he summoned up courage to go and confess his error to the king and ask his forgiveness.

King Lux was deeply grieved when he heard the story, not only on account of the loss of the magic flower, but because his son had shown that he could not be trusted even to carry out such small duties as he had given him. He immediately went with the prince to the garden and together they searched thoroughly, but the flower was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly they saw in the very spot where the flower had been a most beautiful fairy. The prince at once begged her to help him in his great distress.

But the fairy answered: "O, Prince, your trouble is greater than you think, for you have forfeited your right to the kingdom, since it is the law that one who is not faithful in the small duties of life cannot reign in the 'City of Gold.'"

The poor prince was more unhappy than ever, and he said, "Tell me, kind Fairy, is there no way in which I can regain my right to sit upon my father's throne?"

And the fairy replied: "There is but one way, O, Prince. You must bid farewell to your father, and leave all the joys of the Golden City, and must journey forth through the world until you can find again the magic flower. It is not dead because, in order that it should not die through your neglect, the fairies have removed it. You must never rest until you find it and then, and then only, may you return and become king of this beautiful realm."

And the prince said, "I will go."

CHAPTER II—THE SEARCH FOR THE MAGIC FLOWER

So Prince Manas bade good-bye to his father, the king, and wandered through the City of Gold, and out of the big golden gates, away into the country, in search of the wonderful Magic Flower. He came across many beautiful gardens, full of lovely flowers, but in none of them could he find the one for which he was seeking. And though the people all looked with great respect and admiration on the young prince, yet none of them could help him; and he wandered on and on, getting more and more sad as evening came on and his search was still unrewarded.

At last, when night arrived, he lay down upon a mossy bank utterly exhausted, and fell asleep. And while he slept, the Fairy came and touched him gently with her golden wand.

Next morning, when the prince awoke, he seemed to be in a strange world. His fine garments had all changed into the coarse rough clothes of a laborer, and there he was in a small, dingy house, in one of the back streets of a great town.

Presently he found himself with a great crowd of men, dressed like himself, going out into the brickfields to work. It all seemed very strange at first, but he soon became accustomed to it, and almost forgot that he had been a prince the day before. But he still remembered that it was his chief duty to find the Magic Flower, and everywhere he went he kept up the search for it. But there were not many flowers growing in the brickfield, and he soon gave up hope of finding it there.

"Ah," he sighed, "If only I had plenty of money, then I would ride through the world, and have many servants to help me, and I should soon find the flower." But he had to keep on with his work until sunset. Then he received his scanty wages, and trudged wearily back to his little home, where he was soon in bed and sound asleep. And once again the good Fairy appeared, and smiled kindly on him, and touched him with her golden wand.

The next morning he woke in a fine mansion, and a number of grand servants came to wait on him, and see that he had all that he desired. He found a splendid breakfast ready, and when he had finished that, he had become quite reconciled to the change and forgot all about his experiences in the brickfields.

"Now," he thought, "I have all the day before me, and I will set to work in earnest. No doubt, today, I shall find the Magic Flower, and be able to return to the Golden City."

Just then several gentlemen came in to see him about some important business, for he found he was owner of a number of very fine ships, which traded in all parts of the world.

Some of these ships had just arrived from foreign ports, and others were about to sail. So the captains of the vessels, and the managers of his business, had come to receive their instructions on various matters. He spent all the morning discussing these details, and then after lunch he found there was still enough business to claim his attention until evening. The time slipped by very quickly, and then came a late dinner.

"Now," thought the prince, "I must make good use of my time." But he found he was expected to take the chair at a great meeting that evening. So he had to hurry away, and had no time to think of looking for the flower, until he returned home, very tired, and went to bed.

"Oh dear!" he exclaimed, "I shall never find it while I have such a lot of business to attend to. If I were only a nobody, such as the clerks in my office, with nothing to worry me after my day's work was done, then I could spend all my spare time in the search."

And while he slept the Fairy came again, and looking more pitiful than before, just touched him with her golden wand. The prince must have slept very soundly, for when he woke he had no recollection of what he had been the day

before, and was not at all surprised to find himself in a neat little home in the suburbs of a great city. It seemed quite natural for him to dress, and eat his breakfast and walk into the city to his office. Then he went through his day's work, and as he walked home in the evening, he determined to spend the remaining hours of daylight in searching for the flower.

But at the gate, his wife met him, and said, "I'm so glad you're home early, George"—you see even his name had changed—"I want you to do one or two little things for me in the house, and then I've promised Mrs. Smith, we'll both go round to her house and have a little music."

The poor prince sighed, and thought to himself, "How little do they know of what I have set out to do. I wish I could live alone, right away from every one, then I should have nothing to hinder me in my search." But he did as he was asked, and once again came home and went to bed, so tired that he did not even see the Fairy, as she came and laid her golden wand gently on his head.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lotus Group Reports



Brixton Lotus Group

This month we have the pleasure of reporting a distinct improvement in the attendance of Lotus Groups. Quite a number of new children have been coming, and the attendance of the older members has been steady and regular.

A good deal of time has been given to the rehearsal of a new play for July 2, and this work has itself evidently helped the children in many ways.

JUNIOR GROUP—Saturday mornings. This group has been greatly helped by Mr. Dunn, who comes over every week from Avenue Road to teach the children how to sing, and to play for them on the piano. The greatest attention is given to his music, and even the tiniest children listen as if to a voice speaking. After the singing, music and the golden cord, they have games and a short story. Stories told have been "Jason," and Aunt Esther's Letters in *The New Century*. New songs are "In a Hedge," "Thumbkin," and "Busy Blacksmith." On Thursdays we have a drill class, and for half an hour before the drill we have started a class for practice in dramatic work.

A story is told, and the children think out how to act it. We are now beginning a simple play, founded on the story of Epimetheus.

June 10, 1902

Report of Work at Kungsholmen, Sweden

During this month we have had five meetings with a very good attendance of children. The following is a typical program :

Warriors of the Golden Cord,	Roll Call,	Shining Little Pennies,	Recitation,	Silent Moments
(The Unity of All),	Reading of Lotus Leaflets 3 and 4,	Series II,	Rehearsal,	
Marching,	Song—"The Sun Temple"	Recitation		

The interest of the children is ever growing. They seem to catch the inner meaning of the work, and we hope the best for the future. With love and greetings from all children and teachers to our dear Lotus Mother and all the comrades at Point Loma,

ALMA NORRSELL, ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

**Lotus Group, Stockholm, Sweden**

One of our recent programs at Majorsgatan 9B was the following :

Song and March, "Warriors of the Golden Cord"	Shining Little Pennies
Short speech by Mrs. Nystrom	Roll Call

Mrs. Nystrom told the children about the Children's Raja Yoga festival held on January 25th in the Isis Theatre, San Diego. In connection with that the children were asked to propose some Swedish historical events which could be performed in a series of tableaux. The children had many good ideas, and strengthened by those in a "Higher Patriotism," we all sang our National and our Royal Songs.

Song, "The Sun Temple"	Silent Moments	Intonation of Truth, Light and Liberation
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During the month the children gave an entertainment at which they performed the 2d, 3d and 4th Lotus Leaflets of Series II, in presence of parents and lodge members. The program was filled out with songs by the children and a short explanatory lecture by one of the teachers. The decorations, especially to the tableau of the mineral kingdom, were beautifully arranged by Mr. Drougge and Mr. von Greyerz. This first dramatic performance was a success, and the interest the children showed promises good for the future.

W. VON GREYERZ, GERDA NYSTROM, ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

**Lotus Group, Malmo, Sweden**

FIRST CLASS—The children begin the meetings with the Lotus Home march, and march around the Lotus flag held by a little boy. The work for this month has been to exercise the children in giving as a drama "The Sevenfold" from Lotus Leaflet No. 9. Stories have been told. A new song, "Brothers We," has been learned. The "Silent Moments" are accompanied by music.

SECOND CLASS—The program includes the learning of some songs from "The Pilgrimage of the Soul." Miss Mansson read a story to the children, "A New Time," by Topelius, and it was resolved to give this as a tableau. The question, "What is Harmony?" was given for answering. On the 13th of the month, this class helped at the entertainment of the U. B. Lodge. The children heard the reading of "Hypatia." Then the children sang the first song of "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," and "The White Lotus." One of

the girls sang the circle song and another girl recited "Sowing and Reaping."

THE GIRLS' CLUB—The club meets regularly. At these meetings Miss Mansson has told and read of the two great Leaders, "Hypatia," and "Jeanne d'Arc." At each meeting the girls have sung Lotus songs and sometimes read little poems. ANNA MANSSON



Girls' Club, 3 Vernon Place, London, England

During the past six months the girls' meeting at 3 Vernon Place, the English Headquarters of the International Brotherhood League, have been giving their attention, with great zeal, to a course of Physical Exercise, which has clearly demonstrated to their teachers the power and true hearted enthusiasm which lies behind their work as a united group. The members of the club are principally factory girls engaged throughout the day in the routine work of some of the large city factories, and have now been attending the club since its inauguration by the Leader, Katherine Tingley, in 1899. They meet together once a week for two hours, when their time has been devoted, principally, to singing, needle-work and musical drill. The girls have made their gymnastic costumes, and in the summer devoted some time to cutting out and making blouses. Readings from the **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH** and *The New Century* have been much appreciated, short courses of simple science lessons and history, have been given to awaken a love of nature, to quicken their imagination and so to broaden and deepen the otherwise unavoidably narrow life of their daily routine. The girls have responded to these with interest and wonder.

During the summer of 1901, owing to illness of the Superintendent, and the absence from town of two most active assistants, the club was temporarily closed, but has since been re-opened at the girls' own urgent request, and has been placed in charge of a temporary committee of four ladies.

The committee has now arranged that during the month of June the meetings shall continue as heretofore, working mainly with the idea of preparing for a summer festival when the part songs and drill learned will be given as part of the program.

Further details of reorganization and development of the work in the club have been left over until the next committee meeting when the President will be in town to take the chair. It is much desired that this work shall in London, as elsewhere, be brought into closer touch with the lodge life, and become a strong channel by means of which the light may be carried out among the many women and girls of our cities, who know not the joy of a life which is Brotherhood. Signed on behalf of the Committee:

June, 1902

L. A. ROBINSON, *Secretary pro tem.*



U. B. Lodge No. 25, Cambridge, Massachusetts

At the regular monthly meeting of Lodge 25 of the Universal Brotherhood, this month, we were assisted by the children and the hall was filled to overflowing by their parents and friends, all of whom felt in their hearts and saw with their eyes the great work that is being done by our little ones in this Universal Brotherhood work throughout the world.

After reading from the Constitution in the **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH**, the exercises with the children, illustrated by stereopticon pictures, began with the song, "Love is One

and Liveth." The first picture was that which for so long headed the Children's Page in *The New Century*, the little Lotus Bud gazing with her hand shading her eyes, far into the future, while an older Comrade points out "The Way." While this was on the screen little May recited, "I Live for Those Who Love Me,"

For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

Then came the picture of "The Universal Brotherhood Path," while the children recited together, "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means," and then all sang,

Children of Light as ye go forth into the world
Seek to render noble service to all that lives.

While the beautiful clouds were appearing on the screen there was a silence, and then the soft notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" were heard, as through the blue of the sky the stars and stripes began to appear and all the children sang with a will—

'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

From the flag came gradually the picture of George Washington, while Elsie told us something about this great Leader, and how he took command of the American army right here in our City of Cambridge, under the Washington Elm, which was shown to the children. Another Leader was then talked of, one who had freed thousands of people—Abraham Lincoln—and four little children sang a sweet song about his great self-sacrifice.

After this we saw the beautiful public gardens on our way to the New England Center, where we meet on the last Sunday of every month, at 24 Mt. Vernon street, Boston. Then we saw a great picture of the world and were shown where San Diego is and our dearly beloved Loma-land, and then the portraits of the three great Leaders, who have given their lives for humanity. The children recited "We Are All Notes of One Great Song," when the picture of H. P. Blavatsky came, and when W. Q. Judge's loving face was shown we were told how he loved to work for little children, and then they all recited the Precepts: "To live to benefit mankind is the first step," etc., and when the picture of the Lotus Mother, our beloved Leader, Katherine Tingley, came, they all stood in silence and sent out loving thoughts to all the children of the world, ending with the three words, "Happy, Happy, Happy!"

Then came Loma-land, to which in imagination we drove as do all the tourists, from the city around the bay; and while we were looking at the Temple in the distance and entering the Great Gate and driving to the Homestead, the tiny Buds sang with the little children standing on the veranda of the Temple, "But we'll grow to Blossoms bye and bye." Then we visited the gardens and the children's Group Houses, and last we saw a picture of the Warrior advancing along the Path of Life, which Mr. Machell painted, and which hangs in the Homestead—and all the children sang "Warriors of the Golden Cord.

Then came the "shining pennies," and a little girl sang "If I were a Voice," and told us all about what *she* would do for all the sad and suffering children in the world, and then we all sang "My country 'tis of thee."

C. H. H.

A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

“Remind yourself that all men assert that wisdom is the greatest good, but that there are few who strenuously endeavor to obtain this greatest good.”

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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A Voice of the Past *

by a Student



THE Nineteenth century is over, and we are well embarked upon the Twentieth. Let us consider what the tendency of the past *hundred* years has been and what lies before us in those to come.

In the Nineteenth century we have seen the rapid rise of a system known as “modern science,” which, in its hurried and superficial growth, compares with the *solid* and *mature wisdom* of the ages, as does the fungus that springs up in a night with the forest oak. The chief doctrine of this modern science has been that our present civilization is the highest point yet reached by man, and that man has evolved up to this point by ever-ascending stages from barbarism. In the view of Nineteenth century science, man’s past history was one of ignorance and degradation, ever increasing as we look further and further back until the times when he went on all fours; and the *extremes* views depicted man as having evolved from the apes. This was the teaching of the Evolutionists.

In the Twentieth century these views are rapidly fading away before the piercing rays of two powerful search-lights. One of these lights is the light of a clearer insight which has pierced many of the illusions of past theorizers and grown weary of their useless repetitions of stock formulas. The other light is the strong bright ray from the past, which is being thrown over the whole field of modern thought by the discoveries made by our explorers, antiquarians, and students of ancient languages and records.

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

To take one instance of this—our professors and scholars in this country have entered seriously upon a study of the far past history of these Western continents, and of the races whose records and remains we find scattered abroad over the land. And they admit that the doctrine of the evolutionists, that man has evolved from the savage indigenes, is wrong; they affirm that the savage indigenes have degenerated from a mighty race that dwelt here in the past and was wise and able and civilized.

This is only one example out of very many that might be given; and if you will look carefully at the signs of the times as thus indicated, you will find good ground for the conclusion that this Twentieth Century is to witness quite a remarkable revolution in thought as to the past history of mankind. It is to witness the discovery that our present much-belauded civilization is only a degenerate copy of far mightier civilizations that have been; that our present knowledge is only a miserable makeshift for the grander and nobler wisdom that the world has lost; and that the ancients had a science of life that did not plunge them into the social discord and stress, the universal invalidism, and the all-prevailing doubt and skepticism which marks the reign of our science. The coming century will witness the restitution to the ancients of their stolen credit; and we shall see, as already we are beginning to discern, that what few arts we have, have come down to us as scraps saved from this treasure-house of knowledge.

Every nation and tribe has records and traditions of a past when its land was inhabited by men of exalted character and great capacity. After this initial stage the history of each nation shows a double movement—first a degeneration and fall from the high ideals and simple nobility of life; and, running along with this degeneration, an equally steady increase in material luxury, superficial learning, and the inventions and appliances of a commercial and city life. To illustrate this, one single instance will serve as a type of all. The ancient Greeks believed that their ancestors were heroes or god-men, and that they themselves inherited the wisdom, the nobility, the manliness of their progenitors. They still knew that the national welfare, as well as individual happiness, depended on the staunch adherence to high principles of self-sacrifice, integrity, and humanity: and we find them ever laying aside private and personal interests to muster to the call of duty whenever the safety of their country demanded it; ever ready to fulfill the requirements of justice in the face of apparent loss; never forgetting to precede every undertaking with sacred ceremonies in their temples, that they might thus fortify and purify themselves by communing with their souls in silence. And ever they believed that such duties would surely make all things well for them, even though they might have to sacrifice time or money or convenience in their performance.

But in later times, as generation succeeded generation, and material success increased, the people lost faith in their high ideals. Fear came upon them; they did not trust in the power of right; and they resorted to measures of calculation and expediency. Instead of magnanimously neglecting self and putting public duty in the first place, they feathered their own nest first.

What need to trace in detail the story of the gradual decline of a nation from its primitive grandeur to its final chaos of rotten luxury. Are not such stories writ large for us all to read? And have we not seen something of the same kind in the few short years since the birth of our own country? We can all repeat glibly the principles that actuated our ancestors in their fight for freedom and dictated the constitution that they framed for their sons. But it takes a keener eye than we possess to discern the remnants of those principles amid the rank growth of money-hunting, political corruption, and social impurity that is throttling our national life.

This is a melancholy picture I have drawn; and, were I to stop here, I should rightly be called a pessimist and a prophet of evil. But Nature does not everlastingly tend in one direction; her great Law is the law of ebb and flow, and she has eternally decreed that, as every bright day must have its following night, so in its turn the dreary night must yield to glorious day.

Not in vain did those ancients thus faithfully follow their high ideals, nor is he who trusts in the power of right doomed to failure and extinction. Of what use would it have been for me to extol the virtues of the past if I had left you free to say, "but that past is dead!"

That past is not dead; the soul that sleepeth is not dead; no man believes that the western sun hides his face forever beneath the waters of the ocean.

The past shall be born again. I cannot lead you into the mysteries of a knowledge that traces the conditions of races and of men during the night of time when they have vanished from the earth; such lore shall be ours again one day. But it is enough to know that unerring Law will surely bring back to earth the spirit of the past, and men shall rise from the dark hour before twilight into a new day that is even now dawning.

How different our lives would be now, if we had followed the simple ideals of the past, and how different they will be when we shall have returned to those ideals! Like Solomon of old we have wandered afar into the mazes of intricate study, only to find that, without the kernel of faith, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. "Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth" and, as another wise man said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Instead of doubting, fearing, questioning, speculating, and perhaps drowning our misery in dissipation, or drugs, or death, we should be resting serene in the

perfect faith that no harm can come to man so long as he does not make war on his own soul. Instead of living our short years feverishly in the expectation of the bugbear death with his conqueror worm and moldering tomb, we should be living our life of joyous endeavor in the full knowledge of an eternal existence, nor should we fear death more than sleep. Knowing that all joy and peace in life come from the experiences that men share with each other, we should not be struggling in the mad attempt to snatch an advantage at the expense of our neighbor, to monopolize happiness, or to find joy in self-contemplation, or self-admiration.

Life has become complicated by the replacement of simple rules and truths by a vast medley of schemes and devices, and policies, and theories, and cults.

Scientists and philosophers are always trying to find some one foundation principle that will explain and unify all; and in human life that one foundation principle is Brotherhood. It is because we have neglected this first necessity that our life has become so complicated and laborious. Without the key-stone the building crumbles; without the regulator the machine races and jams. Each man is trying to live an impossible life—trying to find out some other way than the true and natural way—trying to make a little universe of his own.

And from the past we hear the voice drawing nearer and clearer, telling us in many accents—"Learn first the golden rule of harmony and Brotherhood, and all your tangled skeins shall be unraveled. By this rule we built up our mighty civilization; in it we found the clue to our vast knowledge; our beautiful architecture shows that in art we knew the golden rule of proportion. Overcome your demon of selfishness and your ignorance and discord shall disappear, and life become once again simple, easy, and grand."

The Forest Primeval

by LONGFELLOW

THIS is the forest Primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
 Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.
 This is the forest primeval.—*Selected*

Divine Discipline

by Lydia Ross, M. D.



IN the spring the conscious life in grass and tree and flower seeks expression in the language of the vegetative world. The earth furnishes nutrition from below, while air and light and warmth and rain produce favorable conditions for unfoldment. Each curled-up, wrinkled leaf and flower comes like a closed hand, holding the eternal secret of life. With deft touches of sunshine and of shower Nature guides and encourages her children to tell their story; and lo! the countless, tinted, veined fingers of the leafy world respond and open out, in simple, natural joyous life and rich unfoldment. Unconfined by creeds and unlimited by learning, each flower and leaf, working with the law, expands in symmetrical fullness. Nature does not aim to produce one-sided prodigies of growth, but seeks to make each individual form a miracle of perfection of its kind. Life is sweet, though its feet are in clay; and the aspiring plant climbs sunward, regardless of the law of gravitation.

Mother Nature brings her babes up by the rules of Raja Yoga. Can we question her success?

The human buds—delicate, tinted, flexed and folded promises of racial flowers—greet the returning spring-time of another earth-life with a cry, perhaps dismayed by memory of previous lives. A gardener would seek to know the nature and the needs of some rare plant about to be intrusted to his care. But the human mothers—with the privilege of making the environment for a soul's unfoldment—how have they proven their awareness of this sacred duty? And the modern educators, with their confident activity in the cramming process, wherein do they demonstrate the wisdom of Nature's way of evolving the latent possibilities within each center of consciousness? Do they not confound involution with evolution? Could they read the meaning of that look in the child's grave eyes they would stand, like Mother Nature, in reverent silence, encouraging these new arrivals to tell their story. Were children better understood the educational efforts would aim—not to fill them, as we older infants have been filled with surplus unrelated facts and fancies, but to help them express their divinity, the reality of which still haunts them.

Every thirty years a new generation is born. Were the methods of child training any sort of success it would be possible to have a new and happy world in a hundred years or less. Instead of which, for successive centuries, the plastic child-mind has been so molded as to perpetuate the same old errors of selfishness, with the inevitable suffering thereby entailed.

Have the parents been at fault? Surely there has been no lack of devotion. The mother-love is an age-old proverb: she is justly described as being willing for her child's sake, to sacrifice herself and everyone else. The prehistoric sense of separateness is preserved all along the line; for the parental limitations have distorted the broad quality of brooding love for all helplessness into the narrow devotion of "my child," "my home." The mother-love has been too constricted to comprehend justice. Her blind devotion, focused upon the formative child-nature, warped it into too great a sensitiveness to self and too great an indifference to others. And so the whole series of unsymmetrical characters have perpetuated the social selfishness, to which they all objected—when it made them suffer. The trend of child training, even if unconsciously, has been how to get the best of a selfish world, not how to better it.

This narrow, personal, mother-love would be bad enough if its effects were limited to one life. But for every act of unbrotherliness which she taught or tolerated in her own, she helped him prepare his harvest of unhappy reaping in future lives. And so the vicious chain of sowing and reaping unhappiness, age after age, has brought about a disbelief in the fact that "Life is Joy."

Today the Theosophical philosophy throws a flood of light upon this world-old problem of what is the greatest kindness to the child. The prominence given to the Lotus work shows how much the helpfulness of the Movement lies with these little ones, for "in their tiny hands they hold the future." It is clearly enough shown by the philosophy that the best expression of parental love is to teach the child to work with the law, as does Mother Nature. We have been so narrow and personal and selfish in caring for the body and mind of the loved one, that the real child of destiny—the soul—was forgotten in its evolutionary journey. We have tried to make the children happy by gratifying their foibles and desires. "I cannot bear to deny him anything," says the fond parent. But in catering to his personal wishes occurs the grievous error of denying the wants of the child's Higher Self. Each new-born body is the instrument of a soul, seeking the gain of earth experience by contacting matter.

Life is a school, with all lessons to be impartially learned by each student of time. The soul knows what it wants and is willing to pay the price of incarnation. Is it not pitiful to think how long our mistaken, cruel kindness has exacted a usury of suffering from those we loved the best by holding back the lessons of the law?

Were it possible to love us into line, would not the compassionate hearts of the great Helpers of the race have long ago given to blind, struggling humanity a heritage of peace? But the law requires that each one must work out his own salvation, that each shall seek in his own heart for the place of rest. Vainly does the mother hide her own hurt from the selfish child. In vain does her short-

sighted devotion expect her willing forgiveness to acquit her child of unkindness or ingratitude. The unsettled account of hidden heart-ache goes on interest for its author. And in the temporary happiness given to the loved one the parent denies him the early finding of the more lasting helpfulness from those who know how to give good gifts. It is vastly better to teach the sensitive child to tread the dangerous and difficult path of progress, upheld by hands of tender strength, and illumined by the love-light of home, than to force him, blindly groping through self-inflicted suffering to slowly learn the stern lesson of the law. No one can learn the lesson for another, however dearly cherished; but the larger love can guide the feet of dear ones by the easier way to greater consciousness.

Selfishness defeats its own end; and the narrow love loses its object in building for only one life, desirous of possessing "my child" and of gaining possessions for him. The incarnating soul, drawn by old ties, chooses companionship which offers conditions favorable for unfoldment. But as selfishness means separateness, so unwise love works, in time, for the separation. If parent and child fail to find the larger meaning of unity together, the unswerving law will require that they learn it elsewhere and apart. However much the lower mind and body protest against the discipline, the impelling spirit demands the privilege of attaining to the greater truth. The ultimate duty is not to the personal child, but to his Higher Self.

Not love alone but the wisdom of love—divine discipline—will save the children that we cherish. To suffer in silence while they grow self-willed and ungrateful, may save them some mental and physical discomfort. But all the heartache they have sown so lightly they must some day reap in bitter sorrow. Love may spare the child for a time the anxiety of responsibility, and even for a life-time give him creature comforts not his due. But in the last analysis no one can save him from himself, no outside kindness can put away the Karma of his own creation.

To stand alone—always and ever does that lesson stare one in the face. No caress can replace the courage, no protection can substitute the strength needed to face the lower self. Sheltering love should be to the beloved a warrior's armor; too often it surrounds us like an enervating warm bath, delightful in proportion as it unfits us for the chill, stinging atmosphere of conflict upon the planes of our dual nature.

To stand by the eternal truth so far as in us lies, that is the supreme fidelity of all ties. Not to compromise with the conventional or cautious standards, not to cater to the sensitive selfishness of loved ones, but to hold them responsible to their Best Selves. That is the foundation of lasting unity and is the true loyalty of love.

*The Art of the Future**

by R. W. Macchell



WITHIN the historic period, that is to say, for the last few thousand years, the art of all civilized people seems to have been divided into two main classes which have been called sacred and profane. In days when the religious life of the people was very vigorous, as in ancient Egypt, there seems to have been the most decided difference between the two classes of art, but in modern times the difference is one of subject only and not of style.

It has been said that there is no modern religious art. This is no doubt due to the fact that there is very little real religion in the life of the peoples of the present day. The art of an age is a very fair index to the general state of a civilization, for although a great artist may be far ahead of the general state of evolution of those around him, still it is certain that the great mass of artists and art workers are always on the level of the average minds of their day, for the simple reason that they work for money or money's worth, and so are bound to produce what the public will buy. This applies too to the religious art of the period of the Christian Renaissance; for the general run of artists were completely at the mercy of their employers, the clergy, and could only produce what was pleasing to their ecclesiastical prejudices. A few might be strong enough to make a stand, but they were not free, even when most independent. The hand of the Church was heavy and far-reaching, and it was always outstretched to crush out independent or original thought or inspiration in art. So the Religious Art of that day reflected the religious life of the ruling classes; it shows all the narrowness and conventionality and artificiality that marked the time, and also the naive simplicity that was to be found here and there in some simple devotee whose faith carried him above the reach of the deadly formalism and conventionality of his religion. And it was just in these instances of simple faith that the greatest beauty was reached. The charm of these works is due to just this quality of naive simple faith that shines out and illumines the work. That which is great in such a work comes from the heart of the artist, and is of no age and of no epoch; it is eternal. That which is not great nor soul-stirring in the work is just that part of it that gives the clue to the condition of the times in which it was produced.

*Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

The art of the more ancient peoples gives the clue to their life also, and because the religious life was more important and more powerful, so the art was more noble and more inspiring. That which is great in the works of art of those times is not due to the personal character of an individual artist so much as to the very power of the religion itself, which carried with it a solemnity and awe that can be felt to this day in the fragments of sculpture and architecture that have come down to our time. This dignity and power are in marked contrast with the levity and triviality of the art work that we call profane, that is, the domestic decoration of private houses.

The reason for this is clear. The Temples were not merely churches, but they seem to have been more like colleges and public institutions and theatres combined. In fact it would seem as if all that was best in the life of the people, in its public life, was centered in the religion which regulated all the duties and details of life. Thus the domestic or profane art would naturally be confined to the representation of the lower side of the life of the people, and it does in fact frequently represent scenes of debauchery. The line is clearly marked; all that was noble or dignified in life was connected with the religion of the people, and the rest was connected with sensuality and debauchery.

The contrast between this condition of things and what exists today is very evident. The art of today is free from the influence of the churches, which no longer have the power to rule either men's bodies or their minds. The religion of the day no longer inspires men as of old, nor does it overawe them. One has only to look at the religious pictures of the day to see that there is no real conviction in the work, no fire of enthusiasm, no faith, no belief; merely a lame repetition of a well-worn theme. The same is true of the architecture of our religious buildings. Sometimes at their best they are pleasing, but never impressive nor inspiring. They are obviously the work of men who have no faith in the power of art to elevate the minds of men and to awake their souls. The designers and builders of these works may be good orthodox churchmen, but they are not inspired enthusiasts.

So if we look in modern art for the signs of those qualities that made the art and architecture of past times so impressive and so enduring, we look in vain amongst the works where naturally one would most expect to find them.

But enthusiasm and inspiration are not dead, nor have they entirely deserted the field of art. Here and there one sees signs of the old fire that burns in the soul of a true artist peeping out of some simple landscape. And here we see the hope of the future. For what does this mean? Surely it shows that the true religious zeal that made great nations of old has deserted in disgust the faithless modern religions and the soulless conventions on which they are built, and it has sent its devotees to Mother Nature, the great goddess of all true artists. Her

devotees may be very blind to her real being, very narrow and prejudiced by their false education and the general pessimistic cynicism of the age they live in, but none the less they love their Mother Nature, and she reveals to them a little of her beauty and divine mystery. It is in the works of these true lovers of Nature that one finds that earnestness and conviction that has ceased to inspire the branches of art which are generally considered to be higher. Here, is hope for the future, for here one sees that art is not dead, but able to respond to the living Soul of Nature.

It may seem strange to some to hear anyone speak of Art as dead, when the enormous production of works of art is considered. Certainly the thousands of pictures that are produced annually is sign of a certain kind of vitality in the art world, but look a little closer and you will see that all this mass of so-called art work is really little more than the manufacture of salable commodities produced for the sole purpose of making money. This is the source of its inspiration. What hope is there here? How can artists, who are dependent on pleasing the public for their livelihood, rise above the public taste and lead it on to higher things? They cannot do it.

The fire of enthusiasm that inspires all works that are capable of stirring the hearts of men is not lit by the need of money nor by the greed of gain, nor by hope of fame, it springs from the soul. It creates beautiful forms and expresses beautiful ideas and spreads joy and beauty around for the love of the beautiful in itself. How almost impossible is it for such souls to live and to fulfill their mission in the midst of the rush of our commercial civilization. All that is best in art is stifled and crushed by this overpowering necessity to make money. And the artists who happen to be independent and well supplied with this terrible "money," are not really free, for it takes a mental and moral giant to rise above and dominate the mental and moral atmosphere in which the whole world is steeped today. The Soul of Man, the great Artist in Man, is imprisoned and the Art of today is stamped with this mark, the mark of a soul cramped and stifled by small ambitions and mean aims. It is true that men have a freedom that is very apparent, but it is not real. We have no real freedom and can have none while each man is held by this chain.

If we hope for a New Art in the future we must prepare the conditions now—today. We must liberate the Soul—and that quickly—while the minds and bodies of the future Artists are young and able to be trained.

It is possible to do this, and I have seen it being done and seen the gradual unfolding of the soul when freed from false ideals, when freed from bodily impurity that eats out the substance of the soul, when freed from selfishness that stifles its very life. But to do this it is necessary to prepare proper conditions, to train the teachers, to establish the nucleus of the training college and watch each detail so that the old ideals cannot creep in and destroy the work.

For want of all this preparatory work many a high sounding scheme of education has failed utterly. But Katherine Tingley has accomplished this great work and the children at Point Loma are growing into this splendid type of ideal manhood and womanhood in which alone the soul of the artist can express itself. From these children we shall get the art of the future. And when it comes, we shall know that it is the Art of All Time, we shall see whence the greatness of past art drew its power, and whence all that is best in modern art comes now, for it all comes from the great Soul of Humanity that is not young or old, but eternal in joy and beauty.

No longer will the prisoner look sadly through the prison bars of narrow minds, and dwarfed, twisted and diseased bodies; but free at last it can step out and create new types of beauty, new ideals, new realities. The soul set free will liberate the world and make life beautiful. This will be the Art of the Future.

The Religion of Compassion

by Rev. S. J. Neill



NO more important saying is to be found in the whole range of literature than those words given by H. P. Blavatsky in the *Voice of the Silence*, where she says :

But stay, Disciple—yet one word. Canst thou destroy divine COMPASSION? Compassion is no attribute. It is the Law of Laws, a shoreless, universal essence, the light of everlasting right, and fitness of all things, the Law of Love Eternal. The more thou dost become at one with it, thy being melted in its Being, the more thy soul unites with that which is, the more thou wilt become COMPASSION ABSOLUTE.

These words go to the root of many important subjects. They remind us of similar words spoken by Jesus, where he says :

If ye had known what this meaneth, I desire mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless.

In their views of life, and of religion, most men tend to one of two extremes: They are hard and cruel, or else sentimental and foolish. The religion of some is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; while with others it is a foolish notion of pity which has no root in true wisdom and love. With very many, in the western world, the notion of salvation from the results of sin, by accepting the sacrifice of one who was not guilty, but, by a theological make-believe was

esteemed guilty, is the sum and substance of religion, the "plan of salvation," as it is called. This most surely leads to confused notions of justice, and it saps the moral fiber of all peoples who accept it. As against this, we now have the Theosophical teaching of Karma—Divine Justice. This is the health-giving tonic which men sorely need. They need to be continually reminded that we must reap what we sow; and that no one can take another's guilt.

With not a few Theosophists, in the early days, the truly merciful law of Karma was taught with a hardness which was foreign to all compassion. If a certain person suffered, the suffering was regarded as Karma, and no more compassion was felt than a mathematician feels in working out some problem. This was, perhaps, the natural rebound from vicarious atonement, and a doctrine of forgiveness that acted as a moral opiate. But this un-Theosophic spirit, shown by certain self-styled Theosophists, was all the more strange, seeing that these words of H. P. Blavatsky, whom they professed to follow, stand out like a beacon light. Her words declare that compassion is an essential part, not only of true religion, but an essential part of Being itself. She says: "Compassion is no attribute—it is the Law of Laws." Or, as the Christian scriptures put it, "God Is Love."

Much has been written about attributes—much of it unwisely. It was said the Divine had no attributes, and the man of the world retorted; "How then can God give what he does not possess?" We may understand attributes as temporary appearances with which the Divine clothes itself during manifestation. They are the "Time-vesture" of the Eternal, as Carlyle says. But H. P. Blavatsky assures us that Compassion is no attribute—no mere Time-vesture, but *Essential Being* itself. It is no mere phenomenon or appearance; it does not change or pass away. It does not *seem* merely, it ever is. The Religion of Compassion, therefore, must have a deep fullness in it—the fullness of divinity, which is able to meet all human needs.

There is a form, and a very common one, which pity assumes, that does not really help people. It has often been said—in fact proven—that unwise charity tends to foster beggary. The boy or girl, the man or woman, that is "spoilt" by a false pity, is conspicuously lacking in those qualities of strength and manliness and unselfishness which Nature has been at such pains to encourage.

According to the common theory of evolution, Nature is very pitiless. Nature, who is so careful of the type, is apparently careless of the single life, and "of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear." All the way up to man, Nature seems to be built upon rapine. The strong consume the weak, as natural food. It is said that Nature keeps up the type by this merciless process of sending the weaker to the wall, so that only the strong may survive. That may be so up to man. But man is something more than an animal. Professor Huxley,

in his celebrated "Romanes Lecture," was bold enough to state that "*now* the law of evolution, as applied to men, was not simply the survival of the fittest, but that as many as possible might be made *fit to survive*." This is the testimony of one of the foremost men of science to the lofty Religion of Compassion. It breathes the spirit of the well-known and beautiful words, "A bruised reed shall he not break and the smoking flax shall he not quench."

The new key-note struck in the Theosophical Society, by the present Leader, in the Crusade around the world, by the feeding of the poor, was more important as declaring the Religion of Compassion, than in simply satisfying so many appetites for a few hours. It was a declaration of compassion, and it recalls the words concerning the great Teacher of Nazareth: "And he had compassion on the multitude, because they had nothing to eat." If it be true, as the proverb has it, that "the way to some people's hearts is through their pockets," it is equally true that the way to the hearts of others lies through satisfying the needs of the "physical nature." This is mentioned, chiefly because it illustrates the fact that thoughtfulness, compassion, is a powerful factor in man's redemption. The heart, as the deepest wisdom teaches, is the great mainspring in man. We are saved not by the intellect chiefly, but through the heart.

A great deal of foolishness is attached to the exercise of what the world calls compassion, in many cases, but this is owing to the unwisdom of the person who shows it, and to the mistaking of weak sentiment for compassion. True compassion is the highest wisdom.

Compassion must take on many forms according as the end or object of wisdom will be most perfectly accomplished; but it never ceases to be compassion; and it is always dangerous for weak, erring mortals to "take the law into their own hands." The Scripture says, "Judgment is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord, therefore, if thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head." When the true religion of compassion comes into general operation it will prove a "saving health to all peoples."

A parent or a state which punishes through fear, or vindictiveness, or in the spirit of retaliation, does not diminish the number of criminals. Like begets like. We have to reform our criminal jurisprudence according to the highest light—the Light of true Compassion. This would not mean that the bed of the criminal is to be made a bed of roses—but it does mean that wisdom should always act with the tender glow of compassion ever shining upon her countenance. The parable tells us the Father *met* the returning prodigal *when he was yet a great way off!*

The moral and spiritual effect of correction does not lie in its severity, but in the strong compassion which the sufferer feels existing for him in the heart of his corrector.

The moral end and aim of all pain in this universe must be *corrective*; to help us to shun the wrong course to which the red danger-signal of suffering is attached. As we perceive that it is out of compassion itself that Nature inflicts all her penalties for broken law, and as we learn to copy Nature, then life will take on a new meaning. Nothing will be cruel, nothing will be arbitrary—we shall feel that if we do suffer, it is the working of the All-Compassionate Law, in order that we may come into complete harmony with that law and suffer no more.

We prove ourselves Sons of God by acting in a Godlike manner. The Scripture says: “He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God;” and again: “If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?”

In truly feeling and wisely showing compassion we preach the highest gospel—we declare our own divinity, and we exercise a divine power—the power which humanity needs at this hour.

Washington says: “Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances, than rigor. It is therefore my first wish, to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.”

The high doctrine, the lofty teaching of Theosophy is, that when we have learned all lessons, and when we stand ready to enter heaven, the Voice of True Compassion says: “Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?” and then the true Theosophist, he who has made many renunciations will make the GREAT RENUNCIATION; he returns from the other shore as COMPASSION ABSOLUTE—a Savior of the world.

Common sense tells us that this is the highest, noblest, best goal of all, and that the surest and also the easiest way to reach those Godlike heights is to daily exercise the religion of true compassion in all the little things of life. “He that is faithful in that which is least,” Jesus says, “is faithful also in much.”

The words of H. P. Blavatsky, with which we began, “That Compassion is no attribute but the Law of Laws, Alaya’s Self,” find an echo in these words of Sir Edwin Arnold, in the *Light of Asia*, where he says there “Is fixed a power divine which moves to Good, only *its* laws endure.”

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none, at last, can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation Sweet. Obey.

The Son of Shadows

Written in 1849 by COUNT SIGMUND KRASINSKY

Translated by V. A. H.

THE Son of Shadows from the heights looks forth:
 A force unknown hath hurled him from the gulf,
 With her own milk hath nursed him a wild she-wolf,
 Beneath his Titan footsteps shook the earth.

Half-dreaming goes he forward to explore,
 He hangs on crags, drinks dew, he climbs yet more,
 Till hanging mists divide their filmy woof,
 And light falls down from heaven's azure roof.

The Son of Shadows looks to skies indeed,
 He stretches hands to universal heights,
 Though born on earth, above are his delights,
 A nectar of the stars is his true need.

But till he dons the finished robe of man,
 Till he divests himself of Nature's train,
 He has to battle with her and bear pain,
 Gigantic martyrdom of Titans' clan.

Then from the ancient daring storms of power
 He issues forth all changed and shouts: I am!
 His forehead gleams with human joy and calm,
 And in his heart there blooms the soul-lit flower.

Though God to him is but the Lord of wrath,
 And but a vain appearance is his truth,
 Though with satanic forces leagues his youth—
 This fate floats by, he enters the new path.

By the long labor of the human pain
 He shall be freed from earthly cloak again,
 The thought that tortures and the wounds that smart
 Will eat away his day from out his heart.

A crown of thorns he dons upon his head,
 Tears of compassion from his eyes are shed,
 The sufferings in Father's love are stilled
 Of his unhappy soul, yet free from guilt:

Till his prenatal longing shall awake,
 And doubts return, temptations wild increase,
 Till for an orphan he himself shall take
 Tossed blindly on perdition's stormy seas.

But evil passes, 'tis as dust of roads:
 E'en though it seem a storm, 'tis as the shower:
 E'en though as thorn, 'tis but the blooming flower
 Whose rosy heart burns in the home of Gods.

He who doubts here, who groans through ages now,
 Shall reach his stars and dwell beyond their bar,
 For this sad earth he'll change into a star,
 Bridging it skyward with the Iris bow.

Upward and onward then, O Son of Dawn!
 Toward undiscovered worlds thine eyes to turn:
 All that doth live or shine or sing or burn
 Is in the sphere immortal all thine own.

What thou hast dimly grasped thine arm shall press,
 Thine eye shall see what erst were longing dreams:
 And, shedding from thy lute melodious beams,
 Thou shalt receive them back to thy caress,

Like crystal showers of pearls, pure, without spot,
 Embodied in thy life, from nothing risen,
 Given to thee for an eternal season,
 To thee who dreamed the grave thy destined lot.

And with that shame, O pilgrim, do not quail.
 Where'er thou goest, flames life's angel sweet:
 His face is often hid in death's dark veil,
 'Tis even as the rosebud ere it opes,
 Or like an infant's smile dawning through tears.
 Be thou the mighty Titan once again:

Around thee see the cradles, not the biers,
For heaven is everywhere, the earth is heaven,
In all things live the gods, in thine, in thee,
In space and time and all immensity
Thou wert with them, and thou shalt be again,
Till thou dost feel—within the blue abyss
The Light of Lights, the God of Gods, there hidden,
Thou shalt outstretch to him thine arms in bliss,
And he shall draw thee to Love's greater Eden.

Again thou triest by thine own loving might
To reach him, who is yet beyond thy sight
E'en in thy newer garb; on wings of thunder,
And to the higher spheres of Light ascending,
Thou longest yet: for thy soul is not under
The roof of its true home; thy world is ending.

Though milky ways before thee stream in gladness,
As on the earth did ocean's dancing glass,
Yet looking thou dost feel another sadness,
Thou knowest they will pass as those did pass.
Something is lacking still, O son of Dawn:
Though thou dost hover the vast world throughout,
The shadow of thy wings still darkly creeps,
The mist of some vague doubt uneasy sleeps,
The remnants of thy pain are not yet gone,
And God is "Thou"—thou seest him from without.
'Tis but the threshold of Eternity,
Till thou do see the Lord as he sees thee,
And know thyself, and in that endless morn
The night of ignorance be overborne.
Thou shalt remember that thy Lord and Thou—
The same One Spirit in the Shoreless Sea,
Which NOW IS—never was and ne'er shall be.
For all first forms have passed away from seeing:
Thy dream it was, that passed in endless flow:
Thou wert the same, though not awake ere now,
For thou hadst dreamt of waves in thine own being.

Now thou shalt live, thou hast become a Heart,
 Others in thee, thyself in others art.
 In one remembrance, from long sleep of self,
 Hast found thyself, and merged into thy SELF;
 And all those souls which were to thee so true,
 That slept in graves and rose so fresh and new,
 And climbed the ladder, led by their upward vow,
 What at beginning they were, that are they now—
 One world of spirit with thy spirit merged,
 But every soul like gold itself has purged:
 And each soul grew to be Thyself again,
 Each dewdrop merged itself into thy main,
 And knows itself to be thy very Son,
 Equal to thee, O Father—thine only one:
 For in each one thou art, and so in each
 Thou sayest "I," none can gainsay thy speech:
 There is none else beside thee, nor shall be.
 NOW THINK, LOVE, DO—ETERNAL HEAVEN
 IN HEAVEN'S ETERNITY.

Franklin's Epitaph

Written by himself in 1728

✻

The Body

of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer

(like *the cover of an old book,*

its contents worn out,

and stript of its lettering and gilding),

lies here,

food for the worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,

for it will, as he believed,

appear once more

in a new and more beautiful edition,

corrected & amended

by its

Author.

Why do We Live?*

by FALX



IT is not all men who have the power to ask themselves this question, yet in the life of one here and there it irresistibly presents itself. Till we do ask it, even if no solution comes, we are at the mercy of death. If we can solve it, we are already, though in life, beyond death. Let us see if we can ask this question now—what makes us live and keeps us living? and see if any answer comes out. There is no bond of friendship so deep as that which develops between men who are asking themselves—not each other—this question. There need not be, there will not be, much talking; they are sinking their thought inward, and the nearer they get to the truth, the farther are they from anything that words can convey.

To the deeper questions of life, words cannot render any answer. There are words that seem to give an answer to our question—the will of God, the purpose behind evolution, or what not—but what do we get out of them? In this matter each has to tell himself something; not be told by another. But let words go as far as they can. Beyond that, each travels alone, alone with his feeling; till it sinks deeper and deeper, and at last touches the soul. Thought, meditation, experience, and suffering, break at last the binding power of the personal consciousness, and the eternal key-note of being is heard. That cannot be silenced; nor in truth can we die or kill.

Spring by spring the tree throws up its leaves, and in the autumn they die; yet the *tree* lives, and in *it* is the life. And you can take away the branches, and yet the tree lives, for not in *them* is the real life-center.

And we too, as we pass along, throw out the leaves of childhood and youth, and manhood and old age; which disappear, for not in them is the life. The desires and thoughts of the child and young man are thrown up from his life like leaves; as leaves they pass away, leaving room to others; for *they* are not the life. So where, in it all, is the *man*? Who knows fully what “*I*” means, when he says “*I am*?”

We live because we love life; and life is action, and joy in action. That may not seem at once true, but it may clear up after a little thinking.

We love action, intense action, which is life; and the soul is the center of life, and therefore a glowing spot of intense and never ceasing action. It is the center fire in the heart. And the thrill of its light, life, fire-energy, passes outward into the mind, and the outer sphere of emotions, and the still outmore

*Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

sphere of sensations; which latter, ruling alone, are the motors of the panorama of the dream-sphere. In all these spheres about the center-soul, there is life, and from the soul comes now, or used to come, that life. If the life is low in one part of our being, it is high in another; if it goes out in one, it is at the highest in another. If the mind is still in sleep, and the higher emotions have died away, then the lower feelings seize the life, and the low, but vivid world of dream is awake. Still lower, still nearer death, common life ceases to be a unit, breaks connection with the man and the soul. For death is not a ceasing of life, but a breaking of life into lifelets. What we call *man* is the total, bound together, of soul and mind and emotion and feeling and bodily sensation; bound together into one. But in whichever of these departments life burns brightest, that part the man calls himself. Most of us call our sensations—skin, palate, and what not—myself; others count the mind as myself; a very few recognize *myself* as the soul. And of course, if a man thinks of himself as being the sensation-mass, then, as he knows that dies, he must think *I die, I am buried* and become one with the soil and the worms. Doubtless you have heard of the man who wanted to be buried in the shady west of the graveyard, because east winds were unhealthy.

It may seem untrue to say we love action, all of us, when one of the chief joys of some people is the luxurious dropping off to sleep. But it is true. That sense of luxury is no decline of life, but the running riot of sensations. When a drill-squad is dismissed, the force which held them together, the united wills of the men, relaxes and breaks up, and the liberated men go rejoicingly their several ways. The unit life of the squad has broken up into the lives of the men. And so in going to sleep there is no departure of life, but a breaking of it up among the sensations; and that dissolution, along with the separate and brightening flashes of sensation, give the sense of luxury. Were life actually dying down, there would be pain or discomfort.

We live because we love life, and we die because, in our search for more life, we look the wrong way. The entry of life into any part of our nature is joy; its going away may be pain. Life is in the consciousness of life, and both lie with *action*. Dissipation means scattering, and the dissipated man is scattering his life. But first he gets joy in that part of his nature which is concerned in the dissipation. He draws life from his mind and higher feelings into the lower fields of sensation; in those lower fields, the flashes of sensation leap up; and there is pleasure to the man, for he has elected to dwell there. But it is at the expense of the higher fields, which are drained. And they do not fill again with life, for the man has thrown himself out of relation with the soul, the glowing center and root of life. So the store of life is being wasted, and no more is coming in, for the flashes of sensation in the lower nature are the marks of the passing away of life outward into the world of matter. They are lost, so far as that man is con-

cerned. His exhausted and life-depleted body is on the way to its dissolution. And he may not replace that life with food, or with anything else from outside. For the kind of life we are considering is that which must be already present before that lower kind which is ordinarily got from food can be made of any use.

Every activity, every action, dissipates life; but they do not necessarily lead to death. For if they are done in the light of the soul, with the approval of the soul, the soul gives of its inexhaustible life to supply the place of that which was spent. Nor need we shirk the consequences of that view, or doubt that when men have learned to practice the law of perfect action, they will have learned to live in perfect bodies so long as the matter of this solar system shall hold its form and energy. And then, exhaustless in their life and consciousness, the further paths of existence will open before their eyes.

A happiness can be got from life that does not lead to death, for the dissipation is replaced. When the life is expended in raising with its divine power the living things around, then it is replaced from the stores of the soul. He whom we call the dissipated man dies with his higher nature starved; its life was stolen by the lower nature of gross sensation. Death can do nothing to sustain *him* or make *him* divine. The soul will not replace life wasted in *that* way.

But if a man give his energy and life to kindly work and service, in that work he is feeding his own higher nature; for he is acting under its impulsion. It is thence that his working bodily powers gain their life, in the true sense. And that higher nature, thus raining its energy into the lower, is not depleted; for it is in full relation with the soul, under the approval of the soul, in the full light of the soul. And if he wear his body to very death in such work, he passes through death with the higher nature in the full light of its undiminished life and consciousness. The dissipated man dies already dead; *this* man dies into a fuller and more awake life. For some men pass through death living; some live already dead.

The approval of the soul came about because, in spending life, that man spent it in raising life. Whether he nursed the sick, or helped a great cause, or freed his country, he made the life of the world the richer because of the life-work he did, the richer, the higher. He drew the living waters of his own soul, and gave them freely, and to him freely his own soul gave, because of that. Must it not be that after the perfect life is come upon earth, men will have learned how to replace in their bodies cell after cell as they wear out, so that bodily death is met, point by point, and point by point defeated? Already, though we know no more, we know that joy is toward health, and grief toward death.

Life is action, and therefore joy; but as the Hindoo book says, we do not know what is action and what inaction. The seed lies in the wet ground, apparently inactive, but we know that in its tiny world, the intensest activity is in progress; the future tree is stretching its arms in dreamland. As we stand under

the starred night sky by the lapping sea, our desires for this and that go away; the mind quiets down the troubled movement we call thought; emotion dies away. In the hush of the nature the breath of the soul is felt and something of its presence known in the heart. In all its seeming peace, this is a state like that of the seed ere it sprouts the green shoot. For the forces of the mind are not really lulled or weakened, but balanced, equipoised; consciousness is richer, fuller of real thought; the seeds of nobler action in the future are awaking. It is only because the state is one of action that it is one of pleasure.

It is the same with the creative, yet outwardly inactive, moments of the musician, the artist, the thinker. Behind the outward quiet they are moments of intense action, and therefore intense joy—the intensest joy that life can offer. The mind, and the sphere of higher feeling, have brought themselves into tune with the soul, and they thrill with some measure of its life.

At present we are not all musicians, artists, spiritual creators of life, not even truly thinkers; and so we cannot get those moments of rapt existence, of almost absolute action. Not at once, but sometime we may. They can be gradually attained by steady doing of duty in the light of the soul. Street-cleaning seems an occupation squalid enough to depress any life and extinguish any man's poetry. But not necessarily. Suppose it done by a man in preparation for some splendid pageant, a pageant in honor of some great helper of the race, whom this man had recognized for himself and whom he loved and revered in his heart. Every stroke of his broom would be a glory to him. In that sense we can try to understand and do duty. The soul comes forth when the man is at his greatest, when he is almost more than man. In the patriot, when the fate of the country he loves turns on the issues of the last battle, and the destiny he has created speaks in his words of command; in any man whom danger makes spring in a great moment to the highest heights of heroism, in the orator whose words reach a compelling power under the urgency of the cause he speaks for; in all men at their momentary noblest, the soul has come forth and flooded their whole nature with its life, power, and joy. That is the pageant, in expectation, nay in the very presence of which, we can sweep the streets of duty. Cultivate joy in the highest as every duty is done, and we cultivate life, grasp life.

We live because life is joy; and we are ever longing for more life and more joy. It is that longing that holds us to life. But we seek in the wrong direction. We exploit the lower nature, dissipate life through it, and then, when the mind's life and joy are both bankrupted, complain that existence is monotonous and duty blank and futile; or cringe for a "salvation" we have done nothing to merit.

There is another way, beside "dissipation," in which we may dissipate life. Men go about building up pictures of themselves; there is almost no one in whom does not lurk such a picture, more or less faint or vivid. It is the sense of self-

importance, and the forces of vanity and ambition, that gradually build up a man's feeling or picture concerning himself, and he walks about in that picture, with that feeling never absent. He fills it up with his life, by dwelling upon it in his thought. In the very walk of the politician, the business-man, the councilman, the preacher, the priest, you can see evidence of this picture of himself in his mind. And it is fed, that is, given of *their* life to, by all who look up to such a man and accept his picture. But relentless Law is looking on; some time comes the turn of fate. The reputation vanishes; people repudiate the picture; the bubble bursts; the man is seen for what he is, not for what he thought himself. The picture to which for years the man had contributed the life-essence of his imagination vanishes; he faces stern fact; chilled and disheartened, found-out even by himself, he knows well that he has lost his chances of simple, noble, upright life. You can see him on the streets, dejected, lifeless. Instead of cultivating through the years that relation with his soul which would have meant a current of richest life, he has turned away from his soul and enriched from his limited store an absconding or fragile phantom he pretended to be. Yet it is his lesson; and some men learn it, turn on their tracks and live better lives from that day. Others stay in their dejection, and either in no long time die of it, or turn and spend in lower dissipation what life remains to them. Cannot those who believe in Reincarnation see in this a reason why some are born with a weight of life upon them, who never find existence anything but burdensome? That too is under the Law; for some time, in some life, these men will in their desperation turn and seek through the shadows the true life.

And oppositely, those who in the last life they spent on earth tried, even a little, to seek the soul, made then a bond, a channel, for its life-light into their personal lives. They are the sunny, vivid, kindly temperaments who do not stay to think "I am this or that," but who are content to grow, self-thoughtless like the plant, seeking and in the light of, the inner sun.

Further on are those who have still more pronouncedly the hall-mark of the soul, the will to give, to call forth life in others, to raise to higher terms all they touch, whether men or things. In some, this may take a special and limited form; they are workers in a limited field. Among such are the great patriots. Of such was Wagner, who gave a new and vaster touch to music; and Whitman, who sowed the seed of a new poetry. In their divine desire to raise humanity's life, to give it some new glory or scope, to sow some one spot on earth's broad field, to liberate one country, spiritualize some one noble art, these men took birth. It was good, divine; but it was limited, it was as far as their comprehension and vision went; but the impulse beneath was the beat of the eternal, life-wide heart. They had made themselves the *hands of their soul*, and the soul built them for its work; for every man's soul, if he were great enough to let it, would fain create this old

world anew, have men gods in the space of it, and build us into workers for it.

Beyond such come those who can take all life and all human activities for their scope. They are heralds of the whole program of the soul and they create in domain after domain. I think that if you will study the work of Katherine Tingley you will find all the marks of that royalty.

One way and another, by the now culminating ages of pain, by the culmination of the work of the Teachers, by the determination of the few who have sworn to stand by and spread the light as the Teachers of this century have brought it, to impart it as they have received it, by the advent of the cyclic moment, it has come about that the old order is crumbling and the new arising. Some have not eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor minds that can comprehend; but they have hearts that can feel the shafts of light through the thick clouds.

Let him who would help the race stand up through all the hours of his days in a new joy, compelling it till it is as effortless as breath, burning with it all the limits that hedge about the center soul of him, himself a living protest against error, evil and fear. Wisdom will come upon him; he will know the helpers from the foes of humanity. The intensity of his life will ensoul his words, and make his humblest deeds become every one a far-shining fire along his path.

One Step Nearer

by JONAS



Thou hast to study the voidness of the seeming full, the fullness of the seeming void.—
H. P. BLAVATSKY

ONE is sometimes inclined to wonder how long it will be before the great revelation of the greatest of all modern scientific writers will receive its due meed of recognition from the modern truth-seeker. Hitherto the works of this scientist have been but little studied at our Universities or Colleges, nor do we find them quoted in our current magazines. And yet hardly a week passes without the appearance of some article in a newspaper or journal, some lecture by a learned professor or doctor of science, which claims to draw public attention for the first time, to truths which are already writ large upon the most wonderful scientific work the world has yet seen—the *Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky.

In these latter days, however, time flies with swifter wings than ever before; nor does it require much intuition to foresee that the period is fast approaching when scientific discovery will have advanced to that point which will *compel* attention to the work in question. Then must result first astonishment, then respectful and reverential admiration.

One by one the leaders of scientific thought are approaching—and then passing—the limit which has hitherto bound and beset all real advance. The demonstration of truth which can only be proved by the evidence of the physical senses, cannot much longer block the way of man's advance into the paths of those truths which are as yet unknown, but which are and must be, as true as those which are known.

An article in current (August) number of *Harper's Magazine*, is so pregnant with a spirit of newer and deeper insight into the methods of future scientific investigation, that it merits more than ordinary attention from every cultivated and thoughtful man. It is entitled "Radio-Activity: A New Property of Matter, by Robert Kennedy Duncan, Professor of Chemistry, Washington and Jefferson College."

The article is an interesting exposition of the properties of the Becquerel rays. Prof. Duncan herein draws the conclusion that all matter is derivable by variance of (wave-length) or vibration from some ultimate parent form of matter which is *self-luminous*, and he further shows that this luminosity may be experienced without the apparent usual use of the physical eyes.

It will be at once clear that we are here approaching a vast field of experience, the end of which cannot be foreseen or even foreshadowed.

One is reminded of some words of H. P. Blavatsky:

The whole world is animated and lit down to its most material shapes, by a world within it. This inner world is called Astral by some people, and it is as good a word as any other, though it merely means starry, but the stars, as Locke pointed out, are luminous bodies which give light of themselves.

It is not within our present province to point out many other significant statements made by Prof. Duncan. It is impossible, however, to pass by the article without drawing attention to the admirable spirit in which he, in contradistinction to many scientists of (perhaps) the immediate past, approaches these mysteries of our common life, which lie open to our investigation. There is the spirit of manly reverence for the unknown, the humility of conscious power to know, the unassuming yet bold deduction of evident truth, all of which must disarm dogmatists of all classes whether they call themselves scientific or religious.

The following are extracts from Prof. Duncan's article:

“In the beginning God created,” and in the midst of his creation He set down man with a little spark of the Godhead in him to make him strive to know, and in the striving, to grow and to progress to some great, worthy unknown end in the world. He gave him hands to do, a will to drive, and seven senses to apprehend—just a working equipment; and so he has won his way, so far. . . .

To know, is to work and to do; and a new thing done is forever a rung on the ladder by which man climbs—necessary and good for all generations, until the summit is reached and the ladder can be cast aside. . . .

The theme of the present article is a New Thing Done—the discovery of a new property of matter. It is hoped that outside of its extrinsic interest you will see deep within it the beauty and the poetry of reasoned Action. If you questioned the discoverer—the doer of the work—about himself, he would probably tell you that his work, possibly, was something—he himself was nothing; and in a measure he is right, for in a few years he will pass, while his work will endure forever. . . .

It is little wonder, then, that through heredity and environment, he should bear the face of one who sends his soul into the invisible, for that, in good solid truth, is what every experimenter really does. . . .

Every scientific discovery has a genealogy of its own, going back to the primal ancestor of all thought; no discovery comes into the world parentless of previous conception. . . .

Thought always advances in waves, and there are always several men on the top of the same wave.

Many substances when they are exposed to Becquerel rays shine in the dark—that is, phosphoresce. The diamond and the ruby shine out vividly on being held up in the invisible rays. So do fluor-spar, calcium sulphide and many others. So powerful is the phosphorescence caused by Becquerel rays that if a tube of radium chloride be held to the forehead and the experimenter close his eyes, he will still see light. . . .

They are strange things, then, these Becquerel rays. The light which took the picture shone when the morning of creation broke, and will shine with the dawn of the last day of reckoning; for Becquerel rays are a property of the atom of the substance and are therefore indestructible. It is a matter of indifference what physical stress is brought to bear, or what chemical transformation is effected. The light will shine undiminished and undiminishable, in the gram, a soft radiance; in the pound, if we could get it, a new sun.

The physiological effect of Becquerel rays is most intense—almost incredible. A pinch of radium salt, contained in a sealed glass tube, was placed in a cardboard box which was tied to the sleeve of Professor Curie for one hour and a half. An intense inflammation resulted, followed by a suppurating sore, which took more than three months to heal. . . .

Any substance placed near radium becomes itself a false radium. This fact has been verified over and over again by every experimenter in the field. The zinc, iron and lead fittings, the air of the laboratory, the water, the clothing of the workers, their very persons in the presence of radium start into activity, and give out rays comparable to radium. . . .

Since these particles flying off from radium are decomposed atoms, their properties are not the properties of iron or gold or copper, but the properties of matter in general. These particles, or corpuscles as they are called, appear to be the primary atoms of some parent

form of matter, out of which the elements as we know them have been evolved. It is interesting in this connection, to recall the words of Huxley, written long ago, before Becquerel rays had entered into the dreams of the wildest speculator. "It seems safe to assume," he wrote, "that the hypothesis of the evolution of the elements from a primitive form of matter, will in the future play no less a part in the history of science than the atomic hypothesis which, to begin with, had no greater, if as great, an empirical foundation." These words were written with the prescience of a master.

Possibly the most interesting thought in all the strange eventful history of these interesting bodies, is the question of their energy. Whence does it come? It is suggested by Madame Curie that the radium receives its energy from, and responds to, radiations which traverse all space, much as some article of bric-a-brac in a room will vibrate responsively to a certain tone of the piano. This may be. Heaven only knows. One thing we do know—space is all a-quiver with waves of radiant energy, ranging in length from many feet to a size infinitesimally small. To only a few of these are our bodily senses fitted to correspond, or our mechanisms to detect. Waves of radiant energy constitute what has been called "the harp of life." We vibrate in sympathy with a few strings here and there—with the tiny x-rays, actinic waves, light waves, heat waves, in the treble, and the huge electro-magnetic waves of Hertz and Marconi, and the grand air waves of sound in the bass; but there are great spaces, numberless strings, an infinity of possible radiations, to which we are deaf—stone deaf. Some day, a thousand years hence, we shall know the full sweep of this magnificent harmony, and with it we shall vibrate in accord with the Master Musician of it all.

In this way Prof. Duncan closes his article. His deductions throughout bear the imprint of ideals which are both religious and scientific, *i. e.*, Theosophical. If he or any other of his fellow workers will borrow the *Secret Doctrine* from the nearest public library, and will read it with open mind, they will find these conclusions amplified and endorsed and their field of view widened to an extent before undreamed of. Possibly they may be led to suspect whose thought they have been tapping on "the top of the wave."

WHAT a divine calling is music! Though everything else may appear shallow and repulsive, even the smallest task in music is so absorbing, and carries us so far away from town, country, earth, and all worldly things, that it is truly a blessed gift of God.—MENDELSSOHN

MUSIC is at once the product of feeling and knowledge, for it requires from its disciples, composers and performers alike, not only talent and enthusiasm, but also that knowledge and perception which are the result of protracted study and reflection.—BERLIOZ

Is Life Worth Living?

by a Student



THOSE who follow events and conditions in the life of the world daily observe a strange paradox. At one pole they see an immense, struggling crowd, grasping sense-pleasure with one hand and ambition with the other, and, and at the first calamity, asking in despair this old, old question, "Is life worth living?" At the opposite pole they see the few strong ones of the race, its warriors, its helpers, bearing heavier burdens than the others, surmounting greater obstacles, meeting greater disappointments as the personality goes, yet serene, happy, living in the sunshine and the song of life, their watchword "Life is joy?" How can this be explained and such opposites reconciled?

Katherine Tingley teaches what all the great world-teachers have taught, that man is dual by nature. Within each are the higher and the lower, the angel and the demon, "each seeking to absorb or destroy the other and one or the other strengthened by every act and every thought." She has also said:

We all know the inner man to be strong, true, eternal, compassionate, just. The outer man is too often weak, wavering, selfish. Its energy arises out of desire and ambition. . . . Yet it is this which the higher seeks to perfect in compassion.

* * *

What is Life? He alone knows who centers his consciousness upon the Higher Self. Then only does he contact the real, and see Life as it is, an expression of power, the garment and message of God, the fulfilling of the One Law, joyful, just, pure, proportioned, whole; a means by which the soul becomes acquainted with itself.

It is a sad commentary upon humanity that the "cycle of necessity" is usually considered to be synonymous with "pain" rather than with "joy." It indicates that in general, the ordinary waking consciousness is centered on things of the lower life, and in the light of a true philosophy, the lower life, unlighted by aspiration or compassion, is certainly not worth living; a wild scramble after things which the soul does not want, a frantic effort to avoid the very experiences the soul wishes the personality to have.

But the higher life is certainly worth living. That is apparent even to one who thinks superficially. For the higher life is the life of the soul, the physical body its sacred temple, every function of the body, eating, bathing, sleeping, working, a holy function, the intellect an alert and perfectly disciplined servant. Surely

such a life would place us with those souls who wait upon the gods, nay—we would be gods ourselves, “Children of the Most High.” And there is one spot on God’s green earth today where men and women may do more than simply try to live the life of the soul, but may and do *actually live it*, it is the city of Esotero, at Loma-land.

But how about this jumble, this chaos, that we call life today? Is it worth living, this life of ours, to those of us who yearn to live the Higher Life, and yet are continually dragged away from our ideal by pressure of all kinds, by circumstances, or by the antics of our own undisciplined “senses and organs”?

There is a species of human beings who seem to live in a higher than the ordinary consciousness most of the time. The sign by which we know them is that they are able to discern beauty and order in things and combinations of things which to us appear ugly and chaotic. We call them “artists.”

An artist will take a yard or two of some discolored, torn old rag (perchance a precious remnant of Bayeux tapestry), throw it in a corner with a few dusty junk-shop articles, paint a picture therefrom which may be hung on the line at the Salon, and mayhap be purchased for the Luxembourg. And when we see it we are tempted to go to that artist and say, “Now, my dear fellow, I never supposed a heap of old trumpery could be so beautiful. Is there nothing, then, so ugly that it does not contain possibilities of beauty and of harmony? And how comes it that I failed to see the beauty in this heap of things until your painting revealed it to me?”

And this friend will reply, “Yes, all things are beautiful, if we look a bit below the surface. There are certain laws, as old as the world, by which even the ugliest heap of things may be made to express something diviner, greater than itself. We artists say it depends upon right ‘composition.’ But the proportion, the balance, which the true artist seeks is not that of externals merely, but a *balancing of the inner with the outer*, so that the soul of things may shine through. Has it ever occurred to you that when we want the real thing we turn instinctively to the sculptures of ancient Greece? The Greeks knew their art to be but one expression of the Great Law—the law of cause and effect. The divine inner soul of things is the cause, the sculpture or temple fresco the effect, and the true artist was he who secured the right balance or proportion between these.”

The artist, unconsciously, has found the key to the great problem: given chaos—reduce therefrom harmony. The key is balance, an exact balance between cause and effect, between the inner and the outer.

For life is the great problem and life is the Great Art. To understand it, to see the beauty and joy in it, one must become an artist—and the soul is always an artist. Of this Great Art, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, are but fragments and reflections.

Life is always worth living to one who looks upon it with the perception of the soul. To the artist-soul, life is joy, no matter what outer conditions may be, and the key, by which he may bestow upon the outer the inspiration of the Inner, is

SHILA, the key of harmony in word and act, the key that counterbalances the cause and the effect, and leaves no further room for karmic action.—*Voice of the Silence*

Life is the Great Art, and the “rule of composition” by which a life worthy of the Soul, the real artist, may be fashioned is doubtless the “Lost Canon of Proportion,” no longer lost but again, after the lapse of centuries, revealed. It is SHILA, Harmony, absolute balance between cause and effect, between the Inner and the outer, between soul and body.

And that which will give us the will and the insight to grasp this key and use it is *non-attachment to results*. Says the *Bhagavad-Gita*:

Whoever in acting dedicates his actions to the Supreme Spirit and puts aside all selfish interest in their result, is untouched by sin, even as the leaf of the lotus is unaffected by the waters.

Therefore perform thou that which thou hast to do, at all times unmindful of the event; for the man who doeth that which he hath to do, without attachment to the result, obtaineth the Supreme.

From that high stand-point, Karma is no longer a bugbear or even an inconvenience, but a benign process by which the disturbed harmony, the lost proportion in our lives is restored.

Every disappointment, every disagreeable duty of our lives is but the effect of some prior and corresponding cause. If we evade the duty, if we take an anodyne of the sense-pleasure variety, to save ourselves pain or inconvenience, we are adding chaos to chaos. We are refusing to pay our just debts, traitors to our own conscience and to our own soul. Most of us have done this at some time. But did we feel noble and conscience-clear, or did we feel like burglars? And was life worth living then?

It is because we are attached to the results of our actions that Karma, the Law, appears to cruelly drive us through a cycle of necessity. Yet the law is benign, not cruel, and it acts simply that we may learn to balance and proportion every duty, every deed, so exquisitely that the soul may shine through.

The first object of the International Brotherhood League is very significant:

To help men and women to realize the *nobility of their calling* and their true position in life.

Nobility is proportion, symmetry, balance.

Why are the Pyramids noble? Because they were builded by artists, by men who knew the soul wisdom and lived the soul life, who knew the “Lost Canon of Proportion” and used it as their guide.

Why is the *Nike*, the wonderful Flying Victory of Samothrace, beautiful and noble, in spite of the fact that time has ruined its surfaces and left but a trace of its former symmetry as far as externals are concerned? Because it expresses the inner. The *Nike*, headless, without arms, ruined, marred, yet is an inspiration in every line of its marvelous pinions and wind-swept robes. It will be preserved and cherished when the larger part of our modern sculpture—the work of mere technicians—has been consigned to some dust-heap. It is noble because the balance between the soul and the body is exquisite and true, because the soul of the artist and the soul of the race shines through it.

Is it not symbolic of our lives, this ruined *Nike*? Once having breathed the purer air and glimpsed the higher ideal we endeavor to make our lives express it. Then come shocks and disappointments. They threaten to ruin, mar, deform this life of ours which we yearn to make so beautiful. Shall we be discouraged? Shall we weep and whine about our life being “ruined?” Not at all. It may still express the soul, nay, it may express it better, now that some of the frills and ornaments have fallen away.

Let us be grateful for shocks. They try our mettle and wake us up. Let us be grateful for disappointments. They are old debts presented for payment, just the wise Law balancing its accounts. If we meet the account squarely, honestly, thankfully, by just so much are we nearer to that exquisite proportion and symmetry which alone can make possible the artist life, the only life that is worthy of the soul.

If our duties are disagreeable let us analyze a bit. The very same duty would be wholly agreeable to some. Therefore the difficulty cannot lie in the duty but must lie in ourselves. Let us take ourselves in hand, then, and welcome the duty that is ours, performing it with all our might but unconcerned as to the result. There is no more logic in shifting our own duties upon the shoulders of another because they appear to be disagreeable, than there would be in giving away our own children because they happen to be ill-tempered. Let us learn to *like* our duties. A single strong effort of will may accomplish miracles. Then, and only then, will life be worth living, joyful, proportioned, worthy of the artist-soul. Even the apparently useless and hindering things of mental and moral life may serve to awaken our sympathies and to give us a glimpse which, perhaps, otherwise we would not have, into that rich inner world, where the purple and gold abide, and whose Light is Compassion Absolute.

Let us be artists then as our Teachers would have us be. Let us find the center of things, “non-attachment to results.” Only then is perfect balancing of cause and effect possible; only then is it possible for us to put the artist touch into all life and render it beautiful. Let us take refuge in the Soul. Life is worth living then, no matter what may happen to the personality.

Of those who do this one of the World's Helpers has written:

They carry the inspiration into outer life and energize with it their common duties, high and low; gain from it strength for self-sacrifice and thus, bringing the inner into the outer, pouring forth in Deeds that *Wine of Divine Life* of which they have learned to partake, they achieve, little by little, the harmony of perfect life.

Thoughts on *the* Study of History

by E. V.



DID someone say, "History! how dry! How uninteresting!" Do you think so? Many modern students take up history from an altogether dull and fragmentary, because too superficial, standpoint. Begin with the life history of any particular individual. Take your notebook and put down the details of his birth, parentage, education, marriage, social and political career and finally of his death. What do you know then about the *man*?

Study his public speeches, his writings and the opinions of his contemporaries about him, and then possibly you may have arrived at some faint idea of the man, his vices and his virtues, his aims, his triumphs, his disappointments. But even then do not for one moment imagine that you have begun to enter the outer fringe of the real history of the man you are attempting to study. Hardly in one case out of a thousand do you find that the mask which covered the real man within, has had even one little corner lifted. Why is this?

Is it not because we all live two lives, an inner real one, and also an outer one, which is but an appearance—the sum of the effects of the causes which lie hidden beneath? And so the canker of disappointment lies behind apparent joy, and a hidden relief is shut in by an outward show of sorrow. The triumph of success is marred by more than a suspicion of its own inherent worthlessness, while the loss of all may bring a peace which is a revelation.

* * *

Human nature is so constituted that as now, so in the past, each day has brought to every man its own drama of events to occupy the attention. No one knows about this but each man for himself. He may have parents, brothers, children, friends, but they know him not. All they can see are a few outward effects produced by a continuous play of inward causes.

Where then does a man live his life? What are his purposes, his ideals? For what is he working? What thoughts come into his mind from his first waking moment, till his eyes and his mind close in sleep? What impulses flow over him leading him to think and act in certain ways? How does he deal with those impulses? Answer me these questions and you will know a man's life, and be able to form an idea of his real history. You will be able to judge from *your standpoint* of the part played by the real actor in the drama. You will, however, only be able to form an opinion about the man, when you imagine yourself placed in the position of the man whom you are studying. You have to remember that there may have been problems in the man's life which you cannot understand, because in the evolution of your own character such problems have not yet come to you.

* * *

In studying great historical characters, we find that each of these men is only a type of many. In some degree our comprehension of a man depends upon our understanding of contemporaneous people and events. We cannot safely judge of a man's real character and influence by his speeches and writings. He may have been merely a mouthpiece for persons of stronger mold, or of the conditions of life about him.

Bearing these things in mind we can form a clear idea about the life history of the great men of the past, whether great for good or evil.

* * *

The real life of every man finally produces some net result by which experience has been given and gained. Any result short of the living Truth, which we will all know ultimately, is but a step in a long series of revelations. All are on the ladder, somewhere. The misfortune is, and has been for many centuries, that men are so blind as to continuously imagine, life after life, that the rung of the ladder upon which they stand is the last of the series. They do not see the one above them or the one below them. Nevertheless, the one they are on doesn't suit them. Finally the revelation comes, perhaps towards the end of life, and one object of their life is attained. They see the next step. They come to the conclusion that they have "paid too much for their whistle," as Poor Richard says. The fallen monarch who spent the last years of his life in looking from the cliffs of St. Helena, across the "sad and silent sea," is only one of many such. There are very, very few who can say (even under a delusion), as Admiral Nelson did, just before he died, "Thank God I have done my duty." We may surely do our best now, knowing that we might have done better in the past, without worrying about it; and if we have really learned our lesson, we are neither ashamed nor proud of that which we have learned.

It is a remarkable fact that even among those whose lives are molded on lines of self-glorification, self-indulgence, love of wealth, and disregard of human happiness or welfare, there is the innate conviction of the greatness of self-sacrifice. Any man who has distinguished himself by his devotion to others, *commands by right* the respect and admiration of the most thoughtless of mankind. And although oftentimes too late, he always gets it, even from those apparently least likely or worthy to follow in his steps.

* * *

Passing now from the life history of individuals to that of nations, we shall find the same general principles hold good. If undertaken in the right way, this study is one of the most fertile fields in which the student of human nature may cull the flowers of wisdom. Regarded as a storehouse of bare facts and historical dates, it is like the stage of an empty theatre unlighted by living drama. But when we come to look at it from the true standpoint of human evolution, it becomes illuminated by lessons of the deepest meaning.

Hitherto but few historians have grasped the inner meaning of the trend of the stories they had to tell. They have not recognized that back of a particular series of events stood always the great drama of human life in its wide sweep of the ages. They have not seen that the history of any particular nation or individual was always but a part of a great whole, coming out of the unknown and mighty past, and rushing onward towards a mightier future. Excess of unreliable, disputed and petty detail has too often diminished the force of the real truths to be detailed, or the clearness of the lessons to be derived.

Further than this, the real facts of many most critical and important historical periods have been wilfully and malignantly distorted by unscrupulous historians (chiefly clerical), with the object of misleading future generations into an unmerited faith in false and ambitious leaders.

Looked at from the broadest standpoint, true history is now, always has been and ever will be, the story of the eternal struggle between good and evil. The right knowledge of the lessons of the past if they could be unfolded, would go a long way towards making the nations of the earth wise unto salvation.

To see the drift of these lessons it is obviously of more importance that we should know the peoples of the past as they were, their methods of government, their social life, their religion, their arts, their sciences, than that we should be able to define the exact year of any particular occurrence or the precise route of a particular invasion. It is better for us to know and realize the human characters as they come down to us over the ages, with their loves and their hates, their ambitions, their ideals and their philosophies, than to waste our energies over petty details. Many historians prefer to burrow like moles, rather than take the comprehensive view of the eagle.

Regarded in this way history is all one. It is the same story over and over again, repeated in the race, the nation and the individual. There is ever the pursuit of an idea—the same realization of failure—the same stepping forward for new effort. Could we see closely the underlying current of soul experience we should recognize that in every attempt some ground had been gained, some experience wrought out which, then and for all time forward remained as a permanent asset in the character of the individual, nation or race.

* * *

There is an aspect of recorded history which few historians have noticed sufficiently to draw from it the self-evident and logical conclusion. The progress of human civilization has followed the course of the sun from East to West. All the records which together assembled from the body of modern accepted history, will bear this out, dealing as they do with that portion of humanity which we call the Aryan race. Learned men differ about what spot upon the earth's surface was the cradle of this race, but most agree that the race was formed from those saved from the downfall of the previous race, which destroyed itself by its lapse from those principles of eternal harmony and justice which alone can give enduring existence. This previous race was the Atlanteans, and the remains of it are found in China to the present day.

The discoveries of modern explorers are now showing more and more conclusively with surprising unanimity, that in every portion of the globe buried beneath the soil, and in cave and mound and rock-built temple, engraven in the hills and strewn over the plains—are the wonderful remains of previous mighty civilizations of which no other record exists. The conclusion is irresistible, that as now, so ages ago, far back in the night of time, the tide of humanity has swept around the globe, wave on wave. The records of these previous hoary civilizations await the unravelment which will come with our increasing intelligence and the extension of our powers of discovery.

Returning, however, to the Aryans, the successive empires which have followed each other are matters of record. Egypt, India, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, Carthage have arisen successively and are no more. In later centuries, through the dark times of mental night and spiritual darkness, one by one the nations of Europe have dominated the known eastern world. The Papal dominions—Germany, Spain, Holland, France, Britain—have in turn swayed its destinies.

Looking back upon these events, as they marshal themselves before us like a panorama on the screen of time, we cannot fail to observe that the downfall of each dominant nation has come from the same causes which led to the destruction of the Atlanteans. In every case the simple, natural life of the pioneers has

given place to the arrogance of power, the destructive effects of luxury and evil, the disintegration and demoralization which flow from vice and self-indulgence, sapping the foundations of national life. Then have arisen the pioneers who have gone forth westward to found the new commonwealth.

Thus all history points out the future and the mission of the United States. Therein are gathered from all time the pioneers of humanity on the top of the wave of the coming civilization. Already the nations of Europe have become afraid of they know not what.

* * *

There is no need for fear. The Constitution of the United States is of such a character that no desolating wars will ever be waged by it for the destruction or enslavement of mankind. Human progress cannot be stopped, nor can the world's eternal ways be hindered. Hitherto no wars of conquest have darkened the annals of the great republic. We have confidence that such can never be waged. Lawful warfare has hitherto been engaged in only to free its sons from unlawful oppression, or to extend the helping hand of human brotherhood to the oppressed of other nations. If such omen for the future be adhered to, the Twentieth century will see the flowering of a new empire founded not upon might against right, but by good against evil. And so the Aryan race approaches the time of its greatest glory.

And now, whilst the tide of human advancement flows westward, all eyes are turned to the Pacific Coast as the furthest point of the new order of things. Those who have recently journeyed thither have been amazed at the signs of development to be seen everywhere.

More than this. Within the last few years has been founded out there on the extreme Southwest, a new educational institution wherein are being educated the seeds of a new and more perfect race of men. In the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, under the wise Leadership of Katherine Tingley, are being trained a body of boys and girls, upon lines so marvelous in their results, that all who have seen them cannot fail to perceive the dawn of a new day.

And so in these days of crisis in international affairs, when all the world hangs expectant in the balance, when creeds are crumbling and ancient institutions and time-worn systems are tottering to a fall, that the glorious sunlight may freshen their dark places and fructify therein the seeds of the future—in these days of transition—the future is being provided for. As in the past, so now, the pioneers—perhaps the *same* pioneers, as of old—are out westward. It is the apotheosis of the Aryan Race—the promise of Universal Brotherhood.

The Molding of Destiny

by J. H.



ONE of the grandest words in the universe is Man! One of the most glorious conceptions is man as he should be! But the name and the conception have alike suffered the degradation these generations have seen fit to bestow upon all sacred mysteries. Not so was it with the ancients, and in our own day there are still they who have carried down the inward memory of its true meaning from past ages. To them the real man is indeed the Thinker, the Soul, a center of divine force manifesting in the outward world his own inward being, according to the power he has gained over the universe in which he dwells. For man the thinker creates his own universe, and it is bright, full, boundless and free in proportion to the power he has of realizing in the outer the true glories of the inner world, the Soul which he is.

“What a man thinks that he becomes,” is a key to the power which he possesses to mold his destiny.

Man holds, in that which constitutes him man, the power of thought, an instrument or faculty by means of which he accomplishes this end. He holds his future in his own hands. Today he is what he is because he has lost the secret of life, the knowledge that he is a divine being, with all the powers of a divinity to create a new heaven and a new earth.

This truth however is not lost to the world; through untold ages it has been handed down, concealed in symbol, glyph, allegory, tradition, from the enemies of human progress which ever war against it. It is at the root of all religions, and from the holy of holies, the temple of the heart, always to the attentive ear rings out the cry, “Arise! put on thy strength, seize thy immortality!—Man, know thyself!”

No knowledge is real until we have made it a part of our own lives. To know a truth, we have to become it. Only the merciful man knows mercy—only the hero knows strength. To know freedom one must become free, and to know soul and soul life man must put away the erroneous and misleading doctrine that he *has* a soul, a misty something somewhere, and realize that he *is* a soul, live in the knowledge of that, and act accordingly. When man once sets out to this end there will be no necessity to look forward to a heavenly kingdom in the far-off future, for that kingdom will then have come for him upon earth.

Full well the great Teachers of old knew that this could not be accomplished without a struggle, full well the faithful disciple realized that unless he conquered his lower nature and bent his whole will to the effort the result would

be failure ; for from the moment he determined with earnest resolve to know himself and seize on the living and immortal fire, his mind and his whole being would become a battle field whereon he must meet the contending foes of good and evil and fight out the battle until in his divine nature he shall stand victorious.

So it is the Soul Man who has the power to consciously direct and mold his destiny, to direct and mold it through Thought—the Power of Thought is one of the mightiest in the universe, and perhaps one of the least understood.

In the trained will and imagination, the outcome of which is strong, vivid, intense thought, man possesses a power he as yet hardly realizes. Even from the ordinary mind every thought is a living impulse sent out into the world to work for weal or woe. Every time man thinks he creates on the mental plane a center of force clothed by the imagination and vivified by the will concentrated upon it. Since man has lost sight of this fact—the living substantiality of thought and thoughts—his creations have become in many instances vague, shadowy, almost lifeless and calculated to do very little, but generally confuse and obstruct the course of soul evolution; but in the man who possesses knowledge, thought becomes a more positive help or danger. For as in him the life impulse is working with greater strength, so his thought creations, partaking of his life essence, become greater powers for the degradation or uplifting of humanity. So therefore malicious or careless thinking is as much a crime against our brother as is the evil or careless use of poisons, or the careless spread of disease.

The outward manifestation of each man, his surrounding circumstances, capacity for work, his power for good or evil, his position in the social, intellectual and moral world, his failures and successes, and the impressions he makes upon the world in each succeeding incarnation, are but the outward expressions of the Inner man, and his thoughts.

Only what a man lives for, that he gains. He who fearlessly demands at all costs a large and grand Spiritual Life and raises his mental attitude to the height of his ideal and by persistently living in that, will assuredly command it, and endow it with life and strength sufficient to secure in all its glory its ultimate fulfillment in the physical world. And as his ideal grows in beauty and grandeur, so the outer appearance will grow with it. So attempt the impossible, see it as a complete success—and succeed, this is possible for all, for man is himself that immutable, invincible power which carves out his own destiny.

A Step in the Right Direction

by a Student



IN spite of the evil and corruption of which, to judge by the daily newspaper, the world seems very full, there are many signs which point to the fact that true compassion is coming into the hearts of men and cruelty is going out. A "Boys' Humane Society" has recently been started in Wisconsin. The members, even those who had formerly been experts in the use of the sling-shot, are all staunch defenders of birds and beasts and are really doing police work in tracing out and in relieving cases of suffering. At every club meeting there are reports of "accident cases," crippled birds, torn or destroyed nests, injured dogs, abused horses, etc. In ministering to injured birds, these boys have learned so much of bird life that a warm comradeship has sprung up between the boys and their little feathered "brothers of the air," which has doomed the deadly sling shot to oblivion. Several birds were found suffering from broken wings. These were treated until they were cured and then, when able to fly, set at liberty again. Says one of the Milwaukee papers:

A report came in at one of the meetings that some boys were robbing the sand swallow's nest in a sand bank. A committee was appointed to wait upon the offenders and reform them. The bluejay, which has been the last to graduate from the hospital had a copper ring put around its leg and was placed in Humboldt Park, Sunday. The jay was deemed exceedingly smart and the park will be visited next Sunday to see if it can be found again. It was first picked up an orphan by the boys. Now that it has been given its liberty a policeman in the park has been commissioned to look after it.

And these boys are sturdy, healthy, active. They can box and run and play foot-ball. They will be quite equal to striking heavy blows in defense of those who are too weak to defend themselves, if ever the necessity arises. Surely there is something broader and deeper than *some* creeds!

We read in a newspaper published about the same time of how the members of a certain Young Men's Christian Association have been enjoying themselves shooting rabbits! And their leader in this sport was, it is reported, their Sunday-school teacher. What an insult to that Christ whom they profess to follow! What curious incongruity between the lives of these young men and the compassionate life of Jesus, in whom they profess to believe!

What Is "The Grip"? by H. T. E.

THIS question is asked in the medical papers and answered vaguely and inconclusively by disquisitions on bacteria and other mere symptoms and observed effects. The essence of the malady is not even guessed at.

But we find no difficulty in finding an answer that fits the problem in general, and leaves the details aside as of secondary importance. When we find an epidemic devastating civilized humanity universally and year after year without ceasing, it is not hard to see that it is because the conditions of civilized life are becoming impossible. The laws of health have been neglected and abused to such an extent that life is no longer possible under the conditions. Nature turns the abuse into a drastic remedy by purging out the impure life from the mass; and if conditions continue as they are, we may be visited again by a destroying angel like that of the Black Death which destroyed half of Europe in the Middle Ages.

The palliatives which doctors discover are absolutely useless against the real danger; for, when efficacious at all, they merely drive disease into fresh quarters and still more intractable forms. So long as the causes remain, cures cannot be effected any more than the dent can be removed from a rubber ball by squeezing it about. Everything points alike to the need of establishing the nucleus of a healthy life such as ours at Loma-land.

Scythe Song

by ANDREW LANG

MOWERS, weary and brown, and blithe,
 What is the word, methinks ye know,
 Endless over-word that the Scythe
 Sings to the blades of the grass below?
 Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
 Something, still, they say as they pass;
 What is the word that, over and over,
 Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?
 Hush, ah hush, the scythes are saying,
 Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
 Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;
 Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
 Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
 Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;
 Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
 Over the clover, over the grass!—*Selected*

Electricity---Latest Scientific Generalization

by H. T. E.



FROM the *Literary Digest* we cull some extracts from the *Electrical Review* on electricity. The writer points out that electricity has assumed such a primacy in scientific thought that it is becoming the basis of the very latest and most sweeping generalization of phenomena. At one time it was sought to find a mechanical explanation of electricity, but now scientists are seeking rather an electrical explanation of mechanics. It would seem as if, in electricity, they had found the actual life-principle of the mineral or inorganic world, of which principle all the other phenomena are but manifestations.

Already tentative theories have been timidly advanced looking to the suggestion that mass, that apparently cardinal attribute of matter, is after all an electrical phenomenon, and that even gravitation may fall measurably within the category of electrical manifestations.

The writer admits that,

Perhaps by this substitution of one mystery for another we have not advanced so far as we might naturally be led to think.

But adds in a more hopeful strain,

With every addition to our knowledge we come closer to the great and final generalization which shall open for us the door to the inner sanctum of the universe.

It is true that we cannot yet define what electricity is, nor, for that matter, can we define anything in absolute terms. We do not yet know even what is the nature of matter or of force, or of the all-surrounding ether. But every new step that is not founded upon a false conception leads us inevitably nearer to the truth, and nearer to that final understanding which no man of science can fail to feel is the ultimate heritage of the race. The older idea that Nature itself was an insoluble problem and that the mystery of the universe was one that no man could ever unfold is passing away, and recent research has done much to show that we may hope in the end to know the real and ultimate reasons of things—the actual logic of cause and effect.

That “final generalization” can surely be no other than the familiar God, Brahm, Unknowable, or whatever it may be called, under some new name perhaps, but in all other respects the same.

Scientists may pursue their studies in two ways: (1) they may probe the phenomena of Nature with lens and scalpel; (2) they may classify abstractions and juggle with imaginary conceptions. In the former case it will not be long be-

fore they will find that they have passed beyond the prescribed limits of modern science and gotten over into the domains of psychology, for the life-principle which they are studying is the bridge between mind and the vestures of mind (the body). Phenomena will be found to have lost their wonted immutability and to vary with the temperament of each investigator and with his moods. In short, the phenomena will merge into the psychological. But if it is to be merely a question of "generalizations" and categories and formulæ, then let them know that generalizations can be made without end. Ever since the beginnings of speculation men have generalized and formulated, and the number of possible theories of the universe is measured only by the variety of the intellects that elaborate them.

The "final understanding" is the understanding of one's own nature—that is what all science resolves itself into. The phenomena of physics and chemistry are percepts, and their real knowledge involves a knowledge of the senses, hence of the mind, hence of the soul. The despised ancients knew this well enough.

But the proviso, "not founded upon a false conception," neutralizes the whole argument. For the "new steps" of science *are* founded upon a false conception—the conception that abstractions have a real existence, or, as Stallo calls it, "the reification of concepts." Hence, instead of getting to a final understanding by that road, the scientists will get to a logical and metaphysical confusion more confounded than that which they are already in.

Already the atomic theory of Dalton, the foundation of what has been regarded as chemical science, is shaking.

And will not the newer theories share the same fate? Will not modern science, by that laborious process of investigation which consists in framing and rejecting theory after theory, at last reach the same conclusions as the ancients? Truth is "not this, not this," and so on, until we find ourselves back at the old maxim, "Man, know—*THYSELF!*"

P. S.—On electricity, see *The Secret Doctrine*, where it is spoken of as a conscious entity, carrying out the plans of the divine mind.

LET us have faith that right is might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—LINCOLN

THE truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out.—EMERSON

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



I have recently read an article on the glories of past civilizations, such as those of Egypt and Greece, which deplored their disappearance and speculated as to whether our civilization would share the same fate. The whole tone of the article was pessimistic and seemed to suggest a failure and lack of purpose in the plan of the universe. Can you throw a brighter light on this subject?

MOST certainly: for the teachings of Theosophy are plain common-sense and never fail to make clear the problems which the limited views of modern culture have created.

In the first place, we should realize that modern science takes so extremely limited a view of the universe and of human life that it is impossible for anyone to trace within such narrow limits the unity and coherence of the great plan. But Theosophy so enlarges the field of view that the adjustment of the various parts can be readily traced, causes found for effects, and effects matched with causes.

The disappearance of great and noble races from the earth is only for a period. Theosophy recognizes the "Law of Cycles" in nature, and applies on the large scale that principle which, on the small scale, we see in the succession of day and night and of the seasons. Our present materialistic and ugly civilization marks the trough of one of these cyclic waves, and it will surely be succeeded by another period of exalted idealism and of beauty and nobility in life.

Nor does this return of cycles imply a mere vain repetition; for we are taught, both by our teachers and by analogy, that the *spiral* is a form that symbolizes the course of time more fully than does the circle. Each return of glory and light to the world is on a grander scale than before; and we shall witness not only the return of the power and wisdom that has been, but also an added luster due to the fruitage of the experience which humanity will have gained in the meantime.

Reincarnation fits in perfectly with this law of cycles, just as the various threads in a complex woven fabric fit in with each other. For, viewing the matter first compositely, we see that races as a whole must follow the general law of rebirth and reappear again upon earth; and, viewing the matter in detail, we see that individuals too will return, their separate destinies being interwoven with the larger destinies of the races they compose.

What becomes of the races and of the individuals in the meantime is a question the answer to which may be sought partly in study of the writings of H. P.

Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, and partly in the intelligence of the student. Perhaps they incarnate in the darker cycles for the purpose of taking on a greater burden of the experience which a materialistic life can give, and thus of emerging to a stronger prowess in the bright cycles. Perhaps there are other worlds than this one little world, where souls can pass through higher experiences than here.

H. T. E.

I have heard it said that Theosophists often draw a marked distinction between sentiment and feeling. Can you give any sort of definition that will make the distinction clear? Of course I know that sentiment easily *runs into* "gush," but *need* it do so?

Strictly, of course, *sentiment* and *feeling* should be synonymous; but of late years a process of degradation has set in. *Sentimentality* tends to mean the same as *gush*; *sentiment* the same as *sentimentality*; and *feeling* the same as *sentiment*. The *words* are following each other down hill. *Are not the states which they represent, in modern life doing the same?*

Now Theosophists are trying to rescue *feeling*—both word and thing—from this. *Feeling* builds, ennobles, deepens, strengthens character, and *leads to action*; *sentiment* trifles it away, wastes the life essence, and does not lead to action. It is the maudlin imitation of feeling. *Feeling* is not likely to have or require any other expression than action. Its tears are few; its words few and strong. The tears and words of *sentiment* are copious. It is inconstant; its atmosphere is idleness; it is self-conscious, poses, needs witnesses and auditors; and, when its possessor is struck by misfortune or even merely made uncomfortable, or has his vanity wounded, vanishes.

C.

Why is so much importance laid upon the right doing of the small things of life? I can understand their importance to the individual, but in what way can they affect the Universal Brotherhood Movement?

Do we know what are the small things of life? If we were able to trace the great events of history backward to their earliest causes we should find that they originated in every case with the smallest beginnings, with causes which at the time we should have pronounced to be insignificant. The greatest changes in our own lives have all had similar beginnings, they have been born from some small thing. If we believe that there is a universal law throughout the universe we must admit that the insignificant beginnings are as much under the intelligent control of that law as are the weightier results. The highest power is said to be the ability to do the right thing at the right time, to foresee the great results

which will spring from the small commencement, and even though we may lack this power of foresight we can at any rate see to it that the great plans of our Leader and Teacher are not frustrated by our failure to rightly perform some small act because it may seem to us to be insignificant. By such failure we may well earn a Karmic debt which it will take long to pay.

It is moreover obvious that the habit of right action can only be acquired by an added attention to the daily life, and by a studied regulation of the countless acts and thoughts of which the daily life is composed. S. C.

Do you believe that we are subject to a Law of Predestination? Please give reasons for your answer.

This question was asked at one of the monthly meetings held by the Universal Brotherhood at San Quentin Prison, California. These meetings are always attended by a large number of the inmates of the prison. The program consists usually of reading, singing and short addresses by the members of the Universal Brotherhood, who go over to conduct the meetings, and nearly always a large number of questions are asked, being written down on slips of paper and handed to the Chairman.

Most emphatically we do not believe in predestination in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used. We believe in the ultimate freedom of the Will, because without such freedom there can be no supreme Law of absolute justice, and in the absence of such Law there can be neither philosophy nor religion. It must, however, be remembered that Law and Justice are dependent upon the perfect working of Cause and Effect. The causes which are set in motion by the free exercise of the Will must exhaust themselves before a balance can be again obtained, but that balance can be enormously hastened by our mental attitude in learning the lessons which are brought to us by our experiences.

To take an every-day illustration, a man may become diseased by over indulgence in eating and drinking. The disease is the natural and just result of his perverted appetite and therefore cannot be avoided. If he recognizes his error and amends it, he will set into operation causes that will remove the disease. If on the other hand he persists in such over indulgence, the diseased condition will be aggravated until finally the ill-treated body will be destroyed. The excessive eating or drinking was at one time or another easily controllable by the Will, but the causes having been set in motion the results must follow, and the causes may have been generated in the past life and thus have produced *the character with which we were born*.

The same law operates even to a greater extent in the moral world. Our errors are in every case the consequences of the thought habits which we have allowed to dominate us, and which must sooner or later result in material acts. These thoughts are always controllable by our free will, and so long

as we permit ourselves to entertain them they must sooner or later culminate in action, and these must have their results in pain or joy. It is only a question of going far enough back to find the operation of free will in the choice of the path. If that path is a painful one, although we cannot escape the results of our past acts, and although the smart of experience may still linger for awhile, yet, wherever we may be, we can begin to take a new attitude of mind and we can sow new seeds of thought and act which will result in new opportunities to live a life that shall benefit all men and bring happiness to others as well as to ourselves. We shall find, too, that even the present pain will largely disappear as we learn to look down upon it from a position of control over our lower nature and comprehension of the laws of our being. In this way every man becomes the arbiter of his own destinies. He can act with the law or against it. He can earn joy or pain.

S. C.

Mirror of the Movement



The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine

We have received advance sheets of this most important work, which will almost immediately be in the hands of our readers. It is a most sumptuously and tastefully gotten up book of 350 pages, printed in large type on the best of paper; and the illustrations, consisting of photo reproductions and of symbolical drawings by Machell, are exquisite in finish and beauty.

The contents form a perfect mine of valuable teaching and useful information, such as has never before been collected in so compact and handy a form; and enquirers will now have a ready means of gaining reliable instruction on any point, whether of teachings or of history connected with our work.

Not the least important feature is the chapter on Reincarnation, that forgotten key which unlocks the perplexing problems of life and banishes forever the fear of death and useless sorrow for those departed.

This grand teaching is not made abstruse by learned terminology, but shown to be the simple and obvious truth that it really is; while the collateral subjects treated in other chapters demonstrate how Reincarnation fits naturally into the general scheme.

Of great value also is the chapter on "The Lost Chord in Modern Civilization," which most clearly and comprehensively describes the great lack of modern life as compared with ancient; and the chronological tables giving the true past history of our Movement.

**Katherine Tingley
addresses another
crowded house at
Isis Theatre,
San Diego**

The chief event of the month has been the magnificent address given by the Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood on Sunday, August 10, to an immense audience which packed every corner of the Isis Theatre. A large number of persons were turned away for want of space. The theatre was decorated with exquisite taste by Mrs. Walter Hanson, one of the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama, and her skilful corps of assistants. A group of the Raja Yoga children's choir opened the proceedings by singing several of their new songs with great sweetness and feeling, to the delight of the attentive listeners. When the Leader appeared she was received with most enthusiastic applause, and the sympathy of all was plainly shown for the necessity under which she still labors, of having to use crutches while walking or standing.

Her address, "The Broader View of Duty," was unanimously considered to be one of her finest efforts and was warmly received throughout. A few of the more important passages are as follows:

"I believe that the great divine voice of humanity is attempting to attract one's vision to the grander life, to take one out into a broader scope, a broader vision that one may dream for a while, if only for an hour, of a power so grand that all one has to do is to break down the mental limitations that have been born in one, ingrained in the heart all the way along. . . . Can we really, as people who have constantly talked of freedom, who have lived under the flag of freedom, who have a constitution that is made of granite, sealed by the blood of men who loved freedom, can we really love freedom? Can we really love freedom? Are we really free ourselves? Can we teach freedom to our children until we are free? Can we stand up god-like in all the dignity of our liberty and be warriors of freedom until we have dared to protest against all that impedes the progress of humanity and in that protest to declare the right to think and act for ourselves? . . . One cannot be in touch with humanity, one cannot be willing to serve humanity and then commence working without having strength added to his efforts, without feeling the clasp of that divine hand which is invisible, but which is nevertheless an overruling power in the universe. If it were not so we should be living in chaos. . . .

"These poor clergymen are so hemmed in that they do not dare to tell what is in their hearts, for there are many noble men among them who have taken up this vocation and now have found out their mistake, and they have not the courage to do what some have done, they have not the courage to be labeled heretic, they have not the courage to be unpopular, they have not the courage to know that if they are persecuted they are given the key to open the door of some of the great truths of human life. Now a very narrow-minded person might say that Katherine Tingley is known as an enemy of the clergy and that she is always attacking the churches. I protest against such a statement as that. I attack a certain class of clergy who threw down the glove by declaring that the Theosophists on the hill were pagans and that they worshiped idols, and who when they were asked to step down and out and meet us in fair debate in this theatre remained silent. . . . It will be my mission to try to rescue Christ. . . . I declare to you that there is no power in the land which can silence my voice. The only power which can do that will be death, and I

believe that I have the key to life, and I propose to go out and to use money and time and energy to liberate—to tear away the veils, to open closed doors in every church in the land where there is a hypocrite in the pulpit. . . . So while I am working all the time I have a broader view of my duty all the time. I am going to work more, and not until I see every seat here empty shall I cease speaking to the people. Now my hope is—and this is nothing new—that the children, our children, the children of today, are to be the Saviors of the world. I know that the truth is cradled in their hearts. Believing in Reincarnation as I do I know that they have returned, that they have come into this life with the sorrows of the ages. Take little children in their quiet moments and watch them. Look into their eyes and tell me if you cannot find more truth in those innocent eyes than in all the sermons you have ever heard!

“Now I speak very strongly, but I hold that just as far as we limit their knowledge—just as far as we hem them in mentally with such teaching as I have referred to—just so far are we committing crimes, C-R-I-M-E-S, crimes! And I hold that in your city there is money enough and that there is energy enough, and that there is intelligence enough to enable you, the citizens of San Diego, to do a unique work and to establish such a work in your town, in one of your churches. Take a church, buy it, coax the pastor away to a higher salary, buy his church, for no other building will do, and then dedicate it to humanity and let the children come in and do their work, and it will not be very long before you find the children have got a true platform. A pulpit is too high, too small for your Twentieth Century. There must be no such gap between the preacher and the people, and I give you my word, and there are some who know that I speak the truth, that if you will take one hundred children and place them in an institution such as I have referred to and find teachers who absolutely love children—and I don’t mean sentimental love, I mean real love—and simply teach them the arts, the sciences, the higher education, and music, that you will see a wonderful thing in your midst. . . . You will have a better idea of what Christ meant when he said, “Be ye as little children.” The Christos is in us all, every day we live, and unless we are doing our duty every moment, unless we are conscious of this divine power, we are losing our way just a little; but broaden the path for the children, strew that path with flowers of truth, stand in protest against any act or thought that will impede their progress and this town shall be like heaven. The kingdom of heaven will be here. . . . Maybe I shall live long enough to see some one take up this idea, but to show you how strongly in earnest I am, I will head a list for \$5,000 the moment the citizens of the town can place \$10,000 for that purpose, and I assure you that in less than a year you will be able to buy two or three churches in this town for less than I speak of; and let that stand as a prophecy. . . .

“John Wesley said, ‘No more opinions. I am done with opinions. I want work,’ and this is what humanity is crying for. Away with mere opinions and every sort of teaching that is not practical and cannot be applied to human life at all times. To make San Diego a great center of education, to have all the people united like one great family, to have every man honest and every woman true—is that too much to hope for, is it too much to work for?”

A New Architecture Arising

With the rapid increase in the number of new group homes and other houses at Loma-land, the strikingly beautiful and original system of architectural design which the Leader has been quietly working out is becoming apparent. Already the cluster of buildings as seen from the heights near the cornerstone of the S. R. L. M. A. presents a unity of composition as pleasing as original. The pure white sanded walls, the wide verandas, the quaint windows—many placed in unusual and effective positions—and, above all, the harmonious curves of the green-tinted, sweeping roofs, on the crest of each of which a light and graceful turret rests, from which at night a brilliant light shines out, all combine to give an air of distinction utterly foreign to what is called, by courtesy, the architecture of today. No two of the houses are exactly alike in any respect, there is no monotony, but the general effect is that a master mind has supervised the whole and is working out a great plan. Esotero will indeed be an ideally beautiful city, realizing the half-expressed visions of poets and artists.

Photographic views, however well taken, cannot give the real charm of the structures at Loma-land, for so much depends upon the color, and the fact, not sufficiently recognized by architects, that a rightly designed building should fit into and be seen amid its own local surroundings. At Loma-land the houses seem to be a part of the landscape, they have apparently grown naturally out of the hillside and, instead of being eyesores, actually add to and help the beauty of the scene!

* * *

Housewarming

A delightful "housewarming" took place on July 17th, when the Leader and as many of the students as could be accommodated, spent the evening with the campers in pleasant social intercourse. The social evenings at Camp Karnak House have since become quite a noteworthy feature in the life on the Hill, and are a source of much enjoyment to the students and our guests. The method of life of the students who occupy the house is extremely simple, the friction of domestic labor being reduced to a minimum by the convenience of the appointments, whereby much more time is left free for the endless activities always in operation.

* * *

Hillside and Garden

The unusual showers that recently fell have produced a marked effect upon the vegetation and reduced the need of watering to a minimum. Wild flowers, whose glory was departing, took a new lease of life under the refreshing moisture, and the cliffs and canyons are still decked with more blossoms than is usual so late in the season. But soon the accustomed sunshine returned and now there seems no likelihood of further rains until "winter." A large number of the graceful Acacia-like pepper trees, which flourish so well in this climate, have just been planted along the Sacred Way, from the Homestead to the Greek Gate of the grounds of the School of Antiquity. As they grow tall very quickly, these handsome trees will soon form a magnificent avenue leading to the great Temple, and as the many palm trees growing in the Homestead grounds increase in height, they begin to give a distinctly Egyptian or Oriental impression to the scene.

Under the stimulation of regular watering the great bed of *Yerba Santas*, those handsome, fragrant shrubs so characteristic of this part, which was recently planted around the upper part of the Amphitheatre, is developing remarkably and showing some new features of great beauty, owing to the care the plants are now receiving, and to which, when growing wild, they were not accustomed.

* * *

Camp Karnak at Home

The members of the Literary staff of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, who have been encamping at Camp Karnak for some time, took up their residence on July 17th in their beautiful new Group Home which has just been erected from the design and under the direction of Katherine Tingley. This house is perfectly unique in design, extremely convenient for study and residence and most picturesque, within and without. It is situated close to the Amphitheatre amid a grove of scented eucalyptus trees, and overlooks the Pacific Ocean, lying four hundred feet below. Creeping vines are being trained up the pillars of the veranda, and surmounting the dormered, gracefully-pitched roof, is a quaint little turret in which a brilliant light shines all night. A terraced garden is being constructed all round the house. The members of the "Camp" have separate rooms opening upon three sides of a large study and work room, and by a simple arrangement of blinds in place of solid paneling, all the rooms can be practically thrown into one large and airy hall. Little decoration has been attempted within or without, as the nature of the construction has provided all that is needed for picturesqueness; but a few mottoes, such as "A New Order of Ages," "There is No Religion Higher Than Truth," have been introduced in suitable places.

* * *

Pacific Coast Congress

Just as we are going to press the delegates from the Pacific Coast Lodges of The Universal Brotherhood are holding a most successful and largely-attended Congress at Loma-land, which the Leader had arranged early in the Summer. As soon as the students at the Homestead heard of the coming event they looked forward to this auspicious re-union with keen anticipation and busy preparations were rapidly made. The visitors are camping in large and comfortable tents in a lovely spot near the grounds of the School of Antiquity. The weather is perfect and the surroundings and arrangements ideal in every way. An extremely interesting and instructive program was arranged for the week of Congress, and the Comrades all declare they will return to their Lodges with a much clearer idea of the magnitude of the work and the astonishing developments of the Leader's plans at this great Center, than can be given by any written description, however faithful. Then there is the "feel" of the place, the pure, unselfish mental atmosphere of the whole Institution evoked by the aspiration of the volunteer students, and above all by the inspiring presence of the Leader, ever working her hardest for the benefit of humanity in countless ways. The beauty of the scenery, the charm of the unique white buildings of the Homestead and Aryan Temple, the exquisite natural setting, the dignity and remarkable potentialities of the great Amphitheatre, the elegance and novel design of the new Group Homes and

the many other objects of interest, combined with the devoted work being carried on here, produce an impression upon those who have "eyes to see," that is almost overwhelming. So say all the earnest Comrades who come here, and, as our esteemed brother, F. J. Dick said, before returning to his duty in Dublin, "It is impossible to understand the vastness and far-reaching nature of the work of Katherine Tingley, without actually coming into close touch with the Center. As all the members of The Universal Brotherhood throughout the world realize the truth more and more fully, they will see that the New Order of the Ages has indeed begun." To have established the Raja Yoga School is itself alone worth all the persecution, the suffering and the efforts of the past, for, as a visitor, a prominent professional man, after very closely studying the methods of the Leader and the children, remarked lately: "These young people have already got what we are spending our lives trying for—self-control, equipoise and concentration. Each one knows his own base, and works from it in perfect harmony with the others. They waste no energy, and each is clearly destined to be a powerful helper for the race."

* * *

The following is a brief summary of the first address of welcome the Leader made to the Congress delegates upon their arrival:

**The Leader Addresses
the Delegates**

"This will be the beginning of a new life for you. Something great and indescribable has happened because you have stood so loyally for the noble work of Brotherhood. You will feel this in your hearts, and you will go back to the world strengthened for your future work. Every helpful thought a true Theosophist sends out does something for the world. So today we are forging a link which the world will feel at once. I remember my first meeting with the western Lodges, and how I wished for words to tell you of the future. But I could not speak then, and if I had told you of today's achievements you would have said, 'Unbelievable, impossible.' Next time we meet, perhaps in a year's time, you will see things you hardly dream of now. I will leave the picture of the future in the air. Each one of you can do your part to make it a living reality in the hearts of men. The time is beginning when we shall be challenged by the world to bring out our best and noblest; we shall all have to step out and do practical work, and this challenge brings us face to face with ourselves.

"Every day we can see the work lying waiting before us, and every day we realize more clearly that we cannot do all demanded by the world unless we perform our smallest duties faithfully.

"I am trying to express the joy your first Leader H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge would feel if they were here, nay more, the joy of these great Helpers of humanity that you are here on this firm basis. But you know you can now do better than you have done in the past. You are gathered here to take a new step, to let each moment tell, to suppress the personality so that as you go forth you will be united within in bonds of adamant, though outwardly you may be far apart. It is time too for any who feel they have not done all in their power, to start afresh so that when the hour comes for you to go forth all will be duly prepared."

* * *

The Convention of Pacific Coast Delegates, which is now drawing to a close, has had a greater influence upon the future work for the children than most students are aware. It has opened the way for certain lines of work in our Lotus Groups that could not otherwise have been done. At the time of writing Mrs. Elizabeth Spalding, Superintendent of Lotus Groups throughout the world, is reading an important paper to the Delegates on this subject. It will have a decided influence on expanding future activities.

* * *

The Lotus Group work in England has been not only accentuated but enlarged during the past year. Particularly is this the case with the work being done in the larger cities. A backward glance to the inception of the work of the Raja Yoga School at 19 Avenue Road leads one to realize how much may be accomplished even under the most adverse circumstances. The work done in H. P. Blavatsky's old home, now the European Center, cannot fail to be an inspiration to all who may observe it. And it is impossible that this should not have a great influence over the children's work in all the Theosophical centers throughout Europe, indeed, throughout the world.

* * *

The Lotus Group work being carried on at Point Loma is continuous the week through. It is needless to say that, under such circumstances, not only are results obtained more quickly but the benefits are permanent. And the way thereto is so simple—so very simple that comparatively few follow it, as the world goes. It consists merely in the faithful doing of the day's duty, a faithful putting into practice of the principles of a true philosophy of life.

Pages and pages might be written about the children's work at Point Loma. Even then the truth could only be approximated. If the actual truth could be written the record would appear to be scarcely credible.

The secret lies in the fact that the teachers of the children of Loma-land themselves *live the life*. To a great extent they understand the laws which govern their own being. They understand child nature. More than that, they have that courage which surmounts all obstacles and which opens the way.

That is the secret of the Lotus Group work in San Diego. The teachers, coming as they do from Loma-land, carry with them something that is more than words, greater than mere professions. Therein lies the secret of their power to win and to hold their children along all those lines which will give them a clearer understanding of life and a larger liberty. The membership is steadily increasing. The hall which at first was more than sufficient is now no longer large enough.

One of the most encouraging features of the work being done for the children in San Diego is the unsolicited reports sent in by many of the parents. These, without exception, witness the remarkable effect of Raja Yoga training upon the lives of their own children. If such are the results of Raja Yoga training when given for only one hour in the week, who could compute the results when children have its benefits every hour in the day, for seven days in every week?

This, too, is the testimony of many of the teachers in the public schools, some of whom had at first allowed themselves, unwittingly, to be misled as to the character of the work done. As is always the case, however, prejudice is disappearing, in exact ratio to honest investigation.

One of the first educators to send his own children to the San Diego Lotus Group was Professor Hugh J. Baldwin, County Superintendent of Schools. Professor Baldwin is one of the best known educators in America, and has been for twenty years active in the educational work of California. It was only after full investigation that he placed his own children under the Raja Yoga instruction, and he considers the system to be unequaled. It is the only system in the world which absolutely demands of both teacher and pupil that *they shall live the life*. With this ideal before us, can we not go forward in our children's work with greater courage and with a deeper trust?

OBSERVER

An Old Comrade

ONLY a few months ago we greeted again our old comrade Colonel H. N. Hooper who had come to Point Loma to spend his last days here, hoping to regain his health. For over twenty years he had been a sufferer from heart disease and other complications. He hoped that the beautiful climate of Point Loma would give him new strength and enable him to add several more years to his life, but in spite of every loving attention and surrounded by many of his old comrades he had not the strength to make a permanent rally, and died on the morning of August 13. He had a very wide circle of friends and no one knew him but to love and respect him for his integrity and high-mindedness as well as for the sweetness of his disposition.

He was born sixty-seven years ago in Boston, Massachusetts, and graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School. When twenty-three years old he went to South America to take charge of the great Bashenthal sheep range in Paraguay. At the outbreak of the civil war he returned to his native state, enlisted and received a commission as second lieutenant in the Thirty-second Massachusetts Regiment. Later he was transferred to the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts as first lieutenant. He was successively advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and colonel, and assigned to the staff of General Griffen.

At the close of the war he was made brigadier general in the regular army and was put in command of the Department of Colorado, where he was actively engaged with the Indian tribes. When these troubles were suppressed and the Indians again became peaceful he resigned his commission in the army and took charge of the Maxwell ranch in New Mexico, at that time the largest in existence, being sixty miles square.

With Henry Maxwell and the late Thomas Scott, then president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he financed a projected railroad, which was to run from Galveston, Texas, to San Diego, California. An English syndicate was interested to the extent of \$40,000,000, but the panic of 1872 intervened, and the enterprise went to pieces. After this he was interested in mining operations. In 1879 he retired from active work, and went to Brooklyn, where he lived up to the time of his coming to Point Loma. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., and the veteran association of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. He left four sons and two daughters, who have the sympathies of all the Universal Brotherhood members throughout the world.

From the very early days of H. P. Blavatsky whom he met when on a visit to London, he has been most loyally devoted to the great cause of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood and to its Leaders. He was one of the oldest members of the society and was instrumental in forming the Theosophical Lodge in Brooklyn, New York, and was its president from its foundation until his death, and he also received direct from H. P. Blavatsky authority to form a special study Group.

The simple and beautiful services of the Universal Brotherhood had always impressed him and at the service rendered in tribute to him the Loma-land men's choir under Brother Neresheimer sang *There's Peace on the Deep*, and *Welcome Repose*, two of the songs he loved best. Rev. Brother Neill read from the Bhagavad Gita and was followed by the reading of the following, selected by Katherine Tingley from Edwin Arnold's *Song Celestial*:

. the wise in heart
 Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.
 Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,
 Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
 Forever and forever afterwards.
 All, that doth live, lives always! To man's frame
 As there come infancy and youth and age,
 So come there raisings-up and layings-down
 Of other and of other life-abodes,
 Which the wise know, and fear not. This that irks —
 Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements —
 Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
 'Tis brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
 As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
 The soul that with a strong and constant calm
 Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
 Lives in the life undying! That which is
 Can never cease to be; that which is not
 Will not exist. To see this truth of both
 Is theirs who part essence from accident,
 Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
 Learn thou! the Life is, spreading life through all;
 It cannot anywhere, by any means,
 Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.
 But for these fleeting frames which it informs
 With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,
 They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight!
 He who shall say, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
 Know naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain!
 Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
 Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
 Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;
 Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!
 Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,

Immortal, indestructible—shall such
Say, “I have killed a man, or caused to kill?”

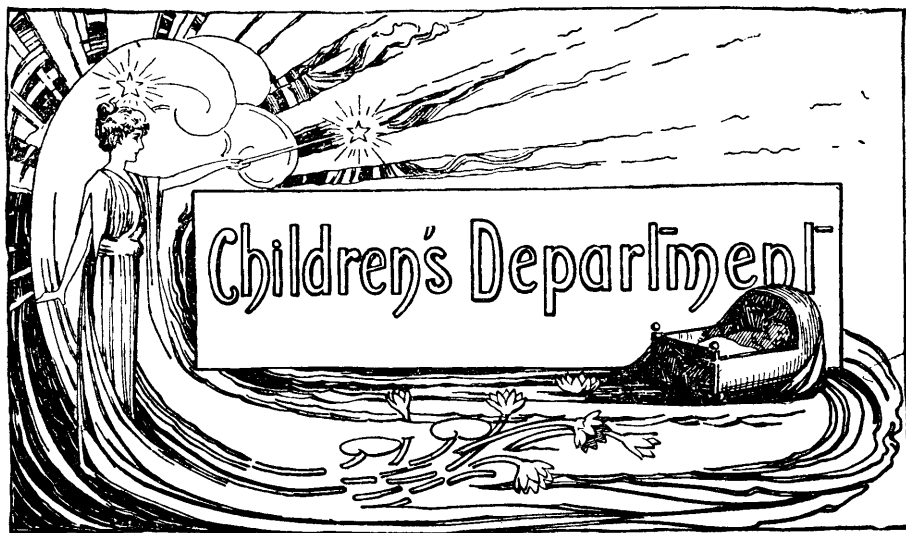
Nay, but as when one layeth,
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
“These will I wear today!”
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life,
Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,
Invisible, ineffable, by word
And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then,
Knowing it so, grieve when thou shouldst not grieve?
How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead
Is, like the man new-born, still living man—
One same, existent Spirit—wilt thou weep?
The end of birth is death; the end of death
Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
Of living things comes unperceived; the death
Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive:
What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?
Wonderful, wistful, to contemplate!
Difficult, doubtful, to speak upon!
Strange and great for tongue to relate,
Mystical hearing for every one!
Nor wotteth man this, what a marvel it is,
When seeing, and saying, and hearing are done!

Fort Wayne, Indiana

We have recently suffered the loss of Mrs. Malvina R. McQuiston, a valued member of this Lodge. She had always been an invalid and had passed through much suffering, but her devotion to the cause of Universal Brotherhood and her love of humanity were great. At the very time she was seized by her last illness she had just started an inquirer's class at Auburn, and during her residence at Logansport she started the U. B. Lodge there. Her remains were cremated in this city.

ANNIE L. TAYLOR



The Finding of the "Magic Flower"

by Uncle Starlight

CHAPTER III

AND so the days passed. The prince had his wish, and spent one day alone, out in a cave on the mountains. But the Magic Flower was not there, and he was glad to be back again among his fellow men.

Day after day, he awakened to find himself among new scenes. Sometimes he was rich, again poor; sometimes strong and healthy, and at other times sickly and weak. Once he even became monarch of a small kingdom. Yet the Magic Flower seemed as far off as ever. Some days he almost forgot the object of his search altogether, and at other times, he remembered it only as the day was drawing to its close and then it was too late.

Yet the memory of his mission never quite left him, and he struggled on in the hope that some day his search would be rewarded. And each night when he fell asleep, the fairy came, and touched him as gently as ever with her golden wand, and smiled upon him as he slept.

One night he went to sleep rather more tired and disappointed than usual. For the day had been very hot, and he had made an unusual effort to find the flower. But when he set out to seek it, he met a child crying, and being of a kind heart he had stopped to comfort it. Then, as soon as he started again, he came across a lamb that had fallen into a stream, and would have drowned had not the prince plunged in and rescued it. Then he met a poor woman with several little children who were very hungry and ill-clad, and although he had only a few pence

left, he felt that he must spend them to buy bread for the little ones. Thus the time passed, and when night came he found he had not made much progress. At last, having no money left, he sought shelter in a workhouse, among a great number of ragged tramps, and with a deep sigh he lay down and fell asleep.

But the kind fairy came as usual, and this time her smile was sweeter than ever. And as she laid her golden wand upon his head, she said softly, "Poor Prince Manas, you have indeed journeyed far, but your wanderings are nearly over. It will not be long before you find the Magic 'Vita Pura.'" And she went away singing.

The next day broke clear and sunny, and the young prince looked around him with gladness at the beautiful scene which met his gaze. On every side there stretched a beautiful country, carpeted with fresh green grass, and sparkling with many thousands of most gorgeous flowers. Away beyond, there rolled the mighty ocean, and as he caught its roar in the distance it brought back a faint memory of his boyhood days, when he stood by his father's side in the Golden City, and gazed out with rapture on the ever-surging sea. Then he turned his eyes the other way, and beheld a beautiful temple glittering in the morning sun, and other stately buildings whose very shapes seemed to convey a sense of rest and peace as he gazed upon them.

The prince was just thinking of going nearer to find out the purpose of these beautiful buildings, when he heard the sound of children's voices joined in merry laughter and song. Tripping gaily down a path across the fields came a group of happy children singing "Life is Joy." The prince noticed that he, too, was a little child, dressed the same as these other children, so he did not feel shy of them, but went up boldly and asked them who they were and if they could tell him the name of this beautiful place. They welcomed him gladly and told him the name of the place. They said that they were the child-gardeners of that beautiful land and lived in the buildings on the hill.

So the prince walked along with them, and asked one of the children to explain to him where they were going and what their work might be. And little Faith—that was her name—said, "We are going to do some wonderful work to-day, for our teacher, whom we call 'Lotus Mother,' has shown us how to cultivate a wonderful flower whose colors are so beautiful that no one who looks at it can ever feel sad or lonely, and whose fragrance is so sweet and pure that it is quite sufficient to cure anybody who is weak and ill, and make them healthy and strong. It is called the 'Vita Pura'"—

"The Vita Pura!" broke in the prince, with joy gleaming in his face, "Why that is the very flower I have been searching for, these many, many days; Oh do let me come with you."

And together they walked on towards the town that lay near by. Presently they came to a little house, where lived a poor old woman who was very feeble

Just as the children came along she had gone to the well to draw some water. But her strength failed her and she was just giving way to despair, when the children all ran forward and not only drew up the water for her but carried it up to the house. Then, noticing that her fire had burnt very low, they gathered a big stock of loose wood and piled it together where she could easily get it. The poor old soul thanked them heartily, with tears in her eyes, and the children, seeing that she was very old and nearly blind, gathered round and sang one of their sweet songs.

A little further down the road they met a young man, who rebuked them for their happy and joyous demeanor. "For," said he, "There is nothing in life to be happy about, since one has only to work and eat and sleep, and in the end to die. There is no purpose in life, and no one is any the better for living."

The children listened quietly, and when he had finished speaking, little Faith started singing the song of the Blossoms. When they sang:

Somewhere in the vast Unknown,
Perfect blossoms grow, so we
Till a perfect seed is sown
Work and hope untiringly,

the young man's face softened, and he said tenderly, "Maybe you are right, little ones. I too will try to work and hope, and perhaps some day I shall find life worth living."

Soon the children reached the town and marched through the streets singing, "We are marching from the mountains." It was a busy town, and men and women were hurrying to and fro. But they all found a moment to stop and listen to the children's song, and the men's stern faces softened, and the faces of weary women were lit with unaccustomed smiles, as the message of hope rang out.

By this time the younger ones were rather tired, and they were all hungry, so they sought a quiet spot where they could eat their lunch. They gave the young prince some, and then sat down to eat. But the prince caught sight of two little boys, clothed in rags, who were looking longingly at the children eating. So he stole away very quietly, and dividing his lunch into three parts, he shared it with the two hungry lads, and was more happy when he saw how their eyes lit with pleasure, than he could possibly have been if he had eaten it all himself.

After lunch the children went on their way, but they had not gone far before they found some one who needed assistance, as he was carrying a heavy load. Quite willingly they shared his burden; and so the rest of the day passed, and they kept on finding some one who needed help, or another who was very sad. And in each case they stopped and did their best, or sang one of their songs of Joy and Liberty. And at last as the sun was setting, the prince found himself

back in the beautiful land where the children lived, and with his little comrades he entered one of the buildings and was soon in a clean nice bed and ready to go to sleep.

Then he suddenly remembered that he had not seen the Magic Flower after all—in fact he had forgotten all about it. But he did not much mind, and he felt so happy at having helped to make so many people happy during the day, that he said to himself that he would keep on helping others every day, even if he never saw the Golden City any more.

Then he lay and thought of all the events of the day, and all the children's acts of kindness in which he had taken part during the day. He remembered the joy of the poor old woman when they drew the water for her; and as he did so, a most curious thing occurred.

He saw something that looked like a hoop of lovely purple, quite round, with an edge of pure gold. It came rolling across the room, and fell down by the side of his bed! He thought this very strange, but he was too tired to get up and see what it was.

Then he recollected how the young man's face had brightened when they sang their song of hope. And again, a hoop of white with a golden edge came up and laid down by the first one! And so as he thought of all the kind deeds of the children, hoops of all colors came rolling up from somewhere, and ranged themselves all round his bed. And at last, when he was just dropping off to sleep, the beautiful fairy whom he had seen so long ago appeared on the scene. She stepped in among the bright colored hoops, and touched the floor with her golden wand; and as she lifted it again, there rose from the ground a bright green stalk. Then she waved her wand over the hoops, and they gathered together and grouped themselves on the green stalk, and Prince Manas saw that each hoop formed the petal of a handsome flower which he at once recognized as the "Vita Pura," the Magic Flower of the Golden City.

And the fairy smiled very sweetly and said, "You can sleep peacefully now, little prince, for tomorrow, you will return with the flower to the City of Gold. Your journey has indeed been a long one, and you have had many trials, but now they are all over."

But Prince Manas said, "O kind Fairy, I am very glad, but I cannot understand it. For I have not really looked for the flower today, and it seems as if the flower has come to me of its own accord, or else the fairies have brought it."

And the fairy answered, "The flower has never been far away from you, prince, for the fairies hid it in your heart, when they moved it from the garden of your father's castle. And they have watered it daily, and kept it alive all the time. But today they could keep it hid no longer, for every time you sought to render service to others, a petal of the flower forced its way out of your heart;

and you kept on helping and sharing all day long until the whole flower had come out of its hiding place, and now you see it, fairer and more beautiful than ever. So you will go back to the city, but no longer as prince, for you have discovered the great secret, that in unselfish service to humanity, is to be found the Magic Flower of the Pure Life, and you are now worthy to be King of the City of Gold.”

Who do you think were the children who helped the prince to find the flower, and where do you think they lived?

(THE END)

Lotus Group Reports



Lotus Sunday of the Lotus Groups in Boston and Vicinity

It was a great day and a great occasion for the Lotus Groups in and about Boston. They had worked hard. The little seed planted in the soil in the early fall had sprouted up in the water of the late fall, winter and spring-time, and had come to full blossom in June. Why then should not the Union Meeting of Lotus Groups, the last Sunday in June, the last of the season, express in symbolism the full flower of the year's work, and be set out as a Lotus Sunday?

So the grown-up workers thought, and so they determined—if only the pond lilies, the Lotus flowers of New England, should be in bloom. Were they? Well, I think they were. And the workers were up early gathering them Sunday morning, and arranging for the full opening of those gathered Saturday afternoon. Over 300 in all were gathered. Not only the Lotus flowers but yellow and white daisies, and orange ox-eyed daisies, and purple flowers of the woods and greenhouses were brought in in great profusion. The out of town groups were themselves at work on Saturday afternoon, and as a result of their joyous labor, loads and loads of flowers came, bending with the beautiful blossoms, many exhaling exquisite perfumes, and all crying, “Here we are. Come! Use us.” And used they were, until hall and platform became a veritable fairy bower of flowering beauty. At least, so the Recorder thought, and so thought the children, if their “oh's!” and “ah's!” were any index of what they were thinking.

The exercises were simple, (for it was thought the day might be hot, instead of the nice cool day that actually came) and expressed the simplicity of the “child state.”

The Lotus Buds and Blossoms marched in, clothed in their white robes, and carrying their colors, to the song of Young Crusaders, and then obeyed the word of the President, who said that the first order of the Lotus Group was Silence. Then the song Aspiration, the recitation of the usual precepts and the Gayatri. Then came the Warriors of the Golden Cord, the Circle Song, and Children of Light, while all held the Golden Cord, which stands for the One Life which binds us all together.

Then one Lotus Group sang the New Century song. A member of another Group, who also was one of the boys of the B. B. C., recited "The Nobility of Labor." Then Lotus Buds sang "Golden Sunshine," and all sang "A Little Flower," and "The Angels."

Then the Lotus workers and the President each said a few words to the children, among them coming Mrs. Somersall's story of Loma-land and another beautiful story for Little People, to which the Buds and Blossoms listened most eagerly. Then came "America," and the Buds and Blossoms marched out singing "Children of Light," to the tune of the wedding march from Lohengrin, each child bearing two lovely pond lilies as a symbol of the day's work.

It was a meeting not to be described but seen and, most of all, to be felt. The exercises were interesting, the flowers beautiful, the Buds, Blossoms and grown-ups happy with the Joy of Helping and Sharing. But the combination was more than all put together. It lived in another plane, although on the earth. It was heaven "Here and Now." The spirit of the Golden Age had touched our hearts. THE RECORDER



Boys' Brotherhood Club, New York City

The following essays have been received from two of the members of the above:

A NEW ORDER OF AGES

"The meaning of 'A New Order of Ages' is a complete change. This change may be a great headway in Art, Exploration, Literature, Inventing or in Fighting so as for a nation to become the ruler of the world.

"If we were to look back and read something of ancient Greece, we would soon find what a great country it was. We should find that it was once famous for its glorious Age of Art.

"Then came an age of fighting. Men occupied their time in training themselves so as to make good soldiers. These men were ambitious to fight for their native countries, such as Greece and Rome.

"Then came an age of discovery and exploring. This age lasted for centuries. The latest age is one of inventing machinery for the good of the people. While waiting the next order of ages the Boys' Brotherhood Clubs and New Century Guard are helping to make it an Age of Brotherhood throughout this great round world."

A NEW ORDER OF AGES

"All over the world are the signs sure and positive of a new order of times, of the flowering of a civilization such as the world has perhaps never known.

"Ever since the year 1776, the birth-year of the Declaration of American Independence, the word Liberty has rung out throughout all the lands, and the mighty echo of that sound made their very foundations quiver. Today that sentiment lies deeper than ever in the hearts of the peoples, and in the world of ideas we may sense a new aspiration, we can discern a new cry for a higher liberty, the liberation of the soul from its enslaving lower nature.

"The United States which, since their birth, have led in every advance that concerns true civilization, naturally show the clearest signs of the New Order of Ages. But the news of the nations as reported by the newspapers, shows that the new age struck root universally, that the higher ideals have called out a most active fermentation all over the world.

“And in this dawn of the new times, Katherine Tingley, by organizing the Boys’ Brotherhood Clubs and New Century Guard, has given a distinctly new touch to boys’ life. She gave to the Guard the motto that expresses a truth about the world, and this was an intimation of the important part boys are going to play in this new order.

“Boys, brimfull of energy, full of love for the courageous and the chivalrous, have the germs in them of true heroes. This germ will surely sprout in this new time, and the New Century Guard will go down into history as a true blessing to the world.”



Forest Gate, London

The Lotus Buds are sending their thoughts to help to build the Temple at Loma-land. The work is going on well; the children fully realize how much they can do to make the world brighter and better, and that helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means. The spirit of harmony in the Group is greater than ever; it does one good to see the children so harmonious, though in such different stations in life. All send their love.

AGNES E. MATHEWS, *Superintendent*



Liverpool Lotus Group, U. B. L. No. 6, England

The classes are held at the Superintendent’s home and the Buds are very promising. An unbreakable link has been made by them with the work and it is a joy to be with them. On May 3d, they were taken to the country and thoroughly enjoyed themselves gathering purple and yellow blossoms in the woods. All hearts are full of love and gratitude to the Lotus Mother.

ALICE SANDHAM, *Superintendent*



Majorsgatan (Stockholm) Lotus Group, Sweden

Report for May—In addition to the regular meetings, we have held a Spring Festival, to which the Lodge members and parents were invited. The passwords for the month have been Love—Peace—Joy. At the festival the children rendered a dramatic performance of Lotus leaflet 5, series 2, “The Pilgrim Becomes Man.” Thirty children took part in the representation, which was followed by recitations, songs and choruses, all having reference to the spring time, and it was a happy day for children and grown-ups.

GERDA NYSTROM, *Secretary*



Kungsholmen (Stockholm) Lotus Group, Sweden

Very successful meetings have been held during May. On the 4th, one of the girls, Regina Bagstrom conducted the whole meeting with great earnestness and sweetness. On the 16th we gave a successful entertainment. Leaflets 2, 3 and 4, series 11, were performed and all the children did their very best. Some of the teachers executed good music on the violin and piano from Grieg, Wagner, etc., and the audience took away with them a real heart-touch of Brotherhood from the joy of the little ones.

All the Buds and the teachers send their greetings to the dear Lotus Mother.

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

He who does an injury is more unhappy than he who receives one.—DEMOCRITUS

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Theosophy & the Sermon on the Mount

by Rev. S. J. Neill



THE Sermon on the Mount is full of interest as being the longest recorded address given by the Founder of Christianity. In it surely, if anywhere, we should find what is the spirit of Christianity, and to it we should look for the religion of Jesus rather than to the Epistles or to creeds. As Theosophists, it should be of additional interest to us—the present Leader of The Universal Brotherhood having affirmed some years ago that the Sermon on the Mount is pure Theosophy. We can see for ourselves that the teaching of Jesus is part of the Ancient Wisdom Religion, and we can also see that between modern ecclesiasticism and the Sermon on the Mount a great gulf is fixed.

It may help us in a survey of this discourse of Jesus if we try to place ourselves in the conditions in which it was delivered. Jesus had cured many people of various diseases as he went about teaching in the north of Palestine, and as people have always been readily moved by what ministers to their physical well-being, great crowds from all the surrounding districts thronged around Jesus to be healed of their diseases. The benevolent deeds performed by Christ were not

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, Cal.

only signs of power and compassion, they also served to attract the attention of many whose interest could not have been otherwise aroused. And to those whose attention and interest had thus been awakened by the cure of bodily infirmities, or by the satisfying of their hunger, Jesus offered the healing of the soul and the Bread of Life. Therefore we read that when great multitudes were following him, seeking bodily cures, he went up into a mountain near to the Sea of Galilee,

And when he was seated, his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth and taught them saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

We can picture the scene. Far below, the blue waters of the Lake of Galilee shimmer in the sunlight, fringed towards the north with groves of oleander. The Jordan steals down from Mount Hermon and the ranges of Lebanon through forests of green trees into the Lake of Galilee. Right opposite, to the East, the hills of the Jaulan, broken and rugged, rise from the very edge of the lake. All around the country is a lovely green, for it was near this spot that on one occasion the multitudes were made to sit down amid the green grass. It is in the midst of such surroundings that Jesus sits on a slope between two rising peaks known as the "Horns of Hattin." On the level ground in front, a vast multitude from Decapolis, and Galilee, and Jerusalem, and beyond Jordan is gathered together, with the disciples near the Master. Under such circumstances the discourse, known as the Sermon on the Mount, was given, chiefly to the disciples, but also to the great multitude gathered there. We can imagine that Jesus spoke in calm, clear tones, not loud, but sweet, and musical, and penetrating far, so that the most distant could hear as those close at hand. And have not his words reached far, even to the ends of the earth? As Carlyle says:

Here was our Orpheus whose speech being of a truth celestial sphere-music, still modulates the souls of men, and divinely leads them.

Well would it have been for the world had Carlyle's words been more generally true. Well would it have been for the Christian Church had it kept close to the Sermon on the Mount, the "celestial sphere-music" of Jesus. Had it done so, then the Church would have been led naturally to the teachings of Theosophy as now revealed. There would have been no great gaps, no abrupt pauses in the orderly course of religious evolution. There would not have been the strife, the persecution, the terrible bloodshed which have been a disgrace to our common humanity. There would have been no "dark ages." And if the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount ruled in the world today the world would have Universal Brotherhood. The world would be far advanced in wisdom and compassion, and it might have been possible for the great Guides of Humanity to entrust to our keeping, for the good of all, mighty secrets of Nature which, if given in the

present condition of the world, would probably be seized upon and monopolized by a few to the injury of the rest of humanity.

If we try to answer the questions, "What is the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount? How does it agree with Theosophy? And wherein does it differ from churchianity?" we shall discover the following salient points:

The Sermon on the Mount is entirely undogmatic. It is wholly different from a creed, and from the spirit which formulates a creed.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

Who could fabricate a creed out of mercy, and purity of heart?

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

No man can serve two masters.

Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

Here we have Theosophy. Here we find the law of Karma taught. This teaching about mercy, or compassion, and about singleness of heart, or one-pointedness is what we as Theosophists are familiar with in the *Voice of the Silence*, *Light on the Path*, and the *Bhagavad Gita*. All this that Jesus says about the inner life being the real life: all he says about the necessity for being right within rather than living for the sake of appearances, this is the Heart Doctrine as opposed to the Eye Doctrine, about which we read in Theosophical books. Compare this with credal teaching about the innate depravity of the human soul; or with the teaching about the shifting of the burden of responsibility on to some one else's shoulders, and we cannot fail to see the great gulf that is fixed between credalism and the teaching of Jesus.

The dogma of substitution is not found in the Sermon on the Mount, and never could have been formed out of it. Jesus teaches that profession and action must correspond—this is plainly the *true rock* upon which Christianity, equally with Theosophy, rests; for he says:

Every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand; . . . but whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock.

It is evident from this that *the rock* of true religion, of true Christianity, is this, viz., the *doing* what we know to be right, the reducing of right knowledge to right action, as all the great Teachers and Saviors of the world have taught; the conformity of practice to precept.

All through the Sermon on the Mount the spirit breathed forth is love, purity, compassion, single-mindedness, unworldliness. He teaches us to be genuine,

to be true to the very core. We are to *BE* rather than *seem to be*. We are to live as Children of God; and Jesus distinctly says we shall reach heights of divine perfection—

Ye shall be perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

The ideal Jesus sets before his followers is nothing short of *Perfection*, and he assures them that they will reach it, because they are children of the All-Perfect.

Do not make a show of your religion, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand does." Criticise yourself. "Cast the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye." Let your light shine that others may see, and not for your own glorification. Be content to be as the silent salt of the earth, if haply you may preserve some part of the whole from decay. Does not this remind one of the *Voice of the Silence*—"point out the 'way'—however dimly, and lost amid the host, as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness"? Or, again, "be as the snow that receives the biting frost, and shields beneath it the earth that holds the promised harvest"? It is in the same spirit that Jesus says, in another place, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren—he that is greatest among you shall be your servant." How different this spirit from the spirit of ecclesiasticism! Church history is full of the struggle for wealth, fame, temporal power, and yet we know there are many noble-minded people in the churches, who do seek to carry out the teachings of Christ.

The sermon on the mount is essentially Theosophy: both teach the divinity of man, the law of Karma, the law of compassion, the necessity for *being* rather than *seeming*. Both teach the doctrine of the heart as opposed to the eye doctrine. Both are non-creedal. Creedalism differs from Christianity as much as the poisoned waters issuing from some chemical works differ from the limpid stream on the mountain side.

Jesus on one occasion said, "If ye had believed Moses ye would have believed me: for he wrote of me." So today it may be said, had the churches really been followers of Jesus they would have been Theosophists, for the ethical teachings of Christ, and of Theosophy, today are identical. The chief difference is that Jesus gave no scientific explanation of the origin of the universe and of man, for mankind was not then ready for any such teaching. But mankind is now ready for it, hence modern Theosophy gives an account of the origin of man and of the universe in addition to the same lofty ethical teachings which all great Teachers have given in the past. The Theosophy of Jesus 1900 years ago and the Theosophy of today are but different leaves in the same great book of Divine Revelation. Even in the objections raised against the teaching of Jesus and his works,

and the objections made against Theosophy, there is a strange similarity. Jesus was said to perform his works by the aid of the devil. Many have found fault with him for performing wonderful works. Others have doubted the performance of such works. So too, H. P. Blavatsky was said to be an agent of the devil. Others thought it was a great mistake that she performed wonderful works; not understanding that, as in the case of Jesus, such works were necessary at first to rouse the attention of a materialistic world. Again some have said that the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount are to be found in the Talmud and other ancient writings: and some have professed to trace H. P. Blavatsky's writings to other learned works. Again, do we not know that for a time Theosophy was rejected by many because it was not regarded as sufficiently fashionable and respectable; and for aught that I know some may think so still. This was the case with the teachings of Jesus. We read that when the officers who were sent to arrest Jesus returned and said, "never man so spake," the chief priests and Pharisees triumphantly replied, "Hath any of the rulers believed on him, or of the Pharisees?" And this was supposed to settle the matter. Alas! the fashionable, the worldly, the outward, the conventional and respectable rabble of any age have never been ready to bow down to the messengers of Truth—they have already given their allegiance to the god of conventionality and respectability.

The Sermon on the Mount has this peculiarity that it cannot be taken to pieces and analyzed. It is a *living*, beautiful, harmonious Unity. When you have dissected anything it is no longer living. And that is the mistake made by churchianity. It dissected and analyzed, and then tried to build up a creed, but the thing constructed was only a dogma, or set of dogmas, not living Christianity. No doubt teachings similar to those of the Sermon on the Mount may be found in fragments throughout various ancient writings, but nowhere else are they brought together in the same harmony of proportion, and endowed with such individual life. The stones in the quarry differ greatly from the same stones fitly shaped together in a great building. How different is the human form from the chemical elements that go to build it up!

It seems to be a sign of great masterpieces that there is never but one. There is only one *Paradise Lost*. There is in all the wealth of Oriental literature only one *Bhagavad Gita*. We may never have another *Voice of the Silence*, or *Light on the Path*, even among all the grand revelations which the future will surely bring. Even so there is but one Sermon on the Mount. It is an individual note and it fits into its place in the great harmony—that harmony which ever proceeds from the Divine, which sounds through all worlds, and will continue to sound until all men, and nations, and worlds are brought into perfect unison—the joy of perfect life.

The Modern Doctrine of Evolution

by H. T. E.



IN considering this subject it is very necessary to discriminate between the principle of evolution and the special doctrines that mark latter-day thought on the question. Evolution itself is a simple fact in Nature.

There can be no question that the universe is directed by laws of progressive growth and unfoldment. Philosophers in all ages have recognized this fact and formulated it in various ways.

During the last century, however, certain modern theories have lent a special meaning to the term "evolution," and it is this special significance that we wish to consider.

Two main ideas may be found floating in the hazy atmosphere of popular belief. First there is the notion that Darwin and others have discovered an explanation of Nature and life which supplants other explanations, rules all spiritual doctrines out of order, and confirms the triumph of materialism. Secondly, we find the idea that the descent of man from an ape-like ancestor is a proven fact.

We intend to show that the facts of the modern evolutionists, though they may be genuine as facts, are inadequate as explanations; and that the doctrines for the most part merely re-state the problem instead of solving it.

Let us begin by pointing out that here modern science has made its usual philosophical blunder—that of mistaking mere classifications of effects for causes. Just as physicists have summarized the phenomena of attraction, given them the name "gravitation," and then proclaimed gravitation as the *cause* of these phenomena; so evolutionists have elevated their observed results into causes, to supply the place of those real causes of which they are ignorant.

The *Encyclopedia Britannica* says on this point (Art. "Darwinism," in American Supplement):

The principle of natural selection . . . is not the name of a force in evolution, but only of the result or outcome of the action of those forces which secure the survival of the fittest. It is the name of an effect and not of a cause. . . . It is therefore a philosophic misapprehension to speak of natural selection as something substantive, which acts as a causal, or even a conditioning factor. . . .

The environment of an organism cannot in any philosophic sense be regarded as causative in relation to the structures which arise in co-ordination with it. These structures are growths, and growths are results produced by the action of causes in the organism. The environment furnishes occasions for particular modes of action of the forces of growth. . . .

It is a philosophic error therefore to conceive the conditions of existence as *producing* any given modification of organic structure.

And H. P. Blavatsky says in one of her writings:

It is a mere device of rhetoric to credit "Natural Selection" with the power of originating species. "Natural Selection" is no entity; but a convenient phrase for describing the mode in which the survival of the fit and the elimination of the unfit among organisms is brought about in the struggle for existence. . . . It is merely a representative term expressive of the manner in which "useful variations" are stereotyped when produced. Of itself, "it" *can produce nothing*, and only operates on the rough material presented to "it." The real question at issue is: What *cause*—combined with other secondary causes—produces the "variations" in the organisms themselves?

Thus it is evident that modern science has given at best only half an explanation. It has pointed out the *plan* or *method* on which some force or intelligence works; but it has not shown what that force or intelligence is.

We may accept as a fact the principle that species are derived one from the other; and we may admit that a process of natural selection goes on, resulting in the elimination of weaker specimens and the perpetuation of the more adaptable ones. But such admissions do not bind us down to any theory whatever as regards the *cause* of evolution and differentiation of species. This cause may be called God, or it may be assigned to some potency inherent in matter; but this is in any case a further question that we may leave unsettled without prejudicing our belief in natural selection as an observed process.

It is to this further question that modern science and modern religion can furnish no answer. On the one hand to attribute all to the will of God is too ready and wholesale a way of disposing of the difficulty to suit a philosophic mind, and encourages the false idea of separation between deity and creation. On the other hand, we cannot expect to find in matter the causes of which matter itself is defined to be the effect, nor in "blind" forces the intelligences which guide them. Here then is the point where Theosophy steps in to fill the gap. It supplements and completes the doctrines of evolution (so far as these are sound) and points out the causes which those doctrines do not tell us of.

And here it must be remarked that the inquirer stands on the threshold of a vast subject, so far-reaching that we can merely outline its scope. For in Theosophy the universe is one whole, and it is impossible to divide it into departments for separate study, as modern science tries to do.

H. P. Blavatsky shows how the question of organic evolution dovetails into questions of the origin of life, the birth of worlds, the life-history of man—spiritual, mental, physical—and other questions treated in her works. To enter into such questions would lead us too far afield, so we must content ourselves with indicating their nature and their bearing upon the doctrines we are considering.

Superstitions as to Evolution

by a Student



MUCH is heard of the way in which people, too indolent to think, allow themselves to be hypnotized by religious dogmas that will not bear examination. But comparatively little is heard of the hypnotic influence exerted by scientific dogmatism.

Yet there are many scientific dogmas, which people accept as proven and infallible, without troubling to examine for themselves into the grounds upon which those dogmas rest. In many cases the scientists who originally propounded the theories knew they were not proven, and other people have afterwards converted these merely tentative theories into dogmas.

Of such a character are the modern theories on evolution and the descent of man.

They hypnotize people into pessimistic and mischievous views about the nature and destiny of man, and may create a despondency and doubt for which there is really not the slightest ground. Rather is there much to be glad of in the discovery that such theories cannot be proven.

With regard to the descent of man (and to evolution generally) we have often pointed out the mental fallacy of supposing that a low form of life can grow into a higher one unless that higher form pre-exists on another plane of being. To illustrate this fallacy we have used the analogies of a man going up a ladder the rungs of which form themselves under his feet as he ascends, and of bricks forming themselves into a house without the aid of builders, architect, or plan.

Hence, if man did descend from animal ancestors, it could only be through the entrance of some high intelligence into those animals; and, if evolutionists had proven their theory, even then they would only have pointed out a fact. The cause would still remain unknown, and there would be all the more need for an H. P. Blavatsky with her luminous and consistent teachings as to the origin and history of the intelligent human principle that caused the evolution of an animal into a man.

But Darwinism has not established even thus much. It has not proved even the *fact* of the animal ancestry of man. And some references in support of this will be useful.

In the London *Contemporary Review* (July) Mr. J. B. Johnston gives a summary of the evidence against natural selection. He says that geological and paleontological evidence every day weakens more and more the Darwinian theory.

The earth is not so old as was believed, and cannot any longer provide the evolutionists with the time they demand for their processes. He gives a list of cases where in old strata animals have been found as highly developed as those in newer strata.

Paleontology furnishes a vast body of proof that a type appears perfect, or almost perfect, from the first; or at least the type's acme is reached very early in its history.

This is a partial acknowledgment of what H. P. Blavatsky states. In the course of lengthy remarks on Darwinism, illustrated by a wealth of quotations from scientific authorities, she says:

Physical man, we say, existed before the first bed of the Cretaceous rocks was deposited. In the early part of the Tertiary Age, the most brilliant civilization the world has ever known flourished at a period when the Haeckelian "man-ape" is conceived to have roamed through the primeval forests. . . . Yet there were no anthropoid apes in the brighter days of the civilization of the Fourth Race.

And the quotations from scientific authorities show that every new year pushes farther back the assumed date of original man, bringing him much too near the apes for the requirements of a theory of derivation, and even making him the contemporary of those very apes.

But perhaps man and apes both came from some common ancestor, says science; and in saying this, science merely saddles herself with a theory still more unprovable.

We refer to the authorities quoted by H. P. Blavatsky and to the literature of the subject generally for evidence that science is in a quandary and a mutual conflict on these points. We desire to hypnotize the public with the idea that there is nothing to be feared from Darwinism.

THOU must be true thyself,
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul wouldst reach.—*Selected*

World Problems

by a Student



IN the current number (September), of *The World of Today* are two articles of especial interest. The first is entitled, "The Pacific, An American Ocean," by O. P. Austin, Chief of Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department, Washington. Mr. Austin points out that not only does the United States possess more coast line on the Pacific than any other nation, but that the prospects of the immediate future point to a very great development of unusual and favorable resources in this direction. He says:

The events of the past three years have given to the United States, step by step, a chain of islands in an almost direct line between our western coast and the most densely populated sections of Asia: First, the Hawaiian Islands; then Midway, then Wake Island, then Guam, and finally the great Philippine group, lying only 600 miles from the Asiatic coast.

Mr. Austin then proceeds to show that only by making use of such a succession of islands is it possible to obtain the cable communication with the East, which is now on the point of completion.

A very complete map shows that the steamship lines of the future, from the long lines of American Pacific ports stretching from San Diego on the south, to Seattle on the north, will afford a new means of intercourse with Asia, and tend to largely increase the importance and prosperity of the Pacific States. Statistics are given showing that a very large export of manufactures and imports of raw material are already known to be waiting the establishment of the prospective means of communication.

Another article is entitled "World Politics," by Paul S. Reinsch, Ph. D., Professor of Political Science, the University of Wisconsin. It is evident that Professor Reinsch is deeply impressed with the fundamental principles which The Universal Brotherhood Organization was founded to establish upon a permanent basis. His views are so far-seeing and replete with the wisdom of a ripened understanding that we cannot do better than let him speak for himself in the following extracts from his pen:

New things demand new names, and so it was that when, during the last decade of the Nineteenth century, international politics assumed an entirely different character, and left the narrow channels in which for centuries they have been moving, a new name—that of world politics—was applied to the relations between the great powers, and to their interests in all parts of the earth. It was at this time that there at first dawned the consciousness of the real political unity of the world, not as a vast state, but as a complex of energies and inter-

ests which are all mutually influenced by each other, no one of which can withdraw from its share in the common destiny of the whole. . . .

During the past few decades a great work was silently going on by which all the parts of the world were brought into close proximity with one another. As has been said, we "stand in the sign of communication." Fast steamer lines make Europe the neighbor of Australia and South America. The Siberian Railway, the German Bagdad Railway and the Cape to Cairo Railway, will make it less difficult to get from London and Berlin to Calcutta or Omdurman, than it was only comparatively a few years ago to get to Vienna. Thus the races of humanity in all parts of the globe are becoming conscious of each other. Asia faces Europe, and the innermost regions of Africa are made fields for the investment of European capital. The United States, too, is beginning to feel that her nearest neighbors, those with whom her commercial and industrial relations in the future will be closest, are Australia, China and Japan. This consciousness of a new community of interests embracing the whole world is reflected also in politics, the intensely disputed but narrower questions of former ages have waned, and the new constellation of world powers and world interests is occupying the chief place in the attention of statesmen as well as of the public.

From all this it is apparent that we live in an age which will mold the future of the world as no other age has done. The relative position of the various great nations and powers is to be determined, as well as the organization of international relations by which they all are to co-operate in the work of rendering the whole world better governed and more productive of things useful to mankind. It is a formative age, when the grooves within which political life will move, perhaps for centuries, are to be fixed, and when the weal and woe of future humanity are in the balance.

The position of a nation in the world is the result of internal strength and healthiness, not of mere external possessions or of the finesse of diplomacy.

The consideration which therefore calls for special emphasis at the present time is that the primary need of a nation is good government, and efficient administration at home, and that unless the homely virtues of industry, honesty and purity are found at home, no external possessions and no apparent international position can prevent the rapid decadence of national power. A nation that gives itself to frivolity, and impurity, or one that sees no higher aims than material ease, or dwarfs national character by caste privileges and distinction, loses ground inevitably and cannot regain its position merely by what is called a strong foreign policy. A strong foreign policy must be the expression of a strong national life, of valid claims based upon actual services performed for the benefit of mankind, of ideals which, while resting upon the basis of national character and tradition, go beyond these and give consideration to the general rights of mankind as grouped into a family of friendly nations.

ERRORS, like straws, upon the surface flow ;

He who would search for pearls must dive below.—DRYDEN

Theosophy Applied to *the* Needs of Humanity*

by E. B.



IT has been often stated that Theosophy is not new, but is the old Wisdom-Religion, the foundation of all the religions of the world. But men have so long forgotten its great truths that the restatement of Theosophy made by our great Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, sound new to their ears and it comes into the world shedding new light, which yet is the eternal radiance of truth upon the world-vexing problems that humanity is facing today. What it offers is truth, which is unchanging and eternal—the truth that exists at the root of all religions, however far away from it they may have strayed and however blind to it they may have become. For if truth is always the same and if it has always existed, why do the various religions of today differ so widely? Why do they oppose and persecute one another, and most of all, why do they fail in that which is the object of their existence—namely, to lead mankind to the life of the soul away from the life of the body?

They have preserved the “letter that killeth,” but have lost the “spirit that giveth life,” and the new wine of the spirit cannot be put into the old bottles of creed and dogma. The man who thinks deeply and strives earnestly is not content to think a thing because his fathers thought it, to profess belief in a generally accepted, respectable religion, to jog on through life, doing what he pleases as far as he is able, and getting as much as he can from others for himself and his family, and to leave all matters pertaining to the soul, man’s destiny and divinity, to the preacher, who is employed and paid to decide these things.

Man needs something more to satisfy his divine hunger, and he is crying aloud for it all over the world—he is crying for it in poverty and misery and suffering of all kinds—in doubt and despair—even in excess of pleasure and indulgence, he is seeking to satisfy and stifle this inward cry.

What Theosophy claims and has, is the living power to make this universal truth and its application a reality in the lives of its followers—that is what we all need. How then does Theosophy apply this truth to daily life? By what simple means may a finite man deal with the infinite? Let us look at the *Ocean of Theosophy*, and note some of the waves that are breaking on the shore of human life, shifting the seeds of habit, and washing away the driftwood of human thought and action.

* Read at a public meeting of Universal Brotherhood Lodge, Macon, Ga.

First, Theosophy forces its supporters to show what they really are—they cannot seem in their outward lives one thing, and be in their hearts another. This is a supreme evidence of the power spoken of—that no whited sepulchre remains long within the ranks of The Universal Brotherhood Organization. Insincerity, hypocrisy, selfish motives cannot remain hidden from the rays of this spiritual sun, which like the physical sun of the universe, vivifies all, causing growth or decay according to the nature of the object on which it shines. When such enter the movement without the purifying germ of love for humanity in their hearts, they leave it in due time, blaming the Leader, finding fault with her methods, and spreading false reports, just as a selfish, ungrateful man in time repents the kindness of the benefactor whom he has injured.

Think of this cleansing applied to the whole of humanity—surely that is the first step—for of what use is it to build the most perfect architecture upon a rotten foundation? As long as we cover up our secret faults and vices, hiding them from ourselves and others with the cloak of respectability, position, wealth, charity, religion, etc., just so long they grow and strengthen and in the end will surely wreck us. If we would but realize that these stains on our character, that keep us fettered and bound by the fear that other men may find them out, would lose their power over us the instant that we acknowledged them to ourselves, and if need be, to others, and we would not fall in the estimation of our brother by removing the beam from our own eyes—the respect he would have for us then would be on a surer foundation, for both he and we would know that we had raised ourselves above that of which we were ashamed.

And this being done, our hearts pure and clean, Theosophy teaches us to fear nothing “that is in heaven above or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth.” Theosophy shows us that fear on every plane, physical, mental, moral and spiritual, is the vampire that is sucking the life blood of humanity, that will drain the last drop of energy and purpose if some dauntless ones do not arise to slay the monster—first within themselves. By the power of Theosophy they have arisen, and the kindred spirits of the earth will join and aid them.

The command to “fear God” has been twisted to mean something quite at variance with Christ’s statement that “perfect love casteth out fear.”

But no one can have this courage in his heart if he does not believe in himself, if he does not believe that he is a divine, immortal soul, with the God-like power in this soul of attaining to perfection—if he does not think for himself, and depend upon no outside help or influence, but search within his own soul for a knowledge of God, of life and death.

And another side of this eternal truth that Theosophy has demonstrated is of such vital importance, that when we look around at the majority of people, we think that surely they have never heard it, for how could they have forgotten?

This is the sacred duty and mighty responsibility of rearing children. Men and women, who have these innocent souls entrusted to your care, what account will you render if you have taught them to forget their divine heritage, if you have led them all unknowing, to "sell their birthright for a mess of pottage?"

This is what you do when you care more for their outward appearance than for their inward purity, when you are more anxious they should be admired than that they should be real, when you prefer their worldly advancement to their loftiness of purpose, when you had rather see them successful than see them true, when you forget that they are souls in your anxiety about their bodies and minds, when you encourage them in vanity and self-indulgence, and when from your life and example they learn to live for the things of the body, pushing the things of the soul farther and farther into the background, caring little for the sufferings of others so long as they get what they want and get ahead—until they too become men and women, sordid and selfish, cramped and hard with no higher conception of bringing up their own children. And all the while, perhaps you are fooling yourselves with the belief that you are teaching them to follow Jesus, that you are doing what he meant when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Theosophy teaches us to care less for what we eat and wear and have, and more for what we think and do and are. The struggle for bread may be hard, but it should not be weary nor hopeless. A knowledge of Theosophy brightens toil and gives a purpose to life, it shows us the wisdom and justice that govern the universe, it proves that in helping our brothers, we are helping ourselves, and it brings Truth, Light and Liberation to Discouraged Humanity.

Original Sin *and* Human Depravity

by Sidney Coryn



WHAT is this doctrine of Original Sin and of Human Depravity? We shall look in vain for a more clear epitome than that to be found in the decree of the Council of Trent upon this very subject.

Article 1 of this decree lays down as an eternal truth that the man Adam transgressed against God, that he thereby incurred the penalty of death and also "captivity under his power who thenceforth had the empire of death, that is to say, the Devil."

Article 2 states that this condemnation affects not only the man Adam, but also the whole human race, who have thereby passed under sentence of death and captivity to the Devil.

Article 3 explains that "even infants who could not as yet commit any sin of themselves, are for this cause truly baptized for the remission of sins, that in them that may be cleaned away by regeneration which they have contracted by generation."

Such is, in the main, the belief of orthodox or evangelical Christianity at the present day. Many, it is true, have outgrown it, but even among these we may more often find a silence upon the subject than any open denial or contradiction. The Anglican Church today expresses similar views in the 9th, 10th and 13th Articles of Religion and in the Baptismal Offices, and in the Westminster Confession we find the same opinions in an even more accentuated and concise form. For the Doctrine of Original Sin as held by the Congregationalists the reader is referred to the "Declaration of Faith and Church Order," and if we are met by the cry that these doctrines are out of date, we must perforce answer that they are not out of date, and never will be, so long as they form a part of the authoritative and published creeds of Christendom.

Now, with regard to the story of the Garden of Eden, upon which these creeds have been built, it seems that we have gone somewhat backward since the days of the Church Fathers, to whom the Reformation professed adherence. Origen regarded Adam as a type and speaks of the whole story as an inquiry into human nature, and as concerning not one human being but the whole race. Clement of Alexandria took the same view, and even St. Augustine explains the details of the story of the Garden of Eden as having an allegorical basis. But today we have learned to place the first chapters of *Genesis* on an historical foundation, and to read them in the same literal spirit as we do our histories of America. It is against this literalism that we protest as being contrary to the contention of the Bible and hostile to true religion.

Total depravity is a phrase which occurs much in our denominational literature and creeds, but it is a phrase totally unwarranted by Scripture. Within a few chapters of the story of the Fall we read that "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generation." Here, at any rate, is an exception to the totality of human depravity.

Again, in *Genesis vi: 5*, we read,

And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

That man was wicked, we can well believe. He is still wicked, but there is in these verses no reference to a sequence of sin from the fault of Adam, nor to

an inherited sin. These passages seem rather to show that the sin which "God saw" was of an exceptional nature, uncaused and unforeseen, and for which special sin God destroyed the world. An advancing knowledge will soon explain the whole story of the flood as one of those periodic cataclysms of nature by which the world is freed from an incubus of peculiar and irredeemable sin in order that new races may have their fitting environment. But neither this nor any other problem of a like nature can be understood in its entirety without the illuminating light of Reincarnation.

The perplexities of Original Sin have arisen, like most of their kind, from the materialization of a spiritual idea. The "Fall" of the Garden of Eden is but the awakening of man from the pure dreams of innocent irresponsibility to the struggle before him, the struggle in which there shall be many defeats and many wounds. He who knows not good from evil knows neither good nor evil. The attainment of virtue is the successful resistance to its opposite, and not the non-recognition and non-knowledge of its opposite. There can be no victory without a battle and no battle without an enemy.

The solution of the problem is in the dual nature of the human principles. The Divine Ideal having come into the world, that ideal must triumph over the inertia of the matter which it would mould and inform. The material part of man is, by its very nature, isolated and selfish, and the divine consciousness, the Soul in Man, must overcome the selfish personality of matter and stamp it with its own divine image of altruism and love for all. The struggle between the two is the struggle of the ages which was begun in the "Garden of Eden" which awoke man from his paradise, and which culminates in the Christhood, the ultimate triumph of the Divine. "As in one man all sinned, so in Christ all are made alive." Without the moral sense, knowing good from evil, which was bestowed in the "Garden of Eden" sin, as such, is impossible, there being no responsibility. But with that possibility of sin comes also the possibility of the Christhood, the crown and the culmination of all battles, of all failures and of all sorrows.

SEEK not external help nor the tranquillity which others give. A man must stand erect of himself, not be kept erect by others.—MARCUS ANTONINUS

The Parting of the Ways*

by H. Coryn



MOST of us are always at the parting of the ways, but now and then we seem to see someone who has finally chosen one or the other. *Seem* to—for Nature is prolific in the opportunities she gives to us all. The ways part; one goes up, the other down. Up to what? Down to what? How can you tell the man who is “up” from him who is “down”? They look very much alike; they eat, drink, sleep, and think. But before the one, the gross-minded man does not feel inclined, somehow, to say a gross thing. Before the other, you do not feel inclined to speak about your inner, higher, life.

By studying ourselves, we can get some idea of the condition of the man who is “down.” Suppose someone wakes you in the middle of the night and asks you to get out and look at the beauty of Jupiter. You are tired and sleepy; Jupiter does not in the least appeal to you. What you want is more sleep. Or when your liver is out of order; or in the languor of recovery from an illness; or very tired and hungry; express it all by saying that you are at your lowest, least open to finer influences, most concentrated on the thing you just then want.

Some men live entirely on this level, never have any kind of higher being at all. They are either concentrated entirely on bodily comfort, or are energetically pushing after money as the one valuable reality, or are hunting for some kind of position for themselves, social, political or commercial. In proportion as they are concentrated in this direction have they less, least, or nothing, of the *higher touch* about them. And that “higher touch” can be used to open an entirely new world; really, not in any metaphorical or vague sense.

But again: Studying ourselves, we find something higher than this low level. There are moments when we are *not* absorbed in getting something to eat, or more sleep, or money—times when the beauty of Jupiter, and the sea, and music, and high thought, *do* appeal to us—times when some vague feeling stirs in the heart and mind which, if we could catch it and make it permanent, we know would be the key to some new kind of living and experience. It passes; that does not matter; we know now what the *up*-going man is, as distinct from the down-going man.

It would lead to uncharity if we looked around at the pulpits, the senates, the newspapers, and so forth, and marked out mentally the men we considered to be

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

going down ; and we must not do it. But now and then we cannot help but recognize facts. To speak of finding such men in the pulpit may seem strange ; but let us consider.

The down-going and down-staying man has often a great flow of words ; more words, it may be, than he who can perceive something of the immensity and mystery of life and its exhaustless containment. The dogmatist is such a man. He can give you a precise description of God and of Jesus Christ ; knows what they think and how they feel ; and how they created the earth ; and what heaven is like ; and how to get there.

It is all clear and neat and certain. But it does not inspire you ; it does not call up that feeling of the grandeur of life, its immensity, its beauty, its mystery. Why ? Because these men are only describing what *they* know and see and feel ; and that is nothing but the commonest life of commonest earth. God, for them, is only another man ; they understand him, of course, for he is to them what they themselves have imagined ; and their imaginations are low and crude. When they pretend to paint heaven, they do but paint another earth ; and so you are not attracted. Having no sense of the greatness of life, they cannot convey it to you. They are really only materialists, notwithstanding the ideals they profess ; for you get materialism *in* the pulpit just as often as *out* of it, and just as often as you get dogma. It does not follow that a man is anything but a materialist merely because he uses the words heaven, God, the soul, and what not. Earth-conceptions, called by other names, remain earth-conceptions and do not acquire anything whatever by spiritual names.

Another man, of the fewest words, will name the soul, and give that word such a depth of mystery, and tenderness, such a vastness, and promise, that in a moment you are at once awed, and lifted out of your self.

For we are all made up of these two—an earth-self and a self of Light ; but we can close our eyes to the latter and go down-hill ; or we can welcome it, and climb the path to the unimaginable light. Many, too, of those going down hill, and materialists at start, do yet seek ever to be counted among the workers for humanity ; sometimes they go to the very end, unfound-out.

* * *

The knowledge of Theosophy wakens up the will of some men ; they make their choice, and hereafter if they go down-hill it is consciously and with full knowledge. At first they are attracted ; here is something novel, interesting, appealing to the sense of mystery, possibly.

But very soon they find there is *something to be done*. If your ways are quite evil in many particulars, but you had not greatly or fairly considered the matter, merely drifting from wrong to wrong, from sensationalism to sensationalism—then

the mere study of such a guide in right life as Theosophy will awaken the sense of responsibility, call your attention to the import of what you are doing; just as a milestone calls your attention to a road along which you would otherwise pass without noting distance.

Now comes the moment of choice—the parting of the ways. We are no longer irresponsible; *now* if we descend to some accustomed failing, sin, or sensuality, it is with a *sense of guilt*. And at the same time the mere *thought* of giving up that thing rouses up the lower nature—the earth-man—into an absolute determination and clamor to go on with it. So the man of Light and the earth-man now face each other.

Often enough it is the latter which wins. And then happens a certain result. The man has *become* his own lower part, and he turns savagely upon that—Theosophy—which for a moment bade fair to rob him of those lower pleasures which are now his only ones, and of which alone he can now conceive.

In the parting of the ways he took the lower way; he is a down-going man.

* * *

Some people think, and some pulpits teach, that the parting of the ways has been reached, and the higher path taken, when there is some agonized repentance, and a total change of habit and personality. Or that no one can be said to have taken the new and higher path till he shows some sudden alteration, “found salvation,” or “experienced a change of heart.” If there comes any such manifest change as that, it was because the *real* parting of the ways had come long before.

The parting of the ways is the formation of a habit.

There is always a great deal of moralizing about the evils of having habits. The infinite *value of* having them is less dwelt upon. Many a man is appalled by the difficulty he experiences in his attempts to realize in himself his own ideals and conquer his faults. But the point in the matter is to *make the habit of attempting a victory*. And especially the habit of immediately making a new attempt after a defeat—which *attempt* turns the defeat into a victory. Try again—not so much with the sure expectation of winning, as with the intention of establishing a *habit of trying* which in the end *must* lead on to victory. When the habit of trying again is established, then the parting of the ways is reached, and the nobler path taken.

That “higher touch”—from the soul—that we spoke of awhile ago, comes upon us all at certain moments; and we feel the purer and cleaner. These “touches” can be induced to come oftener and oftener. That will happen if they are recognized when they do come; if they are encouraged to stay; if the mind is *held* every time in that state of feeling; if they are sought after,

meditated upon; if they are obtained when we are angry, irritated, wronged, or depressed—that is, if they can be then and there *substituted* for that anger, irritation, or depression. Then they will become a part of our consciousness more and more, and leave their traces behind. They will insert themselves at the times of temptation, and make resistance easy. At last they will eat up the temptations. And then the path will be clear for the beginning of real spiritual life.

* * *

Let us try to think out what the spiritual life is.

Man, at one pole of his being, dips, so to speak, into death. At the other, he is crowned with Light and Life. He can choose at which pole he will center himself. He chooses, at all those moments of time where the ways part. He can let heavy earth-life roll in upon him, weight him down with its materiality, and finally kill him; or he can advance outward upon it, Light in hand and heart, and make it tell the secret that to him it belongs, not he to it—and so win freedom.

Many factors, such as art, music, poetry, belong to the spiritual life, though not ordinarily so counted. They should be used in that way, rather than as ends in themselves; taken as means to the greater end, which contains them all and much more.

Men used to think the spiritual life meant a special kind of countenance and a solemnity; or a specially restricted way of spending one day in the week. Surely those ideas are going or gone.

Spiritual life must be of the fullest possible variety; not a tone, but an octave, an ever-progressing harmony, brodered and bordered, as Katherine Tingley said once, with grace-notes, accidentals, and of forever varied theme. It has its quiet and its active stages. Moments of one or other of these are constantly presenting themselves to us all, and we build up the spiritual life by seizing them and holding on to them as long as possible.

The peace of night, the hush that descends upon us after the hearing of the highest music—these are moments of it. In such moments great ideas come; new perceptions of things; the sense of all-human unity, of the unity of *all* life; intuition of whither life is tending, of our own deathlessness, of the fact that body can become diseased, wear out, fail, die, and nevertheless *we* live on and return to birth having lost nothing and with every memory regainable; sense of the conscious life in earth and stars.

If we hold these moments they come more often. They may be compared to those rapt, tense seconds, during which a musician may hold a note beyond the counted time, seconds of indescribable experience, laying bare the undertone of life, and in which the spiritual overtones steal upon consciousness. Each of

them is a moment of choice, and we have chosen well at that parting of the ways. In them we review the day past, and yesterday; see whether we failed, and what we ought to have done, and gain strength to do it when that chance occurs again. We become keener-sensed as to what is best in our ways of action, and are therefore nobler, clearer-eyed, readier to look straight into the eyes of everyone. The mind quickens, and with increasing rectitude of purpose we are swifter in decision, readier for all emergencies.

The moments grow in frequency, and blend, and overlap, never entirely leave us, rise in splendor. The universal life surges up from our hearts and sweeps in upon those divine moments, the real baptism, the very waves of the Grace of God. Little is that grace understood by those who prate so much of it. Yet they presume even to arrogate to themselves the power of imparting it. For it proceedeth not from man to man. But from man's supremest soul it is poured, in these sacred spaces of his daily life. And at last that wholly new kind of life is reached of which every Teacher has talked and yet been able to say so little about.

Those moments are at first resisted by the body and something of the personal consciousness. Duties, and the common self-sacrifices of brotherhood seem sometimes to stand in the way of them, to block their opportunity or rudely obliterate their freshness or fatigue them away.

But in the doing of these things, the bodily and personal resistance and density are gradually broken up, and the body rendered, so to speak, more transparent. "Seek not to compress the spiritual into the formulas of mind; open the heart, and understanding shall come; win light for the path of others," have the Teachers always said, speaking for the inner Man of Light, and He (or *It*) will do the rest.

With us lies duty, love, self-sacrifice, and a welcoming of the moments of the visitation of Light.

WHAT more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing or the feet for walking?
—MARCUS AURELIUS

TO REST the reward of virtuous actions on the approbation of the world is an unsafe and unstable foundation; particularly in an age like this, which is so corrupt and ignorant: the good opinion of the vulgar is injurious. —MONTAIGNE

A Glance at Some Present Conditions*

by Robert Crosbie



IN this age of transition, when old beliefs are crumbling, and the minds of men are becoming freed from them, but are as yet, unfortunately untrained to a comprehensive consideration of the deeper questions of human life and progress—many are being caught by cunningly presented systems of thought, dressed up in quasi-philosophic or religious phraseology.

These systems gain adherents by promises of personal benefit—*that is their "trade-mark;"* there are two main classes of them—one of which teaches how to evade the natural consequences of wrong thought and wrong living by a false philosophy which ignores the law of human evolution, and especially that expression of it which decrees that "as a man sows, so shall he also reap." The other class promises the attainment of powers—for a price—which will enable the purchaser to get the better of his fellow men, mentally and materially.

The question of loving one's neighbor as one's self evidently does not enter into the consideration of either the seller or purchaser of these promised powers, for the seller trades upon the cupidity of the buyer, who in turn expects to recoup himself a thousand-fold by obtaining control to some degree over the lives and fortune of his fellow men; truly a disposition no higher than that of the brigands, who having the power and opportunity to levy tribute on unfortunate travelers, exercise that power for their own advantage without regard for any sufferings that may be entailed.

Is this a true picture? Does it represent a large class of the people? If it does, then to what extent may such people be expected to interest themselves in the question of a higher public and private life? Surely if at all interested, it would be to keep things as they are—and we thus have to count upon them as the reserve army of the active enemies of progress, who, playing upon the selfish desires and prejudices of that class, are enabled to maintain their power and influence—with all that that implies.

If it is doubted that such organized foes to true progress exist, let the doubter read history, and there see who and what it was that fought every step of human advancement; by robbery, imprisonment and death, as long as their power so to inflict progressive people continued, and after that by subtle machination and malicious suggestion—ininitely more dangerous, because craftily concealed under a fair exterior. That enemy's motive is the same today, as it was in the days of old; the only change is in the methods employed.

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

With such an enemy, organized, subtle and dangerous in our midst—with their reserves of the selfish people we have mentioned, who can be made to serve their ends; with the bigotry and intolerance of sectarianism; and the indifference of the well-meaning, it is not difficult to account for the otherwise strange fact that those who make every possible sacrifice to benefit their fellow men and raise the standard of a higher, better life, are subjected to the bitterest and most unreasoning hostility.

That such hostility is unreasoning is shown by the fact that no matter how self-evident the good results are—no consideration whatever is given them. Evil only is looked for—and if none can be found, every effort is made to create the impression that it exists, regardless of fact, honesty, or even common decency.

It would naturally be supposed that those who profess to be teachers of spiritual truths, and to have as their purpose the uplifting of humanity—would gladly welcome and assist all efforts directed to that end—but human records tell a different story—a story so usual in the history of a certain class of so-called teachers, that it passes generally without comment.

The reason why such a hiatus exists between the spirit of the teachings of Christ and the practice of sectarian exponents, is one which every fair-minded, true-hearted man and woman should determine, for upon such men and women rests the responsibility of protection to the right. It is certain that no others can or will protect, if they fail to do so.

It is man's birthright to know and do his whole duty. It would seem as though he had sold that birthright, like Esau of old, for a mess of pottage consisting of the crystallized opinions, bigotry and intolerance of established systems, when it is evident that his mind is so inert as to permit bigotry, intolerance and all uncharitableness to poison generous, unselfish effort.

Men cannot escape their responsibility, however, for there is no moral difference between doing wrong, and abstaining from doing right, once their eyes are opened, and in these days of publicity, ignorance of fact can no longer be pleaded. The time is at hand when every man and woman must stand up and be counted as supporters and preservers of the highest interests of humanity—or *the reverse*. There is no middle ground. He who is not for the "ennobling of humanity" is against it, for who, other than evil-minded persons would willfully obstruct a work, designed and practised solely for the ennoblement of humanity? Such obstructionists must be evil; for were they otherwise, *they would be fighting evil* instead of *the good against which their energies are directed*.

Surely the time has come when we may say,

No longer can private personal interests be safely permitted to excuse our duty to humanity, and to those efforts clearly shown to be for its betterment. Voice, pen and effort

must at all times be available to nullify destructive schemes and machinations, and to expose their originators.

The great teacher of Christianity said, "Resist not evil," but by this he did not mean that men should sit idly by, while ignorant or evil-minded persons caused pain, anguish, suffering or death. He did not mean that men should make loud professions of holiness while their fellow men are made to suffer wrong or abuse. He did not mean that any one should sit a silent looker-on, while selfishness and malice worked its will upon others—when by a small effort that evil might be prevented, and the one who sought to do evil checked in his unrighteousness and taught a lesson of right conduct.

His teachings show that it is man's duty to prevent evil—from a love for, and desire to help his fellow men; such love and desire to help will always protect the right.

How long is the world to wait, before the fair-minded and true-hearted awake to their responsibilities to the extent at *least*, of taking sufficient interest in human progress to cry "hands off," when selfish, jealous systems—or individuals who represent them—attempt to hinder or injure altruistic work designed for the benefit of all peoples?

A few have seen the danger spoken of, and are to be heard here and there in the land; but the great majority of generally good, kind and well meaning people, have not yet awakened, and it behooves them, if they would not see human conditions worse than they are, or have been, to lift their minds above the personal and local, and take their part in the great battle of human progress.

Now is the accepted time; never before have so many opportunities presented themselves, with promise of great results from comparatively small effort. It needs but a watchful eye upon the interests of humanity at large, and upon the unquestionably altruistic work being done in our midst for human betterment, to make each man and woman a guardian of that work; a power in creating the conditions that will ensure the future happiness of the human race.

Shall it be said in years to come, when, perchance, the fields are ripening to a harvest of evil? Shall it be said of the people of this time and place, that when the sowers were laboring for a good and plentiful harvest, designed to supply the needs spiritual, intellectual and physical of the race, they neither supplied seed nor guarded the sowers nor the fields, but went their way in selfish indifference and careless enjoyment, allowing destroyers in their very midst to hinder the sowing, and sow *tares* in the darkness? Shall it be said? The divinity in the heart of man, cries out, "It must not be! Arise, ye children of Light and see to it that nothing shall mar the perfect work."

Paradise Lost and Regained

by a Student



WE are told that heaven and hell are not special localities to which we shall go when we die, but states of our own being, to which we can attain. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." But is this teaching to remain for us a mere article of professed faith and platform platitude, or shall we turn it to good use by applying it directly to daily life and trying to make it a fact of experience? Surely this truth should not be allowed to lie useless in our intellectual lumber-room, but, like other teachings which we have been trying to make real, should be lived out.

The Scriptures tell us that man was once in Paradise and perfectly happy; but a certain event led to his loss of that state of bliss and his fall into a life of anxiety and doubt; and from this state he is promised a restoration to peace.

What led him astray was the feeling of desire, curiosity, and enterprise, symbolized by the serpent. This prompted him to lay violent hands on the treasures of the garden and try to appropriate the privileges in which he shared. Thus he gained a quenchless desire for knowledge and acquisition, for the divine fruit had made him as a God; and, unable to remain longer as an innocent child in Paradise, he rushes out to a long pilgrimage of endeavor, hope, despair, pleasure and pain, till he shall have satisfied that lust for experience, mastered the kingdoms of earth, and won by his own toil and suffering the Paradise he has spurned.

This is in brief the allegory of Man's life-history, told in all the wise books. Applied individually it depicts the troubles of the mind and our struggles to bring it back to peace and happiness.

Our minds are not happy; we are not in Paradise. Doubts, fears, and strong passions fill them, and our garden is full of rank weeds and noisome vermin. In vain do we run about from place to place, seeking a spot more comfortable; everywhere the same vexations throng us. We have to weed that garden and expel its unruly denizens, ere it can become once more a Paradise.

And is not this the teaching both of the Christs and of the philosophers—to gain happiness by ruling the empire of the mind? "A counsel of perfection," many will say; "it is easy to preach and the story is old." But, since necessity compels each one of us to learn this lesson every day, we cannot keep it too much in sight; and even the most luckless wanderer at times reaches a haven of peace from which he can say, "It is true."

The average man is not fit to be trusted in Paradise: he would pick the flowers and rob the orchards. That is why he is only allowed to take an occasional peep over the gates. Then again there are dragons and angels with fiery swords to be passed, so we are told.

In the world there are two sorts of people: those who are as yet fairly content where they are; these have scarcely tasted the fruit of the tree and the divine unrest troubles them but little as yet. And there are those who have aspired to taste the fruit and can now never be happy with ordinary pleasures. These are the people whose minds are filled with dissatisfaction and longing and boredom, and who are continually striving to find out the causes of misery and its cure.

For them waits the great lesson that happiness is from within and is independent of circumstances. This they may know intellectually, and experience will eventually enable them to convince the remaining portions of their internal anatomy of its truth.

The selfish man will cut himself further and further adrift from social ties and seek happiness in his lonely study; till he finds that human society is necessary to his life, and that he has actually no independent life of his own. His wick dips in the common fount of oil, and, if removed, will surely burn out. The greedy man will steal whatever he can grasp, until fortune padlocks her cornucopia and refuses him the bounty she bestows so generously on those who do not grab; and, vainly offering his millions in exchange for an appetite or a hearty laugh, he will learn that happiness cannot be amassed. The lustful man will poke and blow the fires of his passions till they burn out in gray ashes, and then learn that there is a sun whose warmth and light can neither be appropriated nor quenched. The anxious man will strive in vain to shun trouble, till he gives up the attempt in despair and finds that the troubles are afraid of him.

Thus will man regain Paradise: by the deathless might of his soul which no power can tame or kill; which refuses to be made miserable and conquers all that opposes it.

THERE are epochs in the history of the human race, when the decayed branches fall from the tree of humanity: and when institutions, grown old and exhausted, sink and leave space for fresh institutions, full of sap, which renew the youth and re-cast the ideas of a people. —LAMARTINE

IT is the low-minded who have no belief in great men. It is vile slaves who laugh in mockery at this word liberty. —ROUSSEAU

Charity Begins at Home

by H. T. E.



MISS JANE ADDAMS of Chicago, in her book, *Democracy and Social Ethics*, gives a clear view of the evils of modern charity-mongering, which raises the question as to what is the real root of the failure of such philanthropic methods.

A few salient passages may be quoted to illustrate the evils in question. First, as to the charity of the poor to the poor:

An Irish family in which the man has lost his place, and the woman is struggling to eke out his scanty savings by day's work, will take in the widow and her five children who have been turned into the street, without a moment's reflection upon the physical discomforts involved. . . .

A woman for whom the writer had long tried in vain to find work, failed to appear at the appointed time when employment was secured at last. Upon investigation it transpired that a neighbor further down the street was taken ill, that the children ran for the family friend, who went off, of course, saying simply, when reasons for her non-appearance were demanded, "It broke me heart to leave the place, but what could I do?"

Next, as to the charity of the rich to the poor:

When they see the delay and caution with which relief is given, it does not appear to them a conscientious scruple, but as the cold and calculating action of a selfish man. It is not the aid that they are accustomed to receive from their neighbors, and they do not understand why the impulse which drives people "to be good to the poor" should be so severely supervised. They feel, remotely, that the charity visitor is moved by motives that are alien and unreal. They may be superior motives, but they are different, and they are "agin nature." They cannot understand why a person whose intellectual perceptions are stronger than his natural impulses should go into charity work at all. The only man they are accustomed to see whose intellectual perceptions are stronger than his tenderness of heart is the selfish and avaricious man who is frankly "on the make." If the charity visitor is such a person, why does he pretend to like the poor? Why does he not go into business at once? . . .

In moments of indignation the poor have been known to say: "What do you want, anyway? If you have nothing to give us, why not let us alone and stop your questionings and investigations?" "They investigated me for three weeks, and in the end gave me nothing but a black character," a little woman has been heard to assert.

Now, as to the root of the evil. Does not the solution lie in a proper understanding of the maxim, "Charity begins at home?"

Not that we must not help the poor; but that, if we obeyed the adage, we should thereby gain the power to help them properly. Charity *begins* at home, but the adage does not say that it *ends* at home.

But the charity-mongers want to begin elsewhere; they do not want to begin their charity at home. At home they mean to have, not charity, but something else; they mean to continue the usual state of selfish pleasure-seeking and mutual *uncharitableness*. Hence the charity which conscience exacts from them has to seek its vent in other people's homes.

The rich need a mission to teach them the charity of heart in which they are so needy and the poor are so rich.

If charity of heart could be made to reign among the rich, the poor would be helped by the resulting cessation of those oppressions which the selfishness of the rich causes. Thus charity, having begun at home, would continue abroad.

At present the rich are, to use Bellamy's symbol, merely distributing ointment to salve the wounds their selfishness inflicts. They are hypocrites—unconscious perhaps, but still the poor feel it.

The problem is much simplified by eliminating from our study of it the mercantile ideas of personal wealth, and so avoiding the errors of socialism. Let us consider man as an individual, not as a holder of wealth or a wage-earner.

A man whose heart is sympathetic and generous will accord aid wherever it is needed, naturally, tactfully, acceptably. He will not need to cover up his real coldness by artificial and misdirected charity.

Winter Trees

by KATHARINE TYNAN in London *Spectator*

Across the sky, across the snow,
The sober rooks are winging slow,
Gray roses in the rush-fringed pool,
And Winter trees are beautiful.

The West is now a garden-close,
Pink roses and a golden rose,
With amber and with tender green,
To let the throbbing stars between.

Against that world of roses stand—
These are the woods of Fairyland—
Poplar and oak and elm to make
A gold brake and a rosy brake.

Instead of silky leaves of Spring,
The stars now make their garnishing
For May roses and April white:
The snow has lit them all the night.

The red sun hangs his lantern red
Between the black boughs overhead,
The evening clothes them with his mist
Half sapphire and half amethyst.

The dawn roses are scattered here
As 'twere a rose espalier
Whose happy boughs have borne for fruit
Red roses all from head to foot.

Even the lamp that men have set
To light the way for traveling feet
Caught in the dark tree glitters bright
As chrysolite and chrysolite.

Down the long road's perspective go
The dark trees in a double row,
Spangled with lamplight gold and cool,
And Winter trees are beautiful.

Right Methods of Theosophic Research

by H. T. Patterson



THERE is not enough frankness and sincerity amongst men. We are too timid. We fear, too much, to offend. But we do offend; and it is because frankness and sincerity are not in our hearts. We use soft tones and manufacture smooth phrases, but the unkindness, too often lurking beneath, is sensed, in spite of softness and smoothness, and offense given. Then, we wonder, why. If we were inwardly true we would not need to take heed of the outer form of expression. It would of necessity ring true. We require a larger courage in our lives; a greater heroism; especially in our efforts to help others.

We should judge less by appearances. We show too much approval for what has a pleasing semblance, not enough for the intrinsically good. We desire approbation, and to gain it bestow it upon others, careless if it be merited. The Universal Brotherhood workers endeavor to be candid with themselves individually, with one another in their work and with those with whom they are thrown in contact. There is no question that thousands of reformers, standing before the world as teachers, could not stand the searching light of Universal Brotherhood.

Machinery is used to apply force. That machine is best which most efficiently and economically applies force for that purpose for which it was designed. A machine may be ingenious, well constructed, and attractive to look at but, if it consumes fuel unnecessarily, if it requires a superabundance of supervision, if it easily and frequently gets out of order it is not a good machine. These are simple matters, beyond dispute; yet we constantly ignore such truths. We are led away by appearances, by preconception, by inability to concentrate our minds on broad principles, by a tendency to become lost in labyrinthine details. A purchaser of machinery, lacking the power of selection, is easily misled by a fluent talker. Making his purchase injudiciously he finds himself the possessor of an expensive article which fails to do its work well. He has been misled by volubility, has judged by appearances and has been "taken in."

What is true of machinery holds good of other things. The world is full of those who speak glibly of their wares, mental or material, as the case may be, being more interested in disposing of them than in presenting the truth in regard to them.

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

Let not those not in mercantile pursuits flatter themselves that unscrupulousness is monopolized by the mercantile fraternity. The picture just used was taken from one department of life as an illustration. The inability on the one side to select and the unscrupulousness on the other, are outcroppings of human nature in its imperfect crudeness and, as yet, a part of the ordinary life of man.

Do you know what a "confidence man" is? The term is not a pretty one; but, then confidence men are not nice persons; not such as we would care to have in our drawing-rooms or homes. The term, in a way, is more offensive than that of thief, or robber, or drunkard. These terms carry with them their measure of opprobrium, but they are without a certain element of contemptuousness inhering in the term "confidence man," and why? Because the "confidence man" studies every possible art of craft and subtlety, every phase of cunning, every trick learned by observation to impersonate good will and friendship and work upon the trustfulness, guilelessness, and innocence of his victim for his undoing.

But, there are those who have other things to gain than mere money; those whose real aims are so hidden as at times to elude their own scrutiny; aims followed with a persistence and craft commensurate with their intangibility and undesirability. Aims attained by means so much more subtle than those used by the "confidence man" as to be as far beyond his in subterfuge, as the intelligence of the wideawake man is beyond that of the easy dupe.

Is there, then, no way of detecting the false? Surely! But whatever the plan may be, great skill in discernment only comes from experience. A bank clerk, in the early days of his service, detects bad bills and spurious coin laboriously. Later, he has acquired certainty and speed. The same applies to truth. For many and various reasons spurious presentations are being, have been and will continue to be made. Just as a banker or merchant is determined, and properly so, that bad money shall not be traced back to his establishment, so should every person and every body of persons be determined that false presentations should be known not to have emanated from them. To detect false presentations and recognize correct ones we must ask, What effect do they have on the individual? What on the family? What on the community? What on the nation? What on the race?

To clarify our conceptions let us ask ourselves, What should be the chief aim of man during the term of his terrestrial existence? It should assuredly be, should it not, to bring out the soul activities? Then, again using machinery as an illustration, those teachings and those methods which enable the soul to act on earth with the most effectiveness and the least waste of energy are the best. What teachings and what methods do this? Certainly not those which lead to isolation or separation, not those which tend to lower the moral tone or cause deterioration in the physical condition; not those

which estrange us from our duties; not those which replace common sense with a vague and rotting psychism; not those which deny the palpable and thereby produce mental aberrations and vagaries until the mind loses the power to perceive facts except those admitted by its own self-imposed hypnotic suggestion; not those which in any form use, tolerate or advocate hypnotic practices; not those which place the coercion of hypnotism, with all its baneful influences, above reason; not those which place intellectualism, alone and unattended, upon the throne of supreme power. Surely, No! Those teachings and those methods which are responsible for such results, any or all of them, are deplorable and The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has ever emphatically asserted its utter condemnation of such teachings and methods and its unalterable determination to ignore and eschew them, using all its energies to give forth other teachings and follow higher methods.

What are those higher teachings and methods? Just those taught by common sense, recognized in all ethics, and presented by every great teacher. Jesus taught them; so did Gautama, Lao Tse, Confucius, and the others. They are not hard to understand, nor difficult to follow, if we will but cast away our preconceptions to the contrary and our fear. Following them the successive steps are easy. Life becomes beautiful and ennobled, learning a pleasant occupation; art in all its forms exerts a lofty influence; health is established as the normal condition; despair and disease are found as rare exceptions; the span of life is lengthened; sorrow lessened; pauperism unknown. Such are the conditions which soul activity will establish. When such conditions are established, as they shall be, then shall humanity step forward and upward to better conditions.

A pool, on a mountain side, if it has no outlet is stagnant and putrid. An outlet clarifies it. So with man. If he gives to others then a purifying stream of life pours through his own nature and washes away all impurities. As these are eliminated mind and body become cleaner and healthier. Then, not before, he can with safety delve into the hidden secrets of Nature's great storehouse.

That, at this present moment, a mighty effort is needed to help humanity cannot be doubted. Any effort which does not, at once, begin to eradicate vice, to infuse courage, to cheer and brighten all it comes in contact with has not the stamp and imprint of the higher law. Heaven must be brought down to earth, and earth lifted heavenwards.

As a worker in The Universal Brotherhood Organization I rejoice at the outlook. Many most desirable things are coming to pass, shortly. Take a survey of the field. See what has already been accomplished. It is not that our body is large; not that our words are attracting widespread attention; not that fine buildings are being erected; not that an ever increasing number of members are able to live in an environment conducive to a higher development. All these

things have their uses, and good uses they are, too; but it is because, already, a body of men, women and children are far on the road of that higher education which shall enable them to respond to the agonized plea for help, sent up by an orphaned humanity, that we congratulate ourselves. This body of men, women and children, ever recruited from all ranks and races, will be able to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give water to the thirsty, take the haunted look from the fevered eye, restore the throbbing pulse to its natural rhythm, until distress shall have been eternally extinguished.

How different from those, who, dealing in mere intellectualism, impalpable abstractions and vague generalities, harden themselves in a cold pride which deafens the ear of compassion and petrifies the heart of love. Such may find satisfaction in the exhibit of a few scattered groups of cold intellectualists; we cannot.

Man is triune—physical, mental and spiritual. How can we neglect either of the three parts and have sanity? It is impossible; and already, from such neglect we are insane, though we do not know it. Insanity and disease are gnawing at the roots of our nature. Every physician is aware that he has never met a person absolutely sound, either physically or mentally. There is always some defect, be it never so slight. This horrible condition comes from both heredity and environment. The inherited taint must be eradicated; the environment changed. We must kill out the corruption bequeathed to us, as we would remove anything which blocks our way. Yet how, I would ask, can these things be done if we ignore the physical or give it inadequate attention? No! We are building a spiritual house, eternal in the heavens, but we are likewise constructing a temple on earth for the living God. It is well that we put no rotten timber nor stone in the earthly tabernacle, nor mar its symmetry, nor blur its beauty.

Those who are following the wise methods of Katherine Tingley, the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, already begin to get marvelous results. Many of those who went to Point Loma were invalids. Where are they now? They are not in their graves, that is a fact. Yet, over at the Point, you will look about in vain for the feeble body and the dull eye, but you will see all working with an intensity of concentration and a steadiness of application unknown elsewhere, because they are doing it of their own free will; because they are doing it gladly, knowing that they are serving humanity and uplifting it; because they are happy in seeing results in those who are looking to them and calling for help, and for other reasons, they are accomplishing what I challenge any one in this audience, or elsewhere, to find equaled. They have found heaven. They have found it, where man was told of yore it was to be found—within themselves. They have found a heaven, not of sloth and idleness, but of active progressiveness. And such shall all men find, peace, happiness, activity, eternal progress.

*The Spirit of Brotherhood**

by A. J.



THE spirit that lies behind the word BROTHERHOOD, is LOVE; its manifestation is Helping and Sharing.

Under the leadership of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, William Quan Judge and the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, The Theosophical Movement has left in its trail signs and works that speak to the world and demonstrate practical religion.

While their hearts shared the grief and sadness of the unfortunate, their hands brought help and comfort to the needy, and bore witness of a compassion of greater strength than the common spasmodic seventh-day goodness.

Recognizing the fact that any philosophy or religion without practical application in daily life would be worthless, Katherine Tingley brought the sublime truths of Theosophy within reach of the concrete human level.

The International Brotherhood League, which is an integral part of The Universal Brotherhood, and the channel through which unsectarian and humanitarian work is performed, was founded by Katherine Tingley, April 29th, 1897.

This Organization affirms and declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Let us turn to the first object of this Organization:

To help men and women realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.

It aims high, nothing less than the revolutionizing of human life will bring about a better state of society and develop a nobler and higher type of humanity. But it strikes at the root of the evil. It calls on the individual to awake and behold what he really is, and the object of his existence.

This civilization, which flatters itself with exact sciences, with its boast of enlightenment, with its labor-saving inventions, its progressive thoughts and vain intellectuality, carefully ignores the black pages of its own record. Never before in the world's history have we witnessed so unproportionate an increase in crime, insanity, intemperance, competition, strife and commercial warfare, at no other time was humanity so feverish, so restless and fear-ridden. The watchword seems to be "crush, or be crushed," and the determination exercised is worthy of a better cause.

For nineteen centuries, the gospel, "peace on earth and good will toward men" has been proclaimed and preached over the face of this globe, and recent events prove undeniably that the preaching has been utterly in vain. How much

* Read at a public meeting of Universal Brotherhood Lodge, at Macon, Georgia

desire for peace, how much good will toward humanity can be poured into the heart of the man who refuses to consider his brother's needs; how much brotherhood, how much liberty in the person who deliberately destroys human life and the prosperity of his fellows.

"Peace and good will" will continue to be a mocking phrase until man's aspirations reach out to something higher than the dollar-mark, until he learns to draw the distinction between animal and human existence, and awakens to a realization of the nobility of work. Then the possibilities that are within his reach will appear in a clearer light, while his energy and efforts will take an altogether different direction.

While it is true that everywhere throughout the world, we find men and women equally blamable for not recognizing human ties and liberty, let us quietly examine *ourselves*, whether we see plainly enough to pass judgment on the vital questions of the day. Our daily speech bears witness against us. Are we noble, are we gentle, are we true men and women? Fine clothes, intellectuality and a wide range of high-sounding words, does not justify any claim on gentleness or nobility; that which makes a man gentle and noble comes from his inner nature, and finds its expression in all the walks of life. It is this hidden nobility, this divine endowment for which Katherine Tingley is pleading, that it may manifest itself in human life, as a potent power, vitalizing the acts of the day, promulgating self-respect, sympathy and consideration for the rights of all.

Man, the Partner

by A. C. McAlpin



A STATE-OF-FACT condition in man, of sufficient stimulus to constant demand and effort for right thought and action, will arrive only when he realizes the full responsibility which rests upon him as a full partner in the work of the world's reclamation. In every age of the world's history Great Teachers have come to tell man again and again that he is a dual being, that his higher nature, his true self, residing within, constantly impels to right thought and the performance of the highest duty; while his other lower self, his personal nature, acts through his lower mind and body, full of animal passions and desires.

The Teachers have sought to bring to his understanding the fact that the Moral Law of the Universe operates, primarily, through him and that only as he

transmutes the qualities of his lower nature into those of his higher can he hope to help others to do the same and progress toward the goal of his aspirations, heaven, or whatever stands for that, in his many languages. They have always come to set him aright in the facts of his essential divinity and to teach him that he is the arbiter of the destiny of himself and also of the "earth and all creatures," aided by the natural law of growth. They have come at such times as are most opportune for the fructifying of the seeds of truth and for the most effective crushing out of the false doctrines, usually of vicarious form, that have crept in through organized selfishness.

Such a time is now at hand; and a double remissness of duty entails upon one who does not, as far as lies in his power, by precept and example, give to man knowledge of his true position in life and his relation to the Universe; for he is then opposing the strong cyclic impulse of the time and working at variance with Universal Brotherhood which, under its Leader, is the outer expression of the most potent forces of the earth that make for the special uplifting of Humanity at this period. These teachings are that Man, the epitome of the Universe, contains within himself the focalized workshop of the Infinite; that if he would study "Nature" and all the diverse effects of the Law which operates for its betterment, he must turn the searchlight upon himself and "all the rest will be added unto him." He will find that his stages of growth, from conception to death, are a recapitulation of the world's evolutionary history.

His physical body, in its ante-natal growth, starts from the simple primordial cell and *by its multiplying* passes through the many periods necessary to the upbuilding of the complex tissues and organs to the point where they are the corresponding vehicles for the mind in its *then stage of development*. The Mind (*Manas*, the higher and lower Mind), keeps pace with this structure building for, in its recapitulation, its many points of development are expressed in the physical growth. It is the *Mind* energy that molds and shapes physical forms—it *informs* them. Manhood is attained and we find the result of earthly development to date. Antecedent causes set up by the individual determine what he is *now*—it is a state-of-fact within him.

The impulses of his lower nature have found expression in various degrees of emotional strength which rests in the plexuses of the body. The mark of his spiritual growth, which shows the measure of consciousness he has of his own and others' divinity, rests in his fund of innate kindness and disposition to do for others, and the physical vehicle for this is the brain and heart, wherein rests his *outer* consciousness of his real self.

It will be seen that the body is the battle-ground of life; it is that which is in most intimate relation with the divinity which informs *it* as the channel through which to give to the earth its celestial impulse to upreach. Man is the

one self-conscious being on earth, and all Teachers have placed the "Kingdom" within him and not elsewhere, for they recognize that the *conscious* point of contact with the Divine was the gateway made by *It*. Now it has been found that Man, in his lower, personal nature, is a creature of sensuous impulse yielding, in degree, in response to the sensations of other lower natures, and reveling in the evanescent thrill of a self-engendered passion. It has been found, too, that a permanent joy may be attained by centering the consciousness upon the kingdom within others and self, and that by so doing the Divine impulse is aroused and sends its vitalizing glow out and abroad to light the same fires in all nature. It is found to be a fact that as man continues to seek the divine in his nature, and obeys its behests, the dominant impulses of his lower nature begin to lose force, their energy being transferred to strengthen those of his higher nature, which will manifest in compassion and unselfish work. He will gradually see that as he thus overcomes the downward trend of his own lower nature he is, in the same degree, influencing others and all about him to the same end, and here he will note his partnership in the divine work.

Nature is eternally constructive, and the aim and purpose of Man's life on earth is "the soul's experience;" it is that he may grow, through experience upon experience, to a fuller consciousness of his *oneness* with the Infinite Divine Principle and a realization that all the strength and influence for right that he possesses radiates from *It*, his *real self*. He has been shown that it is possible to attain to the perfect stature, as exemplified in the lives of great ones who have learned to live in harmony with the immutable laws of the universe and who have, with mighty strength and power, inspired others to attempt the same. He has learned that whatever forces he permits to dominate in his own nature are inevitably transmitted to others, and that they are externalized in various forms of impulse, emotive or aspiring. He finds, further, that each force sent out reacts upon the center from which it flows; that if evil (selfish) it reacts upon the emotive centers of the body, the mainsprings to wrong motive and deed, and strengthens them for greater impulse to base action; if kindly and sacrificial it reacts to functionally strengthen the brain and heart, the vehicle of the divine-human consciousness, which is the source and fount of the world's supply of divine life-energy.

He finds that he alone of all earth's creatures possesses true spontaneity; that by and through the manifestation of his spiritual nature will the earth be lifted up, to progress with him; or through his lower nature will he check the speed of harmonious evolutionary processes and thereby involve others and himself in needless pain and wicked purpose.

Man is the individualized divine essence, a drop in the ocean of divine life, which is through all and in all, and this department of his nature is in distinct re-

lation with his lower personal nature and other earthly manifestations under *immutable* Law—a law that binds him to earth until it be “raised” to the level of his own Godhood, out from the law of necessity into its realm of spontaneity.

He finds that his partnership responsibility debars him from seeking salvation alone, and that it can be attained only by seeking that of others, then, in the strange alchemy of Nature he, too, is carried up unto the heights gained by those Great Ones whose precepts and deeds demand his devotion and allegiance.

Theosophy Theoretical *and* Practical

by a Student



THE mere theorist—the man who lives in his mind alone, is incomplete—more than that, he is retarding his own development. The speculative man is continually deluding himself, building huge edifices on insecure foundations. He is one-sided, unbalanced, and fascinated at the apparent freedom, at the power to direct his course seemingly wherever he will, he loses all sense of proportion; and at last becomes so self-satisfied and elated that he works his own destruction. Like Icarus with his wings of wax, in his pride he fancies he can soar up to the very sun of truth, but yet cannot bear its light and heat—his wings melt and he falls headlong into the sea of confusion. Instead of regarding the mind with all its powers as an instrument, he makes of it a god. He thus abrogates his own divine right of kingship over the powers of the mind and becomes a slave to his imaginings and to his supposedly logical deductions which have no true foundation. It is because the mind is so subtle and powerful an instrument of man that therefore when not controlled and directed, when exalted to an undue position, it becomes the most dangerous.

The higher the object of thought, the more subtly does it enslave man and lead him into the labyrinth of illusions if it be not balanced, tested, brought into practical application in actual life.

All this is so evident in regard to daily occupations and everyday life, that it might seem absurd to refer to it. In business, in agriculture, in the affairs of the household, the world demands results. There are theorists in plenty who talk and talk and talk, but the only people who listen are those who, like themselves, enjoy the fool's paradise of speculation and words. And it is not only in the every-

day occupations of men that the world demands action and not talk, but in the deeper things of life, too. The heart of humanity is hungry, smooth phrases and metaphysics are a mockery to it. It calls for light, for liberation from the chains of selfishness, for Brotherhood, not the preaching but the practice of it.

Into the hopeless materialism and selfishness of the Nineteenth Century the message of Theosophy was brought by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge. It appealed to the heart, it demanded that we give up our selfish interests, that we work, work, work. For what? that *we* may become wise or great? No! but that the world may be made happier, that all men may know and enter upon their heritage of Brotherhood and Joy.

When the message of Theosophy was proclaimed, there were some whose hearts were touched, who sought to make Theosophy a living power in their lives, to render noble service to all that lives. There were others who heard of the wonderful teachings of Theosophy concerning the evolution of man, his nature and destiny, his marvelous powers—their brain was set on fire to unravel the secrets of Nature and of life. These teachings, thought they, will give us power over the thoughts and lives of others. They listened to the great Teacher, they read her works, they pored over the ancient writings of the East. Then they wrote books, they stood up as teachers, they gathered followers about them, but their hearts were not touched, their Theosophy was in the brain; it consisted of words, it did not enter into their life.

For what is the test of Theosophy—of Divine Wisdom? It is that it shall become a living power in our lives. It is not the profession of it, but the practice. The ambitious man, the selfish man, the sensualist and the vicious may speak fair words, may quote Theosophical writings, may utter with their lips the sublimest truths and remain ambitious, selfish, sensual, vicious. But the man into whose heart Theosophy has entered, in whose life it has taken root, will henceforth fight against and ultimately conquer whatever in his own nature there may be of evil, and whatever of evil there may be in the world.

It is an easy matter to complacently sit down and read the beautiful truths of Theosophy, to contemplate Nirvana and absorption into Deity, to shut one's eyes to one's own lower nature and to the evil that is in others, to draw diagrams, to study auras, to discourse upon the seven principles and Mulaprakriti, to compute Manvantaras and measure the Absolute. It arouses no antagonism, it is no menace to the selfishness of the world. It is so gratifying to think that the world is advancing in knowledge, to talk about Brotherhood, to say nice things of one another, to know that there have been great Teachers who have sacrificed their lives and of course Humanity will progress and its happiness is ultimately assured in the course of eons. But in the meantime why should we not take advantage of our position to get the better of our fellows? Why should we not enjoy

ourselves and satisfy our cravings? This is our opportunity—it is our Karma. We believe in Karma, and as for those who suffer, who are unhappy, downtrodden—oh! it is *their* Karma, they are reaping what they have sown. Let us write a book and tell them so.

This is theoretical, but is it Theosophy? No! it is not Theosophy, it is a deceit, a lie!

Theosophy is *practical*, and because it is practical, appealing to the heart and awakening the soul to new life, it arouses the bitter antagonism of all those who love the easy path of selfishness and self-gratification. For these know that Theosophy menaces their very existence, that it shows the hollowness and sham of their pretensions. If the world awakes to its divine heritage of joy and Brotherhood, to the divinity of the soul and the conquest of the lower nature, say these theoretical Theosophists, what room will there be for us—no, let us destroy those who teach such pernicious doctrines, all this practical work is an interference with Karma, this world is a delusion, it is study and contemplation we need, and abstraction from these illusive phantoms of the outside world.

And what is the history of practical Theosophy in our day. H. P. Blavatsky sacrificed her life to bring new hope to the world, and for this William Q. Judge sacrificed his life. Both were martyrs to Humanity's Cause, but by their life and work Theosophy has lived and today lives, and under the guiding hand of Katherine Tingley is bearing fair flowers, the promise of a new age for Humanity, in the unfolding of the pure, sweet, fearless lives of the children. We honor the memory of William Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky, and the work and life of Katherine Tingley, the successor of those great helpers of Humanity. Do you ask why we thus honor and love them? It is because their lives are examples of living, practical Theosophy—what they taught and teach they put into practice.

There are many people and certain bodies of people that use the word Theosophical and talk of Brotherhood—but the world is demanding of them, as of us, what is your life? is your Theosophy a theory or a practical, purifying, living power that enters into every moment of your life? It is because we honor those great Souls, our Teachers, that we repudiate those who use the name Theosophy to blind the eyes of men, who prophesy smooth things and speak smooth words, but who in their ambition and love of power, have persecuted those whom we love and honor.

Is it not pitiful to think that hungry souls, looking for the bread of life, attracted by that sacred name Theosophy, should be misled by people who misuse it for their selfish ends and in answer to those who ask of them the bread of life give only the stone of cold intellectualism?

It is because Theosophy is a sacred trust, that we protest and shall ever protest against this misuse, until the world knows Theosophy as it is—a life, not

a theory, the doctrine of the heart, not a cold formulation of the mind.

If you would know Theosophy, look at the work on the Hill of Loma-land, at the children there. If you would know Theosophy make it a part of your life—you will find your weaknesses, you will have your battles, you will arouse maybe the antagonism of some who call themselves your friends, but you will find your strength, you will find the power to help others, you will find joy in life, you will bring joy to the lives of others, you will find your own Divinity.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL



KARMA, ITS TEACHERS AND ITS LIBELERS

An enquirer writes:

Your Theosophical doctrine of Karma strikes me as hard and repellent. Is there nothing in Theosophical teaching corresponding to the Christian idea of the forgiveness of sin?

RE-ESTABLISHMENT of our lost relationship to the Divine, is sin forgiven.

The modern Hindu and the artificial western propagandists of Hinduism (some masquerading as Theosophists), have lost the nobler half of the doctrine of Karma. In the incomplete form which they present, it appears to us as mechanical, detrimental to human dignity, and opposed to that teaching of it which came from H. P. Blavatsky and comes from Katherine Tingley. As one of the pupils of H. P. Blavatsky, the writer protests against the trash circulating in that great Teacher's name.

She used Hindu terminology as she used Greek, Persian, Norse, Egyptian and other; partly for the benefit of the people concerned; partly to establish her meaning; partly to demonstrate essential identity; but mainly to call attention to the great Light behind, of which all these systems *at their best*, are rays.

From Hinduism she seized and used the word Karma, as containing more than Nemesis, Fate, and what not; and to its ordinary meaning added what was necessary from her knowledge of the *Law itself*.

The doctrine of Karma, as promulgated by the western Hindu imitator, whether calling himself (or herself) Vedantin, "occultist," or "Theosophist" (not having taken the trouble, in the last case, to reach Theosophy through its

containing mantle, Universal Brotherhood), appears to us as mischievous in its incompleteness as that of Vicarious Atonement—which latter is also more mischievous and untrue from its incompleteness than its essential falsity.

The Karma of a deed is the sum of its results. Whatever the nature of that deed, among the long, long line of results appear, (*a*), the tendency to do it again; (*b*), the painful or pleasant reaction from our fellows; (*c*), the inner joy or pain coming from the getting nearer to or further from the divine heart-Light which the act, according as it was animated by love or selfishness, brings about.

Within all men is a longing, buried deep, mostly, for regainment of their ancient life in the Light, for conscious touch of the Light in all they do.

Among the results of an evil deed, some time or other, is a *conscious* addition to this unconscious yearning. And this, as soon as it has reached sincerity, brings its fulfillment. For it has become an appeal to the Christ, the "Inner Light," and *that* never fails. That much of the relationship is restored; and if the yearning is maintained, and deeds little by little made to correspond, the union ("forgiveness") at last becomes complete and permanent.

This result, among the sum of *outer* results of the deed (which in truth it vitally modifies from the first), is surely at least as important as any of the rest, as any of those which may be called mechanical.

Yet it is upon the latter alone that the half-taught exponents of Karma insist. Karma *is* the result of deeds, but it is *every* result, not some only.

One of these half-taught and wholly heartless teachers of Karma, of "occultism," of "auras," of the "astral plane," and so forth, declined to do anything for the relief of those in prison on the ground that it was "their Karma to be there;" forgetting, in the intensity of egotism, that we are everyone affected by the radiations of despair that come from so many in the prison; and that the prisoner is himself often enough the product of that egotism and selfishness that will not help and help and help till all the world be won, till there is Light only through all the hearts of men.

K.

"ETERNAL PUNISHMENT"

What view is taken by Theosophists of the doctrine of eternal punishment?

The doctrine of eternal punishment, with its accompanying doctrines of the sudden coming of the Messiah and an eternal heaven, are admitted by all enlightened students of the Christian religion to be—not the teaching of Christ—but additions to it and misinterpretations of it.

Yet there is much need to keep this fact ever before our minds; and a few pithy remarks on the subject will not be wasted.

It is impossible here to go at length into the question of the doctrines of

futurity, and we must content ourselves with a few salient points. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* article, "Eschatology," gives an admirable survey of the history of the doctrines, which inquirers would do well to consult. The main contention of that article is that Christ used all his influence to discourage the idea of a sudden coming of the Messiah and of any definite times or periods of reward or punishment.

But Christ taught among the Hebrews, a people whose religious views were full of speculations as to times and seasons and favorite doctrines as to the destiny of man and the intentions of God. And he was obliged to use the language of his hearers in order to make himself understood at all; just as a modern teacher has to use the phrases and catch-words of today. H. P. Blavatsky, for example, speaks of "space," "time," "matter," "force," and so on, because these are the current coin of modern philosophical language; but she takes great pains to show that the current notions about them are wrong, and that she uses them in a different sense. So with the Hebrew notions about hell, the millennium, and so forth. Christ speaks of the misery brought by wrong living as "hell," and of the joy of right living as "heaven." He speaks of the coming of his kingdom, but insists that it is not a temporal kingdom or one of which men can say, "Lo here!" or "Lo there!" but a kingdom of spiritual power and joy rising gradually in the lives of his faithful followers.

Says the *Encyclopedia Britannica*:

It has been understood that Christ treated popular religious terms as only the symbols of a false creed can be effectually treated. He rescued them for the service of the new and true. He took from their future remote, in order to give them a present and immediate, force and aspect. He employed the familiar images of heaven and hell to impress on men's consciousness the supreme bliss of righteousness and the awful misery of sin. If his words have been misapprehended and misrepresented in this particular, so were they, even by the first disciples, in others. He taught on the principle of his well-known saying, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

One word in particular may be mentioned as having given rise to much preposterous speculation and much needless self-torture, driving not a few into asylums and still more into atheism.

This is the word which is translated "eternal" in connection with punishment. The word (*aiônios* in Greek) means "lasting for an age," and the absurd notion of a so-called infinite duration is the creation of a brainless age. All Christ did was to predict for the obstinately wicked a long period of affliction, burning with the fires of passion and lust which cannot be satiated. Much more could be said, did space permit; and we can assure the anxious that they will find nothing so harsh and unnatural in Christ's teachings when disencumbered from the savage or ignorant misinterpretations that have been put upon them. E.

Mirror of the Movement



Increasing Circulation of Theo- sophical Literature

With all that is said from month to month about the work and progress of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, the activities at the International Headquarters at Point Loma and throughout the world, so much must remain untold, for the reason that there are not words to describe it, or space in which to write it. Comrades and visitors who come to Point Loma and have previously read the accounts which have appeared in *The New Century* and in these pages say that not one-half has been told, that it cannot be told, that one must see and experience in order to understand and fully realize the vast scope of the work. And so those who live at the center are beginning to think too that it is a marvel of marvels and to realize, by what has come to them from the comrades all over the world, still more fully the great import of all the events at Loma-land.

One of the less externally conspicuous signs of our progress is the increasing sale of our literature, and this is a sufficient proof that it is recognized by the world as containing something which is needed, something which promises a solution of the problems which confront us.

In the early days the sale of our literature did not increase, or only at a pace so despairingly slow as to chill our enthusiasm and discourage our efforts. We do not refer to the works of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge but to the writing of their students, and that portion of it which was written from high and disinterested motives was largely admirable in tone and in scope. Its fault was that of incompleteness, of one-sidedness—the result of misinterpretation of the real spirit of the teachings. It advanced theories of thought and of life which were intellectually satisfying, and which will be re-read in years to come, but it had but small record to make of the action engendered by that thought, or of the ideal life in operation. There is as much difference between the literature of past years and that of today, as there is between the plans and specifications of a machine and that machine in running order and actually visibly accomplishing its appointed work. The specialist and the theorist may be attracted by and interested in the specifications, but the whole world can witness the machine in operation and can benefit by its labor.

Our records show not only that the distribution of our literature is spreading, but that it is penetrating an ever wider area of the world, and carrying with it the fresh breezes of the new life. Heretofore we have invited the world to consider what might be the results of our philosophy of fraternity. Now we are able to triumphantly point to those results, and so irresistibly invite an examination of the philosophy which has produced them.

That examination is not given in vain. Although we may not sometimes sufficiently recognize it, the world contains many whole-hearted men and women who are eager to look at a successful experiment for the well-being of humanity, to admit the reality of the success, and to ask with open minds from whence it comes. That is the question which we are hearing in many ways, from many different quarters, and from day to day, and that is the question which our literature is first prompting and then answering. Our popular literature is our way of receiving the whole world as our visitors upon the Hill, and so long as we are able in this way to show an accomplished work, with an infinite promise before it, so long

there will be no lack of those who desire to know more of the principles and of the philosophy which underlie it and produce it.

A short time ago the Aryan Press was compelled to move into more commodious quarters, and the day is not far distant when the present accommodation, spacious as it is, will be once more outgrown and cramped.

Nor would it be too sanguine to suggest that the existing literary work is but the nucleus of what will be, and that the various departments of our activity will need some more specialized record than they receive today.

If the spread of our literature may serve as a barometer of our success—and the test is a good one and a fair one—we may report with confidence that the glass is rising, rising, all the time.

* * *

Isis Conservatory of Music

Ever since the establishment of the Isis Conservatory of Music there has been a constant enlargement of its work and several new departments have been established. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the musical training that is being given to the children of the Raja Yoga school. The home of this work is the beautiful little children's musical temple, where every morning all the children assemble for their choruses and part songs. All the children take part in the singing and many of them also receive instruction on the piano and violin. Music is a part of the children's lives, and to see them at their practising or listen to them at their receptions, solos, duets, quartets, one can see its influence in helping to make the whole of life harmonious and happy. Then there is the mandolin and guitar sextet that is a source of great pleasure to all who are favored to hear it. But most wonderful of all is the singing and musical training of the very little children under Katherine Tingley's new system of teaching music. When one witnesses all this work it is very evident that a new era of music is beginning.

Katherine Tingley has said that music should be a part of every home life, and as a part of her plan to make this so, she has established a special class for the masses in San Diego. This meets every Sunday morning, and the wonderful progress made in only a few months shows what possibilities there are in this direction when the work is carried on under the right guidance.

The San Diego branch of the Isis Conservatory has had great success since it was started. By November 1st, or possibly earlier, it will move to its new home in the Isis Building, a part of which is the Isis Theatre, and where beautiful rooms are being fitted up for it. One of these is a fine hall with a handsome stage and admirable acoustic properties specially adapted to musical recitals, chamber concerts, etc.

The Loma Homestead choir and Orchestra must not be forgotten. The latter, composed in part of some of the Raja Yoga school children, has astonished all who have heard it, and at the weekly concerts held in the great rotunda of Loma Homestead its selections form one of the most delightful features.

This is all as yet but the beginning of the musical work as planned by Katherine Tingley, and if so much has been accomplished in so short a time, a forecast of the future would but limit and dwarf it, for each day shows the accomplishment of some new possibility.

**Meteorological
Observatory**

The latest addition to the educational advantages of Headquarters at Point Loma is a very fully equipped Meteorological Observatory situated on a prominent point of the cliff overlooking the golf links to the west of the Homestead. From here a charming view of near and distant ocean coast line, and canyon cliffs, stretches out to the west and north, while the Homestead and the Aryan Temple tower above the rugged red bluffs on the east—a prospect unequalled by any other weather station in the world.

The more delicate instruments are housed in a small square pagoda of original design, whilst others are advantageously placed around it, and a tall iron mast carries the wind vane and the anemometer.

Besides the usual standard and maximum and minimum thermometers, the barometer and the hygrometer, the temperature and pressure of the air is registered continuously by two delicate and beautiful instruments which automatically mark charts, serving as permanent records.

The time and duration of sunshine are registered by a photographic recorder.

Many advantages will arise from this observation station. Not the least of these is the training incident to the necessary careful and accurate observation connected with such a station, especially in the preparation of the records attached to it. These records will be of extreme interest in years to come.

It is already clearly established that the climate of the neighborhood of San Diego has altered very greatly during the last ten years. Indications show that this alteration is still going on even more rapidly than before—then to know exactly in 1910 what the weather was in 1902, will be of great value.

As the records will be sent to the United States Weather Bureau in Washington, and will be incorporated with the government reports of the department, it will be seen whether there are existing in the United States any places offering equal advantages of temperature and climate—of cool summer and sunny winter days—as Point Loma.

The Weather Observatory has been presented to the Homestead by Mr. Albert G. Spalding, who has taken up his residence here, and whose wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill Spalding, is so well known as one of William Q. Judge's earliest and most faithful supporters.

OBSERVER

THE amount of damage done by fire is so vast that one wonders how long it will be before the people of this country begin to take serious measures to protect their treasure houses that are the forests. One reads constantly of millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed by fires, mostly caused by careless campers, but one does not read of the establishment of a force of forest police. The cost of such a force would be trifling in comparison with the loss constantly recurring. And it is well to remember that, however great the natural resources of a country may be, they cannot be wasted with impunity. M.

Reports from the Lodges

North Yamhill, Oregon, U. B. No. 18

An excellent report has been just received from this center, announcing a large increase in the circulation of our periodicals, one member alone being responsible for a list of 36 new subscribers to *The New Century* and 18 to the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH! If each member of the Organization followed this excellent example the work would gain overwhelming momentum, for through these unique publications the Leader of the Movement is able to do some of her most important work.

Meriden, Connecticut

Our public meetings have always received attention from inquirers, and although this Lodge is not so large as some, we feel that we are growing and gaining greater knowledge and ability to spread the light. The sale of work and Brotherhood supper, held at our president's home was successful and the proceeds have been sent to headquarters for the Cuban fund. Members were present from New Britain, Newington, Wallingford, and New Haven, etc., and beautiful music was rendered on zithers and mandolins.

Under the auspices of this Lodge we had a delightful reunion of all the Connecticut members at Lake Compounce, Southington, on July 6, our beloved Leader's birthday. The gathering was most successful, and music, readings, and a brotherhood repast occupied most of the time.

MARY J. ROGERS

Warren, Penn., U. B. No. 63

On Sunday, the Sixth of July, Warren Lodge No. 63 held the celebration service, directed in honor of the beginning of the foundation of the Temple at Point Loma. The members' "best" was directed to you, your work, and to the comrades at the Point. The epoch marked by Universal Brotherhood activities is deeply accentuated by the great steps taken by you on your natal day.

A. C. McALPIN, *President*

Bristol U. B. Lodge No. 2, England

On July 12th the above Lodge gave a social entertainment on the Lodge premises, consisting of the dramatic presentation of "The Wisdom of Hypatia" (including the third scene of the children meeting Hypatia in the woods). We have enlarged the stage since last time and Miss Williams (a member of Lodge No. 1, Wales) has painted some more beautiful scenery for us, so that the presentation was far more satisfactory, on the whole, than any previous one. A young lady violinist helped us greatly, and also three of the members from Cardiff. The attendance was very good, and encouraging.

We continue to distribute literature (consisting chiefly of old *New Centurys*) in the many districts in and around Bristol, every Sunday morning, and our request for unused literature from other lodges has been most kindly responded to.

EDITH CLAYTON

Liverpool U. B. Lodge No. 6, England---Delayed Report

This month has been a very busy and successful one. We commemorated White Lotus Day royally. The portrait of H. P. Blavatsky, the lion-hearted, was placed on a table covered with a white linen cloth and decorated with flowers; the lodge members formed a guard of honor. A number of Lotus children from Liverpool and Wavertree, in their white dresses, marched up to the table in regular formation of threes, and approaching it one by one, laid floral tributes and recited chosen passages from H. P. Blavatsky's writings. In somewhat similar form the lodge members rendered homage to the memory of this great Helper, who brought the glad tidings of hope, peace and joy. Lotus songs were heartily sung by one and all, and the gathering concluded by tableaux by the Lotus Buds. We look forward to the time, not far distant, when the race will join in rendering grateful tribute to H. P. Blavatsky's superb warrior qualities and her great work in arousing humanity to the knowledge of the soul.

On the 25th we had the largest and most successful public meeting we have held for years. The subject was "The Coronation Stone, the Stone of Destiny." Another comrade discussed clause 5 of the objects of the International Brotherhood League, and the hope was warmly endorsed that our present barbarous system of capital punishment would be blotted out under the rule of the new King of England. Other speakers followed, and then the song, "Glorious Apollo," and other songs were sung by all present.

Regular meetings were held during June, and we are studying W. Q. Judge's *Echoes from the Orient*. On June 13 we commemorated the starting of the Great Crusade of American Theosophists around the world by a presentation of the symposium, "Hypatia." The subject of our public meeting included "Some Lessons in Israel's History," and "Gideon: General and Seer." Katherine Tingley's declaration, "Upon human shoulders rests the responsibility for human progress," was referred to in connection with the peculiar mission of the English-speaking race in its love of freedom, civil and religious. The meeting was fitly closed by a consideration of clause 2 of the I. B. L. objects—"The New Education." Musical training is becoming an important feature in our work and the public seem to thoroughly appreciate the musical part of the meetings.

On the 27th a number of the comrades had an outing to Formby, a fishing center near by.

In the hearts of all there is joy, gratitude and love inexpressible to our Pilot, Katherine Tingley, and we are stimulated by the splendid progress recorded in every number of the *PATH* and *New Century*.

SECRETARY



U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

Members' meetings always open and close with vocal music. We are reading and studying *Echoes from the Orient*, and a portion of each meeting is set apart for preparation for the public meeting. On the 6th we held a members' meeting in unison with our comrades all over the world to commemorate an epoch-making day in humanity's history—the beginning of the work for the building of the School of Antiquity. It was a sacred time and we spoke out of the fulness of our hearts with gratitude for the glorious possibilities opened out to the children of the race by this school.

The subject for our monthly public meeting was "The Higher and Lower Psychology," and the Leader's speech as printed in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH was quoted from, especially that part in regard to music and the necessity of realizing we are souls. We had some beautiful music and it was a most successful and harmonious meeting.

J. F. CROPPER, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge, No. 4, Liverpool, England

During July all ordinary meetings were held, the same order being observed as set forth in the last report.

The subjects dealt with at the Sunday meetings for members have been: July 13th, "Longfellow;" 20th and 27th, "The Work of the Isis Theatre."

Special meetings, etc.—Thursday, July 3rd: Members' monthly business meeting, at which short addresses were read by the officers of the Lotus Group, B. B. C. and Girls' club.

Saturday, July 5th: Lotus outing to Bidston, in honor of the S. R. L. M. A. celebration.

Sunday, July 6th and 18th: Monthly public meeting, which was also the celebration of the commencement of the building of the foundation of the S. R. L. M. A. Short special meeting, for members only, was held after the public meeting. The subject at both the above meetings was the "S. R. L. M. A."

Saturday, July 19th: B. B. C. outing to Childwall.



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

Every Sunday morning since May 18th all available members have systematically distributed Universal Brotherhood literature (consisting chiefly of copies of *The New Century*, UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, and "Katherine Tingley's Work for Humanity") from house to house in districts in and around Bristol. We choose a portion of each district—a block, as it were, generally high and where the houses are new and medium in size—which we call the heart, and every house in the streets which form that block receives a publication; we then make a connecting line between that block and the "heart" of the next district and are working round from West to East. When distributing notices of public meetings and the monthly entertainments we leave them mostly in the districts where literature has already been distributed.

The members' meetings have been conducted as usual, during the past month; though it has been holiday-time with several of the members. Work began again, in all its departments, a week since and last Sunday (August 31st) we held our public lodge-meeting which was more forceful than for some time past. Visitors were present.

The meeting opened with music followed by reading of extracts. Opening remarks on "Man's Dual Nature." "What Shall We Do to Be Saved," (read from August U. B. PATH). Information about I. B. L. and speech on its seventh object. Remarks on the scope and foundation of the Movement. Speech, contrasting present "Flapdoodleism" with Man's possibilities as a Divine Being.

Brother Dunn, who came to stay with us on September 1st, is leaving today (6th) and we feel that the work of the lodge generally has been greatly stimulated by his presence. He has given us so many valuable hints about singing that we now have a strong basis from which to work, and he has infused quite a new spirit into some of the members regarding the importance and sacredness of the dramatic work in the lodge, and we know that Brother Dunn will form another very strong link between our lodge and the London Headquarters.

September 6, 1902

EDITH CLAYTON, *President*

Lotus Group of U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

The program of meetings of the Wednesday Group has been: Readings from *The New Century*; the history plays and tableaux of the Raja Yoga children—"The Face of the Warrior Who Could Only Return Good for Evil;" "His New Brother." At another time we had singing, learning new songs, story from UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, the "Midsummer Time," and one from *The New Century*, "How the Leaves Knew They Were Part of the Tree," and drill.

The instruction of the Sunday Group is on the same lines as the Wednesday Group.

On July 5th, to commemorate the 6th, the two groups had a ramble in the country, together with the Seacombe, and Old Swan groups, and with the lodge members. A very happy time was spent in dancing, jumping, running, and gathering wild flowers, and singing Lotus Songs.

On the 6th, at Old Swan, a united gathering was held to commemorate the Lotus Mother's birthday. The Lotus buds and teachers laid floral tributes around her picture, quoting some chosen passages from writings and utterances, with glad songs, and thus we in child-like faith and trust, graced with tender love, cherished a sacred day. A. S., *Supt.*

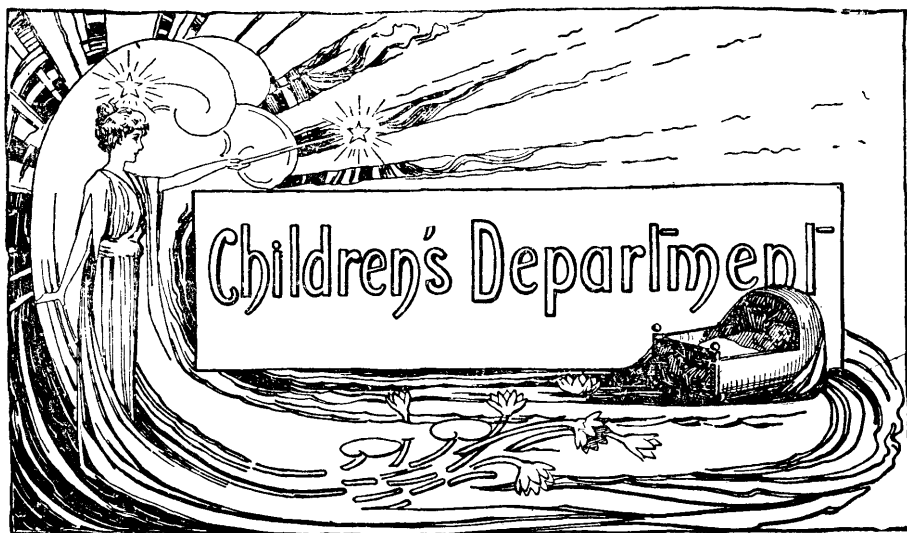
The Arrow and the Song

by LONGFELLOW

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where,
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.



Theosophy for the Young^{*}

by one of the Boys of the Raja Yoga School



MANY people seem to think that Theosophy would be a far too difficult thing to teach to children.

But, of course, this is not so, because Theosophy is the Truth.

Every child knows about Theosophy until it has been petted and spoiled and has had all its good thoughts driven out of it.

The effect Theosophy would have on the children would be to create a deep longing in their hearts to help suffering humanity.

But then, of course, that would not do for some people because it might force them to give up their selfish ways.

Now, when a child is first born it is like a garden-ground—plowed, harrowed and cultivated through experience in the past, all ready to receive the seeds of Truth that shall bring it to riper experience.

Some children grow up having nothing higher or nobler to occupy their minds than their own likes and dislikes.

People are beginning to understand more about the One Life in all. We are all bound together by a bond that is stronger than all our pleasures.

When children are educated properly there will be a new race of men on earth—men who will be true Warriors of Light.

^{*} Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

The sort of people who are wanted now, are those who really desire and are not afraid to live up to their highest ideals, and the children must first be educated properly.

One of the things that has such a bad effect on children is fear.

Theosophy teaches children to fear nothing.

It is a mean thing to teach children to obey for fear of punishment.

A child should be taught to do right because it loves to do so and not through fear of a person who is stronger than itself.

It is not only the children who are taught through fear, but grown-up people also. Theosophy teaches children to rely on themselves so that when they grow up they will not have to ask somebody else what to do, but will go right ahead and do their best.

Theosophy also teaches children to have gratitude for every good deed that is done, because if a child has gratitude it cannot be selfish or unkind.

But the minute a spark of ingratitude is kindled, if it is allowed to smolder, it will give that child no rest. It will become envious, and hatred will creep into its heart.

It is just the same way with the whole world, for what applies to one applies to everybody.

If people had no greed for extreme wealth and personal power, but were thankful for all that was given to them there would be none of the suffering there is now.

Children should be taught what real courage is. People who are really courageous are those who have conquered their own passions, for it is far more courageous to refuse to strike a person who insulted you, than to lower yourself to that person's level by hitting him.

Men do not realize the nobility of their calling.

Most men make money the first thing to be gained.

Children should be educated so that they are honorable in everything they do.

You can always distinguish anybody who is trying to lead a pure life by the way they carry themselves, or if they look you straight in the eye. But there are many people who have tried to do good, but by some little weakness that was not overcome in their youth, they have failed because they were not educated properly when they were children.

A lot of harm has also come from misdirected energy. A child, maybe, has had much energy but has also had a temper that it was not taught to control, and perhaps when that child grows up he will be wrecked through his own weakness—but a mere seed in the beginning.

Why are most humans so mechanical in everything they do? Is it not because they give too much attention to eating and drinking, and fattening on the

fruit of the labor of others? These people see all this suffering and do not stop it.

Well, we know we could find some of these people in the churches as well as in the drinking houses. You know Jesus found some of them in the Temple and drove them out.

Sometimes there is born on this earth some great soul, and what do the people do? Do they all hail him or her as their helper?

A few do, certainly, but the majority persecute him because the Light of Truth overshadows them and they are discoverers of their weaknesses.

It was so with Christ, and it is so with all the Great Teachers. We have only to look at the Inquisition in Spain and look at their bloody deeds and we see how brutal human beings can become.

Some say there is no Inquisition now. There are some who may through experience declare to the contrary.

It is just as bad almost to look on and raise no hand to protect the afflicted as to take an actual part in causing their misery.

But how long are people going to remain blind to the cause of all this evil?

Just as long as they think of only their own selfish ways and desires.

If people could only see that if they educated the children in the right way there would soon be a new race of people on this earth.

If people were not to think so much about what other people would think about them, if they were not so cowardly and selfish, they would be able to make a change on this earth that would be almost beyond belief.

It is not natural for men to live in big cities, all crowded together while nearly half the population are in misery, and worst of all hundreds of little children growing up in the grime and smoke of a large manufacturing city, many of them grinding out their lives in the rattle and jar of machinery, without so much as once enjoying the happiness that is natural to children.

And we call this an "advanced civilization?" But, of course, it will not improve matters if we sit down and groan.

A new age is dawning.

There are signs that men are stirring themselves, and are shaking off the benumbing influence of selfishness.

Those who have so long lived upon the superstitions of others are being laid bare.

It is time for man to awake to his nobility and protest against the injustice and cruelty in the world. But all this cannot be done until we awake to the responsibility of the education of children.

Think of it—how many children living today who have been nurtured from babyhood in an atmosphere of ignorance, superstition and selfishness. You can find them in the homes of the rich as well as of the poor.

I see no way to bring the new and sweet life to little children unless fathers and mothers, and all who love them dare to set aside their opinions and look into Theosophy, which is in simple words—Divine Wisdom.

Little children can with this knowledge blossom like the roses in the garden and they can grow up into beautiful, shining lights to make clear the way for those who will follow after them.

Theosophy has made me find the Joy of Life. I would love to share it with you.

The Magical Robe

by A. P. D.



“MURIEL,” said Eva, “did Meg tell you any more about the light of Wisdom, the light that is waiting and weaving a magical robe from unselfish feelings and beautiful thoughts?”

“Yes,” replied Muriel.

“Meg told me,” she continued, “that this light is the spirit of unity; and it is to this light, this unity, that the wise fairies are ever trying to guide us.

“And as we listen and choose—choose to love and think about, and live for, the things that never die, our thoughts become more and more beautiful. And then a very wonderful thing happens. Meg says it is really magic. We begin to live in that part of our nature that never dies.

“And she says that the wisdom fairies are the same in everyone, and as we listen and feel their presence within ourselves, and as we try our very best to do what they are guiding us to do—then we draw nearer and nearer to one another; because we are all acting in unison; all trying to be guided by what is noble and pure and true—and from this springs the true feeling of love.

“And Meg says that all over the world this feeling is beginning to spring into life, and from it beautiful thoughts are arising, the weaving of the wondrous robe is going on!”

“How beautiful it must be!” exclaimed Kathleen, in a hushed voice.

“Yes, very beautiful,” said Muriel. Meg says it is a garment of living light—you see it is woven from shining thoughts.

“And Meg says we should do all we can to let people know and understand about unselfish feelings; because those who do not understand, those who have

no unselfish feelings within, cannot be clothed in this wondrous robe—there would be no beautiful thoughts to draw its presence to them.

“Selfish people do not think of others, they just want things for themselves; and that is why they shut themselves out from wearing this wondrous robe—no one else does it—it is just themselves.

“But Meg says we should always, always remember that selfishness shows ignorance of some kind; and that should fill us with a great longing to do our best to help everyone become unselfish, so that all may weave a wondrous robe out of beautiful thoughts. Then all, all will be clothed in this magical robe, this garment of living light that will unite us to the great, radiant spirit of unity.

“And Meg says never, never to forget that this can only come through unselfish feeling and loving thoughts, and we can always have these wherever we are *if we try*.

In a Loma-Land Garden

by Henry Baron



THERE are very nice vegetable gardens at Loma-land and we have great success because we are working for Brotherhood. One garden is at the foot of the Homestead Hill and there are two Brotherhood workers, one is a man and the other is a gopher snake. This gopher snake I met the other day and I almost stepped on him. I was a little frightened at first but as soon as I saw what kind of a snake he was I said: “Hello! Mr. Gopher Snake,” and he turned to answer me by stopping and twisting his head around. I stooped down and picked him up and put him around my neck and he was as gentle as could be. I talked to him and he seemed to understand by moving his head and sticking out his tongue.

When I let him go I thought of a gopher hole I knew of and I walked with him because he seemed to know where it was too, and sure enough, down the hole he went.

I waited for him to come back and called down the hole, but no answer came, so I supposed he was doing good work preventing that gopher from eating the plants in my garden.

It seemed to me that I had met this gopher snake before, because one of our students who was out driving a short time ago called my attention to him. He

was not so big as he is now. He seemed to me to be about four feet long and he must be nearly five or six pounds weight. Well! I hope he will come back again and see me, and if he does I will give him a good welcome.

If you should ever see a gopher snake, no matter how big he may be, do not be afraid, he is harmless, but they are great workers and they do as much work as a man in their way. It made me feel good to see him and I hope he will come again, for he saves me lots of work and lots of time.

The Young Knight

by A. P. D.



“WELL,” said Muriel, “Meg told me about a little boy called Roy, who lived with his mother in a dark, narrow street, in a big city, and they were very, very poor. And one day Roy heard all about knights and heroes; and after that his head was always full of them. He used to play by the hour at being a brave warrior, taking long journeys, to do great deeds, and he would talk to other knights and consult with them about how was the best way to proceed.

“You see, the moment he heard about knights and heroes, he knew they were real people somewhere, he was quite sure of that; so he just imagined them near him, around him.

“And oh, how splendid they were—tall and noble, with shining armor, at least it seemed like armor, but Roy explained to his mother it only seemed—they were really clothed in light, and in their hearts shone a greater light, that appeared like a dazzling shield.

“‘And you know, mother,’ he would say, ‘we can become like that, only we must be noble and brave; then, I think—I think we grow like that somehow, inside.’

“And one thing Roy noticed, when he had selfish thoughts and was naughty, these shining knights grew dim and disappeared, and when he had unselfish, tender thoughts they became oh, so bright and clear to him.

“So he thought it over, and thought it over, then told his mother that he was pretty sure beautiful thoughts had a light in them, for he could only see the knights when his thoughts were beautiful, and he was quite sure that selfish thoughts put the light out, because then he couldn't see them.

“But one day Roy caught cold and became very ill, and he was ill for a long, long time, so long that the doctor shook his head and looked very grave, and said that Roy might live for some time, even months, but he didn’t think he would ever be well again.

“You see he couldn’t get enough blood in his body, and he was always languid and tired. He really wanted more nourishment than his mother was able to give him—they were so poor. And although he was ill, he wasn’t quite bad enough yet to be taken into a hospital; he was only languid and tired.

“But one time he was a little worse than usual and had been very restless all the night, and in the morning he fell into a deep, deep sleep. And his mother, worn and tired, sat down by the window and her heart was just like to break. She thought of the times when little Roy was a brave knight, coming with other knights to rescue her and all the people who lived in dark, narrow streets with not enough to eat—Roy had named them prisons—coming to rescue them all, and take them to the country where they would see the blue sky and hear the birds sing. And now, one by one the great tears rolled down her cheeks. What would she do without Roy? He was all she had—all that made life worth—

“‘Mother!’”

“In an instant she was by his side, but stood scarcely daring to breathe. She had never seen anyone like this! And, strangely awed, she knelt noiselessly on the floor by him and remained quite still.

“His face seemed transfigured in light, and from his eyes shone such a deep, deep joy, so deep and so great that it seemed to fill the room with a presence—a presence of calm nobility and power!

“‘Mother,’ he said again, still gazing before him with that strange, deep gaze, ‘I dreamed —,’ then he turned and looked into her face and smiled and said: ‘Motive makes blood, mother, I shall get quite well. Knights always make motive, pure, pure motive. I shall get quite well.’

“And Meg says he did.”

Lotus Group Reports



Lotus Work at 19 Avenue Road, Regents Park, London

ending with August, 1902

During the past summer months there have been many red-letter days that have come and gone, leaving in the hearts and minds of the faithful little workers for Brotherhood a deeper realization of the joy of life. Of these must be mentioned :

WHITE LOTUS DAY, when the Raja Yoga pupils held impromptu festival in the hall which they had learned to know was built by H. P. Blavatsky, the Great Teacher whose love made it possible for them to meet there day by day. The little ones listened to the story of that wonderful life as simply told in words and in music by Mr. Dunn on the organ, after which they chose to sing the song of the White Lotus and then happily settled themselves to draw and paint from nature the beautiful white lily.

CUBAN LIBERTY DAY was not forgotten. Many loving thoughts were sent to all the Cuban children, and the work of the day centered round the idea of liberty won for the suffering nation by the timely support of a greater one.

In the month of June two visitors from Sweden (Mrs. Von Greyerz and her son) spent many happy hours in the School and Lotus Group, building into the memories of all so strong a feeling of the Brotherhood of Nations as may never be forgotten. The Swedish flag now decorates the walls of the hall, a constant token of the warmth of the Swedish heart.

The month of July was full of festivities, among which stands first and foremost the *Lotus Mother's Birthday*. Children gathered from all the Lotus Groups of London and its suburbs, and after forming into line in the garden the procession of children and teachers marched into the hall, gathering into their hands the cable-tow that lay at the foot of a bank of flowers in the center of which was to be seen the Lotus mother's photograph. Rising above was a large picture of Loma-land, with the flowering cliffs and sea beyond. After all were seated a few opening words told of the festivities in which Lotus buds and blossoms all over the world would that day partake. The children spontaneously rose to their feet and in sacred silence joined in thought with the children and students of Loma-land who would that day celebrate the initial ceremonies in the work of building the great Temple. Tea in the garden brought all to a close and the children returned happily home.

Later in the month the Raja Yoga children were much delighted with the tea party and entertainment provided for them by King Edward in honor of his coronation.

The summer session closed with a dramatic entertainment given to their parents and friends, for which all had been working steadily and with great delight to prepare themselves. The difficulties which they had to meet arising from interruption in the attendance of some of the members—through illness—through lack of interest on the part of some parents or guardians in the true welfare of their children—through wilful misrepresentation to parents of the aim and methods of the work done in the Lotus Groups by ignorant or malicious persons—were overcome by the determination and perseverance of these young warriors, and resulted in a most successful and delightful evening. Both parents and teachers were greatly impressed with the power and unconscious grace with which these little children performed their several parts. During the previous rehearsals the elder children had manifested a keen appreciation of the difference between the Lotus plays and the plays they had been taught at the day schools, from the first they felt that here was embodied a message that could not be idly spoken, but must ring clear and true, carrying with it the weight of a pure and unselfish life.

The singing and elocution classes took on a new color and have become very favorite occupations.

The Lotus Group has demanded very careful grading during the month of July as a great many new members have joined, and though there is always a special charm in the united gatherings, yet it was very soon discovered that these little ones would need much individual attention and training; it has therefore been found wise to duplicate some of the classes.

The Lotus Group will reassemble in September.

L. ADA ROBINSON, *Supt.*

On Thursday, July 17th, the Vernon Place Lotus children and the Raja Yoga School children and Lotus Groups of 19 Avenue Road, gave a united entertainment to parents and friends in the beautiful Hall where the Raja Yoga pupils are learning how to live the true life.

The Hall was full, and the entertainment consisted of two parts, the Vernon Place children as guests, giving their part first.

The children marched in from the back of the Hall, dividing into two streams and singing, "We Are Marching from the Mountains," grouped themselves on the stage and a charming sight it was, the full stage, with the eager children facing their audience joyfully. At the end of the singing the Avenue Road children marched down from the platform and, occupying the front seats, watched with breathless interest the play given by their sister group.

The first scene of the play was Nature-land, with groups of fairies, and Captain Sound announced Queen Nature, who entered and, looking sadly at her subjects, gently reproached them for having allowed Discord to creep in and stay with them. And then Captain Sound proclaimed that it was the queen's will that they live together in Harmony and Joy, and when they had *learned* to do that a new queen would come to them and lead them to another land. The fairies all promised the queen that they would obey her, and live and work together in harmony.

The curtain rose next on the little Mineral Fairies, fast asleep on a dust heap, all but one in a bright emerald green dress, who was wide awake, but rather cross, for he grumbled at all the lazy ones and at having to work alone. He wakened Ruby and together they woke all the others. Then Topaz opened her eyes and said she had had a wonderful dream, in which Queen Diamond Soul came to help them. The others all said that Topaz had had that dream before and it never came true. Emerald said the queen could not come, for they had not done their work and prepared the way for her. At that they all jumped up and began to clear away the rubbish, and as they worked they noticed that each seemed to be getting brighter, and at last such a bright light came from them that they said "Queen Diamond Soul must be coming!" and Diamond Soul did appear among them, a shining white figure, that dazzled them for a moment, and then they danced round her singing, "The White Light of Unity."

The third and last scene was the crowning of Diamond Soul, and the return of Golden Harmony. The Nature Queen yielded her throne joyfully to Queen Diamond Soul, but Harmony said they must both rule and join with her in working for the whole of humanity. The play ended, all marching out, led by Queen Diamond Soul, singing "Warriors of the Golden Cord."

The children then changed places, those who had just done their part becoming part of the audience.

The curtain rose on a snow white stage, with white draped seats and pedestals. The Avenue Road children then marched on to the stage with their teachers. One fair Raja Yoga

toddler sat on her knee nursing a white dolly, while other children grouped around her, and the rest were grouped about, filling the platform with beauty, and making a pure and lovely picture daintily relieved here and there by the delicate tinted robes of the "Queens of the Flowers" and the "birds" and other "nature spirits," who were to take part in the play presently.

One tiny Raja Yoga girl sat down sadly at the front of the stage and recited, "I once had a sweet little doll, dears," and at the end sat there contentedly cuddling "The prettiest doll in the world," while a slightly older child recited "After the Rain," which tells children and grown-ups, too, that when sorrow and suffering comes to them they are to welcome their tears as the flowers welcome the rain, knowing that it will help them to a larger, more beautiful growth.

Then the teacher told us about the education of the future, how the development of the soul will be the great care, and that one great means to be used in this future education will be music — music which is the language of the soul. And how this language, rightly spoken, will help to awaken the soul from its long sleep of the ages, and enable it to step out of its chrysalis state into its true position in the sunlight and Joy of life. The stage was then cleared for their play called "Silence, the Song of Life."

The curtain rose, disclosing a statue of Silence standing on a pedestal, holding a harp, with one hand slightly raised, the whole attitude expressing that silence is full of sound.

Enter Young Thinker, clad in blue, carrying a scroll. She notices the statue and reads the words written round the pedestal, "Silence, the Song of Life." She is puzzled. How can silence be a song, or a song silence? She remembers reading something like it in her scroll, and reciting at the foot of the statue, finds the passage, "There is music in nature, guiding growth." She cannot understand it, and thinks if she could only *see* some of the things she could understand better. And as she lies there thinking she hears sweet voices chanting beautiful music apparently far off. She sings softly in answer:

Calling from the mystic distance,
Voices low and sweet I hear;
Night and day with strange persistence,
Call these voices sweet and clear.

Voices answer her again in sweet cadences afar off. She starts up, listening intently, and sings,

Oh, my voices, come still nearer,
Take me from the world apart;
Sing to me your songs yet clearer,
Make your home within my heart.

The statue of Silence during the singing, has stepped down from the pedestal and, as the Young Thinker stands listening in rapture to the mystic voices dying in the distance, calls her by name.

The Young Thinker starts, crying, "It is silence, but *alive* and *speaking!*"

"Truly I am Silence. I heard your wish and have come to show you how the great Law of the Universe is Harmony. So listen and learn."

Then, by the continuous entry and exit of nature forces or spirits, the young Thinker learns how the flowers and the insects and the birds work in harmony together for the common good

of all. How the kindly breezes and the winds help all—help the trees to make music with their leaves, and lift their mighty branches and sing their song. How the great forests sigh for them to come and help them to make their music rich and full. How they ripple the surface of the great ocean, and fan the hot sides of the giant rocks that raise their heads aloft. She learns of Reincarnation from the butterflies, who sing that they are the petals of the blossoms that died long ago; learns how even the mighty Storm King must bow before the greater power of Silence, the grand harmonious Song of Life. And how Nature reveals herself, in all her grand simplicity, to those who humbly bow themselves before her with a true desire to learn her secrets, and use them for the good of all. She learns how the great Mother Ocean has a new song, which she has brought from Loma-land, and that all those who listen through the silence can hear this song, full of Hope, and Love, and Joy for all:

The sound of the seas at Loma-land,
 The sound of the ebb and flow,
 Swells over the cliffs at Loma-land
Into the world of woe.
 And wherever they be who hear it,
 Their hands shall be strong to aid,
 And their hearts shall be like the ocean,
 Mighty and unafraid.

She sees that to fulfill this destiny and evolve into perfect beings, all creatures must learn to work together in perfect harmony, and at last she hears the voice of Silence saying:

“Come, Young Thinker, ‘Claim the destiny Divine,’ and work with me to help all suffering humanity.” And the Young Thinker gladly springs forward, leading all the nature spirits in a rhythmic dance round Silence, who has again ascended her pedestal, and the curtain falls as they finish singing, “Fountain of Wisdom and Light.” K. L.



Report of Lotus Group of U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

The “Purple” Lotus Group—the name by which our group is called—was cheered by seeing Miss Ada Robinson at its meeting on Saturday, August 30th. We spent a delightful hour during a portion of which Miss Robinson chatted to the children and made us very happy. This has given us quite a fresh impetus, as we were able to gather many hints, or rather get into touch with the Raja Yoga children at Avenue Road and catch the spirit of their meetings.

We have received copies of the children’s plays sent from the Point, and hope to start them as soon as feasible, as also ball and dumb-bell drill to music, for variety. We are more than grateful to our dear Leader for this speedy reply to our call for help and guidance.

September 4, 1902

EDITH CLAYTON, *Superintendent*



Brixton Lotus Group, London, England

The Lotus classes have been continued through the summer, with the exception of the drill class, and the attendance has been regular.

The members of the *Saturday afternoon Group*, to which children from another neighborhood are invited, has considerably increased.

At the *Sunday morning Members' Group*, the Lotus Manual Lessons are taken. We are now feeling the need of a little change in the program of the meeting, and propose to give from fifteen to twenty minutes to the manual lessons, and then another fifteen to twenty minutes to a story connected with the subject of the lesson.

At the *Saturday morning Junior Group* the attendance keeps up and the children seem to enjoy it.

On August 13th, the children gave a public *representation of their play* "Harmony in Nature," in the lodge rooms. It was a successful evening in more ways than one, and the manner in which the children carried out the spirit of the play, by their behavior in dressing, etc., their prompt obedience and orderliness, as well as by the actual performance on the stage, showed that the words they had learned had become more than mere words to them.

The *play is a symbolic one*; the magic force of Silence, and its opposite aspect of Harmony, the young thinker, plant and animal life, and the elemental forces of nature, were represented, and in a simple dramatic way, the great Law, and the One Life in all the universe illustrated. We are learning gradually to adapt our stage to more ambitious dramatic efforts; stage effects, dresses, etc., are being added to, and we hope to regularly reproduce, with the children's help, such plays for the public. The children are greatly interested in such work, and have proposed on their own account, to arrange a Social evening soon, for which they will provide a program.

FRANCES CORYN
JESSIE HORNE



Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

The 6th of July entertainment to the Lotus Group to celebrate our dear Leader's birthday was a glorious success. Joy beamed on every face—the parents were simply delighted with the lessons that were put forth or before them by their little ones in their recitations. After the recitations and all the little ones had marched round the Lotus Mother's photograph, all had wished her many happy returns of the day, came refreshments and games, and last of all a huge birthday cake, beautifully iced, was cut and passed round, after which good wishes were exchanged and all left for their homes after a very happy evening.

ADA N. WARREN, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge No. 3, Germany

NURNBERG, July 6

Dear Teacher, Leader and Lotus Mother: We are assembled here to celebrate your birthday. Our room is bright and loaded with flowers; the Lotus children sit around in their festival dresses, and the grown-ups speak thoughtful, earnest words. At the conclusion of our joyous festival we all send you our best wishes and greetings from old Nurnberg and pray that you may be permitted to continue your redeeming work among all the nations in order to lift them up to the knowledge of their better selves.

[Signed]

CONRAD J. GLUCKSELIG, the
Other Members and the Lotus Children

Boys' Brotherhood Clubs & Girls' Clubs

Boys' Brotherhood Club, Lodge No. 30, England

We have held four ordinary meetings of the club. This club was also represented at the monthly united meeting of the London Boys' Brotherhood Clubs at Avenue Road. The first part of our meetings are occupied with ordinary business, after which we practise singing. The singing interests the boys very much and great good must result. After singing we have drill. Some evenings we have debates upon very living questions and by this means are developing self-reliance. The first Thursday in each month is our entertainment night. The adult members of the lodge assist us in this. The club is really strong. The boys are assuredly realizing something of their true position, in support of which we have the testimony of some of the mothers. We must not look for results in this work, because it is essentially concerned with the characters of the boys. We cannot count progress by superficial evidences. All our effort is living power, and if actuated by true motives, goes straight to the heart of the boy. To re-awaken the energies of the boy's own soul, all work, if undertaken with conscious knowledge of the possibilities of each soul, will—*must* mirror forth in action sooner or later. The work among the coming men of the nation is one of engrossing interest.

W. G. SMITH, *Superintendent*



Girls' Club, U. B. Lodge No. 2, England

Two events of interest have happened during the past month—the visits of Miss Ada Robinson (from 19 Avenue Road, London) and of Brother Dunn. Miss Robinson's first visit was timed so that she might be present at the Girls' Club on Tuesday, August 12th, when she told them about the Girls' Club in London and added much that was kind and encouraging about their club, and we now feel quite closely linked to the girls at 3 Vernon Place.

The girls have suddenly made quite a start with their singing, and on Sunday, Sept. 1st, Brother Dunn most kindly heard them sing and gave them many hints for future use.

The Swedish form of drill will for the future be replaced by dumb-bell drill to music.

BRISTOL, *September, 1902*



August, 1902, Women's Meetings of Lodge No. 30, England

Our meetings are held on Monday afternoon. The women members of the Lodge are taking an increasingly sympathetic interest in the women's meeting, and so we are getting into closer touch with the mothers of the Lotus children. We feel that our meetings make a link between the mothers and the teachers of the Lotus Group. The objects of the International Brotherhood League are read at every meeting to give the key-note. Our aim is to give the knowledge we have gained to help those who have fewer opportunities to learn the true philosophy of life. We have had two very successful outings during the summer, in the forest, taking our tea and having it on the grass. We get to know our sisters better through these social gatherings.

M. E. Box

A U M

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

In all times it is only individuals who labor to advance knowledge, and not the age in which they live. It was the age that executed Socrates by poison, the age that burnt Huss; ages have ever been the same. — GOETHE

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Theosophy *and* Education*

by a Student



EDUCATION of the young must always play a most vital part in the work of any movement that strives to ennoble the human race; for children are the sensitive point of human society, through which power can be most easily and effectively applied.

And, since Theosophy has proved itself able, by its restoration of many of the lost keys of knowledge, to clear up problems of life which modern religion and modern science have to leave unsolved—it is important to know what Theosophy says about education.

Since this subject is large enough to fill several volumes, I must content myself with emphasizing a few salient points, leaving it to your own intelligent consideration to follow out the lines of thought suggested. And I shall be guided by the questions that are most usually put by enquirers who have heard of our educational work at Point Loma, California, the International Headquarters of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. One question is, “How do we manage to secure such striking results, in so short a time, in the production of a healthy moral tone and bright intelligent bearing among the children?” The

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, Cal.

best answer to this, I think, is, "Because the teachers are themselves Theosophists." All parents and teachers know that it is impossible to hide from children one's real beliefs and attitude of mind, for they are adepts at reading the unspoken thought and sensing the genuine feelings of their teachers. This is why teachers often fail to impress religious conviction upon children; they *feel* the doubts or insincerity in the minds of the teachers.

But in Loma-land the teachers have a faith which is real to them and which is the very foundation of their lives, and the inspirer of every action. Hence, they cannot fail to impress the children with their own inner peace and certainty.

There is none of that continual contrast between example and precept which so sorely puzzles children brought up under the artificial moral codes in the world. For the teachers govern their own lives according to the principles they teach.

Again, it has been asked, "How do you succeed in making Brotherhood—helping and sharing—so effective and so readily understood, when there are so many other societies that try to instill the same principles but with very indifferent success?"

The answer is that, to a Theosophist, Brotherhood becomes a much more real and practical thing than it is to most other people. For, instead of appearing as a lofty and impractical ideal, out of touch with daily life, Brotherhood becomes the *natural law of life*, the easiest way to live. It fits in with the other principles which a Theosophist believes in.

The mode of life followed in Loma-land makes Brotherhood easy instead of difficult, as it is in the world, where the institutions and social habits are all against it. Let me illustrate this by a particular case:

Very often children, who would naturally be kind and brotherly, are prevented from being so, simply because they are overfed and too much pampered and indulged in other ways. For, moralize as you please about the supreme importance of moral instruction, it is a fact that the body plays a most important part in the drama of human conduct. Man is a Soul—true—but then that Soul cannot do its work on earth without a body; and that body must be clean and wholesome or the Soul will *not* be able to make much use of it.

So, in Loma-land, you will not find us making the mistake of cramming children with quantities of unwholesome food, until their bodies are feverish and uncomfortable, and then expecting them to be cheerful and kindly. In Loma-land we nourish the body with wholesome food in plenty, but do not create a depraved appetite which craves unwholesome and excessive feeding.

Again, there is nothing that spoils temper so much as the being allowed to lie abed late in the morning. This must be well known in all families. It is another of the things that we avoid in Loma-land.

And there are many other ways in which children's lives are made difficult for them through too much petting and indulgence. Children would really rather be left in peace, but how can they be expected to hold out against continual appeals to their weaknesses by older people? We avoid these various forms of spoiling, and allow a healthy contentment and evenness of temper to grow unchecked.

Thus we secure a suitable soil in which the seed of noble teachings may be planted. It is easy for the children to be kindly, cheerful and forbearing; *simply because* there is no overloaded stomach or pampered self-will to neutralize every effort.

Another reason why Theosophy can influence children so readily is *because they do not rule by fear*. Why then, let me ask, do people *ever* rule children by fear? It is because they find it necessary to do so, having no other motive to appeal to. For, if the teacher is a person of no strong faith, or does not practice what he preaches, he cannot appeal to the intelligence of his pupils. If he has *no* reasonable explanation of life to offer, he cannot take them into his confidence. He must inspire *respect by fear*.

But Theosophists are ready to show the children the truth about their two-fold nature—the bright, happy nature and the perverse and gloomy nature. They can illustrate this truth by showing it as exemplified in the experience of the children themselves. They have no ignorance to conceal, and no vague, mysterious dogmas to puzzle the child with. All is clear and frank and reasonable and practical.

So the child understands what is the matter with him and what he is expected to do. He is merely being shown the happy and natural way of life, and will be only too ready to carry out instructions that are made so plain and acceptable. Where, then, is the need for threats and terrorism in such a system?

Another important question that is often asked is as to the relation between collective teaching and individual teaching. And this question can be best answered by saying that each method has its own proper place and function. All general education, such as includes the usual curriculum of studies and instruction, can be given collectively; indeed it is proper and necessary that such teaching should be collective.

Nevertheless, all children have their individual differences of character, which cannot wisely be overlooked or lost sight of in the general averaging up. Moral training requires individual attention.

In ordinary day schools it is only the collective teaching in general education that is catered for. The individual moral care is left to the home-life. At Loma-land the children have a home as well as a school, and the advantages of a proper home-life can be added to those of a good general education.

Though time lacks for individual attention in public schools, there is always plenty of time and opportunity for it in the home-life. And under a better order of society, teachers will be freer to devote themselves to the whole process of education, collective and individual, and to take a real interest in the work and in their pupils, each and all.

The conditions of life in Loma-land allow the teachers to do this now, for they are not harassed by vexatious commercial considerations and conflicting duties. Hence they can be more than mere class-instructors; they can be the friend and confidant of each individual pupil.

Let me conclude with this thought. The world is now agitated by educational problems of all kinds, which it cannot solve; but I think that our experience in Loma-land has proved that in a life, individual and social, modeled on the principles of Theosophy, is found a key that will solve them all.

Education or Instruction*

by Senor D. Justo Sierra



SINCE that memorable time when the Preparatory School was established, its worthy founder, Dr. D. Gabino Barrera, has written in the shape of a letter a basic exposition of the principles which were guiding and ought to guide the new course of study adopted in said school. One could not conceive a document more transcendental or profound than the discourse given at the inaugural session of the Superior Council of Public Education by the Assistant Secretary of Public Instruction.

The little work of Dr. Barrera is a pedagogical and philosophical breviary of preparatory instruction, doubtless with allusions and references to instruction in general. The more comprehensive discourse given by Senor Sierra is a codex of principles, a review and careful enumeration of things needed, a gallery of pictures, traced by a master hand, of our different methods of instruction; and it is, besides all that, one of the plans for the organization of a greater Instruction, better conceived, more firmly grounded, and the only one which contains and considers this in all its forms and degrees, from the child's school to the

* Free translation of editorial in a recent issue of *El Imparcial*, diario de la manana (morning daily), published in the City of Mexico

university and from the school for the working man to the higher normal.

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We will not follow this most noted teacher step by step in the unfolding of his ideas nor will we comment upon his valuable opinions; but if we do our duty in placing before the eyes of our readers the salient points of his discourse, the ideas which are noticeable for their depth and rationality, they will dazzle by their brilliancy.

There is one idea, basic and yet sublime, which Senor Sierra enlarged upon and presented to the Council; said 'idea, . . . henceforth in all planes of study and all proceedings of instruction, is explained in the pedagogical formula: "Education ought to predominate over instruction."

What is instruction? It is the gathering up of knowledge in the memory. He is instructed who has barren erudition, who is cramped with citations and empty of ideas; who in history conserves lists of kings and tables of their victories and memorable dates; who conjugates without difficulty, the verbs in all tenses, modes and persons. He is instructed who in geography, calculus, history, statistics, science, philosophy, has gathered up ideas, has absorbed theories and knowledge, and yet who remains *as cold, inert and inactive* as the bronze upon which one traces an inscription or the rock upon which is graven a glyph.

* * *

What is education? It is the acquirement of versatility, the blossoming out of one's capacities, the unfoldment of one's faculties. Education is the guarantee of, and the only stimulant to action. That which we call talent on intellectual lines, skill on material lines, and power in things moral—all these have degrees of forcefulness in the range of our own faculties and our native versatility. Education tends to improve the organs and their functions, to give us ideals and aspirations; to give us impulse, prudence, tenacity, that is, a strong and disciplined will; to stimulate our ingenuity, to make us clearer in inventing, more exact in reasoning and more fertile in imagination.

Upon that impure and unworthy material which human nature furnishes, true education works. It purifies, assays, strengthens, makes perfect, and, like the Creator, gives man intelligence, will, strength and dexterity. The man will esteem that which his capacities consider of value; the instruction which he acquires will be fruitful and useful only according to the means by which he is educated and *the School will regenerate only in the measure that it truly educates.*

To educate the people—that is the great mission and the great problem. To infuse into the mind true convictions, to create only legitimate needs, to suggest noble ideals, to render one conscientious concerning one's self and one's obligations, to invigorate, make one healthy, physically and morally; to show one how

to work, to inspire one to study and to make each day more wholesome, more full of vigor, more filled with intelligence and with goodness—that is the basic and chief aim of the plan laid out in the discourse of Senor Sierra.

When a superior man has had the good fortune to hit the mark in his premises on any line of reasoning, we can safely assert that he will know how to reach the conclusions ultimate; and Senor Sierra will arrive at these, finally, because he has been wise enough to begin at the beginning.

He who succeeds in transforming the schools of a country
 . . . will have done the utmost for the welfare of that country and the good of its people.

The Argument for Reincarnation

by C. E. W.



THAT a believer in The Wisdom Religion should discuss with his fellows the truth of Reincarnation is much as though a mathematician should return again to the first four rules of arithmetic. He knows that upon their absolute accuracy depends the whole superstructure of his science, yet his confidence remains none the less unshaken, for he has in him the mysterious faculty of recognizing as indubitable *fact*, the reasoning that 3×2 , $3 + 3$, and $7 - 1$ equally result in 6.

We cannot say how the mathematician proves these things. To him the outward proof afforded by the combining of different objects in different ways can only become proof by an inward assent, an unshaken recognition that it is so. To produce a proof is one thing; to compel the inward assent quite another. We may reason accurately to a conclusion, but the point at which our reasoning becomes *knowledge* is only reached, not created by proof. We *know*; but the process of knowing never explains the mystery of how the knowledge comes, and from whence.

It is much the same with the elementary truth of Theosophy, Reincarnation. Upon its certainty, the whole of our philosophy must stand or fall. And like the mathematician who has satisfied himself of the accuracy of the first four rules, and has used them as stepping-stones to higher truths, so we have, or should have,

gained for ourselves a complete intellectual assent to the doctrine, before passing on to teachings of greater abstruseness. If we turn occasionally to the rudiments of our belief, it is not to lay again our foundations, but to consolidate them for those who are to step after us. It is well, therefore, for the sake of those who may, one day, look to us for teaching, that we be well armed with all that can be said for and against this important subject. And to deal first with the question of proofs.

Much that I have said as to the process of the mathematician, applies to the student of Reincarnation, with this difference, that in the one case you can invoke the aid of the senses, and in the other you must invoke the aid of the mind. We can use our eyes to help us in acquiring an idea of nouns of multitude, and their division into units, and groups of units; but we cannot trace with physical senses the wanderings of the soul through scene after scene of previous lives on earth. For all that, the faculty that translates a proof into certain knowledge is the same whether the thing we assent in calling proof belongs to the world of sense, or the world of mind. A proof does not create knowledge; it is merely a reminder to the soul of what it already knows. And to us who have to arrive at our knowledge by the stepping-stones of reason and logic, mental methods are valuable and indispensable. By and by, when the mystery in us that knows becomes less obscured by matter, we shall make use of the power of the soul in a more rapid and satisfactory manner. At present, the majority of mankind are so dead to spiritual truths that they fail to recognize a proof when they are offered one. By a strange paradox, the greater their incapacity to see, the louder is their demand for a sign. "Give us evidence of Reincarnation, of the soul, and the spiritual world, and we will believe," they say, forgetting that before a proof can be of any service to a man, he must have the power to recognize that it is one. This power of inward assent is the supreme thing for persons entering upon these deeper studies, and if it is not already there, no proof, even the most complete and convincing, will draw it forth. "Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Now we maintain that argument based on sound premises is really more irrefutable than physical phenomena. The latter may be either a fabrication, or an illusion of the senses; the former carries in itself the seal of its own genuineness. If I can show Reincarnation to be true by the requirements of sound logic, I shall have done more for the subject than if I had been able to arouse in each person the remembrance of his former lives. For memory, as we know, is treacherous and unreliable, particularly when dealing with events long past, but logic, when sound, arouses knowledge, and is irrefutable.

The question seems to resolve itself into the following:

(a) Reincarnation as a logical necessity.

(b) As a probational necessity.

(c) As a necessity from the stand-point of analogy.

In regarding it as a logical necessity, as, indeed, in discussing all its other aspects, we find ourselves appealing to the judgment of common sense, and endeavoring to decide the question by practical considerations. What do we affirm when we utter the commonplace, but, alas, unrealized truism, "the Soul is immortal?" In ordinary parlance, we mean that the soul has begun on earth an existence which is to run an endless course in other and super-sensuous conditions. But is there not, at the outset, something illogical in the idea of that which is inherently immortal having the possibility of a beginning? What has the dictionary to say on the subject? Webster, we find, gives the word "eternal" as a synonym for "immortal" in one of its senses. Now, if the soul is immortal it must be uncreate, and if uncreate, it cannot have a beginning in the sense in which we have come to regard the term. For to limit the age of an immortal divine entity to its birth in physical life, is to have an utter disregard for all that is connoted by the term in question. Shall we reduce our common-sense to an axiom in logic, and prove our point in a thoroughly scientific manner?

It is a principle universally admitted that, although the subject may not be allowed to affirm *more* than is predicated of it, it should at least affirm as much. For the better application of this principle to our proposition, "the soul is immortal," let us employ another of Webster's synonyms, "the soul has an unlimited existence," which, without altering the quantity of the predicate, will add force to its meaning. We now see the full connotation of the term "immortal," and also the lack of precision which permits our theologians to attribute immortality to that which, according to their theory, comes into existence—is *created*—at the moment of birth. For since our having had a "beginning" makes us clearly *not* immortal, then at some future period, remote, it may be, but conceivable, we must cease as we have begun.

"But," it is said, "while admitting the force of the argument, may not the soul have pre-existed in some other condition than that of earth-life; either in the unknown eternity of its source, or in a stage preparatory to that of humanity, which, once past, can never be repeated, any more than one can, at old age, fall back into youth?" These questions are best answered by considering the necessity for Reincarnation in its two remaining aspects; in treating it as (b) a necessity of probation, we must come, once more, to a careful examination of terms.

What is the idea underlying the conception of life as a "stage," an "education," a "probation"? Clearly that of a process, specific and gradual, for the expansion of the inherent capabilities of the soul, *which process*, (and here is the chief point of the argument) *must be continued until its purpose is accomplished*. This is the full meaning of the term probation—a test for a specific purpose—

a course of training for the perfecting of knowledge. If the processes are removed before the lessons are learnt, or the end attained, then life has not realized its purpose, and the scheme of the Universe has failed. Now the question is: does the soul accomplish in one life the *whole* of what is implied by the term education, in the limited sense of the attainment of full experience of matter? If so, then we willingly admit the validity of our opponents' arguments. If, however, it can be proved from universal experience that the contrary is the case, we must insist upon the absolute necessity of Reincarnation for educational purposes. The Soul passes through many stages on its way to the divine, in each of which (and among them we are willing to include the "preparatory human stages" of our opponents) *it has to attain perfection before ascending to a higher grade of life*. At present it is in the human stage. On what grounds, either of analogy or experience, may we suppose that it can become a perfect specimen of the race in one life? For the attainment of a perfect humanity, the candidate must be perfectly prepared; he must have tasted the full measure of earthly joys and sorrows; have learnt to withstand human temptations, and rise above human weaknesses; he must have acquired by his own efforts the full sum of virtues essential to the perfect nature—more than this, he must have conquered that ignorance of human destiny and the true causes of human existence which are at the root of the world's misery, and have risen to a stage of illumination by which alone he can live the life of his appropriate stage *intelligently*. Until all this is accomplished, his education is incomplete, for the being that falls short of one iota of universal experience has not yet done learning, and must return to earth until it has exhausted the resources of the human condition.

It is vain to ask if we have yet met with a life that was long enough, or experiences that were varied enough to acquire all that even our low ideals demand. We search our hearts, and deep down in their very foundations we find yearnings for a human perfection that not one, nor even many hundreds of lives such as ours can supply—a perfection that shall extend over the boundary line of heaven, and make men equal with the gods. How is the necessary experience to be gained apart from Reincarnation? Our objectors reply: "in other spheres." But "other spheres" imply other and probably more advanced conditions of life than the human, and to fit ourselves for the next stage, we must first attain completeness in this. We do not need the education of "other spheres" before we have exhausted the resources of the present. Nature does not her training by halves. Men die prematurely, as it seems to us, from the point of view of probation, and the affinities they have set up, the forces of earth-attraction, are not dissipated by death. That action and reaction are equal and opposite is as true of the earthly thought and desire-forces generated by a soul in the flesh, as of the forces known to science. Each man is a strong dynamo of will, desire, and energy. Because

his body dies, and he himself retires for a while into a state of needed rest, it does not follow that the effects of his previous living die too. These strong forces and affinities are bound to run through their inevitable reaction. And where must that reaction take place but on the same plane of nature in which the force was generated? Like attracts like; affinities can only be satisfied with affinities; links forged by the soul to earth will irresistibly bind him to earth, and not to heaven, or "other spheres." "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also," is a law of the soul whose earthward tendencies will eventually draw him again into the radius of the earth's attraction.

We are mostly ignorant or forgetful of the forces hourly generated by simple thoughts, deeds, and desires. These multiplied and continued throughout a long life will form a veritable network of unseen chains, each endowed with magnetic power, each obeying inexorable law. *We have not done with our thoughts, actions and desires, once they are sent out from the mind.* They may react upon us in this life, but the residue of unexpended forces clings to us after death, and *draws us back.* So the idea of our diverting our affinities to other realms of being is unscientific and absurd. The fact is, we *cannot* pass entirely out of the human condition, until we have cut ourselves away from it by a perfect detachment of the mind from all things mundane.

Some few there are who have done this; for whom human life has nothing further of value to the purposes of the soul. Such persons return for universal purposes only. They have work to do for their fellows—that great backward portion of humanity who are living as yet in ignorance of their true destiny, or of the forces—self-created—which bind them to the "wheel of birth and death." These have to be taught the *intelligent use* of life as a means of acquiring soul-experience and high qualities of mind and heart. Life lived with a fine ulterior purpose is the only true way of satisfying the soul's demands for incarnation in a body of flesh. An existence of personal gratification tends to chain the soul so closely to earth that it cannot rise even to those high altitudes possible to a right use of the present human condition. The right way through the human stage is a narrow golden mean—obscure, and hard to find—between a drear, ascetic negation of the nature on the one hand, and a selfish drifting on the current of chance happenings—the gratification of the daily self on all points—aimless, conventional, blind—on the other. The man who has profited by his probation, *knows* his human nature, and uses it with firmness, judgment, and skill, for wise and generous ends. Such a one, and such only, can truly be said to live.

By thus examining the argument from the idea of probation, we have been able to answer that part of the objection brought forward which deals with the impossibility of repeating a past stage. With regard to the first part of the question—whether or not the human stage may have had its commencement

with the present life, after a long course of preparatory and intermediate conditions—we merely appeal to facts. We see children, almost from the first dawning of intelligence, beginning to exhibit likes and dislikes for things of which they cannot possibly have had experience in this life.

How are these traits to be accounted for? They cannot have brought them over from a “preparatory” human stage. And if we refer them to heredity, a very serious difficulty presents itself. The preponderance of good and bad qualities transmitted from parents and ancestors varies with different children, to an extent which, from the point of view of a child’s chances in life, is distinctly unfair. We all, I suppose, admit that the progress of the soul is governed by fixed laws. By what, then, is that law controlled which requires certain children in a family to advance further in virtue and knowledge than the rest?

Heredity does not provide the individuality; it modifies, strengthens, and guides it into the channel prescribed by its own conserved energies. The true heredity is that of the soul itself, which impresses on its new body the traits acquired by its past, aided, it may be, by impress in similar directions from the ancestral line to which old affinities, guided by the law of cause and effect, have conducted it. The combined influence of the parents, nation, and race to which the soul is attracted for rebirth, directs the course of its energies during that life, *but the directing influences are determined by the needs and deserts of the soul*. The “preparatory stages,” then, of our objectors, though admitted by us as forming part of the early stages of the soul’s life, cannot be brought up as close as the condition previous to our present, but must be relegated to a period long anterior thereto, since the age of the human state is reckoned by millenniums, of which the middle point, Theosophy teaches, is but now attained.

Let us now carry Reincarnation into the realm of analogy, and endeavor, by the examination of nature’s ordinary methods, to answer that portion of the orthodox doctrine that is still left for our consideration.

In every department of Nature we find an upward movement of the parts from the stage below to the one above; regular, certain, but *slow*. One of the secrets of Nature is the avoidance of sudden transitions. In this respect, Reincarnation is in accord with the universal law, while the orthodox doctrine is not. For the transition of the soul direct from the bosom of divinity to a physical body is too stupendous to be conceivable in a universe whose every movement embraces an eternity, and where the descent from God to man is measured in proportion to its immensity.

We have a mirror of Reincarnation in another feature of natural law, the faculty of reproduction. We need not go beyond the vegetable kingdom to see this principle perfectly exemplified. The production of life and form from a germ containing the inherent potentialities of the completed plant, and the reproduction,

again and again, of offspring from the parent stem, until the life-energy has, for the time being, become exhausted, are instances, in another condition, of the process undergone by the soul in its progress through numerous incarnations. Not once but many times, similar forms must appear, bloom, and vanish for a season, until the purpose existing in the prototype has been accomplished, and the life whose fullness has been attained in one form, is free to pass to a higher. And inasmuch as each offspring from the parent stem has, at its death, completed forever its work as sustainer of the life-energy, and can never be repeated, so the little leaflets of the divine branch—the personalities radiating from the true man, the soul—cannot repeat their earth experiences. We live again and again, yet not we, but the higher “we,” of which our personal lives are but a limited aspect. And though we hold with our opponents that human life is but a “stage” between different conditions, yet that stage is not limited to one life, but extends to many, until human nature has been mastered, and its lessons learnt.

We may glance, before closing, at two very common objections, which, nevertheless, carry with them a certain show of reason. The first lies in the amount of repetition that has to be gone through before a stage is dispensed with. “It is revolting,” say some, “to think of our Platos, our Pauls and our Shakespeares having to pass again through the baby state which they have long ago outgrown. Why go back? We can fall in with the idea of a line of uninterrupted progress, but not with the waste of time occasioned by repeated infancy and youth.” A slight study of nature’s methods of progress will help to dissipate the difficulty.

All thoughtful persons must have noticed that Nature never moves in a straight line. The upward movement is always counteracted, at a point, by the downward; the backward by the forward, under the law that makes all growth, all manifestation depend upon the principle of reaction. Monotony, or motion in one uninterrupted direction means death, because Nature is complex, and without alternation one side only develops, to the inevitable atrophy of the other, and the ultimate ruin of the monopolized part. If man and the Universe consisted of a single principle only, the line of direction would also be single; but so long as spirit and matter have to co-exist, the law of “opposites” must result.

Note now the consequence. We have motion as the basis of all life on all planes—motion in an upward direction, followed necessarily by motion in a downward. Now the resultant of two combined forces moving in different directions must be the tracing of a spiral. Apply this fact to the motion of the soul through matter. It will follow that its course through the human condition must partake of the spiral movement. Divide human life into its natural stages, and note the gradual fall and rise, and you will see how faithfully this motion is observed. Birth, childhood, youth, manhood, middle-age, decline, decrepitude, death, heaven, rebirth—all these natural divisions showing very plainly the in-

fluence of the reactionary impulse, and proving both youth and maturity to be equally under law, and therefore equally essential to the training of the soul. Those who, in one life, are cut off before their whole course is run, traverse only a segment of the circle, and will probably have the missing experience to make up in some future life. This may account for the greater continuance of a particular stage in some lives than in others.

Now as I have said, there is necessity in all this. The backward movement being as much a part of Nature's methods as the forward, the waste of time brought about thereby is more apparent than real. To understand the complexities of the subject the following point must be kept very clearly in mind.

Reincarnation, like everything else in Nature, is a paradox. We have lived many lives, yet, as *John Jones or Mary Smith*, we are living for the first and last time.

Of the successive experiences of the many John Jones and Mary Smiths who gather his earth gleanings for him, the soul only assimilates such as are necessary to his own line of development, and leaves the rest to be carried on as material for the next personality. Indeed, it is highly doubtful whether he notices any of the details of the early part of the lives of his personalities. *Everything*, however, is of value to the respective John Jones and Mary Smiths, whose duty it is to *transmute* their experiences for the soul, and hand on to him, not so much the experiences themselves as their equivalents in character and qualities. Our daily personal selves are just that much of the Soul that can be reflected through a physical brain, and as we have new brains each time, built in strict accordance with the actions of all the previous lives, we call our personalities new, and go through their various and necessary stages once, and once only. In reality, it is only the brains that are new—the Light shining through them is the same throughout the cycle, and varies only as the reflectors. The new personality is caused by the Light shining on a new aspect of life.

An important objection closes the list of those most frequently met with. It is the impossibility of reconciling the purposive nature of re-birth with a total loss of the memory of previous lives. Human sufferings are said to be the means provided by Nature for teaching us an unlearned lesson. But how shall we learn when we know not wherein we have previously failed? Unless we can consciously relate a particular suffering to the particular sin of omission or commission in the past of which it is the effect, our progress must be unintelligent. We cannot learn by experience, when we have forgotten our previous errors.

It must be well kept in view that the Soul—the light that is always shining behind our brain-reflectors—does not forget. He knows, for his many personalities have told him, what course brings suffering, and why, and what the reverse. Our innate sense of right and wrong, our instinct to avoid certain courses that lead to danger, and pursue others that lead to good, are the result of this remem-

brance by the Soul of the past failures of his personalities. Therefore we are without excuse if, in face of the repeated warnings which come to us in the voice of conscience and intuition—those faithful records of past experience—we still pursue the path that leads to pain.

But another point. There is not only memory with the Soul, there is memory also with Karma. We are apt to forget that this law, guided by intelligent forces, works consciously, and with a definite purpose. We send a child into a class where he is put to learn Latin. It matters not whether he remembers or forgets that in the former class he played when he should have learnt. The necessity to acquire Latin still remains unaltered. Enough that the schoolmaster remembers, and requires him to make up the lost time by studying Latin in his play hour.

The experience of earth-life can thus be purposive and conducive to the training of the Soul without any conscious knowledge, on the part of the personality, of the relation of cause to effect, provided that a force exists which adjusts the balance accurately. We are as yet such baby egos that we often lack the power of learning intelligently. Were we to be shown, beyond a doubt, that such and such a calamity were the result of such and such a sin, it is highly improbable that we should believe it, since it taxes our credence to the utmost that we have ever lived before at all. And if it be objected that an intelligent schoolmaster would first make the reason of his boy's punishment plain to him, we can answer that the Soul is perpetually attempting to recall the lessons of the past before the new mind of his personalities. What are flashes of intuition, partial recovery of lost memories and the like, which come unexplained and unsought into the experiences of most of us? The Soul fails to teach intelligently because of the grossness of the material with which he has to work. The fault lies with our failure to respond to his impressions. When we are a little older in soul-life, we shall see the whole chain of cause and effect, and know, by conscious realization, the whole fact of our relationship with the Mysteries within us that

. . . . knows the road we came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame.
The lifted, shifted steeps, and all the way.

To sum up: We have shown the truth of Reincarnation to exist independently of external proofs, which can, at best, but rouse latent knowledge, but cannot impart the power to recognize truth when presented. The best proof is that deducible from sound argument. We have therefore shown Reincarnation to be:

- (a) A logical necessity.
- (b) A probational necessity.

(c) A necessity from the stand-point of analogy.

Of the principal objections that are raised to the teaching, we have shown that:

(a) The objection of unnecessary repetition of experience is overcome by the consideration that the successive personalities of the soul live but once, and that the soul does not get the details of each experience, but its transmutation into qualities.

(b) The objection of loss of memory is met by the fact that both Karma and the Soul are intelligent, and retain full knowledge of the line of cause and effect, which knowledge will one day be the possession of a more advanced condition of humanity. At present we are not at the stage when such knowledge would be beneficial.

Thus I have endeavored roughly to cover the canvass of a subject which, by a more finished hand, can be shown to be a perfect solution of every problem of human existence.

Theosophy, *the Unifier of Religions**

by Sidney Coryn



CAN you think of any greater inspiration than a union of religions? The more we look upon it the more the idea grows upon us. It gives a new stature to our minds, a beautiful vision of God. You know very well, every thinking human being knows, that religion undefiled is that which brings men together and not that which separates them. It is a binding force and not a disintegrating one, and for that reason you know that the religions of today are all out of gear, because there is no other force in the world which produces so much disharmony, separating man from man and nation from nation.

Now the message which Theosophy brings to this medley of creed is not one of warfare but of peace. It has not come with the sword, but with the olive branch. It has sought to liberate and not to enslave. It has not tried to win any man from his Christianity, but rather to make him more of a Christian

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

than he ever was before, to introduce him to the meaning of Christ, to give him a conception of Christ that shall regenerate, not only his mind but also his body, that shall animate not only his heart and his head but his hands and his feet, so that they shall be inspired to work for the perfection of men and for the redemption of the race.

Do you remember what Paul said when he was confronted with the altar unto the unknown God? And Theosophy repeats his words. That God whom ye so ignorantly worship, him declare we unto you—the God who moves through boundless space, through countless ages leading all things up to him, in utter perfect justice without which no mercy can exist, the God who is so far away that thought cannot follow him, the God who is so near that the inward silence of a moment is broken by his voice within the heart. We know how many there are within the churches, how many there are even within the pulpits of the churches who are walking humbly with their God, even as they know him and from such as these will come the salvation of their faith. We understand that Katherine Tingley has found such an one within this city. Other sheep there are not of this fold, and without thought of proselytism, we would call to them and invite them to the wisdom of God which is within their faith, as it is within all faiths, and which gives unity and not diversity. It is but a superstition which holds them, a superstition very often of nobility. We want to call them out into the light that they may see their God, for he is not enclosed within the walls of a Church. So many men are timid for their God. They would erect ramparts of creeds for his protection, they would establish their churches as the only possible nerve-centers for his force, and when time lays its hands upon the minds of men, bidding them to go on and to be unafraid, they tremble for the safety of their God as though he could be destroyed by thought or wonder, or speculation, or research. Even were Theosophy what its enemies say it is, a system of false belief, it would be harmless against whatever is true. But Theosophy is not a system of belief, and we know that it is the unity of all religions, because there is no child who is born without it. If you look into the mind of an untutored child, you will not find there a Westminster Confession, nor the “39 Articles,” but you will find there a natural wisdom, you will find truth there and faith and courage, and above all other things a desire to know. We can crush down the Theosophy, and we do so as rapidly as possible, and we can insert all kinds of dogmas. We can crush *down* the Theosophy but we cannot crush it *out*, and it is that Theosophy in the minds of all men which rebels against creed and which demands the freedom and the unity of religion.

I say we know how many men there are and how many women, too, who by their unobtrusive work, by their love and by their hope, will be the salvation of their churches as they are already the unseen bond of union between them. They

are quiet and their voices are usually drowned by those others of which this town has a small and apparently dwindling band of representatives. There seems to be such an one of the latter class in Oakland, the Rev. W. Shaw who, finding no public wrong-doing which needs rebuke, and that all misery and sin and prize fighting in his State have been stamped out, has preached a sermon against Theosophy.

Now I do not propose to enter largely into the opinions of Mr. Shaw. It would hardly be fair to ask San Diego to bear the theologic burdens of Oakland in addition to its own, which are grievous enough, though diminishing. Now, Mr. Shaw starts his sermon by saying that his object is not to condemn, and certainly not to criticize. You see he enters upon the path which is paved with good intentions, and we all know where that path leads to, and so upon the last page we find a final burst of indignation:

Theosophy asks me to change my Christianity for it. Think of the insult to human intellect!

Now there is no doubt that Mr. Shaw is acquainted with the mental caliber of his own congregation, and he was preaching to them and not to us, but the man who is capable of crowding so many foolish misstatements into so short a time should certainly avoid the subject of insults to the human intelligence. But I think there may perhaps be a word of excuse for him. The sermon as it was delivered bears very clear evidence of not being quite the same sermon that was prepared, and we have known of cases, nearer home than Oakland, where the appearance of a stenographer and his notebook has had a powerfully modifying effect upon a sermon. Mr. Shaw would have been well advised to fill up the hiatus which was possibly thus caused, by the commonplaces and the aphorisms of his profession. Instead of that he plunges into a wild career of misstatement which it is wearisome to follow and useless to answer. He tells us very truly that Theosophy is the "wisdom of God"—that was a slip on his part—and he then goes on to say that the wisdom of God is very difficult to explain, as the advocates of Theosophy do not all say the same thing about it. The wisdom of God *is* truly very difficult to explain, but had he looked for it within himself, he would have understood *why* it is difficult to explain, and that the divine voice within the heart, in its deeper tones, does not speak in human words.

In his complaint that the advocates of Theosophy do not all say the same thing you see the theologic craving for a creed. He cannot understand a liberty of thought, nor that the inner voice teaches every man according to his need. If we would but reduce Theosophy to a creed, the churchmen would let us alone, and if we would further conclude every article of that creed with the words, "and he that believeth not shall be damned," they would receive us with acclama-

tion. We should be speaking in their own language, and the hope of damnation would knit us together. Theosophy is the unifier of religions *because* it has no creed, *because* it imposes no obligations except purity of life, the service of humanity and an inward search for God. On this platform there is no room for essential disagreement. And now we will skip a good part of Mr. Shaw's sermon, that part in which he deals with the private life of Madame Blavatsky. There are depths into which we will not follow him, and, as I said before, he knows his own congregation, and what they like, and he was preaching to them and not to us.

And so he deals with the subject of a personal or an impersonal God. He settles it in three minutes. There are some clergymen who would create the universe in less than seven days. He says that "if the creator of the universe be an impersonal God, we are held in the grasp of an unchanging and unchangeable force." That is a good sentence and a true one. It is that "unchangeable force" which lulls the baby to sleep upon its mother's breast, it is that "unchangeable force" which will guide us and protect us through life, and in that gracious shadow we shall rest, as little children rest, between the wings of death. Truly all things work together for good, and there must have been some within that congregation who felt their troubles melt away like summer clouds, as their own minister spoke to them of an "unchanging and unchangeable force."

And then Mr. Shaw speaks of Reincarnation. He devotes quite a minute to it. He says,

You may be reincarnated many times. In this life you may be a millionaire and in the next life a pauper.

You see he makes the picture as horrible as he can. Fancy a millionaire becoming a pauper! The very thought of it makes the flesh creep. He doesn't say anything about a pauper becoming a millionaire. He didn't want to upset the faith of his people. And yet again there may have been some within that church whose lives have been very full of sorrow—I think wherever men are gathered together, there sorrow walks in the midst of them—and this idea of another life with its boundless possibilities, its renewed chances under the "unchanging and unchangeable force" of divine law, may have come to them like the waft of an angel's wing. It may have lifted their hearts out of the shadow and given to them a new hope and a wider life.

And then Mr. Shaw says that according to Theosophy, the end of incarnation will be an entrance of the Soul "into the eternal and final law, and it will become an integral part of God." He is certainly unfortunate in his quotations, and still more so in his interpretations, for he goes on at once to say that to become "an integral part of God" is "simply annihilation."

After this we have nothing but emphatic applause for a passage in his concluding remarks, in which he says:

There are too many men today calling themselves Christian teachers, who are presenting to the world not the Christianity of Christ but Christianity's chromo.

'Tis true indeed, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

In no spirit of recrimination we ask, where are the churches today? Upon whose side are they ranged in this battle-ground of the world? Are they sitting at the rich man's table, or do they sit with poor Lazarus who is picking up the crumbs which fall from that table? Do they imitate their Lord, or do they copy the methods of his adversaries? Are their voices raised for the oppressed among the nations, or are they but the camp followers of marching armies, quarreling among themselves for the theologic pickings when the guns are still? How is it that they have time for thus attacking the good name of those who are doing the work which their apathy has left undone?

Are there, then, no more widows to be comforted in Oakland, no orphans to be cared for, no prize fighters in California to be discouraged and abashed? Have they solved the problems of how to lessen drink and insanity and destitution? If not, let them get to work and so bring the light to them that sit in darkness. If they will not do this, then is no modern Daniel needed to read the handwriting upon the wall, the *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin*—"God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." Already they are reading it for themselves, but out from their midst shall come the laymen of good will, and through them the true Church of Christ shall be united in the wisdom of God, in the Theo-Sophia.

The very discord in the world today is the struggling upward of vanished ideals. Unto all men those ideals are coming, and what wonder that they bring turmoil and indignation. Will the churches let the possibility of union go by forever? Are they for Christ, or are they for Barabbas? Do they give to their endowments the worship which they refuse to their God? Will they keep their doors closed upon the aspirations of men, or will they come out into the sunshine and seek the God who is not here nor there, in this creed nor in that, but who uplifts the universe and molds the hearts of men into a splendid pattern. No wonder Katherine Tingley says "Let there be fewer churches and better ones."

The opportunities of the present time will not recur. The need of humanity has never been so great, and in work for our common humanity all creeds would be forgotten. Dogma does not live side by side with work. It was born of indolence and is a substitute for service. If the churches will not now listen to the cries of mankind, neither would they listen though one rose from the dead, though the Christ of Galilee walked again in their midst and preached once more to them all the law and the prophets—to love their neighbor as themselves.

Are not the movements of all things, those things with which men have not meddled, the mark of and an index to, the unity of the divine mind, and may we

not through them learn of the divine will? What dogma could live any more in the mind into which had come the grandeur of the heavens at night-time, what doubt or what disputation? What a great work would be done if we could but enact that all religious discussions, conventions, Westminster assemblies, holy synods and the like, must meet for their argumentations and their revisions only under a starlit sky or upon the seashore. How long do you suppose the thirty-nine articles would live under that treatment? Why, there would be laughter enough in the waves and in the night wind to utterly destroy one hundred and thirty-nine articles and to reduce our dogma-making divines to an unwonted silence. And then, perhaps, in that silence they would hear the Voice of the Silence, the still, small voice which speaks of the wisdom of God, the Theosophia of the ages, which confounds alike our dialectics and theologies, and which is so great that only little children can at all understand it, and only little children can teach it—and those who have become like unto little children.

My Cathedral

by LONGFELLOW

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately pines
 Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
 The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
 Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
 And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
 No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
 No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
 No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
 Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
 Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
 Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
 In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
 Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
 And learn there may be worship without words.

For a city does not prosper that shakes with sedition and is rent by evil counsels.

— EURIPIDES

Stemming the Tide*

by H. T. Patterson



TRITE phrases and hackneyed expressions are, generally, true in proportion to their antiquity and the frequency of their use. The large measure of truth in them has given the vitality which has insured the old age, and it is the same quality which causes them to be much used; so, though they may be tedious, they are instructive and worthy of scrutiny from time to time. Such scrutiny will often disclose that in them which had before gone unnoticed and in so doing bear witness to growth on the part of the scrutinizer.

Analogy and metaphor, in a sense, prove nothing—that is they do not do it by those logical processes, so authoritative amongst western races since the days of Bacon; yet, they, in their way, prove as much, perhaps more, than is proven by processes of pure reasoning. They certainly stimulate the imagination, and so arouse the brain faculties.

Amongst these old trite sayings, so familiar to us all, is that of “Stemming the Tide.” It has been used, over and over again, in all sorts of cases, for all sorts of purposes, and will be so used, over and over again, so long as there are tides and people to observe them.

Who is not familiar with the mighty power of water in motion? Who has not had multifarious experiences connected with that power? Who has not at some time been threatened by that power? Who has not learned many lessons from it?

I remember, as though it had just happened, when a lad, battling with a strong current in one of the upper reaches of the Delaware river, during a time of freshet. There was no danger in this particular episode, but a heap of experience; and it impressed an instinctive picture on my consciousness which has come up, time and again, and will, I hope, continue so to do for the balance of this term of my terrestrial existence. When, on that occasion, an older brother and I started out in a small row-boat he said, “let us pull up stream first—we’ll be fresh then—coming down will be easy enough.” So we pulled up stream and—my, how we tugged at those oars. When across the river, off a sharp curve in the bank it seemed as though we had ceased to move—were merely holding our own. To my boyish mind the time was interminable and I saw no use in straining any longer. But my brother managed, in the midst of his tug-

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

ging, to say that if we only got round the point we would have easy work and that he was sure we were gaining a little. Presently, as I managed to cast a glance shoreward, in the midst of what were to me mighty extremes, I perceived that we were really making headway, though it was no more than perceptible. First, a tree in the background moved slowly ahead of one in the foreground; then we crept up to and beyond a bush half submerged in the rushing stream; then we passed some other object, until, at last we had actually gained the still water. *This current* was perceptible to the sight—very much so, I assure you—but all currents are not, especially in large bodies of water such as bays, seas and oceans, and the unperceived, unsuspected current is often more powerful, dangerous and treacherous than the one which is apparent.

Now, another personal experience, merely to call up similar ones in your own minds. It was during an outing on a yacht, in the latter part of the day. Anchor had been cast and the host and his three guests plunged overboard for their usual swim before dinner. The water was perfectly smooth—seemingly quite safe. Two of us swam astern; and I well remember the pleasure with which I noted how rapidly my strokes were carrying me along. I thought I was really improving very much in this art. Once I turned to look at the boat from which I was so delightfully gliding away. Then, again I stopped—this time to swim back to it. But, alas! the more I swam the further did I find myself from the boat. A short time before a fisherman, who was passing, asked me if I wouldn't like help; but, with great courtesy and an inward feeling of considerable loftiness, I declined, assuring him that I was doing very nicely, "thank you." When, however, I found how futile my swimming was I gladly called him back, and then the two of us who had swum astern of our own boat were, ignominiously, carried back in the stern of the fisherman's craft. After clambering back on to the yacht we found that our host had had one of the small boats manned, the crew being ready to pull off to our rescue at a moment's notice. Afterwards, observation showed us that we had been in a current so strong that no swimmer could have swum against it. Yet it was not perceptible to the casual glance. These two pictures must call up, with all of you, many, many, of a not dissimilar kind; and these pictures form fitting analogies for much that has gone on, is going on and will go on in the lives of men, individually, in families, municipalities, states, nations and the entire mass of humanity.

Before considering, in the merest outline, of course, human affairs, suppose we bring up another analogy. A great tide is to be deflected from its course. When can it be done most easily? The answer comes at once, near its source. When the mass of water has reached a certain volume the utmost expenditure of labor and material can only deflect it slightly. But, if handled at or near the spot where it first begins to flow, slight effort, well directed, will bring great results.

There have always been those who have worked to help man; those who have worked to harm him. Some do their part consciously, consistently, constantly, and with great steadiness of purpose. Some, thoughtlessly, spasmodically and stirred only by transient impulses; but all do one or the other. We may then, if we choose, divide people, broadly, into two classes, the helpers and the harmers; each class being graded from its leaders downwards. Helped by this classification we find history vastly more intelligible; vastly more interesting. We find, taking a comparatively short retrospective view, that the evil forces in the latter days of the Roman Empire had thrown all Europe into direful and inextricable confusion. Then we find that almost imperceptibly, skillfully (beyond the scope of ordinary human ability) and silently the work of regeneration was begun. Leaving untouched the story of the one worker in Palestine and his twelve helpers; not dwelling upon the tale—perhaps not entirely mythical—of King Arthur and his twelve knights of the round table, we come to the times of Charlemagne and his twelve Paladins. This one perceives, with only the enlightenment of the, so termed, profane historian, to have been a great initial period. Deeper insight would cause this epoch to be recognized as greater and more vital to human interests than it is now suspected of being.

Jumping from point to point, as we go down the centuries, we next note a startling power *for evil*, displayed by ecclesiasticism. Whether or not our civilization is due to Christianity or exists in spite of it, it is useless to speculate upon here; but certain it is that ecclesiasticism, in one form, put to death over fifty millions of people, and in another form about nine millions—the latter quite as full a score as the former—opportunity, power and numbers considered. But, again and happily, the light breaks in and counteracting and successful efforts were made, as the close student will observe by studying events in northern Spain, southern France, England, northeastern Italy, Sweden, the Netherlands, and elsewhere. He will also, in time, come to notice a similarity in the work in these scattered districts, a similarity pointing to a common source of inspiration.

So the pictures can be painted, one after another, as the screen of time is rolled backward or forward, and the panorama photographed thereon brought within the field of vision. But the past is past and it is detrimental to turn its pages, excepting as we would turn the pages of a book—for reference or information.

Now, for the present. The same underlying conditions prevail as heretofore. There is the right and there is the wrong. There is progression and there is retrogression. There are those working deliberately on the two sides, and those working aimlessly and vacillatingly on these sides. But, in addition, there is an impetus and a rush in terrestrial affairs never before, so far as we have ken, approximated to, much less reached. Everything is increasing. Wealth is in-

creasing; population is increasing; celerity of communication and travel is increasing; ostentation is increasing; crime is increasing; disease is increasing; insanity is increasing; suicide is increasing; pauperism is increasing. What is stemming this great tide? The churches? You know they are not. Education? Alas, that too fails to accomplish what it was once hoped it would. Ethical culture? That, likewise, is a failure, ethics and culture having been laid away in the cold storage house of popular apathy. Shall we then, in the same apathetic spirit, admit our inability to suggest an answer? No! Though we have reached a stage on the downward arc of evolution where seemingly respectable people will sell out their honor for one hundred dollars or less; a condition in which though there are many good people in the churches, the churches, as such, are failing to fulfill any mission of usefulness, excepting as centers for social gatherings, and a field of activity for the salary earner, the busybody and the gossip; a condition in which some theological bodies will use any means, whatsoever, to destroy whatever may be in their way; a condition in which the possession of money conveys, in and of itself, position, prestige, power, and consideration, a condition in which we are forced to own there is much, very much different from what we would have it; yet, there are also evidences of influences and forces at work of a diametrically opposite kind from those which would misuse these unpromising conditions for their own selfish and nefarious purposes.

A ship is coming into port. The dangers of the open sea are past; but, as the sailor knows, greater dangers are now at hand. We have lighthouses, buoys, charts, carefully marked-out channels; but, in spite of this, the way is not always clear. The day may be obscured by fogs; the night may be dark; there may be a strong tide running. Well, the ship has secured the pilot and he knows the way. Laws and civilizations are potent, it is true, or the whole progress of the world would be threatened; the ship is staunchly built or it could not have weathered the storms; but—*it must have its pilot*. So it is as regards terrestrial welfare. Tremendous tides are running and if we would reach port safely the pilot must be found. Shall I tell you a secret? Do you imagine that the local affairs of Point Loma engross all the attention of Katherine Tingley? Do you suppose that The Universal Brotherhood Organization, as an organization, fills the scope of her heart's desires? Do you think that these Sunday evening meetings; the kindly recognition given her by San Diego; the development made by her students in music and in other ways satisfies her? Again: Do you believe that the head of any nation; the head of any trust; that any statesman, any ecclesiastical body, any scholar, any scientist, is on the bridge and piloting the vessel into a safe harbor? No! You know it is not so; and I will tell you who it is, if you have not already guessed—it is Katherine Tingley.

My friends, we folk at Point Loma are a very earnest, a very determined,

and a very confident body of people. We know, exactly, what we are aiming at, and we propose to aim correctly, and we know how to do it. We have come from all walks of life; we know much of people and their motives; we have had every opportunity of studying Katherine Tingley, and we know that it is by helping her to the extent of our ability that we shall do our share in stemming the tide. We are not iconoclasts; we are not vandals; we are not ruthless destroyers; but, we are re-formers. Just as Katherine Tingley took a plain building and, wasting nothing that had been done, re-formed it into the beautiful Point Loma Homestead; just as she built the Aryan Temple in close conjunction thereto, so will she through her work, aided by her workers, re-form the lives of men and women, and above all, of children; making them pure, noble and divine. Just as she covered the interior of the Homestead with a beautiful dome, and the interior of the Temple with an even more beautiful one, so will she be instrumental in enabling all to so re-form their lives that both exterior and interior, social, civil, spiritual, shall be beautiful and divine. In spite of the mighty on-rush of the current the tide is being stemmed, the port is not far away.

The Hope in Materialism

by L. R.



THE active selfishness and materialism which pervade the world make the effort to uplift humanity seem futile to superficial observers. But the very excess of activity has in it the elements of hopefulness for better things. W. Q. Judge, in speaking of this iron age, said:

Yet Kali Yuga, by its very nature and terrible, swift momentum, permits one to do more with his energies in a shorter time than in any other Yuga.

The vanities and vices, the selfishness and sensuality on every hand are but the gropings of the awakening, bewildered soul in the effort to express itself through the blinding flesh. It is a crucial time for aspiring hearts, as each one not only contends against the materialism of the thought-world, but is hampered in the fight by his own failures of former lives. The fever and restlessness, the monetary mania, the unsatisfied longing and weariness, the infidelities to mere sense ties,

the excesses and *ennui*, mark the progress of the soul through the weary maze of matter. Truth is the object of its search, and these phases of illusion which interest, inspire and disappoint in their turn, are being rapidly reviewed and discarded as counterfeit.

If only leisure and money and power were needed to make happiness, why do the wealthy and influential seek it so vainly? Their environment has all the advantages which even the most radical of material reformers could ask. But the unsatisfied soul looks out alike from patrician and from plebeian eyes, and the faces in all classes of society carry a common look of restless disappointment.

Only a knowledge of the reality of man's divinity can put harmony and purpose into the discordant activities of modern life, and make it worthy the name of living. It is a realizing sense of this "hunger and thirst of the heart," which prompts the reiteration of Theosophic truths in spoken and written words. The students of the philosophy feel the force of the injunction to freely give what they have so freely received. The world's great need and its active search for truth make the story of man's higher nature a fitting one. The soul, struggling for greater consciousness, can only find expression in the language of the higher life and cannot speak the dialect of money and gems, ambition or physical sensation.

Satisfaction and peace will come from the knowledge that men are making their own limitations by living in the narrow limits of the lower nature. We receive what we ask and find what we seek. If our desire is for money it will come, though we mortgage the truth to get it. If we are seeking the truth we shall find it, though it cost a host of lesser things. Each possession has its own quality of force; and though truth can illumine a world of doubt and ignorance, the coin of selfishness can shut out its light as a copper cent close to the eyes may obscure the radiant sunshine.

In this paradox of life, the active materialism which puzzles and discourages dogmatic preachers and superficial pessimists is a basis of hope for wider-eyed believers in man's divinity. Evidently the soul of restless humanity is awakening with an impelling desire to find its own, which is manifestly not of the things it so eagerly examines. Thus it comes to pass that the momentum of materialism in this age of Kali Yuga will carry the saving minority of honest seekers round the cycle of experience toward a point of greater peace. The wisdom of the hour is to work in harmony with the real spirit of the times. Those who bravely engage in the active performance of their present Karmic duties, and thus consciously utilize the force which is thoughtlessly dissipated in the prevailing confusion, may crowd the languid efforts of several lives into one decisive victory. The actors in today's drama have unusual opportunities for advancement, since all things "work together for the good of those who love the Law."

Death

by E c h o



IN every process of Nature is mirrored some experience of the soul; for Nature is the soul's pulsating garment. Man and Nature equally are debtors to the Great Law, and, in the higher sense, they are windows through which its light gleams, seeking expression. In the processes of the Great Law death has its own part. All things are cyclic, and the recurring periods of rest which we call death are as natural as the cyclic sleep of the flowers. It is never death which is the calamity, but the selfish fear of it.

The fear of death is an unailing sign that the soul's pathway is unlighted. It is an unailing sign that the heart is denied expression. The heart tells us that death is not an ending, but a beginning, a birth; not a sorrow, but a joy; not a calamity but a gateway into light and opportunity. Yet we grieve and mourn, we put on black, we court this psychological influence which fear has laid upon the entire race, while every throb of our hearts contradicts and sets at nought the mental attitude which we take.

Why do we persist, then, in a course which deepens the lines of care upon our faces and which shuts all the peace out of our lives? We persist because we listen to the brain mind only, and will not listen to the heart.

The heart is wise. The heart pleads with us to rise into a larger vision. The heart pleads with us to step out of that pit of cowardice in which we have chained the soul. But we will not listen.

The fear of death has no part in a true philosophy of life. Yet how many today possess the rational view? How many can look back to a childhood that was unspoiled by the terror of "dying and being put into the ground?" Very few. Too long has humanity clung to the brain-mind notion that death is an irrevocable thing, meaning loss, separation, despair. Men have forgotten that they are souls—divine souls—immortal, eternal, verily a part of that "which is neither light nor darkness, which is neither substance nor shadow, but is the Root and Container of all these. That thou art, oh little man, but thou knowest it not!"

There is an ancient tradition that the earth once sheltered and companioned a race "that never died." In that day all men stood erect and in the sunlight. But selfishness stepped in, sin was born, fear arose, and the soul was cheated of its true life. No longer was the body a pure instrument through which the soul could work. Its wings were weighted. The soul could not live its real life while in the body, and so it slipped away, again and again laying aside the body as one lays aside a cast-off garment. Death had found a place in the great plan.

But as sin grew and selfishness clung like mire to the feet of the races of men, the soul became more and more obscure. Men thought the personality all, and its loss the greatest of calamities. The result has been that today nearly the whole race is absolutely psychologized by a miserable fear of death.

Theosophy throws light upon the problem of death because it is a philosophy of causes. Reincarnation has been called "the lost chord of Christianity." What could have been the motive of the early "church fathers" who tried to eliminate this doctrine from the records of the teachings of Jesus? What could have been the motive of those who made belief in this truth heresy? Read history and between the lines that chronicle events you can easily discern causes. You will discover why all humanity is today hypnotized by an utterly unwarrantable dread of death.

Those in whom the soul has really been touched and awakened must find in the thought of death inexpressible sadness if they are hemmed in by the ecclesiastical theory of one life only. Is heaven just that one should be called away with tasks unfinished, debts unpaid, hopes unrealized? The thought is bitter, and sometimes the pain of it is so great that the brain-mind conceptions are broken down and the heart is given a chance to speak. Then does that soul rise into the larger view, witnessing the present life as but one of many lives, separated just a space that the soul may blossom and rest. What joy is born of the larger view! All that is now unrealized will be realized in the lives that are to come, with better conditions, perhaps, and under a serener sky; all that is left unfinished will then blossom into completion; all that we yearned to do we may then have the chance to actually accomplish. To one who looks at human life from those heights on which dwell the soul, death is beneficent—no more to be feared or dreaded than the sleep which drops the curtain upon the scenes of each day.

Yet death is more than this. It is the soul's blossoming time, the portal through which the soul steps into its real life, that of absolute joy; that life which is unweighted by disappointment or despair, in which all hopes are realized, in which the soul is united with all, *all that is its own*.

What is that in man which shrinks from a fulfillment such as this? What is that in man which leads him to grieve for loved ones who have stepped into what *his own heart tells him is sunshine and joy and peace*? It is an innate selfishness of which, once we have the courage to analyze it, we must be thoroughly ashamed.

And the thought that life is one and continuous, that the tasks begun in this life are continued in the next and the next, is enough to lead the honest soul to make every act of life a sacred act. For the deed that is impersonal is the only pure sacrifice and its altar is the human heart.

The fact remains that the greater part of the human race lives in the affections. To such as these death often seems a cruel teacher, in spite of their

philosophy, in spite of all the heart tells them. It is difficult to rise to the real heights at once when death leaves the arms empty and the voice at one's side is silent. It is difficult to rise at the instant out of the personal view and feel only joy because the friend or child so beloved has stepped into a purer region and a larger life.

The heart will hunger for a little time; in spite of the soul's assurance, the ache will not be stilled at once, even though the soul may transmute it at once into peace. Those who speak contemptuously of such an experience are those whose affections have been chilled. They are those who have never drunk from that cup called comradeship.

But to selfishly grieve is unworthy of those into whose lives even a reflection of the true light has entered. It is asking the Great Law to desert one.

Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. Never did I not exist, nor thou; nor the rulers of men. Nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be.

Then, must death be? Yes, as long as we live the kind of life which shuts in the soul and keeps it starved and still. When we realize that we are souls, not bodies, *and live as though we realized it*; when we step into true freedom by tearing down all the mental and passional barriers that stand all about us, reared by our own hands; then the soul may blossom here and now; then the soul may live its true life on this earth and earth will become heaven. And the race that so chooses, though it may pass through death, *shall never die*.

The Tides

by LONGFELLOW

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,
 The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
 And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
 As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
 Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
 The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
 And hurrying came on the defenseless land
 The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
 All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
 Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
 Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er me
 They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
 And in a tumult of delight, and strong
 As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

“Cast Thy Bread upon *the Waters*”

by Ethne



“**W**OULD^N’T it be awful, if we had only one life?”

“It would be a bit of a nightmare.”

“Don’t you pity the poor people who believe that way?”

“*Indeed* I do, yet some of them get quite mad with you if you talk of having lived before and they seemed scared at the idea of coming back.”

“Perhaps they think they won’t have a good time.”

“Perhaps, but after all it is only fair to pay for what we do.”

“Of course—but look at that beautiful vine of wild clematis,”
. . . and a scurrying of feet over the dead leaves told of the unseen speakers’ departure.

“What on earth did they mean?” asked Violet of her companion as they too rose from their seat under the gum tree, by the wayside, to catch the approaching train.

“Oh, it is some of the stuff Theosophists teach,” she replied airily, and Violet dismissed the subject from her mind, for we are not often given to much thinking while the wheels of life run smoothly.

* * *

The girl awoke and shuddered as her eyes fell upon the black robe hanging behind her door telling its silent story of loss and sorrow. Warily she dressed; the sunbeams danced in through the window and she made a movement as if to draw down the shade, but refrained, and presently stood by the window looking out at the dancing shadows of the oak tree leaves upon the path, now radiant in the glory of early spring, while the sweet scent of violets wafted upwards brought with it a sense of peace. Oh! that earth’s saddened children better knew the healing powers of nature!

A sharp rap at the door; “Breakfast is ready,” and Violet went down stairs to breakfast in a room from which all sunlight was carefully excluded. A heap of black-edged letters next engaged her attention. All spoke alike of sympathy with her in her sorrow, some counseled resignation to the will of a merciful Father, but all alike expressed inability to console; none spoke of death as but a natural withdrawal from active visible life for awhile, to the “Soul’s own realm,” with a future return to earth as certain as the return of day after night, for, alas! they did not know themselves, and lacked the certain conviction that “love is eternal,” and those who love must incarnate together again, by the decree of just, immutable law.

"They are kind," she cried in her agony, "but I feel smothering—as beneath a pall—*why* is the world so sad?"

A bird burst into song out in the garden, the merry laugh of a child at play floated in through the drawn blinds and the light summer breeze rustled the blinds as if to say, "It is not enough to half open your windows, draw up your blinds and let in the light."

"Mr. and Miss Flemming," announced the maid, and Violet came forward to greet the visitors.

"We were away from home and have only just heard of your trouble, dear," said the lady, while Ronald expressed his sympathy in a silent hand shake."

"I am quite sure Mrs. Jones is a very estimable lady," continued Edith Flemming, with the flicker of a smile round her mouth and a subdued twinkle in her eyes as she glanced round the darkened and extremely prim room, with its heavy handsome furniture and deadly dull old-fashioned prints upon the walls, "but you must confess we are nearer your age, and so we have come to see if you will come and stay with us for awhile. We can never forget your dear mother's kindness to us in our time of grief, and besides it will do you good to have a complete change."

Violet's thoughts went swiftly from the memory of her kindly and dearly loved mother, whose sins had been those of omission only, to the severe dame, her father's sister, who had offered her a home upon the condition that she should not expect to be petted and pampered as in her mother's life-time, and whose religion was of that extremely formal type, that demands not toleration, but acceptance of their views, as necessary to future salvation, and she shrank from the picture presented.

* * *

"You *are* good," she said, "I will come."

Mrs. Fletcher had never troubled much about the Flemmings, whom she had looked upon in the days of her prosperity in the light of poor relations, and as such to be gracefully avoided. Never wilfully unkind, but carelessly indifferent of all outside her own "set," the fact of their existence scarce rose upon her consciousness until the announcement of Mrs. Flemming's death had roused the latent memory of an early girlhood spent together and she had sent a kindly letter and substantial check to the sorrowing orphans, whom she vaguely surmised "were not very well off." And yet that one little action was to turn the whole current of her idolized child's life.

* * *

The Flemmings lived upon a pretty little orchard almost within a stone's throw of the sea. Ronald attended to the fruit and vegetables, the girls to the flowers, and the household duties generally, and a merrier trio would be difficult

to find. The very strangeness of the contrast to the waited-upon-life she had before lived appealed to Violet and she entered upon the new life with zest, to become soon an efficient assistant, and many a gay laugh they had together over their new "lady-help."

* * *

"And so you have definitely decided to throw in your lot with us," said Chattie, as she, Violet and Edith sat upon the veranda one morning. "I am so glad."

Ronald quietly joined them just as Violet burst out impulsively, "Why are you so good to me, an almost stranger?"

"Perhaps not quite such a stranger as you think yourself," returned Edith, "but even were it so, surely Brotherhood is the law of life and it is our duty to help when we see an opportunity."

"Is that what Theosophists teach?" inquired Violet, "and do you *really* believe we have lived before?"

"It has become a certain conviction with me," answered Ronald, "and Violet, do you know of any other theory that will explain our lives and their happenings with any show of reason or justice. Just think what it means *without* that simple explanation!"

"Don't you feel as if you had known us all before *quite well* ages ago, and now we have met again?" and Chattie put her arm round her with an affectionate little squeeze. And Violet thought of how much she felt at home among them all, and the feeling of inner unity and sympathy between them—and wondered.

GOD sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.—LONGFELLOW

OFFENDED self-love never forgives.—VIGEE

THE race of fools is not to be counted.—PLATO

How can we expect another to keep our secret, if we have not been able to do so ourselves?—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

MUSIC once admitted to the soul becomes a spirit and never dies; it wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again distinct and living, as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air.—GEORGE BULEEN

MUSIC may be compared to chess; the queen, namely, melody, has supreme power; but the final issue rests with the king, namely, harmony.—SCHUMANN

The Awakening of Marion Wentworth

by a Student



FRED WENTWORTH was a West Point boy. He had graduated there with honor, and for two winters following sailed without disaster between the Charybdis of feminine charm and the Scylla of army life.

Then he received a commission and went west to fight the Indians. General Custer was fighting them then. His death changed many things—but of that, later.

At the end of five years Major Frederick Wentworth came back. Then the gossips, who had forgotten all about him, suddenly remembered the future honors they had predicted when he left West Point! He was lionized by them, or would have been had he permitted it. At the end of a month he went back to Arizona and Marion Brewster went with him. They had been married quietly, thereby defeating the gossips; and at last “good-byes” were said and they set out for their frontier home. “Like Crusaders, Fred, for all the world,” said Marion.

“And I am afraid, little girl, you will find the Crusader’s share of disappointments,” was Major Wentworth’s reply.

“It’s a lonely life, Marion, as I’ve told you so often, but I’ll do my best, dear—and besides, we have each other.”

“Fred, don’t!” Marion broke in impulsively, as usual. “I’m tired of society, and as to being lonely—why, I wouldn’t mind a desert island, if you were there.” And so they journeyed westward from Marion’s home on the Hudson, brave young hearts, neither of them aware of the real battles that were before them, those battles with self whose anguished arena is the human heart.

Marion Wentworth was young, enthusiastic and accomplished. Highly educated and brilliant, she had many admirers. Her life at home had been so easy that she often longed for “something hard.” When Fred went west five years before she promised to wait and some day go back with him. Deep beneath the brilliancy of her nature was an innate devotion that kept her true as steel to her promises and, later, when the trial was on, transformed her into what is not very common, as the world goes—an awakened woman.

Major Wentworth was stationed at one of our lonely western forts, in the midst of a treeless and almost trackless prairie. There were other officers at the fort with their wives, and altogether a royal “welcome home” awaited the two young comrades that day in early November. The summer campaigning was over and the winter’s festivities were soon to begin. For no other word will describe the uninterrupted series of “good times” that may be devised by a dozen

young officers in a place that can boast of a piano, a polished floor and a real log for the fire-place on Christmas—a log which has been dragged over the prairie some two hundred miles and is therefore appreciated.

Then there were the sleighing parties. Ah! prairies have their advantages, even when the thermometer reads twenty below. How Marion enjoyed planning with the others some surprise for the men when they returned from their occasional hunting trips. And on those days how her heart thrilled when she saw those splendid fellows whirl into sight just as the sun was setting, the dogs baying, the horses foam-flecked. Fred was the tallest, handsomest and most soldierly of all. There was no doubt of it.

There were also musical evenings, and altogether Marion wondered what Fred could have meant when he had spoken of the life as "lonely."

But at last summer came and the men went out "to fight Indians." Then Marion knew what Fred meant. There were days, weeks, months even, when she was nearly beside herself with anxiety. News came of battles here and there, of massacres, of burnings. Letters reached her but seldom. One day she saw the woman across the hall packing her trunks, and weeping. Her husband, a splendid young officer, had been killed. It seemed to Marion that life was a cruel dream. Surely this torturing fear for Fred's safety could not be a real thing. Were it real, it must have killed her. At times she became rebellious. A certain bitterness crept into her heart, for her fears, after all, were selfish. And when at last the men came back to the fort for the winter—that is, most of them—Marion's old lightheartedness had gone. Even Fred could not bring it back. There were hard lines in her face and her manner was often irritable.

Her husband hoped that the winter's enjoyment would bring back the old sunny smile, but he was disappointed. Marion had formed the habit of worrying. A subtle selfishness had crept into her heart, none the less deadly from the fact that she did not recognize it. Her mind was keen but not philosophic. She never stopped to analyze her own heart, nor the hearts of others. And so the difficulty grew.

Poor Fred was just as unphilosophic. He could not tell where the difficulty lay, although, as conditions during that winter almost exactly paralleled those of the preceding winter and of several winters preceding that, it did once occur to him that the difficulty lay in Marion's view of life rather than in the actual life itself. But he had not the courage to suggest this to Marion and so—well, little by little, they grew apart.

There were drawbacks, to be sure. It was not ideal to have to live in the very same building with a dozen other officers and their wives. There were times when one would have been glad to have more than a thin partition between

oneself and another family! Then this fort, not unlike other forts, contained one woman who was jealous of every young and pretty face. Marion's was the youngest and prettiest. And, as even the night wind knows, a jealous woman can devise uncounted ways of making one uncomfortable with no possibility of redress. There were many pettinesses to which Marion could not stoop. The very fineness of her nature made her suffer, though this should have been the magic key leading her into a life that was really joyful and true. But Marion had not been awakened.

Thus the winter passed. "Hang it," said Fred, "I can't stand this—and Marion can't." The future did not look bright. He could not shape it as he would have chosen. He was only one of many "in the ranks." And he went out to his campaigns in the spring with a heavy heart.

* * *

Something like six weeks later Major Wentworth, with a number of his men, rode up to the fort. He held a queer little bundle, resting half on the saddle and half on his left arm. It looked like a disheveled mass of Indian blankets. He threw the reins upon his horse's neck and alighted. His wife was at the door.

"Marion, I had to bring it. I found it on the field after we had finished. The mother had been—" his voice choked—"stray bullet, I presume. Maybe some of you will look after it and Wednesday I'll take it up to the agency." And he placed in Marion's arms a little Indian baby.

Fred had hoped that Marion would take care of the little sobbing thing, yet he did not directly ask her, for a certain indefinable aloofness had come to exist between them. But something like a bit of sunlight flashed from Marion's eyes to Fred's when she looked at him, and his heart lightened.

* * *

"Well, shall I take her with me this afternoon?" said Fred, "I am going to the agency." It was Wednesday.

"Agency! O Fred, let me keep her. Let *us* keep her! Dear, I couldn't get along without her. Agency indeed! And we will name her ourselves—a real Indian name. O Fred," and the tears came into Marion's eyes, "there must be others, other babies that are *not* found, and other Indian women who are killed. Fred, *is this war right?*"

Fred's heart leaped. "No, Marion, it isn't right," said this splendid soldier, "but, hang it, what's a fellow to do?"

* * *

I wish I could picture to you the transformation that came over Marion Wentworth. Deep below her selfish fretfulness lay dormant something that was rich and beautiful and rare. All the old selfishness slipped away to make room

for a garment of pure devotion, woven, or so it seemed to Fred, by the clinging fingers of that bright-eyed little Indian baby. Her narrow view of life became broad. So close did she come through her sympathies, to some of the real problems of life and of sorrow, that the petty trials of her own life sank into insignificance. She made no more complaints. The old aloofness between herself and her husband disappeared. The old comradeship returned. "Marion," said Fred six months later, "it's too good to be true." He did not explain what he meant because it was not necessary. The awakening of a soul is something that cannot be touched upon with words.

And in course of time Marion did for her husband all that he once longed to do for her—but he did not know how. She lifted him into a broader, truer view of life. She awakened in him a deep sympathy for humanity—all humanity, not merely the section which labels itself "civilized." Circumstances favored them and when, at last, Major Wentworth found it possible to step into other channels more attractive to the conscience-guarded Soul than "fighting Indians," he said to Marion, with all the unreserve of a true comrade, "Now we shall begin to live!"

Modern Civilization

by W. F. Gearhart

TAKING a brief survey of the civilizations of prehistoric times, in the light of archæological research and discovery, guided by the delcimeter of common sense, we are led to a conclusion with the preacher of old, that "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." There have no doubt been prehistoric civilizations which have in almost every respect surpassed our own, and in future days civilizations will probably arise which will be far greater than any our planet has yet borne. A study of the past often brings to light future possibilities, and unveils the portals of true progression toward the goal of human perfection. True civilization implies civilness, civility, law and order, kindness and a knowledge and practical application of the industrial arts, civil government, the arts of social intercourse, high morality, development in science, literature and the fine arts. It stands for superiority over barbarism and savagery.

At this day and age, when civilization has reached a point of severe tension, and the bodies, minds, and I may say that, if it were possible, even the immortal souls of men are strained to the utmost in a deadly struggle with the problems of material life, there is an imperative need for the study of the causes and effects and methods of modern civilization.

In the apparent successes and failures of modern civilization, the tired bodies and feverish brains of our humanity all proclaim a great need for help, help that will relieve the discordant stress and the resultant suffering now so common to human experience. The souls of men, lost in the wilderness of earthly life, are crying out for guidance to the sunny fields of truth and peace. The "widow's son," orphan humanity, has hoisted the signal of distress. What, O, what help is there? Out of the silence of Nature from her eternal brooding spirit an answer comes: Great souls there are—strong and wise in the law of love who, having passed through earth's wilderness into the light beyond, where truth shines with unfading glory, are willing and able to point out the way to their weaker fellow-men. "By their fruits ye shall know them." They deal in the fruits of right action, the fruits of *true* civilization, the fruits of the soul. Their lives can be studied and their powers are proven by the works they perform in loving service for the good of all. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Seek the truths of Nature which lead to the door of her hidden treasure vaults; knock at the door—first, with the knock of right motive; secondly, with the knock of unselfishness, and lastly, with the knock of power, and the door will open and you may enter in and become one of those who live to help humanity. The first knock implies a clean heart; the second, a life of devotion to the interests of others, and the third, the overcoming of the evil in one's own nature and in the world.

The Theosophical Movement, representing as it does, the essential elements of all true religion, science, philosophy and art, being practically exemplified in The Universal Brotherhood Organization, furnishes a beacon light, leading by the most direct path out of the wilderness of ignorance and darkness into the fair fields of wisdom and light. It stands for the highest and truest civilization, which man, as man, is capable of attaining to, and for the establishment of the best conditions on earth, whereby human souls may be brought to their true position in the great plan of universal existence.

Modern civilization has made, and is making, great strides in the industrial arts, and the devices for turning to advantage the material resources and agencies of Nature are great, both in variety and efficiency, but these are but the handmaids of civilization and either help or retard according to the motive which underlies them. In our government and systems of political organization, we are forcibly convinced of the propriety of distinguishing so-called civilization from

absolute progress, and the devices intended for improvement from actual improvement. Scarcely anything in the whole political system of any government commands unanimous approbation first and last; nearly all changes are carried against reluctant minorities, and voices are raised against institutions accounted by the masses the very bulwark of national greatness. Social reformers aim to make the necessary functions of government compatible with a constantly broadening range of individual liberty, yet there remains a class of minds that see only the dark side of all innovations. When we revert to the horrible punishments to which men were subjected, not many generations since, not only for real crimes, but out of mere superstitious antipathies, as in the burning of witches, we are apt to feel ashamed of our own ancestors, and to congratulate ourselves on having our lot cast in a milder age. But there still exist strong elements of intolerance and persecution, more dangerous because more subtle, which, perhaps, need watching above all things else by those who are truly interested in the welfare of the human race. When Lincoln said "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," he spoke a great truth. Our arts of social intercourse, embracing the material machinery of conveyance and communication, and what may be termed the moral machinery, such as forms of procedure for regulating social and business intercourse, and the minor courtesies of life, have apparently undergone improvement; but our scheme of morality, judging by the present popularity of brutal prize fights, lynchings, dramshops, gambling dens, wealth-grabbing processes and the like, is manifestly deficient.

Religion is often used as a cloak, to cover hypocrisy and crime, and virtue has become a pretense. Morality is often considered as pertaining to civilized man, whether of their own invention or the result of so-called supernatural communication, but in how many cases may not the civilized man learn self-control, dignity and purity from the so-called savage? Religion may be judged of by its tendencies to promote human welfare, but it is the subject of all others that men have most differed upon, and from which countless wars, persecutions and untold suffering have resulted. Mammon, lust and other Pagan gods hold chief seats in the synagogues of men's minds, and intolerance, arising from ignorance and selfishness, still bars the door of a universal realization of the truth.

Is it a wonder that some believe that the establishment of so-called Christianity has thrown backward the human mind? Note the effects of church rule upon Spain, Italy, France and the South American countries, where Christianity has held greatest sway. Even during the establishment of the early Christian churches, intolerance and selfishness played a greater part in the lives and conduct of the majority of the people affiliated with them, than did the unselfishness and compassion of true Christianity, as it was exemplified in the life and teaching of the Nazarene.

The words of Paul, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," express the truth. Dead letter forms and dogmas are responsible for most of the deficiencies of our present civilization, and the good that is now manifesting is largely the result of an adherence to the spirit, or right principles of conduct, upon which all genuine progress depends. An ideal civilization will never exist until the units composing it are broad-minded, tolerant and brotherly.

True religion, science, art, government and morality, must go hand in hand in the upliftment of humanity. They are summed up in the Theosophical philosophy, the teachings of which are being practically worked out in The Universal Brotherhood Organization, which stands for the highest civilization along the broadest lines of life.

Theosophy has come with a message of hope, and a philosophy which answers all questions concerning the vital interests of mankind. It presents an unlimited field for research and development, pregnant with joy, wisdom and power. It has always stood and still stands, as a great central sun, at the very heart of human evolution and, in proportion as man takes hold of its wonderful principles will be his degree of realization of the beauties and harmonies of the divine in Nature. Its motto, "There is no religion higher than truth," emanating from the very spirit of truth, must prevail, if civilization, complete and perfect, is ever to be realized.

So long as the human race allows itself to become attached to outer forms, dogmas and mere appearances, to the exclusion of right principles, it will be subjected to the evils resulting from blind leadership of the blind; but when it turns to the great day-book of life, in the light of self-analyzing thought for guidance, it will be led to that civilized state which is summed up in the future Golden Age, when all men, like Daniel of old, shall possess the wisdom of the gods and be truly *civilized* by that mighty source of all civilizing and unifying power, the Divine in Nature and in the heart of man.

AS LONG as love continues the most imperious passion, and death the surest fact of our mingled and marvelous humanity, so long will the sweetest and truest music on earth be ever in the minor key.—ANON

THE science of harmony is unlimited in its scope, and we can seek the end only by going back to the beginning.—M. HAUPTMANN

BELIEVE me, there is no greater delight than the completely uncritical frame of mind of the artist while creating.—WAGNER

Limitations of the Human Mind*

by Alice M. Bolting



THE limitations of the human mind are too varied and numerous to mention, resulting in prejudice, selfishness and brutality, and whatever in human nature shuts out the divine light, and prevents men and women from walking in the *joy* of life.

Many people suffer from limitations due to the positions they take and stubbornly hold. It is as though in climbing a mountain-side one gains the summit of a foothill and says, "this is the top of the world," and in his egotism questions not if there might be a larger hill to climb and a higher observation-point; he is quite satisfied that, as he chanced only to think of this particular hill there can be no other, at least none worth his attention or investigation. And if it chanced to be a pleasant hillock he placidly ensconces himself in his own desires and revels in comfort and pleasures calmly viewing everything within his limited radius of observation.

Such is the man who takes ample time for research; studies diligently; reads interestedly; discourses upon ethics, philosophy and religion as each appeals to him and does not interfere with or disturb his comfort.

If he should learn of a means to ameliorate the vice and woe of the world he might for a moment lend his attention. But if in the next moment it should dawn upon him that he might have to take off his coat, lay aside his most flattering garb—his personality—sacrifice the gratifications of his desires—however æsthetic and elevated—and stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellow men in the great battle of humanity's freedom, he would slyly glance at *his hillock*; sniff the aroma of indifference and luxury, and calmly, or it may be with an uneasy and perhaps guilty conscience, settle back into the solace of his own delusion.

Such a man is quite conscious that he is shirking duty, but rather than take up that duty he arms himself with the poisoned shafts of prejudice against those who move on and who in the spirit of altruism determine to help speed the progress of humanity's freedom.

Even in his own self-imposed limitations he cannot fail to observe a contrast between his position, his want of effort and resolve, and that of his free, broad-minded warrior brother. And when his own selfishness and indolence goad him to mortification he cowardly attacks the innocent, the pure-hearted, the truth-seeking, the noble and unselfish, and defiling his manhood he thrusts abuse upon principle, honor and justice.

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

Such a man may profess religion and patriotism from the pulpit and platform: yet, by his own acts he contradicts his very words and wilfully retards the advancement of his country, even more than those enemies who make open attack.

Under high pressure, in times of need, thousands come to the front, but those who shout the loudest are oftentimes the very ones whose inner lives are eating out the heart of the nation by their selfishness, greed and immorality.

There are many splendid people all over the earth in different ranks and occupations who are doing noble work, but how many are the enemies of mankind who, themselves fettered and bound in their limitations, would bind others also that they might become their prey. Separateness in human life brings discord. The recognition of non-separateness, Brotherhood, brings joy and harmony.

And there are those who know that in learning and in climbing one must ever look ahead, to the heights that lie beyond. He who would scale the heights must know that each little hillock, and each greater height gained is but a vantage point from which to scale the higher mountain peaks, from there to gain a glimpse of mountains still beyond. He who would climb to freedom's heights must have deep-seated, pure motives and unwavering determination.

In the dictionary among the definitions of "determination" are included the following words: decision, judgment, purpose, resolution, resolve and firmness. It would seem that judgment, added to right purpose and both attended by firm resolve would be the quintessence of that power which underlies determination, and guided by knowledge finds its fruit in right action.

The world is weighted down today with people who are lacking completely, both in knowledge and determination, so bound are they in the self-engendered limitations of their minds. How many women are there who aimlessly drift with the tide of human events? One class lives on the treadmill of social life, never pausing long enough to observe that they are whirled about like helpless craft on tempestuous waters. Others, misguided by conventionalities, maintain a constant struggle in attending to the mere physical existence of home and family. To be sure some such women might well question wherein lies their duty if in not attending to the physical needs of their families—but does their *whole* duty lie there? In the present system of domestic economy woman is so enslaved that she has time to consider little else than the preparation of food and raiment and the maintenance of a household.

We all appreciate that modern science is inventing every kind of labor-saving instruments, and in many ways woman is saved much of the drudgery of earlier days. But does she find her days less occupied with the mere externals of life? has she *now* time for study, reflection and the cultivation of the deeper side of her nature? And the woman who has the time and opportunity, is she availing herself of these in a way befitting her own womanhood and her own divinity?

These are the questions which every woman should ask herself. Do you think Joan of Arc, though but a mere girl at the time she saved France, did not realize the sacredness of the duty that lay before her and that she must perform it with fearlessness and determination?

Did not H. P. Blavatsky appreciate the depths of materialism into which the world had sunk and with unyielding determination attack this foe to human progress? Has not Katherine Tingley stepped into the path of noblest duty? and is she not with fearless determination tearing aside the cloaks of conventionality and hypocrisy which disguise selfishness, vice and immorality? is not she pointing the way to a life of freedom and purity?

It seems that the average woman thinks her duty done when she lives as her mother did before her or as other women of her class, but her motives are undetermined, weak, indifferent. The time is at hand when woman must learn what pure motive and determination mean.

The world is crying for the help that woman can give and she must determine whether she as a mother amongst the mothers of the race, is going to allow her offspring to degenerate or to take part in upbuilding a new and glorious civilization.

But how is she to understand the direction of right motive? She must first know herself; she must break through the limitations of her mind; she must aspire to and believe in the Divine Law, and she must learn to work with it.

Perhaps in all the world's history the time was never more propitious than now for woman to perceive the true meaning and necessity of pure motive and strong determination. Heroes, heroines, patriots and reformers are ever amongst us. Humanity has ever had its examples of pure, unselfish lives freed from limitations. Yet what heed do we give their works and voices? The Helpers of the world live with us, work for us, suffer for us and die for us. We give them passing attention; discuss and criticize their works; revile and abuse them if public sentiment so approves, and then they pass on recognized only by a few, the faithful ones who make their motive in life one that will determine the perpetuation of truth and divine light.

Such souls have lived among men in every age and in every clime, yet the masses, hampered by the limitations which they place upon themselves, or if placed there by circumstances, allowed to remain, fail to recognize their duty.

If one sits quietly by, conscious of an existing evil and does not try to eradicate it he is committing as great a sin as if he were the originator of that evil.

Ignorance, selfishness and vice are the crying evils of the age, and the man or woman who sits with folded hands in utter indifference to these evils, or who does not *protest* against those who would *maliciously* prevent any cause or organization from abolishing these evils are guilty of a gross sin.

Let us pause in the pursuit of life long enough to take an account of our limitations, our prejudices and selfishness. Let us note the motives which have actuated all the great patriots, leaders and reformers, and mark the determination in every action of their lives! Let us, inspired by the examples they have set, determine upon a course of action whereby *we* can step into line and each and all take part in the battle for freedom—FREEDOM from SELFISHNESS, SIN and SORROW—and from *all* the LIMITATIONS which cramp the human mind.

The Same Old Problem

by E. V.



FOR the average reader in the world today, it is to be feared that the words at the head of this article will suffice to prevent his dipping into it. He will be tempted to pass on and see what the next one promises, in the hope, perhaps, that it may present something more interesting, or less likely to call for the effort of thought—something current which his mind can run over, extracting from it in passing, gentle pabulum, which shall be pleasing and not too fatiguing. The world is tired of problems. Never in its history have there been so many, never has the solution of them been so apparently hopeless.

Emerging from the sea of darkness which historians call the Middle Ages, the Aryan race, the leaders of the world's progress, find themselves confronted today with no acknowledged standard of ethics, no recognized court of appeal or source of wisdom, from which they can draw illumination upon the duties and rights of men and nations.

But we know that this has not always been the case. In the ancient days of glorious Egypt and learned India, the laws which should govern right action were well understood, and were administered by rulers whose government was justified by every claim of enlightened justice and mercy over the hearts and minds of men.

Nor will it be so in the future, when men have once more solved the ancient problem. But now, in these days of transition, we are not yet out of the *middle* ages, those intermediate between the golden age of the past and the new one of the future. The problem stands facing us.

The great hierarchs of Egypt, teachers of Moses and of Jesus, the Nazarene, knew that in the ages of the future the world must descend into the darkness

of evil and emerge therefrom, with added knowledge gained through overcoming it. They left upon the plains beside the Nile, their ruined temples. Near them, stands today that wonderful statue representing this same old problem, conveying in symbol their explanation of it for future ages. For nearly eighty thousand years the sphinx, with its superb animal body and Godlike head, has looked with stony eyes across the desert sands. Now, they say, it is rapidly crumbling away. May it not be that its symbolism has been read by a few, and that the day for the general comprehension of it is dawning.

One of our great thinkers, whose heart was deeply touched by the trials of poor humanity, has well expressed the problem. His heart revolted against the fruitless attempts of would-be teachers to erect monuments to themselves upon the credulity and fears of men. He put the matter somewhat in this way. A traveler, journeying through the virgin forest, after cutting his way through thickets and creepers, passing every now and then a sunny glade, came suddenly to the bank of a great river. The first thing which occurred to him was—“Where does it come from? Whither is it going?” In passing along the bank of the river, he found others who were also asking the same question. Many had become so accustomed to seeing the river that they had ceased troubling themselves about the matter. Others told him fairy tales, which tradition had handed down, but they differed so greatly that he could make no common story out of them.

So, with the great problem, the river of human life. It is rushing on in mighty volume, bearing us along in its course. The whence and the whither are of the greatest possible moment to us. Many there are who profess to tell us all about it, but their stories will not bear investigation. In most cases the source of supposed information is too evidently tainted by self interest, vanity and ignorance. *But there is the river*, and surely no one who considers the matter for a moment will fail to see that the answer to the question is of the deepest possible interest.

Yet it is probably true that, to the average man of the western world, the question involved has scarcely ever presented itself as worthy of much thought or investigation. Material science, the massing in the memory of contemporary facts, the speculations of philosophers, politicians and social reformers, upon bases which are imperfect or untrue, the struggle to get on, to stand ahead of one's fellows, the mad rush for wealth, power, amusement, sensation, the attempt to keep up appearances, the insane dance of profligacy and crime, surround us on every hand in this beginning of the Twentieth Century. There are comparatively few who look upon the river of life with any sincere effort to solve its problems.

It is plain that the larger portion of mankind has been hypnotized by centuries of apparently hopeless effort to obtain a key to the situation. Doubt, un-

certainty and distrust of the possibility of man's obtaining any reasonable explanation of these vital questions has numbed the faculties of even the greatest and noblest. So much has been said, so many have been the cults and the creeds and the failures, that some of the best minds of today, those whose highest instincts revolt against the present chaos of belief, and foresee dimly, it may be, the Armageddon of coming disaster and decadence, are turning their attention to patching up the old garments with new cloth, and are putting their new wine into old bottles. How many churches are rent with dissension in the effort to mend their worn-out creeds, irrespective of their neighbors! "Higher criticism" is in the air.

But, as the Master of Nazareth taught two thousand years ago, all this will be of no avail. *A return must be made to first principles*, to the foundation upon which we stand. Naught else will serve to give us a sure foothold, and straighten out the tangle. The jumble of beliefs which only serve as food for derision in the minds of men of action, the bone and sinew of our race, must be swept into the dustbin of time.

Before this can be accomplished, however, it is only wise and just that those upon whom the world's future depends, should glimpse the truth and should discern the light of coming law and order, which is ready to descend upon every man of sturdy independence, who dares to think for himself.

It requires more than common effort to do this. There are thousands who will do it, as soon as it becomes fashionable, but the man who will set the example and act as pioneer and reformer, for the love of his fellow men, must be of uncommon mold. There have been many such in days gone by, and after they have passed lives of strenuous endeavor, and have been derided, persecuted and even slain by those for whom they strove, we have inscribed their names upon the scroll of honor, and erected their statues in the market place. Such have been the ways of the world all along the ages. Those times must pass if we would rise to the present needs.

Here we can do no more than indicate the outline of the remedy for the present evil. During the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century the time arrived when, in the general order of the world's history, once more the truth about man's bygone history and future possibilities, was made known for the benefit of mankind. So great was the revelation, so deeply did it involve a new order of affairs, so self-evidently true, so simple, and so noble were its teachings, that those whose self interests were threatened, soon set a keynote of derision and calumny and opposition, which carried the two first Teachers, too early, beyond the grave. But the Movement stands today as immeasurably the greatest event of modern times, however much it may yet have to accomplish before its effects become visible to all men.

The reinstatement of the ancient Wisdom Religion, which was the basis of all ancient faiths, including those of prehistoric peoples, has given the world the opportunity of analyzing the ramifications which represent it today, in the many perverted forms in which it presents itself to the student of modern faiths. It then becomes evident, as indeed we might easily expect, that the world stands face to face with a river of thought and belief perverted in the course of centuries. It has become so, by a gradual decadence from the primeval truth and beauty, which recommends it in its purity to the thought of every child and of every man of unbiased reason.

The old story of this noble faith is that Man is a SOUL, a being from higher spheres who has come down to earth for the perfection of his Godhood. This is conveyed in the life and teaching of all the great ones, and those founders of religions whose memories are revered by all men in all parts of the world.

The Godlike soul has nothing to fear, learning as it does, from the consequences of its own mistakes; and the law which binds it with every other of its fellows, upon the same journey, is the Law of Unity. Forgetfulness of these truths is the cause of all the sin and sorrow in the world.

This, then, is the solution of the old problem which has caused so much discussion and strife amongst men. Alas, could they but see it, it would inspire them to noble effort for all mankind.

The outcome of the efforts of H. P. Blavatsky and of W. Q. Judge, who have passed away, and of their successor, Katherine Tingley, who is still with us, is the formation of a united body of students at Point Loma, whose efforts for the welfare of Humanity are founded upon a solid realization of these truths. The acknowledgment of Human Brotherhood, the absolute recognition of it in the heart and life of each member of the community, has welded these students of this philosophy into a body of men and women such as has not existed for ages.

Here, also, children from all parts of the world are being trained from earliest infancy. They are led to acknowledge and give ascendancy to the divine within their own natures so that, in later years, they may go forth strengthened with a mighty power to serve their fellows.

If there be any who would know more of this, let them know that the portals are ever open. The Path is for all.

WHAT is the musician's calling? Is it not to send light into the deep recesses of the human heart?—SCHUMANN

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



What has Theosophy to say on the subject of Liberty, especially as contrasted with License?

SIMPLY to re-state, in terms of a luminous and practical philosophy, what the world's great thinkers have taught in all ages.

The only true liberty is that which arises from self-mastery, for the relation subsisting between a man and his fellow-men is determined by his own character. Tyrants cannot enslave and oppress us except through our vices and weaknesses. Until these are mastered, men cannot be free; for they only throw off one yoke to immediately fall under another. Their faults of character are like reins cast loose for somebody to grasp and drive them with.

When people clamor for deliverance from the rule of other people, they are acting under a delusion which causes them to shift the blame from their own shoulders to those of others. History has proven, what philosophy propounds, that revolutions only usher in new forms of tyranny. A people fit to be free is free already; and a people whose character does not entitle them to freedom cannot be made free.

In Theosophical terms, liberty consists in freedom to fulfill the purposes of the Real Man or Higher Self; and license is freedom of the passions, vices and weaknesses of the lower nature to make havoc of our lives. A man free from restraint is a slave of his passions and of whomsoever can play upon his passions. But every man is free to live in accordance with the law of right which proceeds from his higher nature.

Liberty, both for the nation and the individual, is freedom from the real oppressors of the Soul—fear, doubt, lust, anger, etc. It is brought about by enlightenment and true education.

We have seen how a nation, invested with a constitution framed on lines of political liberty, can become enslaved to monopolies ruling through the passion for wealth; and how people are dominated by fashions in thought and faith, and in many other ways through various weaknesses.

We can help them best by proclaiming those luminous truths about the real nature of man—his divinity and essential nobleness—that can give them self-respect and self-mastery.

The case is perfectly illustrated in the bringing up of children. So-called "liberty," that is license, merely yields the child up to the tyranny of its own im-

pulses, which weave bonds that hopelessly fetter the grown man. But right discipline teaches him early to free himself from these fetters, and leave the future man independent and self-controlled.

H. T. E.

“The Soul takes up the threefold garment of heredity and emerges upon its new life. . .”

I came across the above sentence in an article dealing with Reincarnation. What is the “*threefold*” garment?

The garment seems to be more than *threefold*; but let us see.

Heredity is *absolute*, and *casual*.

Absolute heredity lies within the germ cell nucleus. *Casual* heredity consists of those forces that superadd themselves to the forces contained within the primary germ. The forces of absolute heredity change with extreme slowness over many generations. Those of casual heredity are infinitely modifiable by us, and upon this fact rests the great hope for coming generations of a new race and age. We have no right to charge any evil conditions whatsoever upon absolute heredity till we have exhausted the possibilities of the casual. And *that* we have hardly begun to do.

The casual consist of (1) prenatal conditions, *e. g.*, due to the mind of the mother. Does she keep her mind in the Light, or let it flicker among the shadows and moods of life? (2) Post-natal. The whole of the influences that surround the child. (a) Hygienic, food, clothing, sunshine, etc. (b) The mental atmosphere about it. Its intellectual training. Its artistic training, the development of its sense of beauty in music, art, nature. (c) Moral training; the awakening of unselfishness, love, and self-control.

When these casual factors have been raised to their highest terms, whatever limitations remain preventing this earth from being the home of nature's noblemen we can charge to absolute heredity. In the meantime, at every step of our work, we shall have had the co-operation of the soul collectively of humanity and individually of the child.

K.

We have received the following from a correspondent:

I am not, on this occasion, writing to the Students' Column so much to ask a question as to make a suggestion. My question relates to ancient music.

Let me put what I mean in a few words.

We now know something of the music of one of the tribes of Indians occupying this double continent, the Zunis. We know that some of it is as rich and subtle as that of Wagner. The same may be true of one or more of the other tribes.

Now we know from the present Teacher of The Universal Brotherhood, Katherine Tingley, that these tribes are not representatives or evolutions of a still more barbarous anterior age, but remains of a splendid past of forgotten civilization.

What then must have been the music of that past ; and where is it recorded ?

Again : From the references to music in the *Mahabbarata*, and in that Indian poem so exquisitely translated by Sir Edwin Arnold under the name of the "*Indian Song of Songs*," we know that the music of that time and people must have been of a very high and rich order, in rhythm, melody, and perhaps harmony.

Where and how is this music recorded ?

Again : As we have also learned, India was itself civilized from a mighty and unrecorded civilization of prehistoric Egypt. And as even such glimpses as we have of much later Egyptian civilization show music to have had a most important place in the life of that people, why has no record been found of the actual music of even that later period ?

The suggestion I would make is that this music *is* secretly recorded on the inscriptions, tablets, and other literary and religious remains that have been and are being unearthed and discovered among all these peoples. I mean that besides recording historical matters, legends, exploits of kings, religious invocations, etc., the letters used *do* secretly—in minute modifications of form, in colors, dots, and other apparently accidental marks—convey the music to which they were anciently sung or chanted.

And further : That many of these inscriptions were *primarily* music, expressed in letters, and that the superficial meaning expressed by these signs and letters is only a blind—or a vehicle—for the *really* important thing, the music.

STUDENT OF ANTIQUE MUSIC

Katherine Tingley says each man brings with him into life, his own music and tones—the echo of the past. The marvelous power of great singers and actors is not acquired in one life but may be the revival of old memories of lives which have gone before, sweeping into and stirring the nature with harmonies which have been woven in their very being. Katherine Tingley holds that in the case of both Jenny Lind and Eleonora Duse, and other great singers and actors, their power of singing and acting was not acquired in this life but was the welling up of power acquired in many lives, and recorded on the memory tablets of the soul. It may not be recognized by the brain mind, but it is in the deeper feelings, it is something familiar and thus those things that we love come back to us again and again, and we are continually building upon the foundation of the ages. And as we learn to express the music and harmonies of life and open our hearts to the deeper tones of Nature, we shall by degrees recover all the music of the ancients which is recorded in the memory of our own souls. STUDENT

Sign-Posts Along the Path



IT is not violence that can ever insure bread and comfort for all; nor is the kingdom of peace and love, of mutual help and charity and “food for all” to be conquered by a cold, reasoning, diplomatic policy. It is only by the close brotherly union of men’s inner SELVES, of soul-solidarity, of the growth and development of that feeling which makes one suffer when one thinks of the suffering of others, that the reign of Justice can ever be inaugurated. When men will begin to realize that it is precisely that ferocious personal selfishness, the chief motor in the “struggle for life,” that lies at the very bottom and is the one sole cause of human starvation, they will try to remedy this evil by a salutary change of policy. And this salutary revolution can be peacefully accomplished only by The Theosophical Society (Universal Brotherhood) and its teachings.—H. P. BLAVATSKY (*Lucifer*, Vol. II, p. 429)

THERE is a dawn for every being, when once freed from illusion and ignorance by knowledge.—H. P. BLAVATSKY (*Lucifer*, Vol. I, p. 119)

VERILY the Spirit in man, so long hidden out of public sight, . . . has at last awakened. It now asserts itself and is loudly re-demanding its unrecognized yet ever legitimate rights. It refuses to be any longer trampled under the brutal foot of materialism, speculated upon by the churches, and made a fathomless source of income by those who have self-constituted themselves its universal custodians. But the Spirit in man—the direct, though now but broken ray and emanation of the Universal Spirit—has at last awakened. . . . Today, the Spirit in man has returned like King Lear, from seeming insanity to its senses; and, raising its voice, it now speaks in those authoritative tones to which the men of old have listened in reverential silence through incalculable ages—until, deafened by the din and roar of civilization and culture, they could hear it no longer. . . .

Look around you and behold! Think of what you see and hear, and draw therefrom your own conclusions. The age of crass materialism, of Soul insanity and blindness, is swiftly passing away. A death struggle between truth and materialism is no longer at hand, but is already raging. And the party which

will win the day at this supreme hour will become the master of the situation and of the future; *i. e.*, it will become the autocrat and sole disposer of the *millions* of men already born and to be born up to the latter end of the Twentieth century. If the signs of the time can be trusted, it is not the *Animalists* who will remain conquerors. This is warranted us by the many brave and prolific authors and writers who have arisen of late to defend the rights of the Spirit to reign over matter. Many are the honest, aspiring Souls now raising themselves like a dead wall against the torrent of the muddy waters of Materialism. And, facing the hitherto domineering flood which is still steadily carrying off into unknown abysses the fragments from the wreck of the dethroned, downcast, human Spirit, they now command: "So far hast thou come; but thou shalt go no farther!"

Amid all this external discord and disorganization of social harmony; . . . amid the late dead calm of public thought that had exiled from literature every reference to Soul and Spirit and their divine working, . . . we hear a sound arising. Like a clear, definite, far-reaching note of promise, the voice of the great human Soul proclaims, in no longer timid tones, the rise and almost the resurrection of the human spirit in the masses. It is now awakening in the foremost representatives of thought and learning; it speaks in the lowest as in the highest, and stimulates them all to action. The renovated, life-giving Spirit in man is boldly freeing itself from the dark fetters of the hitherto all-capturing animal life and matter. . . .

A new era has begun in literature, that is certain. New thoughts and new interests have created new intellectual needs; hence a new race of authors is springing up, . . . lifting up and carrying on unflinchingly the standard of the *Future Man*. It is finally those who, amidst the present wholesale domination of matter, material interests and SELFISHNESS, will have bravely fought for human rights and *man's divine nature*, who will become, if they only win, the teachers of the masses, . . . and so their benefactors. . . . The hour of the new historical era will have struck for those who will have learned to express . . . the aspirations as well as the physical needs of the rising generations and of the now trampled-down masses. In order that one may fully comprehend *individual* life with its . . . mysteries, he has to devote himself with all the fervor of unselfish philanthropy and love for his brother men, to studying and knowing *collective* life, or Mankind. Without preconceptions or prejudice, as also without the least fear of possible results in one or another direction, he has to decipher, understand and *remember* the deep and innermost feelings and the aspirations of the poor people's great and suffering heart. To do this he has first "to attune his soul with that of humanity," as the old philosophy teaches; to thoroughly master the correct meaning of every line and

word in the rapidly turning pages of the Book of Life of MANKIND and to be thoroughly saturated with the truism that the latter is a whole inseparable from his own SELF.

How many of such profound readers of life may be found in our boasted age of sciences and culture?

If asked then, what is it that will help, we answer boldly: Take advantage of and profit by, the "tidal wave" which is now happily overpowering half of humanity. Speak to the awakening Spirit of Humanity and the Spirit in man, these three in one, and the One in All.

Then and not till then will the world acknowledge that it was wrong, and that Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonious and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself; but to effect this, Theosophists have to act as such. Having helped to awaken the Spirit in many a man shall we now stop instead of swimming with the TIDAL-WAVE?—H. P. BLAVATSKY (*Lucifer*, Vol. 5, p. 173)

Mirror of the Movement



The **Cuban Crusade**

Our comrades throughout the world already know something of the forward move in Cuba, and of the permanent introduction of our educational methods into the Island. At the moment of writing Dr. Van Pelt and some of her best assistants are in Santiago, and Mr. and Mrs. Hanson have already arrived in Cuba armed with full instructions for the establishment of the necessary Headquarters and to make immediate preparations for the establishment of the Raja Yoga School in Santiago and ultimately in other cities in Cuba. Who can doubt the reality of the welcome which they have already received, from a people who have had so substantial a proof of our good-will, and whose appreciation, with but few exceptions, of the advantages of education is so intelligent and so sincere?

That welcome has been already voiced by Senor Emilio Bacardi, the mayor of Santiago, whose whole life is a witness to the depth of his patriotism. Senor Bacardi has presented to the Leader a piece of ground which is said to be eminently adapted to the purpose in view — the establishment of School buildings, where a system of substantial education will be carried out similar to that which has met with so wonderful a success at Point Loma. We all share in the joy of Cuba at the attainment of her liberty, and now it seems the time has arrived when we can most help them with our non-political and unsectarian work. In the new educational work now being started the children will be taught to love the Beautiful and to produce the Beautiful, to be brotherly, observant and thoughtful. They will be shown how to develop within

themselves the qualities of which the world in general, and their native land in particular, stand most in need, and those who know that such a system in the hands of Katherine Tingley is not a theory but already an accomplished and demonstrated fact, will know something of the promise to Cuba which is implied by her devoted activities.

The land which Senor Bacardi has given for this work stands some few miles from Santiago in one of the most beautiful parts of the Island. As far as possible, it will be a second Loma-land, and through it the hearts of all true Cubans and of all true Americans will be united in a common work for humanity.

Each Cuban mail brings to us letters of attainment and of progress. If the writing of this could have been delayed but a few days longer it would have been possible to invite our comrades to a more detailed and precise appreciation of what has been done, but whatever is lacking they can for the moment fill in for themselves from their own knowledge of the past. They may be well assured that the plow point of the International Brotherhood League will not turn backward, and that it will make an ever deeper furrow in the fields of human love.

* * *

**Meetings of Aryan
Theosophical Society
In Isis Theatre**

The Sunday meetings in the Isis Theatre are such an attraction to the good people of San Diego and vicinity, as well as the many tourists who visit Southern California, that even that commodious house is taxed to its utmost; and on special evenings—of which there are not a few—hundreds are unable to gain admittance.

Every Sunday evening before the doors open, a large crowd can be seen patiently waiting admission, and on those occasions when Katherine Tingley speaks and the children sing, the crowd extends far out into the street more than an hour before the doors are open. No better verdict can be had, than this one of the people, in regard to the value of these meetings, for San Diego is not a large city, and the constant large attendance means that the audience is composed mostly of the same individuals Sunday after Sunday. When it is considered that the addresses are of a nature which appeal to the moral and spiritual needs of mankind, that all is chaste and beautiful and devoid of sensationalism, that the music is of a high order, and the decorations in the highest taste—it is plainly apparent that the desire for a higher and nobler life dwells in the hearts of all men, a desire which may be awakened and brought into activity when the proper means are used in the right spirit of self-sacrificing service. At these meetings several Biblical questions have from time to time been taken up in the light of Theosophy, and among the audience are always to be seen many well-known church people anxious for the new light on the problems of life which Theosophy offers. There is never any influence brought to bear to obtain members—that is entirely a matter of the free choice of each. These meetings constitute a demonstration of the essential divinity of man's nature, and of the wisdom of the Leader who has applied the right method to arouse it—and this is only the beginning.

It goes without saying, that the meetings in which the children of the Raja Yoga School take part are the most powerful in effect, for these children carry with them in manner and bearing, in voice and expressed sentiment, in frankness, brightness and joyousness, the highest evidence of noble training—and what is more, the promise of humanity's redemption.

Not long ago, a well-known resident of San Diego in speaking to one of the students said: "It surprises me sometimes to see that you folks on the Hill take the wonderful progress of these children *'as a matter of course;'* I don't believe you realize how great that progress is, for you have no means of comparison. Living as I do in the city, seeing children in schools and homes, your children appear to me like another race—and I am almost dumb in amazement sometimes, at what is taking place before my very eyes, for I saw these children when they came here, children from all walks of life and of different nationalities so short a time ago as to be easily reckoned in months, and now in addition to their many attainments in general knowledge there is so apparent a development of nobility of character in looks, speech and action, that a miracle seems to have taken place. I begin to understand what is meant by the revival of the lost mysteries of antiquity."

* * *

New Building The extensive stables and carriage house which have been erected on the Colony grounds, are now occupied by our four-footed friends. Every convenience that could be suggested which would add to their comfort and well-being has been supplied, and doubtless improvements will continue as occasion demands. The old stable and carriage house is in process of reconstruction for another purpose.

The Children's "Social Bungalow" is receiving its finishing touches, and will be fulfilling its mission in a few days. New and handsome gates have been erected near the Exhibition Building, at the entrance of the road to Camp Karnak.

Land has been purchased for the erection of an up-to-date Sanitarium, southeast of the Homestead. The site is a beautiful one overlooking the bay, city and ocean, as well as the Homestead grounds. The building will be unique and beautiful, and will have every convenience and appliance known to medical and hygienic science; all this, together with the incomparable climatic conditions for conferring robust health, should make the Loma Sanitarium second to none in the world.

* * *

"Times" Libel Suit The libel suit of Mrs. Katherine Tingley against the Los Angeles *Times* is called for November 10th. It will please the members to know that in the last month the Leader has much improved in health, and although far from well can now walk a few steps without crutches. All during her long illness there has never been a day that she has not determinedly worked, and during the past months several very important plans covering the future for many years have been commenced.

* * *

Ladies' Garden Club The lady students of the "Garden Club" are indefatigable in carrying on the work of floral culture. It is not so very long ago since they undertook to cultivate and make beautiful a plot of barren ground; today there are palm trees and flowers of many kinds in bloom between winding paths, with ornamental borders; all of which not only gives promise of great beauty, but speaks very highly of the ladies' gardening skill. It is evident that the

outdoor exercise is most beneficial to the fair gardeners, as their light, vigorous step and rosy faces testify.

* * *

**Anniversary of
Arrival of
Cuban Children**

September 15th was a great day for the children of the Raja Yoga School, being the anniversary of the arrival at Point Loma of a large number of Cuban children. The celebration of this day had been long looked forward to by the Cuban children in particular, for they greatly appreciate the value of the training they have received and the advancement made by them in one short year. They arranged their own program and carried it out successfully and joyously. When they arose in the morning, their first thought was of the one to whose compassion and energy they and Cuba owe so much, so assembling at sunrise they marched in column to the home occupied by Katherine Tingley, and beneath her window expressed in song their feelings of gratitude and devotion. The Leader thanked them for their loving tribute, and spoke feelingly of beloved Cuba, and the grand service which they would in no long time render their country. The day was devoted to tally-ho rides, games, etc., and in the evening the children gave a reception to which they invited Katherine Tingley and some distinguished guests. The reception was opened by song, then followed a greeting to the Leader by Jose, and presentation of flowers by Matilda. Guillermo, who was master of ceremonies, made a splendid speech on "The Future of Cuba." Music by the Cubans followed on the piano, violin, mandolin and guitar, then speeches by Victor and Antonio, representing Cuba, and Albert and Thorley representing America and England. The Leader made a closing address, after which refreshments, which Mrs. Tingley had provided, were served to the guests by the little Cubanos and Cubanases.

It is difficult to realize that only one year has elapsed since the majority of the Cubans arrived here, so great is their progress mentally, morally and physically. Certainly these children are a standing answer to the questions as to the ability of the teachers, and an unchallengeable rebuke to the defamatory remarks sometimes heard from jealous sectarians.

* * *

**Educational
Influence of the
Greek Symposia**

Miss Edith Clayton, President of U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England, writes of a visit which Brother F. J. Woodhead from London paid to them. During his visit the Greek Symposium "A Promise," (The Conquest of Death) was presented, eliciting warm appreciation from the audience. She writes that "the preparation for these dramatic entertainments and especially the performance itself are an ever-increasing joy, education and revelation to those who take part." She further reports that "the good influence of the Girls' Club upon its members is also very marked and encouraging. The membership has increased, and the attendance and tone of the meetings are very good. The chief features of these gatherings are; singing, musical drill, and a short business meeting. Miss Clayton writes that "it is encouraging to find how much some of the girls, who are allowed to assist in the symposia, appreciate the privilege. With many of them, too, their taste regarding clothes is fast changing, and we now frequently hear much dissatisfaction expressed at the discomfort and ugliness of modern garments."

**Visits of
Comrades to
London Headquarters**

Brother H. Crooke writes of a visit paid to London, and the excellent progress of the Girls' Club and musical drill at 19 Avenue Road, under the able superintendence of Miss Robinson. One of our American comrades, Dr. F. Wheat of Manchester, New Hampshire, who has been spending some months in Europe, had a very pleasant visit with the comrades at 19 Avenue Road, when passing through London, and Madame Holland, one of the Swedish comrades, also recently visited the London Headquarters. Here at Loma-land we feel there is no great distance between any of the centers of The Universal Brotherhood, even though they be at the Antipodes and separated from us by continents and oceans. Australia, Sweden, Germany, Holland, France, Greece, India, England and Ireland, and all the centers are very near to Point Loma, for the true comradeship ties of Universal Brotherhood annihilate distance, and the work of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is *one* work and guided by *one* hand.

How fast the work is growing and how deep and wide its influence is—in spite of all the attacks and malicious efforts to hinder and destroy it—I do not think any of us students can realize. And with its widening influence, bringing us ever nearer to the great victory of Brotherhood over selfishness in the lives of men, our opportunity has never been greater. Then let us as never before rally around our Leader and uphold her hands in this battle of life, despising and ignoring the slanders of those who secretly attack us, fanatical religionists and other cowardly enemies who exhaust their resources of infamy in hoping to thwart Katherine Tingley's efforts for humanity. The public mind is awaking to the fact of these misrepresentations and we have evidence all along the way of hundreds and hundreds of friends to the Organization. Thus holding firm we know the tide of opposition and wilful misrepresentation of enemies will change, and The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, following along the lines of our three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, will accomplish its divine work of uplifting all humanity.

* * *

It is always a pleasure to greet the little monthly paper, *Public Economy*, published in Los Angeles, edited by Colonel A. B. Hotchkiss. Colonel Hotchkiss is attorney for the Southern Pacific Railroad, he was one of the old pioneer workers, and has done splendid work for the best interests of the state. He is broad minded and tolerant and a vigorous writer and has done much good through his ably-edited paper. We wish it every success.

* * *

Owing to the necessities of the work, the hours for visitors to Loma Homestead Grounds have been somewhat restricted. Hereafter the grounds will be open from noon until 4 P. M.

A change has also been made in the admission fee, which was formerly ten cents. It has now been advanced to twenty-five cents, and the admission to the children's play has been reduced to twenty-five cents. As heretofore, the sums thus collected will be devoted to helping to advance the Raja Yoga work for orphan children.

* * *

Miss Ellen Bergman, Vocal Instructor in the Isis Conservatory of Music, arrived at the Homestead October 21st, after a sojourn of several months in her native land, Sweden. That she received a hearty and loving welcome goes without saying.

She brought back many loving greetings from the Swedish Lotus Groups to the Leader, and from the Swedish comrades to the comrades in Loma-land. She reports the Lotus Group work to be progressing rapidly; there are three large Groups in Stockholm alone.

Sweden has always stood high in all branches of training, and the favor with which the Lotus work is received there is evidence of its recognized value on the part of that intelligent and progressive people.

* * *

A cablegram was received announcing the safe arrival at Santiago de Cuba of Comrades Walter T. Hanson and Mrs. Hanson. They were enthusiastically received by the Comrades who had preceded them, as well as by that considerable portion of the people of Santiago who realize the importance and value of the work of the International Brotherhood League.

A further cable reports that a fine large building has been secured for the Branch of the Raja Yoga School at Santiago de Cuba and work is being rapidly pushed forward for its opening. A very large number of applications have been received and arrangements for preliminary classes have been made. In addition to the work in Cuba, more applications for the admission of children to the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, have been received than present accommodations will afford, and a large number have been selected, who will be brought to Point Loma in charge of Dr. Van Pelt and others as soon as arrangements can be made; they will sail within two weeks. Among the children selected is the young son of the editor of *El Cubano Libre*, the most progressive paper in Cuba.

OBSERVER

* * *

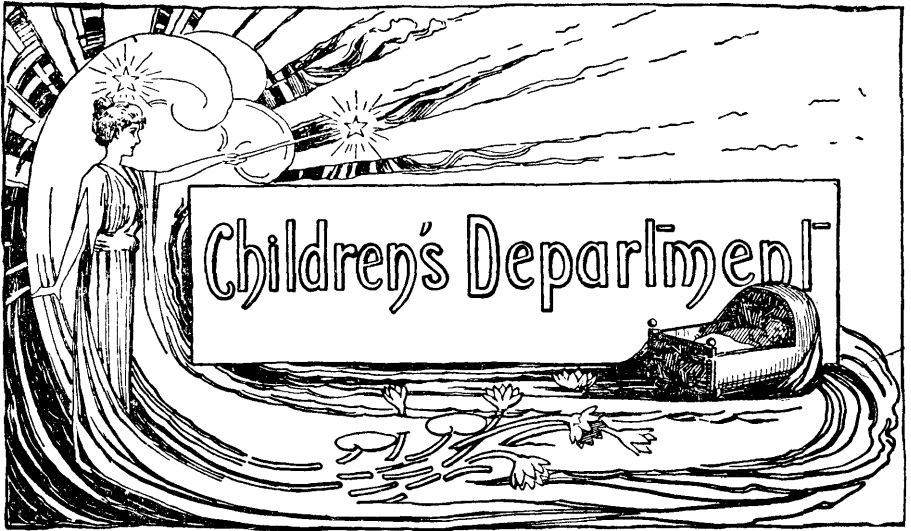
A Silent Worker

From Victoria, British Columbia, comes the news of the passing away of one of the comrades of that lodge, Axel Anderson, a native of Sweden, who has resided some years in this country. He was killed in an accident while at his work at a logging camp. How great may be the influence of a faithful and devoted worker we may gather from the following, contained in a letter from Brother Anderson's employer to the Secretary of U. B. Lodge 87 at Victoria:

I deeply regret the loss of such a good man and friend to his fellow man. He was honest, honorable and respected by all who knew him. And to know him was a gain. He was a man I esteemed, and his loss to me is the same as a brother. I have had the privilege of reading much of the Theosophical teachings, (while he was alive he loaned me the reading matter) and am very much taken up with their Ideals or Theory, and would like to get in touch with some one that could lead me on to broader paths and greater heights. Kindly let me hear from you again, and accept my sincere regret in our loss of a dear friend and brother.

Brother Anderson has always been a devoted and faithful member, and the above is but an instance of the influence which Theosophy wields in the lives of thousands of devoted comrades.

A COMRADE



A Letter from Old Mexico

by Magdalena



DEAR CHILDREN OF LOMA-LAND: I am a little Mexican girl, and my name is Magdalena. How do you suppose I know about you? Well, I'll tell you. My big brother sweeps the walks in the park and I often go down with him and sit on the big bench till he has finished. Yesterday I went down and while I was sitting there a beautiful lady came along. She had a little girl with her just about as big as I am. Of course we were great friends very soon. The little girl had big blue eyes and a real hat with a feather and pink ribbons and a white dress. Her face was clean, too. But she didn't have any ear-rings. I showed her mine.

Pretty soon her mama came over to the bench where we were playing. "Well, Alice," she said, "have you found a playmate?" Then she asked me my name. She told me her name was Mrs. White and that her little girl was Alice.

Pretty soon, Alice said, "O, mama, tell us a story—please."

"Well," said Mrs. White, "how would Magdalena like to hear about Loma-land?"

I tell you we both sat still as mice, while the lady told us the most beautiful story. I thought it was a fairy story, but it wasn't. The lady said that she had really been there and some day was going there to live all the time.

She told me Loma-land was a kind of fairy-land, though. She told me that there were more than a hundred little children there, and that they lived in little

houses made of wood with real glass windows. I live in an adobe house. We haven't any windows, only just the door.

Then she told me how every child in Loma-land could sing and play, sometimes piano and sometimes violin and sometimes guitar—even the very smallest ones. My brother plays guitar, but he don't let me touch it. He says I'll break it. Sometimes I would so like to just pick one string!

The lady showed me a picture of a Temple and a picture of another great big building called Loma Homestead. I guess that must be a temple too. She talks Spanish, some, and she told me about the buildings. She doesn't talk so very much Spanish, but I could understand her and she could understand me.

She told me about "Brotherhood," too. She said that was how this fairy-land you live in came to be. She laughed when she saw my big brother hang the broom up in the tree when he finished sweeping. "Oh," she said, "we have such a nice place for brooms in Loma-land, a real little room where they can stay all by themselves when they are through with their work of helping the grown-ups clean the house." She told me that even brooms could help. I never thought about that before. How I wish I could go to Loma-land!

I told the lady I wanted to go to see you some day. "Well," she said, "you can write them a letter." And then she told me if I would tell her just what to say, she would write the letter for me and put my own name at the end of it—Magdalena. I can't write yet, not even in Spanish.

This lady told me that the boys and girls in Loma-land were learning Spanish. Some day, she said, they might come to Mexico. She told me that ever so many of you were from Cuba, and that you have dark eyes just as I have, and that you already talk Spanish. Oh! how I wish I could play with you. Some day when I get big, I shall come to Loma-land, and bring my little sister, Carlota.

She told me about Cuban Liberty Day in Loma-land. We have a liberty day, too, and every time it comes we have a great *fiesta*.

Please write me a letter.

MAGDALENA

THE world is a beautiful book, but of little use to him who cannot read it.—GOLDONI

WHERE there are laws, he who has not broken them need not tremble.—ALFIERI

NOTHING is more useful to a man than silence. . . . Silence has many advantages.
—MENANDER

WE must make a distinction between speaking to deceive and being silent for the purpose of being impenetrable.—VOLTAIRE

Suppose

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
 Should hang its golden cup,
 And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
 I'd better not grow up:"
 How many a weary traveler
 Would miss its fragrant smell,
 How many a little child would grieve
 To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the little breezes,
 Upon a summer's day,
 Should think themselves too small to cool
 The traveler on his way:
 Who would not miss the smallest
 And softest ones that blow,
 And think they made a great mistake
 If they were talking so!

Suppose the little dewdrop
 Upon the grass should say,
 "What can a little dewdrop do?
 I'd better roll away."
 The blade on which it rested,
 Before the day was done,
 Without a drop to moisten it,
 Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
 A little child can do
 Although it has but little strength,
 And little wisdom, too!
 It wants a loving spirit,
 Much more than strength, to prove
 How many things a child may do
 For others by its love.—(*Selected*)

Lotus Group Reports



The following greetings from the three Lotus Groups in Stockholm, Sweden, were brought to Katherine Tingley by Miss E. Bergman, on her return to Point Loma. The children sent a beautiful Swedish flag, and Miss Bergman also brought greetings from other Lotus Groups throughout Sweden:

STOCKHOLM, September 21, 1902

DEAR LOTUS MOTHER: We wish to send you many loving greetings with this Swedish flag which we are going to send. We all like to attend the Lotus Group. We all try to become true and good "Warriors of the Golden Cord," and we will help you in your great work, and step out into the world fighting the "dragons fierce and strong" of "selfishness and wrong." We send many loving greetings to you and all the Raja Yoga children at Point Loma.

To the LOTUS CHILDREN AT POINT LOMA:

With many loving greetings we Swedish Lotus children send our Swedish flag as a token of our great love for you. YOUR SWEDISH COMRADES
September 28, 1902

DEAR LOTUS CHILDREN: We wish hereby to send you many loving greetings from us all. We send our Swedish flag as a token of our brotherly union. The Swedish colors are, as you see, blue and yellow, with the colors of Norway in the left corner. SIGNED BY ALL THE LOTUS CHILDREN



Lotus Work at 19 Avenue Road, London, England

All work here is shaping well for the winter, after our summer holidays. The children's work stands in the forefront more than ever, and there are some of the little tots at Avenue Road who are living inspirations.

FRANK WOODHEAD

September 24, 1902



Report of Lotus Group, Cardiff, Wales

It gives me great pleasure to let you know how well we are getting on with the children in Cardiff. The attendance is very good and increasing. The work is carried on the same as usual. We take up subjects of natural history and human history from the Brotherhood point of view, and tell the children tales containing Universal Brotherhood teachings. On the 4th of July we took the Lotus Group and Boys' and Girls' Clubs to the seashore; we had a most delightful day, and all the children enjoyed themselves most thoroughly. The boys show marked improvement mentally and physically, and come to their Club cleaner and smarter than at first. We feel that great good is being accomplished, though of course there is much yet to be done.

J. M., Superintendent

Lotus Work at Brixton, London

This work is going on well. It is attracting a great deal of attention from the children in the neighborhood. The outside opposition has called out a power in the Lotus Group it did not possess before, and we are certain we shall have quite a large center of work here, for there is no misunderstanding the Brotherhood Movement in the neighborhood. On Wednesday last a social was given by the members of the Group. Members from other Lotus Groups came great distances to help us and we all had a happy time. Songs, recitations and games filled up the time. The parting was preceded by three cheers for the Lotus Mother, and we went away unanimously agreeing that it is good to be in the Lotus Groups and to work for Brotherhood.

SUPERINTENDENT

**Lotus Group Work at Bristol, England**

When Miss Robinson, from the London Headquarters, visited us a new Lotus Group was formed, and it is steadily increasing in numbers. The children are all bright and happy, and we make the meetings as varied as possible. The children now spend a short time after the meetings at musical drill which they all enjoy—the “tinies” being quite as clever at it as the older ones. They have been learning a new song, “Happy Little Bees,” and hearing how brotherly and helpful they are. One of the three-year-old “buds”—quite a little girl—arrives hours before the Group meets, like a little captain at the head of a small regiment of children whom she collects and brings with her.

SUPERINTENDENT

The Hidden Artist

THROUGH the tube of my microscope I am watching the development of a speck of protoplasm. Strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule.

Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession, that one can compare them to those operated by a skilled modeler upon a formless lump of clay.

As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules—not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism.

And then it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the coming spinal column and molded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due proportion in so artistic a way, that after watching the process one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than the chromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work.—THOMAS HUXLEY—(*Lay Sermons*)

“Man punishes the action, but God the intention.”

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Watchman, What of the Night?*

by Rev. S. J. Neill



IN Oriental lands it was the custom to fortify the tops of hills, and to erect watch towers on commanding positions. These gave the watchmen a wide range of vision, so that they could the better descry any foe a long distance off, and give warning to the city and surrounding district. “To be warned is to be half armed,” is an old proverb. To see dangers while they are still a great way off, and thus to be enabled to meet them, is always of the greatest importance for safety or for victory.

We can in thought see a watch-tower through the dim light of the Eastern night. While we look some one approaches and calls up to the watchman, “Watchman, What of the Night?” Not only what watch of the night is it? but, have you observed anything? What is the report for the night? Are there any signs of danger? “Watchman, what of the night?” And the watchman replies, “The morning cometh.” The whole passage in which these words occur is an ancient oracle, called the “Oracle of Durmah,” and is very obscure, for the full reply is, “The watchman said, the morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye; turn ye, come.”

In all ages the Seers have been the spiritual watchmen. From their lofty

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

points of observation, from their spiritual watch-towers, they have seen the dangers that threaten long before they come near. In every land and in every language, these Seers have warned those below of dangers ahead, of foes that threaten the welfare of men. In some cases men have paid attention to the voice of the Seer, and threatening dangers have been averted. But, in too many instances, the warnings of the Seers have been like the warnings of Cassandra.

Men like Carlyle and Ruskin have been truly watchmen, Seers of the Nineteenth Century. They have lifted up their voices, and with no uncertain sound have warned men of the "Rocks ahead." It remains to be seen whether or not men have laid to heart these warnings.

We are still in the Night, we have not emerged from it. We are still in the Black, or Iron Age, and men may well cry, "Watchman, what of the night?"

It has often been remarked that the darkest hour of all the night is the hour before the dawn. And we may well believe that the deep darkness of the Nineteenth Century—the thick, black darkness of materialism, that might be felt, was the hour before the dawn. As in the ancient oracle, the watchman answers that the "Morning cometh," so have the voices of our Spiritual Watchmen, the Leaders of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, assured us that the day is dawning. From their lofty watchtower they have caught sight of the first beams of the Sun shooting up beyond the horizon; and they answer to those who ask, "What of the night?" that the darkness will pass ere long, and it will be glorious day. They proclaim "Truth, Light and Liberation," to those who sit in darkness. With a deeper significance than most people have yet discovered, Madame Blavatsky named her Magazine *Lucifer*, the Light-bringer, the Morning Star that heralds the day. That was one of her answers to those who cried, "Watchman, what of the night?" And we all know that one action of the Light-bringer is to reveal the hidden things of darkness.

We read in the Scripture that some people love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. It is so still. We read in the Scripture that in all ages those claiming to be the religious guides of the people have been the persecutors of the prophets, the Seers, the true Teachers who come to lead the world from darkness into Light. Jesus says,

Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? If they persecuted me they will also persecute you.

What a strange contrast do we see between the world's treatment of the pioneers of material progress and its treatment of the Great Helpers of the Race—those who try to lead men upward to the light, out of selfishness, bigotry and materialism? The world heaps riches and honor upon those who invent some instrument of destruction, or who, by taking to themselves the labors of many of their fellow men, suddenly increase their own material gains to a vast extent.

But those who bring divine gifts to men are rewarded with a crown of thorns, and with death!

It is part of the policy of those who oppose spiritual progress, and who hate the light, to malign the characters and misrepresent the teachings of the true Prophets and Seers. Socrates was maligned and called a corrupter of the young. Jesus was called a blasphemer, and false witnesses were bribed to testify against him. And, as for the Lion-hearted Light-bringer, H. P. Blavatsky, who does not know how she was assailed on every hand? We also know that now and then she rose in her majesty and shook off the mud which her detractors had cast at her, and it fell back upon those who had thrown it. Also, she rewarded them by giving them more light—more light to show the Path to those seeking the light; and to reveal the hidden things of darkness to those loving the darkness.

What think you were some of the causes of the night? What produced the darkness in which H. P. Blavatsky found the world? Was not thick spiritual darkness caused by the falsification of all that pertained to the real nature of man; and of man's relation to his fellow and to God? Crafty enemies of progress fixed man's attention on his lower nature, and made him believe that this was his real nature—"born in sin and shapen in iniquity," innately prone to evil. Is not this the doctrine of all the churches? Have not the Scriptures been twisted and perverted to uphold the doctrine of man's total depravity? The next step in the degradation of man—the next step towards darkness was that, man being utterly helpless and dead in sin, can be made to live only by some force from without. Thus the moral sense in man was weakened. The natural connection between wrongdoing and its result was obscured, and instead of men reaping what they had sowed they might, by a theological legerdemain, be "counted righteous" apart from any merit of their own. Another step into the deeper darkness was the narrowing of human life to one short period of, at most, four score years, and after that an endless heaven or an endless hell.

This was the night of thick darkness in which H. P. Blavatsky found the world, and we know that in addition to, and partly because of this theological darkness, there was a heavy cloud of materialism spreading over the world. It is deeply instructive to see clearly how man became so sunk in darkness, for it enables us to see what the remedy must be. H. P. Blavatsky taught men the innate divinity of man, and thus gave a boundless hope, and made a new life and force thrill in the hearts of men. She declared that the real man, being an immortal soul, is clothed again and again in the garments of humanity to grow in wisdom, and to lift the whole world nearer to the Divine Center. This part of her teaching was even more bitterly resisted, and more grossly misrepresented by the churches than the teaching about Karma. For Karma, besides being very plainly taught in the Bible, is moreover such an evident fact of nature that the

most orthodox cannot deny it. With Reincarnation the case was somewhat different. It was not so evident to many that we must be born again on this earth: besides, if rebirth were a fact, what became of the churches' hell and heaven, and the power of the priest, gained by his pretending to have the keys of heaven?

We can imagine the Powers of Darkness sitting in conclave and saying, "If this teaching of Theosophy about the divinity of man, the law of Karma, Reincarnation and Universal Brotherhood goes on, we shall be in great danger; the kingdom of darkness will totter and fall. What should be done?" Whereupon a voice says, "Malign the Teacher, tear her to pieces!" Another says, "Misrepresent her teachings." Do you think this is only imaginary? What if it were quite real and not a mere word-picture? And do we not find the maligners and misrepresenters at work today? Where does their impulse and inspiration come from—above or below?

No teaching of Theosophy is more important than that which reveals the soul, the divine Ego passing through many incarnations. Therefore the servants of darkness instinctively oppose this teaching, not by argument, but by misrepresentation. Have we not heard it said that Reincarnation means rebirth as cows or horses? The lie is circulated everywhere. The essence of a lie is that it is a falsehood, told to deceive. And as those who misrepresent Theosophy have had ample means of knowing that what they say about Reincarnation is untrue, they must be circulating what they know to be untrue in order to deceive. What shall we say of such people? Can we be just, can we be merciful to society and not withstand them? We oppose the robber and the murderer; we try to stamp out cholera, but much more should we oppose those who try to murder character, to murder Truth, and to spread the moral contagion of misrepresentation, known to be false and told in order to mislead.

It is bad enough when men and women are taught what these false teachers know to be false, but what shall we say when they try to engraft their falsities into the minds of the young? Are we to stand and look on, and listen, and be silent? For the sake of the children, for the sake of the coming generation, for the sake of Truth, shall we not cry out *shame* upon those who poison the minds of the young? Are they not the greatest criminals? Are they not moral lepers? Are they not part of that Night which Theosophy has come to deliver men from? Are they not the Children of Darkness, living in it, loving it and adding to it?

Nor are these the only children of darkness. What shall we say of those who tell cold-blooded lies about political candidates in order to gain a vote? What shall we say of newspapers that print a false, sensational report which they cannot recall, and then tomorrow say it was a mistake? Or what shall we say of those who, having issued what was false had not even the grace to say it was an error? If there were many such, verily we should be in the very midst of the

darkness and of the night. We live in a mighty country. The great mass of the people are well-meaning, right-thinking people. They love honesty, they love truth, but there are needed a deeper earnestness, and a unity of action to make their influence felt for truth and righteousness. We are strong in our individuality, and it is well; let us also be powerful in unity of action.

Watchman, what of the night? H. P. Blavatsky said very plainly what sort of a night it was, and what time of night it was. And she came to give Truth, Light and Liberation to those in darkness, and in the shadow of death. The present Leader, Katherine Tingley, has in clear tones warned the world of the dangers that threaten it, of the foes that seek to destroy humanity, and pointed out the Path of deliverance and safety. Being warned we are more than half armed. Though the dawn of light is on our faces we have dangers to meet and foes to vanquish. It becomes us to be watchful, and to put on the whole armor of Light. The night is far spent: the morning cometh. Let us as the Children of Light arise and greet the first rays of the sun.

Fewer Books *and* Better Ones

by R. W. MACHELL



IS it not strange that, when the greater part of the world is in actual want of the most ordinary necessities of civilized life, or at least of the most ordinary necessities of life, at the very same time we hear everywhere the cry of overproduction. Does overproduction imply poverty, then? Is a nation poorer when it is too productive, or is it not rather that its fertility is uncontrolled and that it produces useless things in great quantities? Is not that one of the signs of a degenerate state of a community?

And I think there is no department of our life today in which this kind of overproduction is more marked than in the literary world. Think of the books that are poured out upon the market, the magazines and the huge Sunday editions of the daily papers, and yet how little there is that any intelligent reader will recommend as being worth reading! Look back over a century of literature or even a decade, think of the countless books produced, and then think how many are worth opening at all today. And I am not taking up the position, that some over-serious people take, that a book that does not outlive its generation must be worthless. On the contrary, I think that a book may be like a flower or it may

be like a mountain, each has its purpose. But the mass of books of today have nothing in common with the flower, whether it be the flower of the field, or the cultivated flower of the garden. They do not spring forth joyous and beautiful, exhaling the sweet scent of Nature or glowing in the radiant colors of the Joy of Life.

The book of the day is ephemeral, yes, but it is so in the same way that the "jerry-built" house is, because it is not genuine. These books, like those houses, are made to be sold and for no other purpose. If the house of this class can be sold before it falls into ruin it has answered its builder's purpose. So too with the book, if it can attract sufficient interest to get itself circulated among a certain number of buyers it is a success and has earned its author's purpose.

This spirit of manufacture has got such a hold of the literary world, that a *true book* can hardly get an entrance into this glutted market. The authors who know this too well are but mortal and who shall blame them if they let the evil influence of this commercial spirit affect their work, and drag them down from the higher aims that each one has recognized at some time in his career. What a record of abandoned ideals we should have if we had before us the true picture of the inner lives of our authors.

And the public, who buy and read all this quantity of manufactured literature, are they not affected by it? Surely they are the victims of their own gratified desires. They read to banish thought, they read to get an emotion, and at last they read for the mere sake of reading. They have acquired the habit of taking these mental stimulants, and now the habit has control of them and they need to indulge it even if the stimulants produce no sensation or emotion. That is the nature of a habit, and the book-reading habit is as pitiless to its victim as the alcohol habit to the drunkard.

Now all this is well-known to every thinking person, but it is usually taken to apply simply to the lighter kind of books, such as novels and short stories, but alas, it applies with even greater force to a far more pretentious class of literature.

School books, text-books, hand-books of science and art, are now manufactured in the most shameless fashion.

Not long ago I had occasion to hunt up references in regard to certain musical instruments, and being in London and having access to the greatest library in the world I hoped to find what I needed. The list of works on the subject was simply appalling, but I found after examining some fifty or sixty volumes by as many *authorities*, that the illustration and the description of the instrument in question, was simply copied from one to another in every case. In fact, these books were mere repetitions of other people's statements unverified, untried, and untested. The authors had to fill a certain number of pages and could not afford to give the years of study and research necessary to the verification of the

statements which they thus borrowed wholesale and fathered unhesitatingly. This means that a new text-book of history, science or art offers no guarantee whatever that the facts contained in it have been so much as even examined by the author of the book. They are mostly traditions which might perfectly well be tested and either proved or disproved if the author had the courage and the means to face the task. But the publisher knows that the public only wants its school books up to date and that can be done by a mere shuffle of the cards and by the use of old pictures redrawn and given as new illustrations and the old traditions rearranged and reworded, the whole endorsed and signed by some man who is willing to make a living by perpetuating misconceptions rather than to risk starvation in the pursuit of truth.

That is how our histories are made, and that is why it has been so easy for a few clever and unprincipled men to foist upon the world the falsehoods that have blackened the characters of some of the world's heroes and set the crown of glory upon the heads of some of the basest imposters that have ever disgraced humanity by their deeds of tyranny and treachery. And these falsehoods once started have been complacently handed on from author to author without a question, and the hero who gave his life to serve his race still remains an object of scorn and contempt to the student, while the monster of iniquity still shines from the gaze of such history as a glorified saint.

Well has it been said, "to lie like an epitaph," but it might as truly be said, "to lie like history."

It is time that our history was rewritten, and by the hand of students who fear no labor of research, who have the courage to reject the traditional falsehoods and to show the evil influence that for centuries has thus falsified all the sources of information accessible to the general public. "But," you will ask, "if history is rewritten what reason have we to hope that the new authors will be better than those that have gone before?"

The reason why the old evils continue and the old falsehoods are handed on from generation to generation is because the men who undertook the work have been themselves educated in the old traditions, and are working under the same conditions and surrounded by the same influences as their predecessors. They have been men who, whatever high ideals they may have had, were not strong enough to stand alone against the enormous flood of popular prejudice and popular thought. The power of this influence is hardly dreamed of by those who are themselves borne along by that flood and, moving with its tide, feel no resistance or disturbance.

It is necessary to have not only new and true ideals but new and true conditions in which to work, and a mind freed from childhood by a new and a true education from the tyranny of the old and false traditions.

This is what the world has been unable to give to its students for thousands of years, though many have longed for it, and many have striven for it, and have sought it in solitary confinement, in the life of the hermit or of the religious ascetic. But though a man may separate himself from all his fellows, he can not separate himself from his early education and from his own character, and from his own weaknesses, until he has himself changed the one and conquered the other; wherever he goes he takes his tyrant with him and is a slave to his unseen despotic self even when he thinks himself free and alone.

But today we are at the point where "the old order changeth, giving place to new."

Already we have proved for ourselves the possibility of establishing such conditions of work, already such a system of education is at work, we are already seeing the results, and we know that, if so much can be done in one year of right training, the complete regeneration of all that comes under this new system is a certainty. We know now that there are those who are able to establish this new order, and direct this new education, and re-establish Life on such a true basis, that the students reared under this system will look at *Truth* with open eyes fearless and unashamed, and judge of men and their deeds as those judge who know themselves immortal.

They will write history that shall be a revelation, for with the awakening of the new age already the earth is giving up a few of her buried secrets, and the past is becoming an open book under the steady advance of archæological research.

But such discoveries would avail little if we could not find students with the broader wisdom, and the deeper knowledge of human nature that comes alone from a true education and a true life.

This is what the Raja Yoga School is doing at Point Loma and will soon be doing in many other countries.

The books that will be produced under the direction of the Founder of these Schools will be the educators of the world. They will put before the mass of the people true pictures of the great men and women of the past, they will show the traitors and evil doers in their true light, and the readers of these books will see the true causes of the disasters that have befallen nations and the sorrows that have crushed the lives of the men and women who have gone before. Then too they will see for themselves the true causes of their own troubles, and the path of escape from their miseries will be clear to their own understanding; and then they will listen to the voice of the Teacher and know that the teaching is wise and the changing of the life of Humanity will not be a dream of the future. The old lies will be forgotten and the old books burned, and the heroes of the past shall be known and acknowledged, and their example shall be a power to lead on the new generations.

Think how much it means to the world, to the world we live in, you and I, to have *true history, true science, true knowledge of human nature.*

All this is almost within our reach. Shall we not make some efforts to hasten the coming of the new age? Shall we not give all our support, all our sympathy, to help on the establishment of the schools and colleges that shall bring about this glorious future which is so near if we will but work for it?

And shall we not rejoice that we are here to see the great work going on and help it as we may. And shall we not seize the opportunities that are given to us to push ahead in the new path and open the track for those who press behind?

Shall we not support and defend the Leader and Teacher who has brought this Raja Yoga School into the world and made the Regeneration of Humanity possible?

The Glory of Conscientious Work*

by Isabel M. Butler



THERE are many, aye far too many, fashions of belief in the world; some of us profess a definite religion and some of us worship the religion of modern science; some follow one ism and some another; some are this, and others are that; and many, perhaps nearer the light, do not hold to any forced belief at all.

Nevertheless, there are some things we all know, and about which there can be no possible doubt. Here we are in life, willing or unwilling, philosophy or no philosophy, God or no God; and we must perforce accept the situation and, what is more, we must obey the laws of our being and use the energy and facilities we find in us, and this because we cannot help it.

One of the things we cannot help doing is to seek after truth, to strive after certainty and clearness of *motive*; to endeavor to free ourselves from perplexities and doubts and delusions. This constant effort is a *necessity* of our nature, and our higher nature continually urges us to make it, whatever *belief* we may hold.

One part of our nature is real and the rest artificial. The real part is always trying to come to the fore and *shine out* through the masks and clothes we put upon it. We spend our lives posturing vanities and delusions and then, growing

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

sickened by them, we throw them off—we die. Yet always the hope is present that one day we may get rid of all doubt and vanity and stand out honest, sincere, genuine, true and unaffected!

I have said that *desire* to be free and true is common to all men, and so on this topic I can address you all, no matter what your creed may be. And I wish to suggest a way in which we can help on this evolution of *purification* of our characters. It is through *conscientious work*, the dignity of labor, it is of these that I speak. How, do you ask, can this help us to escape delusion and become sincere? The answer is clear. True work is something real—it is the expression of the Soul (that is, of the real man). The false man expresses himself in theories and vast complicated philosophies, which have no bearing on *life* and leave the character as impure and helpless as ever. The Soul—the real man—is an architect, and his purpose is to build out of the *clay* of *earth* a mighty temple wherein he may dwell. Humanity has to make *earth* into heaven.

But, there is plenty of work done on earth now, you will say; why does not this bring the desired result? Aye, work there is, in truth, but not of the right sort. For the lower man—the spurious and base part of our nature—directs that work and turns it into a *curse*.

There is all the difference in the world between work done from a pure, high motive, and work done from the wrong motive, and most of the work done in the world is from the wrong motive. It is done to fulfill the demands of petty personal ambitions, of vanity and love of display, of lust and love of ease.

Ah, many a world-wearied and heart-sick pilgrim has found relief and peace in the doing of conscientious work—work done not from any hope of remuneration or reward, not to be seen of men, not to promote luxury and selfish ease; but work done simply to fulfill the desire of the Soul to use the powers and faculties of the mind and body aright.

From true, honest work there comes a joy and a peace that needs no recommendation and that is *sufficient* in itself.

But how few in the world have the opportunity to do such work, and experience such a boon!

Instead they must drudge for daily bread, doing things that they know are useless.

They dare not stop to take a pride and an interest in their craft, and in their productions, for they must needs do the thing and follow the method which will yield them the greatest number of cents per hour. It is necessity that stands behind them with a whip and flogs them on. Let me make my meaning still clearer by a particular illustration.

Suppose I am a teacher. I am required to get a certain percentage of boys and girls through a certain examination. I dare not stop to take a personal in-

terest in any of those Souls, though my true nature importunately urges me to do so. I dare not stay to impart to them the real, genuine knowledge that I yearn to give, and they yearn to receive. These joys must be sternly relinquished. I must cram dry details into those young minds, and turn them off, and get ready to take in a new load. I am just a piece of machinery, that is all, and the boys and girls are the raw material I have to manufacture.

Or suppose I dig a garden. I have to pull and coax out of that soil more vegetables and more fruit than Jones gets out of his patch, or else I must quit the business, or starve.

So whether I teach, or dig, or stitch or play music or make furniture or build houses, or clean them—I do it because I am caught and held fast in the wheels of a great grinding machine that turns out *toys* for lazy people, who happen to be rich, to play with, or make *so-called* necessities of life that only make people ill or discontented.

This is not work, for it has no dignity—no glory.

Friends, I want to tell you that I am finding out what true work *is*. For at Loma-land our Leader has provided the *conditions* under which that is possible. If you wonder why so many people are willing to work there, without making a lot of money and fame, you now see *one* reason at any rate.

True work is a joy in itself and a mighty relief from the everlasting anxiety and calculating care of worldly drudgery. The teachers in Loma-land are not working for salaries. They would not take them, as they *have* all they need in material comforts and more than any salary would bring them. They are not slavishly bound to a curriculum and a pass-examination. They can express to the full the innate love of teaching and experience, the joy that comes from the true relation between teacher and pupil. Their work is done conscientiously and sincerely. The true artistic love of creating beautiful and perfect works is theirs.

In our older lands, there stand memorials of glorious works that men did in days when they worked from the joy of *work*, and not for *lucre* or *vanity*.

Great cathedrals and halls, that took the reigns of several monarchs in the building, refresh and console us as we turn in disgust from the cramped and stuccoed modern villa built in a few weeks under the pressure of modern civilization.

There were once in Europe bodies of masons who went about building churches and cathedrals—true craftsmen who worked for the joy of it, and strove to realize in every detail of their careful toil the highest inspirations of their Souls.

In the world today we have *dreamers* and *toilers*, for the one has become twain. We have ideals without practice and practice without ideals. In the nobler days to which we look forward the twain shall become one again. These

dreamers shall be taught to use their hands and these *toilers* shall be allowed to work with ideals before them.

Thus shall the glory of the work be known again on earth. Thus shall man create, on his grander scale, beauties such as are wrought on the seashore by the humble beings in their little world, or in the meadow by the plant soul that fulfills its glad duty without toil or thought for the morrow.

Man was never made for the purpose of building mere manufacturing cities and slaughter-houses, and sweating dens, and palatial hotels. His mission is to fulfill the purposes of the soul, by the glory of conscientious work.

The Mercy of the Higher Law*

by C. Woodhead



IN these days of change, when the minds of men are slowly laying on one side the worn-out illusions of the past, and turning their faces toward the light of a great future, one of the signs of the times, is the more and more open recognition of the subtle yet mighty currents of force and power which govern the world in which we live. Yet there are still many, otherwise good and well-disposed people, who on hearing a person speak of the higher law, will assume a puzzled expression, and will think, if they do not say openly, "The laws of men we know, the laws of the nation and of the state we know, but what is the Higher Law?"

May it not be, that this attitude of mind is due to a want of thought about the subject, more than to a real ignorance or disbelief in the existence of a Higher Law.

Written openly upon the face of the Universe, and woven into the daily actions of every creature, the Higher Law governs the thoughts and doings of every man, woman, and child. It cannot be ignored or laid aside for one instant, whether we know it or not.

Its action is that which produces, what men, perhaps unthinkingly enough, generally speak of as, "The Consequences." Is there any one bold enough to say that anything whatever can happen in the world, without consequences of some sort? We all know this more or less consciously and act accordingly.

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

If this be so, what produces these so-called *consequences* and how are they brought about? The smallest thought will show that there must be some law which governs their action and brings them forth. There is no cause without an effect, nor effect without a cause.

But the trouble is, that men do not carry their confidence in the existence of this law sufficiently deeply into their daily thought and life. They are apt to believe that its action has some definite limit and that it stops somewhere. It will not do, however, to admit its existence in our business and social happenings, in the outward relations of our life and conduct, without going further. It must also govern the world of our thought life, of our daily inward struggle with the forces of good and evil by which we are surrounded. In short, it permeates the world from the tiniest atom, to the throne of the great Architect of the Universe, through whom it came into existence, in order that all created things might evolve to their appointed end.

From the earliest times down to the present day, all the great Teachers, the Masters of Wisdom, have spoken of the study of this Law, as essential to the well-being of the perfect man. It is therefore well that we should ponder over it in our minds, with the surety that the discovery of its action and power will serve for our enlightenment and progress.

In the Hebrew scriptures, the law is spoken of as the constant study of the wise. The Psalmist speaks of it in the very first verse of his songs:

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the Law of the Lord, and in his Law doth he meditate day and night!

In another place he says:

The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul!

And in the beginning of the sermon on the Mount, the Teacher of Nazareth refers to its existence in what are generally known as the twelve beatitudes. As for instance:

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

A little reflection will readily show us how deeply the action of this law affects us every moment. We all know that, by nature, we are disposed to tolerate the tolerant, to love the amiable, to criticise the critical, to despise the proud, to exalt the man of humble worth, to checkmate the self-seeker, and so in any well-disposed community, the good is slowly yet surely forging to the front. If these illustrations do not hold good of any man or body of men, it is because the Law is working underneath by deeper and more drastic methods, to carry out its mission.

The two aspects under which the Higher Law presents itself to our comprehension, are those of Justice and Mercy. That these two are in reality the same, may readily be seen, when the end and aim of the existence of the universe is realized.

It must ever be remembered that man is an immortal soul, who has descended into earth-life to obtain experience. The long journey through the paths of material life—the overcoming of its illusions—the attainment of the at-onement between man and divinity, is the end to be accomplished. In the earlier stages of this journey, the teaching by means of the action of the higher law, is the principal one by which the soul enmeshed in matter can slowly be brought to recognize the truth. He learns through much tribulation, that eternal harmony is at the basis of existence, is the everlasting principle upon which the Universe is builded. Life after life serve, each to teach him part of this lesson, until at last, he sees more or less dimly the object of it all, and then the end of trouble is nigh if he will but turn his face to the Light. Then arrives the time, when, looking within, he finds the power of the inward monitor, which sets him free. In the words of Paul, the law as his schoolmaster has brought him to Christ.

This being the object of the existence of the law for all mankind, its foundation is Mercy. Love and compassion are the basis and aim of its action, however much we may at times be tempted to doubt it. In the words of the Psalmist:

Weeping may endure for a night, but Joy cometh in the morning.

Thus there comes a time when the soul-life of man is consciously above the law, when understanding it, and accepting it, he learns from it more intimately than before. This is well expressed by Paul who says:

But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Against such there is no law.

That the action of the Higher Law is just is self-evident. Were it not so, it would not command the respect of men. Its action must be as exact upon the planes of mind, and soul, as it is upon the more easily seen plane of matter. That part of it cognized by material science moves undeviatingly, and in the same way, the creations of thought and the aspirations of the soul fulfill their destiny to the uttermost. Thus it will be seen that the charity which is offered in order that the donor may be thought well of, is really an advertisement; and the gift which is given in order that we may receive is but a bargain in disguise.

How futile, then, it is to imagine that this noble law of our being can be tampered with for selfish ends. Those who conceive that there is some irascible but plastic potentate, who can be influenced by prayer to tinker with this majestic universe, in order to please their selfish ends, imagine a vain thing. If it

were not sad, it would be ludicrous, to hear a crowd of presumably intelligent people join in unison in the well-known hymn, which is still sung in many churches—

Not more than others I deserve, but God hath given me more.

It is a direct denial of the justice of God.

It is in the mercy of the Higher Law that he who knows its action, and, accepting it, bows to its behests, shall conquer his lower nature. In the words of the Scripture, his sins shall be forgiven him. The beautiful aspiration to the divinity in the heart, which the Nazarene taught to his disciples, says—“Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us.” He who is at peace with all the world has a conscious knowledge that for him the law has no rod of suffering. He is forgiven.

It is in the mercy of the Higher Law that the pursuit of selfish ends brings unhappiness. Were this not the case, there would be no remedy for evil in the world, nor would men ever be brought to know the truth.

It is in the mercy of the Higher Law that in these later days the souls of men are being stirred by the sorrows of the world. This is because the Soul is Harmony itself, and it feels compassion for all that is not free and joyous, but bound down by fear and error. Nor will this effort cease till all have come to know themselves for what they are. It is in the mercy of the Higher Law that in this Twentieth century the teachers of mankind have, once more, revealed the hidden key of knowledge which shall make men free. The efforts of Blavatsky and Judge who have passed away, and of Katherine Tingley who is with us, who are guiding the ark of Universal Brotherhood to a safe and eternal anchorage, for the world's uplifting, are all brought about when most wanted. They are the outcome of that which ever works for man's salvation.

TRUE honor leaves no room for hesitation and doubt.—PLUTARCH

I WAS all ear, and took in strains that might create a soul under the ribs of death.—MILTON

LORD, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?—ISAAK WALTON

I REGARD music not only as an art whose object is to please the ear, but as one of the most powerful means of opening our hearts and moving our affections.—GLUCK

Altruistic Logic

by L. R.



THE Twentieth century has a busy, hopeful air about it and optimism seems to be in the ascendant. Evidently the race is beginning to realize that since it has learned how to utilize nature's forces, the modern machinery of life can be operated by the willing, tireless electricity while the workers will have a well-earned holiday from slavish toil. However, recreation, which is rest, is not found in mere idleness. A change from monotonous work to congenial activity often proves the most beneficial stimulant.

Having replaced hand production by head production, the superiority of the latter is seen by comparing the methods of primitive man with present systems. The savage argued the questions of his day with a club, and his idea of evolution was the survival of the physically fit. It is significant of the mental progress made since the time of simple barbarism, to reflect that this same old earth has always held potentially the resources which enrich modern life. That mind is a more potent force than muscle is demonstrated by comparing the wonderful products of modern science with the meagre results obtained by the old-time club in operation. Heat, light, sound and electricity have always been controlled by the same laws; but no club could materialize the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, x-ray or electric motor power.

Meanwhile, by consulting the program of this continuous performance of historical drama, we find that following head production the next number is heart production. It becomes necessary for the actors to regulate their head production with the diffusible stimulant of altruism to keep the circulation balanced. For, while the mental gains are making life larger for a controlling few in the economic world, too many are dulled with overwork or are suffering with the anxieties of enforced idleness. Increased knowledge of mental power is also being used by unscrupulous hypnotists for selfish and vicious purposes. Like the individual the social organism is apt to suffer from the imprudence of the head, and the regulating influence of the heart is required to preserve the equilibrium in the general circulation.

The materialist will protest that this sounds like mere sentiment. To be frank about it, that is just what it is; but sentiment is the power behind the throne which has advised all changes since the world began to think. However, it is also science; for the three-fold human make-up of body, mind and spirit, must in turn undergo evolution, and the race has reached the point where the unfolding of its finer forces is actively progressing.

Now the world will no longer take things on faith, because during ages of blind belief its political, religious and economic teachers deceived it with distorted theories of the divine rights of kings and creeds and capital. The thoughtful now want logical reasons for their faith, and demand sound evidence to prove that humanity has enough latent good to justify its spiritual evolution. Individuals are not lacking who consider themselves quite ready for improved conditions, but they doubt if the rest of the world is prepared for anything so radical.

Upon reflection, the scientist will find himself able to contribute much valuable testimony in favor of establishing harmonious systems of living. It is demonstrable that the selfish emotions of anger, fear, envy, jealousy and hatred have a tangibly depressing and constricting effect upon physical tissues; while joy, hope, generosity, love and sympathy have an expansive vitalizing influence. Common sense had long since recognized that the feelings reacted somehow upon the body; and now science has proven that the vibrations of the emotional world are reflected by the physical molecules. Happiness and health are the physiological analogues of the mental and physical planes.

The alienist can testify that a loss of altruistic sentiment is often an early symptom of mental derangement. The combined ties which unite individuals in the social whole of civilization are so closely interwoven that, to ignore them, indicates an abnormal mind. The patient who gives no weight or influence to the interests of others is limited to egotistic thoughts out of which to construct false ideas. Selfishness and insanity are first cousins in relationship.

A description of the good points of that noble animal, the horse, is often finished by the phrase that he is "sound and kind." Evidently kindness is a correlative of man's soundness, mentally and physically. Since optimism is necessary to material well-being, men must ultimately become altruistic in self-defense, and it is entirely practical to spend time in open-eyed dreaming of the coming Brotherhood. There is small ground for pessimism in even the selfish activities of today, for all real progress upon any plane is working out salvation along the line of operation. The existing condition of things, however discouraging, is never permanent, and the truth of evolution shows how all nature works unceasingly for advance. Belief in better things is the most potent force in bringing them about, and high faith in the beneficent law will bear the analytical tests of deliberate science. So the accepted ideal should ever transcend the existing real that it may stimulate and inspire to continued effort. 'Tis the vision of the perfected statue which makes music of the sculptor's hammer and chisel. It is a foretaste of that which is to be, which unfolds the possibilities of that which is.

Jealousy

by Echo



THERE is one ideal so sacred that, although we carry it always in the heart, we seldom attempt to speak of it, because words are so profane and so inadequate. It is the ideal upon which, as upon a broad and crystal foundation, all others are builded. It is that of the Elder Brothers, those Helpers of Humanity who have climbed the heights and have earned the boon of dwelling in that world which is bounded by wisdom and by peace, yet who choose to go down into the dark and sin-drenched places of human life to help those who dwell in them. Why do they do it? *Because they want to do it, because they would not be contented in doing anything else*, because the doing of this is an absolute joy. That is why this ideal is so sacred that one does not dare touch upon it in words very often. That is why it includes all other ideals. It is the purest and most intimate expression of the Law of Laws, which is Compassion Absolute.

As there is a Soul that is Universal, so there is a Heart that is One. And there is something within that Heart which pleads with humanity to build up in the world an expression on outer lines of this great ideal. For those are few who can of themselves reach into the real spaces of human life. The majority needs something tangible.

And so it has come to pass that, age after age, the Messenger of this ideal has sought to gather about him a band of students who should stand on outer lines as the expression, as the Voice really, of the Real Brotherhood. Always a few have responded to this call, the few who have the trust to follow the guidance of their own hearts. Those who formed these nuclei of students have known that in this lay humanity's only hope, for it is of the Law that evolution cannot go forward unless a helping hand is extended *from above*. And these students, whose motives were compassionate, not selfish, and whose lives surely should have been impersonal and pure, were as a rift in the clouds through which alone the rays of the True Sun could shine upon the world.

Did those who gathered about the World Teachers in the past fully realize this? If so, then why did these saving movements always go down? Why did they invariably, from the Golden Days until the actual present time, become disintegrate and then Leaderless? History furnishes but meager records, but even these clearly indicate that failure resulted because jealousy crept into the ranks of students, age after age, and they had not the wisdom nor the courage to force it out. Indeed, it sometimes looks very much as if they did not care to do so.

Jealousy is perhaps the most fatal and most insidious of all the diseases begotten by the personality, and it is rampant in the world still.

Now, as students of life, we have been told, over and over again, that those who make concessions to the lower nature deliberately place themselves outside the Path. We have been told, over and over again, that to harbor jealousy in our hearts is to make the most despicable of concessions. We have been told, and daily we see it proven if we are at all observant of human nature, that jealousy is a destructive and disintegrating force, which in time utterly shatters the personality, destroys that which should be the citadel of the heart, and leaves the soul shelterless.

The chronic discontent of a jealous person is but the label which his mind wears, the petty, nagging, persecuting acts which the jealous person is such an expert in performing, are the unfailing sign of an actual breaking down of the moral fiber. And how much "nervousness," and "stomach trouble" "liver complaint" and chronic *malaise* generally merely mark the inroads made upon the physical health by jealousy.

Jealousy is such a degrading vice. It must be, to picture it concretely, like some slimy, crawling, pulpy, shapeless thing which deceives because it slimes its victim before devouring it. It is called "green-eyed," fitly, for it is a characteristic expression of the lower mind, with no reach, toward anything that is impersonal and pure. The proof of this lies in the fact that those who are impersonal in act and motive are always secure against jealousy. They could not be jealous if they tried. The danger point is passed only by those who no longer center their consciousness in the personality.

In jealousy, as in all diseases mental or physical, there are many stages, many degrees. The first stage is suicidal merely. It expresses itself in a chronic discontent, a dead-set determination to make the world feel that there still remains one martyr, one poor soul whom no one understands, one person, at least, who is desolate and abused and not appreciated. This stage is long or short of duration, depending entirely upon how uncomfortable the jealous person's victim or victims can be made. If very uncomfortable, then more strenuous measures are not necessary. But if the reverse is the case, then the one who is suffering from this disease passes into the second stage and more active measures are tried. For what is the use of being jealous if one can't make life a deadly, unpleasant undertaking for the one who is the "cause" (!) of that jealousy?

This stage is characterized by all those little nagging unkindnesses which may be described by the term, petty persecution. Jealousy clasps hands with tyranny at this stage, and unless the one who is the target for these persecutions is strong enough to take control of the situation at the start, life is indeed made miserable. Those who cannot or do not do this are more numerous in the world than we re-

alize and are hunted, fugitive creatures. Every act of their lives is found fault with, every deed which they do from a high motive is credited to one that is mean and low, every purpose is thwarted as far as possible, every detail of their lives is under ceaseless surveillance, because otherwise some details might escape the fate of being objected to. For the jealous person is a chronic objector, a chronic fault-finder, a chronic tyrant, for whom nagging and picking and fussing are meat and drink. The one who has not the strength and wisdom to control the disease in another has usually not the wisdom to diagnose it. Therefore, from sheer ignorance, such an one, who probably is fifty times superior to his persecutor, lives a hunted existence, the acts of his life kept for the sake of "peace," perpetually under cover, until he feels like a very outcast and outlaw. What a crucifixion to be inflicted upon the soul!

Jealousy is one sign of the little mind. It arises usually in those people—shall I say students?—who would like to possess the abilities or capacities or accomplishments of another without the inconvenience of laboring to acquire them. It is a disease peculiar to the egotist. And while the egotist is too indolent or too selfish to work for and earn the advantages he would possess, he is never too indolent to use every means possible to prevent another from working. Strange anomaly! For it rarely takes as much energy or time to climb the heights oneself as it takes to pull another down. If the one who allows himself to be eaten up with jealousy because some other appears to be more capable or more useful, would only conserve his energy instead of scattering it, all that he most desires would belong to him, honestly and by right, in no long time. If the petty persecutor would only spend as much time and energy on his own affairs as he does on the affairs of his victims, what a lift he would give the world's Karma, and what a noble example he himself would become! Strange, indeed, that this does not occur to him.

As this disease progresses, even the most casual observer can mark stage after stage. From nagging the jealous one descends to slander and to lies. Iago stands before us as a perfect type of the jealous person at this stage of the disease, the type which persecutes not by open act but by the innuendo, insinuation, and vile crawling around in the dark. Then there are still more advanced stages which occur if this disease is not checked, and at last we have a virtual maniac on our hands, one who hugs his egotism and his stilleto and, when lies fail, does not hesitate to stab even his benefactor.

This is not a pleasant picture, but it is nevertheless a fairly accurate one of that path *which you and I actually tread, the moment we allow the tiniest feeling of jealousy to enter our minds*. It is time that we gave the matter some thought, not merely because jealousy is an execrable vice, but *because it is the open doorway to every other vice* in the Universe. Those who deliberately open the doorway and

keep it open, are destined to learn that the soul will not endure insult forever. The day will finally come when the soul will simply withdraw, and there will remain but a monster in human form.

Is no one, then, immune from this disease? Is there, then, no remedy, no preventive? Yes, there is, and it is work, *work*—but not in the sweeping sense of the word, because in dealing with intangible forces, the Law takes account of motives rather than deeds. It is not enough to merely work, to merely be occupied. One must work because one absolutely loves to work—the mere doing is no sign of virtue. One must be busy because the doing of one's duty is the most enjoyable thing in the world. The most jealous person I ever knew was reasonably well occupied from day to day. But oh, dear! Everything was such a task! This was done, "because I need the discipline, I suppose!" That was labored over because it was "according to orders;" something else was done or complied with "because of rules!" Getting up in the morning was such a task that the early hours were smirched with ill temper, and so on. That person might have been occupied twenty hours out of the twenty-four and still not be immune to this disease, even in its worst stages. Ah, it is the motive behind the work which is the guardian of that fortress of the soul. None of us are perfect, but all of us can purify our motives, and then with the mind perpetually "on guard," what siege can trouble us, what enemy can enter? None.

What an insult is such a mental attitude to the soul! What a commentary upon those who take it! This talk about "discipline" and "rules" and "crosses" and "bearing burdens" and "living the life" (with a sigh), is entirely out of date. It used to be the fashion, but somehow it never appealed to humanity in general, and the disciples who flourished these terms, somehow, never succeeded in getting much of a hold upon the world. The fact is, humanity is unconsciously, rather sensible, and ages and ages ago it decided that the man who deliberately lived a life that was not pleasant, or who deliberately did things he didn't like to do, was a fool—or a hypocrite. The world's conclusion has been quite correct. It is according to the Law that we should work and live, too, along lines of least resistance. No student can live the right life in the true sense *unless he absolutely loves to do so*. For that matter why one would care to do otherwise is a mystery. It is plain enough that one who frets and sighs over the details of his "life," yet who will not step aside and make room for some student to whom the same details would be the reverse of wearisome, is either traveling toward idiocy or he is using that life as a cloak for some vice—it may be, unconsciously. In such a case, how easy for jealousy to creep in and disintegrate? And, in such case, how invariably does this occur!

Comrades, does this ideal of the Elder Brothers mean anything to us, or does it not? Are we sincere in our desire to give to humanity some of that insight

and that joy which they have bestowed upon us, or are we just pretending to be students? Do we really hold in our hearts the ideal of a great comradeship of souls on this plane, whose lives are pure, whose natures are true? No atom of jealousy can creep into the mind that is anchored to this ideal. If the comrade at our side is purer or wiser or apparently more useful than we, then do we rejoice that the world holds more purity, more of wisdom, than otherwise. And how grateful must we be for the rare joy of clasping hands with those who are above us, the greatest privilege this old world holds! Such should be our comradeship, such it even now is, in an ever increasing degree. It is the only condition by which the Light can come back to men.

“Missing Links”

by H. T. E.



IN an article in the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH for October, we made some introductory remarks on the modern doctrine of evolution; and concluded them by saying that H. P. Blavatsky shows how the question of organic evolution is closely bound up with the general scheme of evolution, including the birth of worlds, the life-history of man, and other questions treated in her works. One of the chief points in the modern doctrine of evolution is that of the “Missing Links,” and this affords a capital illustration of the way in which a scientific theory, which to scientists themselves presents obvious deficiencies and incompatibilities, is easily completed and explained by the teachings given by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge.

This particular point was briefly referred to in *The New Century*, September 28, in a note on the new “Mutation Theory.”

There it was stated that W. Q. Judge, in explaining the absence of links, uses the illustration of a spiral staircase.

If we imagine a number of people ascending a tower by a staircase which winds spirally around the outside, then the people on the different levels on the side facing us will represent different species. But how do the people on one stage pass to the stage next above! Do we see any people half way between, climbing up the balustrades — “missing links?” Or do they get from one stage to another suddenly (“mutation” theory)? They pass from one stage to another *out of sight* round the back of the tower.—*New Century*

H. P. Blavatsky quotes from noted scientists, to show that Darwin's doctrine of gradual change from one species to another does not fit the facts. We simply do not find animals thus changing. Huxley says:

We greatly suspect that Nature does make considerable jumps in the way of variation now and then, and that these saltations give rise to some of the gaps which appear to exist in the series of known forms.

And St. George Mivart says:

We find a wonderful (and on Darwinian principles all but inexplicable) absence of minutely transitional forms. . . . Even the horse, the animal whose pedigree has been probably best preserved, affords no conclusive evidence of specific origin by infinitesimal fortuitous variations. . . . All these difficulties are avoided if we admit that new forms of animal life of all degrees of complexity appear from time to time with comparative suddenness, being evolved according to laws in part depending on surrounding conditions, *in part internal*—similar to the way in which crystals . . . build themselves up according to the internal laws of their component substance and in harmony and correspondence with all environing influences and conditions.—*Genesis of Species*

And H. P. Blavatsky points out that the expression “internal laws,” gives away the whole situation. What are these internal laws and how can they be studied without leaving the prescribed bounds of physical science and entering the wider domain of Science itself?

This phenomenal world is a world of effects, of which the causes are elsewhere. We can see and study the forms and organisms produced, and even classify them in an ordered sequence, but we cannot measure and weigh the life-impulses which produce growth and change.

H. P. Blavatsky says the difficulties of science, in filling the gaps and reconciling the incompatibilities of their theories, would vanish as night before the sun, if certain axioms of ancient wisdom were admitted. These axioms include that of the enormous antiquity of the globe and of the human race, and that of the *descent* of man from above as well as the *ascent* of organic forms from below.

The great Theosophical Teachers point out that the physical stage of cosmic and organic evolution is not the only stage; the earth and the creatures on it (including man) having previously existed in a more refined stage of materiality. Much of the process of evolution is carried on in that stage, and hence is not within the limits of observation of our science.

The investigations of the day have traced certain species down to a point where, as is confessed, it is not known to what root they go back. Taking oxen on one side and horses on the other, we see that both are hoofed, but one has a split hoof and the other but one toe. These bring us back, when we reach the oldest ancestor of each, to the midway point, and there science has to stop.—W. Q. JUDGE

Cuba of To-Day*

by Katherine Tingley



THE sunlight streams down upon the woods and the waters of Santiago de Cuba, calling forth such chaos of color that the panorama seems to take voice as we look upon it, and to exult in its recollection of the first judgment which was ever passed upon it. For did not Columbus say of Cuba that it was "the goodliest land that eye ever saw, the sweetest thing in the world?" The mind of the spectator dreams awhile under the soothing hand of nature. The sea breeze in the trees sings still with the melody of the south, but it is laden now with the prophecies of the future, and it moans no more of the curse of four hundred years. In the search for freedom there is eternal alliance between man and nature, and the voice of sea and wind can shout the battle cry, as also they can sing the songs of peace, and whisper their dreams of the sunlit times to come.

But the dreams which issue from the soul of nature, are to great actions but the inspiration and the guide. We drink of the living waters of the imagination only that we may be strengthened for the daily task, it may be for the daily drudgery, which is none the less divine because it is of the earth. And so for the moment we are gently startled, as out from the shade of the forest trees which so gloriously engirdle Santiago, comes a mule train laden with produce for the town. The muleteer urges his animals forward, and we will go with him into the narrow streets of Santiago to mingle awhile with the people, and to learn something more definite of their hopes, and it may be of the doubts, which come perforce with the unaccustomed air of freedom. Even among their native hills, these good people are, as it were, in a strange land, a land which is filled with strange force. What wonder, if for a time the garb of liberty seems to sit somewhat awry, if the stern experience of centuries keeps its hold upon thought and memory? Eyes which have looked so long into the darkness open but shyly to the light, but herein there is no suspicion. The silence which is born of a peace bestowed is not ingratitude.

As we walk unseen by the side of our muleteer, we look into his face and, in fancy, we reconstruct some of the pictures which he must have witnessed. They were no fancy to him, but were all of them red reality. The memory of them is stamped a little sadly upon him with a look of pathetic patience, but there is now something else which was not there awhile ago. He, too, in his way, has become a statesman. He, too, is wrestling with the questions which his people

* From *The San Diego Union*, Sunday Morning, October 26th, 1902

are asking. If our words could reach him, we would say that his unvoiced hopes can render a rich service to his country, and that in the uncomplaining fortitude of his drudgery he is dowering his nation with what is more than money. He is giving all that he has, and in the storehouses of nature there are other scales, with other weights, than those of Shylock and Civilization.

And now here we will leave him to pursue his work in the narrow streets and among the little anxious looking children who also have their claim upon the freedom which has come to them, and upon the freedom givers. Only one in forty knows what it is to go to school; only one in forty has the supreme opportunity of education. In young Cuba, even though it be untaught, there is the power to bless and the power to curse, and in the judgment hall which awaits all nations as it does all individuals, let us pray that the children be not witnesses against us. For such testimony as this only ages of sorrow can atone.

Never yet was a people loving education more than do the Cubans. It ranks within their estimation second only to the most pressing physical needs. We have in our possession many and many a letter from unlearned Cuban mothers, letters made beautiful by the Spartan devotion with which they plead for the teaching of their children. Let us remember the number of men who have forever been taken from their families through the long years of war; the numbers of children who have been wantonly killed, and then imagine how many women there must be today in Cuba who are standing absolutely alone, and whose lot must indeed be hard unless help come quickly. And yet there is no class of the community which has wavered at all from its ideal of liberty, nor will these people ever waver so long as they remember the price which they paid for it.

May we not pause to wonder that there are some poor creed-ridden creatures who in face of such facts as these, can yet seek to destroy the redemptive work of the International Brotherhood League, which has been so pure in its aim and in its working that the Cubans themselves, inured to cruelty, can hardly believe in its existence.

Santiago is not a great city. There are but fifty-six thousand inhabitants, and it need not take us long to sense for ourselves the prevailing thought and the prevailing perplexity.

In one thing Santiago is already rich, and that is in its mayor. Senor Emilio Bacardi has so fully shared in the sufferings of his country that he must participate to a peculiar extent in its joy. Our readers will judge from his photograph how cosmopolitan is the appearance of this man, and we can ourselves testify to his geniality, to his public spirit and to his high education. Cuba possesses no more happy augury than in its possession of such men as this.

Now if we come among these people with the case-hardened self-satisfaction of civilization, we shall do but little. If we are among those unfortunate ones

who suppose that the whole world is modeled, or ought to be modeled, upon themselves, that their ideals ought necessarily to be those of the Cubans, that all they do ought to be done by Cubans, we shall then no doubt look upon them with something of the perplexity with which they look upon us. If on the other hand we apply the master touch of sympathy and good fellowship, which is greater and better than pity, we shall get a little of the illuminating wisdom which brings right thought and act. Sympathy is always imaginative, bringing to us true pictures and true knowledge of the work of aid which lies before us. Sympathy makes human minds so plastic that words are hardly needed to find out the cause of another's trouble. Sympathy translates itself into action almost without the aid of human speech. If, as I say, we go among these people with the sympathy which longs to participate and to aid, we shall form no wrong judgment about them, we shall understand the mind of a warrior people, who are all unversed in the chicanery of political commercialism. Cuba is face to face with inimical forces other than those of the battlefields of her past centuries, and that she preserves her assurance and her dignity is a guarantee of her future to those who know that patriotism is greater and more enduring than money.

Can we then greatly marvel if intelligent Cubans are asking themselves in what way they can reconcile the heroic and warlike aid of America, with those other and less admirable American methods which in so many cases are now intruding themselves into the island? Can we wonder if they ascribe the same representative character to some aspects of American commercialism, as they were so willing to ascribe to American sympathy and to American valor? Are they to be blamed if they fail to discriminate between the magnanimity of thousands of American hearts, and that other and irresponsible flood of pseudo Americanism which chooses to look upon Cuba as a mine to be exploited rather than as a sacred trust to be safeguarded? Can we suppose that they will look with complacency upon American capital, which is so rapidly acquiring the natural wealth of the island, while their own pockets are still depleted by warfare, and while their best energies are directed rather to organization than to money making? Can we expect them to understand that the voice of the company promoter and of the tariff mongerer are not the voices of free America, and are so audible only because they are so aggressive and so self-interested? When Cuba learns the wisdom of the world she will know many things which she does not know now. She will learn that the stern and magnanimous justice of our nation necessarily shelters those other forces which do not represent her, which are but the flotsam and jetsam of civilization, to whom a flag is but a trade-mark, and who suppose that armies exist only to batter down the barriers to commerce. True Americans know that these things exist, and to a discreditable extent, and that Cuba has been made a focus for the exploiter and the promoter.

Another lesson also she will learn and may she learn it to her wisdom. She will learn that there are some sections of our press which make of themselves the willing and the unclean tools of those who would coin the American Eagle into dollars, and who hesitate at no slander and at no falsehood in order to suggest the thing which they would see accomplished. Of such an order is the widespread rumor that the condition of Cuba is so wretched that her people desire to be annexed. Cannot these writers imagine that there are those to whom fate can bring no such wretchedness as loss of independence, and that there are nations which will laugh at starvation so long as they starve in freedom? These things do not come from the true American nation which remembers its own history, its own aspirations and its own sufferings, and which would itself do again even as Cuba has done, and even though a thousand stock jobbers should cry out warnings from their counting houses.

Well and truly it has been said that the American nation has not yet done its work in Cuba, nor half done it. The national sentiment which sent the American armies into the field has not spent itself, but its force which was then translated into the sound of great guns must now be expressed by brotherly generosity and sympathy. Let every American ask himself for what purpose his country gave of her blood and her treasure. Was it merely to transfer Cuba from the oppression of the foreigner to the far more dangerous oppression of the company promoter? Was it not rather that Cuba should be free, and that the liberty which was inaugurated beneath the Tree of Surrender should be a liberty in truth and in deed, a liberty which should grow and not decrease? Such a work of liberation as this cannot be finished by a signature upon parchment, by an act of congress. This is the liberty which is born of fraternal sentiment, which grows by the continuance of that sentiment, and which is fostered and brought to queenly fruition by a national brotherhood which is above and beyond all legal phrases and treaties and documents. Unless this be indeed the spirit which animated the American nation, which still animates her, her effort for human freedom was still-born. She has lifted her head above the clouds and has been afraid of the sunlight.

But it is not so, and because we know that it is not so, we make this appeal to the loyal heart of America, an appeal to become articulate, and to make itself heard ere it be too late. Let us disown whatever is unworthy of our name and of our history, whatever will hide from us the ideals of our own national birth, whatever will drag us from the heights of our attainment. Let us be assured, too, that there is no nation too mighty to stand in silence before the Judgment Bar of history, and that from the verdict of time there can be no appeal.

The Egyptian Obelisk in New York

by a Student



THE ancient Egyptian monolith of red granite, now in Central Park, New York, was cut from the quarries of Syene, the Red mountain of the ancient Egyptians, located towards the east of the town of Assuan, at the boundary of Egypt and Nubia, and where can be seen even now a stone of still greater dimensions partly quarried. This obelisk is seventy-one feet high, and seven feet and seven inches at the base. It was prepared and erected by the command of Thutmes III, the great conquering of the XVIIIth dynasty, who reigned in Egypt about 1600 B. C. This monarch, the most glorious of Egyptian history, after extending the boundaries of Egypt as far south as the center of Africa and as far north as the Euphrates, and bringing under his scepter Arabia in the east and Lybia in the west, wishing to honor the solar divinity in the Temple of On, caused to be erected there two obelisks bearing his name and titles as an offering of thanks for the divine protection the God afforded him during his campaigns.

The inscription of the Pharaoh Thutmes III forms the middle perpendicular line of each of the four faces of the obelisk. Three centuries after the death of Thutmes III, one of his descendants, Ramessu or Ramses II, better known by his surname Sesostris, was crowned king of Egypt by his father, Seti I. During his reign of sixty years he did his utmost to re-establish and maintain the rule of the Pharaohs in foreign lands, which had rebelled against Egyptian domination. When his wars were over he caused his name and titles to be inscribed on the two obelisks erected at the Temple of the Sun God On, by his ancestor Thutmes III.

These new inscriptions were placed on each face of the stone at the right and at the left of the center column, engraved at the time of Thutmes. Besides on three of the faces those marked A, B, D, toward the edge, is found engraved in much smaller characters the official title of King Userkon I. (About 933 B. C.)

Userkon I was the son of King Sheshonk I, one of the conquerors of Palestine, the Shiska of the Bible. No doubt Userkon had his name engraved on the obelisk to connect himself with the greatest Pharaohs of history. The mate of the obelisk at New York, erected also by Thutmes III at the Temple of the Setting Sun at Pit-Um, now the village of Mattareeyeh, some eight miles south of Cairo, was with it transported to Alexandria and placed in front of the Temple of the Cæsars, in the reign of Tiberius, by the Romans.

Some forty years ago the Khedive of Egypt gave one of the obelisks to England, where it was set up on the banks of the Thames in 1878, and the other to the United States, where it was brought in the fall of 1880, and set up in Central Park, New York, in February, 1881. And thus the famous Cleopatra's needles—erected side by side at Pit-Um, the City of the Setting Sun—are now separated by the Atlantic Ocean.

Here follows the translation of the hieroglyphs on the four sides of the obelisk, made by Dr. Brugsch Bey, the eminent Egyptologist.

The three lines of hieroglyphs on each face are read perpendicularly from the top downward. The center line commemorates Thutmes III, the right-hand and left-hand lines, Ramses II:

FACE A—TEXTS AND INSCRIPTIONS OF THE PYRAMIDION

A

King Thutmes III, is represented as a sphinx, with the head and arms of a man. He is offering two vases of wine to the Sun God On.

His body rests upon a sort of pylon, decorated with the titles:

The Strong Bull,
Who manifests himself
King
In the Thebaid,
The Son of the Sun:
Thutmes.

Over the body may be read:

The Gracious God,
Lord of the Two Worlds,
King of Upper and Lower Egypt,
Ra-men-kheper. - - - - -
- - - - -

TEXT OF THE CENTER LINE

[*Name of the Royal Standard.*]

Horus: Magnified and Enlightened by the
Crown of Upper Egypt.

[*The Official Standard.*]

The King of Upper and Lower Egypt:
Ra-men-kheper.

[*The Title of the Victorious.*]

The Golden Horus.
The Strong of Arm,
Who beat the Kings of Foreign Nations
Who were numbered by hundreds of thousands,
For his Father the Sun God Ra, ordained for him
Victories over all lands.



Mighty Power
 Was concentrated at the point of his hands
 To widen the Boundaries of Egypt.
 [The Family Name.]

The Son of the Sun
 Thutmes - - - - -
 Who gives Life of all Stability and Purity
 Today as ever after.

TEXT OF THE RIGHT-HAND LINE

Horus: the Strong Bull.
 The Son of Tum.
 The King of Upper and Lower Egypt.
 Ra-user-ma.
 The Chosen One of the Sun.
 Lord of the Diadems of the Vulture and of the Serpent,
 Protector of Egypt.
 Chastiser of Foreign Nations.
 The Son of the Sun, Ramessu Meri-amun.
 The Conqueror,
 Who with his Own Arms
 Performed Great Deeds
 In the face of
 The Entire World Assembled.
 The Lord of the Two Worlds; Ra-user-ma,
 The Chosen One of the Sun.
 The Son of the Sun: Ramessu Meri-amun,
 Who gives life of all Stability and Purity
 Today as ever after.

TEXT OF THE LEFT-HAND LINE

Horus: the Strong Bull.
 Friend of Justice.
 King of Upper and Lower Egypt.
 Lord of the Periods of Thirty Years.
 Like his Father Ptah-Tanen [*The God of Memphis*].
 The Son of the Sun: Ramessu Meri-amun, * [*that is to say, the Friend of
 the god of Amon of Thebes*].
 The Sun created him.
 To cause Great Rejoicing in the City of On, and
 To fill with Riches the Sanctuaries of his Creator.
 The Lord of the Two Worlds: Ra-user-ma,

* In the Greek lists of Manetho containing the names of the Pharaohs this name, *Meri-amun*, is written *Miamun*.

The Chosen One of the Sun.
 The Son of the Sun: Ramessu Meri-amun,
 Who gives Life of all Stability and Purity
 Today as ever after.

FACE D—TEXTS AND INSCRIPTIONS ON THE PYRAMIDION

D

The representation and the text inscribed upon the pylon are the same as those on Face A.

The inscriptions engraved over the Sphinx and the figure of the god are not sufficiently distinct to here read them.

TEXT OF THE CENTER LINE

[*Name of the Royal Standard*]

Horus: the Strong Bull,
 Who manifested himself as King in the Thebald.
 [*Official Title*]

The King of Upper and Lower Egypt:
 Ra-men-kheper,
 Who caused
 Great Rejoicing
 In the House of the Sun God Ra—[*That is Heliopolis*]
 Who created
 The Beauty of the Sun Disk;
 The Day when for the first time was made — — — — —
 — — — — —

TEXT OF THE RIGHT-HAND LINE

Horus: The Strong Bull,
 The Son of the Sun God Ra.
 The King of Upper and Lower Egypt
 Ra-user-ma
 The Chosen One of the Sun.
 The Golden Horus;
 Rich in Years; Grand in Victories.
 The Son of the Sun: Ramessu Meri-amun. — — — — —
 — — — — — The Lord of the Two Worlds
 Ra-user-ma
 The Chosen One of the Sun.
 The Son of the Sun [*Ramessu Meri-amun*]
 — — — — Like the Sun.

TEXT OF THE LEFT-HAND LINE

Horus: the Strong Bull,
 Friend of Justice.
 The King of Upper and Lower Egypt;



The Son of the Sun;
 The Creature of the Gods,
 Who [has taken possession of] the Two Worlds.
 The Son of the Sun: Ra-user-ma Meri-amun;
 The Friend of the City of the Sun;
 Never before was done what he did for the City of On.
 His Memory is forever fixed in the City of Tum [*Pitum*].
 The Lord of the Two Worlds; Ra-user-ma.
 The Chosen One of the Sun.
 The Son of the Sun [*Ramessu Meri-amun*]
 Who gives Life.

FACE C—TEXT AND INSCRIPTIONS OF THE PYRAMIDION

C

Illegible.

TEXT OF THE CENTER LINE

[*Name of the Royal Standard*]

Horus: the Strong Bull,
 Friend of the Sun God Ra.

[*The Official Title*]

The King of Upper and Lower Egypt,
 Ra-men-kheper - - - - - - - - - -
 - - - - - - - - - - - -
 - - -

TEXT OF THE RIGHT-HAND LINE

Horus: the Strong Bull,
 The Companion and Friend of Justice.
 The King of Upper and Lower Egypt:
 Ra-user-ma;
 Lord of the Periods of Thirty Years,
 Like his Father, the God Ptah;
 Lord of the White Wall [*name of the Citadel of Memphis*].

The Son of the Sun: Ramessu Meri-amun.
 The God: the Divine Being.
 The Terrestrial Star of the City of the Sun God Ra,
 Which is sustained by the deeds of
 The Lord of the Two Worlds: Ra-user-ma.
 The Son of the Sun: Ramessu Meri-amun,
 Who gives Life.

TEXT OF THE LEFT-HAND LINE

So effaced as to be illegible.



FACE B—TEXTS AND INSCRIPTIONS OF THE PYRAMIDION

B

The representation and the text inscribed upon the pylon are the same as those on Face A. The Sun God is this time called *Hormakbu*—that is, the Harmais, or Harmachis of the Greeks.

The King's titles are:

The Gracious God,

The Lord of the Two Worlds:

Ra-men-kheper.

The offering to the god is indicated by the inscription.

Gift of Wine.

TEXT OF THE CENTER LINE

[*Name of the Royal Standard*]

Horus: the Strong Bull,

Who manifested himself as King in Thebaid.

[*The Crown Title*]

The Lord of the Diadems of the Vulture and of the Serpent.

His Kingdom is as lasting as is the

Sun in the Heavens.

[*The Family Name enclosed in an elliptical circle and containing a curious allusion to the meaning of the name Thutmes.*]

The Creature of the God Tum, Lord of the City of On,

The Son who came out from his Belly, and whom

The God THUT formed. [MES.]

They created him the Grand Hall [*of the Temple of On*]

After the model of their own body,

Being conscious of the Great Deeds he was to accomplish:

He, whose Kingdom should be of long duration.

[*The Official Title*]

The King of Upper and Lower Egypt,

Ra-men-Kheper,

Friend of the Great God Tum, and of

The Circle of his Divinities.

He who gives

Life of all Stability and Purity

Today as ever after.

TEXT OF THE RIGHT-HAND LINE

Horus: the Strong Bull,

Friend of the Sun God Ra,

The King of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Ra-user-ma,

The Chosen One of the Sun.



He has taken possession of the Two Worlds,
 The Son of the Sun; Ramessu Meri-amun,
 A handsome and Kind-Hearted Youth;
 He is as resplendent as is
 The Solar Orb in the Horizon.
 The Lord of the Two Worlds; Ra-user-ma,
 The Chosen One of the Sun.
 The Son of the Sun: Ramessu Meri-mun.
 The Reflected Splendor of
 The God Tum
 Who gives Life.

TEXT OF THE LEFT-HAND LINE

Horus: the Strong Bull,
 Son of the God Kheper [*that is, of him who exists*],
 The King of Upper and Lower Egypt,
 Ra-user-ma,
 The Chosen One of the Sun.
 The Golden Horus:
 Rich in Years; Grand in Victories.
 The Son of the Sun; Ramessu Meri-amun.
 He came out from the Belly,
 To receive the Crowns from the Sun God Ra,
 Who created him to be the Sole Monarch.
 The Lord of the Two Worlds: Ra-user-ma,
 The Chosen One of the Sun.
 The Son of the Sun: Ramessu Meri-amun.
 The Reflected Splendor of
 The God Tum
 Like the Sun.

The Horizontal Line. At the foot of the four faces of the obelisk there is a horizontal line of text, which reads: "May He Live!—The Gracious God: Ra-user-ma—The Chosen One of the Sun—The Gracious God: Ramessu Meri-amun."

The Marginal Texts. The faces A, B, D, bear toward the edges the official title of King Userkon I. These inscriptions are in small characters upon the face, but are presented enlarged on the cuts outside the respective faces.

Putting on the New Man*

by a Student



And have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him.—*Colossians* 3: 10

IT will be plain to anyone, who will read the epistle in which this verse occurs, that Paul speaks of the Christ as being a manifestation of the Divine Spirit in every man. It is true that Paul also speaks of one Jesus the Christ, of whom he declares himself to be a follower. But it is none the less clear that he regards Christhood as being a condition open to all men, and not confined only to the man Jesus. Jesus was the great Master or Teacher under whose influence Paul had come. The main teaching of this Master was that every man has within him a germ of the Divine Spirit waiting to be unfolded and manifested. And Paul was, as he here declares, a preacher of this teaching.

To illustrate this let me quote one or two passages from the preceding part of the epistle:

In chapter 1, verse 15, he speaks of the Son as—

The image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature.

In verses 27, 28, we read—

Christ in you, the hope of glory: whom we preach warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom: that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

In chapter 3, verse 4, are these words—

When the Christ, our life, has been manifested, then you also shall be manifested with him in glory.

The important thing for us to notice is this: Jesus Christ taught the divinity of man as can plainly be seen in his recorded teachings. And Paul his apostle, also taught and more fully expounded this same teaching of the Christ in man. But later professors of Christianity have so disfigured and emasculated this noble truth that now it has become entirely disguised.

To the mediæval and modern Church, the Christ has ceased to be the divine spirit in man. The name Christ has come to be used simply as a surname for Jesus, who is regarded as quite a special creation, in spite of his own recorded declarations that all men could attain to his state and follow in his path. Man has been deprived of his life-essence and reduced to the level of a helpless and irresponsible sinner.

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

This is simply an illustration of the way in which the exalted teachings of the world's great teachers get corrupted in after years, until they are mere lifeless dogmas.

Christianity has suffered in this way, and that is why it is now so helpless against the evils of civilization. It has been deprived of its very life, and it must be ours to restore to it that spirit of truth which it has lost.

I think that many, very many people, both in pulpit and pew, would gladly welcome such a renewal of Christianity, such a vindication of Christ, if they were not weighed down by such a vast mass of moldering tradition and superstition.

But the divine spirit in man will surely prove its own existence by rebelling against all attempts to keep it forever in chains. There is that in you and me and everyone which asserts its own power and immortality. Man is conscious, even though dimly, of his own divinity. He cannot be made to believe for long that he is a helpless worm.

Despair, doubt, and debasement are fatal and destructive to life; and no man can exist in such states for long without the welcome gleam of hope burning up anew in his breast and bidding him assert his own dignity and strength.

Surely the world of men is at this time in a state wherein a long period of doubt and want of faith is beginning to give way before the dawn of new hope and courage!

At all events we can affirm that the world needs it. And it is this eternal truth of man's limitless possibilities that alone can and will restore the lost confidence.

In all glorious and heroic ages men have known this truth. They have carried it out in their lives, and wisdom and happiness have flourished among them.

And whenever the light of this truth has faded from men's hearts, they have fallen into materialism, their morals have become corrupt, and the decline of the race has set in.

Neither our modern religion nor our modern science gives us any hope of better things on this earth and in this life. Religion postpones the prospect of man's perfection to a vague and misty time beyond the grave, and thus exchanges Jesus' promise of perfection in this life for a dim and unreal prospect of future and not very desirable bliss.

And science has nothing to offer us at all; for the boons which it bestows on humanity have proved themselves to be curses, ministering more to evil hands than to good.

But then religion and science both have been made lifeless by the lack of this true understanding of man's nature. It is this earth that is man's future paradise. It is here that he must work. It is his mission to make a heaven out of

the material he finds in this life on earth. He could not rest content in any heaven with such a task unfulfilled. Such an idea as this will perhaps repel people at first hearing. But that is only because our minds have been so long accustomed to the false and pessimistic ideas of dogmatic religion and science that they do not readily get out of the rut.

It will take some time to sweep away the effects of the doctrines of doubt and despair and get men accustomed to a hopeful view of human nature and human life.

Paul says we must put off the *old* man and put on the new. Most of us do not know there is any new man to put on; but imagine it refers to some vague religious attitude or conversion. But Paul clearly means us to understand that our whole nature can become renewed here on earth—body, mind, and soul. And we are to achieve this change by recognizing that we are the “sons of God”—that we can become Christs.

This does not mean that anybody is to work himself up into a hysterical state, and have visions and special revelations, and go about proclaiming that he is the Messiah, and found a new sect. The world has had experience of that sort of crank and it does not require any more. Fanaticism and want of balance have been bred deep in us by centuries of perverted teaching, and everyone is apt to misapply the most sacred truths and turn them into mere superstitions and frenzy. We must above all things be practical and use common sense. We must learn to see in the teachings of Jesus and Paul and other great teachers, rules of life and conduct that can be applied to ordinary human needs and made effective for the betterment of the world. These teachings are not mere pious aspirations and beautiful ideals to be kept as a solace for our Sunday meditations; that is the false notion we have gotten from our religious training.

Therefore you will find that The Universal Brotherhood, though it proclaims the high ideals of Christ's teachings, is always intensely practical and matter-of-fact in its doings. For, however lofty a teaching may be, when we come to apply it we have to deal with the daily life of human beings. It becomes necessary to consider life in its most commonplace aspects. And as a matter of fact it is only our wrong notions of religion and science that have taught us to regard anything as commonplace. From the true point of view nothing is commonplace, everything is sacred.

If then humanity is to be helped to realize the ideal of its own divinity, such questions as health and habit of life must be considered. And it is a fact that the material life of humanity is where it most needs help. Humanity has sermons and beautiful thoughts enough and to spare. It needs guidance as to its way of living. In the home—in the school—in the office, in the parlor, in the kitchen—it is here that false notions of human nature have ruled so long. It is here that the

saving knowledge of man's divinity and essential nobleness can step in and reform. These institutions form the real actual life of man; and in our civilization they are all grounded on low and narrow estimates of human character and possibilities.

If man had ever in his heart a sense of his own dignity, nobleness, and mighty destiny, the institutions and customs he would found would be very different.

With the conditions of life as they are, such teachings as this of Paul's seem far-away and impracticable. But with conditions of life such as I have hinted at, those teachings would become easy and practicable. For does not the text say we shall be renewed in knowledge? That means that with harmony and purity of life will come the knowledge that we seek for so vainly under present human conditions.

A Drop of Dew

by ANDREW MARVELL

SEE how the orient dew,
 Shed from the bosom of the morn
 Into the blowing roses,
 Yet careless of its mansion new
 For the clear region where t'was born,
 Round in itself encloses,
 And in its little globe's extent
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the splendid flower does slight,
 Scarcely touching where it lies
 But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from its sphere.
 Restless it rolls and insecure,
 Trembling lest it grow impure,
 Till the warm sun pities its pain
 And to the sky exhales it back again.
 So the soul, that drop, that ray
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
 Lamenting still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet flowers and the radiant green,
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
 The greater heaven in the heaven less.—*Selected*

The White Stone *and* the New Name*

by a Student



IN the book of *Revelation ii:17*, we find the words,

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

What do these mystic words mean? They speak of conflict and victory. With whom, or with what is the war waged; and over what is the victory gained? What is this white stone with the incommunicable name? And what is the connection between the victory and this reward which marks it?

The Apocalypse is evidently a mystic book; and it is expressly said in the first verse of the book that the revelation it contains is given to John in the Isle of Patmos by an angel. And in the last chapter this angel says, "I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets."

Every revelation is conditioned by the thoughts and ideas of the person through whom it is given. Hence we find in this book very little but Hebrew imagery, which often strongly reminds us of the book of *Ezekiel*. The glorious being whom St. John saw appeared in the midst of the Jewish Sacred Candlestick, which had seven branches. These branches are explained as being the Seven Churches; and the seven stars, which the glorious being held in his right hand, are explained as being the angels of the seven churches. The names of those churches are given, and some of them exist to this day. Throughout the book we meet this Hebrew symbolism continually. We read of the "Key of David," not of Peter. We read of the "Synagogue of Satan," of the "Hidden Manna," of the "New Jerusalem," and many other references to Hebrew history. The whole book is steeped in Hebrew imagery, and the latter part of the fourth chapter reads very like the first chapter of *Ezekiel*.

There are, however, some things which remind us of the book of *Enoch*, and some things which appear to have a Gnostic or Greek impress, such as the use of the term Alpha and Omega; or the use of the Greek name of the angel of the bottomless pit; or the use of the term "White Stone" in the promise to him that overcometh.

Why did not the writer use the word *lithos* or *petros*, which mean stone? He used another word, the word *psephos*, which has a special meaning and a special history. *Lithos* means a stone, or a precious stone, and therefore we might expect this to be the "white stone" spoken of, but it is not. *Petros*, which means

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, Cal.

a piece of rock, was the term applied to Peter, and we might think it would be used here, but it is not. The word *psephos*, which is used, means a stone made round and smooth by friction, as by a river or the sea. We may find a very significant meaning in this. But the term "white stone" has a history. In the famous trial of Orestes, Athena casts the "white stone," or the vote of acquittal: hence *psephos Athenas*, became a proverbial expression for acquittal.

In *Acts, 26:10*, we have a similar use of the word where Paul says, "I gave my vote against them." Here the word rendered vote is the same as that used in the expression "white stone;" but it was not a *white* stone which Paul cast in this instance, it was a black stone.

Some have supposed that the words,

I will give him a white stone, and on the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it,

refer to the custom of the Roman emperors who, at certain games, threw tokens among the populace on which certain words were inscribed, and those who received them were entitled to the article named on the token when they presented it to the emperor. But the Greek usage of the term seems more likely to be that which the author of the Apocalypse had in mind.

The "white stone" declared the person to be acquitted, to be free, to be *dikaios*, or just. This very expression is found on a Gnostic talisman. King, in his work on the *Gnostics and Their Remains*, speaks of certain mystic monograms on a talisman, which the initiate recipient found to be "a new name written that no man knoweth save he that receiveth the same."

It has often been remarked that in the messages to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, the reward in each case has a fitting relation to the terms of the previous judgment of the state of that church. The patience of Ephesus is commended, and of it we read:

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

To the suffering church of Smyrna the message is:

He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.

To the church of Pergamos, whose weak points are serious, but which had "kept the name," the reward is:

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name.

The new name is given to those who "held fast the name." Again, of the church of Philadelphia, which had "kept the word and not denied the name," we read:

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out no more, and I will write upon him the name of my God.

We might, at the first glance, be tempted to think that progressive stages of perfection are indicated by the messages to the Seven Churches, similar to the "Seven Portals" given by H. P. Blavatsky; but the last church mentioned, that of Laodicea, is the worst of all, the most worldly, the most lukewarm; yet even here the promise to the victor is:

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in his throne.

In each instance nothing is promised except "to him that overcometh." It is the just law of Karma that rules. The messages to the Seven Churches teach plainly that all have some good points, and all have weak points also. Therefore all have to struggle, all have to wage this holy war against evil. Victory is possible in every case, and he who is faithful unto death—to the death of all evil in himself—shall receive the crown of life.

The message to the Seven Churches is as unlike the orthodoxy of the churches of today as anything could be.

The promise of the white stone and the new name, is made to a class of people living amidst conditions strongly resembling those ruling in the world today. They live where Satan's seat is, and where some are martyrs for truth, for principle, for righteousness. There is need for repentance, "else I will come quickly," and use the "sharp sword with two edges."

Those who battle with the evils within them and around them, and who "hold fast the name and do not deny the faith," will in the end be victors, and to them will be given a white stone, yea they will each become a white stone. As the stone was made smooth by much friction so, in the Great Journey of the soul through many incarnations, the angles and roughness are rubbed off—we become the *psephos*—even as in the Egyptian teaching the soul was declared to be "just"—was said to be "Osiris"—and a new name is written in the stone.

A name in ancient times had a deep significance; it stood for certain qualities. Name meant nature. To know the name was to understand the nature. Many promises are made in Scripture to those who know the name of God, or who keep the name. To know the divine name is to know, and to be conformed into the Divine Nature. This can be reached only by experience through many lives, and by overcoming all that wars against the higher nature.

In symbolism the term "stone" represents Truth. The White Stone is pure Truth, Truth which is radiant, shining. Just as it is said we must "become the Path itself," so we must become one with Truth itself, one with perfect Truth, perfect Being. The new name is the symbol of new nature; and it is at the

same time the stamp of all the Soul has gained on the long evolutionary journey. It is this which is the keynote, the distinguishing note or characteristic, of that soul—the name that no one else knows. No one knows it, for no other has passed through *quite* the same course. And while, in one sense, the drop merges in the ocean, yet it is evident that what *is* cannot cease to be. This may be regarded as also taught in the idea of permanence as well as truth, which the term stone represents. The white stone and the new name belong to eternity; the victory and the result are not temporal, but enduring things. The name which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it, cannot, therefore, be passed on to another, and it cannot be lost, even as the white stone cannot be lost.

Men *and* their Faces

by A. D. ROBINSON



“**A** PPEARANCES are deceptive,” is a saying that is generally approved if one may judge by the frequency of its use, and yet when applied to the relation between character and facial expression it is as likely to be wrong as right. Does not the tendency to expect certain types of face to be associated with special occupations point to the fact that the latter molded the former, or at least modified it? Is it not common for acquaintances to greet one another with “Have you been sick?” “What’s wrong now?” Questions based on the look in the face? Do we not judge whether it be a favorable moment to approach another on a delicate matter by his look? Are we not repelled or attracted by a glance?

Why continue to multiply instances? It should be plain that it is *natural* for a person to express in his face what his heart and mind imagine, and no one should be blamed for judging of another by his expression. Supposing that an inhabitant of another planet suddenly arrived among us, ignorant of our language and forms of recreation, merely skilled in reading faces, and attended a funeral, a play, a political meeting and a football game, to study merely the people gathered to look on. Would this stranger be able to pick out the funeral, or would he think they were all funerals? It is to be feared that the latter would more likely be the case; and if so it must be that we take most of our doings very sadly, or our faces do not express our emotions. Perhaps each of these is in part correct, and in departing from a simple life we have forfeited many of the joys

that belong to such, we have literally followed the statement "that now I have become a man I have put away childish things," and banished the faculty of living in the joy of the moment. Even those who still have a remnant of this faculty so often hide it behind a mask of indifference for fear of being laughed at.

Yet this mask is only half a mask, for it expresses the reason for its assumption, which is a giant and all absorbing egotism plainly showing forth a huge self-importance. The average face is a self-important one, and the average man looks as if he thought the universe revolved around himself as axis. It is not meant to infer that the average man really thinks thus, but the forcing of his expression to hide any feeling has left the egotism to stand out in startling clearness. No one is deceived by the assumed face, because nearly every one has one of his own, and the general result is simply one of awful dullness and sadness whenever we gather together in crowds, even when we are supposed to be enjoying ourselves.

Why not get rid of this burden by cultivating a cheerful countenance? It is to be assumed that the majority of people would rather add to the world's happiness than be a wet blanket. Surely the reputation of being a sunny, cheerful individual is more to be valued than one of severe austerity, even if the latter, to the unthinking man, stands for depth and scope of knowledge.

Does this general gloomy cast of face stand for dignity? True dignity is of the soul, not of the face only. Does it give its wearer weight in the councils of his fellows? They know its worth on another's, if they miscalculate its value on their own faces. Does it inspire love and respect in one's family? It frightens the children and hushes their happy laughter and makes the wife take up her sewing to lose sight of it. What is it good for? Nothing. Then discard it. To be natural in the true sense is to live in our higher natures which are our *true* natures, and we cannot *safely* be anything else. We hear continually of "having the courage of our convictions," let us have the face thereof also. If we are striving to a better, cleaner life, a place where life is joy and the honest striving assures the real success of life, let us look as if life *were* joy—and then our example will have double weight. Moreover we shall get aid by seeing a reflection in the faces of others.

What child dare laugh before the average teacher in any line? and even if such a thing were to happen, how the self-importance of the average teacher would deepen in the august countenance. And yet the gods must laugh at those faces when they do not feel the inexpressible sadness of it all which man makes for himself.

There are only two people who have any right to the face of austerity—the infinitely great because upon their shoulders rest humanity's burdens and sorrows, and they know how great and how self-imposed they are—and the infinitely

small because being nothing they must assume to attract notice. But the rank and file, the great majority, cannot assume to prop the universe, and their own individual burdens are insignificant and out of all proportion to the general gloom of countenance, they are not yet "men of sorrow and acquainted with grief," in the larger sense. So let us proclaim, "Life is Joy," and look as if we meant it. If "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," may not a cheerful countenance be a help to the happy heart.

The Healing Art

by H. T. E.



NO saying is more trite than that our civilization takes too much medicine; and this fact has, as usual, produced a reactionary sentiment of undue extremeness. We hear of people who condemn medicine wholesale, and regard all resort to the curative arts as a reliance upon palliatives and frail crutches. There are sects who will, on principle, shun the doctor and his remedies even in the last extremity.

But the abuse of a thing does not refute or invalidate its use, and there is certainly a true and proper use of the art of medicine. Under Universal Brotherhood auspices at Loma-land, all arts will be re-established in their original and right usage, and medicine among the number. Let us, therefore, try to suggest the true use of the healing art.

Medicine is for the healing of the sick who desire to be made whole. If it is used for any other purpose it is thereby degraded and disparaged. And in the civilized world it is thus used for extraneous and unbecoming purposes.

In the world medicine is used:

1. To heal the sick who do *not* desire to be made whole. People who are ill from wrong habits of life and inharmonious thoughts, propose to continue in those wrong courses. Yet they adopt means to heal and purify the very bodies which they purpose to defile.

2. To enable people to go on living wrongly. Drugs are administered to buttress up the abused frame, or to pervert its functions to a correspondence with perverted habits, or to pickle and harden it against corrupting influences.

3. As a substitute for the natural vigor and healing balm of the life-principle. People live on tonics and restoratives, until the supplanted life-force goes out on strike.

It is abuses like these that bring discredit upon the healing art. In a world of people living lives healthful in soul, mind and body, there would be no need for the healing art; but, as there is a world full of suffering patients that need help, there is need also for the art of the true physician. And, since warriors, even if clean and strong, must fight if they are to succor, there is need for the healing balm of the true doctor.

In its regenerated condition medicine will be applied to the deserving and to those whose high ideals and purposes justify the physician in aiding them. We all know that it is of no use to offer remedies for dyspepsia to a man who proposes to go on living a life of selfish ease. Of what use is it to try to heal such a man? If he will not work, he may as well learn by suffering; it is no kindness to him or to anyone else to waste precious medicines on his misused body. But suppose we find an aspiring and devoted worker suffering from the friction of the world in which he is struggling. To help him is to follow the law of mercy and justice. He will turn our aid to good account, and in helping him we shall also help those whom he helps.

One may forecast for Loma-land a future cult of medicine that will put the art to its right uses. Thus medicine, rescued from the disparagement and degradation of misuse, will gain a power and credit quite unknown at present. There must be many remedies which would cure a person aspiring after right living, but be poison to one desiring to continue in wrong courses. Such medicines would not be recognized as medicines at all by the world at large; but under the new order of things they would suddenly come to the front. Again, there is a wealth of simples that may be culled from the soil around us, whose efficacy would be entirely masked if administered to a body perverted by all kinds of excess and error in regimen; but which, if properly given, in conjunction with a fitting and salubrious regimen, would manifest their due potency.

Again, physicians in Loma-land will gain enormous superiority by their knowledge of the intimate union of mind and body, and of other laws of nature unrecognized by orthodox science. The present uncertainty of effect in the administration of remedies would disappear before a clear knowledge of *when* and *how* to apply them.

Finally there is the prospect of recovering a lost art in medicine which makes all the difference between the wonderful success of those who knowingly or unwittingly use it, and those who do not—the art of giving something *with* the remedy, something that converts a mere inert drug into a living power. For in medicine as in all things else, the materialistic spirit of the age has intruded; and, in our bottled extracts, we administer the dead corpse of balms whose life-spirit flitted up the factory chimney. Future healing must know how to give a remedy fresh from nature, with the life still in it. And, more than this, a natural medi-

cine may be a vehicle which can absorb and convey some quality from the hand of the pure and benign physician who administers it. May not the doctor who understands the connection of body, mind and spirit be able, when succoring the body, to minister also "to a mind diseased"? "A cup of cold water offered in my name," is a familiar quotation, but it may have a more real and practical meaning than is usually assigned to it.

Higher Patriotism

by S. H. S.



WEBSTER gives as a definition of Patriotism—"the love of one's country; the passion which aims to serve one's country either in defending it from invasion, or protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions in vigor and purity."

"Patriotism is the characteristic of a good citizen, the noblest passion that animates a man in the character of a citizen."

This gives us a very fair conception of what the word really means, and I think that the essence of it is contained in these words—"protecting its rights, and maintaining its laws and institutions in vigor and purity."

Our forefathers were actuated by that principle in man that knows no higher power than itself—the master—who with his trident of Faith, Hope and Love can regenerate the world.

These brave souls, surrounded as they were with all the belittling influences of the Nobility, State and Church, awoke to their possibilities, and decided to find for themselves a place where they could develop, and assure to their children environments more conducive to their welfare.

They landed in this country and experienced hardships that would have wrecked the lives of less determined souls; they established themselves, and in so doing started the nucleus of a nation that was to be an example to the world.

We all know how its infancy and childhood were subject to the troubles incident to each age, and how, when the nation arrived at the age where it was necessary to make a choice as to its future, how nobly it assumed the new responsibility and proclaimed to the world the position it had decided to take in its future career. It unfurled to the world the banner of freedom, and declared that its people had the right to believe or disbelieve in anything they saw fit, and that the government was to be by the people, for the people.

To establish this new order of ideas it was necessary to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country, and strike out in the world and show by example that their protestations were genuine. These, as a nation, we have acted upon and hope to continue in this path.

It is with the young men and women and children of the present day that rests the future of this great nation. It is their conception of patriotism that will make or mar it.

Patriotism means something far higher than the desire to defend the laws and interests of a country when assailed by foreign powers with force of arms.

Assume, for instance, that the great improvements in the weapons of war, the use of submarine boats in naval warfare, and the like, will place the nations in such a position that resort to arms would mean almost extermination, and a total disarmament is agreed to, would there then be no need for patriotism? I think there would.

In this connection I would call your attention to some true sayings:

A man's foes shall be they of his own household.

Eternal vigilance is the price of peace.

In view of these sayings, cast your mind's eye over the conditions that prevail in this country at the present time, and say whether there is not more need of patriotism than in the face of a foreign enemy.

The mad rush for wealth is absorbing the very life-blood of the nation and affecting men in every walk of life, putting a veneer of respectability over dishonest acts, and even distorting the laws of our country so that they are made to shield the man who, through his dishonesty, is able to manipulate them.

Wealth is striven for, for the sake of the position it buys, with never a thought of those who may be made to suffer.

Look at the expression of this influence in the lower walks of life. People who make only enough to keep body and soul together, sacrifice their bodily health and do without the real necessities of life simply to make an appearance in public.

The evil is even greater than that—they place upon the sacrificial altar honesty and virtue, leaving the evil forces to run riot in their lives. No wonder that our jails, penitentiaries, and mad-houses are full to overflowing.

This is not an exaggerated statement, but how awful to think of. If this is allowed to continue, how long will it be, do you think, before our country will present to the world the picture of a nation divided against itself?

The remedy—where shall we find it?

We must call some more powerful agent into play, by cultivating within ourselves a higher patriotism. We must first recognize in our Constitution and Dec-

laration of Independence a birth-pledge by our own country to ideals most high, giving the opportunity for noble and grand work among the older nations as the protectors of the weak, the fosterers of all that is good, the destroyers of evil, tyranny and aggression; and that the honor or dishonor in fulfilling this pledge is upon every man and woman born to citizenship.

It is necessary that each individual should acquaint himself with the close relationship that exists between himself and his fellow man. He should examine first himself and see if his thoughts, words and acts tend to promote the welfare of his community and country, and that they are prompted by no selfish motive.

His watchword, then, should be, "Eternal Vigilance," guarding with as much care as he would his home, all the ideals of his country, and expressing in thought, word and act, his condemnation of anything that tends to lower them.

This is one of the ideals that The Universal Brotherhood Organization is endeavoring to inculcate in the lives of humanity, both by precept and example.

The lives of the students at Point Loma, California, under the direct guidance of Katherine Tingley, is a living verification of the principles advocated by the Organization. That which heretofore was only a theory, is now, at Point Loma, a verity; for there brotherhood is lived, demonstrating the practicability of brotherhood in daily life.

*The Theosophical Girl**

by A Young Student of Loma-Land



THE Theosophical girl is a girl of action. To her activity is Life itself. Idle moments never find room to work their treacherous charms of sentiment and folly. She is in the Spring-time of life. Her healthy, sunny nature is always seeking to brighten some little corner where the sunshine of life has perhaps never found its way to gladden some sad heart. Perhaps one of the reasons that the Theosophical girl always feels the Joy of Life is because she seeks to obey the voice of conscience. She has no creed which would restrict the dictates of conscience.

Is the Theosophical girl satisfied with an ordinary college education, with society and its fads? No, indeed! She requires, and her nature demands a broader,

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, Cal.

more useful view of life. She knows that she is a soul. No obstacle is too great for her to overcome. She first seeks to make her body a fit temple for the living God. Physical exercise is necessary. She obeys the well-known but oft neglected saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

In the first place a Theosophical girl is fearless. She has a little knowledge of the strength of her own character. She is not a plastic, negative piece of humanity, but she is a very positive quality in human life. She has learned by experience, observation, and discrimination that strength of character and purity of life depends upon a well balanced will. This will is not a servant of caprice or moods, but is obedient to the Universal Law. That law is harmony.

Now all this is very easy, I assure you, but the secret is in knowing something about Theosophy, and being willing to know a little more tomorrow than we know today.

Life is her school. The departments of life are the class rooms, where practical work is done with others who are in the same school of experience. The lessons in human nature that she learns are most valuable.

It would be difficult for anyone to impose upon a Theosophical girl, and she would be the very last to impose upon others. If nothing else, self-preservation would be her motive. She is familiar with the law which reminds all that, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

The foundation stone, the key-note of our Theosophical girl's life is that she is living for others. In doing that she is unconsciously, slowly, but surely, molding her character into a superb type of womanhood. The Theosophical girl feels a great urge to open all the closed doors that are shut to the ignorant. She must be wise.

Knowing that whatever she has missed in childhood has marred the progress of her life, she reaches out to help the little ones. She has traveled that road and knows what pitfalls lie waiting to catch the unwary and ignorant.

Recognizing, as she does, that the human mind is but an instrument in the hand of the Master Soul, she utilizes the resourceful part of her nature, which ever gives her the impetus to right action. Having carefully studied her own nature, she has discovered the line between brain-mind license and soul liberty.

O, the joy of it all! If every girl in the world were a Theosophical girl, there would be many Theosophical mothers. Every home would be a Raja Yoga School. It would not be so many years, before the whole world would have Raja Yoga, which is Divine Wisdom, for it is heart life.

Mirror of Movement



A full account and history of the detention of the eleven Cuban children at Ellis Island, New York, will be given in a special number of *The Search-Light*, now on the press, to be issued to the members of The Universal Brotherhood. By the advice of her lawyers, Katherine Tingley has refrained from making any statement in regard to the unwarrantable, false and slanderous statements and insinuations made against her until the trial of her libel suit against *The Los Angeles Times*.

In the meantime however, she has not been idle in working for the glorious victory which is so near at hand.

OBSERVER

* * *

Detailed Report of Investigation of Raja Yoga School, Point Loma by San Diego Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

On the urgent solicitation of Katherine Tingley that a complete investigation be made of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, California, by the San Diego Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the following Trustees, Hugh J. Baldwin, President, D. C. Reed, Secretary, M. Klauber, John H. Carter, A. N. Loring, and James E. Wadham, Attorney, said Trustees constituting a Committee of Investigation of said Society, visited said School on Wednesday, November 19th, 1902.

The said Committee of Investigation on arrival at Point Loma, were met by Katherine Tingley, Foundress and President of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity and of the Raja Yoga School, and several of its officers. It was learned that the Raja Yoga School is a part of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, incorporated under the laws of the State of West Virginia, and located at Point Loma, Cal.

The President of said Committee of Investigation made a formal announcement that said committee had come in answer to the urgent request of Katherine Tingley to visit and examine and thoroughly investigate the Raja Yoga School and Point Loma Homestead (incorporated) and other Point Loma Institutions, with reference to the welfare of the children of said school. In answer Katherine Tingley insisted that the committee take every opportunity to thoroughly investigate, that every part of the Homestead, Raja Yoga School and other buildings, and every part of the grounds were open to them and that they might go where they pleased and assistance would be given to the Committee of the San Diego Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to make a thorough and complete investigation of all the Point Loma Institutions.

Entree was given to the committee without reserve to all apartments, sleeping rooms, closets, cellars, store-rooms, offices and all and every building and every part of the grounds. The committee visited first the building known as the Loma Homestead and inspected the offices, living and sleeping rooms of the students who reside in this building; also the toilet and bath rooms, closets, kitchen and dining room, cellar and store rooms. Everywhere we

found the most perfect sanitary arrangements, cleanliness and orderliness; the rooms were well lighted and ventilated, and furnished artistically and in a home like manner.

During the tour of inspection we met and closely questioned the parents living at Point Loma whose children are in the Raja Yoga School. Without exception, they expressed the greatest appreciation of the school, that they esteemed it a privilege to have their children in the school, that they had positive knowledge and evidence that the children were well cared for physically, mentally and morally, that they were comfortably clothed, that they were well fed, that the moral training was of the highest, and that they had unusual advantages, and for this reason they had selected this school for their children, and that through the Raja Yoga system there had come to exist between themselves and their children a closer tie and a stronger affection, that they paid for the tuition and board of their children, and that all the children were treated alike, those who had no parents and those receiving free education and support receiving the same loving care and attention, being clothed the same, having the same food, eating at the same tables and in all respects faring the same as the children of wealthy parents, the children living together as one happy family.

The special attention of the committee was paid to the Raja Yoga School, and a most thorough inspection was made of all the group houses or bungalows where the children live; living rooms, dormitories, store-rooms, lavatories, water-closets and bath-rooms; the beds, bedding, children's clothing, all being thoroughly inspected and found to be not only excellent, but in many ways superior to that found in many institutions. Every room, closet, appliance and appurtenance was found to be in the most cleanly and sanitary condition, and the plan and construction of each and every building and apartment showing evidence that unusual attention had been paid to all details which were of most intelligent design and adapted to the highest sanitary and hygienic purposes. Each child has a separate bed with clean and ample covering. The children's clothing was found to be of the best quality with ample change. The children are taught the strictest habits of cleanliness and order, and all presented the strong, healthy appearance of being physically well cared for.

The children are graded according to disposition into groups of from eight to twelve. Each group lives in its own group house, like a family, under the care of one of the teachers. In the center, largest group house, the children assemble every evening for their songs before retiring, and here also the children have a weekly family gathering at which all the children are present. The home side of life forms a very important feature of the Raja Yoga system, the home life and school life being so interblended that there is no break between them.

Thorough inspection was made of the kitchen where the food is prepared and cooked for the Raja Yoga School children. The kitchen was orderly and clean, and the sanitary arrangement excellent. On talking with the helpers in the kitchen, the committee learned that all the workers were volunteer workers, refined, educated women, one of whom had been a school teacher for many years, and their cheerfulness and happiness showed that in that respect the children's food would be prepared under the best conditions. The dining room, built not only for general utility but as a beautiful structure, was a large, bright room, the interior flooded with sunshine and filled with flowers. Here the children take their breakfast and dinner, lunch being taken out of doors under the trees. Much attention is paid to the

diet. It consists mainly of fruit, cereals, vegetables, eggs, milk, chocolate. Meat is served once a week, but the children, with only a few exceptions, as a rule prefer not to have it. During the inspection the children were closely questioned as to their food, and one and all declared they were well fed, that they liked the food and had plenty. In reality there was no need of asking these questions, as the children showed in their faces and general physical condition that they were unusually well cared for and healthy and happy.

In the morning the children have one hour's physical exercise, marching and calisthenics; the boys have also the usual sports of base ball, foot ball, marbles, tops and other games, the little ones being generously provided with toys and the girls with dolls and appropriate games. In every detail the school is of a high standard and in many respects higher than that of the best public schools. The school curriculum consists of the usual studies, including special instruction in music and art. An important feature is the industrial work, there being classes of carpentry, wood-carving, typewriting and telegraphy for the older boys, and for the older girls instruction in silk culture, dress-making, millinery, art embroidery and decorative art. Music plays a large part in the Raja Yoga training, all the children receiving vocal instruction and nearly all being taught piano, violin, guitar or mandolin. The proficiency displayed in chorus singing is surprising to even experienced musicians, a little child of three and a half years old being able to read music of difficult part songs.

In answer to questions the children spoke spontaneously and freely. Asked if they wanted to go back to Cuba, the Cubans declared they wished first to finish their education and then go back to help their country. Asked if they were unhappy, or did not have enough to eat or to wear, or if they had to do hard work, or if they had any complaints to make, their answer was a laugh. The children have their little flower gardens around their group houses, and take great pride in looking after them; the boys also have a vegetable garden which was given to them at their own request. Here each boy has his own little plot of ground, and is taught the raising and care of plants. The children assist their teachers in keeping order in their own houses, keeping everything clean and orderly and taking delight and pride in it. No servants are allowed in the children's houses.

At no time are the children without immediate care and supervision of their adult teachers who, for love of the children and the work, are unsalaried, and we learned that each gladly pays board and also contributes to the maintenance of the school. It was evident that the teachers had been most carefully selected and that they were admirably fitted for the work, the relation between teacher and child combining that of teacher, older companion and parent. While at all times the children are required to conform to the sensible rules of right conduct and health, we learned from the children's own statements that such a thing as physical punishment is unknown in the school, but that the evil effect of wrong conduct is clearly explained to the children, and whenever such should occur the child is kindly and firmly reminded and is helped to do right. Such love and respect do the children have for their teachers, knowing that their teachers' lives are absolutely sincere, that in no case does this course fail of its effect in helping the children to right action.

Attached to the school is a well selected library of the best children's literature; we learned that the books in nearly all cases, were donations from friends of the school. The lesson and study books used in the school we found to be of the highest character, some of

them being the same as those used in our public schools and approved by the best educators. The committee were particularly struck with the neatness and orderliness of everything in the school-room. The lesson books were all neatly covered and kept scrupulously clean, the children being taught, we were informed, to preserve their books for the use of other children coming after them. The original compositions of the children were of superior quality, showing a remarkably high standard of thought and intelligence, the hand-writing of the children was excellent and show that great attention was paid to it. The children have books of quotations which they had begun some months previously. These contained aphorisms and quotations from the best authors, inculcating the highest morality, purity, nobility of character and patriotism. Dramatic work forms an important part of the Raja Yoga system and the children themselves work up little historical plays. Historical tableaux and costumes of many nations give the children a knowledge of history and awaken in them an interest which books can never give.

On asking the children what religious teaching they received, the committee learned from their own statements that they were taught that they were immortal, that they had a good side and a bad side to their natures, and that the good side was their real self and they must conquer the bad side which tried to make them naughty; that they were taught what Christ said, that the kingdom of heaven was within them, and they were taught to love all that was good and noble and pure. One bright Cuban child was asked, did she not worship Mrs. Tingley. She answered, "No, we do not worship Mrs. Tingley, but we love and revere her. Why shouldn't we, when she is doing so much good for our country and for our education?" We noticed that when the children came in contact with Mrs. Tingley they showed not only love but great confidence in her. There was no trace of fear in any of their actions, but outspoken frankness, and when spoken to their eyes looked fearless and straight in ours. On being questioned some of the children admitted they had given Mrs. Tingley a great deal of trouble when they first came, and that they brought many bad habits with them. They frankly said they were better now, and the teachers' reports showed the great improvement they had made on all lines. It is important to mention that the children at the Raja Yoga School are not selected children, especially in the case of the Cubans, but that they were taken from all classes, some of the Cubans belonging to the highest patriot families and others to the very poorest. Several boys were pointed out to the committee as having been considered incorrigible when they first came to the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, this being due to the fact of not having had early training and discipline, owing to the horrors of the late war, but under the Raja Yoga system they had improved to such an extent that they now stood with excellent marks for lessons and conduct.

It was noticed that some of the children wore sandals and others wore shoes. On being asked if they had shoes on specially for today, they replied, "Oh, no, we have more than one pair, and we often go barefoot. We like to go barefoot, but our teachers will not always let us."

On our tour of inspection we were accompanied by two of the medical staff of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. On inquiry, those doctors informed us that over two-thirds of the Cuban children were sick on their arrival here, and that for a long time afterwards they needed special medical attention. All the children are now rosy and healthy and happy, a

finer set of children, the members of this committee declare they never saw. We were informed that there had been only one death in the school since its foundation some two years ago. This was the case of a little girl who was seriously ill with tuberculosis on her arrival, and who came simply because her three sisters were coming, having been sent by their old grandmother who was unable to support them in Cuba, and who has since died happy in the knowledge that her little grandchildren were being well taken care of by Katherine Tingley at Loma-land.

Upon investigation in the city of San Diego at the stores—all being first-class stores—from which the Point Loma Institutions purchased their supplies, and with especial reference to the purchases made for the Raja Yoga School, we learned that only first-class goods were bought, the best quality of food and clothing, and one of the oldest and most reliable merchants stated that the Raja Yoga School bought better apparel and clothed the children better than most of the people of San Diego.

In conclusion, this Committee feels it cannot speak too highly of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. We separately and collectively endorse the Raja Yoga School and believe the Institution an honor to the State.

The San Diego Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is incorporated under the laws of the State of California and has as its object, among other things, to subserve and promote the moral, physical and intellectual welfare of children, particularly within the confines of the County of San Diego, State of California.

Signed :

HUGH J. BALDWIN, *President*

D. C. REED, *Secretary*

JOHN H. CARTER

ARTHUR N. LORING

JAMES E. WADHAM

MELVILLE KLAUBER.

From *The San Diego Union* of Sunday Morning, November the 23d, 1902

TWO DISTINGUISHED CUBANS ARRIVE

Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago, and Senor Ortiz, of the El Cubano Libre, Now in San Diego

Their Visit Upon Invitation of Katherine Tingley—They Will Go Direct to Washington and Protest Against Detention of Cuban Children

One of the most famous and distinguished of the Cuban patriots, Senor Emilio Bacardi, mayor of Santiago de Cuba, accompanied by Senor Ortiz, proprietor of *El Cubano Libre*, arrived in San Diego last evening on the train from Los Angeles.

Senores Bacardi and Ortiz are en route to Washington for the purpose of representing to the authorities there the feeling of the Cuban people in this matter of the detention of the Cuban children destined for Point Loma, by the unwarrantable interference of the Gerry society

in New York. Both the Cuban gentlemen came direct from New Orleans and timed their arrival so as to meet and confer with Commissioner General of Immigration Sargent. They were expected to arrive on the noon train from Los Angeles, but as they were unable to connect with that train, Commissioner General Sargent, who was apprised of their coming and felt anxious to meet them before his return to Washington, made arrangements to stay over yesterday afternoon and go north on the 8:30 boat, in the evening.

This gave ample time for the meeting and conference between the Commissioner General and the two distinguished Cuban representatives, which took place at the Hotel Brewster last evening immediately after the arrival of the train.

At New Orleans, Senores Bacardi and Ortiz were met by a representative of Katherine Tingley, Dr. Charles J. Lopez, a noted physician of that city, who accompanied them to this city, and is acting in the capacity of interpreter for them.

The Cuban children of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma were overjoyed at the news of the arrival of their honored friends and fellow countrymen, for whom they have the highest respect and greatest affection, and have prepared a great reception for them. The latter would have gone at once to Point Loma had it not been for the desirability of their meeting and conferring with Commissioner General Sargent.

Both the Cuban gentlemen came to America for the express purpose of presenting to the Washington government the sentiment and feeling of their countrymen in the matter of the detention of the Cuban children at New York.

By special request of Katherine Tingley, they came to San Diego before going to Washington, and last evening, in conference with Mrs. Tingley at the Hotel Brewster, the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood and founder of the Raja Yoga School, made it clear to the Cuban representatives that the United States officials were in no way to blame for the detention of the Cuban children, but that the entire blame must rest upon the New York Gerry Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The name of Senor Emilio Bacardi is already familiar to San Diegans for the great interest he has taken in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. In Cuba, his name is honored among those of the greatest patriots, and he is loved and respected as one of her greatest statesmen.

During the long bitter struggle of Cuba for freedom from Spanish rule, Senor Bacardi was one of the most steadfast heroes. Three times he was imprisoned and persecuted by the Spanish, but the hardships he suffered only made him love his native land the more and the more strenuously work for her freedom.

When Katherine Tingley took a relief expedition to Cuba at the close of the Spanish-American war, in response to the appeal that went forth from the stricken land to all lovers of freedom and justice, Emilio Bacardi, who was then mayor of Santiago, was the first to recognize the value of her mission, and in his gratitude for her humanitarian work, he gave her every encouragement and assistance possible. Later on, when Katherine Tingley sought to more permanently benefit Cuba by educating the children along the highest lines, it was Senor Bacardi who selected those that were sent to Point Loma. So great is the respect in which Emilio Bacardi is held by his fellow citizens, that he has again, for the third time, been elected Mayor of Santiago.

Senor Ortiz, who accompanies Senor Bacardi, is the owner of one of the largest and most influential daily newspapers in all Cuba, *El Cubano Libre*. Both gentlemen will undoubtedly be present at the Isis Theatre this evening, to hear an address by Katherine Tingley.

From *The San Diego Union*, Saturday, November 29th, 1902

**Banquet to
Cuban Guests**

At Point Loma Homestead yesterday afternoon, a number of important San Diego citizens were the guests of the Cabinet of The Universal Brotherhood. The occasion was a banquet in honor of the presence at the Homestead of Hon. Emilio Bacardi, mayor of Santiago de Cuba, and Senor D. F. Ortiz, proprietor of the Santiago newspaper, *Cubano Libre*. With them was Dr. C. L. Lopez, member of The Universal Brotherhood, a prominent physician of New Orleans. Among the guests were Mayor Frank P. Frary, ex-Mayor D. C. Reed, Superintendent of Schools H. J. Baldwin, Collector W. W. Bowers, "Father" Horton, Judge M. A. Luce, Dr. J. C. Hearne, W. L. Frevert, George H. Ballou, J. H. Marshall, J. Gilmore, E. W. Loring, O. L. Smith of Pasadena, J. H. Carter, and E. M. Burbeck.

The dining hall of the Homestead had been very beautifully decorated for the occasion. Festoons of branches and vines were hung from the column supporting the ceiling, and about the windows. Palms and flowers were in profusion and both the hall and the rotunda, into which it opened, were brilliant with the flags of all nations, gathered during Katherine Tingley's crusade around the world. All the decorations were the work of the lady students.

E. A. Neresheimer, chairman of the Cabinet, presided, and at the conclusion of the lunch called upon the various speakers. A few introductory remarks were made by F. M. Pierce, Secretary-General of The Universal Brotherhood, and the chairman called upon Mayor Frary, who spoke of his pleasure at meeting the Cuban guests of honor, and offered his compliments with the keys of the city. After this came ex-Congressman Bowers, who, in a speech of great vigor, touched upon the conditions and rights of American citizens. Ex-Mayor Reed followed, speaking in his customary happy energetic way along the same lines.

"Father" Horton was called upon by general acclamation, and responded in few words. Then came Hon. Emilio Bacardi, who, though he spoke in Spanish, almost rendered the translation by Dr. Lopez unnecessary, so vivid and expressive were his tone and gesture. He is not only a patriot upon paper and upon the platform, but has proved his love for his country in the most practical of all ways, viz.: by fighting for it, by banishment and by going to prison for it. In eloquent words of deep feeling, he spoke of the sacrifice that America had made for Cuba, of the recognition of this on the part of Cuba, and her gratitude, and of the strong tie that must henceforth exist between the two countries, strengthened by her debt to Point Loma.

Senor Ortiz, who also fought for the liberation of his country under General Maceo, made a short but effective speech, referring to the added certainty he now felt that all would go well with his native land. Both speeches were ably interpreted by Dr. Lopez, who, himself a Cuban, also spoke with much ability and feeling on his own account. Throughout the lunch beautiful music was discoursed from the rotunda by the Point Loma orchestra. At

its conclusion the guests adjourned to the Homestead drawing-room, and after the presentation to Hon. Emilio Bacardi and Senor Ortiz, of an exquisitely illuminated copy of a Cuban national song, the same was sung by a choir of children.

At the farewell on the eastern porch, about fifty of the children filed past, singing a good-bye to the departing guests.

A telegram was sent by Mayor Frary on behalf of San Diego, to its sister city of Santiago de Cuba, expressive of the good will obtaining between these two points.

Throughout the affair was most enjoyable and interesting.

Reports from the Lodges



U. B. Lodge No. 4, Liverpool, England---Report for October

Monthly public meeting, subject "Theosophy in Daily Life." Subjects for members' meetings have been, "Thomas Paine," "Religion," "Life, Hope and Service." In our study class we have taken up *The Key to Theosophy*, and also rehearsed the Greek Symposia. On Saturday, October 18th, in the Lodge rooms we held a social evening with songs and recitals.



U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England---Report for September and October

We follow the usual plan of reading at first Sunday meeting in the month the "Circular" suggestions for Lodge work.

At members' meetings *Echoes from the Orient* is read by each in turn, and interesting points discussed; historical matters receive attention and broaden our conceptions. On September 18th a public entertainment was given. Lotus Buds from Old Swan and Ceacombe gave first part of the program, the beautiful play, "Harmony and Joy;" the second part being devoted to reading "Hypatia." Altogether a beautiful entertainment, dignified and impressive. The subject for the public meeting for September was, "What is Duty?" The chapter from *The Key to Theosophy* being the basis around which thoughts were woven with force and vigor. One speaker dwelt with the noble devotion to duty of W. Q. Judge, and our beloved Chief's steadfastness; it being pointed out that the work today was the result of "A Life Devoted to Duty," concluding with the assertion "By their fruits ye shall know them." Readings from *Gita*, and songs and readings filled up a most profitable and delightful meeting. October meetings have been bright; on the 16th of the month "A Social Evening" was held. Songs, light refreshments, with social chats with friends made up an enjoyable gathering. We continue to study *Echoes from the Orient*. The subject for the public meeting held on the 26th of October was, "First Steps in Education."

JOHN CROPPER, Secretary



Harold and Enid at Raja Yoga School

by A. P. D.

“OH, ENID! Come and look out of the window!” said Harold excitedly. “You can hear the waves! and look at those round houses! that must be the Lotus Home, where the Raja Yoga children stay.”

“Oh,” said Enid with interest, “I wonder will we ever go to school here!”

“I hope we will. Don’t you? This would be a lovely place to stay. Listen! There is singing. It must be the Raja Yoga children!”

“I can’t think why you are so excited about it,” remarked Enid. . . .

Harold’s heart was beating fast. He was in the Aryan Temple—to see the play. He looked up into the purple dome; at the pillars. “And the Raja Yoga children come to school here,” he thought. “This must be the most beautiful school in the whole world!”

And now the curtain was drawn, and he was looking at the dearest little children, all in white, so happy and quite at home. And the rainbow fairies—just like real fairies! And then what he loved most, the warriors! marching with their shields and spears. Oh, how his heart bounded. Would he ever be one of these little warriors? Could he ever look like them?—so free! so noble! His eyes grew brighter and brighter as he watched them.

Now it was over. No; not yet! One of the little warriors was called to make a speech. How fearlessly he came, and how well he spoke! One after another came forward—boys no bigger than himself—and they knew so much, and looked

so bright, and so—so—different to other boys. Yes, he was quite sure this was the most wonderful school in all the world. And in the evening Enid and he went with their mother and other grown up people to a reception in the Lotus Home, given by the Raja Yoga children. And there he saw even tiny children rise and go to the piano and play, and not one had to be asked twice. And some played the violin, and the mandolin, and the guitar; and some recited and made speeches. And they looked so bright and joyous! They just made everyone happy! Harold was so full of wonder that a kind of quietness stole over him. He just knew that the Raja Yoga children did not think of themselves at all—only of their guests, how to make them happy while they were with them. "Why," he thought, and a bright light flashed in his eyes, "it is just like one great loving thought shining through all their hearts! That must be how they are so happy. They just all want to do the same thing."

When they came away the stars were shining bright, and Harold looked up at them, and somehow, he did not know why, but something in their light made him think of the loving thoughts in the Raja Yoga children's hearts, and something in his own heart stirred, and he felt that he, too, would become a warrior, and bring peace and happiness to others.

And a little later when his mother came to say good-night, she told him that Enid and he were going to the Raja Yoga school next day, and he went to sleep as happy as a king. . . .

A year after Enid and Harold were taking part in the play, and at the end Harold was called to make a speech. He came forward just as fearless as the other little warriors had done, and this is what he said:

"When I first heard the boys here speak, I wondered how they could think of things to say, but now I don't, because it is so beautiful staying here, and we learn so much, that I would like everyone to know about the Raja Yoga school, and I should like all the children in the world to come to it. When we learn anything, we are taught to use it to help others, and so we get to know that this is the noblest way to live. We are taught to know this within ourselves, and not only to remember it because we have been told by someone. That wouldn't be of much use, because when you went away from the people who told you, you might forget to remember it. But we have to act, and think of others. After I had been here awhile, one day I wanted to keep something for myself, and the wish made me feel so mean that I could not feel myself a Raja Yoga boy. But I wasn't told that I was a bad boy. I was told I could conquer all selfish thoughts, and that was the only way to become noble, and so we get to know within ourselves what is right and what is wrong. And I think lots of children who are thought stupid, won't be stupid at all when they come here, because we are never given more lessons than we can understand, and their heads

won't be so tired remembering, then they will know what they do learn, and have time to love and take an interest in their lessons. And by using and giving what we do learn, it makes more room for other things, and that is how we Roja Yoga children feel so bright, and I hope all the children in the world will come here some day."

Harold's mother was at the play that day, and after he had spoken, she felt a great lump in her throat, and she quite forgot to feel proud of her boy. Her heart was so full; oh, so full of gratitude. She just knew right down in her heart that her boy was noble! Noble! How she loved the word; and a great feeling of love and pity arose within her for all the mothers she knew whose hearts were full of anxious fears and pain and sorrow, because of the thoughtless and selfish lives of their children. And she looked across to the children and thought of the loving heart that guarded and cared for them. "O!" she thought, "if only all the mothers in the world could know about the Ruja Yoga school and could know the mother-heart that guides it, what hope and joy it would bring to them and the whole world."

Boys' & Girls' Clubs & Lotus Group Reports



Lotus Report of Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

SEPTEMBER 3 — A holiday. Wednesday class. Program of work.

SEPTEMBER 10 — Story from *The New Century*, "What the Seventh Fairy Brought the Rich Baby." Rehearsal of "Harmony and Joy."

SEPTEMBER 17 — Stories from *The New Century*. "Brotherhood Kings and Warriors." "A Dog That Remembered." "How to Become Warrior Knights," Rehearsal of "Harmony and Joy," followed by singing.

SEPTEMBER 24 — Songs. Stories from *The New Century*. "The Patient Spider," and "In the Raja Yoga School of Loma-land." Drill; 23 present.

SUNDAY CLASS — This Group is held regularly, lessons from Lotus Leaflets, portion being read by each in turn; also reading from the "Water Babies," songs, "We Are Wise," "Warriors of the Golden Cord," "Life Is Joy," and "Happy Little Sunbeams."

LOUISA SANDHAM, *Superintendent*

November 2, 1902

ALICE CROPPER, *Secretary*



Girls' Club, Lodge No. 4, Liverpool, England

A great need for such a club was being felt at our Lodge. Girls, too old to continue at the Lotus Circle, seemed to be drifting away and a link between the Lotus Circle and the Lodge was wanted. After careful thought it was suggested to commence such a club, two

members were appointed as president and assistant to see to the carrying out of the suggestion.

On April 1st the first meeting was held, at which seven girls were present. After a short talk and a few encouraging words from the president the following subjects were chosen, viz.: reading, drill, crochet work, papers on certain subjects of interest or benefit to the girls, debates and singing.

Each evening a prepared agenda is gone through.

Singing is always on the program, and either Lotus Songs, or the Brotherhood, Sun Temple, or Loma-land Songs are sung.

Suitable readings from the Literature are often read. Individual reading is taken from Tanglewood Tales for self-improvement, and difficulties in the meanings of words are explained. Drill, for the development of the various muscles, is taken regularly at each meeting. Crochet work has been taken, and with success, for girls who were not able to hold their needles are now quite expert at producing lengths of neatly-worked edgings.

Lately singing practice has been introduced to improve our singing and increase our store of good songs in view of adding, perhaps, a few items at the Public Entertainments. A special meeting is held every month to which the girls are allowed to invite their friends. At these meetings papers have been read on: "The Value of Cleanliness" and "Selflessness."

A debate on "Should we follow fashion?" which ended by the unanimous agreement to the resolution that, "The blind following of fashion is unwise."

Poems relating to "Flowers" were learned and recited.

Stories were prepared and told in our own words; in each case all have contributed to the subjects.

Two informal meetings have been held where games were played, recitations and songs given.

Small weekly subscriptions have been paid by the members and this money will be used for summer outings and winter socials.

Minutes of all meetings are kept by one of the girls who acts as secretary for three months, at the end of which time the office is taken by another girl.

BESSIE K. MINSHULL, *Superintendent*

ELEANOR A. SIMPSON, *Secretary*



Boys' Brotherhood Club, Providence, R. I.

During the summer months the Club meetings were discontinued, beginning again on September 4th. On September 25th new officers were elected, viz: President, Vice-President, Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms. Debates have been held as follows:

Resolved: That conscience is a matter of education.

Resolved: That boys should have complete liberty in their bringing up.

The Club is looking forward to a very successful year. G. H. BROWN, *Supt.*



Boys' Brotherhood Club of Boston

The Boys' Brotherhood Club No. 18 and New Century Guard Company G, of Boston, began its season's meetings, as usual, the first Friday in September. The boys showed up bright and early, ready and eager for the winter's work.

The outing which we usually have soon after the meetings begin was put off on account of bad weather, and other reasons, until it was late, so the boys voted to have a social instead. They organized a committee which met and reported that they had decided to invite to the social the honorary members, and that every boy of the Club was to do something to entertain the others, speak, sing, play some instrument, or tell a story.

So, on the 13th of October the social was held in U. B. Hall, 24 Mount Vernon street. Brother Darling was Master of Ceremonies and Toastmaster. He said that every boy must do something to entertain before he could have anything in the way of refreshments. One would think the boys wanted a double portion, they responded so freely. Mrs. Thompson, an honorary member, played a march on the piano to which the boys marched into the hall, after which they sang "Here's to Brotherhood."

The meeting was then opened in the regular way by Brother Gilman, the President, roll call, reading of the last minutes, etc.

Then Brother Darling took the chair and the fun began, and fun it was from start to finish. The honorary members said it was as good as going to the theatre. The boys sang all the club songs, cracked jokes, and told stories. Brother Millett played several solos on the violincello and Superintendent Fuller sang several songs.

When the program was half finished, intermission was announced and the table was set in the middle of the hall and the boys sat around the table in a circle. Ice cream and cake were served and the boys had all they wanted, which was two or more servings.

To close, the boys sang a club song and dispersed after having a very pleasant meeting. May the good work continue.

RECORDER

False Realism

THE *Youth's Companion* makes the following criticism of Zola's work:

His literary method has been classified as that of "realism," by which is meant the description of things as they are, not as they ought to be, nor as we hope they may be.

Zola undoubtedly did describe with accuracy the things which he saw; but he did not see anything higher than his head. There is more upon the landscape than one can observe from a cellar window, and when one has described life on its materialistic side only he has left out the vital element. The realism that does not take in the ideal is not realism, because it omits more than half of the picture.

An impression of the state of society gathered from the Frenchman's novels is as untrue as the notion concerning the health of a community obtained by visiting a hospital.

And even the panorama of emotions and motives depicted by an ordinary novelist is still an incomplete picture and therefore not realism. The mainspring of human character and life lies deeper still, and it will be impossible to give a truthful picture of life, and one with meaning and purpose revealed in it, until the essential divinity of man is recognized.

“Truth is mighty and will prevail.”

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The New Year

by Gertrude W. Van Pelt



THROUGH force of habit, if for no other reason, the opening day of the year has come to be a sort of pivotal time. It is a time when people are accustomed to look back over the past, and forward into the future—a time of balancing accounts, of forming fresh resolves. And although it may not be regarded seriously by many, although they may simply hail it as a joyous festival, although the new resolutions may be quickly forgotten, and the picture of higher ideals seen may fade on the morrow, yet it is nevertheless a day when many more than usual have glimpsed the realities of their lives, when at least for a moment there has been a common repentance of foolishness and a common desire for something better.

For this reason, if for no other, New Year's Day becomes an important one to a Theosophist. Because the minds of men are centered on it, a force is generated which can be utilized. The human soil is favorable for the planting of seeds which shall shape events. So it is a day of opportunities, not only to face life's difficulties in a new way, but to create new opportunities.

For the future is made up of two elements, that which has been already planted there by us and that which is yet unshapen, the subtle mass of latent possibilities waiting for our creative touch. Could we quickly turn the pages of time that are as yet closed to us, we should not find them blank, but scattered

on them more or less richly in many places, the results of what we have already done and thought. The obligations of our past await us, and inevitably we must travel to meet them, quickly, if we will, or slowly. They lie before us, and are in a sense accomplished. But into the yet unshapen mass, what might we not inject, what might we not yet write on the pages of that book of which we are the authors! We cannot rub out the lines in the pictures we have already made, but we can build around them, we can use them as parts of a new creation, so that they will tell quite another story to the waiting world. We can transform a picture of pain into an image of joy. Just as a master artist can manipulate his materials to produce any desired result; just as any color may be beautiful or ugly according to its place in relation to other colors; just as any line may be added to, so that its whole meaning is changed; just as any discords may be separated and combined to form chords of harmony, so may we with the infinite resources of our souls at command, modify, transform, create anew that which we have already thrown on the screen of time. The future is in our hands. We are the masters of our own destiny.

New Year's Day is also a time when the true ideals become somewhat clearer. All public days are more or less mirror days, for they throw out and emphasize the national characteristics. But because of the accumulation of aspirations, New Year's Day is a time when truth becomes more apparent. It is not always the things which appear agreeable which are the most worth having. Our attractions and desires indicate our place in evolution for the time being, and may or may not be in harmony with a true ideal. Even now we can all look back and see much that we thought necessary, much that we once longed for, relegated to the past as unnecessary and undesirable. We have outgrown them. If we view life superficially, we are apt to seek positions or environments which are the most pleasing, but these may be evanescent, may even turn bitter. Because of our wonderful dual natures, we shall only find lasting, true satisfaction in the gratification of those desires which are the desires of the soul. We have to look deeper than the surface to find ourselves, and also to read the meaning of the elements of life we find about us. And we cannot afford to let public opinion form our tastes or guide our efforts.

Indeed, knowing the condition of the world today, what recommendation is it to anything to be popular? The present conditions are formed by, are the result of, the present ideals, and those who would become factors in altering and bettering the conditions, must brave public opinion. I am sure that Katherine Tingley and her students would be discouraged if humanity remained as it is, and Theosophy were popular. They would know that it meant that it was the real thing only in name; that it had been degraded. Humanity remaining as it is, they would be disappointed if Theosophy were not persecuted. Persecu-

tion affords opportunities to unmask evil, and call white white, and black black. Nothing is feared by a true Theosophist, for the unlimited powers, the unlimited resources of the universe stand behind this Movement. All Nature sustains it. It has challenged the evil-doers everywhere, even to the remotest corners of the earth. Do you think it does not expect persecution? This is one of the signs of the times, that an organized movement, which insists upon a pure, clean life, which will enter into no compact with the devil, which is uncompromising in its demand for justice, for honesty, which is determined to clear away the hideous rubbish of centuries, to sweep the earth clean of its rottenness, and fill it with beauty and love and sweetness—it is certainly an important sign of the times, one which those who run can read, that such a Movement should be persecuted.

It is also a mighty and soul-stirring sign that such a Movement exists on earth today.

One who reads these signs need be no great prophet to foretell a year which must be pregnant with results. The devils are on fire, and the gods have entered the arena in plain sight! And ere long the whole world will be forced to engage in the battle.

Many who fancy they stand for the right, but think they cannot afford to assert it because of their material interests, may find themselves swept from off their feet by the mighty currents which are gathering momentum every day, and dashed against the rocks, with which selfishness has covered the earth.

The truth of these words of William Q. Judge grow more and more apparent every day. He wrote:

Let me say one thing I know: Only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love toward humanity, aroused in the soul of some one strong enough to stem this tide, can carry us through. For love and trust are the only weapons that can overcome the real enemies against which the true lover of humanity must fight.

The battle is entered upon, the deeper forces which go to make up human life are stirred, and on this New Year's Day we can more easily rise to one of the mountain tops of thought and survey the field. We can look back into the ages at the wasted human efforts, at the petty motives that have incited to action, at the subtle and persuasive enemies that have led men off the track, leaving them to die alone. We can see the many, the nations even, that have perished, leaving only the echo of their mistakes to confuse the children who followed them. We can see the will-o'-the-wisps which they have chased, mistaking them for the light of truth, and which have led them nowhere. Above all we can see the lack of united effort, the overwhelming influences that have been at work to scatter and disconnect.

On the other hand, we may turn to the future, unformed and undefiled—the future rich with promises of which we are all a part, as we have been of the past, and which we can make glorious if we will.

We can see something new arising out of the ashes of our mistakes, and taking form before our eyes—beautiful in its purity and strength—and bearing aloft the banner of Truth, Light and Liberation for all mankind.

May all the world seek the heights on this New Year's Day! May they read aright the lessons of the past and the promises of the future, and may they resolve to make every day one of high purpose, a true New Year's Day.

The Tie That Binds Us

by C. W.



THE superficial student of the current of events during the last two centuries, becomes enthused over the progress made in the Western world. Various fields of discovery have wrought a marvelous change in the affairs of men during that period. The store-house of Nature has been made to give up many of her secrets, and we have arrived at a point of knowledge undreamed of by our ancestors of a century ago. So rapidly has all this been realized, and so many are the possibilities of even greater import which are now glimmering in the vague light of the yet unknown, that people are beginning to lose the habit of talking of the world's attainment as a known quantity. Expectation is in the air everywhere; in the religious, political, social, and scientific worlds.

Excellent as these results may be from one point of view, yet the more important question as to whether they have advanced in due proportion the sum of human happiness and real progress, may well give us pause. Have they, in fact, diminished crime, hunger, squalor and misery among the masses of the people? Have they brought us enlightenment on the vast problems which threaten the stability of social and political order? Have they begun to point to the foundation of some new way by which the world may be freed from the demons of unrest, lunacy, crime and want which threaten its destruction? Our reply to this must be that they have not done so, and well we know it.

In order to effect any change of the kind referred to, it is clear that some new order of things must be introduced which shall change the minds of men

from the present general established custom, and turn them into new grooves. How shall we do this, is the question. It is useless for us to say that it cannot be done. In the hoary ages of the past it has been done many times. Those best acquainted with the situation say that the time is fast approaching when it must be done, that the time is ripe for the doing—that the way is clear—could men only see it, although the time may be long before the great objects in view are fully attained. What is the way? If there is a way let us know it, and however small the beginning, let us begin.

Careful examination of all the religions of the past will show us that in their essential characteristics, as taught by their founders, they are the same. Each one was, at the period of its beginning, a great reform such as is now so much needed. It was a return from a period of chaos to the first principles which should guide men in their actions, and in their duty to each other. The period of world-wide usefulness of these religions seems to have passed away. Their true significance has faded from the minds of the masses of the people; yet the vital principles remain and must ever be the true foundation of any new reform movement. We do not need a new religion, but we need to be reminded of those eternal truths which are written upon the very nature of God and man and which are religion itself.

Probably the most important of those truths is the fact of the Brotherhood of Man. The rush of modern life has made us forget this. We are all built upon the same mould and it is but the so-called "accident" of birth which finds us in differing and varied relations. As Shylock says in "*The Merchant of Venice*,"

We have the same hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions. Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter.

We might continue: Moulded by the same thoughts, whether for good or ill, urged by the same divine soul which is common to all.

And yet, let any man pause for a moment in his daily occupations and think to what extent he allows his daily stream of thought to flow OUTWARD to his fellowmen. Is it not habitually *towards himself*? Is it not: What shall I do next to forward my plans, my own career, my own success? How shall I take care of myself against this or that competitor? What shall be my reward? In this or that transaction, where do I come in? How can I enjoy myself? Think for a moment, is not this the case? If so, we have habitually forgotten the truth of human brotherhood, of the tie that binds us to our fellows; we have from childhood, by early training, unwittingly taken a wrong course in our daily habits of thought.

It is safe to predict that as long as this state of things continues the present

conditions of human affairs will not change for the better. The man who thinks and acts continually for himself, daily cuts the tie of human brotherhood. He is trying to do that thing of all things most impossible—to live for himself alone. The seething masses of men, all struggling for the topmost place on the ladder of human existence, daily plotting, fighting for wealth and amusement, if not for food to eat and air to breathe, with their thoughts turned inward towards their own self-interest, forever looking for their own supposed worldly welfare, or it may be their own special, eternal salvation, represent the result of modern progress and modern civilization.

There is but one remedy. It is for the world to awaken to this condition of affairs and to overcome this habit of care for self.

Once recognized, men will see that it is their first duty to endeavor to reverse the direction of their daily stream of thought so that it flows outward and expands in sympathy towards those who are bound to them by the common tie of physical, mental and spiritual identity.

Then men will be struck with horror at that which surrounds them, instead of passing by on the other side unreached and unaffected by the tide of human crime and misery which lies at their very doors. They will awaken to the cry of suffering and wrong-doing, and they will begin to apply the remedies which lie well within their power.

A Protest against *the* Ignorance of *the* Age*

by a Student



THE students of Loma-land are already introducing many new ideas into the world of men and of affairs. They are hoping, through this philosophy of which Katherine Tingley is the teacher, to get men out of their old ruts. And to do this, we often find that we must protest against a great many things that the world tolerates. And so we always face great misunderstanding and we always face many *discouragements*, and those who judge by appearances only must often think it very strange that we are not discouraged. And yet we are not. Day by day and week by week our courage

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, California

grows and our hope increases. Why is this? Because we do not judge by appearances. We look far below. And the students in Loma-land soon learn that to succeed on new lines one must look below the surface of things and get at the real truth hidden deep, deep within. And we are never discouraged, because deep within our own hearts is the consciousness that we have the truth, the consciousness that we have it in our power to give to the world all that the world most needs. We know that the philosophy of life that is taught in Loma-land is as a house builded upon a rock, and in it we dwell secure, knowing that, whatever happens to us, that in which we dwell and whose foundations we trust, shall not be shaken, neither shall it pass away.

In making my little protest against the ignorance of the age I fully expect to be misunderstood; I fully expect to be criticised. And yet I have no desire to be silent, for I feel very sure that the time is coming when real life will be understood and will be welcomed. I assure you that it is a real necessity, and when once you come to understand how much light it throws upon our own natures, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

And yet we students do not protest merely. We do more than that. We offer an explanation for all the difficulties and dangers that beset human life. Better still, we offer a remedy for them.

Look about you over the perplexities of human life! Is humanity unhampered? Are we really free today? We know that we are not. There is not a day nor an hour even when we are not hemmed in by some doubt, some anxiety, some problem that we cannot solve.

I ask you, What is it that hampers men and women everywhere today? and I answer, It is *ignorance, ignorance!* How many people are sure of their own divinity? How many people go through life doing as much for others as they do for themselves? How many know that life means responsibility? How many know that responsibilities undertaken in the true spirit make life truly a joy? How many people accept the responsibilities of life in the true spirit? How many of our public men know as much about the higher patriotism as they do about politics? How many of our public institutions know what true education really is, what the higher education really means? How many men are there in the business world who think as much about the higher needs of their city as they do about what they can get out of it? How many of them work for their fellow-men half as hard as they work for themselves? How many realize the sacredness of home life? How many accept those responsibilities in the right spirit and try to make the life in their homes sacred and beautiful? How many are there in the church who know their Christ?

Ah! if we attempt to consider how many *and how many*, we may not rely on figures nor statements of so-called fact. We may depend upon it that there are

many more of these than we ever dream, many, *many* thousands whose lives are all crowded back and shut in by a heavy weight of ignorance. The remedy is obvious. It is to remove this weight, to dissipate this ignorance and replace it with knowledge.

How shall this be done? By merely protesting against unfortunate conditions? That would avail little. We must discover a remedy for them and then apply it.

Lift the veil. Look at the causes, the thousand and one causes, that lie deep beneath all that we so much deplore in the life of the world! Can you not see that even deeper than these causes lies the one great cause from which they all spring? What is that cause? *It is ignorance.* It lies upon the hearts of men like a hideous load. And not alone are the poor and the unfortunate and the unlearned the unwilling bearers of it. It equally hampers the rich and the clever, for selfishness knows no caste, and men and women in all walks of life bow before its creed. Even the good are not always free from it, for some people are good simply because they have never met temptation. And such goodness has its limitations.

That is why we, as students of Loma-land, protest. Yet we use the word not in the ordinary sense of merely objecting, but in its real sense of placing before you some witness, some testimony of the life that is worth while. And we offer you something far better than anything you have today. But we do not protest in the spirit of merely criticizing and condemning. That would be unbrotherly in the extreme.

Suppose the house you live in is not a fit shelter; we still have no right to tear it down over your heads unless we can build you a better one. It does not help humanity to leave it out in the cold, to do as so many would-be reformers are doing, to tear down its old structures, uproot the old ideas, and then furnish nothing that will replace them. This is exactly wherein we differ from others who would see the world reformed. We point out to humanity the disease of the age, unbrotherliness, and we offer the remedy. We tear away the crumbling roof-tree which already threatens to fall from sheer decay, and in its place we build another dwelling, a home in which tired humanity may find rest, comfort and peace.

The principles of Theosophy are to us not mere theories. We make them, hour by hour, day by day, a living power in our lives. That is why we have a right to protest. That is why we have a right, also, to advance upon the shams and follies of the world—because we offer you something better in their place.

I KNOW of no aim more noble than that of giving music to one's native language and to one's native country. — MENDELSSOHN

Practical Theosophy

by S. H. S.



THE greatest need of the world today is Practical Theosophy; Theosophy that awakens in man his noblest sensibilities; Theosophy that awakens in the child its inherent godhood, and places it as the guiding star along the path of life; Theosophy that shows the true relations between man and man and his duty to every living thing.

This is the Theosophy that is endorsed and promulgated by The Universal Brotherhood Organization, and is so nobly exemplified by the students and children at Point Loma, California, under the guardianship of our leader, Katherine Tingley.

This sounds very well, you will say, but that you have formed a different opinion from some of the articles you have read in the papers, and from speeches made from the platform by those calling themselves Theosophists. True, but did you ever stop to think about the source from whence these came? For instance, the newspaper articles. It is a well-known fact that for a sum of money, small or large, according to your means or the malignity of the article, you can have it published in most of the papers of the day.

Theosophy is beyond price. He or she who lectures at so much a head or professes to teach you the truths of Theosophy at so much a lesson, is an impostor and has no connection whatsoever with The Universal Brotherhood Organization.

These slanderous articles and base counterfeits are but proofs of the low state to which the public appetite has fallen, and its craving for some new sensation with which to momentarily excite itself to a belief that it is awake.

This is but the natural result of the teachings and influences that the world has been subjected to for hundreds of years, and any teacher, philosopher, or scientist who would lead the way to a better understanding of life and its purposes, is met with persecution, ridicule and often death.

What are the chances for the development of a great character under the systems of the present day? A child from its infancy is surrounded with the idea and teachings of fear, which retard and often destroy the possibility of its developing into true manhood and womanhood. This soul-killing influence is carried on through the other stages of life and he arrives at the so-called age of discretion imbued with the fear of thinking for himself upon the most important subject that faces him in the struggle with the world, namely, his purpose in life and the relation that he bears to his fellow man.

Being schooled in the rudiments of commercial, literary or professional warfare, he starts in the world with the idea that if he does not use all his energies in securing worldly goods or position at any cost, he will fail in the eyes of the world.

This mad rush after gain and position excludes the possibility of any thoughts or ideals above the money market, and his leisure moments are filled up with the gratifying of desires of a more or less exciting nature.

On the other hand, you will find some people who have awakened to the fact that life holds something grander, nobler than this mad rush for wealth. People who have awakened to the realization of the God-given power of thought have stepped beyond the beaten track. They are classed as cranks or fanatics, but being strong in character, they bid defiance to the petty sneers of their fear-bound fellow man, and become the makers of the destiny of worlds.

It is to those who have arrived at the state where they can think for themselves that Theosophy appeals. They will find in Theosophy the most sublime, the noblest, the highest ideals that are contained in all the sciences, philosophies, and religions of the world.

Its teachings of Reincarnation or rebirth, the Law of Cause and Effect, and the Duality of man's nature are not new teachings, but are contained in all the religions of the world in a more or less veiled manner.

Reincarnation gives a broader and grander view of life and offers the only solution of its many perplexing problems. It is also one of the phases of the great law of Evolution, which is eternal progression.

The Law of Cause and Effect places before man the knowledge that as he sows so shall he reap, and is the agent in the fulfillment of that saying of Jesus, "For verily, I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

The duality of man's nature points to the fact that there is an invisible part of man that is more potent in its power than the visible, and that his acts are not the true index to his character, that his thoughts and feelings have a far wider field of influence upon mankind and the world. There is no need for him to profess this or that, for there is a judge, his better self who knows.

It is with the light of these teachings, applied to every thought and act of daily life, that the Theosophist expects to raise the standard of thought and morals of mankind.

Music is the art of the prophets — the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us. — MARTIN LUTHER

The Fear of Death

by J. S. M.



WE are led by observation of the thoughts and actions of those around us, to consider the human body with its attendant senses as all there is of man. Hence our greatest efforts are to preserve it as long as possible, and to surround it with every luxury which the senses desire.

The idea of death is horrible to us, and we strive with every energy of the mind to banish the thought of it from us. Consequently we are so unfamiliar with its true nature as to confound it with annihilation—not admittedly, perhaps, but at least by implication. For although we profess to believe in the immortality of the Soul, it is in reality our doubt of continued existence, underlying our professions of faith, which invests the parting of soul and body with the element of fear.

It is only the self-conscious being who confounds the “I am,” with the lower personal “I,” who dreads the change from the concrete, corporeal I, into the intangible, spiritual, essential I. But this has not always been so. The philosophers and mystics of old taught and believed in man’s immortality, and when their span of life drew to a close they met the messenger of the gods with undaunted courage and unflinching faith.

Our fear of death is the result of education and environment. We have been taught to think of death as the punishment, inflicted by an angry God upon the human race for a fault committed by a mythical ancestor.

So enamored is a certain class of teachers with the dogma of original sin, that they enforce it upon the minds of the young by every argument of terror, coercion and persuasion in the armory of their imagination, and consign to eternal damnation all who dare to investigate the laws of Nature, and to differ with them as to the constitution and ultimate destiny of man.

The mass of people are seemingly content, unmindful of the fact that these teachers are paid a price to fulminate their anathemas, and use the means best understood by them to keep humanity in ignorance in order to perpetuate their authority.

Our dread of death will never be eliminated as long as our ideas of what it really is remain vague and uncertain, and our concern with it is transferred to the keeping of others, who mask their ignorance in words and soothe our minds with the opiate of apostolic succession and infallibility.

Nor will we ever have a clear, concise and certain knowledge of the state after death, as long as we depend upon some one, however exalted, outside of

ourselves, to save us by vicarious atonement from the results of our own thoughts and actions.

That death is inevitable we all know, and it would be the part of common sense to familiarize ourselves with it by constant study and meditation. We would thus be able to raise it to its proper place in the realm of the Law, from the labyrinth of doubt and terror into which it has fallen.

As I stated before, it is the element of doubt as to what takes place after death that has clothed it with gloom and despair. Nor is it a matter of surprise that the average human being fears death. From the earliest childhood we are accustomed to see it dreaded as the worst of calamities. Our infant ears are assailed by the cries of the living for the dead. We see the members of the family draped in funeral garb, their faces distorted with grief. We are told that the once living, vibrant body, now so still and silent, is to be put away under the ground, and our budding imaginations proceed to indulge in the most fantastic horrors. Through it all we see no expression of that Faith in a happier hereafter, which is supposed to be the foundation of our Religion. Only a blank despair, an overwhelming despondency!

How different this would all be were the children permitted to take with them into maturer life, that instinctive knowledge which is their birthright, of their immortality and their Brotherhood; their oneness with all that is; their kinship with the Gods, undebased by our narrow ideas, uninfluenced by our bigotry and our doubts!

Now suppose we take the assertion of Theosophy that man *is* a soul, eternal, undying, that one span of earth-life is but a phase of his journey through conditioned existence, that after death he resides for a more or less brief period in a higher state of consciousness, assimilating the experiences of the life he has just gone through on earth, and that when these have been placed in the storehouse of eternal memory, he seeks another life on earth, where different conditions will give him more varied experience for enjoyment in another period of rest, and so on, rebirth after rebirth until the man, the immortal soul, has learned all that earth can teach him, and he moves to higher spheres of thought and action, always progressing, reaching ever after that perfection which is his goal!

With this conception of Life, what is there to fear in the thought of death? Is it not rather something to be regarded with calmness and courage; and should not this truer view of life and death animate us in our every thought, our every action?

The only heaven we can enjoy is that one which we prepare for ourselves, and we can have it on either side of the gates of death. But not by accumulating the riches or the honors of earth, for these things we must leave behind us when death arrives; they are not even sufficient to guarantee us happiness here.

Nor can we build a heaven by gratifying our animal desires, nor by reveling in sensuous thoughts, nor by the doing of despicable actions. These kindle the fires of remorse that are more potent for torture than the fires of sulphur and brimstone of the orthodox Christian hell.

The heaven of the true man, the immortal soul, must be prepared by altruistic thoughts and actions, deeds of loving self-sacrifice for our brothers, daily, self-conscious, unselfish service.

To the man who has lived an upright, virtuous and honest life, whose thoughts were less of self than how that self could help to dry the widow's tears and feed the hungry soul and assuage his brother's grief, death comes as a white-robed messenger of Peace, with cheerful mien and tender hands to lead him to his well-earned repose and to fit him for greater usefulness when his compassionate heart shall compel him to return to earth again.

Awake, oh man! immortal soul! and see in this garment of clay but an instrument through which thy work is done on earth! And when thy span of life is ended, go with courageous heart to thy sweet rest! Nor let insidious doubt thy parting moments render despicable with craven fear! for time is thine and all eternity to garner wisdom and to make a visible kingdom of the soul, a realm of Universal Brotherhood.

F e a r

by C. R.



The fear of man bringeth a snare.— *Proverbs 29: 25*

IN these few words we have the key to more than half the burdens of the world—fear. Fear of public opinion, fear of personal inconvenience, fear of loss of business, fear of change, all arising from want of trust in the Higher Law of Justice, have brought the human race to its present state of unrest. Theosophy, by its commonsense teachings about the nature and destiny of man, by its demonstration that man is an immortal soul, destroys fear. By arousing the heart-fire of compassionate love it liberates the captives who have imprisoned themselves in their narrow cell of selfishness.

Theosophy has the power of lifting the hopeless by showing them that to unfasten their thoughts from the petty concerns of their limited personalities is the only way to step out into the wide fields of usefulness and joy. The least attempt to practice Brotherhood reveals to a man unsuspected resources in himself,

and he is soon able to disregard the ill-informed criticisms of the world, while at the same time a wholesome modesty grows in him as his increasing insight reveals his personality in its true proportions. He begins to realize that the progress of mankind must come by breaking down the walls of limitation which confine the soul of each unit.

Discovering his ability to help others, even within prison walls, has lifted a dead-weight from many a prisoner. Theosophy, by evoking the unselfish side, the giving side, the heart, which was dormant, not petrified, has redeemed the most hopeless characters, for its appeal is not to self-interest. It does not promise immediate release from chains, but it shows that "we our prison make" and that in a moment the whole burden of pain would lighten if the attention were transferred from the claims of self to the helping of others.

In great hearts fear cannot exist, for there is no room for it. Theosophy teaches us how to evoke the compassionate soul within by devotion to the interests of others, and shows new and wiser methods of doing practical Brotherhood work. In the Bible we find this basic Theosophic principle of fearlessness constantly enforced.

There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear. . . . He that feareth is not made perfect in love.—*I John, 4: 18*

He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.—*I John, 4: 16*

Fear not them that kill the body but are not able to kill the soul.—*Matthew 10: 29*

The Lord is my helper and I will not fear what any man shall do unto me.—*Hebrews 13: 6*

Fear is a symptom of the great disease from which humanity suffers, egotistic self-interest. When this cancer is thoroughly eradicated, this and all the other evil symptoms will vanish.

But there is another fear, which is mentioned in the Bible, "the fear of the Lord," which is "the beginning of wisdom," and it is said:

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.—*Proverbs 8: 13*

By mercy and truth iniquity is purged: and by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil.—*Proverbs 16: 6*

It is no craven terror of the consequences of offending a stern, implacable tyrant that is meant, but devotion and reverence, a deep striving for righteousness, the fear of resisting the voice of the inner monitor, the Higher Self.

NEVER judge a composition on a first hearing; for what pleases extremely at first is not always the best, and the works of great masters require study.—SCHUMANN

The Life at Point Loma^{*}

Some Notes by Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society



THE natural advantages of Point Loma need hardly be pointed out to California readers. Its climate, its commercial possibilities, its picturesque beauty, and its healthfulness have been too long established and admitted to need any argument in their support, and the fact that it has become a great educational center is an additional guarantee of the influence which it has attained in the estimation of the world. The educational advantages which it offers include the fine arts of music, painting and sculpture, and these are firmly based upon a sound and practical substratum of the ordinary knowledge of the day. Very special attention is given to diet, and to physical training in general, and this is combined with a practical instruction in the social duties which are to be encountered in the world.

Point Loma is the world center of The Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society, which has for its supreme object the elevation of the

^{*} Reprinted from the *Saturday Post*, Los Angeles



ORTH VIEW OF LOMA HOMESTEAD & ARYAN TEMPLE

ONE OF THE IDEAL STUDENTS' HOMES AT LOMA-LAND

race. It asserts that "brotherhood is a fact in nature," and it professes "to teach brotherhood, to demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and to make it a living power in the life of humanity." The activities at the Point, in addition to the daily duties of home life, comprise the practical spread of lofty ideas through lectures, literature, music and the drama. Many magazines, pamphlets and books are issued, the correspondence is world-wide, and the branches of the Organization are to be found in all countries.

The principal buildings are the Homestead, the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, the Temple of Music and Drama and the outdoor Amphitheatre. To these may legitimately be added the Isis Theatre in San Diego, one of the largest and best equipped theatres on the Pacific Coast.

The Government of The Universal Brotherhood is autocratic and rests entirely in the hands of the Leader and Official Head, who has the privilege of nominating her successor. The methods are entirely in the direction of an accentuation of individual responsibility and of the establishment of a true harmony of life. It is unnecessary to say that no compulsion whatever is used and that even in the case of children, punishment is unknown.

The term Raja Yoga, which has been so much used and so much misunderstood, implies but the balance of the physical, mental and moral faculties, and this is becoming more and more a dominant factor as a true comradeship is established. The students of the Point Loma Homestead are from all social ranks and from all nationalities. Their ties of relationship and association all over the world result in a constantly flowing stream of fraternal sentiment, which carries to every quarter of the world an increasing desire to help others, with the courage and the wisdom which are necessary to do it well.

The commerce and the industries of the world have largely fallen into the hands of those who are governed entirely by selfish interests. The ideal of the Point Loma students is to awaken and vivify that individual responsibility of man to man, which alone can arouse the best activities of the nation, and set it upon the path of progress which shall result in the regaining of the lost art of Living, with those undreamed-of material benefits which will accompany it. In no other way can the industrial methods of the world be reformed and man regain his true position as a dispenser of good.

The Theosophical Movement was started a quarter of a century ago by Helena P. Blavatsky, who presented to the world a system of philosophy and of evolution which has never yet been effectually assailed, and which has laid an ever tightening hold upon popular acceptance. On the death of Madame Blavatsky it remained but to illustrate the practical application of these teachings, and this is now being done at Point Loma. This was especially necessary in view of the cramping intellectualism of the age, an intellectualism which gave to Theoso-



A FAMILY GROUP OF LOTUS BUDS AT LOMA-LAND

Hon. Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago de Cuba; Sr. D. F. Ortiz, of *El Cubano Libre*, and Dr. C. J. Lopez of New Orleans, during recent visit to Raja Yoga School

phy the appearance of a metaphysical inaccessibility to which, in its true nature, it is altogether foreign.

The transition from mere intellectualism to practical philanthropic activity was not effected without the necessity of leaving behind some few who thus proved their theories to be but skin deep. The ultimate result, however, has been to collect at Point Loma all those who were willing to prove by their ac-



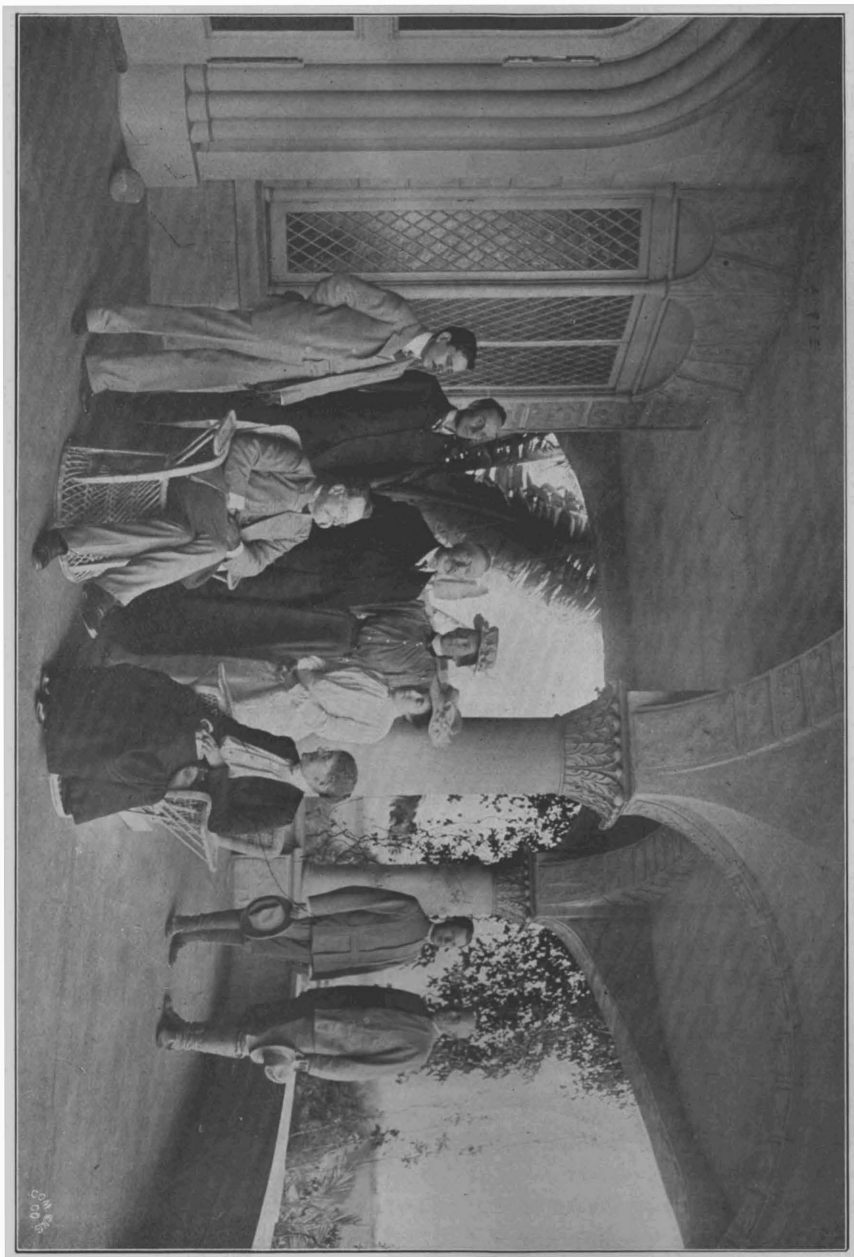
YERBA SANTA CLIFFS, STUDENTS' GROUP HOUSE NO. 1, POINT LOMA

tions that they had no other aim than to render help to humanity by lives of unselfish devotion, and that their objects are actually of the purity which they avow is shown by the triumphant success which becomes every day more apparent. The keynote of the coming ages is being sounded at Point Loma.

The question of Leadership has led to much adverse criticism directed against the Point Loma Institution by its enemies, who have themselves no practical work to show. It has been said that autocratic government is opposed to the prevailing sentiment of the world, but it is not hard to show that the members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization have actually followed the real practice of the world, which is indeed the only one possible, however much pretense may point in the opposite direction. Wherever men are gathered together for a common purpose there will be a leader among them, and they will be actually led by that one, even though they may give the nominal leadership to another.

There is a top rung to every ladder, though we may close our eyes to that fact, and the members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization have but given their open adhesion and their open allegiance to that one among them whom they have declared to be the best fitted for that position. In its own affairs the world does actually do the same thing, however much it may hide it up by claiming popular control and representative government. At the back of all the machinery of government stands the strong man, whether he is seen or unseen. This Organization has recognized that fact and has acted upon it openly.

The term education has here a much wider significance than it usually receives. It means no less than the development of the Soul, with all the capacities which belong to it. This is done by the tuning of the whole nature, in the



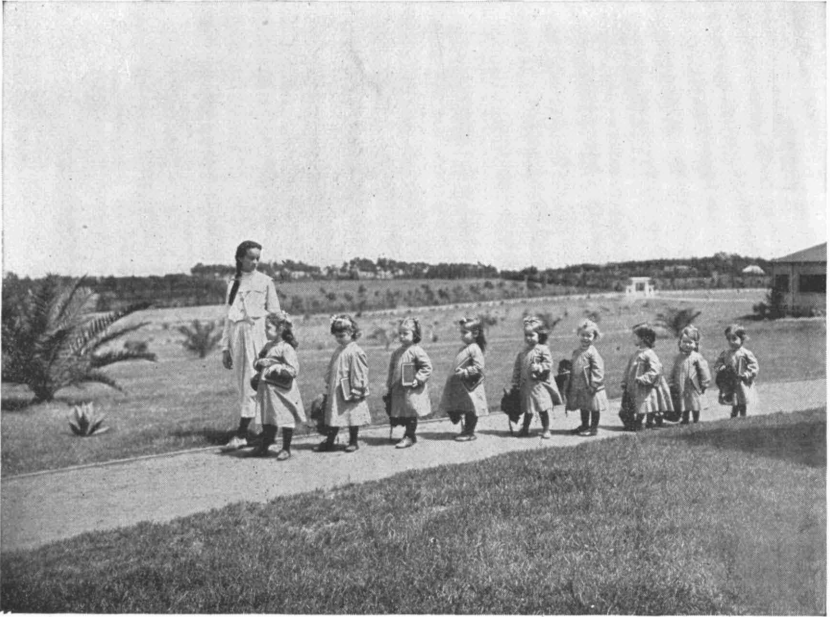
ON THE VERANDA OF LOMA HOMESTEAD — MME. PETERSEN, hostess; HON. ERILIO BACCARDI and Sr. ORTIZ, Cuban guests; CLARK THURSTON, member Cabinet Universal Brotherhood, and other Students of The Universal Brotherhood

same way that a piano must be tuned in every string if harmony is to be produced.

The basis of the whole of this education is the essential divinity of man, and the necessity for transmuting everything within his nature which is not divine.

To do this no part whatever can be neglected, and the physical nature must share to the full in the care and the attention which are required. Neither can the most assiduous training of the intellect be passed over, but it must be made subservient to the forces of the heart. The intellect must be the servant and not the master, if order and equilibrium are to be attained and maintained. In such a system as this it is a necessary part that all service be voluntary, and therefore no salaries whatever are paid.

The aim of true education is not to acquire a store of facts. For this a retentive memory is the only requisite, and we find all too often in the world that



LOMA-LAND LOTUS BUDS ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL

memory and knowledge are accredited with an identity which they in no way deserve. True education is the power to live in harmony with our environment, the power to draw out from the recesses of our own nature all the potentialities of character. The education at Point Loma is therefore not confined to the receipt of information at certain stated hours of the day, and in a specified manner. It consists in the regulation of the whole life upon the highest ideal which must alike govern the most hidden thought as effectually as it does the mutual relationship of the students.

The term "Raja Yoga" has already been briefly defined as the attainment of an equilibrium, in every aspect, of the nature, physical, mental and moral. That

Theosophy is not a metaphysical abstraction or a system of intellectual gymnastics is sufficiently proved by the success which attends the broad application of its philosophy to the needs of child life. The basis of this application is found in the realization of the duality of the child nature, a duality which shows itself in the earliest cradle days.

In the nurseries and the schools of the world the principle of selfishness seems to be often exalted into a virtue. The "preparation for life" seems all too often to consist in the cultivation of those aspects of the nature which have already done so much to create the misery which we see around us. The habit of selfishness,



AMONG THE STUDENTS' GROUP HOMES IN LOMA-LAND

the duty of competition, is taught from the earliest and most impressionable days, and the children being left in ignorance of their own natures, its complexities, and its intricacies, are unable to discriminate between the higher and the lower, the true and the false.

At the Raja Yoga School the children are treated in accordance with the facts of life and the needs of life. The love which is given to them is that truest affection which thinks ever of their welfare without regard to the selfish pleasures which they can render in return. The affection which shows itself in the administration of injurious dainties, by unwholesome fondling, by injudicious petting, is not love at all, but selfishness. To truly love a child is to help it to de-



STUDENTS OF ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND DRAMA IN HOMESTEAD GARDENS, POINT LOMA

velop its highest faculties, which grow by, and through, a willing service to others, to teach it to help itself and so to grow strong to help its fellows.

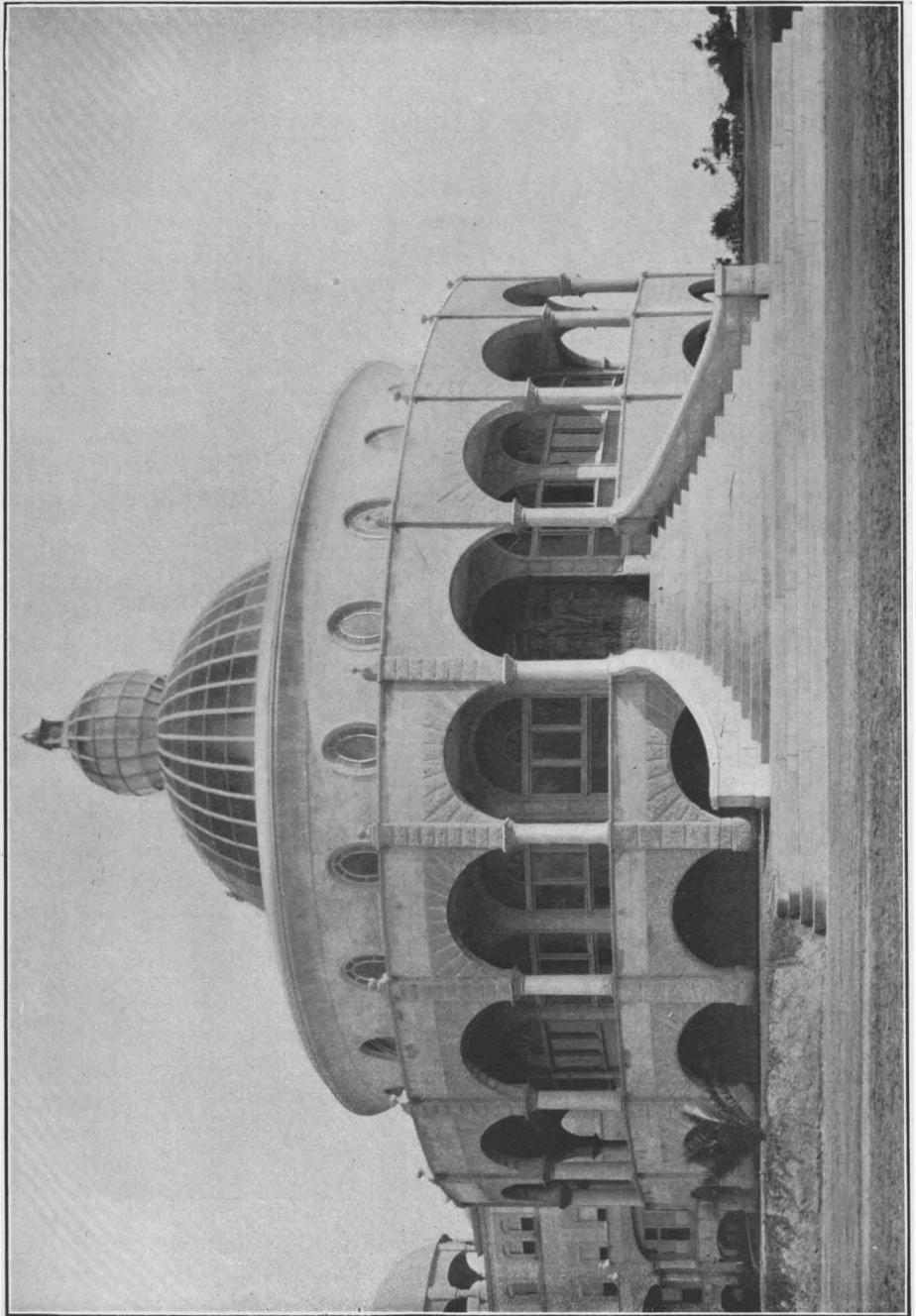
The child which is big enough to raise its hand to strike can equally well use that hand in its own legitimate service instead of demanding from those around it an aid which it could well render to itself. Thus, at the Raja Yoga School, we see children of the tenderest age who have grown to be helpful and self-reliant, and it would be easy to find groups of a dozen babies who make far less demand upon those who are in charge of them, and who are consequently far happier, than



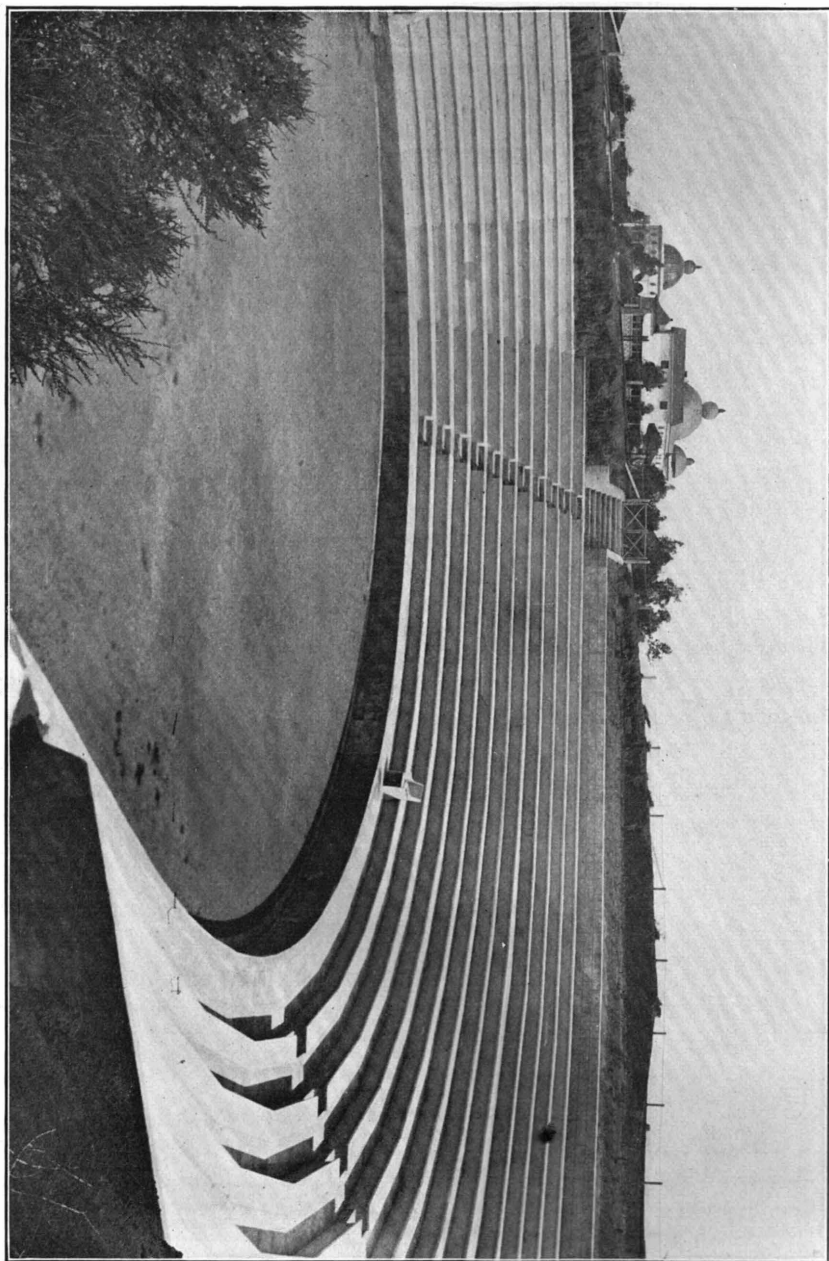
THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL CHOIR OF LOMA-LAND IN THE ARYAN TEMPLE



CORNER IN LITTLE SUNBEAMS' PLAYROOM—GIRLS' GROUP HOUSE NO. 7



THE ARVAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, HOME OF ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND DRAMA



THE GREAT AMPHITHEATRE AT POINT LOMA, FOR REPRODUCTION OF GREEK DRAMAS AND OPEN-AIR PLAYS

many a single child whose parents have given to it a "love" which will not be helpful to it through life.

The children at the Raja Yoga School are not only shown the beauty of self-help, but they are also shown the uselessness and the folly of anger and pride and jealousy. They are afforded glimpses of their own natures and are thus taught to discriminate between the higher and the lower, between the real and the unreal. Every essential moral lesson which can be taught to adults can be taught also to children, and surely it is better that the little ones should learn in the love and the sanctity of the home the lessons which the world has a rougher method of imparting at an age when mental habits have become confirmed.

The Raja Yoga education is but a permission to the child to grow without the chains of self-love which will ever remain outside of its nature if the foundations of education be laid aright. Are there not very many parents who will even admire in their children those very faults which may, as adults, bring them within reach of the law, encouraging in them the self-will and the vanity which must surely mar their lives?

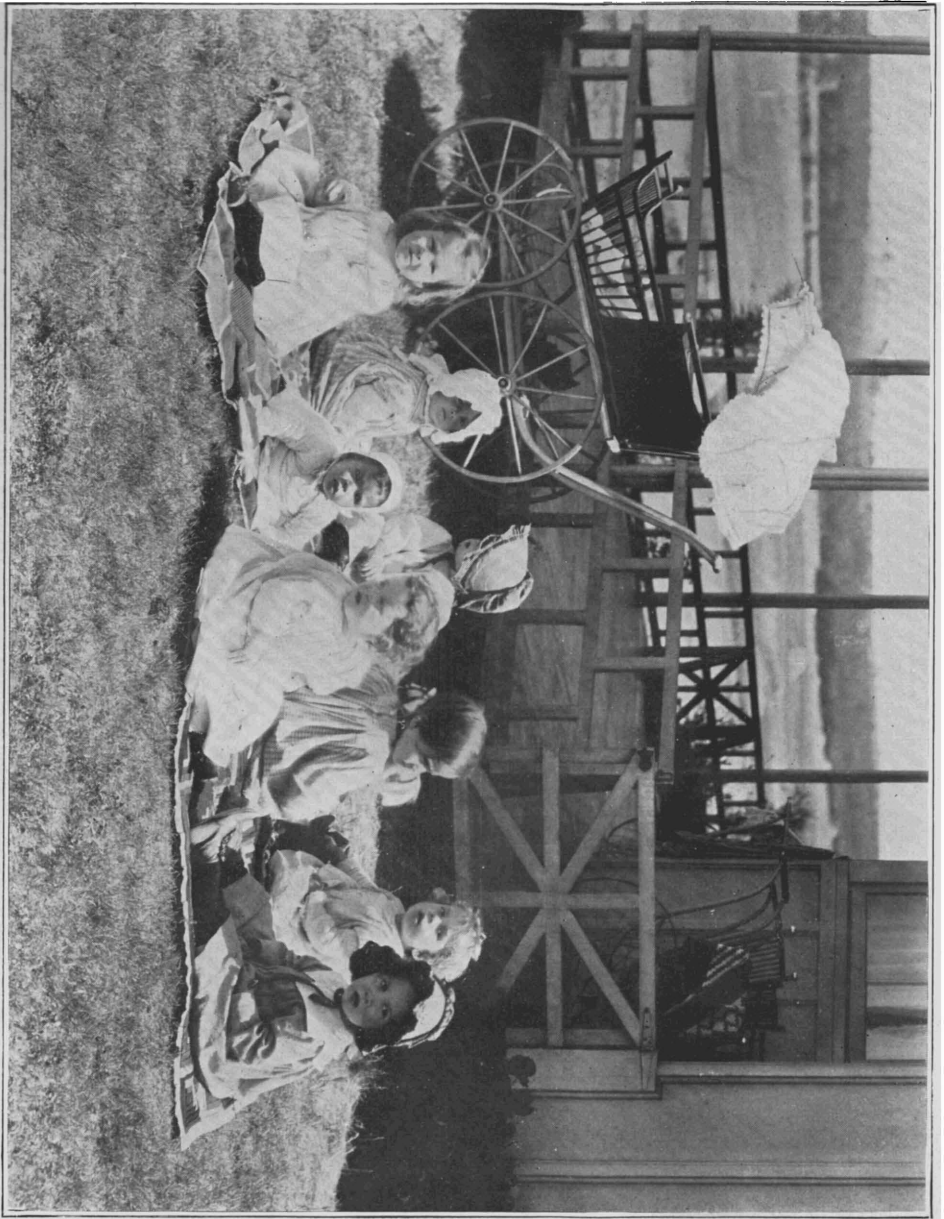
The world has not yet realized how much of truth children already know, and how much of that truth we destroy by our mistakes. There are but few children who do not know well that all nature is a great teacher, until we by our materialism, and often by our ridicule, drive the knowledge from their minds.

The Theosophic education is not so much a something which is imparted. It is a liberation from the powers of the lower forces which hinder and check a growth which ought to be unchecked and spontaneous.

The usual studies of school life are not neglected, but they are made to blend harmoniously with the entire system of education. Teachers of proved and recognized ability are provided, and the ordinary school curriculum receives an attention which leaves nothing to be desired.

Finally the children are taught to regard themselves as integral and responsible parts of the nation to which they belong. They are taught to aspire to the position of national benefactors, teachers and helpers, and so to become exponents of the truest and the wisest patriotism.

Music is usually regarded as an amusement, a relaxation, and nothing more. At Point Loma it becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul. The world has a wrong conception of the ideal in music, and not until it has rectified this conception can it perceive that the true harmony of music can never proceed from one who has not that true harmony within himself. We find therefore that in all the musical life at the Point the money consideration is entirely absent, and that personal vanity cannot enter at all. There is held to be an intimate correspondence between music on the one hand and thought and aspiration upon the



other, and only that deserves the name of music to which the noblest and purest aspirations are responsive.

Music is a part of the daily life at the Point, not merely as an exercise which occupies its stated times and seasons, but as a principle which animates all the

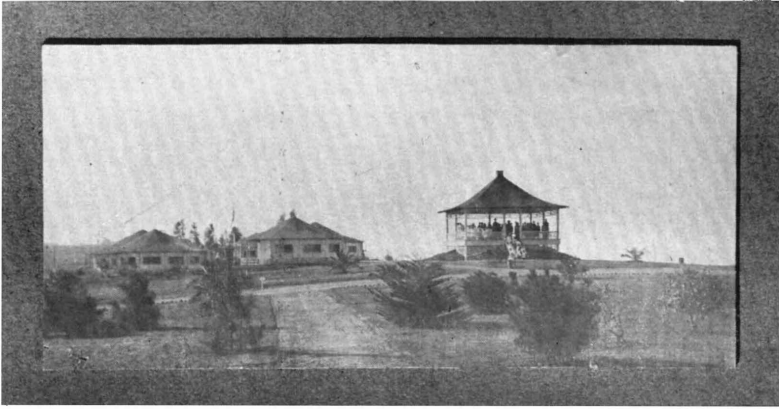


CAMP KARNAK BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS OF LITERARY STAFF OF LOMA-LAND

activities. The soul power which is called forth by a harmony well delivered and well received does not die away with the conclusion of the piece. It has elicited a response from within the nature, the whole being has been keyed to a higher pitch of activity, and even the smallest of daily duties, those which are usually called menial, will be performed in a different, upon a higher plane, as a result. There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music can enter more largely than is usually supposed. A knowledge of the laws of life can be neither profound nor wide which thus neglects one of the most effective of all forces. In the days to come music will be a department of Government.

Drama ranks almost equally high with music in the educational life at the Point. It is made to enter largely into the instruction of the children, and nowhere are the advantages of the system more strikingly illustrated than in the dramatic power which can be called forth wherever there is an absence of self consciousness and of vanity.

The drama, like music, is regarded by the world as one of the relaxations of life because it is supposed to deal with the unrealities. True drama points away

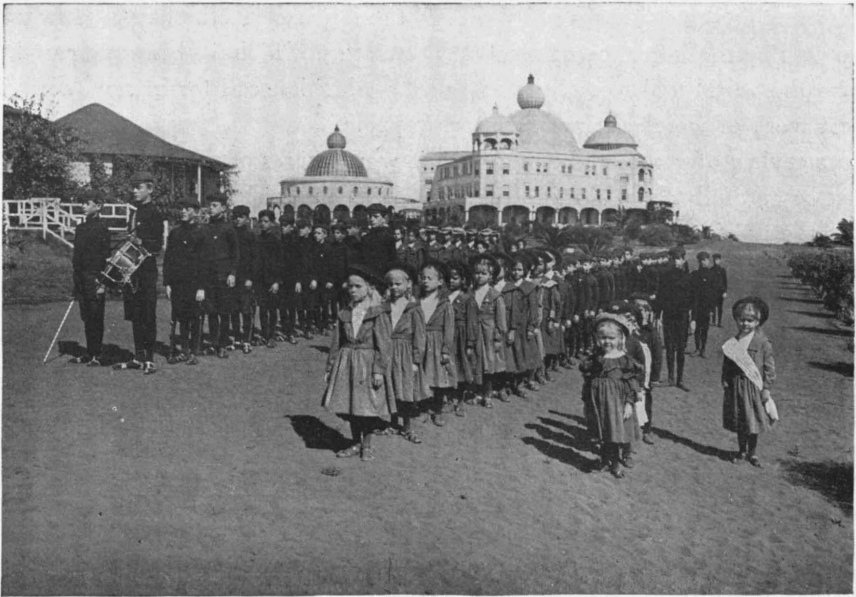


CHILDREN'S INTERNATIONAL. LOTUS HOME AND MUSIC PAVILION, POINT LOMA

from the unrealities to the real life of the soul. As such the drama should lead and guide the public taste, providing it with ideals towards which it can aspire.

Nowhere in the social life of today is the need for reform more manifest than in the drama. In too many directions it has been made to serve the sensationalism and sensualism of the day and to stimulate the vicious thought which it might be so powerful to suppress.

The facilities for dramatic work at Point Loma are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The gigantic open-air Amphitheatre which has been completed is capa-



CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, AT THEIR CALISTHENIC EXERCISES

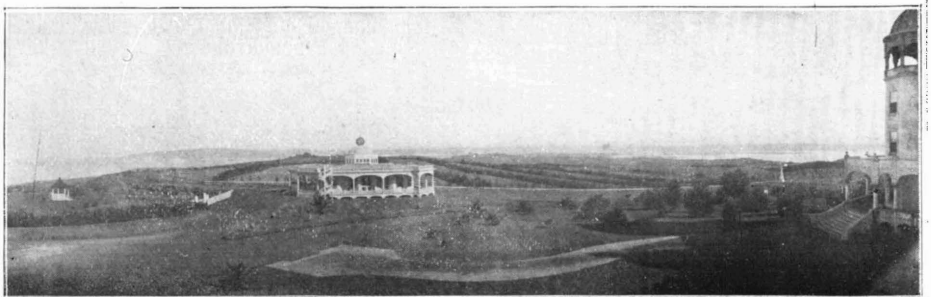
ble of seating three thousand people, and is equipped with every necessity and convenience for the proper performance of the work to which it has been dedicated. In conjunction with the Isis Theatre in San Diego, it forms the most unique dramatic feature of the century, and has never failed to call forth unstinted admiration from those best qualified to judge of its capabilities. We are within sight of the day which will once more restore the drama to its rightful position as one of the great redemptive forces of the age.

Art at Point Loma follows faithfully upon the lines of the science of the soul which it is our mission to revive. Under this science it becomes the true expression of the soul ideals, and both art and decoration are no longer adventitious or capricious additions to our environment, but they become integral parts of that to which they belong. They become in themselves the expression of the Law of Evolution, and the demonstration of the reality of that law. As in the case with music, the art at Point Loma is a principle which pervades all the life and activity.

Whatever has in any way a right to exist must contain within itself the possibility of existing beautifully. The power of beautiful expression is not an affair of the intellect, nor of custom, nor convention, nor can it be learned intellectually nor from books. It comes from the arousing of the inner powers of the Soul which are in sympathy with whatever is high and pure.

It would be impossible to find conditions more ideal for the production of a worthy and a permanent literature. Theosophy, even under its initial and most adverse conditions, has already supplied the world with a literature which has profoundly modified the thought and enriched the language of the day. How much greater will be the influence of this new literature which is being prepared and given to the world under conditions so well qualified to call forth from the writers the best work of which their natures are capable.

In a review of some of the more prominent features of the life at Point Loma it must be carefully kept in mind that the object in thus establishing ideal conditions is the uplifting and the betterment of the world. Point Loma is to be, and is already, a center from which streams of brotherly love radiate into the world. The Institution at the Point has no other reason for its existence than to benefit humanity at large, to show that the life which is inspired by hope is necessarily



the life which is rich in achievement, and that man indeed does possess to the fullest extent a dominion over nature, vast and unimaginable.

The remedial activities of the world, noble as many of them are in intention, proceed from a false basis. Recognizing that large masses of humanity are environed by conditions the reverse of the ideal, they imagine that individual character is the result of that environment. They make of man the slave instead of the master. Such material efforts have their due place in any well-considered scheme, and it is a subsidiary place. Man is essentially a Creator, and he can be considered in no other way if the postulate of human divinity be once admitted. Only by the assertion of his Divinity can he become master of his conditions, only by the force thus generated can he lay hold of his own nature, and of all nature around him, and compel it into an expression of his own ideals, and force it into the service of his necessities.

No man is made happy by the mere possession of objects. The measure of our desires is the measure of our slavery. Only by an acquirement of the science of life can happiness come, and it is only the true philosophy of life which can make man triumphant in the world, the master of the world and of himself.

The value of the Point Loma Institution lies in the fact that it has proved the truth of its theories by its success. It has accomplished the mission which brought it into being. It has rescued Theosophy from the domain of an intellectualism which might easily have become more selfish, because more subtle, than the current thought of the world. It has demonstrated that the Theosophic life is the life of practical common sense, and that in the light of its philosophy the shadows pass away and man can enter into his birthright of joy. The propaganda of such a Theosophy as this is no longer an affair of printed apologies nor of oratorical defense. It is automatic and is spread throughout the world under its own impetus, and because it is allied to all evolutionary forces which work for the well-being of men.

To ask "Will the system change present conditions?" is but to elicit the assurance that it has already changed them. The inertia of custom and convention has been already broken, and the unrest of the world, at which so many look with distrust and with apprehension, is but the movement of the ship with the incoming tide of a purer and a better thought. Ideals have been thrown out into the world, and because they are spiritual ideals they have entered into the minds of men and have painted entrancing pictures of what the world shall be if man were but the master of himself and of it. Those ideals will not die away until they have been accomplished, until they have given birth to other ideals which will illuminate forever the roadway of all future life, declaring the reality of a reign of peace upon earth and of God in Man.

Mr. Alderman Pepperdine

by William Jameson
(Author of "My Dead Self," etc.)



CHAPTER I

INFALLIBILITY

"GOOD morning, Pepperdine; what do you think? Poor old Sir Timothy has gone at last!"

"Dead?"

"Yes; died last night at ten o'clock."

"Dear me; dear me!" murmured Mr. Adam Pepperdine, taking off his eye-glasses and wiping them carefully. This was a delicate way of indicating his sorrow, and a convenient substitute for tears.

"But," continued the visitor, "the corporation still lives and needs another alderman. Will you stand for the ward?"

"I?"

Mr. Pepperdine wagged his head with the regularity of an automatic clock figure, for some seconds. Then he slowly readjusted his eye-glasses and muttered in a mournful tone:

"My poor old friend Timothy Oldtype—well, well!"

"Now, look here, Pepperdine," said his visitor, coaxingly, "you really mustn't refuse. There is a sort of scratch committee waiting at my place for your answer; or better still, your company."

"But you know my views, Renshaw. The corporation is doomed. London is getting sick of your scratch committees, and so forth. And I, for my part, don't quite see the fun of wearing an aldermanic gown that at any moment may be snatched off one's shoulders. No, give my best thanks to your friends, and tell them (you know how to put it) that Pepperdine knows exactly what he is about."

"The very words used by some one just before I came away," exclaimed Mr. Renshaw. "'Pepperdine knows what he is about, and is the kind of man to steer the corporation ship through the breakers; or, at any rate, if the good old vessel must go to pieces, he knows how to look after salvage, if any man does.'"

Mr. Pepperdine smiled placidly. Evidently he recognized the sagacity of the man whose words had just been quoted.

"And then," continued Mr. Renshaw, "you have such a splendid style about you, Pepperdine. Forgive me for saying as much—I don't flatter you, but one must speak plainly at a moment like this—it will be a grand thing for the city when your turn comes to preside over its affairs. The people will have to recog-

nize that there is a cultured man with firm purposes of his own at the head of civic affairs. Now do consent, old—old—”

Mr. Renshaw, who was by profession an auctioneer, and hence both fluent and familiar in speech, was about to say “old man.” But a quick, indignant glance from that “man with firm purposes” quailed him, so he hurriedly blew his nose instead.

Perhaps Mr. Pepperdine was influenced by the evidence thus afforded of his power; perhaps he had made up his mind at the beginning of the conversation in a sense contrary to his words. At any rate, after sighing deeply, he made answer:

“Well, I’ll so far withdraw what I said as to go with you to your ‘scratch committee’ meeting; but, remember, I shall speak my mind there about abuses as plainly as I have done on one occasion and another in the *Contemporary Review*.”

“Hurrah!” exclaimed Mr. Renshaw, recovering his self-assurance. “Down with Turtle and all its base traditions; up with Pepperdine and civic propriety. By the way, old—my dear sir—(he had almost slipped again), you will really make a splendid alderman, according to our new ideal. Now, I can *talk* very well and all that, but I don’t exactly look impressive anywhere. You do.”

There was truth in this candid statement. Mr. Renshaw was about five feet four in height, and he was molded somewhat on the lines of Sir John Falstaff as regards bulk. His features some twenty years earlier were possibly attractive; now, they distinctly suggested that the phrase “down with Turtle,” which he had used, was capable of more than one interpretation in the mind and act of this worthy citizen.

On the other hand, Mr. Pepperdine was in appearance certainly the antipodes of civic plumpness. A tall, broad-shouldered man of nearly fifty, he was lean as a hermit. The healthy pinkness of his complexion, however, refuted the notion that his thinness meant disease. He was strong and energetic, both physically and mentally. His quick, though small eyes, indicated a mind alert at all times. The size and shape of his head—well displayed, owing to a neat and definite baldness at its summit—showed that he reasoned soundly (within limits), as well as with rapidity. His hair, still brown, was worn somewhat artistically—nay, was even suggestive of poetry! But a glance at his brow, narrow just above the eyes, dispelled the notion that Adam Pepperdine possessed a large soul. In truth, his features in their general expression, quite confirmed the admiring slang of those city friends, who said, “Old Pepperdine is as hard as they make ’em.” When his friend and henchman, Mr. Renshaw, rose to leave, Mr. Pepperdine rose also, and turned to a big iron safe behind his desk, hesitating a moment before unlocking it. As he did so a fair, handsome young man of about seven and twenty, entered, hat in hand. It was his junior partner, Mr. David Heathcote.

Mr. Renshaw shook hands and made the usual remarks about trade and weather. Then, like a man of business, he hurried to the outer office to await his friend—properly assuming that Mr. Pepperdine would wish to confer with his partner before leaving.

“Oh, I have to go out, Heathcote, unexpectedly, and may be some time,” said the embryo alderman; “here are my keys. The bank people want further ‘cover’ for their loans to us. Those Italian bonds will be the thing—about four thousand pounds, say. I was on the point of seeing to it when Mr. Renshaw came in. Jenkins will give you particulars.”

Mr. Heathcote nodded and hung up his hat. “Anything else out of the usual way?” he inquired.

“Yes, don’t forget our garden party this afternoon, David; that is all important,” said Mr. Pepperdine gaily, as he went out. He had made up his mind to be alderman, and the large future thus opened up for him could not but make our merchant cheerful.

Now, the senior partner in the firm of Pepperdine & Heathcote, East Indian merchants and brokers, had been lunching a few moments before Mr. Renshaw arrived (a biscuit, a glass of claret and the *Times*). The junior partner having lunched with a friend at his City Club, rang at once for the housekeeper to take away the tray which had been used by his colleague. He was *promptly obeyed*.

The housekeeper’s promptness seems to me, as I reflect on it, the chief occasion for this story being written. Had she delayed some ten minutes or so before answering the bell, Mr. Pepperdine might possibly have been Lord Mayor before this; possibly a baronet; possibly in parliament! Delays are not always dangerous, despite the proverb. But the housekeeper knew her master too well (she supposed it was Mr. Pepperdine who rang for her), to linger a single instant. With a surprised but respectful “good morning, sir,” to Mr. Heathcote, she hurried into the room and, snatching up the tray, hurried out again. Now Mr. Heathcote was not a regular student of the *Times* like his partner, so he made no objection to the newspaper, which lay on the tray, being removed along with the biscuits and wine. It is more than probable, however, that he would have glanced at it before settling down to work, but for the good woman’s quickness in taking it out of his sight.

Then he would have discovered that snugly concealed within the folds of the newspaper were *five bonds of the Italian Government* bearing interest of 1000 *lire* each—their capital value representing a total of some four thousand pounds! Then, also, as has already been said in other words, I should have discovered nothing of importance in the life of Adam Pepperdine to write about.

Well, not to take up the reader’s time with unnecessary mystery, which is a sure sign that facts are wanting, let me just say right off that those bonds were

the following morning to be found in the dust-box which was placed on the curb outside Messrs. Pepperdine & Heathcote's office. For the information of those unacquainted with the sanitary rules of the city, it may be mentioned that dust-bins are very wisely forbidden. Consequently all refuse has to be placed each morning outside the house in a box, whence it is emptied into the dust-cart some time before eight o'clock.

And here it should be remarked that if a virtue of the housekeeper's—her promptitude—was responsible for those bonds being taken out of the office, it was due to a failing of hers that they reached the street-cart next morning. Alas, she had not a frugal mind, else the *Times* newspaper would have been reserved each day for sale as waste paper. No, that thriftless woman just stuffed it (with its precious enclosure), into the dust-box when she took Mr. Pepperdine's lunch-tray up stairs to her own department on the fourth floor, the result being as already described. So do the virtues and faults of womankind conspire to bring misfortune upon men!

The reader will recollect that Mr. Pepperdine appeared to be in doubt about something just at the moment when his partner entered. The fact was, that owing to the excitement created in his mind by Mr. Renshaw's flattering remarks, the merchant had forgotten whether he had really taken five Italian bonds from his safe, or had merely intended to do so. Unfortunately, he did not acknowledge his uncertainty to Mr. Heathcote when he handed the latter the keys and told him of the bank's requirements. Mr. Pepperdine never confessed to uncertainty—it was not his way.

It was natural enough, then, that the junior partner, seeing no evidence of bonds on his colleague's desk, should turn to the safe and count out five others. These were duly lodged at the banker's half an hour afterwards. Perhaps men of business habits will blame young Heathcote for not, as is customary, counting and checking the rest of the Italian bonds that were in the safe. Then he would have discovered that they were five short, etc., etc. But there was this powerful excuse: he had been for several years sternly educated in the doctrine of Adam Pepperdine's infallibility. To check work that had passed through the latter's fingers bordered upon the profane. David Heathcote was, though young, a good man of business; he came of an old banking family in the Midlands, but it had not yet dawned upon his imagination that Mr. Pepperdine was capable of carelessness, or error, in a matter of business routine, even though an aldermanic gown distracted his attention from ordinary affairs.

But about those missing bonds once more. They did not reach the city dust-yard, where the superior intelligence of the city dustman might possibly have discovered their true worth. No, alas! an ordinary workingman—a carpenter by trade—happened to spy them at the top of the dust-box about half past seven

the following morning. Or rather, to be absolutely correct, he first of all noticed the newspaper in which they were enclosed. This he took possession of with the notion, as he afterwards expressed himself, of "getting a bit of reading on the cheap."

But when Ned Stamper—for such was his name—read the title of the paper he flung it back again with an expression of disgust.

"*Times*—rot! Gimme *Reynolds!*"

It was as he tossed the newspaper back into the dust-box that Ned caught sight of those bonds, which he regarded as of more practical value.

"Rather pretty picture stuff to throw away," said the man to himself, as he gazed on securities to the value of four thousand pounds. "That chap looks rather fierce now. Ain't he got a woppin' mustache!" This referred to the portrait of the late King Victor Emanuel, printed on the precious document. "It's good paper," he added. "Bound to come in handy for something. There, the young 'un shall have a kite out of it—bless 'is little 'art! A big 'un too."

Then he carefully folded up the five bonds and placed them in his pocket.

CHAPTER II

THE JUNIOR PARTNER

THE head of the firm of Pepperdine & Heathcote was in rare spirits when he greeted his partner at five minutes past ten that same morning. For the previous day he had witnessed a double success; he had yet to discover the marring thereof by financial misfortune.

"David, my dear boy," exclaimed Mr. Pepperdine as he grasped Heathcote's hand and shook it warmly, "you can't imagine how you have delighted me; and, if it is fit and proper for a father to say so, I think I may congratulate you. Clara is a good girl."

The young man blushed, and made a reply that was not particularly wise. It commonly takes time for a newly-engaged man to respond with ease and appropriateness to the congratulations of friends. Clara Pepperdine had accepted David Heathcote just the previous afternoon—that garden party to which reference was made earlier, being responsible for the fact—and next to the wonderment of the thought, constantly asserting itself since with sweeter and sweeter emphasis that he had kissed her and she had kissed him! was a feeling in his mind not altogether so definite and delightful; namely, what would her father say about the bold step he had taken?

Mr. Pepperdine's prompt and unsolicited expression of approval (David did not know that Clara's father and mother had both been willing for a long time

past to give their sanction), while it relieved him of some anxiety, was embarrassing in its very suddenness; so, after expressing gratitude in a rather incoherent way, as has already been indicated, the young man sought refuge from his natural confusion by asking his future father-in-law if he had seen a paragraph in the paper that morning.

“Yes, yes,” said Mr. Pepperdine, leaning back in his chair and regarding his companion solemnly. “You have yet to face the ordeal of public duty. This is one of the responsibilities that attaches to advanced years.”

Then the senior partner took up the newspaper and read for a second time with evident satisfaction the paragraph to which Heathcote had referred. It ran as follows:

Adam Pepperdine, Esq., C. C. is spoken of as a candidate for the aldermanic seat rendered vacant by the lamented death of Sir Timothy Oldtype, Bart. Mr. Pepperdine’s election will not, as we have reason to believe, be opposed. This is significant; for Mr. Pepperdine is not merely a successful merchant: he is an acute and broad-minded advocate of municipal reform, on lines that will also respect the ancient traditions of the city.

“I told Renshaw and his friends yesterday,” continued Mr. Pepperdine, grandiloquently, “that the city must be prepared, with me, to recognize the force of public opinion, and must abandon its sullen opposition to the spirit of the times. I told them that my motto was ‘Enterprise and Accuracy,’ and that if they did me the honor of electing me as their alderman, it would be my earnest endeavor to be both enterprising and accurate in the discharge of my civic functions.”

The senior partner drew a long breath after delivering this brief oration. Heathcote was too happy to be critical. A month before he would possibly have asked himself, “What have I done to deserve this?” Under the present circumstances he was reckless enough to provoke a further discourse by asking:

“How did they take it?”

“Take it! Why, will you believe me, there wasn’t a single sign of disapproval. Indeed, though *I* ought not to say so, there was something very much like an ovation when I ended my speech. Ah! we shall get the city to move in time—in time, David, my boy.”

“But, bless my soul! talking about time, reminds me that it is nearly eleven o’clock, and we haven’t begun business. And of course you will want to get away early—eh?”

“Well, I don’t know that I shall object if you let me out of school this afternoon,” replied Heathcote laughingly. The egotism of his partner’s conversation counted for little after that last thoughtful inquiry about ‘getting away early.’

“Now let us get to work,” said Pepperdine, in his usual abrupt business manner.

For some time the merchants sat facing each other—a desk between them—without making further observations. Each had his share of the letters to read

and consider. Presently a string of clerks came in, obedient to the bell. Each received in silence such letters as related to his department—continental, colonial or Asiatic. On the turned-down corner of every document was written the substance of a reply thereto. This method of Mr. Pepperdine's (into which he had trained his partner) at once saved speech and insured accuracy. No clerk would dream of asking a question. To do so would simply provoke from Mr. Pepperdine, with rigid forefinger tapping upon the letter referred to, a curt rebuke: "You have your instructions *here!*"

At the end of an hour the partners were once more alone together. Then the fatal moment of discovery came. Mr. Pepperdine opened the account book in which a record was made of bonds forwarded to their banking house.

"Um—this is very odd," he muttered. "These numbers don't correspond with those of the five bonds I took from the safe yesterday. What made you change them, Mr. Heathcote?"

Heathcote looked up surprised. "I think your memory must be at fault, for once, Mr. Pepperdine, said he, smiling. You left me to get the bonds myself."

"My memory at fault! Nonsense. I placed five bonds on this desk"—tapping it with that emphatic forefinger of his—"and merely told you what was to be done with them when I went out with Mr. Renshaw."

"I certainly saw none. There was nothing but your luncheon tray, which Mrs. Merritt took away directly you had gone."

Mr. Pepperdine rang his bell violently and ordered the housekeeper to be sent to him. In the meanwhile Heathcote had opened the safe and with trembling fingers was counting the residue of the Italian bonds.

"What! Do I understand, sir, that you did not *check* those bonds yesterday?" exclaimed Mr. Pepperdine in his severest manner, as he watched what the other was doing.

"No one but yourself attends to these matters," faltered the young man, "and I took it for granted—"

"Took it for granted! Took it for granted!—this is business, indeed. Four thousand pounds gone anywhere, just because my back is turned."

Mr. Pepperdine had fairly lost command of himself. He had quite forgotten that he was addressing his future son-in-law. He had also forgotten—possibly the fact never occurred to him—that a man who is always, directly or indirectly, impressing other people with the idea of his own infallibility can scarcely complain if he is relied on once too often.

The housekeeper when she appeared was quite sure that no bonds had reached her domain. "There wasn't nothin' but three biscuits—no, three and a broken one—the claret bottle and the noospaper as I took away, sir, barrin' the plate and wine glass."

“What has become of the paper?” inquired Heathcote eagerly.

“That’s gone with the dust, sir.”

“But *you* would not mistake a parcel of bonds for a newspaper, my good woman?” queried Mr. Pepperdine, with a slight sniff, intended for his partner.

“Oh, no! Mr. Pepperdine,” replied Mrs. Merritt, regarding her junior employer with a look of compassion, as in duty bound. “I quite know what bonds is; for I’ve got a hundred pounds of ’em, as you bought for me with my savin’s, and I thank you again, sir.”

The housekeeper retired thoroughly well satisfied with herself. Mr. Pepperdine was too prudent, however, to omit sending to the city sanitary authorities without the slightest delay, requesting search to be made in the previous day’s refuse. He also sent for a detective, who spent an agreeable afternoon in badgering the clerks in Messrs. Pepperdine & Heathcote’s service. They—the clerks—took a practical view of the matter. While agreeing with their senior employer that the bonds had, in some mysterious way, been stolen, they arrived at least at one definite conclusion, viz, that they would suffer in consequence.

“Yes, old Pepper will take it out of us—worse luck—when Christmas comes round,” said one of them, ruefully, after the detective had retired. “Not much chance of any increase in our salaries.”

“But I really can’t believe that the young ’un will stand that sort of thing,” said another. “He’s a thorough gentleman.”

“And the ‘boss’ is simply the eldest son of a Birmingham barber,” said the first speaker, a quiet-looking, middle-aged man.

“Ah! fifteen years ago, when he had not been so very long in business on his own account, Pepperdine didn’t altogether forget that fact. At any rate, he was fairly hearty with people from the provinces who called to see him. It was: ‘Hullo! Cousin Bill, glad to see you. How are you? and how are the Missus and kids?’ ‘Oh, all jolly, thank you kindly, Cousin Adam, and how’s *your* Missus?’ The governor didn’t seem quite to relish that last little pill. Still he swallowed it, somehow. Only, I’ve noticed that year by year country cousins have become scarcer. But that’s just the way of the world.”

“I suppose that by the time he is Lord Mayor he won’t have a single country relative living, poor old chap,” remarked the quiet-looking man, who was somewhat of a cynic. “Let me see, now, the last one who called—it was about eight years ago—was a youngish fellow; a village doctor, married to Pepperdine’s sister. He was a rather delicate and seedy-looking man, but looked independent enough. At any rate, I noticed how his lip curled when the governor kept on calling him ‘doctor,’ just as I happened to be present for about ten minutes on a matter of business. The ‘doctoring’ was all done to impress me, don’t you know; and I suppose the young fellow saw through it.”

"I say, don't make the governor out to be worse than he is," interposed a clerk who had not previously spoken. "He was very kind to his old mother, so long as she lived; used to remit to her regularly."

"Well, why shouldn't he have done so?" retorted the quiet-looking man. "I never suggested that he was unnatural. He is merely like hundreds of other self-made men, full of bluster, but all the time afraid of people's opinion of them. That's why the country cousins are shunted; that's why *we* are likely to suffer through the loss of those bonds. He will be afraid that if he does not sit upon us somehow, we shall think he's to blame in the matter. What an unjust fool a man makes of himself through self-importance!"

My imagination is unreliable when I try to conceive Mr. Pepperdine's state of mind, had he chanced to overhear his character thus talked about by his clerks. "Insolence!" "Gross impertinence!" "Infamous ingratitude!" How feebly inadequate such phrases seem! One thing I feel pretty sure of without troubling imagination at all. He would never have condescended to search for any possible grain of truth in their criticism; not he!

Still our senior partner had something to put up with in the fact that David Heathcote was truly, as one of these clerks said, a gentleman. Consequently, there was a pith of justice in the latter's character (justice to himself, naturally, as well as to others) which made him, unconsciously, of course, most annoying to Mr. Pepperdine. For, while he took upon his own shoulders a fair share of the blame for the loss of those bonds, he repelled with a shrewd dignity that was not to be quarreled with, Mr. Pepperdine's repeated efforts to show that he himself was entirely blameless in the matter.

It need scarcely be said that everything two intelligent merchants could think of was done in the way of searching for the missing documents. However, the upshot was that Mr. Pepperdine one morning entered the sum of four thousand pounds on the debit side of the firm's profit and loss account. Thereupon, Heathcote rose, and leaning across the desk, held out his hand. Alderman Pepperdine, (he had been elected just the day before) took the proffered palm in his own and clasped it officially. A man—even an alderman—can't refuse to shake hands with his future son-in-law. Yet Heathcote's action galled the head of the firm very much; for it emphasized the "six of one and half a dozen of the other" proposition which the young man had all along maintained when the lost bonds were alluded to.

CHAPTER III

A YOUNG MAN'S HOBBY

“I DON'T like to hear girls speak disparagingly of poor people. I always feel it is so mean.”

“Where did you get that notion from, you little Radical?” said David Heathcote, with a glance half tender, half amused, at the sweet face of his betrothed—all the sweeter for the expression of earnest pity on it just then.

“I did not know that it was a radical notion,” replied Clara, blushing. “But this is what I feel—don't laugh at me, Davie—I feel that men, and women, too, who make money for themselves, may perhaps have some kind of right to criticize poverty; but I have never earned a penny in my life, and couldn't if I tried; so, for anyone like me to be severe on the poor, is just about as foolish and mean as for a lame man to scoff at a blind one.”

David's response to this little speech was to take her hand in his as they walked along, and gently raise it to his lips. There was joy in his heart too deep for words. Clara and he had been engaged about three weeks, and although there had been confidences in plenty between them, and much discovery of each other—(Ah! how delightful are those discoveries made in the bright spring-tide of acknowledged love!); still, David Heathcote had remained silent hitherto about one fact in his life. He was in a quiet, unassuming way a practical philanthropist. Together with some half dozen old university friends, he cultivated the hobby of helping the poor. The help given by this band of young men was given unobtrusively. Their motive, they would laughingly say among themselves, was merely enlightened self-interest. They just wanted to avoid becoming snobs. So, altogether they spent rather more than two thousand pounds annually in ways that led to personal contact with the poverty and wretchedness of the metropolis. In fact, when one of these young fellows lent a helping hand to the struggling, it was truly his own hand and not that of a proxy.

Now, as I have said, Heathcote had not yet told Clara anything about this hobby of his. He loved her dearly. He admired the warm-hearted unselfishness of her conduct in the home circle. She could talk sensibly about popular books and about pictures, and she sang sweetly and tenderly. Her father had truly said that she was a good girl. He might have added that she was beautiful. But no handsome man says this of his daughters; he allows common sense to decide the point.

Still, charming girl though she was, Clara had been brought up conventionally. Her mother—daughter, too, of a city merchant—held that a wife's duty began and ended with husband and children. Charities were, of course, to be

supported; but strictly left to the control of clergymen and *passe* spinsters. *She* did not believe in married women neglecting their homes from motives of benevolence.

Now, the words that had just fallen from Clara's lips proved to her lover not merely her freedom from the prejudices of the circle in which she had hitherto lived. They more than hinted that she would be truly his "helpmeet" in good works of the kind he himself delighted in. No wonder, then, that his heart was full of joy. He could begin telling her everything, in full reliance on her active sympathy.

A very simple circumstance had called forth that radical speech of hers. It was Saturday evening. They were crossing Clapham Common on their way to Mr. Pepperdine's house—a large old-fashioned mansion, half hidden by elms and acacias, on the western border of it. The crowd of toilers who make Clapham Common "vulgar" on Saturdays and holidays was slowly straggling Londonwards. Here and there Italian ice merchants had established their barrows and were doing a roaring trade—chiefly, however, with boys and girls of independent means, so to speak. But as is usual there were clusters of penniless children round the barrows, who could only look and long. Into one of these groups Clara had suddenly darted and before David could realize her object, she had spent half a crown in penny ice creams and was handing them round to the longing little ones.

When her task was done and she rejoined him, she looked flushed and excited, and said:

"I often do that when nobody is with me. Mama is so particular, you know. I hope you don't mind, darling."

Then came that little speech of hers, as a sort of apology for her eccentric practices, about the meanness of condemning poor people, etc.

For some little time after this they walked on in silence. David's thoughts are known. He had resolved to tell Clara all about his hobby: he did not know exactly how and when to do so. Then a very simple action of his unexpectedly afforded the desired opportunity. He raised his hat to two ladies who were walking across the Common, at a distance of some fifty yards, in the direction of London. A man who looked like an artisan in his Sunday clothes was in their company.

"Do *you* know those ladies?" inquired Clara, in a tone of surprise."

"One of them is a very dear friend of mine—the shorter of the two"—he replied, smiling.

"That is nice. Then I dare say you can explain what has puzzled us all for ever so long. We have often seen her out on the common at quiet times of the day with a whole troop of little girls. She can't keep a school, for those children

are too familiar with her. They call her 'Auntie'; but none of them look like sisters, and there are so many of them, and—"

"You can't imagine any rational explanation of her? Well, her name is Mrs. Ruffe—I'll tell you that much; and I have an appointment to see her in two hours' time—about 8 o'clock. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, yes; I shall be delighted; but, Davie, I must really know more about her now."

"'Let patience have its perfect work', my darling," replied he, with mock solemnity.

"Very well; I shall repeat that sentiment, sir, when next you want—"

She stopped short in her speech and blushed delightfully. David read in her eyes her unspoken thought. It is just possible that he might, a few minutes later, have tested her resolution, when they entered the seclusion of Mr. Pepperdine's grounds. But unfortunately, the merchant's carriage could be seen, standing at the door, and he was just getting into it. He was to be feasted by one of the city companies that evening in honor of his election as Alderman.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Money-Getting *versus* Art

by W. A. R.



IT is no less true of Music than of the other Arts, that in our day and age, even as an art, it represents to the people a certain commercial value. Money, or what in this light is practically the same thing, the acquiring of money, is accepted as the primary object, which the highest degree of proficiency in the art of music is made to serve. The great collective mind of the human race, is thinking today along commercial lines. Whatever talents or abilities a man may have, there can be, in the eyes of the world, but one purpose to which they will be devoted; they are nurtured, developed, and educated with that end in view—the accumulation of wealth.

The spirit of greed has forced its way into, and taken up its abode in the hearts and minds of men, and is making use of various capabilities as instruments with which to satisfy its own love of gain. Under its influence, men have become used to thinking of nothing more than to do its bidding, dashing ahead in a wild sort of chase, with but a single idea, toward the greatest possible altitude

of proficiency in whatever direction their chosen work may lie—for, “to the victor belong the spoils.”

The greatest musician, if he have, beside his art, any business or commercial ability, must become as a matter of course, a man of more or less wealth; if not, then he is looked upon by his fellow artists and the world at large as a failure. This condition in which we find the music and musicians of today, seems to have been led up to by a gradual departure from the lines of true art. A century or so ago, we find the devotees of music holding up as an ideal, the musician who, laying aside the common object of wealth, would give himself up to art for art's sake. He was put on a pedestal and worshiped in a sentimental way by a few for his sacrifice. He represented to them the acme of unselfishness, an example of devotion to, and love for higher ideals and principles. We find that as a rule such men have died in comparative obscurity, little loved and less appreciated.

In still earlier times, we find it almost demanded of one who would be a really great artist, that he live and work for his art alone. The musician whose aim was high, entered into the spirit of what seemed to be the highest plane of music. To the people of his time, this seemed to be a path of a great sacrifice, that needs must lead to the highest pinnacle of glory in art.

The artist of our modern times looks back with reverence to the great stars that illuminated the musical world of that period. That men should have been so utterly unselfish as to give up their lives for the sole purpose of becoming great in their art, is almost beyond their power of comprehension. It is indeed from our every day point of view, so to speak, a high standard of art-morals; almost martyrdom to people who can see and understand very little if anything beyond the love of wealth. But to go a step further and demand that the musician sacrifice all love of name, fame, and greatness, at once establishes a standard that is altogether beyond understanding. Still these things must be renounced, before the man can hope to become the *true artist*.

The musician who would make for himself through his art, a name and fame to go down in the annals of history, that the world might read and admire, is but the unconscious victim of a selfishness, far more subtle and far-reaching in its effect than is the greed of gain. He is then indulging a soul-destroying passion for personal ends, simply following the desires of a spirit of egotism; the dupe of a de-spiritualizing vanity, that is a greater menace to pure and lofty artistic conceptions than the love of money, since it operates on a higher plane of intelligence.

But before the man can become the true artist, he must have killed out desire for fame, emolument, and self-advancement. By forgetting self, by conquering the lower personality, he must be willing to live for the sake of his art, to seek in it a power that will uplift his fellow men. Then he will find in his soul the joy of true art, for true art is the voice of the soul.

Our personalities have ever been the greatest stumbling-blocks in the pathway that leads to the region of the soul. But once the musician, forgetting self, catches a glimpse of the light of true art through the soul touch, he loses himself in contemplation of the Beautiful, the Good, and the True. Then the great living power of music in all its radiance and grandeur, works in and through him, making of this man an artist, a soul, whose light reflects the universal life. His individuality is henceforth a point from which the divine Soul of Music radiates as a living power out into the hearts of men and the life of humanity.

St. Paul's Teachings

by H. T. E.



For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—*Romans viii; 18*

NO one can read with an unprejudiced mind the chapter from which this text is taken, without seeing that the writer was striving to impress his readers with his own most earnest conviction—that a glorification and a revelation awaits those who live according to the higher law.

He speaks of Christ in two ways: first, as the Teacher, Jesus; secondly, as the Higher Self in every human being. This distinction is well shown in verse 11:

If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

Nowhere can we find justification for the belief that Jesus Christ was unique, and that ordinary man cannot attain to glorification. Such a doctrine is a perversion, invented either by the faithless, for the purpose of excusing their own offenses; or by the tyrannical, for the purpose of keeping men down.

Paul himself is full of faith and enthusiasm for the perfectibility of man. He echoes the words of his Teacher and proclaims in the strongest terms man's divine nature.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. . . .

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

We ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our body.

It is very important to know that the teachings of The Universal Brotherhood are not opposed to true Christianity; but it is necessary to clear the name of Christ and his message from all the calumnies and misrepresentations which have grown up around them. In the times of Christ and Paul people were struggling, as they are now, against one of those high-tides of materialism and sensualism that sweep over the earth in the Black Age and from time to time threaten to submerge it.

But the "lamp of spiritual discernment" is never suffered to go out, and enough of its light is always diffused to enable the race to survive the dark cycle.

The Universal Brotherhood is but reviving the old message of hope and faith in the divinity and power of manhood; and in terms adapted to present conditions.

False prophets there may be; but these are to be judged "by their fruits." And the "fruits of the Spirit" are enumerated for our guidance. Where we see one individual proclaiming himself as *the* Christ, or a small coterie claiming exclusive powers and privileges; there we recognize the vanity that is *not* of the Spirit. The fruits of the Spirit are seen where people are found working in the cause of justice, true freedom of the heart, purity, and brotherhood.

A Climb to Rest

by LUCY LARCOM—*Selected*

STILL must I climb if I would rest:
 The bird soars upward to his nest;
 The young leaf on the tree-top high
 Cradles itself within the sky.

I cannot in the valley stay;
 The great horizons stretch away!
 The very cliffs that wall me round
 Are ladders into higher ground.

And heaven draws near as I ascend:
 The breeze invites, the stars befriend.
 All things are beckoning to the Best:
 I climb to thee, my God, for rest!—*Selected*

The Old vs. the New Century

by H. T. P.



FASCINATING as is the history of the United States, and of the last century it will, apparently, be totally eclipsed by that of the present century, and of Africa in particular. Just what is to come forth from present conditions, who can tell? Certainly something different not merely in degree but in kind from what was brought forth by the conditions of a little over one hundred years ago; and though one cannot forecast the character of the coming *renaissance*, yet one can foretell that we are in the inception of one—one which is bound to make all preceding ones almost *nil* by the force of contrast.

There are South America, Africa, Australia, the Pacific islands—all awaiting development. The same energy; the same blood that poured into the United States is pouring into these places with that of the United States added. These parts of the earth are having great cities, and towns and villages, built in them; railroads laid and equipped; telegraph lines established; steamships launched; with mail service and the rest of the paraphernalia of modern commerce and civilization. Ten years, now, means more than one hundred years did one hundred years ago. The evidences of this follow one another with bewildering activity. Let us take Africa, for example.

From Cape Town to Bulawayo—fifteen hundred miles—a train *de luxe* is now being run. Yet, less than thirty years ago, Bulawayo was in the midst of a wild country, it being there that the prince imperial of France was killed by asagais of the Zulus fighting under Cetawayo.

At Bulawayo the Beira-Salisbury, (coming from the north and extended southward) has formed a junction with the one referred to above.

This line—the Beira-Salisbury—is due to cross the Zambesi river at Victoria Falls not later than the end of 1903.

From Victoria Falls it will be extended north—as per agreement already entered into at Brussels—to the Kongo border; thence to Lake Kasali, on the Lu-alaba—one of the principal reaches of the Kongo.

Another railroad is about to be built from Stanley Falls—on the Kongo—to Lake Albert Nyanza. This great body of inland water being already connected by rail and river with Egypt and the Mediterranean.

The Kongo system of travel, by means of a railroad built, a few years since, around Stanley Falls, is already sufficiently perfected to have opened up about ten thousand miles of navigable river—the Kongo and its affluents—to communication and colonization.

Lines are already in existence, or being worked up, which, running easterly and westerly, will connect the Cape to Cairo railroad, when built, with the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean.

The above only touches English, Belgian and German activity. The French and Italians are also at work in other quarters of the "dark continent."

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

What is Raja Yoga?

Why should this term be used as the title of the Point Loma School?

THE second question may be answered in a word, viz: that the school is so named because this name expresses both the purpose of the school and the method by which that purpose may be attained.

Raja Yoga means literally "royal union," or kingly brotherhood, and is the harmonious development of the whole nature, physical, mental and moral. Raja Yoga means *mens sana in corpore sano* and it teaches that true growth and development can come only where balance is maintained between the different parts of human nature, as mentioned, and where one is not developed at the expense of another. Into modern education has crept the fever and the competition of modern life, and even where, as in many cases, an attempt is made to keep these out of school life, they too often creep into the home, and in the majority of cases there is a great gap between home life and school life. The environment, influences, and standards are different and confuse the expanding mind of the child and stunt its growth.

In the complete Raja Yoga system of training, the home and school life are combined, as at Point Loma. Katherine Tingley, in answer to a question as to how much has been accomplished with the children in so short a time, recently said: "We build a healthy body for the child, give it the best possible environment and inculcate the loftiest ideas of cleanliness and personal purity. We eliminate fear from its mind by giving it our confidence and love, and encourage even the smallest child to feel its responsibility. We teach the child its duty to its little comrades, that 'helping and sharing is what brotherhood means,' thus implanting a strong desire to begin early to render noble service to humanity."

Katherine Tingley has also said of this school that "through it and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical life, and the laws of physical, moral and mental health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with Nature. They will become passionate lovers of all

that breathes. They will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world." This is Raja Yoga.

STUDENT

IMPARTIALITY—NOT IGNORANCE

IN a law court the other day the counsel for the defendant in a certain case maintained that an impartial jury could not be obtained in the city where the trial was taking place. He brought forward many affidavits showing that the citizens resented certain action of the defendant in reference to the city, he himself—strange as it may seem—also resented such action, and for this cause he argued there could not be found a sufficient number of fair-minded impartial men to serve on the jury in a trial in which this man was defendant.

It was in one sense amusing, but oh! how pitiful; what a distorted sense of justice and responsibility it showed on the part of the counsel; for the whole trend of his argument, based on the affidavits presented, was that because the affiants and he himself were indignant at what they and he held to be wrong—therefore the citizens could not act justly. Such an attitude is a travesty on the name of justice, it makes impartiality synonymous with ignorance. Have we come to such a point that we must not be indignant at wrong doing? Methinks this age is an age of seeming, verily; let us *talk* justice, and charity and brotherhood, these form a good cloak for our acts of selfishness and injustice. But let us talk calmly. If the honor of a woman is assailed, if a child is brutally treated, let us argue about it and treat the assailant and the brute with gentle, courteous consideration. To recognize the enormity and brutality of the crime, to be indignant, would according to our friend, the lawyer above referred to, imply partiality.

But I maintain that no one who is not indignant at wrong is impartial. To be passive, to be unstirred, marks the man who is partial to evil, whose nobler instincts and finer sensibilities of honor and purity have been dulled. The impartial man is the man of honor and of knowledge, the man who recognizes the evil for what it is and whose heart is set upon counteracting and removing it.

I am not in favor of lynch law, which I regard to be merely revengeful and not protective, but I do honor straightforward virile action in protection of those who are assailed and in defense of honor, truth, nobility, purity. Let us put words and argument in their right place, but at least let our words and our argument uphold the right, and recognizing evil, let us not fear to be impartial through our indignation at the evil, and—let us act at the right time and in the right place, fearlessly and vigorously. We need a little more wholesome whole heartedness in our actions. We calculate too much, we are too fearful of our positions and of public opinion, and because of this attitude our very sense of right is dulled.

J. H. FUSSELL

Mirror of the Movement



**Great Victory
for
Katherine Tingley**

On January 12th Katherine Tingley, head of The Universal Brotherhood at Point Loma, was awarded a verdict in the Superior Court for \$7500 in her suit for libel against Harrison Gray Otis and the *Times-Mirror* Publishing Company of Los Angeles. Compared with suits for libel tried in California, the damages awarded Katherine Tingley are considered to be very heavy. A lie an hour ahead of the truth is very difficult to overtake and refute. But all Theosophists know there is a law higher than man's which gives to all their due. "Tomorrow it shall judge or after many days." It is that law by which as a man sows so shall he reap, and none can escape the consequences of his own deeds or words.

* * *

From the Los Angeles *Herald*, January 13th

**Brought to Bay
by a Woman**

The jury in the Tingley-Otis libel trial has awarded the plaintiff damages in sum of \$7500. At last the self-styled hero of the Rubicon has been brought to bay — and by a woman. The stuffed warrior of paid write-ups, the brutal assassin of character, the would-be dictator of politics and society, the keeper of a "blacklist" based upon his own treachery and unscrupulous ambition, has been halted in his campaign of calumny and abuse, rebuked by the courts and held up to scorn and ridicule — and by a woman. Otis has been branded as a thief of other people's good reputations — and by a woman.

The story of the case, simmered down to a paragraph, is that Otis made unwarranted attacks on Mrs. Tingley's reputation, and when brought to book in the courts failed utterly to prove them. The rulings of the court were frequently against him during the trial, but this was because, in order to cover up the weakness of his case, he attempted to bring in extraneous matters. The judge made him hew to the line. For years Otis has made his newspaper an instrument to vent his own personal spite and hatred, using his weapons as only cowards use them.

By stealth and by innuendo he has assailed reputations, slandered character and vilified respectability. Now, a woman, under the law of the land, has defied him and exposed the iniquitous character of his methods.

Otis could not be elected dog-catcher of Los Angeles, but for years, on the strength of his newspaper ownership, he has been a seeker after public pap. He has one war record made to order by the Los Angeles *Times*, another, which has not yet been officially made public, and still another consisting of paid write-ups. This is the man, the bold warrior, the newspaper dictator, the pen and ink assassin, who, compelled for once against his will to fight fair, has been worsted — by a woman. It is too much to expect that the snake will not hiss, that it will not continue to eject its poisonous venom; but the snake has been scotched — and by a woman.

From the *Los Angeles Herald*, January 11th, 1903

ANOTHER SUIT AGAINST OTIS

Mrs. Tingley Files Fresh Complaint--- Alleging a Conspiracy to Extort Blackmail

SAN DIEGO, January 10th—While Samuel M. Shortridge of San Francisco was closing the argument for the defendant in the Tingley-*Times* \$50,000 libel suit about 4 o'clock this afternoon, a sheriff's deputy stepped into the court room and served upon Harrison Gray Otis, president of the *Times-Mirror* company, a summons in an action for \$75,000, brought by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, alleging that he is a party to a conspiracy with his city editor, Henry E. Andrews; a *Times* reporter named Lanier Bartlett; Mrs. M. Leavitt, the woman who gave the interview upon which the pending libel suit is based, and E. W. Schmidt, to blackmail and extort money from the plaintiff.

* * *

From *The San Diego Union*, January 11th, 1903

THE LATEST PERSECUTION

Truth as to the Way in Which Action Was Brought by Attorney Beloate Against Katherine Tingley

THE following message has just been received by Katherine Tingley from Dolores de Acosta, the mother of the Cuban boy, who has been the subject of the recent *babeas corpus* proceedings :

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, January 10th, 1903

I was greatly shocked on learning today that Lawyer Beloate had put me in the position of having charged you with imprisoning Calixto. I emphatically deny having any such idea.

Beloate has greatly exceeded his instructions. I understand that Beloate would present to you a request for the child when you could give to Beloate, and that would be all unless you absolutely refused to return the child to Cuba.

I would not even have agreed to let Beloate ask you for the child after saying the child could come with the teachers, although he was not here on January 1st, except that on account of very bad statements in a letter of Beloate to Mr. Cordova, my son-in-law, against you and your school, which greatly agitated and alarmed me when the child did not arrive by January 1st. It was by reason of the alarm and fright occasioned by Beloate's letter that I cabled him to reclaim child energetically, without waiting to inquire of you or your representatives in Santiago in the cause of delay in the child's coming. After hearing yesterday that some legal action had been taken in my name by Beloate, and after learning from your representative here, Mr. Hanson, that the child would come with you to Cuba as promptly as you could arrange to come here, after the conclusion of the great suit which you were obliged to remain to conduct, which in all probability I understood would be within sixty days, I cabled Beloate to dismiss all legal proceedings in regard to the boy. I did this also for the reason that I began to realize that I had been misled by misrepresentations made by Beloate.

If it will help you to clear me of having falsely charged you with imprisoning Calixto as imputed to me, you have my permission to publish this cable.

DOLORES DIAZ DE ACOSTA

The signature to the letter is witnessed by Porfirio Carcasse, Notary Public, and authenticated by the American Consul, R. E. Holiday, 8 P. M.

After the publication of the above Lawyer S. R. Beloate very quickly applied to the court to have the case dismissed, which was done.

* * *

A Statement from MRS. RICHMOND-GREEN, reprinted from the *San Diegan-Sun*, January 9th, 1903

**Vicious but Futile
Efforts to
Obstruct the Work
of Katherine Tingley**

In connection with the *babeas corpus* proceedings begun in the local courts yesterday, to recover from the Point Loma Homestead the person of Calixto Diaz, the following statement is furnished the *Sun* by Mrs. Richmond-Green of Massachusetts, one of the oldest workers in The Universal Brotherhood, a recognized philanthropist, and who worked with Mrs. Tingley immediately after the Spanish-American war in her relief expedition to Cuba, and who is therefore peculiarly familiar with the conditions in Cuba:

“In view of the fact that Mrs. Tingley had arranged to have three Cuban children carried back to Cuba this month by some of her teachers and had so informed their relatives, the *babeas corpus* served on her yesterday through the lawyer, Mr. Beloate, for the custody of one of these children, Calixto, has a singular significance as coming just at this time, and especially so for the reason that the last communication which Mrs. Tingley received from Calixto’s mother was the following cable message: ‘I am glad that Calixto can come with your teachers. I do not want you to let Mr. Beloate get him,’ her signature being duly attested.

“The plan of Mrs. Tingley’s enemies has been continuously to get hold of some one from that school whom they could say had been rescued. It is a well-known fact that several people in California and especially in Los Angeles and one or more in San Diego are especially interested in the success of this plan and as time goes on it is said that Mrs. Tingley will have some remarkable revelations for the public which will accentuate the determination of her open and hidden enemies to destroy the Brotherhood institution at Point Loma.

“This special case, if it is not available in any court trial, might serve to be carried over the wires to the press throughout the land in order to create a public sentiment against Katherine Tingley, the Raja Yoga School and the other departments with which she is connected. The Raja Yoga School contains over one hundred children from different parts of the world, English, Irish, Germans, French, Swedes, Cubans, negro and Americans and in connection with this work it may be stated that three attempts to work up a *babeas corpus* have been made.

“One case was that of Bertha Griswold, a little less than thirteen months ago—note that the date was about the time when the libel suit was first brought against the *Los Angeles Times*. This man Griswold got out a *babeas corpus* for the custody of his daughter, Bertha, who had come to the institution for protection after her mother died and who already had a guardian appointed in order to protect herself from her father, who she said had failed in his duty to her mother for years. Katherine Tingley appeared in court with her lawyer and Bertha Griswold with her lawyer and with her guardianship papers in her hand. The moment the court opened Dr. Griswold withdrew his case. Miss Griswold said that he never came to the institution before he served the paper to inquire after her, and never wrote that he was coming to California, and that he never made any application to the officials of the institution or had any communication with them, and it is her firm belief that he must have had some money inducement to do as he did. Her mother was a good woman, and accord-

ing to her statement before her death, she wished her child to have nothing to do with her father from whom she had been separated for many years.

“The next attack which followed a very short time after this, and less than a year ago, was made by John G. Bohn of Chicago, who had come with his wife and his two children to Point Loma, as he stated, to leave her there for three months for rest and health while he traveled in his business interests. He even went so far when he arrived as to interview Mrs. Tingley and apply for the admission of his children to the Raja Yoga School during the three months in question, and this Mrs. Tingley refused, advising him to get a servant to care for them. After this refusal, something happened to Mr. Bohn. It was evident to those familiar with the case at Point Loma and with his doings, that he was baffled in some way. He went away, however, taking leave of his wife and saying that he would return in three months to go home, and the next day to her amazement he appeared with a double-seated carriage and a strange man and attempted to abduct her children. Through the mother’s determined intervention he failed, and the next day he got out a *habeas corpus* against Katherine Tingley, declaring that she was imprisoning his two children. Katherine Tingley appeared in court with her lawyer, and as in the Griswold case, Mr. Bohn dismissed his suit and departed. Mrs. Grace Bohn explained that before coming to Point Loma efforts had been made to take her children from her, and she blames Dr. Mary Green for all her trouble. She has now filed a suit in the superior court of San Diego against John G. Bohn for divorce, naming the said Dr. Mary Green as co-respondent.

“She also asks for the custody of her children, whom Mr. Bohn succeeded in getting hold of by a later suit in Los Angeles, Mr. Hunsaker, one of the attorneys for Mr. Otis, being one of Mr. Bohn’s counsel.

“The next case of a similar character was brought about through the efforts of the Rev. McCausland, who is not now in San Diego, and who will be remembered as being one of the ministers who took an active part in getting the local ministers to sign a protest against the teachings emanating from Point Loma. He has, it is stated, been busily occupied in having the parents of the Cuban children informed that their children, who are going to the Point Loma school, are in an improper institution, with many other damaging references. The result was that the trusting Cuban mothers, who sent their little children to the Raja Yoga School to receive the free education and maintenance at Katherine Tingley’s hands, became alarmed. They had faith in her, for they knew of much of her good work for the sick and starving Cubans after the war, but it was a clergyman who had said these things, and an American clergyman! This work of Mr. McCausland and the one with whom he was in correspondence in Cuba, did not succeed as was expected. Out of all the relatives and parents of the many Cuban children in that school, only one poor, sick, epileptic mother was influenced to make a demand for her child. As the child was already on its way back to Cuba with one of Mrs. Tingley’s agents, she having been informed that the parent was now in a position to support it, which was not so before, she foiled the efforts of her enemies to make a situation of a child being rescued. Mr. Beloate, who was employed by Mr. McCausland, did not secure the custody of the child, and some of the yellow journals were robbed of a sensational story of a child being rescued, to the frightful disappointment of Katherine Tingley’s enemies. As this boy had been sent by Emilio Bacardi to the Raja

Yoga School, he was taken by one of the teachers to Emilio Bacardi, and in the presence of friends of the editor of *El Cubano Libre*, the boy gave a glowing account of the kindness he had received, and so his testimony has been useless to the enemy for the purpose intended by them.

“We know from information received that for a long time past Senor Insula, the editor of a second-class paper in Santiago, has been working as agent for some one in California in publishing the slanderous statements from California papers and keeping up a constant alarm among the Cuban mothers. There is no question in the minds of those who know, that Calixto’s mother has been induced by some very strong pressure to work at this opportune moment. The editor of the *Republica*, the Senor Insula who has been mentioned, was a catspaw in the hands of Katherine Tingley’s California enemies.

“He was shot and killed on the first of this month in the streets of Santiago by Senor Corona, a National Senator. Insula and three confederates attacked Senor Corona with sticks and beat him frightfully before he drew his revolver in self-defense and fired into the crowd with the result, as has been said, that Insula was killed.

“Insula was to have been served this week with papers in a libel suit brought by Katherine Tingley. When the trial of Corona takes place Katherine Tingley’s lawyers in Cuba expect to get into the true inwardness of Insula, who had his connections with our enemies in California and other States. As Calixto’s letters within the last two weeks have been published in the *Cubano Libre*, brim full of joyful expressions of gratitude to Katherine Tingley for all the kindness he has received, it will be very difficult for Calixto to be handled by her enemies, especially in view of the cable message which is quoted above.”

* * *

Tingley-“Times” Libel Suit

The suit for malicious libel against the Los Angeles *Times-Mirror-Harrison Gray Otis*, et al., was begun December 16th. Mrs. Tingley rested her case early in the trial, the remainder of the time being occupied by attempts of the defendants to introduce depositions of irresponsible persons containing matter of no bearing on the case and intended to begot the true issue—matter which after argument by counsel the court ruled as inadmissible point by point. The defense has not been able to produce any evidence which would in any way mitigate the malice of the libelous articles.

By the processes of selection and elimination it has proven a very easy task for such newspapers as were inclined to serve Otis, to color their reports of the trial in such a way as to be highly pleasing to the *Times* and its proprietor, while in some instances—notably the San Francisco *Examiner*—the actual proceedings of the court have been so distorted and misquoted as to incline Mrs. Tingley to consider this a vicious and slanderous attack upon herself rather than a report of the trial.

With but very few exceptions the American press has been flooded with articles against Katherine Tingley, an American woman, denouncing her throughout the length and breadth of the land, and behind this has been a religious persecution that is not paralleled even in the darkest of the Middle Ages. One of these exceptions is the Los Angeles *Herald*, one of the few daily newspapers in Southern California, indeed in the entire State, which is independent

in its action on lines of justice. Another paper, the Los Angeles *Saturday Post*, has shown independent spirit and love of justice by asking for the truth, and in response to its request, Katherine Tingley, busy as she was, wrote the article, "The Life at Point Loma," which is reprinted in this issue.

* * *

**Release of the
Cuban Children**

December 6th brought the joyful news of the release of the Cuban children, as shown in the following press dispatch :

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 6th, 1902.—The eleven Cuban children who have been detained at New York during the past several weeks by the immigration authorities were ordered released today by the Treasury Department, and they will immediately proceed to the Point Loma Brotherhood School in California.

"This decision was reached after a hearing at the Department today at which counsel for the Gerry Society of New York and persons interested in the school were heard.

"The meeting was behind closed doors. The chief witness for the Point Loma Institution was Commissioner-General of Immigration Sargent, who told of his thorough personal investigation of the Raja Yoga School and reported it entirely responsible financially, and morally above criticism. It is understood that Commissioner Sargent spoke in the highest terms of the Institution. His report was quite lengthy, containing over 6000 words and setting forth the results of his investigation with great particularity."

The incident of "The detention of the Eleven Cuban Children at New York" was closed as far as the fact itself is concerned, by their safe arrival at Point Loma Homestead, but later the public may hear something further, for Katherine Tingley has not dropped the matter. They arrived on the evening of the 13th in charge of Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, the Superintendent of the Raja Yoga School, and accompanied by President D. C. Reed of the San Diego Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who had met the party at New Orleans in order to afford the protection of his Society against further machinations of the enemies of our work, and Comrade Ross White of Macon, Georgia, who had at much sacrifice joined the party on the way and rendered invaluable service.

That the reception was a glorious one, goes without saying. The party was received in the Rotunda of the Homestead, which had been beautifully and profusely decorated with flags of all nations, flowers, and graceful festoons of the beautiful "pepper tree" branches with their clusters of red berries. In the center of the Rotunda stood twelve chairs also decorated, awaiting their long-expected occupants. The comrades were assembled in the balconies waiting for the glad moment when they could give expression to their feelings in hearty welcome.

As the carriages drove up to the east entrance, they were met by the older children of the Raja Yoga School, who with joyous shouts of welcome and hearty cheers carried the little travelers to their seats, the assembled comrades joining in the grand ovation, in the midst of which could be heard the inspiring strains of the national anthem of Cuba, rendered by the Homestead Orchestra.

Three rousing cheers were given for the Hon. Frank P. Sargent, Secretary Shaw of the Treasury and all the good Government officials who had so nobly risen to the call for justice,

and so thoroughly maintained American honor and freedom ; each in turn received this heartfelt recognition, as did Senors Bacardi and Ortiz, who so nobly stood for Cuba's rights and for the honor of the Raja Yoga School which they had so thoroughly investigated. The comrades in New York to whose indefatigable efforts so much is due, Elizabeth and Albert G. Spalding and Oluf Tyberg, were cheered to the echo, and the representatives of the School in Cuba, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hanson, Miss Herbert and Mr. Turner, might have heard the cheers given in response to their names if they had only been listening. No one was forgotten. Mr. Frederic R. Kellogg, Katherine Tingley's New York attorney, the Mayor and officials of San Diego, County Superintendent of Schools Hugh J. Baldwin, ex-Mayor Reed, Collector of the Port W. W. Bowers, the citizens of San Diego, and all who rendered service in this battle for the right — and their name is legion — were hailed as sharers in the victory.

A special ovation was given to Dr. Van Pelt for the courage she had shown, and the untiring vigilance displayed throughout the trying circumstances of this historical journey. In her reply she recognized that while all concerned had done so nobly, it was to the wisdom and generalship of the Leader that success was in reality obtained. It was the knowledge of the Leader's wisdom which had sustained her, when everything seemed to indicate that the enemies would triumph at least temporarily under the extraordinary powers granted the irresponsible Gerry Society by the Commonwealth of New York. The glorious victory gained, and the crushing defeat of the enemies, justify that trust a thousand-fold and fill her with a courage which no future circumstances or dangers can ever disturb.

After some short speeches, and an original chorus by the Raja Yoga School Choir, entitled "Hail to Cuba," the tired but happy travelers were escorted to the dining-room and thence to their well-earned and welcome repose — safe from all danger, in their little homes among the Raja Yoga children who had waited for them so long.

* * *

Christmas in Loma-land

Merry Christmas finds no fuller exemplification of the joys of giving, and doing for others, than among the children of Loma-land. The spirit in which our Raja Yoga children observe this joyous season is a great object lesson of right thought, right speech and right action; there is no sign of the ordinary selfish conjecture, "What am I going to get," the whole trend of speech and action being, "What can I do best that will give joy to others;" and it is not between themselves alone that this spirit exists, but it extends to the comrades, teachers and helpers.

Of course they held a meeting — one of the "mysteries" of Loma-land, for it was a secret one — yet like other "mysteries in Loma-land" it was merely that they might "do good in secret," a lesson taught by Jesus two thousand years ago, but not learned nor understood by many of his professed followers.

Plans were there and then made for the festival and for the gifts which they wished to give their teachers and helpers. Many of the gifts were made by their own hands, and in addition each child made out a list of articles to be purchased for him or her, in the city.

As the sun sank out of sight in the Pacific ocean, and the stars appeared one by one, shining brighter and brighter as the after glow of sunset faded out, the children gathered in

joyous expectancy of the arrival of Santa Claus who was to conduct them to the rotunda of the Homestead where a large and beautifully illuminated Christmas tree awaited admiration and despoliation.

After many cries of "lo here" and "lo there," at last the jingling of merry bells was heard, and soon the real messenger appeared, clad in white, with ruddy cheeks and flowing snow-white beard, who with cheery voice announced that Christmas eve and Santa Claus had come once more, and called for all good boys and girls to follow him to a place where joy and loving gifts awaited them.

Undoubtedly all were good—for none stayed behind—and the murmur of many childish voices, and the patter of many little feet followed the snowy figure and the jingling bells into the Homestead and ranged themselves around the Christmas tree. As they did so, two other Santas came in, each with an enormous pack upon his back to help in the distribution, for there were many children and many gifts.

Of course, among the others, the eleven Cuban children who have become famous on account of their outrageous treatment by the Gerry society in New York which detained them there for over five weeks, jeopardizing their health to a very serious degree as time has shown. There were also present all the comrades, who from the balconies, enjoyed the happy scene. Among the guests were Mr. Ross White of Macon, Georgia, Mr. Oluf Tyberg of Brooklyn and Mrs. H. K. Richmond-Green. Mrs. Richmond-Green delighted the children by her recitation of the thrilling tale of "'Twas the night before Christmas." The children sang a number of their beautiful songs, which with music from the orchestra and the distribution of gifts made up the evening's entertainment.

The little tots did not come over to the Homestead, but went to bed as usual, with the sunset and the birds, and on Christmas day enjoyed their own tree in their little Group home. All of the Group homes were beautifully decorated for the occasion.

* * *

**Meeting at
Isis Theatre**

On the Sunday following the arrival of Senors Bacardi and Ortiz, one of the largest and probably most enthusiastic meetings ever held in Isis Theatre, greeted Katherine Tingley and her distinguished Cuban guests.

From first to last the meeting, which took the form of a public reception and ovation to the Cuban representatives, was a splendid success. The appearance of the Cuban gentlemen on the stage was the signal for prolonged applause, during which the audience arose and enthusiastically cheered the visitors. The same unusual mark of honor was also paid to Katherine Tingley at the close of her eloquent and spirited address.

There was a touch of Cuban national colors in the decorations, and the group of Cuban and American children from the Raja Yoga School carried two large silk flags—Old Glory and the Star of Cuba.

The Raja Yoga children sang several of their beautiful songs and choruses, all of them being repeatedly encored, but none so much so as the beautiful anthem composed and set to music by the Point Loma students, entitled "Hail to Cuba."

At the conclusion of the children's program Mr. E. A. Neresheimer introduced the Hon. Emilio Bacardi, declaring that while the Cuban gentleman was no stranger to the English

language, he naturally preferred to speak in his native tongue, and that Dr. Charles J. Lopez of New Orleans would act as interpreter.

Senor Bacardi, when the applause of the audience had subsided and he was able to make himself heard, began his address in well-chosen English, but soon reverted to the Spanish. His words were faithfully interpreted by Dr. Lopez. He spoke of the great satisfaction he had in addressing the citizens of San Diego, as a representative of his native city of the same name in Cuba; of the work that had been done for Cuba from San Diego, and the brotherly feeling which existed between Santiago and San Diego on account of that work; of the fact that San Diego had taken the children of Cuba under its care, had surrounded them with love, and that they were safe under its protection; and of the feeling of brotherhood which American people were spreading throughout the world.

He was followed by Senor Ortiz, who gave an interesting account of the establishment of his paper, *El Cubano Libre*, amidst the strife with Spain by Maceo, and how it had been handed to him to carry on, which he had done to the present time. He had not believed the sensational reports in regard to the treatment of children at Point Loma, but he came with Senor Bacardi in order to be able to speak from personal knowledge so that he might refute these calumnies without possibility of question.

Katherine Tingley followed in the address of the evening. Her remarks dealt principally with Cuba and the Cuban people, their early history and the record of their nobility left by Columbus; their intense patriotism; of the sympathy of true American people for them, and the helping hand given by America in their struggle for liberty; she said, "You know that we have declared that we went to their rescue in the name of humanity. Would it not be a strange thing if we had now ceased our interest in Cuba? I cannot conceive of anything more natural than that a body of people who profess to work for brotherhood should go down there and establish such a work as we have done." In conclusion she said: "All honor to these men, our guests, who have come to Point Loma. . . . I am certain that this time will be historical. This outrage perpetrated against the Cubans by the Gerry society in New York, has made us all more united. Surely, if it be true that Gerry rules New York, that State should be better protected, and now that the American people have realized the enormity of this outrage, I believe we are going to see the dawn of a new time."

* * *

**Address of
Katherine Tingley
on "Death"**

On December 7th Katherine Tingley again spoke at Isis Theatre in regard to which *The San Diego Union* reports as follows: "The address of Katherine Tingley at Isis Theatre last evening was one of the most beautiful and inspiring pieces of natural eloquence and word picturing that a San Diego audience has ever heard. After a brief reference to her victory in winning from the highest authority of the land the custody of the eleven Cuban children, who were detained at New York through the machinations of the enemies of The Theosophical Movement, she began her address on the subject of 'Death.' In the most impressive language she depicted the rational departure of a soul surrounded by those who placed their trust in the law, and knew that the passing was but a step higher in evolution.

“Except for the applause that frequently interrupted the speaker, the keen interest of the large audience was shown in the utmost stillness that prevailed throughout her entire discourse. Not a word was lost, even to those highest in the gallery, and every sentence and gesture was followed with the utmost interest. Although recognized as a powerful and persuasive speaker, her theme, her natural grace and unstudied eloquence, her remarkable earnestness of tone and manner last evening seemed to reveal her in a new light to many, and she received from her audience even higher endorsement than the most enthusiastic applause—that of rapt, complete attention.”

December 14th. The historical incident known as the “Detention of the Cuban Children,” came to a happy close in the applause which greeted the appearance of Dr. Van Pelt upon the flower-strewn stage of Isis Theatre. The large audience expressed in a positive and hearty manner its admiration of the courage and patience with which Dr. Van Pelt had discharged her most difficult mission, expressing at the same time its pleasure in welcoming her again to Point Loma and to San Diego. It was one of the most memorable meetings of the Brotherhood ever held in Isis Theatre, San Diegans turning out in splendid force—even after the crowded house of the afternoon—and emphasizing their satisfaction of the victory won. The unavoidable absence of Katherine Tingley was regretted by all, and every mention of her name by the speakers called out applause.

The speakers of the evening were William Ross White, President of The Universal Brotherhood Lodge of Macon, Georgia, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt and Mrs. H. K. Richmond-Green of Massachusetts, a co-worker of Katherine Tingley during the first Cuban Crusade at the close of the Spanish-American war. She proved a very eloquent and earnest speaker, and almost instantly won the sympathy and interest of her audience.

On the evening of December 21st another, and the usual, large audience greeted the students of Point Loma. This meeting was devoted almost exclusively to music, the one pleasing exception being an impromptu address on the subject of “Conscience” by Master Thorley. In clearly turned phrases and well chosen words, with a certain dignity of bearing and total lack of self-consciousness, he gave out some good, strong sentences that were endorsed by the audience with hearty applause.

The Leader was present, accompanied by Mrs. Richmond-Green of Southampton, Massachusetts, and Mr. Ross White of Macon, Georgia.

The musical part of the program consisted of Beethoven’s overture to “Prometheus,” selections from Saint-Saens, Ries, Dvorak and Mendelssohn, also four choruses by the Raja Yoga School children.

Each selection was loudly and heartily encored, the entire program being evidently greatly enjoyed.

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To Our Subscribers and Reader.

It is a matter of deep regret to the Editors and their co-workers that delay has occurred in the publication of the current and recent issues of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH. Matters of such urgent importance have demanded immediate attention that it has been impossible to give the requisite time to the preparation and editing of the magazine so that it could be published on time during the past few months. It is hoped that the magazine will very shortly appear again on its regular publication date.

OBSERVER

Reports from Lodges

U. B. L., No. 2, Bristol, England

Members' Lodge meetings have been held as usual during the past month, the subjects being fixed a week in advance, and selected from the Students' Column of *The New Century*. The public meeting, held on Sunday, November 30th, was better attended than ever before, many visitors being present. The music was excellent. The subjects touched on were: Music, Education and the Third Object of the International Brotherhood League, by the representative member. A few questions were sent in and replied to. Several inquiries for literature were made afterwards.

PRESIDENT

December 14th, 1902

Social Entertainment of Bristol Lodge

This, which was held on the 15th of November and again on December 11th, consisted (on the first-named date) of the presentation of *A Promise*, preceded by vocal and instrumental music, at which a large number of visitors were present, and in December of *Hypatia*. The musical items given afterward were very well performed and those who were present appeared well satisfied.

We are glad to welcome Brother F. J. Greenfield (from Torquay), who arrived just before the symposium, after an absence of three years.

E. C.

U. B. Lodge, No. 119, Louisville, Kentucky

Louisville Lodge Universal Brotherhood Organization No. 119 held its regular monthly meeting, Sunday, January 4th, 1903, at its rooms No. 619 First street, under most favorable auspices. This was, beyond doubt, one of the most successful meetings held in the history of the Lodge's work in Louisville. The attendance was the largest and the prospect is that at subsequent meetings the capacity of the rooms will be taxed to the utmost. Judging also from the close attention to the speaker and the subject-matter handled and the consensus of opinion of those present in regard to the work being done by the Lodge, all goes to portend a more successful year than ever before. It is largely due to the fidelity of the old members and a large share to the same devotion to the cause of Universal Brotherhood shown by the younger ones now coming into the Lodge.

The meeting was duly called to order by President Wilson who read the objects of the Brotherhood, and a section from *The Voice of the Silence*. This was followed by a musical selection. Brother Gearhart then gave a half-hour talk on the subject of comparing Buddhism, Christianity and Theosophy, which was one of Brother Gearhart's best efforts.

After other musical selections, the remainder of the meeting was taken up by questions and answers.

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*

January 7th, 1903

U. B. Lodge, No. 1, Cardiff (Wales), England

The Cardiff Lodge is carrying on the work of The Universal Brotherhood actively and enthusiastically and successfully. We conduct the meetings in accordance with the Circular of Suggestions, and at members' meetings prepare and discuss the subjects to be taken up at the public meetings. Members' meetings are held on Wednesdays at 3:45 P. M., and the Lotus Group and Boys' Club on the same day at 6 P. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Our public meetings are better attended than they have ever been. At the November monthly public meeting several visitors present were much interested, also at the December meeting. Subject for December 7th was "Right Methods of Theosophical Research." The representative of the International Brotherhood League read an account of the detention of the Cuban children at Ellis Island, N. Y., also spoke of Katherine Tingley's work in Cuba for Cuban children. The subject of the November meeting was "An All-round Education." For the January meeting the subject chosen is "The Heart Doctrine."

JOHN MORGAN, JR



Young People's Activities

Girls' Club of London, England

At the opening of the Girls' Club again after the summer holiday, the members were all glad to meet once more in their Brotherhood Home at 3 Vernon place, and each had some incident of interest to relate that had happened since last meeting. Perhaps most attractive of all was the account of a delightful evening spent by one of the members at the Bristol Girls' Club. A most hearty message of good will was delivered to the London Club, with some small pictures painted in the Club and sent as a token of the link that would henceforth be more fully realized by the various Girls' Brotherhood Club workers of the two cities.

The girls then elected their officers for the ensuing three months, placing as President, Daisy Land, one whose membership dates from the inauguration of the Club by Katherine Tingley in 1899. Other members were also elected as Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The roll was then called and some new-comers proposed for membership.

It was arranged that the program of work this autumn should include the making of warm garments for the coming winter, and that time should also be devoted to singing, physical exercise and preparation for an entertainment to be given on Christmas.

Drill costumes were then put on, and the remaining time devoted to marching and dumb-bell exercises. The evening closed with singing, conducted by Mr. Dunn.

L. A. ROBINSON, *Secretary*



Young People's Lodge, Boston, Massachusetts

The first meeting of the Young People's Lodge, for the purpose of establishing the Lodge, choosing and installing its officers, and deciding upon a time and plan of meetings, was held Sunday morning, September 7th, 1902, at 24 Mt. Vernon street. The meeting was opened by Mr. Somersall presiding, who explained to the charter members present the

purposes and hopes of this Lodge, and how pleased the Leader was to have the young people take up this work. He also read extracts from letters of the Secretary-General as to the formation and conduct of the Lodge.

The meeting then chose Donne Millett for its first President, and Irene Somersall for Secretary and Treasurer. These officers then took charge of the meeting, which proceeded to vote that at present no fixed constitution and by-laws be established, but rules and regulations be made by vote of the Lodge, as they became necessary for its benefit and proper conduct, the rules thus established being open to change upon full consideration by the members and a unanimous vote; that the Lodge hold meetings every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock, each meeting to continue one hour; that new officers be chosen every six months, thereby giving all members of the Lodge an opportunity to gain the experience such positions afford; that all applicants for membership be between the ages of 13 and 19 years inclusive, and that an entrance fee of 50 cents and annual dues of 50 cents, in all \$1.00, be required of applicants.

The President then suggested that to help carry on the meetings with that united action necessary for the success of the Lodge, all members bring short quotations every Sunday; that they take turns in preparing original papers to be read at these meetings; that a short article from *The New Century* of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH be read by another member, and that there be as much music at meetings as possible. These suggestions met with the hearty approval of the members and were adopted for the future conduct of the Lodge meetings, open, however, always to change as time and experience made all wiser in the use of their opportunities for still more noble and glorious work.

After some singing and expressions of gladness by the young people for this opportunity given them by the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, the meeting closed.

IRENE SOMERSALL, *Secretary*



Alameda, California, Lotus Group

On December 13th, 1902, the Lotus Group entertainment and bazaar were held, and both were very successful. Songs, pantomimes and dances by the children took up the first part of the evening, closing with the song and tableau, "At Christmas Time." The stage and setting were in white. The children were attired in Greek costumes, with garlands and wreaths of smilax. The bazaar was held in the large gymnasium of the Boys' Brotherhood Club, where the booths were arranged under a canopy of ivy and flowers. The articles disposed of were all the handiwork of the Lotus Buds, representing many classes of work, many of the articles being of artistic beauty and value. Light refreshments were also served. On December 22d we had our Christmas tree and banquet for the Lotus Buds. Before Santa Claus arrived the time was taken up with games. Santa Claus looked as if he were seven feet high and nearly as broad when he came in. Bags of candy, dolls, books and tool chests were distributed among the happy children. Santa asked for a song, and the children sang "Happy Little Sunbeams," "Brothers We" and "At Christmas Time." Then came the banquet for old and young, chocolate, fruits, nuts and cakes, closing with games and a romp in the gymnasium, all feeling love and good will toward all men.

J. O.

Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast
 No backward glances towards the past;
 And though somewhat be lost and gone,
 Yet do thou act as one new-born.—GOETHE

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General Sanchez Hechavarria

One of the noblest examples in public and private life, beloved by all, a man of the highest integrity and honor, a true patriot, warrior and statesman—the memory of General Sanchez Hechavarria will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen and of all lovers of Cuba.

One of his very last acts, while upon his death-bed, was to sign a protest sent to the Government at Washington, demanding the instant release of the eleven Cuban children detained at Ellis Island, New York, while on their way to Point Loma, Cal. It is said that when he heard of the cabled message which, it was claimed, had been received from Cuba and had caused the children to be detained, he expressed not only great regret but disgust that such an unfounded report should emanate from Cuba; nor could he believe that it could have been sent by a Cuban, or that anyone who loved Cuba would work against Katherine Tingley who had done and was doing so much for Cuba and the Cuban children.



Extracts from the discourse of SR. SIMEON POVEDA FERRER, at the meeting held in memory of General Sanchez, January 5th, at *El Centro Nacionalista Maceo*, Santiago de Cuba
 Translation from *El Cubano Libre*

TODAY, united in thought because of our common grief, we meet to pay tribute to an illustrious man, to him who has returned to that land from whence he came. . . .

Grief has its outer and graphic symbolism today, but already within our hearts it has been transmuted into a sweet and sacred song, born of an ideal love and consecrated by the divine majesty of suffering. . . .

Grief-stricken, yet are our people dominated by a common feeling which causes the hearts of all to vibrate in unison as an Æolian Harp. Weep not, for the fire of battle dried his tears, but be thou reverent before the memory of this

man who, another Cincinnatus, gave his country all that he had—his strong arm, his estate, his unblemished honor and his virtue unsullied.

Francisco Sanchez Hechavarría was one of those extraordinary beings who rise at times of crisis. He was the son of a family whose deeds of glory form a bright constellation in the pure sky of our political history. In the war of '95 he proved his brilliant skill both as soldier and gentleman—courage he had, skill, generosity and training.

Shot and shell touched him not, for he was destined to bring to completion an even greater work than the freeing of an enslaved people. He was called, by an unusual state of affairs, to unify this Oriental people on lines of truth and principle and honor, a democracy which tends toward social equality, not by the tearing down of those who are above but by the culture, the uplifting, and the ennobling of those who are below.

An orator fiery as Danton, original as Vergniaud, spontaneous, virile, dignified—he never cared to clothe his thoughts with useless words nor mere literary filagree, repudiating the devices of empiricists. His simplest words, patriotic and courage-inspiring, bespoke the greatness of his soul, the selflessness of a heart which cherished hatred toward naught save tyranny.

Beyond a doubt no contemporary orator was so extravagantly applauded, yet never for applause did he sacrifice his love of truth. His words ever wakened and vivified a glowing love for country and compatriots. Sincerity was his genius, honor his religion, and justice his God.

He was to the people a hope and an ideal and was chosen, by their suffrage, to the highest position as Provincial Governor, the greatest, noblest and most beloved of all in our provinces. In war a perfectly disciplined soldier, in peace and at all times, an accomplished gentleman, he had a soul fitted to create as well as organize, virtues which, united to the patriotic love of his great heart, were strenuously needed for the governing of a people just born, as is Cuba, into a life of liberty and modern rights.

One of our profoundest thinkers, Enrique J. Varona, educator and philosopher, said not long ago that people of our birth and temperament perpetually oscillate between the two extremes of demagogism and tyranny; and he based his statement upon the want of equilibrium which he had observed among the majority of Spanish-American peoples. But, fortunately, that has no application to the land which cradled Cespedes, the Maceos and the Moncadas; for here the popular heart beats, serene and calm, and true patriotism serves at all times to preserve order and balance. If in other places, the triumph of democracy has brought dangers for lack of the knowledge to discriminate between rights and inherent duties, here, on the contrary, it has served to cement the union which exists between governed, between rich and poor, between white and black.

Well we know that we could not have achieved this unity if the hearts of those who constitute the aristocracy of Cuba had not pulsed with justice, love of liberty and respect for the rights of the masses.

A most important factor in our magnificent evolutionary struggle was Francisco Sanchez Hechavarría, during the brilliant, though short, period of his governorship, upon which he placed the seal of his virtue, of his activity and originality, of his patriotism and energy and of his incorruptible dignity.

Even the enemies—which he had in common with all courageous souls—became silent and filled with admiration; while his friends, the people whom he so loved, made him their idol. But cruel death mercilessly cut off his life at the time when he was of such great service to the Province he governed, and just when he was cherishing the fairest projects for his country.

Even though our idol has met the common fate, not so our love for him, which is grounded in the public conscience; for we Orientals shall ever invoke his name as a symbol of virtue. . . . What the American people said of Washington will be said of him, “that he was first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

Convinced that I am, in these words, but interpreting the desires of a vast number of those who love this man, I take this opportunity to invite all who wish to do so to aid in the erection of a commemorative stone, upon which shall be graven an epitaph symbolic of the undying gratitude of this generation and which will serve to quicken those who aspire to gain the people’s love. And let this epitaph read:

Here lies Francisco Sanchez Hechavarría, the *Aristides* of Cuba, who truly merited the name given him by his fellow-citizens—the *Just*—a man not to be corrupted.

Lack of Proportion

by Henry T. Edge



IN comparing the dominant race of present civilization with other races, as in comparing the ancient Romans with the ancient Greeks, one observes that in each case the former is distinguished by a deficient sense of proportion.

The Greeks esteemed an all-round and well-balanced culture and development, both in their works of art and in their life private and public. The Romans, on the contrary, were noted for extreme thoroughness in a few things and a total neglect of others.

The Roman character is well illustrated by Roman roads, which ran straight across the country, scorning to climb hills and descend valleys, but tunnelling and

bridging. In comparing the Greek and Roman methods of constructing theatres, it has been pointed out that the Greeks took advantage of natural conformations and scenery, while the Romans built their theatre complete just where they wanted it, in scornful defiance of natural aids or drawbacks.

And our race has inherited this straight-lined, thorough, inflexible manner. It also tends to run to extremes and to overdo details at the expense of the whole.

Our efficiency in the study of the body and its ailments and treatment has far outrun our achievements in the study of the mind and its needs and functions; and it is this want of proportion between the two that causes such unequal results and such variety and contrariety of opinion on questions of hygiene.

And when anyone discovers this lack of proportion, does he not forthwith "run to the other extreme" and commit a similar excess in the opposite direction? It is neither practicable nor necessary to make a catalogue of cases wherein we thus run to extremes. Plenty of instances will occur to anyone. The schools of therapeutics, the arena of diet controversy, the social panaceas, political war-cries, and religious opinions will furnish an ample contingent. Most zealots cultivate some one virtue or faculty exclusively and to excess, neglecting the others, and thus producing an ugly result which brings that virtue or faculty into contempt.

The armchair philosopher, whose puny physique and trifling habits comport so ill with his mighty imagination and soaring spirit, is rightly contemned by the robust and healthy practical man, who instinctively feels that, not until one has mastered the details of common life, should one venture into the unknown and affect to spurn the common herd. The peculiar circumstances of modern civilization enable us to develop our theoretical and imaginative life out of all proportion to our practical capability, and thus are bred a type of unbalanced natures. In our material constructions and equipments, too, we can find abundant illustration of this same tendency. Consummate excellence exists side by side with shiftless neglect in our cities, and the architecture itself may be beautiful in its details but utterly incongruous and chaotic as a whole.

And what is the cause of this characteristic excess and lack of proportion? It is the failure to see things as a whole, the inability to see the unity of things, the concentration upon details and limits.

Nor is this confined and disproportionate method peculiar to our ideas; it is in our sentiments as well. In our individualism, our self-centered lives, our personal interests, our isolated homes, we find the same tendency manifested.

There is much to be said for the phrenologist who examines your head, finds out where the prominences and depressions are, and marks for you on a chart your excesses and deficiencies with the injunction to cultivate or restrain as the case requires, for this method enables you to stand outside yourself and get a leverage on your own propensities.

In the end the law adjusts all excesses and disharmonies, and compels conformity to its decrees. We learn that our very virtues may count as hindrances through the excessive zeal with which we cultivate them, and that there are other virtues which stand in as much need of cultivation. And, from a study of the defects of other people, we learn how perfectly similar are our own. Then, weary of our narrowness, we leave off clinging so fast to our own beloved notions and allow more genial influences to rule in our lives.

Present Opportunities

by L. R.



LIFE is a series of paradoxes, and this truth is emphasized in times of greatest activity. Even the present age of energetic commercialism shows the working of a force that is powerful for good if rightly directed. When the world moved more slowly there was less opportunity for progress than we have today. Force, *per se*, is a colorless thing which is characterized by the motive behind it or the direction in which it is turned. Under existing conditions there is enough courage and strength and activity to transform the weary old planet into a paradise if the force so freely operating were guided by unselfishness. The very activities of modern civilization which menace it hold the potential means of its salvation.

The prevailing rapidity of development makes this a period of transition along every line of thought. Men are suspended in mental mid-air, so to speak, between the inadequacy of old standards of life and the uncertainty of new ones. It is a rare opportunity for confident and courageous philosophers to inspire the vacillating majority with faith to step firmly forward into the new order of things. Men's minds are now especially susceptible to impressions, and a strong desire to reassure and encourage the puzzled masses will make the helpful thought gravitate to its own. An earnest, positive conception of truth will travel along mental lines to the negative, uncertain seekers of truth in diverse paths. A calm, steadfast conviction will convince men to whom the believer may not speak and give faith to many whom he may never see.

Thinking minds today are critically analyzing the status of all our institutions — religious, social, educational and economic. The blind faith of earlier generations in the established order of things is conspicuous by its absence. Educa-

tors are discussing the imperfections of the public school system. The changing vote of political parties measures the growing sentiment for live issues. The church is devising means for overcoming the indifference and skepticism within and without its walls. Some of the sanest minds are asking themselves—and self-questioning is apt to be impartial—whether, after all, the best instrument of just government has yet been found. In short, the impetus of modern progress has swept the people beyond their outgrown institutions; while the confused eagerness to find better systems keeps the average mind in a state of negative activity.

These cosmopolitan mental audiences to whom any confident soul may send its messages are seeking in various ways for the truth that liberates. Unfortunately most of the seekers expend their many-sided activities in attempts to improve externals, not going deeply enough to find the cause. The forms and methods of faulty systems are but the surface symptoms of a general disease. Conditions which emanate the best influences of life cannot be created out of a popular desire to simply get the most of things.

Physiology shows that the evolution of a new sense always precedes and dictates the development of the organ through which it will functionate. The same law operates in the social body. The keen, alert mentality of today, guided by self-seeking desire, is the quality of sense to naturally produce our unsatisfactory institutions. To reach the root of present difficulties, reformers must recognize the philosophy of changing men's motives instead of evolving new methods of expressing them. This seems evident enough, upon reflection; but the prevailing superficial quality of thought tends to exaggerate the importance of surface conditions and so neglects the underlying fault.

This excess of force expended upon externals would seem wasted but for the necessary experience thus gained. The ground must be gone over thoroughly. The inadequacy of superficial methods can only be recognized by proving them to be practical failures. There is hope while investigation continues, for he who seeks shall find. The danger, however, is that the active reviewers of many systems will settle back discouraged by a perplexed feeling that the truth is past finding out. There is pressing need for those who see that the general fault is one of motive rather than of method, to keep definitely *sure enough* of this truth. Their certainty will react to convince others.

The active mind and brain which evolved the modern machinery of life have become correspondingly developed in sense and sensitiveness. The average individual daily grows more sensitive, more susceptible—consciously or unconsciously. Countless cases of nervous exhaustion—many of whom live wholesome personal lives—show the disintegrating effect of the jar and friction of modern life upon the highly organized nervous systems. Negative and sensitive,

ignorant of the laws of the developing unfamiliar sense, these cases reflect the depression which ebbs and flows in restless, stormy thought waves around them. At times the social mind grows weary and pessimistic with the endless round of seeking and finding and losing of seeming solutions of its problems. The resulting wave of depression must affect every sensitive, fine-grained nature which is not confidently positive. Safety lies in firmly refusing to be the negative pole for the current of popular opinion. The positive always goes to the negative and carries its influence. Simply to *believe* that "everything is provided for" is a practical kind of wisdom more potent than mere words to help the wavering. Silent, willing loyalty to the truth can finally convince where language fails.

William Q. Judge said:

It is not that you must rush madly or boldly out *to do, to do*. Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it; and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying out anything but some small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of.

Refuse to be dismayed with the restless activity and materialism around you. The soul is urging men on to seek the truth, and they translate the impulse according to the dominant tone in their natures. The perturbed modern life is a distorted translation of what is essentially a spiritual message. Men feel the stir of the onward impulse and seek to express it along the familiar lines of physical and intellectual sense. Now is the opportune time for believers in man's divinity to increase their faith. The public are ready, waiting for this message.

The earlier presentations of Theosophic truth appealed to the intellect and to a taste for mysticism. But things have changed in a quarter of a century and men's minds have broadened and awakened. The philosophy is not now presented as a novelty, but offers to each man an extension of whatever phase of truth is dearest and clearest to him. If the philosophers keep the leaven of their trust in the general thought atmospheres, it will work with the law which regulates results. The influence of tongue and pen may not compare with a calm, unflinching, positive faith. The philosophy of life taught by Katherine Tingley at the Point Loma institution may be received by any earnest student, though he be poor, unlearned, disabled and alone, and by striving himself to make his life pure and unselfish he may transmit daily messages of clear, hopeful, positive truth to the restless, changing, negative seekers all along the crowded line.

SOUND is the organ, but the art of sound, namely, music, is the conscious language of feeling—of that full, overflowing love which ennobles the sensual and realizes the spiritual.

—R. WAGNER

“The Lute of Apollo”

By H. B. M.



WHEN one reads a book that has been written with a purpose and a high ideal, particularly if it finds a sympathetic response in oneself, one feels a deep sense of gratitude to the author; and realizing the lifting power for good it has exerted upon himself, wishes that his friends also may read and be touched and inspired. Such was the case when by seeming accident I picked up a little book entitled *The Lute of Apollo*, an essay on Music by Clifford Harrison (an Englishman).

After reading, I felt that the truth and power which lie behind all *true Art* were clearly and beautifully shown, not by a mere theorist, but by one who had had a glimpse into the heart of things.

Anyone who reads this book will, I believe, more fully realize what Katherine Tingley is endeavoring to accomplish—is accomplishing—in Art and Music.

The author says in beginning:

In the worship of *Art* with a very big A, is it not forgotten that art is but a symbol of some thing beyond all Art? The artist himself indeed often asks for and desires nothing beyond art or above art. For him art begins and ends in itself. Therefore it is not surprising that he has often to lament over what he calls the cruel and crass indifference of the world towards art pure and simple, and the Philistine admiration it occasionally exhibits towards something which, though poor Art, hints and images the great beyond. . .

The author sees and recognizes, as do but few artists and writers, the “Beyond,” the “Invisible,” which is the power, the strength, and the beauty that still dwells in the remains of all ancient works of Art.

The ancient artist drew his strength from within not from without—making the *without* but the symbolic garb of the *within*; and thus his works stand today a living history of the Soul’s evolution, its struggles and final triumph and mastery over material things.

What has come to us from the ancients in Art has been only that whose expression could survive the ravages of time and spoliation, such as architecture and sculpture, and some writings. But of ancient music, we know as yet but little. The ancients seem to have had no clear system of musical notation; or, if they did, we have as yet no evidence that will give us the key; and thus we lose much of the deep thought of the ancient art world, for music most truly is the “Voice of the Beyond.”

The writer of the *Lute of Apollo* recognizes this:

Music preeminently is the symbol of the Beyond, and derives its power from sources a materialistic age alternately girds at and denies.

And in this denial lies the cause of failure to reach the highest in Art. Those who see the beauty of form alone and strive to imitate, fail, utterly fail, to produce anything lasting. The form must be born of the *Idea* and the *Idea* must be conceived in the heart, where alone resides the immortal self, the *Divine Artist*.

As to the title of the book, the author says:

I have written these pages connecting the thought of music with a title which may associate it with the natural sunshine of the world and the supreme center of Life which that sunshine shadows and reveals in its light.

What could be more suggestive than the *Lute of Apollo*?—Apollo, the sun-god, the symbol of the perfection of all art and life, the perfect man, embodying all the powers of Man and the Universe.

And his music, hidden and as yet soundless in the hearts of men, the music of his lyre, the eternal music of the Spheres, is ready to be awakened in every human heart that truly strives to live the perfect life.

The power of music to reach the soul by what might be termed “direct cognition”—a gaining of knowledge without intellection—was recognized by one of the greatest of musicians, Richard Wagner. He looked upon the ear as the direct organ of the soul. The cry of yearning, of joy, of pain, wordless yet full of meaning, touches the heart-spring of feeling, that sense by which we most truly know. And who has not heard these wordless tones in some great symphonic work? The composer in moments of inner silence has listened in his heart and there heard *Eons* speaking; as the breezes of feeling play upon the mystic Æolian Harp, speaking a universal language of joy, of sorrow, of yearning, of final triumph, and the soul victorious mounts on high, bathed in the glorious radiance of the Sun-god Apollo, the composer writes tone pictures to be listened to by men of earth.

Weber has said, and truly, that music was the universal speech of mankind.

When will men believe that there is a higher faculty than the intellect and a means of greater scope for gaining knowledge than by experience?

Some of the purposes of music as Mr. Harrison sees them are described as follows:

Music is a splendid incentive to courage and good spirits. . . . Music is a potent aid in all those calls to higher living and deeper feeling—feeling which is no waste of emotion, since it should be expressed in subsequent action. . . .

It is an open question whether music does not hold a force for healing illness and soothing pain or overstrung nerves. . . .

It could be made a leading and influential factor in education as Plato recommended and as many thinkers and men of insight have believed.

The true poet, as an artist, is the channel through which the invisible becomes visible.

Could one gather the verses and lines that praise and proclaim the mystery of music, from English poets alone, they would form an analogy in themselves and be a trumpet-tongued witness to the sovereignty of the Master-voice of the World. . . .

Unfortunately, people are too apt to read poetry lightly, to regard a poet's thoughts as metaphors and poetic fancies—beautiful to quote and to use as the decoration and flourish to life, but not to be taken seriously and revered as flashes of high inspiration and truth. . . .

The mysterious authority and high investiture of music would be more understood and confessed if we only believed with more than empty phrases that a great poet is, in the deep sense of the word, a seer.

He speaks of Browning's *Abt Vogler* as a master thought on music, and hints at the probability of the historic Abt Vogler's connection with the mysterious Rosicrucians; making at the same time a significant statement which might go to show Mr. Harrison's source of inspiration. He says, in effect, that, if Abt Vogler belonged to this order, as was suspected both of him and other historic characters, then it was *not* strange that evidence documentary or otherwise has never been discovered; a thing incomprehensible to the intellectual researcher, who declares such an order a myth, or at least composed of fools. Mr. Harrison seems to fully comprehend and understand the reason why members of the mysterious Brotherhood never proclaimed their connection; though hinting at its teaching in writings of the day in such a manner that only those who had the inner vision could read and comprehend. And these men, whoever they were, knew the laws of life in its highest aspect and therefore that which lies behind all Art and Music.

The following quotation from a manuscript certainly shows insight into the deeper mysteries of music and the potency of sound:

Like attracts like, Harmony can awaken, can create harmony, the vibration of sound is not only a means of transubstantiating a sentiment, or a cloudy abstraction; it is a force, a physical power capable of influencing matter. This can be tested and proved. It can produce unheard-of phenomena based on the union of expressed Harmony with the corresponding Harmony shut up in substance.

And further, to quote Mr. Harrison's own words:

Half the words written about Music, have nothing to do with the force that moves us in harmony and melody.

They do but deal with the art of sound called "music" or the science of sound called acoustics. Nay, many of the musical compositions we listen to . . . some signed

by great names . . . are but arrangements, artistic, scholarly or trivial as the case may be, of musical sound. Indeed it is scarcely too fanciful to see in the recognition—intuitive, irrepressible and often unreasonable—which we sometimes give to the beauty of music, even when listening to music of a trivial character, proof of the greatness of the force at work, which no limitation or even degradation can wholly make inoperative. . . . Music to us is something expressed but not covered by musical sound. . . .

The relation between music and color are hinted at.

Music is too ethereal, too volatile, too living to be accurately measured by any external reference. If any such references exist and are ever found they will surely be discovered in motion and color.

The relation between color and music is now a confessed truth, but the art of bringing them together has yet to be discovered.

I believe the Drama will be the link which will bind the two, as it binds all the arts, both plastic and æsthetic; and music and architecture are often spoken of as having been associated in ancient times. Architecture has poetically been styled “frozen music;” and, as before stated, a poet often expresses a deep truth which the prosaic mind looks upon as mere fancy.

The natural phenomena of the world which are often spoken of as music are, Helmholtz points out, musical more in their sense of rhythmic motion than in their sound. . . .

Arabesques in architecture have been quoted as allied to melodic phrases; that this utterance is real and in no sense a mere play of poetic fancy, is proved by taking a sheet of glass, sprinkled with fine sand, holding it at one side and passing a violin bow along the middle of the opposite side. Exquisite designs are formed by an invisible geometry as subtle as it is perfect.

It has been said, and truly, that “God geometrizes.” Carlyle says:

See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music—if you can only reach it.

How can one look upon nature and not see the presence of the “Divine?” What wonderful forms and exquisite colors are there portrayed. The crystallization in quartz or gem, in ice or hoar frost, is geometrically perfect, each after its kind, so that the nature of the substance can readily be distinguished by its crystal formation; and this is the same law at work which gives each flower of a kind its similarity in color and form, and also renders the marked difference between kinds. It would seem that if we can understand, see, and hear musically, we can know all there is to be known in nature and man, and in Art, the highest expression of man.

While Mr. Harrison sees music in nature, he also sees the error of those who claim for nature music as we generally understand that term.

The musician—with a few notable exceptions—declares that there is no music in nature. It is not a question of beauty or emotion, but of structure and degree. . . .

All the region of beauty, the natural music of the world, is repudiated (and rightly so by the laws of the Schools) by the Art of Music. Yet is it not music too and of a very real and lovely kind? In our hearts we rebel against the argument that closes the door at the Art of Music and shuts out all the natural music of the earth. The world will never do this, whatever the Schools may say. . . . Let us take a glance back into that shut-out region of natural music. . . . We can sometimes learn a great deal from the dumb creatures—as we curiously have named them—and from the voices of nature. . . . Animals, winds and waves, all animate and even inanimate things, have their music surely, just as we have ours, but the scales are different; may not this be the truth?

The error lies in the notating their voices with our scales. That they possess not only music of their own but also have a potential capacity for the perception, and even imitation of our music, seems undeniable.

There are those amongst us who wish to imitate the music of the birds, of the winds, of the ocean's roar; but who is he that wishes to *imitate* anything? Imitation is the curse of the age in Art. Imitation and progress are opposites. We hear much about characteristic music. How many know what characteristic music is? Many fancy that it is the imitation of something in nature by means of musical sound, the wind, the birds, an ocean's beat, or perhaps the running of a brook, or a spinning-wheel. There are many attempts at this, and where the attempt has been, as most of them are, to imitate the concrete sound, it has failed both as imitation and as music. Why imitate the beauties of nature when we have living nature herself to look upon in all her glory, defying all imitations of man?

Is not the real characteristic music based upon the idea that arose when the phenomena were seen or heard, awakening in the heart a soul-melody aroused by the beauty of scene or sound or by its opposite? One knows that the glories of a sunrise or sunset are inaudible, at least, to our physical ears, but it is just that inaudible music of a glowing morning or clouded sunset, with its wonderful city of light, that can best be expressed by that intangible something called music. And music thus inspired would have the color and tone characteristic of the scene, but it would be the soul's song as it rose in pure prayer to greet the *Eternal*.

Music is a language and its true expression, Art; and Art is never Art without an Idea behind it, and to be real and lasting it must partake of the Divine.

The Soul understands the music of nature and translates it often into the speech of man through his acts. Any one who knows intervals thoroughly and who has tried to notate bird songs on paper, knows how poor an imitation can be obtained. Our notation will not reproduce them either in pitch or rhythm; and,

were this possible, the violin is the only instrument capable of reproducing the scales in which they are sung. There are an infinite number of degrees of pitch, their difference being often so minute, that even the most perfectly trained ear cannot distinguish between them. It would seem that in a scale of two hundred simple tones tuned but one vibration apart, all scales comprehensible to man must be contained. Pitch today is a matter of agreement, not of nature. Different ages and different races have different pitches. Pitch has been raised considerably during the last century.

Philosophically there is an absolute pitch based upon a unit of one vibration per second, giving a tone called C. By doubling the number of vibrations and thus obtaining the octave we reach middle C with a vibration of 256, a low pitch when compared with the modern pitches. That there is an absolute pitch there can be but little doubt, but to fix an absolute name to an absolute pitch, one that will remain true to the higher laws of vibration and music, is not possible on the present lines, and with the knowledge now possessed about music. This absolute pitch might give in part a link between natural and human music; but the real mystery lies deeper. The mystery of pitch itself is dependent upon it; it is to be found in the understanding and meaning of *Number*.

To quote Mr. Harrison:

If the link exists between all the scales of music, natural, human and Ideal—from the soundless harmonies of matter and growth up to the inaudible harmonies of Spirit and Love (and that they exist we cannot doubt), we find it, so far as it is revealed to us, in movement and the notation, not of sound, but of number.

That mysterious law of number, of which Pythagoras has been called the father, has puzzled modern scientists and musicians. They know that sequence of sound is governed by the ratio of small whole numbers, but their meaning is still a mystery. Upon these ratios were built the philosophies of Pythagoras and Plato, the whole science of Greek music, and the laws governing their life and art.

Of the music then produced we know but little, but their Art works certainly give evidence of a knowledge of the laws of proportion and symmetry unknown to us. Upon these laws Plato constructed his Republic, and his Music of the Spheres, that celestial harmony audible to those alone who can find and listen to the divine harmonies in their own souls, which are awakened by those who strive for the “perfect life.”

It is the music of Apollo’s seven-stringed Lyre, latent in each mortal bosom, which when sounded makes one immortal as the gods.

Bible Texts

by C. J. R.



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.—*James i:5*

THEOSOPHY declares that “Truth, Light and Liberation” are awaiting all men who ask rightly. “Knock and it shall be opened unto you.” But it tells man that he can only gain the secret password which will lead into the place of peace by the effort *to give*. Everyone knows that a teacher learns more than his pupil by the act of imparting his knowledge. So in the spiritual life, the effort to give draws down power from the source of all power. It evokes that within which is the real Warrior. To work for others, generously, persistently, is to pray.

But on all sides the despairing cry comes, “We are weary with asking; there is no reply. Peradventure the Lord sleepeth!”

Consider, have you asked in the only way which can be expected to command an answer—by disinterested service of man? For

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

Have you asked from your own base, the secure vantage ground of your true soul, or have you been content to ask others to do your asking for you—Jesus or the saints? And, if you have asked, perchance,

Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your pleasures.—*James iv:3*

That is the key to the failure of so many who deceive themselves into believing that they are truth seekers. They ask for the good things of the body or the mind with the satisfaction of the egotistic self-centered personality alone in view. Occasionally they get the material benefits sought, “the special lots,” but—

For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—*Matthew xvi:26*

He does not gain wisdom and peace, nor the power to help his fellows.

* * *

He that findeth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.—*Matthew x:39*

What can this mean but that real life is the life of the soul? All the great Teachers have shown forth the impersonality of the soul-life. The Christ which dwells within, that Spirit which sooner or later will take root and grow in us, is the blazing light of impersonality, and Jesus, who came with the same ancient gospel of salvation as have all the inspired teachers of the world, makes the destruction of the narrowing sense of self the key-note of his Word. In that is the law and the prophets. It is the hardest of all tasks for it includes all others. But as the disciple begins to try to eliminate the strength of the personal idea—and “Try” is the only advice that is given—through the quick-gathering storms of opposition, of suffering, and of tempting pleasure, the far shimmer of the Gates of Gold flashes out and the spires and domes of the Heavenly City dimly appear.

Theosophy, the essence of true religion, has ever enforced the noble and unselfish doctrine of compassionate impersonality, which leads out of the limitations of the lower self into the larger life of divine love for all beings in which the sense of being isolated or separate from others is lost.

The pure teaching of Theosophy is well expressed by Paul, the wise master-builder:

I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.

I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be free and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.—*Philippians iv:12*

In both Old and New Testaments the simple gospel of work for humanity is enforced in order to gain this Christ-state of unshakable peace in which the disciple, by ridding himself of his personal egotism, at last becomes a powerful force for the uplifting of mankind, and gains life eternal.

Compare the following extracts, which are chosen out of a great number of similar meaning:

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not 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 thy righteousness shall go before thee: and the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.—*Isaiab lxxviii:6, etc.*

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—*James i:27*

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—*James i:22*

And the Golden Rule:

As ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise.—*Luke vi:31*

This is pure Theosophy, the teaching and practice of The Universal Brotherhood.

* * *

For he had great possessions.— *Matthew xix: 22.*

The story of the rich young man gives the key to the deepest of all mysteries—the very root of evil, egotism, one form of which is shown in the desire for personal aggrandizement. It is not necessary to consider whether Jesus meant to condemn the holding of material property in itself. His lesson condemned the attachment of one's desires to the enjoyment of things because they are *mine*. The possessions may be physical or mental, but as long as we identify ourselves with them they are a hindrance. The "vow of poverty," which all who would step out into Life must take, is a mental attitude, enabling us to judge the true relation of things. It must be renewed daily by a strong interior effort to think oneself as really apart from, and unaffected by, all the accidental circumstances of our lives, and by holding our possessions, the favorite associations of material life, or the favorite intellectual attainments, even the favorite virtues, as in trust for mankind. Thus will the disease of personal egotism be attacked at its very core, for the only way to reach the deep-seated enemy of the soul is by working on lines of brotherhood.

We all know the effect of even ordinary hard work in throwing off ill temper. But good work in itself would be nothing unless founded upon the pure motive of love for all mankind, of sympathy which is inspired by the realization that all souls are rays of one great divine unity, though in apparent separation for purposes of experience.

The world needs people who have learned the lesson of compassionate impersonality. It is only through such saviours that it can be given hope and shown how to redeem itself. The fathers and mothers of the coming races have the golden chance of giving their children that early training which will permit the giant weed of egotism no foothold, nothing to feed upon. So a race of free men shall arise, free in the deepest sense, free from the tyranny of the demon within, and ready to go forth unhampered by personal baggage, to rescue the perishing.

The rich young man in the story was well-meaning, he tried to keep the law and the commandments, even to the loving of the neighbor as oneself, but he could not give up his *personal* possessions even to follow the Christ. To be perfect but one thing was asked, the same that is demanded of us all before we can commence the upward journey with hope of success. To the one who is just turning to the real life it seems hard to make the desperate effort. The whole fabric of being seems to rock at the prospect of yielding the cherished possessions of self to the Higher Law, but "to be carnally minded is death," and there is no alternative.

Sooner or later all must face and conquer the lower nature and triumph over this frightful incubus of egotism that weighs down the whole world in sorrow. Then Life is known to be Joy, and the haunting dread and fear of plunging into the stream is seen to have had no cause. The simple, practical humanitarian work of The Universal Brotherhood, which is Theosophy in action, breaks down, quickly and effectively, the wall of egotism which has imprisoned the soul.

To the Memory of Walt Whitman

by C. W.

THE song of the lover of nature
 Born of the breath of the night,
 Equal of spirit and stature,
 Equal in darkness and light,
 Lover of earth and the sea,
 Mighty, with heart of the free,
 Whose life no sorrow can blight.

The wind bore him breath from the fallows,
 And scent of the pastures and leas,
 From the ripples of sun-caressed shallows,
 And tempest-torn breakers and seas
 That lash at his heart, as with chains,
 Yet the torment of tempest and rains
 Is as soft to his soul as the breeze.

As subtle, as deep and as changing,
 As open and wild as the sky,
 To the heart of her lover—as ranging
 And keen as the flash of his eye:
 Yet the ebb and the flow of the sea
 Are no firmer of purpose than he,
 Nor the strength of their purpose more high!

On sullen white crest of the billow
 His spirit goes wandering to find
 Light, and the clouds are its pillow,
 Borne high on the breast of the wind:
 He is with them, is in them and of them,
 Dwelleth neither below nor above them,
 But is made of them, spirit and mind!

With more than the flowers of the meadows
 The soil of his soul is in bloom;
 It is played on by sunlight and shadows,
 Expandeth and seeketh full room.
 All earth hath no space for its growing,
 But the skies are more fit for its flowing,
 It is heedless of guerdon or tomb.

Free poems are the songs of his singing,
 The breath and the voice of his soul:
 Like laughter of innocence ringing,
 Like foam-whitened breakers they roll,
 Breaking forth from him singing, in rivers,
 With the ease of a leaflet that quivers,
 The voice of him single and sole.

He reads clear in the bosoms of all men,
 Has love for them all, and to spare:
 He unravels the knots that appal men,
 In all things showeth forth what is fair:
 E'en in frailty and weakness and error,
 In sorrow and madness and terror,
 In misery, darkness and care.

His high hope, thro' it all, never faileth,
 He has never lost sense of the light:
 He knows not despair, nor bewaileth
 The tempests and passions that plight,
 But leadeth with strong, steady hand,

As forth from some desolate land,
All men unto wisdom and might.

There be few at the first, who shall hear him,
And many shall cast him to scorn;
He standeth alone—none is near him—
Yet long ere the twilight hath worn,
The sun of his grace shall assail them,
His singing shall save and not fail them,
Tho' the light of his days be withdrawn.

But one here and there down the ages
Of darkness and death shall arise,
To give fight to the evil that wages
(With lives of mankind for its prize)
Fierce war 'gainst the forces of Light,
And he, in the midst of their fight,
Sees the banner of liberty rise!

How I Became a Theosophist

by M. B. K.



THE world had never seemed right to me. From the time when a child I silently resented being told that I had "my father's temper," on through school days when I used "my father's retentive memory," and was scolded because I had none of "my mother's neatness," up to the days when life had to be faced alone, there was always a resentment in my mind toward whoever or whatever had started the machinery of my being.

If I turned to the so-called Law of Heredity, I saw myself a sort of living crazy-quilt, made of patches and scraps of the natures of my ancestors, and it seemed to me they ought to be ashamed of their handiwork! There were days when I passionately blamed my parents for bringing me into the world at all, since I must all my life be hampered and disfigured by attributes which *they* had given me. And if I went wrong, who was to blame?

"Not I," I told myself. "I had not made myself." Had there not been deeply rooted in my inner nature a feeling that "somehow" I was responsible, and *must* try to grow better those early struggles to understand might have ended recklessly.

Then there was the church. There was the calm, loving picture of the Christ, to which one so naturally turns for an ideal; but even he, as the church presented him, left the question unanswered and provoked others as hard to answer. Why must Christ take *my* sins? Why could I not save myself? I was unwilling to let my faults be merely "forgiven," and for another's sake, too. I was willing to work out my own sentence. Like Bret Harte's M'liss, I didn't want to be "beholden."

Passing years brought firmer endeavors to do right for right's sake, trying to shut away questionings and do the duty next at hand, trusting that death would be a door to wisdom and another world answer the puzzles of this.

But there was something ahead. A light waiting until my life should be ready for it, and all at once it came.

Into a newspaper article there crept, in spite of efforts to keep personal feeling out, a bitter little sentence about the God who visited the sins of the fathers upon the children. The editor cut the sentence out, but wrote to me, "Come to the office early tomorrow, and we will talk this over."

Puzzled, I obeyed, and there in the dingy office a sun arose that illumined my whole existence, past and present, lighting all the dark corners where doubts and questions lurk, and sending ahead of me glorious beams too bright for my eyes to follow. I shall never forget the crowded, littered room, with its one chair and low table, on which my friend perched, and the girls in the bindery glancing curiously across the air shaft wondering perhaps at the long earnest interview.

It may seem strange that I had not before heard more of Theosophy. Maybe I had not been "ready." Or perhaps it was because the Society had not attained its present standing in the west seven years ago. Certainly, beyond a shadowy idea that it was a fad, I knew nothing of its teachings.

However, I learned more of it that day. I learned of the law of Karma, of invincible equity, and of the never ending progress made possible by Reincarnation, and a great burden fell from me. I was the result of my own past, *not* the creature of a whole family's past. My quick temper and sharp tongue were *mine*, and mine the power to subdue them. No placid belief in a crucified Christ could save me. I must save myself—and the Christ was in me and in all men. At last, at last, I could see Justice in the world and a reason for life.

There was no questioning in my mind; no wondering whether it was all true. As the earnest voice of my friend went on, I listened as one listens to a strain of

music heard a long time before, and asks, "Where did I hear it? What is it a part of?" And to more than one statement the involuntary answer came, "Yes, I know." And I did know it, but had "forgotten."

For more than a year I read the books and attended the meetings of the Society, and then joined it formally, assured that the principles of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood must be the motive and direction of my life, however full of stumbling this life of mine may be.

And after seven years the light has never failed. In sorrow, by the side of the bed of death, in the midst of failures, it shines clear and true, pointing ahead to broader life and never ending growth.

Mr. Alderman Pepperdine

by William Jameson

(Author of "My Dead Self," etc.)

CONCLUDED



CHAPTER IV

LITTLE HATTIE

ON the left hand border of Clapham Common, as you look towards Balham, there is (or used to be several years back), a lane, still showing traces that it had been not so very long ago a real country one. Little cottages with rural gardens in front of them may be noticed here and there; whilst a large, irregularly built farm house, now acreless, calls forth a vision of corn fields and green meadows to blot out those speculation-built villas springing up round the neighborhood.

To this old-fashioned, comfortable dwelling, Heathcote, at the hour appointed, conducted Miss Pepperdine. The door was opened by a tall, cheerful-looking girl, with whom Heathcote shook hands cordially. Then he introduced her to the Alderman's daughter as "his friend Miss Agnes Jenn."

"Oh! I am so delighted you have come," exclaimed the girl impulsively. "We have all been worrying Mr. Heathcote to bring you, ever since we heard the news. Auntie *will* be pleased."

Clara could not help feeling a little bewildered. She had prepared herself for surprises—since not a word of information could she extract from her lover, as they crossed the Common, as to who and what Mrs. Ruffe really was. Still, the

surprise was somewhat of an ordeal to a young lady (conventionally brought up, remember) to be formally introduced to a girl who wore the cap and white apron of an ordinary servant maid. And the frankness with which this girl greeted her ("gross presumption," it would have been termed by her own mother), would possibly have been trying, but for the fact that "Miss Agnes Jenn's" tone and manner were distinctly lady-like. All Clara could imagine for the moment was that Miss Jenn was a connection of the mysterious "Auntie," and at the same time one of those "advanced girls," sometimes mentioned in Society journals, who delight in eccentricity.

But really and truly, this supposition was entirely erroneous. The only sense in which Miss Jenn could be regarded as an *advanced* girl was that she had got on in life a little. As a child she had swept a crossing in the south of London (in the intervals of her board school education). Her mother, whom she assisted in this task, dying when Agnes was nine years old. The child, who was consequently quite forlorn, was one day promoted to the companionship of Mrs. Ruffe. Clara Pepperdine did not learn all this, however, for some time after she had made the acquaintance of that lady.

Agnes Jenn led the two visitors into what was formerly the farm-house kitchen, where eight or ten girls about as old as herself were having supper of oatmeal porridge. They rose simultaneously and bowed. The next moment a rather pretty, but small woman, who sat at the head of the table, was introduced to Clara as "Mrs. Ruffe."

"I am truly grateful to Mr. Heathcote for this," said Mrs. Ruffe, regarding her affectionately.

"I am not so sure that I am," replied Clara, glancing with mock severity at her lover, "for"—she stopped. In a flash of thought she realized that she had said something suitable for the pages of *Punch*.

"Oh, do forgive me, Mrs.——"

It was no use. Her own laughter and the laughter of all the others made further apology impossible.

"I understand and sympathize. I am real Irish myself," said Mrs. Ruffe (her smile as she spoke was evidence of the fact), "and these girls of mine don't let me have much mercy when I betray my——"

"Country," suggested David Heathcote, mischievously.

"David! I must really teach you how to behave," exclaimed Clara, flogging his hands with her glove.

Ah! marvelous is the influence of spiritual atmosphere. In many a drawing-room, where it was the recognized duty of everyone to please, had Clara been inwardly chilled the whole evening through, because there were none present congenial to her. But, immediately on entering this old farm-house kitchen, she found

herself both talking and acting as though it was her own home she had entered. She was at that moment, however, among her kindred in soul, who compelled her without knowing it, to be perfectly natural.

And her doubts concerning the position of Agnes Jenn, and her curiosity about the inmates generally of this quaint house and about David's interest in them—these things were forgotten. She felt like one meeting friends from some distant land. To be with them was enough for the present; the exchanging of experiences would come in due course.

Still, in a quite unexpected manner, Clara learned—before even she could take the seat by Mrs. Ruffe's side, to which that lady invited her—all that David had teasingly withheld from her earlier in the evening. It happened in this way. One of the girls was seated in a big chair in a recess, nursing a child, dressed in black, who had fallen asleep. Probably it was the noise of their merriment that aroused her, for the little one suddenly started up and, bursting into tears, exclaimed in piteous tones:

“Mama! mama! Why don't you kiss me, too? And, oh! Your lips are so cold.”

There was a simultaneous murmur of sympathy from those present, and eyes that had just been dancing with merriment became tearful.

“Poor, little lamb!” said Mrs. Ruffe, in a tender whisper, bending over the child and kissing her. “You shall sleep in my bed tonight; that's the best I can do.”

“Yes, you shall sleep with Auntie tonight,” echoed the girl on whose knee the orphan sat. “That will be a treat. Now, let me carry you upstairs, dear; you must be so tired.”

“Let me carry her, I am stronger than you,” interposed Clara, earnestly.

“Which shall it be? You shall decide for yourself, Hattie,” said Mrs. Ruffe, gently.

Heathcote, as he watched the scene, had difficulty in restraining his own emotion. It was not only the cry of the forlorn child for her mother that touched him, he was impressed by the wonderful gifts of women for dealing with sorrow. For all this talking to the little one was evidently just their tactful method of diverting her thoughts from that hopeless dream of the dead. And Clara had taken share in it as naturally as the other two! But what would little Hattie's decision be?

She was wide awake now; and sliding off her youthful nurse's knee, stood up and said, with old-fashioned deliberateness:

“I can walk, thank you; but I should like this lady (indicating Clara) to take me to bed, please, for she is like mama. I know she isn't mama, because (here a little shiver) mama is dead, and (a deep-drawn sigh) I nursed her.”

Hattie Clement could not have been more than nine years old, but her dark, mournful eyes and firm mouth indicated a nature fitted for the maturing influence

of sorrow. She evidently belonged to that circle of souls who are privileged to "Count life by heart-throbs, and not by movements of the dial."

It was not difficult to believe the child's statement about nursing her mother, nor to believe what she told Clara, while the business of undressing was going on, that "Dr. Murray had promised to recommend her to his rich customers as a nurse when she was grown up."

After Hattie was in bed Clara sat by her side for some time holding a whispered conversation with the girl who had accompanied them upstairs. She had already guessed the mystery of Mrs. Ruffe's avocation. That lady was undoubtedly the matron of an orphanage; and now, from the lips of this girl she listened to a glowing account of the way in which the establishment was conducted, and of the means by which the orphans were brought to it.

"Auntie tells us," said the girl among other things, "that we are all to be reformers. She thinks, and so does Mr. Heathcote, that the selfishness of family life is one of the chief causes of the poverty and misery there is in the country. People, rich and poor, are so terribly anxious about the success of their own families that they forget all about the success of the big human family. Now we, as orphans (she tells us), especially belong to the *big* family, so we ought to make its success one of our chief objects in life, whatever position we may find ourselves in when we go out into the world. And while we are here, Auntie teaches us to show what she calls a 'proper family spirit,' and be nice and kind to everybody, without thinking a bit whether they are good or bad, rich or poor. And we must never, never be *servile* to anyone, because that would mean 'disgracing our connections.'"

Clara felt very humble as she listened to this short essay on social duty from the lips of a girl several years her junior. Instinctively she sympathized, yet only dimly comprehended, and therefore she was oppressed by a sense of neglected education. But her spirits revived when the girl told her that little Hattie Clement (by this time fast asleep) was one of Mr. Heathcote's own discoveries. In the neighborhood of King's Cross he had one night observed the child singing. There was no one with her; and since neither in power of voice nor in style was there anything to suggest that she was one of the juvenile prodigies of London streets, very few indeed were those who had stopped to listen. When the song was ended, the audience, scanty enough, hurried away; they had not been entertained. Then the poor child burst into tears. A sympathetic inquiry or two from Heathcote revealed a singular story of childish devotion. Her mother, a widow, was poor and ill—ill enough to need beef tea. Little Hattie, being sent on an errand by a neighbor, had run all the way in order to be able to stop for a few minutes and sing, so as to get that beef tea. Her idea was not original. She had read in a story book of a girl doing the same kind of thing, so she thought she would try. In-

stead of giving the little heroine money and passing on, as an ordinary man would probably have done, Heathcote took her hand and led her to the house of a medical friend of his hard by in the Caledonian Road. The doctor was at home, and the two friends were able to accompany Hattie Clement to the street in Clerkenwell where she lived. What was possible was done for the sick mother until she died; and in her death she had the consolation of knowing that her only child would become a member of Mrs. Ruffe's unique family.

Clara was eagerly listening to some further particulars of her lover's acts of practical goodness among the poor, when Agnes Jenn softly entered the room to say that Mr. Heathcote wished to see her, as he was compelled to go away at once on a matter of most urgent importance. So, once more kissing the sleeping child, Clara hurried down-stairs.

"It is really a duty that calls me away," my darling, said David, taking her hands in his. "Something has come to my knowledge that demands instant attention. I don't want to be mysterious, but there isn't time to explain. Mrs. Ruffe and one of her young people will see you home; for I must hurry away to London this instant."

Half an hour earlier Clara would probably have felt rather hurt by being kept in ignorance of the cause that thus suddenly deprived her of David's society, on an evening especially her own. But what she had been learning had made him somewhat of a hero in her eyes. She was in no mood, then, to assert a sweetheart's claims. As they parted she said timidly:

"Let me help as much as I can. I will try to be worthy of you, David."

CHAPTER V

A GREEN BOX

Heathcote walked rapidly towards the Clapham Road, and hailing the first hansom cab he caught sight of, instructed the driver to take him as quickly as possible to the city company where Alderman Pepperdine was being entertained that evening. His first intention had been to make at once for a certain street in Clerkenwell, whither the business in hand led him. It was those tender parting words of Clara's that altered his purpose. And yet, if he had stuck to his original design, she might have been spared a great deal of anxiety and sorrow. Truly mysterious is the blending of good and ill in human action.

This hurried journey across London was occasioned by a conversation Heathcote had with Mrs. Ruffe about Hattie Clement while Clara was upstairs putting the child to bed. But its object had nothing really to do with the affairs of the little orphan. David had one thought chiefly in his mind when he started, namely, the recovery of those missing bonds. And it was only natural, considering how

Mr. Pepperdine had acted in the matter, that his junior partner should wish to reserve to himself the triumph of regaining those precious documents. Inspired with worthier thoughts, however, by Clara's affectionate humility, he soon forgot, as the cab rattled along, the personal question between her father and himself, and became absorbed in speculations about the discovery he had made only a quarter of an hour ago.

It happened in this way: Mrs. Ruffe had briefly told him how she had gone over to Clerkenwell the day poor Mrs. Clement died, and had also that afternoon attended her funeral.

"And did you learn any more about her history?" inquired David, eagerly.

"Practically nothing. She told me that her husband, when they married, was without a relative in the world. His antecedents were superior to hers, however. Her own parents were dead, and there were none of her relations to whom she would willingly trust her child. She had been allowed to endure the struggles of widowhood unaided, and since we had undertaken to look after Hattie, and had saved the little one from completing her education in the workhouse, death was no longer a trouble."

"But ought we, in justice to the child, to accept Mrs. Clement's opinions of the fitness of things without attempting to verify what she has said?" remarked Heathcote meditatively.

"That was very much my own thought, and I told her so," replied Mrs. Ruffe.

"And what did she say?"

"She said that as she was dying perhaps she saw a little further than I did. The choice lay between allowing the child to grow up as a dependent upon people who would possibly consider her a nuisance that only public opinion hindered them from getting rid of, or, on the other hand, accepting the motherliness which I (Mrs. Ruffe) was able and willing to afford. In the former case, Hattie's character might be warped for life; in the latter— Poor Mrs. Clement could say no more, but she looked at me so beseechingly that I promised it should be as she wished. And the more I have thought of the subject since, the more I have felt the wisdom of her desire."

"Well," said Heathcote, after a pause, "on the whole perhaps it is better we should accept the responsibility. Still, my dear friend, this reticence is mysterious, and you know that I, as a business man, hate mysteries."

"Oh, I should have told you before," exclaimed Mrs. Ruffe; "Mrs. Clement has not left us entirely without a clue to her history. She had previously given me a packet of letters. It was her wish that these should simply be handed over to her daughter when the child reached a responsible age; but I told her I could not accept them unless she left you free to use your judgment about reading them. She said she felt very grateful to you, and was sure that one who went about do-

ing good as you did could not fail to understand what was best for her little daughter.”

Heathcote sighed. A man of his character would naturally do so when praised. Then he said quietly:

“I think, at least, I ought to take the opinion of the Brethren (this was the name half humorously given to themselves by the supporters of the Orphanage), about reading those letters. Where are they?”

“Here, in the child’s box,” replied Mrs. Ruffe. “I meant, of course, to give them to you, whatever you decided to do.”

A small trunk, painted green, stood in the corner of the matron’s sitting room, where this conversation took place. As she stooped to unlock it, she remarked:

“It is really touching to think of the kindness of those poor people where Mrs. Clement lived and died. This box is a present from one of them to little Hattie. He made it and painted it himself, and has pasted some ‘pretty picture stuff,’ as he called it, in the lid. I’ve scarcely had time to notice it myself; but look!”

Heathcote looked, a cry of amazement burst from his lips.

The box-lid was lined with one of those missing Italian bonds!

Alderman Pepperdine’s “company” was located in one of the turnings out of Cheapside. Arriving there, Heathcote sent in his card and waited.

“Hullo! Heathcote, my boy—how are you?” suddenly said a voice at his elbow. It was Mr. Renshaw.

“Why ever didn’t you join us tonight?” he continued after they had shaken hands. “The Alderman is in splendid form. Made a grand speech after his health was proposed—never heard anything like it in my life; so clear, so forcible, so—so moving! ’Pon my honor he is a credit to the city. Wonderful man; he’ll do something for us presently. Such a big brain! hasn’t he now?”

Before Heathcote could reply, the subject of these eulogies appeared. On the back of his card David had written Italian Bonds, in explanation of his unexpected visit.

Apologizing to his civic henchman, Renshaw, the Alderman drew his partner aside. Then, without entering into unnecessary details, Heathcote rapidly explained his discovery and his present purpose.

“I will go with you,” said the Alderman, decidedly; “this is a matter that must be thoroughly probed, and there’s nothing like doing it at once. It was quite right of you, David, to come to *me*. Just wait a moment.”

Then Alderman Pepperdine returned, accompanied by Mr. Renshaw, to the banquetting hall to excuse himself to the chairman and guests. As the hour was late enough for him to retire without discourtesy, his hurried departure occasioned no remark—an important fact to a business man dining with business men.

A few minutes later Alderman Pepperdine's carriage was being driven rapidly in the direction of Clerkenwell. Before starting, Heathcote had some difficulty in instructing the coachman where their destination, Tysor street, exactly lay; for that worthy—formerly in the service of a distinguished nobleman—was totally unfamiliar with the neighborhood.

For some time the partners were silent. Both of them were able to see pretty clearly how those bonds had disappeared. The theory of theft could no longer be entertained; since a thief would have taken good care that no part of such precious property were put to the base use of which Heathcote had so strangely been made aware. Therefore, the only explanation of their loss was Mr. Pepperdine's own carelessness in leaving them within the folds of the *Times*. This fact was scarcely calculated to promote conversation.

At length the Alderman broke the ice by saying: "Extraordinary stupidity there is in this world, to be sure! to line a box with eight hundred pounds' worth of property—tut, tut, tut!"

"Yes, it does seem absurd when you think of it," said David. "Let us hope we shall find the four other bonds all right." He was struggling with a temptation to add: "We shall soon know how they were lost, I suppose," when the carriage suddenly pulled up. They had reached the end of Tysor street. They alighted, to find themselves amid all the flare and hubbub of Saturday night's trade.

At the private door of a fried-fish shop half-way down the street, Heathcote stopped and, acting on Mrs. Ruffe's instructions, knocked twice.

"Phew, what a stench!" muttered the Alderman. He half wished that he had left his partner to manage this business by himself. To add to his annoyance, a small boy, carrying a beer can, at this moment exclaimed rudely:

"Oh, my! ain't we a toff!"

This allusion to his personal appearance reminded Mr. Pepperdine that his overcoat was unbuttoned. To display the full glory of evening dress—diamond studs included—was scarcely prudent in such a neighborhood, so he hastily buttoned his coat and turned up the collar.

Heathcote was just about to knock again when a shuffling of feet along the passage, and the faint glimmer of light through the key-hole, indicated that someone was coming to the door.

"You had better not say too much, David," whispered Alderman Pepperdine, "about—ahem—the value of those bonds, if we find they are safe; no use throwing money away. A sovereign, or a five-pound note at most. Only goes into drink, you know."

The door was opened by a stout woman, who held a lamp in her hand.

"Is Mr. Stamper at home?" inquired David, politely.

The woman wiped her mouth with the corner of her apron, and then hurriedly exclaimed in a tone of astonishment: "Lor, Mr. 'Eathcote, you did give me a turn! My 'usband's havin' 'is supper, sir; but I'll call him down."

"Well, we want to talk to him for several minutes," said David. "I scarcely like to intrude at this late hour, but it is about a matter of business. This gentleman is my partner, Mr. Pepperdine."

"Good evenin', sir," said Mrs. Stamper, bobbing a courtesy. Then she added: "Pr'aps you won't mind steppin' up to our front room. There's only the two youngest sleepin' there—if you'll excuse 'em."

"With pleasure," said the Alderman blandly. He felt he ought to be doing something.

They groped their way after her, up the narrow staircase and into the first floor front room. A strong odor of herrings came from the back one as they passed it.

"How people manage to exist in such stifling dens, I can't imagine," remarked the Alderman, in a low tone, when Mrs. Stamper had gone out to tell her husband. This is a most singular adventure of ours," he added, "and these people seem to know you, David. How——?"

The entrance of Ned Stamper, looking rather scared, put a stop to further inquiry. His wife followed him. He was a man who evidently needed moral support sometimes; and she looked quite capable of affording it.

Heathcote explained that he had seen Mrs. Ruffe that evening, and had accidentally discovered that little Hattie's box was lined with a document of very great importance to his friend and himself. How had Mr. Stamper come by it? And had he any more like it in his possession?

"I picked five on 'em out of a dust box in the city, Sir. It was one mornin' as I was a goin' to work. But I'm blessed if I know where the others is, barrin' one; and that I made a kite of for one of the little 'uns. He's got it in bed with him over there."

Alderman Pepperdine sprang to the chair bed, and snatched this precious kite from the sleeping child. The Bond was hopelessly mutilated. He groaned, and muttered: "This is frightful!"

"Why, I've saved two sheets of pretty paper like that," exclaimed Mrs. Stamper. Then she went to a chest of drawers, and brought out two of the Bonds safe and sound. Only one had now to be accounted for. The Alderman visibly brightened.

"Why, missus! you know where it is," said Ned Stamper, slapping his thigh. "Where?"

"Now, didn't you wrap it round *her* picture she gave yer, the very day before she died?"

"Yes! Yes! To be sure I did, Ned! I'll run an' get it."

"Lor! what a life she'd had of it, pore soul," remarked Ned Stamper, while his wife was gone. "My missus was awful fond of her and the little girl too."

"Been better off, Sir." (This to Mr. Pepperdine) "Come down to second floor back and a sewing machine. It just killed her."

"Dear me, dear me, how sad!" remarked the Alderman, in conventional phrase. "What a time that woman is," he said to himself.

"I'd put it at the bottom of a box," said Mrs. Stamper as she began to unfold the costly wrapping of the portrait. He took it from her hands to complete the task, for he thought of the kite. The next instant, his mind was concentrated on a dead past. In truth, he felt that some one had risen from the dead, in judgment against him.

"Oh! how could you!" wailed poor Mrs. Stamper.

The photograph of Mrs. Clement had fallen to the floor. Adam Pepperdine stood for a moment, with rigid features, staring wildly at the space it had just occupied. Then without uttering a sound he fell backwards insensible.

The catastrophe was so sudden, that those present seemed powerless at the moment to do anything else than gaze at the prostrate man. The spell was broken by Mrs. Stamper. Pointing to the portrait lying at the Alderman's feet, she said to her husband in a tone of pent up indignation:

"Ned; may I never breathe again if it isn't true! You mark my words. That man is her brother! That's Hattie's uncle!"

Heathcote saw enough to realize the truth of this statement. And it flashed upon his mind how little Hattie Clement had told Clara only a few hours before, that she was "like mama."

He thought of his darling, and the sorrow awaiting her, when the next moment he was kneeling beside her unhappy father.

Many months elapsed before Alderman Pepperdine showed signs of recovering from that stroke of paralysis which fell upon him, as he gazed upon his neglected sister's portrait. It was not truly his sister that he recognized; for she was a mere child when they last met. It was their mother he seemed to see, whose last words to him were: "Be kind to your sister, Adam."

Why he left his mother's injunction unfulfilled is a problem I leave for the consideration of "successful" men. Perhaps it was because years afterwards his sister married a proud and independent man, who, by the way, was an unsuccessful doctor. Those letters bequeathed to little Hattie suggested this.

But David Heathcote burnt most of them, the night before Clara became his wife. Since it was agreed that her little cousin Hattie should live with them when they returned from their honeymoon, he felt that for the sake of his wife, he was justified in blotting out the dead past as far as possible.

When they married, Mr. Pepperdine was just able to move about a little, and speak with some distinctness. The old Adam had not altogether been destroyed, however; for he muttered occasionally: "Why didn't she tell me that her husband was dead, and that she was poor? I never was a skinflint."

But when last I heard of him there was better news. Little Hattie said that "one evening Uncle Adam cried while she sat on his knee, and that he let her comfort him and wipe his tears away."

Death's Lesson

by Echo



“**N**O, Jane, not today; dinner at five as usual, and don't disturb me again if it can be avoided.”

Esther Franklin turned away with a sigh as the servant went out. It was Sunday, a day of days, with a cloudless sky and all the air fragrant with the perfume of garden roses. But she did not see the day's beauty as she sat before the chiffonier taking out books, ribbons, garments and then, half mechanically, putting them back again. She was nervous, restless and dry-eyed. She opened the upper drawer. There were the books Helen loved so, her history, some tattered "compositions," the little white slippers she had worn when Will and Esther were married, the fan Will had given her on her birthday, some ribbons and bits of lace. She knew the precious list by heart.

Then she turned to a wicker box that no one ever opened but herself. It was all blue and white and fragrance, filled with wee garments daintily made. Esther had helped to fashion them ten years before when her mother had confided to her a great, great secret. And when the little sister was born Esther put away her dolls and almost forgot about her playmates, in the joy of actually living what seemed to her a real romance. For truly, caring for a baby, with no share in the pain and the responsibility, is a romance, verily. It is for all the world like a picture without any shadow.

But the shadows came. After a year of invalidism the mother died and Esther, then barely fifteen, became the only mother that little Helen ever knew. From that time until Helen's death, nine years later, the sisters were inseparable.

One bequest of a loving heart is wisdom, and few children could have been more wisely and carefully reared. When Esther and Will were married Helen

became the sunlight of their home. When she died it seemed to Esther as if the light had gone out of her life.

Esther shut the little basket and sank down upon the rug before the broad window. A humming bird was poised above a blossom just outside, and although her eyes rested upon it she did not see it. "Oh, I cannot bear it, I cannot ——"

A knock at the door—"May I come in?"—and Esther's husband entered. "Dear, little sister," he said, taking both her hands in his own as she arose. "Again, today? You must not grieve so. You will be ill. Besides, Esther, isn't it just a little selfish when so many suffer far more? We have been so blessed!"

"I believe, dear," he continued, with an unusual tenderness in his voice, "I believe that even Helen's death is a blessing, if only we looked at it in the right way." Esther was nervous and dry-eyed, but she became quieter, as was always the case when Will was at her side.

Will Franklin was one of those fine and rarely balanced natures which Heaven vouchsafes to earth but seldom. Naturally a student and thinker, he had, although scarcely past his boyhood, already made an impress upon the business world. In him the comrade had never been forgotten in the husband. He had been Esther's playmate as a child, her comrade and companion during young womanhood, and when he asked her to be his wife it seemed to her the most natural and the most beautiful thing in the world. His strength was that which is born of conquest, and its bequest had been a certain tenderness and reserve that was more like unselfish mother-love than anything else. Esther trusted him absolutely and he had never, even in the slightest degree, made light of her trust.

"Will, I *can't* understand," and Esther turned to him like a tired child.

"But look at it from Helen's standpoint, dear," was his reply. "It is as if she had suddenly stepped into the sunlight. How fortunate she is! Surely we can be joyful when we think of *her*, dear. It's really not Helen's death that we grieve about, but what we fancy is our own loss—isn't it, dear?"

"But, Will, the house is so empty. I can't get over the separation, even though I know she is happier, even though I know we will be together in the lives to come."

"Perhaps, even in this life, who knows? But even if not, you should not grieve. Do we not both believe in that Great Law of which death is as much a part as birth? It is but a sleep, a rest, like the sleep of the flowers, dear. Let us feel the joy of death *for Helen's sake*. To her it is a release, a blossoming. For her sake let us not allow a selfish grief to spoil our lives."

"Will," said Esther impetuously, "you didn't love Helen as I did. That is why you can talk of joy."

The words were cruel words, and Will started as if he had received a blow.

The grief one feels for the dead is a little thing compared with the grief one feels for the living. Besides the shadow that fell upon his life when Helen died—for all that was a part of Esther's life was to him both sacred and beloved—his heart was aching and his grief was keen as he saw Esther slowly breaking down under her self-imposed nervous strain. He recognized in her sorrow that subtle selfishness which is so universal among those whose loved ones have died. For this he did not know the remedy, though he would have given worlds to have found it.

* * *

“Yes, Jane, what is it?”

“Please, ma'am, Maggie has sent word to ask ye if ye'll let her have an extra day for the washing—the baby died last night.” Esther looked at her husband, startled. The words had a tight, dry sound, and there was something strange about putting washing and a baby's death in the same sentence.

Will Franklin saw his opportunity. Oh, that love were always as wise as it is tender! Oh, that love were always as resolute as it is wise! “Esther, put on your cloak. Yes, Jane, tell her yes, certainly, and have James send the carriage around at once. Come, Esther, Maggie is in trouble, and we will see what we can do.”

Esther was more than startled. In all her life she had never seen Will assume an attitude of command in reference to herself. She looked at her husband. He stood quietly, his face so calm that she could not read it. She obeyed him. It seemed to be the only thing to do.

They drove rapidly to the little house in the suburbs, where Maggie lived. “Mis' McLeod,” her neighbors called her. It could hardly be called a home; two shabby rooms in the midst of an unkempt garden patch. A few neighbors stood in the doorway, one or two in their “Sunday clothes,” but most of them slovenly and illy clad. They stepped aside as Will and Esther unfastened the weatherbeaten rope which served for gate-latch, and entered the yard.

In the dingy “other room” Maggie stood, white and tired, feebly helping the old grandmother dress the wee, frail form for the casket.

“Tell her that you will help, Esther, and see if you can't get her to lie down,” said Will, quiet but firm.

“Maggie!”

“Oh, Mis' Franklin, you're not angry about the washin'?”

“Maggie, dear, we've come to help you. Don't grieve, Maggie!” and she took the coarsened hands in her own. “Think how happy little Fred is, where it is all joy and sunshine and love. You believe in God, Maggie, don't you? Well, just think how much better God will take care of little Fred than you could possibly do. Why Maggie, it's beautiful when you think of it that way!”

The two women looked at each other, one little more than a girl, unused to toil, wealthy, petted and spoiled; the other a care-stricken woman, who looked twice the age she really was, bent and burdened with overwork. Maggie drew a long breath. The tears came into her eyes. "Why, Mis' Franklin, that's so!" she whispered.

"Let me dress little Fred, Maggie, please. I'd love to, and let grandma make you a cup of tea."

Mechanically Maggie obeyed her. As Esther bent over the tiny dead baby a queer feeling was tugging at her heart-strings. The room had become very quiet. Will had been standing in the doorway. At last he came up to the bare little casket. "Let me help you, Esther," he said, with all the old tenderness in his voice. Her eyes filled with tears, eyes that had not wept in months.

"Yes, you may hold these flowers a moment, Will," and they worked on together.

* * *

A week later Esther again opened the drawers which held Helen's garments. Her cheeks were flushed and she moved rapidly. She took out some of them and did not put them back. "Just a moment, Will," she said. "Tell James to wait. It is selfish of us to keep these things when Maggie's oldest girl is so in need of garments, and these will just fit. And these books I will take to Clarence. I believe it would make Helen happier than it would to have them lie here unused. . . . Death may bring a blessing, Will, if we do not shut all the peace out of our lives. I see now, and I don't believe I can ever be unhappy again." And as their eyes met, Will's heart lightened, for he saw that Esther understood.

Brotherhood

by J. S. M.



THEOSOPHY is Divine Wisdom, and although we are all possessors of this priceless treasure we none of us realize it, and very few have any conception what it really is.

Humanity may be likened to a profligate who has inherited a vast fortune of gold and one priceless diamond. The fortune is at his command, but the diamond is in a locked casket, the key of which he has lost. So he passes his days in squandering his golden patrimony, until he has forgotten his other inheritance, and it lies neglected in its casket in some unvisited room of his palace.

The immortal soul is the profligate, who has fallen heir to a body and five senses and a mind. These are his golden treasures. The Law of Brotherhood is the gem, locked in the casket of Divine Wisdom. The key is purity of thought and motive.

In the childhood of the race, divine wisdom was possessed of all. Man knew himself to be an immortal soul, Brotherhood shone upon his life and expressed itself in every thought and word and act, and his heart was pure.

But as time passed on, the glittering allurements of material life, the witchery of the senses, dimmed more and more the gem of Brotherhood, till at last it disappeared, taken by the immutable law of cause and effect, and securely locked in the wisdom he had forgotten, but not before the key of purity had been lost. At times in the life of man great souls who had regained the memory of the past have appeared, hoping to woo him back to Brotherhood and love by the chastity of their lives and the effulgence of their great compassion. But humanity as a whole has been more than content with its material possessions, and the sinless ones have been crucified on the altar of human selfishness, till today divine wisdom is covered to our sight with the cobwebs of avarice and the dust of forgetfulness, whilst the lustrous gem of our Brotherhood lies hidden therein, unknown and unsought by the vast majority.

Yet for each one of us who is squandering his heritage of body and of mind the door of the palace of God is open, and we have but to conquer our lower selves, to wash away our selfishness in the very heart-blood of desire, replace the key of purity within our hearts, and of itself the wisdom of God will be unfolded and Brotherhood will illuminate our lives.

As an immortal soul, man is indeed in possession of divine wisdom, but his mind is so clogged with merely intellectual conceptions that he fails to perceive the glory of the divine. The song of Brotherhood is all around us, but we are amongst those who seeing, see not, and hearing fail to understand.

Still the wondrous truth pervades the universe. Brotherhood still shines undimmed within its casket, and here and there pure-hearted men and women are endeavoring to bring back to the knowledge of men the memory of their divine origin, the knowledge that they are immortal souls, brothers eternally.

All religious sects profess to teach and believe in the brotherhood of man, but in practice confine themselves to members of their own peculiar sect, or, at the broadest, those who profess belief in their particular religion.

Theosophy proudly proclaims that all men are brothers, and welcomes to her mother breast all humanity, extending to all the priceless treasure of the love that only a mother can give, bidding white, black or yellow, Jew, Christian, Moslem or Brahman unite upon the broad platform of Universal Brotherhood. For this her followers were persecuted, and the fair name of our beloved Leader, Kather-

ine Tingley, attacked by the malicious enemies of mankind and every effort made to render nugatory her labors in our behalf.

In spite of their most strenuous endeavors, however, the Brotherhood Organization gains daily in strength and influence. The work of Katherine Tingley is more and more recognized a power for good, and the dawn of peace and good will to ALL shines clear on the horizon of the immediate future.

Capital Punishment

by Alfred D. Robinson



IN considering a question like this, one must first of all disabuse one's mind of a most popular fallacy which is fostered by our political code of ethics, viz., that a community, state or country is subject to a different moral law from the individual—the belief that what is becoming in the aggregate would be criminal in the unit, and *vice versa*. Let us imagine that we are freed from this notion and are resolved to hold the State responsible for its acts as a larger individual differing in no degree from each one of us more than one grain of sand differs from the other—a mountain may be of sand, but the fact that we call it and it is a mountain does not free it from any of the laws that apply to sand in the grain.

To the individual is allowed only the two excuses for taking life outside of mental incompetency or accident—the act of self defense and defense of another. The law may contain in its immense embrace many quibbles to justify or excuse: it must, for in only a small percentage of murder cases does the criminal pay the death penalty—but those two are the only reasons that in the popular mind, untrained in legal lore, make the difference between justifiable homicide and murder in a deliberate killing.

Therefore the State in exacting a life for a life should be defending itself or another. It is not defending itself, for the death of one of its people does not threaten it. It is not defending the one killed, because he is already beyond its aid. What is it doing? Making an example to deter others and taking upon itself the prerogative that should belong alone to the giver of life—that of taking it? I have heard many a man say, when the question of the abolition of the death penalty came up: “What should be done with the murderers? We don't want to be at the expense of keeping them.” But I have sufficient respect for this civi-

lization, much as it lacks respect for itself in many ways, this one in particular, not to consider seriously the idea that murderers are hanged, electrocuted or otherwise disposed of, to spare the expense of their providing. As a deterrent of crime the death penalty is a conspicuous failure, for not only do murders keep increasing in the legal death-dealing countries, but diverse and ingenious new methods of committing them are constantly being employed. It would seem that the tasting of blood by the State in these executions acted on the more unfortunate ones in its borders, as it does on the wild beasts of the jungle, driving them with the horrid thirst it creates to the commission of other bloody deeds.

It is recognized by every court that the motive back of the crime is the real crime, and the realization of this should make each man pause and examine his own heart and see whether he dare to stand for this blot on our land's escutcheon. Do you not all believe that back of all our laws stands that universal, infallible, absolutely just law that shall mete out to each his due? Can you then say that your heart has ever been so free from murderous thought that you dare say: "This my brother is worthy of death for what he has done; I have seen and weighed his motives and he should die. Away with him to the scaffold!"? I am amazed that a jury of twelve men should ever be found who dared to vote a fellow being into the other side of the grave where he must stand in that unseen but nevertheless real court, presided over by a Judge that can see into men's hearts and innermost thoughts, a messenger from them to say, "These being holier than I adjudged me unfit to live on the same earth, which is thy footstool, so they have sent me to thy throne."

But the chief reason why this punishment should be abolished, the lack of realization of which forms the only reason for its retention, is that you do not kill the man because you break his neck or chop off his head, for the neck is not the man nor is the head, nor the body; and here we return to the Alpha and Omega of this movement to uplift humanity—the soul is the real man. The death of the body is the removal of the shell that holds in the chains of the ordinary visible universe the many complex parts of man. All of you know by inner conviction, if you only stop to examine yourselves, that you use the body. You know what a vast storehouse of forces you have garnered by just living and thinking and acting. Is there any law that you know or have ever heard of that justifies the assumption that you can with a stroke of an ax destroy all those forces? You know that modern science teaches you that a force exerted must be spent and that laws are parallel on every plane. So when the body is rendered inactive by its death these stored-up forces are released to expend their energy uncontrolled by corporeal matter, and in that state are more potent for harm than before this event.

The action of thought between people at long distances is universally recognized today, you have all observed the force you generate within yourselves by

dwelling in thought on a certain subject, you know the persistency with which a thought once started pushes you on to action. Now consider the state of the mind of the man who is hanged, what a seething mass of revolt against his kind it contains, how it dwells on the bloody deed committed and the atrocious one to expiate it. What a cauldron of moral poisons! And then see the State pour out its contents upon itself, watch the murderous thoughts flow here and there insinuating themselves into the hearts of those whose wall of moral stamina has cracks and breaks, poisoning the minds of fathers, mothers, brethren and children, and perpetuating the reign of crime in the land. When I think of it I see the witches in Macbeth round the cauldron mouthing their incantations while they mix the potion. Here is their recipe:

Round about the cauldron go,
 In the poisoned entrails throw,
 Toad that under cold stone
 Days and nights has thirty-one
 Sweltered venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
 Filly of a penny snake
 In the cauldron boil and bake ;
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg and howlet's wing
 For a charm of powerful trouble
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
 Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat and slips of yew
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe
 Ditch-delivered by a drab
 Make the gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Think of evil thoughts to correspond with each of those gruesome items and then realize why capital punishment does not deter crime.

So far we have considered the subject from the side of the executioners and not from that of the executed, and it is hardly necessary. I never heard any one bold enough to say that hanging was the best thing for a man, though in some instances it has been remarked that it was too good or good enough. If the orthodox one-life theory be true we hurry many a man straight to hell, for many a man is executed without confessing his sins and being absolved. But if reincarnation be true we merely stop an incarnation at a height of immorality with all the tendencies to insure a villain in a future one. If neither be true and this is all there is to life—which in his heart no man believes—then we forever deprive a fellow of his all because he did the same to another, as logically might we punish an incendiary by burning his property.

If I have not by this time convinced you of the necessity of promoting this object of The International Brotherhood League, I have confirmed myself in that belief, and will close by remarking on the means to this end. Firstly I emphatically affirm that the majority of humanity is of the same opinion, but capital punishment was the method of our fathers and we hate to depart from old established customs, which is a shifting of responsibility or an attempt at shifting it, which cannot be done, and moreover is a small, mean course. And, ashamed as I am to say it, thousands upon thousands support this wrong with their apathy and their silence against their conviction, because to advocate its abolition might open them to a charge of being weak and sentimental humanitarians, etc. In God's name, is the taking of a fellow man's life a manly act?

What are we to do? Do as this International Brotherhood League is doing. Speak against the death penalty at every opportunity, think against it all the time. When an execution is to be carried out and the community is torn and animalized by the desire for blood toll, oppose this passion wave by an earnest desire, a hope, yea, a prayer to man's higher nature to assert itself and save us from this blood-guiltiness. Instead of dwelling on the crime committed think of the ignorance of him who did the deed, and remember he is your unfortunate brother. Ah, that makes you start? But, BROTHER I repeat and emphasize, he was your brother.

It seems so simple to answer the question which the supporter of capital punishment propounds, as if he deems it unanswerable—"What would you do with murderers then?" We would treat them as morally sick, confine them where we could exercise brotherly care to reclaim their wandering sense of the eternal fitness of things, and act the part of brothers, *not* executioners.

Short-Sightedness of Civilization

by H. T. E.



AS a race we have lost our faith in the efficacy of the eternal principles of truth, justice and honesty. We have lost it, also, as individuals.

Self-indulgence and greed for gain have dimmed our finer perceptions and sensibilities.

Our intellectual beliefs afford no sanction for such a faith. The materialistic philosophy of life rejects such factors as high principles.

“After all, why should I?” “Does it pay?” and similar questions arise in the mind and receive cynical and skeptical answers.

And when a life guided by high principles is advocated, even then it is often regarded as something contrary to reason. A high motive is defined as one that overrides common sense, and it is considered wicked to associate duty with expediency and to point out the *advantages* of right living.

“Honesty is the best policy,” says the proverb; and the materialistic mind regards this as an invitation to abandon principle and be honest from a base motive, as if honesty *could* be opposed to our interests in any way!

Our civilization is after temporary gains, and doubtless fraud and injustice can bring these. It is after personal advantages, and these too may be won for a time by grabbing, as a dog grabs another dog’s meat, or by treachery like a snake in the grass.

But is it consistent with our pride of progress and our pride of enlightenment to behave like a lot of reckless buccaneers or irresponsible schoolboys turned loose?

We laugh when we read of pirates on a desert island eating all they can and throwing the remains of the food into the fire, as they fall into drunken sleep in the fever marshes. Short-sighted people, these! But what would our civilization look like to a hero of the Golden Age? We have enough sense to urge us to provide for a little longer time than the pirates—but that is all.

Our policy of wealth-seeking, corrupt legislation, litigation and self-indulgence is childishly and idiotically short-sighted.

No man who could view life from a broader standpoint would so wantonly violate the obvious laws of health and happiness and so suicidally frustrate his own interests and the interests of those with whom his life is bound up.

Such a man would see that honesty, truth, justice and humanity are all laws of life, necessary conditions of well-being. He would not violate them any more than he would put his finger in the fire.

It is bitter experience that teaches men these truths, and that by slower march of time also teaches them to races. But how much trouble can be saved by keeping the end in view! It is better that I should know beforehand where the true path leads than that I should be left entirely alone to seek it out.

Let us look abroad at our country and see to what misery the people are being brought by this short-sighted selfish greed, this cynical disregard of the obligations of humanity, this universal corruption of the judicial function.

Then we shall realize that, whatever science or religion we may have, and whatever they may be good for, they have failed to supply our one great want—the want of a trust and belief and faith in the reality, efficacy and beauty of justice, truth and humanity.

We can calculate with great accuracy in dollars and yards and horsepowers. But where is our science of moral dynamics? In this we show an ignorant recklessness worthy of the lowest savages.

To demonstrate the true laws of life. That is the work of The Universal Brotherhood at Loma-land and wherever its influence can reach. We have to show and prove to the world that principles are real saving factors—nay, the essential conditions—of human life. A life lived both individually and collectively according to these principles is a life happy and beautiful. This the contrast will speedily show, and the wise ones will know where to look for refuge from a life that has no backbone.

The Unconsidered Moments

by C.



GREAT is the hidden power of the unconsidered moments. They are the moments when the mind lapses from whatever it is intent upon, and either wanders among its own stores of débris, or becomes impressionable by any items of sensation that chance to reach it through any of the senses, generally the eye.

Suppose, in writing, in the pauses of thought, the eye falls upon a disorderly room, dusty in every corner, and perhaps with the remains of a meal upon a table. Is the mind not affected? Is the flow of thought exactly what it would have been had the eye rested on neatness, cleanliness, order and perhaps the delicate play of color in well-arranged flowers? Habit may have made the surroundings, in either case, well-nigh unnoticed; suppressed them below the level of *conscious* criticism or approval. But it is not too much to say that character itself is

deeply permeated by the impressions the mind picks up in those unnoticed, unremembered moments.

It is in the unconsidered moments of thought that the work we may do in building our characters is picked to pieces.

What is the condition of its own chambers and furniture upon which the mind looks in its moments of relaxation of effort? With what matters does it occupy itself when it is no longer held on some compelling topic?

For, the moment the will lets go of it, up come the trains of memories, pictures past and present, hopes, regrets, impulses and all the vague, almost imperceptible and indescribable mass of camp-followers that haunt the edges of the field of active thought.

Practically all this crowd are rodents about the roots of character. They build nothing, only destroy what the moments of efforts had built. They all waste and stain the waters of that spiritual consciousness which we accumulate with so much difficulty.

We *know* that the early morning moments of half waking do this, and that an hour of such will enervate the will and emasculate the purpose-making power for a whole day. But these same moments, whose injuriousness we recognize when they come together and at a special time, we permit to occur indiscriminately and fortuitously all day long. And then we wonder that character is so difficult to build, aspirations so difficult to maintain and satisfy.

Paradoxically, it is not the moments of effort that we have to look after; it is the moments of effortlessness.

Get flowers—for the table and for the mind. When the eye is looking at nothing in particular, it will store the purity and fragrance and beauty of them.

And in the mind plant *its* flowers, pure thought of your own and from books, music, high feeling that has been registered by finding vent in action; and in meditation cultivate its whole soil.

Then, in relaxing effort, you will sink back among these; and as you do so, it will be no hard task to prevent the intrusion about the roots, of the gliding snakes generated in the lower world of conscious life.

The Gospel of Work

THE gospel of work can be as completely misunderstood as any other gospel. Work of whatever rightful kind can always be raised into an art, an alchemy, by proper performance, by right purpose. All work that rightfully falls to any man may be used by him as a means to spiritualize his nature, to advance the Golden Age. Some men, unobtrusive, saying little, unnoticed, are yet the very antiseptics and sweeteners of the group they belong to—the home, workshop, club, drawing-room: not because of the kind of work they do, but because of the way in which they do it.—*The New Century*

by a Student



EVERYONE is making plans and everyone is breaking them. In fact, it is with plans as with rules, that they are made to be broken. A plan so rigid that it can not be altered an iota is useless, for it will be old and out of date before it is carried into effect. New conditions constantly arise, many of them brought about by the very plans we make. They are an effect of the plans, but could not always be foreseen originally, and so it happens that they in turn become new causes producing new and unexpected effects, which often would mar the work we are aiming at completing.

It therefore becomes imperatively necessary that the original idea or plan be modified to meet and counteract these new, disturbing causes. The final work will be the same, in a measure, but the details may be almost unrecognizable. And even the final result, in all really successful work, will differ from and be better than the original plan, for the view of the building enlarges as the work goes on. So it should be, and so it will be, if we but hold ourselves pliable instead of allowing our minds to crystallize into stereotyped forms. The latter means stagnation, the former ever changing, ever growing life.

Nature is elastic and pliant. She works according to a grand plan, or Law, but the details are filled out from day to day, so that they may fit into the general, ever-changing frame-work. Nature grows, and growing life conforms to all conditions as it finds them. Nature works with a consciousness that is ever awake, ever attentive to the most minute details, and she is therefore able always to do the right thing at the right time.

Our consciousness is as yet much less complete, but if we love our work we will also take care of the little details, so step by step completing our task. We will then do it full of joy, with our heads erect and with our eyes raised towards the light that is shining in the distance and which should be our guiding star. It is the light of Truth without which we will be unable to distinguish the plans, no matter how perfectly they were drawn by the Master. And our work must be put together with the cement of brotherly love. It is love that holds the universe together. Without it the tiniest piece would crumble, with it the seemingly disunited elements are bound firmly together and stand as a solid mass defying destruction.

WITHOUT the aid of poetry, music can awaken the affections by her magic influence, producing at her will, and that instantly, serenity, complacency, pleasure, delight, ecstasy, melancholy, woe, pain, terror, and distraction.

—DR. CROTCH.

Sign-Posts Along the Path*



THE POSSIBILITIES OF LIFE

THOREAU pointed out that there are artists in life, persons who can change the color of a day, and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. We claim that there are masters in life, who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to color the day for those about him. Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyze them by indifference, or actively drag them down. When this point is reached, then the art of life is converted into the science of death. . . .

And no one can be quite inactive. Although many bad books and pictures are produced, still not every one who is incapable of writing or painting well insists on doing so badly. . . .

Neither happiness nor prosperity are always the best of bedfellows for such undeveloped mortals as most of us are; they seldom bring with them peace, which is the only permanent joy. The idea of peace is usually connected with the close of life and a religious state of mind. That kind of peace will, however, generally be found to contain the element of expectation. The pleasures of this world have been surrendered, and the soul waits contentedly in expectation of the pleasures of the next. The peace of the philosophic mind is very different from this and can be attained to early in life when pleasure has scarcely been tasted, as well as when it has been fully drunk of. The American Transcendentalists discovered that life could be made a sublime thing without any assistance from circumstances or outside sources of pleasure and prosperity. Of course this had been discovered many times before, and Emerson only took up again the cry raised by Epictetus. But every man has to discover this fact freshly for himself, and when once he has realized it he knows that he would be a wretch if he did not endeavor to make the possibility a reality in his own life. The stoic became sublime because he recognized his own absolute responsibility and did not try to evade it; the Transcendentalist was even more, because he had faith in the unknown and untried possibilities which lay within himself. . . . The Theosophist who is at all in earnest, sees his responsibility and endeavors to

* Extracts from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky

find knowledge; living, in the meantime, up to the highest standard of which he is aware. . . . Man's life is in his own hands, his fate is ordered by himself.—*Lucifer, vol. i, p. 338*

* * *

We live in an atmosphere of gloom and despair, but this is because our eyes are downcast and riveted to the earth, with all its physical and grossly material manifestations. If, instead of that, man proceeding on his life-journey looked—not heavenward, which is but a figure of speech, but—*within himself* and centered his observation on the *inner* man, he would soon escape from the coils of the great serpent of illusion. From the cradle to the grave, his life would then become supportable and worth living even in its worst phases.—*Lucifer, vol. i, p. 112.*

* * *

Each of us can relatively reach the Sun of Truth even on this earth, and assimilate its warmest and most direct rays. . . . We know that by paralyzing gradually within ourselves the appetites of the lower personality, and thereby deadening the voice of the purely physiological mind—that mind which depends upon, and is inseparable from, its medium or vehicle, the organic brain—the animal man in us may make room for the spiritual; and once aroused from its latent state, the highest spiritual senses and perceptions grow in us in proportion, and develop *pari passu* with the “divine man.”—*Lucifer, p. 428*

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HITHERTO, it was remarked in almost every historical age that a wide interval, almost a chasm, lay between practical and ideal perfection. Yet, as from time to time certain great characters appeared on earth who taught mankind to look beyond the veil of illusion, man learned that the gulf was not an impassable one; that it is the province of mankind through its higher and more spiritual races to fill the great gap more and more with every coming cycle; for every man, as a unit, has it in his power to add his mite toward filling it. Yes; there are still men, who, notwithstanding the present chaotic condition of the moral world, and the sorry *debris* of the best human ideals, still persist in believing and teaching that the now *ideal* human perfection is no dream, but a law of divine nature; and that, had mankind to wait even millions of years, still it must some day reach it and become *a race of gods*.

Meanwhile, the periodical rise and fall of human character on the external plane takes place now, as it did before, and the ordinary average perception of man is too weak to see that both processes occur each time on a higher plane than the preceding. But as such changes are not always the work of centuries,

for often extreme changes are wrought by swift-acting forces—*e. g.*, by wars, speculations, epidemics, the devastation of famines or religious fanaticism—therefore do the blind masses imagine that man ever was, is, and will be the same. To the eyes of us, moles, mankind is like our globe—seemingly stationary. And yet, both move in space and time with an equal velocity, around themselves, and—*onward*.—(*Lucifer, Vol. V, p. 270*)

Silence in the Desert

by a Student



HAVE you ever been in the desert, where all is quiet? Some say the desert is dead, that it is depressing. My friend, they know not life nor death. The desert is sand and sand and sand, but it pulsates with a life so intense that it infuses its essence into your whole being, makes your blood run faster and fills you with new hope and with an added, nobler interest in life.

For things are not always what they seem to be, and there are other forms of life than those we see in the animal and in the vegetable kingdoms. Most of them are unseen, and yet exist as truly as the most material forms. We feel their presence as soon as we but open up and not shut ourselves against them. We feel it most in the silence, and nowhere is the silence so perfect as in the great desert. The silence there is not the physical silence alone, but the compelling grandeur of the sunlit waste or of its starry night enforces an inner silence which is far more rare. It hushes all the voices of the body and of mind so that both become enraptured listeners, filled with enthusiastic admiration for the grand nature-song, which now springs from the silence. It is a song of strong pulsating life that sends a thrill through you, causing all the chords of your being to respond. The inner silence changes now to softest and melodious harmony, in unison with that you hear.

It is in moments such as these that we can realize the “fullness of the seeming void,” the majesty of nature and, far from feeling small and crushed down we, too, feel raised above the plane of every-day routine, we lift our heads and feel that we are a part of all that is, and that the melody which our hearts give out must be attuned to the universal chorus.

Great is the desert, the sunny, sandy, wide and silent, living desert.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



The *Democrat-Chronicle* of Syracuse, N. Y., commenting on Katherine Tingley's libel suit against the *Los Angeles Times*, deplored the fact that the meaning of "Raja Yoga" was not given during the trial, and asks: "As it seems unlikely there will be an 'official' reply to the query, perhaps some outsider will kindly tell us what 'Raja Yoga' means?" Will not the Students' Column take up this subject?

INQUIRER

IN *The New Century* for Feb. 1st, 1903, the meaning of Raja Yoga was given as follows: "Raja Yoga means the Royal or Kingly Unity or Brotherhood. It refers to the balance and harmony of the whole nature—physical, mental and moral." Is it not clear that the perfect expression and development of human life can only be realized through the attainment of this balance? If indeed, we are "the temple of the living God," that Temple ought to be a fitting habitation for the indwelling Divinity. We very well know that a weak and sickly body does not argue a weak and sickly mind, and there are many instances of vigorous thinkers whose thoughts, noble and beautiful in their essence and clearly expressed, have been helpful to the progress of the world, who yet have had feeble, puny bodies. But for all that, the truth of "a healthy mind in a healthy body" is self-evident. And the question naturally arises: What might not have been the work and influence on the world of these great thinkers if they had not been hampered by the difficulties and hindrances of physical weakness and disease?

Is it not, therefore, necessary to have a right basis on which to build? Is it not just as necessary to train and rightly educate and control the body and the appetites and so-called *natural* tendencies as it is to train and educate the mind? But how many of our schools today so regard education? How many boys and girls, young men and women, who according to the world's standard leave school or college with what is regarded as a fair education, yet know anything about themselves, their *natural* tendencies, their moral make-up? Ought they not to be taught what to avoid, and be forewarned of the approaching dangers in their lives?

It does not require any prophetic vision to see something of what life would be, and what the world and civilization would be in one generation, if the children received this deeper education, this true education. The sickly, puny, or even crippled student and thinker may be able to rise above his infirmities, and may know much happiness and joy in his life, but ask him the question and he will

tell you that for the perfect work, that to accomplish the work which every sincere man feels and knows is *a man's work*, there must be a basis, a healthy, controlled physical body, there must be a harmonious and balanced development of the whole nature, mental, moral, physical and, we add, there must be the supreme governing of the whole nature by a superb will which is part of man's divine nature.

This is Raja Yoga, and this is the system of training which Katherine Tingley is giving to the world in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. F.

* * *

THEOSOPHY DOES NOT TEACH TRANSMIGRATION

It is hardly believable, yet there are a few people in the world who, in order to confuse the public mind as to the true teachings of Theosophy, assert in spite of all statements to the contrary, that Theosophy teaches transmigration, viz: That the soul of a human being may after death reappear in an animal form. So persistently is this false statement made that it must be clear to every honorable man and woman that it is a part of a systematic plan to befog the public mind as to what Theosophy really does teach. We know that the power of Truth is to make free, but also there are those who would rather have men and women slaves that they might remain in power and profit by the credulity and superstition of those whom they thus hold in mental and moral subjection.

One of the teachings of Theosophy is Reincarnation, which is that man returns again and again to earth to take up again his work *as man*, and so to learn all the lessons of *human* life, and to advance toward that Godlike perfection which Jesus and all great teachers have held up as man's destiny. It will be thus seen that this teaching of Theosophy, viz: Reincarnation, is the very antithesis of transmigration which is falsely said to be taught.

Katherine Tingley has said on this subject (see *The New Century*, Feb. 1st, 1903), that "*the transmigration-of-the-soul theory has no part in the belief or teachings of the Theosophical Movement*. It is true that this false theory has been subtly and carefully circulated by a certain class of ecclesiastics and others, who are enemies to The Universal Brotherhood, the headquarters of which organization are at Point Loma, California. It has misled many honest-minded people as to the rational teachings of Theosophy, which are founded upon common sense, and are in no way adverse to the teachings of Jesus, whom all true Theosophists respect. The belief in the transmigration of the soul is the first step towards the retrogression of humanity. Theosophical teachings are constructive and elevating, not destructive and degrading."

STUDENT

Heaven Is Within*

by H. M.



“**B**LESSED are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

These eternally beautiful and true words prove themselves nowhere more gloriously than when one walks out in Nature like a little child. He observes the divine law in its loveliest and purest manifestations; he observes God face to face in infinity's wonderful, mysterious life and activity; here the spirit of the universe greets him in the flower's perfume, here it speaks to him in the roar of the storm and in the gentle waving of the grass, in the wind's breathing through the wood, in the song of the birds and by the voice of the soul in the depth of which all the rays of the Everlasting unite in one great thought of the Divine.

If you would search for God, then search for Him in the people's life throughout humanity's history. But do not search for Him only in one nation or in some especial race, nor at a fixed time, forgetting all other nations and all other times. God has appeared in humanity's history ever since its beginning to this moment, and will appear in it till this earth shall cease to be. God appears and is living and moving in the people's history whether they encamp on Mount Sinai or live near the Ganges, whether their eye rests upon the diamond ice fields of the polar sea, or the equator's sun darkens their skin, whether they proudly count themselves to be civilized, or are regarded as savages by the civilized.

Majestic figures, noble men and women, we see among the nations. And rolling up the curtain of the world's history, we may observe the activity of the divine spirit as a deep undercurrent in the people's actions. What a mirror is here held up to us! How clearly may we distinguish in this self-revelation of the Divine the causes and the effects of all events, of all magnificent appearances before which we stand in admiration. Here we observe that Light and Right are immortal, and even that their seeming fall becomes a step for ultimate victory. Powerless, ridiculous and foolish seem then all obstacles which are erected by the infatuated against humanity's development. And how overwhelming is that terrible justice which appears from time to time in the history of the nations; how often one single breath of wind has laid in ruins what seemed to be built for centuries and millenniums!

It is thus we may perceive that the Spirit of God lives in humanity and appears in the people's life. But He appears also in ourselves—in the individual life of

* Read at a public meeting in Helsingborg, Sweden

each! The divine law lives within our hearts, in our knowledge, in our opinion of good and evil. God lives in us, in the consciousness of a noble effort, of a pure will. God lives in the Heaven or Hell of our conscience. If we then ask this question, Where is God to be found? we are able to answer: In the history of humanity and of Nature and within ourselves. And in searching there for him he blows on us with the breath of His Holy Spirit, thus, as by the rushing of the wind, filling us with inspiration; raising us far above the misery, the triviality and the dust of the earth; an inspiration that makes us feel that something lives in our hearts which fights for the crown of perfection by gigantic power.

There is only one Heaven
 Where eternal happiness is.
 Not among the crowded stars,
 Not among the legion of worlds,
 Is it to be found by man;
 But within his own heart,
 When he does the right.

A Yaqui Incident

by a Student



IN the midst of the present Yaqui war—or shall we say persecution—an American prospector was riding alone through the Yaqui country. One night he staked his horse, as usual, and laid down to sleep on the ground, only to be awakened in the middle of the night by the Yaquis who, in a friendly way, ordered him to get out of the country, without even so much as interfering with his horse, sorely as they were in need of saddle ponies. He was an *Americano*, and that was enough for the Indians. Americans in Sonora come in close contact with the Yaquis and always treat them well. The Yaquis on their side appreciate this friendship, and return it in full.

WHATEVER the relations of music, it will never cease to be the noblest and purest of arts. . . . Its inherent solemnity makes it so chaste and wonderful, that it ennobles WHATEVER comes in contact with it.

—R. WAGNER

MELODY, both vocal and instrumental, is for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening their affections toward God.

--HOOKER

Mirror of the Movement



The Winter Flowers of Loma-land

The words "Winter Season" conjure up to many people a picture of snow, ice and cold, the landscape covered with a white mantle, the streams locked in an icy embrace, and vegetation dead. But to those who dwell in the valleys or on the mesas of Southern California, and especially in the vicinity of San Diego, "winter" means the time when the hills and valleys deck themselves with brightest green and the many kinds of beautiful wild flowers add brilliant color to the scene. Winter, in this favored spot, is the time of the welcome rains—which this year have been more than usually abundant—consequently the fertile earth has responded in most bountiful fashion.

The same causes which bring rain to Loma-land bring snow to the mountain peaks lying east and north of San Diego, and add to the grandeur and beauty of the view a sublimity beyond description. These snowy peaks also serve the valleys and the mesas, for they fill the streams, rivers and reservoirs with life-giving water.

Snow on the mountain peaks, sunshine, fruit, and flowers in the valleys, an atmosphere which quickens the pulse, brightens the eye and makes life a joy—such is "winter in Loma-land."

* * *

Pending the determination of Mrs. Tingley's suit against the *Los Angeles Times*, the grounds of Loma-land were closed to visitors by the advice of the attorneys in the case, to the great disappointment of the many tourists who desired to visit. The necessity for that restriction having passed, the grounds are now open, and the privilege is being taken full advantage of by the ever increasing number of tourists to this favored region.

* * *

The Meetings in Isis Theatre

There is no lack of interest in the weekly meetings held at Isis Theatre. The house is invariably filled, and more often than not is crowded. This fact is the best of evidence that these meetings supply a need of the people of San Diego for instructive, elevating discourses, classical music and examples of the best decorative taste.

For four consecutive Sundays the entire program of these meetings has been given by the Isis Conservatory students, the public appreciation of which can perhaps be most fittingly described by a few extracts from the public press :

Again Isis Theatre was crowded last evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. Again there were no speeches, but a very interesting and entertaining musical program by the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music. There was not a dull or mediocre number on the program. The audience was enthusiastic in its praise. . . . The stage was a perfect bower of greenery, potted plants, ferns, palms and cut branches from evergreen and pepper trees. In the center of the footlights was a great loose bunch of

calla lilies, farther back on the stage a pedestal of white and colored blossoms and green foliage, to the right the hidden orchestra behind a silk screen half covered with leaves of silver and green — all this with its rich background of green foliage made a striking nature picture. . . . The audience was thoroughly appreciative throughout the entertainment, applauding unstintedly, and manifesting in every way its enjoyment of the evening.

Katherine Tingley delivered an address at Isis Theatre, San Diego, on Sunday evening, January 18th, from which the following extracts are taken. Although she had not been announced to speak, a very large audience was present, attracted by the admirable music which has recently been so prominent a feature at the Theatre. She said :

I believe that it is the mission of all good people, and especially of members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, and of all others who are really lovers of justice, to endeavor to raise journalism, to support in every possible way the good in journalism, and to give their aid to newspapers which are trying to work on right lines, and also *to absolutely condemn every journal which is working in the opposite direction*. One is almost afraid to come on this platform and tell the truth. And why? Because there are newspaper representatives who bend their energies to change the meaning of the words uttered, to make them appear entirely contrary to what was actually said. Over and over again has it been done, not only with speakers on this platform, but with speakers on other platforms, and workers for humanity all along the line. . . . It seems to me that we could very easily, if we were so minded, establish a new order of journalism. There is something of that kind needed in your city, . . . an independent, daring, courageous newspaper, a newspaper with a soul in it, . . . you already have newspapers, and they are doing some work, but you want another newspaper, an independent newspaper that will work for the good of all. But this can never be accomplished until you have a man in the editor's chair who will dare to defend the right at all hazards, a man who could never be tempted even though a million were laid at his feet, who could never be persuaded to obscure the truth. . . . My opponent in Los Angeles dreamed a year ago of "wiping off the Hill the Institution which is at Point Loma" and removing my humble self from your neighborhood. I can assure you that he has found by this time that he cannot do it. Probably there are a good many people in Los Angeles who have been much libeled through this paper. They may have been so situated that they could not step out and demand justice. Maybe their causes have been very just, maybe their sufferings have been very great, but they have not had the freedom to step out and defy this majestic representative of journalism. They were not able to do this — so that when Katherine Tingley was fighting her little battle in the Superior Court last week she was fighting for those who would be attacked if she had not defied that journal. . . . I see your city with its glorious possibilities, and I hope for its prosperity, for its larger commercial life and for its higher education. We should all hold this hope and work more energetically for its ultimate glory. We should leave our politics aside and our religious differences aside and come together as one great family, heart to heart and hand to hand, to feel the throbbing, spontaneous life of this beautiful city and make a new record for it.

**Rev. Mr. Watson's
Stirring Address at
Isis Theatre**

Sunday evening, January 25th, despite the threatening weather, one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences of the season heard the Rev. E. R. Watson, pastor of the Unitarian church, who delivered a stirring address on the subject: "Is Christianity Menaced? Where and How?" The Unitarian church choir was heard to splendid advantage. The opening and closing numbers—the prelude to "Parsifal" and Handel's "Largo," respectively, were rendered by students of Isis Conservatory of Music. In his address the Rev. Mr. Watson took the high ground that real Christianity was an overshadowing essence which nothing could menace. Among other things he said:

Men and women have come together and have said: "We will receive *this* teaching of Christianity, and we will build an institution, we will have a priesthood, and we will have our literature, and we will have this minister and these officials and they shall represent Christianity to us;" and they have rested upon these outward forms. But the time has come when the world no longer asks for empty form, the world no longer cares for apostolic succession, or for some particular little revelation in some old document. The world is longing for God's angels to sing as they sang of yore, and as they have sung every night and day since men began to think and pray. This is what men are longing for, and now in our confusion, when the world in its struggles seems to be turning away from the institution which no longer contains the vitality or the helpfulness which they expected, we say that Christianity is threatened. But by what is it threatened? It is but the empty form which is threatened by the spirit which has departed. . . . I had hoped that the little children would be here to sing to us tonight (Raja Yoga children). I know that some of them have inherited all the blessings of home love, but there are also among them, little drifted lives that have been gathered in; little hungry hearts that have been touched and have learned to sing and be happy, they have been touched by the holy influence of something divine in ourselves, and I wanted to point to these little lives and to say, here is the same work that the Great Master was doing, and to ask if it is this that threatens Christianity, and if this work can be a menace to the great spirit overshadowing all pure Christian lives. No; there is no threat in this, no menace in this. Such a thing is impossible. . . . But someone is a little timid about the institution; about what the deacons may say, or the elders may say, or about what some minister who is not properly consecrated, and such an one says: "Keep this one away; this one does not belong to the great family, because he has not received the invitation from some particular institution." But some great life has touched something out there in the highway—in the parting of the way—and has said: "Come with me, little life, for thou art a part of the great family. All is harmony for thee, and all that the soul may inherit belongs to thee." If there are any people who have been trying to do this thing, and who have not been properly anointed, I anoint them tonight in the name of God.

The Rev. Mr. Watson is the clergyman in San Diego who would not sign the circular published by the clergymen of that city, attacking The Universal Brotherhood. He spoke on this occasion by invitation of Katherine Tingley and under the auspices of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

**"The Flood Tide
of Opportunities"**

On February 1st another large audience greeted Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, who was advertised to speak on "The Flood Tide of Opportunities." She said in part:

We are even now beginning to mount a wave, borne along on the incoming tide, whose crest reaches far above our present vision. . . . I think the greatest evidence of this is in the broader conceptions of life that are growing in the public mind; the general unrest, uneasiness and yearning for something better. . . . The deeper currents of life are being stirred. A sense of the real bondage we are under is being more keenly felt and understood, and a desire to break the shackles is taking its place with the many other desires which heretofore have served only to tighten them. Many have been moved to make discoveries in the direction of archæology of late, and this has thrown a flood of light over history which is opening up wonderfully the human mind. If we can trace our origin, little by little we shall trace our journey and see where we have gone astray, and where we have wronged ourselves and others. These discoveries have given blow after blow to narrow, sect-bound, so-called religion, which is so opposed to true religion, and which has done more than anything else to hold back the human race and blind its eyes. The true spirit of Christianity is emerging from the clouds, though bigotry must receive its death-blow before it can enter the full light of day. . . . So it is natural to be looking for an incoming tide just now. It is due, so to speak, and the signs of it are in the air. It is these great spiritual impulses which lift us, as it were, on to a higher level. What we have to see to, is that we are able to grasp the new situation and hold our ground, and not let ourselves be sucked back by the receding waters, which would engulf us and our whole civilization, for nature seems to inflict a heavy penalty on those who neglect or throw away their opportunities. Today these are so rich, so full of promise, so capable of transforming the whole of life, that it must be that not only a tide, but a flood tide, is coming in. The wisdom religion, the essence of all religions, has again been given to the world, furnishing it with opportunities unending. The possibilities for man to understand himself, with his rich experience behind, are greater than ever before, and with this understanding must come a life that is higher than ever before. . . .

The musical program presented by the students of Isis Conservatory of Music was thoroughly enjoyed and heartily applauded. It contained several new features, which were rendered with the usual skill and "quality" of the Isis students.

**I HEAR the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonics;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys upon some great instrument,
And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.**

—LONGFELLOW

Reports from Lodges

U. B. Lodge, Portland, Oregon

Members' meetings have been held as usual ; these being for members of our own Lodge only. On Sunday evenings we have a general gathering, which includes such visiting members who may be in town. The time at these latter meetings is devoted to readings from UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH, *The New Century*, or from writings of the three Leaders. On the last Sunday in the month our public meeting was held. The program consisted of music, reading from the *Bhagavad Gita* and UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH and a paper on Brotherhood, after which the report was read of the San Diego Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in connection with the Raja Yoga School. The hall was very prettily decorated with cedar, fir boughs and Oregon grape vine.

On New Year's Eve we held a special meeting. During the first part of the meeting each of the members spoke in regard to the work of The Universal Brotherhood. Afterwards readings were given from the writings of the three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. A spirit of complete harmony, good will, unity of thought and purpose pervaded the meeting.

F. O. BRECKENRIDGE, *Secretary*

January, 1903



U. B. Lodge No. 2, Helsingborg, Sweden

During the past year the Lodge held public meetings once each month and also a special meeting at which Dr. E. Bogren defended the work and name of H. P. Blavatsky against the statements of a certain Professor. Dr. Bogren also visited Malmo and held a special meeting for the same purpose in response to the request of the members of that Lodge, twice visited the neighboring town of Engelholm for the same purpose, but although the Professor had been invited to each of these special meetings, he did not come.

Our Lodge room has always been beautifully decorated with flower and green. We always have fine music, and for this we are much indebted to two of our members. Several public entertainments have been held during the year at which were given the Greek symposia, *The Wisdom of Hypatia* and *The Conquest of Death*, and readings from Swedish authors.

At the members' meetings we have read the "Suggestions to Lodges," using the remainder of the time for study and preparation for the public meetings. The special feast days and anniversaries have been kept by both members and Lotus children, celebrating each anniversary in tableaux, song and music. At the monthly public meetings a certain time is set apart for The International Brotherhood League and for news from Loma-land. Both the Boys' Brotherhood Club and the Lotus Group are continuing their work very successfully.

ERIK BOGREN, *President*



U. B. Lodge, No. 3, Forest Gate, London, England

Work goes ahead in London well, and the added dignity given to Lotus Groups by the circular just issued has raised the enthusiasm in that important branch. It is just three years

since the Leader gave an important touch of dignity to the English work at Brighton and Avenue Road. Most of the English comrades have re-lived that time lately. If the three-years cycle has done so much for England what will the ten-years cycle do. W. F.



U. B. Lodge, Sacramento, California

On New Year's Eve a meeting was held to await the New Year. The articles, "Cuba of Today," and "Watchman, What of the Night," were read. Music and songs followed with a social hour. Then just before the old year passed, quotations were read from the three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, and a spirit of harmony, aspiration and courage was felt by all as we silently awaited the birth of the New Year. The memory of that hour will not soon be forgotten.

January 25th, 1903

J. A. W.



U. B. Lodge No. 119, Louisville, Kentucky

The meetings of Louisville Lodge No. 119, Universal Brotherhood Organization, are well attended, and the interest is growing stronger and keener at every meeting. The last meeting was opened by Brother W. F. Gearhart, by reading the objects of the Organization and the thirteenth chapter of the *Gita*, followed by an instrumental selection, after which President Wilson then read a well prepared paper on the "Heart Doctrine," which took him about thirty-five minutes to deliver. The questions sent in (and there were a good many), were ably answered by the President.

Louisville Lodge, if it does as well in the present year as it has in the past, may well feel encouraged to go on with its work. One marked feature in our Lodge work that will add very materially to its greater usefulness, will be in the greater facilities for the distribution of our literature. Our Lodge has doubtless passed through its first seven years successfully and will, with the courage born of Truth, hope to weather the other two septenate periods to full manhood.

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*

January, 1903



U. B. Lodge No. 82, Minneapolis, Minnesota

During the past year regular monthly business meetings have been held and in addition four special meetings. The study class has been held every Tuesday evening, at which generally selections from the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH OF *The New Century* were read by acting Chairman and discussed by the members of the class. The public Sunday evening meetings have been held once a month and have been well attended, and with good music and flowers have been much appreciated and helpful. At these meetings readings were given and also original papers. Four entertainments have been given, the best musical talent in the city helping.

SECRETARY

January, 1903



U. B. Lodge No. 13, Macon, Georgia

A special meeting of the Lodge was held on the evening of December 31st, 1902, to again rekindle the fire of our devotion to the work of The Universal Brotherhood Organiza-

tion, and to await the birth of the New Year. The program was as follows: Music; reading of selections from the writings of the three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley; short addresses by the members, after which the New Year was awaited in silence.

SECRETARY



U. B. Lodge No. 6, Liverpool, England

On the first Sunday in the month the "Suggestions to Lodges" was read and the Study Class continued its reading of "*Echoes from the Orient.*" A social gathering was held in the middle of the month, with music and light refreshments. We are preparing to give a presentation of "*Hypatia*" on the 13th of January to commemorate the "New Year Jubilee"—Second Anniversary. On the 28th of the month our public meeting was held, it being a very successful one. Brother H. Crooke, the English President, was present and gave an inspiring address. It was from him we first heard of the famous victory of Raja Yoga and release of the eleven Cuban children. The subject of the meeting was "Review of the Year," The Universal Brotherhood work was referred to as showing Universal Brotherhood becoming a living power in the world. The public meetings are most encouraging. We rejoice in the good news from Point Loma. With fraternal greetings to all.

January 7th, 1903

JOHN T. CROPPER, *Secretary*



U. B. Lodge No. 30, Forest Gate, England

The past year closed with the Lodge in better condition than it has ever been so far as I am able to observe. The united public meeting at Eastham Hall was in the general opinion of members the best of these meetings yet held. The Lodge activities go on steadily. We are all aglow about the news that comes each week through *The New Century*, and I think this news deepens our sense of responsibility.

WILLIAM JAMESON, *President*

January, 1903

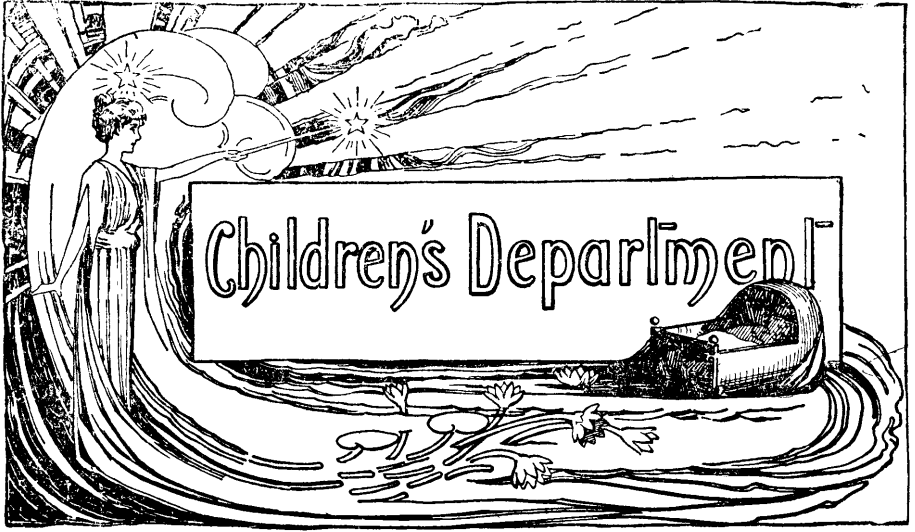


U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

After reviewing the experiences of the year just ended, we all feel encouraged to press forward in the face of every difficulty, for we have learned that no sooner do we *face* the rocks and mountains in our path than they melt away and disappear. The "Isis League of Music and Drama" is the channel through which most force has flowed and we can also record a marked advance in the quality of the Public Lodge meetings and in the members present. We seem to have learned at last how to interest and hold the attention of the audience. On New Year's Eve the members who were able, met in the Lodge room at 9 P. M., and spent an hour in reading passages from the writings of our three Leaders. At 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned till 11:30, when we reassembled to await the New Year, and then with greetings departed, filled with a renewed Joy and an unbounded hope and confidence in the glorious work of Universal Brotherhood and in Katherine Tingley as our Leader.

January, 1903

EDITH CLAYTON, *President*



The Song of the Light

A Fairy Story, by C.



WINNIE had been naughty in some small childish way, and through the wall I heard her mother trying to bring home to her the true inwardness of the situation.

“Winnie, that was very naughty, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, mother; I think it was.”

“Well, why did you do it?”

“Oh, I wanted to——then, and yet I didn’t want to. Something made me——but it was *me*. And I was so sorry, at *once*. Mother, what is it that makes you want to do things you don’t want to? It seems to me as if there were two of me. Is everybody two?”

“More than two, my dear.”

“*More* than two! But where are they?”

“Shall I tell you a little story?”

“Oh, yes, mother, do!”

And I knew that Winnie must be nestling into her mother’s lap with much prospective enjoyment.

“Once upon a time——”

“Yes,” purred the little voice, contentedly; “that’s the way to begin.”

“——there was a beautiful castle with many rooms. Each room was entirely of its own color, the walls, the furniture, and the ceiling. And they didn’t

have windows opening into the open air, but into the middle room, which was the largest of them all. The middle one was heart-shaped."

"Did it have any windows, mother? Because if it didn't it must have had a lamp."

"No, it didn't have any windows nor any lamp—at least none that you could see. But in the very middle of this room was a light, brighter than you can think of. Sometimes it looked quite white, and sometimes a little bit purple, and sometimes rosy, and sometimes all colors—like the inside of that shell you picked up yesterday on the shore.

"Of course, this light shone into the other rooms, all round, through the windows. But each room had a window of its own color, so the light that came into it came through of that color.

"Now, in that house lived a little girl."

"Oh, mother, all alone?"

"Well, she was partly alone, and partly she wasn't."

"Mother, how could that be?"

"Well, I'll tell you how if you'll listen. There were little fairies in all the other rooms, such pretty little things! But, no; stop—they weren't all pretty. At least, while I looked at them they changed."

"Oh, mother," (clapping her hands) "did you *see* this?"

"Yes, I saw it; and I think I'll tell you where, presently.

"They changed a great deal, and were sometimes very pretty, and sometimes they seemed quite horrid little things. Sometimes they played prettily to themselves in their own rooms and sang little songs. And sometimes they ran in and played with Cora (for that was the little girl's name). And she, too, went into their rooms sometimes.

"And there was another thing. While I was looking at the light in the heart-room and listening very carefully to all that went on, I heard the sweetest, loveliest song that ever was sung on earth. It was coming right out of the light, and was very, very soft. It changed all the time, like the light, and every minute it seemed more beautiful than the minute before.

"And I noticed that Cora sometimes listened to the song and let it come right into her, and even tried with her sweet little voice to sing the same herself, and sometimes she didn't listen to it and forgot all about it. And then the light began to get smaller, and of course the little rooms got darker. And *then* it was that the little fairies lost their beauty and looked horrid. And they quarreled and came running in to Cora, and instead of singing, whispered horrid little ideas into her ear. So then she took to *saying* horrid things and *doing* them. Sometimes she knew that the fairies made her say and think those things and do them; and sometimes so small were the fairies she did not see them, and thought it was all herself.

“Of course, she was not happy, though she tried to make herself believe she was. And all was dismal and noisy and quarreling. But even then I could hear, ever so soft, the song of the light.

“Then, all of a sudden, Cora would remember herself. She would listen again for the song, and it would get stronger and even sweeter, and the light grew greater and more beautiful and shone again into all the other rooms. And the moment she began to think of the song and the light, the nasty little thoughts chased away out of her mind, and the fairies became once more exquisitely graceful and beautiful and sang their songs, and all was happiness again. They ran to and fro, and *now* whispered pretty and charming thoughts into Cora’s ear, and helped her to do all sorts of loving things.

“Winnie, did *you* ever see that castle and hear the song of the light?”

“Mother,” (very slowly) “I *think* I have seen the castle, but—I don’t—exactly—think I have heard that song.”

“Well, you try, and one day I think you will. And even now you can *feel* it, don’t you think?”

“Yes, I *think*——”

And there was a little kiss, and then some little feet ran to the door.

Why wasn’t that story told to *me* eighty or ninety years ago when *I* was young?

A Crown of Wind Flowers

by CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



TWIST me a crown of wind-flowers;
That I may fly away
To hear the singers at their song,
And players at their play.

Put on the crown of wind-flowers:
But whither would you go?
Beyond the surging of the sea
And the storms that blow.

Alas! your crown of wind-flowers
Can never make you fly:
I twist them in a crown today,
And tonight they die.

Malmö, Sweden

During the last three months the Lotus Group has been divided into two classes. The first class, the youngest children, have met Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock, and the second, of the older children, on Thursday evenings at 6 o'clock. The first class has been occupied with songs, stories and play. Some of the members of the second class attend these meetings and help, this being done with great interest and pleasure. In the second class, the first half of the meeting is conducted in English and the children have learned some of the Lotus songs in English, such as "Happy Little Sunbeams," and also sentences. The other part of the meeting is devoted to singing, declamation, and speeches about the Lotus children's ideals and how to make them a part of life—to illustrate this many stories have been read or told. Then come the silent moments, which are always of a serious and harmonious character.

On December 29th the Lotus children had their Christmas tree and New Year's festival. Many of the children's parents and other interested visitors were present, large and small, to the number of over one hundred. The program opened with a series of tableaux, "A New Time," in which the children did their part with great talent. Then the children were told of the real meaning of the Christmas feast, that it is to give and send out the heart-light. The parents were told of the past year's work in the Lotus Group, and then the children sang their songs. One little Lotus Bud 12 years old, in a very clear, soft voice, sang "Cleansing Fires," every word sounding clearly in every corner of the great hall. Views of Point Loma were shown by means of a stereopticon, a Christmas present to the Lotus Group from The Universal Brotherhood Lodge, and the remainder of the evening was spent in games and dances around a beautiful Christmas tree, and all the children and visitors had refreshments.

The festival ended as it began, with singing, and the children's bright eyes and the parents' gratitude made the feast a victory and made us all realize the truth that "Life is Joy."

January 15th, 1903

ANNA MANSSON



Lotus Group Report, Bow, London East, England

Dear Leader: I am writing on behalf of the Lotus Buds of Bow, who wish to send their love to you with these violets which came off the tea table, for they have just had their New Year party, and after tea they gave three cheers for you. I feel sure you must have heard them. Mr. Dunn came for a little while and played some music for us, and the children had games and several recited. It is wonderful how well the tiny ones of five years do recite. They also sang their Lotus songs and spent a lovely time, going home very happy at 9 o'clock. Signed on behalf of all the Lotus Buds.

ADA L. ROFF

January 6th, 1903



Christmas Entertainment, Youngstown, Ohio

The Lotus Group rooms were very prettily decorated with holly and evergreen, and in one was a Christmas tree, brightly dressed, upon which were gifts for each member of the Group, and a treat of nuts and candy. Previous to the arrival of Santa Claus, who distributed the gifts, an entertainment was given composed of instrumental selections on piano and guitar, readings, recitations and songs. Everyone had an enjoyable time and went home happy.

MARY C. HINEY, *Superintendent*

Report of "Purple" Lotus Group, U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

We have had varied and delightful experiences during the past year along this branch of Universal Brotherhood work. The children are becoming very enthusiastic since helping the Club girls with "The Dawn of a New Day," and they are now beginning to get up a play for which they will be entirely responsible, and to accomplish which they seem determined to use every effort. The spirit of the meetings is, as a rule, just as it should be, and there is one "Tiny Bud," Gwladys Landmade (a Welsh child), who leads the whole Group, with unconscious sweetness, dignity and strength, in singing, speaking and marching. It is a revelation to see how the Raja Yoga children at the Point teach each other, and we are taking the hint, with excellent results.

EDITH CLAYTON, *Superintendent*

January, 1903

**Lotus Group No. 1, Sioux City, Iowa**

We had a very pleasant Christmas festival. The stage was covered with white and adorned with two Christmas trees with the presents, and some branches of the pepper tree sent from San Diego by one of our comrades. The children gave recitations and sang songs, after which Santa Claus, in costume, distributed the presents, and all went home happy.

It is gratifying to see how the higher nature of the children is unfolding. Their appreciation of the work and their interest in it increases all the time, and I think the last year's work has been the most delightful of all.

On the 13th of April a memorial program was given in honor of William Q. Judge, the stage being beautifully decorated, a large portrait of Mr. Judge forming the central adornment. On the 17th of November the little play *Diamond Soul* was well presented, and its beautiful lesson seemed to be appreciated.

The conduct of the weekly meetings follows the general plan. The practice of brotherhood and the reign of the higher nature over the lower are emphasized. Good stories are often used in teaching. Fraternally yours,

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD, *Superintendent*

January 17th, 1903

**Report of Girls' Club, U. B. Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England**

This Club is stronger and altogether better in tone than ever before. The latest interest has been preparing *The Dawn of a New Day*, which they gave at their entertainment on December 27th to a large audience, chiefly relations and friends of the girls. It was their first attempt at anything of the kind, and some of the parts were very creditably rendered. They are now desirous to give a similar entertainment every two months. This new departure is beginning to have as marked an effect on the girls as it has already done among the Lodge members, in the symposia. Our only regret is that we have so little time in which to do all that is waiting to be done, such as dancing, drawing, musical drill, singing, etc. The girls have proposed that the proceeds of the next entertainment shall be sent to the Leader for the Raja Yoga Schools.

EDITH CLAYTON, *Superintendent*

January, 1903

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

"No one is free who has not obtained the empire of himself"

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH

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NO. 12

Easter^{*}

by H. C.



ON Easter morning they found that a great stone had been rolled away from the mouth of the tomb, and the buried Christ was once more among men.

In its older forms, before Christianity, Easter was the celebration of spring, at the Vernal Equinox, March 21st. The ceremonies held then included the giving of eggs—the egg serving as the universal symbol of the coming forth of new life, a new living thing, from the dark. In Christianity, Easter and the egg are connected with the emergence from the tomb of the crucified man Christ, though perhaps few Christians have considered why they give each other eggs at that time.

There are other occasions that large bodies of people unite in celebrating together. On Christmas morning men send each other messages of good will. They are agreed to feel glad, and they do feel glad. And this gladness is independent of the fact that it is the day counted as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ. They are glad because by universal custom they have agreed to be so. Hearts are lighter, clouds are thinner, steps are firmer, brotherhood reigns. A state is abroad which it would not be possible for any individual man to create, even in himself alone. What man could get up on any casual day in the year and develop in himself, all by himself, the Christmas feeling? He could no more do it than one man could stand in a row. The universal good will of Christmas is a state of the universal atmosphere of mind, out of which and into

* Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, Cal.

which we all think and feel. We have agreed that out of its darkness, for one day in the year, the luminous Christ-spirit shall be born.

In the Easter symbolism, this atmosphere is the tomb in which the soul of humanity is buried. It is a tomb closed in by the passionate selfishness of human thought and feeling. Yet Christmas morning is an annual witness that it can be opened and the almost extinguished light let out among men, the common light then glowing for a few hours in all hearts.

One day, not far off, it will not wait to be let out, but of its own force will come and make an age-long Christmas and Easter morning. For it is no passive radiation, but a living presence working constantly in men's hearts for its own liberation, which is *their* liberation.

An "atmosphere of feeling!" Unless this were an actual fact there could be no such state as that of Christmas or Easter, no such thing as general movements of mankind, wide currents of general thought. Men make it and let themselves be made by it. Their minds breathe it, are bathed in it; their thoughts wing through it, their feelings color it more and more deeply as the centuries go by. It is this that must thrill and shine with the light of the coming of the Christ. And just as men's bodies begin to tingle and awake through the hour that precedes sunrise, and still more through the weeks of spring, so their minds and centers of feeling will respond—are responding—as the year and the hour approach for the coming forth of the Christ from the darkness of the atmosphere of human thought.

We can spiritualize the symbolism of Easter. Easter and Christmas would never have lasted had they merely been historical commemorations of however significant a pair of events. It is because they are significant and prophetic of grander birth and resurrection than any heretofore, that humanity has not let them die, however it has debased their celebration. That little ray of spiritual light, gladness, brotherhood, that shines in human hearts on Christmas Day, is an anticipation of a mightier light now near at hand. The joy, if a more solemn joy, of Easter is an anticipation of the emergence from the tomb into the reality of man's sublimest, almost undreamed-of ideal of life, an ideal which the wisest and noblest could not have framed had it not been a possibility, had they not seen in it the mirror of their souls. And though this spiritual life of the future lies asleep in every heart, and will make itself known in every heart, it is only in all hearts together that it will find its complete embodiment. Easter and Christmas *presage* the coming of the spiritual Christ, the spirit with the wings of light as wide as the world, wings that will touch every heart.

It seems well that Easter and Christmas have been preserved as occasions and ceremonies. They have kept alive in men the power of expecting something together, of hoping together, of feeling together. They have been bonds and times of unity. How great will be that Easter celebration at which men shall know, in

their own hearts, and by the light in each other's eyes, that the sacred spirit of life has actually come forth, to be entombed no more! It was in practice for that day that our Easters and Christmases have been kept alive. Even as they are, on Christmas mornings we get a measure of gladness *together*, and at the solemn Easters the solemnity, the sacredness and the joy *together*; each contributing, each giving to and taking from the common stock. The very ancient Christmases and Easters—both far antedating our Christian era—were *training*; and also much more. The ancient ceremonies of Easter, at the advent of spring, were to men's personal souls what the spring itself is to their flesh and blood—the promise of new life, life spiritual as the other was life physical, both having a joy of their own nature. But while spring is promise of a limited reality, the spiritual spring is promise of the *unlimited* glories of the spiritual life in store, no vaporous distillate in an incredible heaven, but our common earth-life glorified, raimented in white and gold. Easter and Christmas—though truly there is then *some* liberation of spiritual life—are yet more essentially periods of *training*, training for us all how and what to anticipate, foretouches of the great light, training in spiritual expectancy, training in that kind of prayer and meditation which enables that which is prayed for to *come and dwell*. No one man can invoke the world-Christ; no one man's will can roll back the stone from across the tomb's doorway. The world must pray and yearn and expect. And out of its vast sorrow will presently rise up the strong cry of its appeal. It is *together* that men have wandered, sorrowed, and together they will rejoice; together they have buried Christ, and together they will find that an angel hath rolled away the stone and freed this soul of humanity. So it was ordained that they should have Easters and Christmases *together*, that their strength might be yearly put forth together in *will*.

In this thought, let us keep and accentuate each Christmas and each Easter; for the Christ we shall free is of all nations equally, *of all religions equally*, and through all religions may be sought and found. The real vast Easter that is coming will be a ceremony of universal forgiveness, that is, of the universal reestablishment of the sacred relation between mankind and its true life.

There are many signs of the coming of the Christ, signs such as the world has never before exhibited. It is at once hard and easy to read these signs; easy because they are so marked; hard because we live so closely mixed with them. There is hurry in the air, and a waiting. The pace is constantly swifter. Those who feel it have but one difficulty—to translate what they feel so that those who also feel it but do not know what they feel may know also. We are in the Easter-time not of the year but of the ages. The thrill of an eternal spring is in our souls. We can count the minutes before the dawn.

Here and there little bodies of people get a touch of the electric thrill in the air of thought. It is but a touch; but they mistake the advance thrill for the

whole transcendent Light that is at hand. So from each of these advance thrills in unbalanced minds, diseased with egotism and ambition, is born a fad, a cult, a craze, a sect; or there arises a dreamer, an enthusiast. Each hedges about the single spark that has fallen into his thought, and proclaims that *with him alone* is the new and the whole truth, the new Light, the one key, *all* the truth.

They would be nothing in themselves were it not for the people they delude and blind to the grander outlook. But as a whole they are a symptom of the coming on of the New Age, the coming forth from the tomb of the long-buried Christ of humanity.

Science is touched with the fore-gleams of the New Illumination. Every decade is like a hundred years of the old research; every year like a decade of the old pace.

Presentations of religion change; there is a broadening everywhere. In every walk of life, political, social, literary, the movement quickens; everywhere is stir of unconscious preparation. Old forms and institutions totter; we are on the eve of a new art, literature, music, poetry, drama.

Here in America all this is more strongly marked than in the older countries. The seeds of the blood of this nation came from England. They were electrified into growth and formation by a spark from France in the electric hour of France's short illumination, though that illumination will come again. From Germany and elsewhere the new nation drew the materials of its exterior growth. Her mind is alive with the new life entering every field.

Civilization presses onward through the ages, halting at empire after empire, epoch after epoch, to make a new type, a type of which everything worthy is, when the empire passes, preserved in nature's eternal memory for future use.

Here is her last and greatest, awaiting the soul. Here will be the first moment of celebration of the Easter of the ages.

* * *

Let us sum up with a final thought. In every age, to every people, has been taught some such story as that of the buried Christ. To every people has been taught some ceremony symbolizing the release of that Christ-spirit. And this annual ceremony has been connected with the season of the oncome of spring, thus carrying a part of its meaning to the poorest mind.

And now the need of that coming forth is most urgent; the conditions are ready—men's minds are in touch as never before, and no illumination can now come to *one* that does not spread over the whole field; and the signs of the coming are on every hand.

"In a moment of time," not far away, men will suddenly become aware that the promise of the ages has been fulfilled.

Brotherhood in Industry

by H. T. Edge



INSTITUTIONS are created by man, or grow gradually among men, in accordance with the requirements and capacities of the people in any particular age. These institutions are those best suited to current needs. And, as man changes and develops in powers and in needs, so the institutions must, if they are to be appropriate, also change. But, since human codes and customs are usually somewhat iron-bound and inflexible in their character, the changes they undergo are apt to be rather periodical and sudden than continuous and gradual. In short, they are revolutions.

It is no doubt due to the imperfection of human nature that these changes cannot be effected quietly and peacefully, but must be accompanied by much strife and friction. It is equally due to human common-sense that eventually the rationale of the situation is grasped and the needful reforms executed.

These considerations are illustrated by the labor problem, now being unraveled in our midst. A failure to perceive its true significance has led people to make it a party question, as between employer and employed. More well informed and enlightened opinion, however, recognizes it for a question that affects the whole organization of industry, from top to bottom. The changes in industrial conditions have rendered the old status between owner and worker inadequate, and a new one is necessary. The stress of outgrown codes bears alike upon employer and employed.

The Social Unrest, by John Edward Brooks, is a book on this question, founded on much careful observation on the spot, as well as book-study. The result of the very careful consideration given by the author is the conclusion that:

The great lesson that employers have to learn is that organization has done but half its work when their own end alone is systematized. Organization has to pass straight through from top to bottom, including labor as well.

He thinks the old indiscriminate competitive system, in which all struggled against each other, is no longer possible. The wonderful advance in means of intercommunication has welded society and industry into a whole, and separate enterprises can no longer be protected by their isolation from mutual friction. Therefore method and system are absolutely necessary.

We need no longer call in the Socialist to testify against the uncurbed struggle in industry. The last twenty years have taught the lesson so thoroughly to our foremost business men that they are becoming our instructors. Not alone with transportation, but with iron, with textiles, with insurance, with banking, and with many of the commonest products, the

unrestrained scramble of private interests is now seen to be intolerable. Good business now sets the limit to competition by organizing cooperation. To check and control the excesses of competition has become the mark of first-class ability. The term "industrial organization" carries no offense, but is seen to be the next great step, even in further material progress.

Thus, when each side has seen the futility of trying to use organization as a means of dominating and dictating terms to the other, both sides will realize that conference and agreement are necessary between management and staff.

To this exposition of the principle of brotherhood as applied to industry, we may add some remarks from our own point of view.

Humanity does not live by industries alone; and, if any attempt be made to deal with industrial questions as a separate class, it will be futile, because man's various interests are not so separated but interlace and qualify each other.

Much of the trouble has been caused by treating men as if they were mere wage-earners, money-makers, and food-consumers. The feelings, the emotional and mental life, thus being left out of count, have rebelled.

Capitalists and workers are men; is there to be no personal sympathy between them? Are they to be to each other mere abstractions?

Again, is there to be no common interest among management and staff, in their trade, except that of earning money? Can no pride of craft and of production be reborn, as among the craftsmen and builders of other and less grasping times?

In points like these the Universal Brotherhood spirit touches the question. It emphasizes the common humanity of men and appeals to that higher and better human nature which is the link between all. And it evokes a new pride and a new joy in work by the dignity that it gives to conscientious and artistic production.

Lines from "De Profundis"

by TENNYSON

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
 Where all that was to be, in all that was,
 Whirled for a million æons thro' the vast
 Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light—
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
 Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
 And every phase of ever heightening life,
 And nine long months of antenatal gloom,
 Thou comest.

Musings on *the* Miseries of Self-Regard

by T. B. T.



PROBABLY there is not a single person living who would not gladly know the cause of evil and unhappiness, and, if possible, unveil it to himself, so that he might recognize it forever afterward. Human nature is so constituted that however much we may occasionally (like Job) be tempted to deny, yet we are all at heart convinced, that there is some hidden clue to happiness, some unrevealed cause of misery, both of which are built into our natures. Whether we know it or not, we are daily in search of both of these for all we are worth.

It would be well for us if we could realize that there have always been, and still are, men whose knowledge of these truths is greater than our own. The evidence of this is that although at first obscure, they have taught the laws of nature and of divinity, and men have discovered *within themselves* the truth of these teachings and have handed the names of the teachers down to posterity, and spread abroad their fame upon the earth, and called them great. If our hearts are hungry for Light and Truth and we search into these teachings we can also know the truth. The giddy throng may scoff, or those of shallow minds or insincere motive may deride, the dark powers may oppose, but it matters not. Once that a man has realized these things, not hell itself will move him.

One of the first of these truths which we may find out for ourselves is that all sin and unhappiness in the world comes from selfishness and self-regard. It is surprising how hard it is to realize this at all in the beginning. Afterward it is easy enough to see the truth of the statement with regard to *others*. It is like the dividing of bone and sinew to find it in its last stronghold within oneself. And yet the more the search is prolonged the more one becomes convinced that man has only himself to blame if he is unhappy.

* * *

As each of us came into birth we found a surrounding of disposition of mind and heart which we call character. It is the result of the past. A moment comes when we awake from sleep and realize this horizon of our inner world, of our consciousness. Then before this outlook, more vividly than ever before, begins to pass a panorama of daily experience.

As time goes on, we become more and more acquainted with the laws of cause and effect, and with the subtle forces which rule the outward seeming.

If we are wise we extend our outlook and know that others are going through the same experiences—we realize that they are not very different from ourselves

—that they are feeling the same influences and dealing with them, so that each is both a help and a hindrance to his fellows. Then comes the knowledge, which it is so difficult to make a motive of every passing moment, that misery and sorrow are caused by self-regard. For in the restriction and hardness which comes of self-seeking we forget the welfare of our other selves. The spirit which should be expansive and joyous in its mingled harmony with others is painfully caged within the walls of a temporary and futile boundary which must soon be destroyed with pain and sorrow.

* * *

This habit of self-regard brought over from an existence of countless centuries is the *root of evil*. In moments of reflection we may take the sins of humanity which have been tabulated for us, the well-known causes of crime and misery, and we may perceive how each one results from a passion directed *toward* a concreting focal center of selfhood. It is an impulse caused by ignorance or forgetfulness of the rights and welfare of others. There is nothing expansive or joyous or buoyant about wrong doing. It is concentrative and opposed to happiness and freedom.

* * *

Our teacher, Katherine Tingley, has said: “Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age.” But unbrotherliness and self-regard are the same. The age has arrived at a point when a change in the ideals of men has become necessary. We are at a pivotal epoch. The ideals which have animated and ensouled the communities of men for centuries have passed away into the limbo of the past, having served the purpose which gave them life. Old enthusiasms which held men together in mutual bonds of common work and service are dead. In their places have come to the front the forces of destruction and unrest which are characteristic of a change before the rebuilding. The insincerities, the pretenses, the futilities of old regimes are daily becoming more apparent. Men look for more honesty, more unity of purpose, more common sense in the pillars of the social, political and religious worlds. In great measure they look in vain. The ties which bound men a century ago are loosened. And in the meantime, as never before in the world’s history, self-regard and self-seeking have come to the front and walk boldly in the face of all men, with but little disguise, claiming to be the be-all and end-all—the only means of living and salvation.

And so when H. P. Blavatsky came she avowed her mission to be “to break the molds of mind.”

“Change the existing order,” said W. Q. Judge.

* * *

To effect any great change in existing popular ideals, it is clear that a new beginning must be made. Such a beginning is already written large upon the face

of the nations in unmistakable letters. The Universal Brotherhood Organization was founded to give this new departure an impulse in the right direction.

The primary clause in the constitution of this Organization "declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature."

By this declaration an assault upon the sin and misery of the world is at once indicated. For the *fact* of Brotherhood is that which causes the *feeling* of brotherliness, and brotherliness or altruism is that which shall redeem the world. It is the very opposite of that self-regard which is the cause of unhappiness and destruction. It is the building force in Nature, the harmony and joy which lie at the foundation of true being.

What then is altruism? And how may we attain it and make it our own as a *positive good*, so that we may take our places as builders with Nature and fulfil our true and lawful destiny?

The word altruism is derived from the Latin word *alter*, another. As far as insufficient words can convey an idea to a human soul, altruism is devotion to the welfare of others through the efforts of thought, word and deed. It is a *positive* force which brings joy and peace.

The pursuit of altruism as a science of life has been almost entirely neglected by the advance guard of the human race for many centuries. The energies of men have been directed elsewhere. The wave of humanity has been flowing westward, carrying on its crest and in its trail many rediscoveries of nature forces. Harnessed to the chariot of human progress, these forces are both cosmic and individual. In either case, unless handled by those who will use them in the light of altruism and with regard to the laws of nature, they are dangerous and lead to swift destruction.

Among English-speaking peoples there are few who know what altruism means. There are fewer still who have made any conscious effort to reach out to it and make it a part of their being. By the action of the Higher Law the *idea* which the word represents has been diffused among the masses of the people in the course of ages and is probably much better understood among those whose life is one of stress and strain to provide for daily needs than it is among the more highly instructed or wealthier classes of the people. Yet altruism or brotherliness is a power which is greater than all others in the march of human progress, and without it no real advancement can be made. It is the key to man's salvation.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the idea of altruism has been mixed up with such ideas as self-denial and self-sacrifice. But altruism is neither of these, though it may be the cause which brought them into existence. By a kind of hypnotic suggestion the notion has been spread abroad that self-sacrifice is unpleasant. So no doubt it is if pursued as an *end*, but viewed from the right standpoint it is not so. It is at best but a negative force, and progress is not made through negative

precept. The law said thou shalt not do certain sins, but the dispensation of Christ gave *blessings* upon him who practiced altruism. We need not keep in mind the sufferings produced by a change of heart if we have a single eye to the glory of the duty before us and have known the thrill of loving work for others, and the peace that seeks not selfishness.

The practice of altruism is the observance of the golden rule, of doing to others as we would they should do to us. It is only by this knowledge of our own nature that we can tell what others would have and thus act rightly to them, for all are built in the same mold, in the image of the divine.

By common consent all the sages of ancient days, the prophets and teachers and great ones of the earth, tell us that altruism is the key to man's uplifting and to the progress of the world toward a future heaven upon earth.

Where is the man who has not experienced the peace which results from help held out to those who needed it more than himself, or from the heartfelt recognition of the merits of another who sought no such recognition? It is a peace which comes less from the open word or deed than from the disposition of heart which causes them. There is nothing else in the world like it, and it may be practiced and sought after by every one.

Reflection will convince us that there is no real happiness to be gained by a seeking for personal preferment, wealth and glory, the results of which are *always* evanescent, uncertain, and turn to dust and ashes; but we may each wield a mighty power for good if, neglecting the fictitious sorrows of self-sacrifice, we press forward on the road of service to poor humanity.

Reflections---On *the* Study of Spanish

by Echo



THOSE who are studying Spanish these days are learning many things that our college professors have forgotten. Those among us who are studying in the right spirit—for the motive is the real test, after all—are discovering many truths that up to date appear to have remained undiscovered. Some of us are beginning to realize that a language is not a mere bundle of formulas, declensions, conjugations and other indigestible things, a sort of “Ways and Means Committee” between soul and soul. Ah, no! A language is more than mere words, just as man is more than mere body. It is a liv-

ing, growing thing, palpitating with a life of its own. It is a soul—the language is. The words in which this finer something, the soul, the meaning, if you choose, clothes itself, are merely the outward vesture.

And we who are struggling over Spanish these days have discovered something else; which is that the Raja Yoga School for children will strike a new note in language-teaching, will plant an entirely new standard in an almost entirely new territory, and will teach even our professed linguists some things they have never yet had a chance to learn.

Quite unlike the majority of educational institutions, the Raja Yoga School teaches the languages to the child at the right time. That is just as important as teaching them in the proper way. The college student who knows his *Æneid* or his *Anabasis* by heart, who has “finished” Goethe and Schiller and Racine and mayhap, Cervantes, who can tell a gerund from an infinitive a mile away, yet who cannot carry on a ten-minutes conversation in any of these languages, is an accepted fact among us. Yet this is an anomaly, as much of an anomaly as a bird that cannot fly. And it is an educational disgrace, as well.

At the opposite pole we see the few who appear to be born linguists, the few who will learn a language when once in the atmosphere of it quite regardless of technical study. They are at home in the field which is, to the average college graduate, unexplored. They seem to have reached deep beneath the mere words. Yet, lacking definite grammatical knowledge, they are at a tremendous disadvantage. We see this most often in the cases of children whom the Fates have placed, at just the right age, in a foreign land. The ease and facility with which they learn to speak, write, and understand another language is marvelous.

Now, the Raja Yoga system of language teaching combines all of the advantages and eliminates all of the disadvantages of these two methods of language study. In the first place, the child, under the Raja Yoga system, begins the study of a foreign language—French, Spanish, German, as the case may be—at the right time. Obviously, that is vastly better than beginning it at the wrong time, as our educators at last are beginning to admit. And the right time, though differing somewhat in different children, is during childhood, before adolescence. To wait until one is fifteen or eighteen or twenty years of age before taking up the study of a modern language is to wait until September before planting the seeds for the year’s crop. It is against nature that such a method should produce a harvest in October. And it does not. Yet that is exactly the method pursued by the majority of schools and colleges the world over, in language teaching.

Coupled with the advantage of beginning his language study at the right time, the Raja Yoga child has another, which is, that he studies in the right atmosphere. As the world goes, foreign travel and study are an absolute necessity, if one aspires to something more than the average college student’s meager facility. In

Loma-land, although that is an advantage, it is no longer an absolute necessity, for here the right atmosphere is made; yes, actually created. And by that means the child gets an insight into the language he studies which can never be obtained from books alone. The child knows that a language is something more than mere words, mere phrases. And perhaps that is why the real thing strives not to hide itself—the soul, as it were, of this language—but comes forth to meet the child's real self with its own.

Then the Raja Yoga child is spared all the wearisome details of syntax and grammar? By no means. The Raja Yoga child can challenge any child the world over in knowledge of just these "wearisome details," save that to the Raja Yoga child these are never wearisome. He well understands that it is not enough merely to do right. One must do right consciously, well aware of where he stands and why he is standing there. He cannot be content merely to be able to speak a language with tolerable correctness. He demands the knowledge that shows him *why* he speaks so and so and so, and which will enable him to defend his position, if need be. Under the Raja Yoga system the conjugations are certain to be well studied, but only as a means to an end.

Just here is where too many adult students make a tremendous mistake. They fail to perceive that a language is a thing of "the inner" as well as "the outer," a personality, as it were, with a higher and lower consciousness, with a body which merely clothes the soul. They do not *love it enough*, to begin with. They ask too much of the head and too little of the heart. Naturally they fall into the error of thinking that the grammar and dictionary contain all. And so they pore over these books until they graduate as—linguists! Hardly technicians, literalists, transcribers at best; never translators in any real sense. They know all the "rules," depend upon it. They can place a verb or parse an adjective with un-failing accuracy.

But when it comes to finding the heart of that language and really adequately translating it, they write, in their conscientious and strictly literal transcriptions, but one word, *failure*.

It is quite one thing merely to transcribe the words, or the phrases, of one language into another. It is quite another thing to translate the meaning; a fact which needs no illustration and no argument. It is a fact which is obstinate and which the literalist tries to cloak with the phrase "idiomatic expressions." But we cannot say of any language "This part is idiomatic and this is not."

And to thus analyze and dissect is to kill the living thing which a language, rightly interpreted, plainly is. To attempt to understand it from books alone is as if one would attempt to understand human nature by the study of books on anthropology, or phrenology or physiology.

One might study all the books in the world and then not be able to handle a

woman in a temper or stop a baby's crying. To learn the vital truth one *must* contact the real thing. This, in their language study, Raja Yoga students do.

Here is another heresy. In the Raja Yoga School, unlike many schools as the world goes, the living languages are first in importance and the dead ones second. Now there are people left who still hug the mediæval fallacy that dead languages are away ahead of modern ones because, being dead, they are no longer liable to change—as if being “dead” were an advantage these days, or as if being stationary were a virtue. And those who fight for this fallacy point to the Dark Ages, during which time the living languages became degenerate and broken up into no end of dialects, while the dead ones did not so degenerate, being carefully taken charge of by the “scholars” and, as far as possible it appears, kept away from the common people. Whether these “scholars” were really, as they claim, the preservers of learning during that dark time, or whether they were, through their arrant selfishness, its virtual destroyers, is a question that cannot be touched upon here. That is another story and will be told later. (This takes up the monastic schools, etc., etc.)

To be sure the living languages *did* degenerate. But didn't humanity degenerate? And how about the standards of morality, and virtue, and brotherliness? How low did they not sink? Are there any depths to which the demon of sensuality did not drag the whole race during that time? These facts must be considered when we meet this notion about the dead languages being superior to the living ones. It would probably not be possible to find in all Europe at that time a dialect so irregular as the moral life of the people who spoke it. The conclusion is plain.

But paint the reverse picture. Imagine a people progressing on moral lines building, collectively and individually, a moral fiber that is eternal and divine. What will be the effect of this upon their language? It will not remain as it is—for living things can no more remain stationary than the plant can remain in the seed. What will happen to this living, throbbing *spoken* language, this thing so subtle in its finer being that it is permitted to reflect even the divine? It will expand, it will grow. It will push outwards, upwards into the sunlight, like some rare blossoming thing, like some vast symphony which is ever and ever a-building. Why, how can books contain it? How can the lexicon hold more than the bare records and photographs of it? And what “dead” language shall brave comparison then, with that divine witness that each living language *shall become*, fashioned and spoken by the diviner race *that is to be*?

Do not the Raja Yoga children, then, study the dead languages? Yes, they do. But they do not make fetishes of them. The Raja Yoga system provides for all that the world calls educational—and very much more. That fact the world is on the eve of finding out.

But what shall we students of Spanish do—we grown-ups the world over—who have no Raja Yoga training, no “atmosphere,” nothing but books, books? Shall we give up in despair, and wait for some favoring tide to wash us high and dry, upon the shores of the Promised Land? By no means. Let us study our books *more diligently than ever*. Shall we give up learning our declensions and conjugations just because they are not, after all, the real thing? Never. *Let us study them as we never studied them before.* But if we study a language in the true spirit we must bear in mind that it is a living, expanding—shall I say conscious—thing. As we have been told is the case in the study of true wisdom, it is forever impossible to say, “This have I learned today, and it is exactly so and so and so.”

As certainly as the sun shines, all that we learn today will have to be, not unlearned tomorrow, but learned in a new sense, given a new application, viewed in a new relation, just as the stream in the valley is not lost sight of nor forgotten when we reach the summit, but sinks into a new relationship to the whole. It is because we do not realize this that we get “lost” and discouraged in our language study.

But there is no logic in getting discouraged. Neither is there any logic in building up false hopes because some books print on the title page “Spanish in Twelve Lessons,” or “Spanish in Three Months.” Spanish—that knowledge which would satisfy the true student—could not be learned in three months, even in Madrid and by a genius. Let us hope that our ideals out-reach the fascinating standard set up by some “easy methods,” that of being able to buy a railway ticket of a Spanish ticket agent, or of being able to order a mutton chop at a restaurant. “Spanish in One Month” will achieve all that. It is quite one thing to have such a smattering of Spanish as will enable one to travel through Mexico, or Cuba, or Spain without getting lost or going hungry. It is quite another thing to *know the Spanish language*.

So let us study and study and study, never admitting that we are at a standstill, “knowing,” as William Q. Judge used to say, “that if we keep our eyes where the light shines we shall presently know what to do.” Let us reflect upon the world-wide work that is to be done—in the near future—work of which all real students know though it may not be detailed here, and which must be done, if done at all, by students who know the Spanish language. Our opportunities may be meager, we may be isolated without teachers, almost without books, entirely deprived of the atmosphere of study that is such a help. What of it? Let us persevere the more, knowing that perseverance has an actual creative power, that the force it awakens and feeds “flyeth like light and cutteth obstacles like a sharp sword.” And let us aim high. Let us aspire—no matter how hopeless things may appear on the surface—to nothing less than a *complete knowledge of the lan-*

guage, the ability to think in it, speak in it, write in it as though it were our mother-tongue, for only then can we really touch the heart life of the people themselves. In good time, depend upon it, *we shall arrive*.

My work is mine,
And heresy or not, if my hand slacked,
I should rob God.

The Conventional and the Real

by Rev. S. J. Neill



A MAN is known by the company he keeps—by the God, or gods, he serves. In the *Gita* we read: “Those who devote themselves to the gods go to the gods; the worshipers of the pitris go to the pitris; those who worship the evil spirits go to them, and my worshipers come to me.” Likewise we read in our Scriptures: “Know ye not that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness.” And while it is true that our highest ideal, or the divinity we worship, is an index of what we are, it is no less true that the object of our worship has a reflex action on ourselves, and either degrades us or exalts us.

If we are devoted to the outward we become outward; if we are devoted to the conventional we become conventional; and as we are devoted to the real we become real. This thought is at the basis of all religions. Religion is a *cultus*, or system and practice of cultivating or developing certain qualities.

The national life of a people is the outcome of what that people really worships, what it thinks highest, noblest, and most desirable. We read in the Old Testament of how the Jews often turned from the worship of the true God and fell into idolatry. To be idolaters it is not necessary for us to make for ourselves images of wood or stone. Is there not in this and in other lands today, a very wide-spread and deep-seated idolatry? How often are men and women bond-slaves of custom! How often do they bow down to the outward or to the conventional, and give to that the homage they should give only to the True and the Real!

In ancient times the images used were supposed to represent or symbolize some phase, aspect, or quality of the divine. But can we give those in our day who worship fame, money, power, or pleasure any credit for regarding these things as aiding in any way to the contemplation or practice of the divine life?

Of the various forms of false worship, of idolatry, which are so common, we speak now only of that which is known as the "conventional." It may be difficult to define clearly what we mean by the term conventional, but we are daily coming into contact with it, and we know what it means. The dictionaries define it as, "Something growing out of tacit agreement, or custom." From this it is plain that a thing may be conventional and real at the same time. Yet it is not truly real to him who acts or judges from no higher ground than that of custom. Our form of faith may be quite true in itself, and yet very untrue, very conventional to us if we have no higher ground for holding it than that of custom, or the conventional. We here use the word conventional not so much in its dictionary sense, in which it is equivalent to custom, as in the ordinary acceptance, which regards what is conventional as opposed to what is real or natural.

Although it is not directly a question of distinguishing between what is right and what is wrong, or between what is natural and what is unnatural, yet all questions relating to the real and the conventional have to do with truth as opposed to mere appearance. Therefore we shall find that all our judgments, as to whether or not certain things are conventional, if carefully followed to their source, will bring us into the domain of ethics. It may seem to have little to do with ethics, what used to be conventional in the matter of dress, such as the wearing of tight, high-heeled boots, or wasp-waisted dresses, but if we ask ourselves the ultimate ground for condemning such things we shall see that it is because of their producing results known to be evil. They injure health, they mar beauty, and we rightly judge that to be wrong which injures the body in which we dwell. Consequently, we can see that the severity of our condemnation of anything conventional, and also the nature of the things we thus judge, will depend on our own relation to Truth; just as our discernment of and dislike to a foul smell will very much depend on the kind of atmosphere we have been accustomed to breathe.

But does this diversity of judgment in regard to the conventional imply a corresponding diversity in the law of right by which we judge? Or is the principle of right the same in all men, the difference in the exercise of that principle being caused by surrounding obstacles which hinder its free operation? This is a fundamental question relating to the whole of life. What sort of a building would be the result if the mason's square differed in the hands of each workman who used it, instead of being a sure and certain thing, neither more nor less than an angle of ninety degrees? What the square is to the builder that the law of right and truth is to us as builders of our own character, and of the life of the world, the temple of humanity.

Or, to put the matter in another form. Can we depend upon the conscience, the voice of moral law within us? Is conscience the same in all men? Can the conscience be educated? Is there a real and distinct line of demarcation be-

tween the conventional and the real? In popular speech it is often said, such a person "has no conscience," a much worse thing, surely, than a poorly educated conscience! I think it is Kant who says: "Two things appear to me as palpably infinite, the expanse of the heavens, and the sense of right and wrong in man." But, as is well known, philosophers as well as ordinary thinkers have differed on this most important question—the absoluteness of the law of right, and the authority of conscience. Even self-assertive Theosophists have held that right and wrong are not essentially different things, but varying degrees of the same thing.

To this all-important question at least three different answers have been given. Those philosophers who deny that there are any innate ideas, who deny the intuitional, resolve conscience into the conventional. They say that we classify certain things as right or wrong from custom and experience. They point to such questions as that of marriage with a deceased wife's sister and say: "Here we find opposing views held by people of the same religion; does this not show the unreliability of conscience?"

The other great school of philosophers, known as the intuitional, holds that there are certain ideas which are *necessary*, and not a matter of experience, such as that two and two make four, and the sense of right and wrong in man. All Theosophists really belong to this school, from their distinction between the real and the transitory nature of certain principles in men and in the universe. And Theosophy brings a light to philosophers of this school which is much needed, and which should be very welcome. This may be seen from the fact that intuitional philosophers are split up into two parties on this question of the conscience. One party holds that *conscience can be educated*, and the other party denies it. Dr. Whewell says, "we must labor to *enlighten* and *instruct* the conscience." Reid, in his *Active Powers*, says: "The conscience is an original power of the mind, yet it is only when we come to years of understanding and reflection that it judges correctly." Professor Birks of Cambridge is of the same opinion. While Kant, on the other hand, maintains that there is no such thing as an erring conscience; he says, "An erring conscience is a chimera." Professor Calderwood of Edinburgh holds with Kant, and maintains that to speak of educating conscience is an absurdity. He says we should never fall into this mistake if we were careful in discriminating between these three things: Conscience, properly so called, the moral judgments, and the moral sentiments, all of which are usually classed under one name. If we say that conscience must be educated we confess that it is deficient as a moral standard. What then is the moral standard, the supreme authority? If we say that a yardstick is long or short we suppose some standard of measure, but that supreme authority which tests all others must itself be absolutely correct. If the conscience be wrong we

suppose a higher something which can judge it, but if the conscience be the absolute law of right manifesting in man, it judges all things else, and cannot itself be judged by any.

How is it then that people differ, honestly differ, in what they call the exercise of their conscience? One man says: "To do so and so would be against my conscience." While another man, equally honest, affirms that his conscience directs him differently. Their moral judgments differ, but the moral judgments are not the conscience.

It is remarkable that the Bible, while it speaks of the conscience as sometimes being seared as with a hot iron, and a conscience purged from dead works, etc., never says that the conscience fails in its moral power—never calls right wrong, and wrong right. And those who have read Bunyan will remember how he makes Mr. Recorder (the conscience) to suffer many things. Diabolus builds a wall and darkens his light, but never can do more than silence his voice for a time. Mr. Recorder now and then speaks in a voice of thunder which makes all Mansoul shake.

The moral judgments depend on many circumstances, just as the light from the sun that shines in a room depends on the color of the glass in the window, its freedom from dust, and many other things. Men may so darken the window of the soul that the moral judgments will be like the pure light after going through an atmosphere of fog or smoke. Hence the Scripture says: *If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!* For then the conventional, to that man, has become as the real. He calls sweet bitter, and bitter sweet. He has descended into a pit, the sides of which, even hope itself, can hardly climb.

Owing to the distinction just pointed out not being clearly kept in view we find some writers suggesting that there may be a twofold moral character in the same action, since "all the schools teach that a person may mistake his duty, and do what is wrong sincerely believing it to be right." Therefore it is held that "an action may be right in one sense, and wrong in another."

It is here that the teaching of Theosophy as to the nature of man proves of such great value. For Theosophy, by clearly pointing out the different elements or principles in man, and showing us how the higher mind seeks to lift up and redeem the lower nature—by this Theosophy resolves the perplexities and difficulties of the schools. Conscience is the voice, or the radiance of the higher self, or the God in us. The moral judgments are the combined result of this higher voice and the promptings of the partially enlightened lower nature. The needle points to the north but there may be bars of iron, or other substances near it, on the right hand or the left, and these will sensibly deflect the needle. Even so, many things deflect our moral judgments, but the pole-star is unmoved.

There is, therefore, much need for education that will enable us to subordi-

nate the various other powers of our nature to the Voice of Truth. Only then can we hear the Voice of Truth—"The Voice of the Silence"—with anything like distinctness. Then we may hope to escape from the enthrallment of the conventional, when the real speaks to us in tones that cannot be mistaken.

As the conscience has its origin in Supreme Truth, or is that thread of light interiorly connecting us with the Infinite Sun, so the conventional has its origin in influences which operate through the will, making the moral judgments faulty or impure, and finally discarding even these, and setting up the image of the outward, or conventional that the mind may bow down to that. This is in the deepest sense idolatry, the very essence of all idolatry, for it is putting the "man of sin" in the place of the Most High.

As a rule the conventional has grown with what we call, "the advance of civilization." It is among the "civilized" peoples of the world, chiefly, that we usually find men bowed down under the heavy weight of the conventional. So much has the light in some people become darkness that their notion of civilization is narrowed down to the conventional itself! But, can that be called a true civilization or refinement which tends to sever us from the real, and to reduce us to mere shadows of men?

Rather, should we say, that civilization can never become truly civilized—can never truly advance to the real and lasting improvement of the race, until a spirit of burning and of purifying casts out or consumes all shams, hypocrisies, and all that is merely conventional.

The story of the conventional, rather than the real, is decidedly fostered by that "want of backbone," that lack of individuality which Tennyson speaks of—"The individual withers, and the world is more and more." The worship of fashion, of authority, of the conventional, is largely owing to lack of individuality, and its tendency is to kill out whatever little there may be in us.

One of the great leaders of thought, Stopford Brooke, speaking of the world spirit, says:

The spirit of the world when it is Conventional—and when is it not?—tends to reduce all men and women to one pattern, to level the landscape of humanity to a dead plain, to clip all the trees that are growing freely, of their divine vitality, into pollards, to wear all individuality down into uniformity. There must be nothing original—in the world's language—eccentric, erratic; men must desire nothing strongly, think nothing which the generality do not think, have no strongly outlined character. The influence of society must be collective, it must reject as a portion of its influence any marked individuality. We must all dress the same way, read the same books, talk the same things, and when we change, change altogether, like Wordsworth's cloud, "which moveth altogether if it move at all." Society must not be affronted by originality. Level everybody, and then let us collectively advance, but no one must leave the ranks, or step to the front."

A close study of the power of the conventional in the time of Socrates, in the days of Christ, and in the present will reveal some of the startling points of similarity.

It would be an endless, and perhaps not very profitable, task to point out the different forms which the conventional assumes in the manners or customs of society, leading people—not like asses, for that animal will sometimes stoutly maintain its own way—but leading them as the magnet leads the iron, to all kinds of things with the most unreasoning readiness. Besides, it is surely the best way to condemn, and correct all such, for us to set forth great life-principles, as did Christ, when he declared his mission to be not that of a divider or judge, but a declarer of Truth and an expounder of vital laws by which men should judge themselves.

Nowhere in life does the conventional work more injuriously than in the domain of theology, or our creedal religion. There we find that self-interest, established usage, fashion, mental inertia—all severally or unitedly agree to crush out the real, to overmaster the supremacy of conscience—to make man a mere atom, a particle of vapor in that cloud that “moveth altogether if it move at all.”

To overcome the sway of the conventional we should look to what is highest and live as closely to that as possible. The more we are devoted to the real the less influence will the outward and the conventional exercise over us. Emerson says:

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages.

When for years or generations we have made it our aim, our very religion, to live in the real and according to it, and to shun all forms of hollow-hearted conventionality, then, indeed, will the aspect of the world assume a new character. Then will many a valley be exalted, and many a crooked thing made straight. Then may we “ring in the love of truth and right, the common love of good.”

THE children! the children! what mighty powers do they evoke in the hearts of men! Truly they are the torchbearers, 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 soul's unfoldment. We must stand firmly in our mental and moral attitude toward the right and the true, and thus command their love and trust.

—KATHERINE TINGLEY

Desire and Will

by M. J. B.



Those who worship the gods go to the gods, and those who worship me come unto me.

DESIRE conjoined with that spiritual colorless force called will, brings to us either the gifts of gods or of demons. It brings good or evil in strict accordance with the quality of the desire. In truth, desire and will are to a certain extent one and the same, for there can be no desire that does not even unconsciously enlist in its service a certain amount of will. But the faintest spark of desire may, by an intentional and conscious application of will, be fanned into a flaming fire.

It is in strict harmony with ever merciful divine law that we should to a certain extent be able to gain that which we ardently desire, whether it be good or evil. If we have a desire for what is low, false and degrading, we shall in the main be gratified, and the pain and destruction that result from the working out of these desires contain the lessons we need. If we desire only what is true and pure, we shall surely gain truth and purity, and just in proportion to the amount of will we conjoin with our desire, is the amount of force with which we endow it.

Now the great question for us to ask ourselves today is: what desires shall we endeavor to kill out and what shall we cultivate by applying to them that divine potency, will!

There are those who, consciously or unconsciously, are in the ranks of certain powers that are always opposing good, and who, standing in high places, know something of the working of law and would take advantage of their knowledge for their own selfish purposes. They desire, perhaps, to destroy the good work of others. This may be done, but only to a certain extent, only within the circle of law. But whether the missiles of the enemy only make havoc among evil doers, or, true to their aim, retard in a measure the work of the righteous, they are sure to rebound upon those who send them forth.

It is passing strange that those who know so much of law should yet know so little. They know just enough to work their own destruction and never the destruction of the righteous. They are blinded by their own selfishness. They are maddened by their own passions. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." The delusions of the iniquitous are more than childish, they are imbecile. Yet there was a time when they took the first step on this downward path. It may have been in an unknown race of the distant past, or it may have been amid the luxury and temptation of a recent civilization, but this first false step rendered each succeeding one easier until now, with discrimination gone,

it would seemingly require the trumpet blast of all the heavenly hosts to awaken them from their delusions and warn them of their danger.

All this seems very dreadful, and we are inclined to think that we bear no relation to it. But just where do we stand? Where does the humanity of today stand? Have we taken no fatal step downward? Have we not traveled on the road of delusion until we need a rude awakening? Surely at some time we must have done so, and the great law is now warning us of our danger in the throes of the very earth on which we stand, in the raging of the destructive elements of nature, in the recoiling upon ourselves of the subtle forces with which we toy in our vain-glorious self-conceit, and in the wails of human misery that rise up from every land. All these danger signals are but the natural result of wrong desire and wrongly directed will in the past. They are the natural and inevitable bursting forth on the physical plane of accumulated forces generated by avarice and selfishness on the mental plane, for the physical is the final outlet for all force from higher planes. As long as our desires and our will are centered on the physical plane just so long shall we reap all the ills of that plane. As long as we worship the gods of Gold, Power and Self-glory, just so long shall we dwell with those gods and share their deadly wages. We not only must have been worshipping such gods in the past to bring about present horrors, but it must be plain we are now continuing in the same course that so little mitigation of evil results are yet apparent.

Does not this terrible general condition of things implicate us individually? It certainly does. We share in the destiny of the race because it is also our individual destiny. We are, each one of us, here and now just where we belong in the environment of our own creation, and each ego of the present civilization should feel responsible for the errors of brothers throughout the world in addition to its own.

While we would be very sorry to class ourselves with the dark powers, yet we, the best of us, are only, as yet, in the early dawn of that new day which is coming, for the New Day surely is coming. It is heralded by the victories that already have been won in the cause of Brotherhood against the evil and selfishness in the world. This brighter day will be hastened by us if we are true helpers, and it will come *in spite of us* if we are traitors, for the law that makes for righteousness is greater than we.

If we desire to become agents for good to others and thus incidentally insure our own salvation, we have much work to do and it is only intelligent work that counts. In our ignorance and blundering we can work harm, even with best intentions. It is our own desires and will that we should control, not those of our neighbor. Vicarious work is opposed to evolution. The great harm that is effected by such work is so mixed with the little good, it is so subtle, so imper-

ceptible to those who have no knowledge of man's complex nature, that knowledge of a true science of being is the only remedy. The votaries of the various schools that appeal to man's selfishness or play upon his ignorance would seemingly require a greater shock than has as yet been given us to awaken them from their self-complacent lethargy. But among them those who are pure in heart and with an open mind towards truth, will at length awaken. Knowledge will rend the fetters that bind them, while the impure, the selfish will, with equal justice from the law, gain their emancipation slowly and painfully. The watchword, "Eternal Vigilance," should be emblazoned on every page of our lives, that no unworthy desire may grow upon us unawares, that no misapplication of will may lead us astray.

Knowledge of law and application of that knowledge to our everyday life, right thought and right action, not mere negative goodness or even active but ignorant goodness, will serve us. Intelligent practice of Brotherhood alone will change the downward trend of our present humanity.

Education and Character

by J. L. G.



“**E** DUCATION! Yes! That is the thing most needed in the world today,” say the intellectualists. “It is the driving and transforming power of the earth. People must first become educated before they can become truly religious, for where we see religious worship without education there we see blind faith, bigotry and fanaticism. Education makes people think. It forces the logic of morals upon a man. It is the avenue through which culture, refinement and art are brought to the masses, while on the other hand ignorance is responsible for all the hypocrisy and crime in the world.”

All this sounds very fine because it is just *partly* true. I will do more than admit the intellectual strides we have made in this age—the age is intellectually mad, if you please. The endowments for our great college institutions come so thick and fast now that our millionaires have reversed the custom of making their endowments effective and operative after death, by pleasurably distributing and donating as a pastime, possibly as a conscience salve, some of their surplus wealth before they die.

The educational process, we are led to believe, works smoothly enough; it is evolving students of law, of theology, of medicine, men of science, of art and of

music. They are evolved to be sure, but that is the least part. Now comes the battle of competition. If a man cannot win position and wealth he is regarded as a failure, and is it not a fact that the standard of education is gauged by results in dollars and cents? Has not education become simply an incidental factor in the present complicated and diverse interests of the human family, and do we not call everything *brains* that can point to a respectable bank account? Yes! To such we pay our tribute and honor. It is the common failing of all of us in *spite* of our education and our "enlightenment." The educational process of today is nothing more nor less than a course of subtle psychology, and men really think more of their bank accounts than of their souls.

Education that has no place for a philosophy of life and the higher nature of man is false; education that divorces itself from the ethical nature and the soul of man is a delusion. How often are the modern ideals of education only to breed a greater superiority of cunning and subtle trickery? The little vanities of human nature are humored and encouraged, and the pandering to a false species of estheticism goes on hand in hand with a selfish love of ease and comfort. This is the reason why a man may be educated and polished and yet be dishonest, selfish and even heartless. We have all met many such. The world is full of them. It is for this same reason that a man may be educated and believe himself soulless and the universe Godless. It is the reason, again, why a man may be educated and perchance go to jail.

There are two kinds of sinners in this world, the ignorant, and those who are educated; and if education cannot make men realize their higher natures, can we honestly say it is as it should be, or is there not something lacking? On every hand is the search for happiness, yet how much have we found since we were children? We are men and women now, and all our ideals of happiness have changed, alas! Who of us can say just what it is that insures happiness? With such a diversity of interests in the present scheme of life the conflict is so sharp and at times the pressure becomes so intense as to be almost unbearable. Is it not because the true nature of man is unknown or that we have forgotten it? The failure of ethical systems in attaining practical results is matter of little concern to the world at large, and the majority of the people do not even look for an excuse for their vanities, selfishness and ambitions. It has become so much a matter of contagion that men and women have accepted the world of glamour and delusion as the real world. They are happy today, and filled with grief and heartache tomorrow. How much happiness is there in the world? Look at the army of lawyers, physicians, surgeons, ministers of the gospel and a host of others whose profession it is to relieve trouble and pain and sickness. But are we any nearer happiness? Have we found the joy of life? Has the world yet found a *real, permanent* standard of happiness?

In one of Henry Drummond's books he calls love "the greatest thing in the world." But whence comes love? What is that in the nature of man that gives rise to the deep feeling of true love, that feeling that also brings peace, contentment and happiness, that awakens in man a new discrimination, a new sense of the fitness of things, a realization of the divinity in life. Is it not that true love has its origin in the soul and ever seeks to find expression in the life and character? And what is character but the balanced expression of the soul? It is the human reservoir out of which flows the moral force of the universe. Nobility of character needs no creed to adorn it with righteousness and reverence, and it is from this reservoir, out of this storehouse of the soul, in which are garnered all its past experiences, that comes the power of *love*. The soul alone knows true happiness and possesses it. Character is what a man is. It cannot be thwarted or covered up by any false educational or religious system. When the soul asserts itself, when the lower nature has become transformed, when man begins to learn that his true nature is a part of divinity itself, then all things shall become possible to him, and the soul's strength, its light and power, shall find full expression in human character.

Public Baths

by L. R.



PUBLIC gymnasiums and baths ought to keep pace with public libraries. The mutual interaction of mental and physical conditions promises much for the intellectual and moral value of a well-poised body. The keen, elastic, buoyant sense of health-giving strength and flexibility, leaves no craving for the consciousness of stimulation. The unconscious slouch of the discouraged and dissolute tells its own tale of limitation and degeneration. It is pitiful to watch the passing individuals—corseted and otherwise—with depressed chests and aggressive abdomens, which bespeak a lowering and limitation of the whole make-up.

Bathing is an effective agent of preventive medicine and is of signal service in treating disease. Were physicians limited to a single remedy with which to practice, doubtless water would prove the one of widest application. The use of cool sponging to reduce fever, so generally adopted, not only influences the

temperature and other symptoms, but modifies the disease and forestalls various *sequelæ* which may prove the last straw to the weakened constitution.

In every way the masses of the people should be taught the pleasure and benefits of bathing. Public baths in metropolitan centers are wise investments. Especially should the poorer quarters be well supplied, and the people encouraged to use them freely. The reaction following the proper kind of bath, brings the blood to the surface—an indication present in most chronic cases. This relief to the congested and internal organs and vessels, adds to the delicious sense of freshness which belongs to a clean skin. Washing away the old epidermis and its excretions give a mental reaction from the physical sense of renewal. The clean body makes the unclean clothing more noticeable. Greater care will be taken to keep the garments fresh, and the influence will widen out to reach the habitation of the bather.

No pains should be spared to teach the "great unwashed" to work out a soap and water salvation. The habit of cleanliness would grow, and would extend to the handling of food and lessen contagion from that source. The Salvation Army soldiers have practically proven their sincerity by living in the poorer quarters of cities, and showing the residents how even poor places may be kept clean. While it is not claimed that contagions originate in the slums, it is the undiluted dirt which forms a favorable media for germs. A study of the habits of the metropolitan foreign populations would be a good kindergarten course in the evolution of contagions. Many of these people have an abnormal fear of water which, for them, possesses various unknown quantities not to be trifled with. However social barriers may isolate them, they are a link in the sanitary chain. They handle the common currency, ride in the public conveyances, intimately contact the public through manufactured clothing, sometimes through food stuffs, or the articles of household use. Living in an atmosphere of smells and dirt that would nauseate a novice, they become immune to contagions which they may carry.

It would be a reasonable rendering of the health board's legal right to use measures conserving the public health, if they made bathing compulsory. The chronically unclean are certainly as dangerous to society as the unvaccinated. The aquatic element in most children would respond to the public bath house invitation, and much could be done by the rising generation for themselves and friends. A pint of water for a quick, cool sponging upon rising can always be obtained, and is sufficient to give a freshened flavor to the whole day.

It was not mere blind religious sentiment which included bathing in the code of morals. To wash away the old magnetism with the effete matter makes it easier for aspiration to assert itself.

The Dawn of Hope

By STARLIGHT

THERE'S a mist upon the waters,
 And the moaning of the breeze---
 Like a deep grim wail
 Out of the night,
 Of those who fight,
 And of those who fail---

Echoes sadly through the trees.

And the hearts of men are full of dark despair,
 With the burden of Earth's sorrow and its care.

For our brightest hopes are flown,

And our hearts have weary grown.

As we've waited for the dawning

Of the Day-star bright,

And have prayed in vain for morning,

Thro' the night!

But a Light breaks o'er the waters,

And a note swells on the breeze---

Like a glim'ring star,

Shedding its light

Out in the night,

Shining from afar,

To the music of the seas.

And the hearts of men shake off their dark despair,

As they look beyond Earth's sorrow and its care:

For the beacon star of Love

Shines again from realms above,

And it ushers in the dawning

Of the Day-star bright,

And the joys of rosy morning

Banish night!

There is hope across the waters;
 And a song upon the breeze
 Wakes the soul anew,
 With stirring lays
 To brighter days,
 By its message true,
 As it echoes through the trees,
 And the mem'ry of the past revives once more,
 And stirs again the deeper hopes of yore;
 And the Golden Age of Light
 Wakes again with promise bright,
 For our hearts have caught the dawning
 Of the Day-star bright!
 And we've found the joy of morning,
 After night!

—*The International Theosophist*

Woodland Theosophy*

by A. D. Robinson



“THIS our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Thus in *As You Like It* speaks the Duke, who had been forced by a usurping brother to exchange his ducal pomp and palace for a simple life in the forest of Arden, and so let us awhile listen to these tongues, read from such books and profit from like sermons.

Within an hour's ride of this city of San Francisco is a veritable forest primeval where the weary dweller in the modern flat can consort with the chipmunk and the squirrel and breathe in some of the mighty life that the giant redwoods are throwing from one to the other. Straight and grand they tower above the other trees of the forest, like pyramid monuments of other men and times, a rebuke to the theory of one short life on earth for man, having written in their fire-scarred trunks and bleached branches a record of innumerable spans of seventy years—

* Read at a public meeting of Universal Brotherhood Lodge, San Francisco, Cal.

and is not man of more account than many redwoods? From these wooded temples come the thoughts here given, evidence that Theosophy can enter into every phase of life, that it is much more than an abstruse philosophy—and though it may be hard for you to see how at times the wisdom religion influenced the thinker, still you can rest assured that even the meager understanding of its teachings that he had, multiplied a thousand-fold the enjoyment of the grandeur of the tall trees, the delicacy of the drooping fern, the odor of the woods, the sighing of the breeze overhead, and the springy foothold on the dead leaves beneath.

Associated, and very closely, with the religious rites of all times and climes, are groves of trees. The chosen sites for temples have been in forest depths. In the East it is so now, and would be in the West if it were not that ground is too valuable and time too precious to allow any frills on religion even. As it is, however, this prevailing tendency will not down, and we find a tree or trees cherished in the yards of the churches even in the largest cities. St. Paul's in London has several on ground worth thousands a foot, and so it is everywhere. The priests of all the ancient religions sought the shade of the woods when they specially besought the aid of their highest conception of Deity. This general tendency must have some explanation—not that which would say the further from man the nearer to God, but no doubt because from time immemorial the tree has been accepted as a symbol for sacred knowledge. There is the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the Garden of Eden. “The tree of life” is continually referred to in the Bible, and man collectively and individually is frequently compared to a tree by whose fruit he shall be known. As with all symbols, so this symbol of the tree was lost sight of, and the tree itself became an object of worship. Even at this day and in this country there are many devotees of the tree whose worship is made by each to his own deity, though any outsider may, nay, is insistently invited to join in the adoration of the family tree.

Events of importance are commemorated by the planting of a tree, of which a recent most conspicuous instance was the planting of the Cuban liberty tree at Santiago de Cuba on the occasion of the visit of the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood with her band of International Brotherhood League workers to that city, when they brought so much of material and spiritual comfort to the sorely destitute inhabitants.

Let us sit upon this fallen log, and forgetting office and store, pen and hammer, yes, dollars and cents even, a hard but a necessary thing if we are to get the full good of the woods, let us become a thing of the forest as much as the chipmunk who whisks his tail as he wonders what we are, and his cousin the squirrel, who noisily resents our intrusion from a neighboring hazel. It is no good pretending to become natural denizens of the forest when the first remark the visitor to our woods is expected to make to exhibit the proper spirit is: “Oh, it

makes me seem so small and God so large and mighty." Is it supposable that the squirrel scaling the hundreds of feet of rough perpendicular bark, as easily as we could accomplish the same distance of level pavement, is it supposable that he compares himself with the tree he climbs till in his estimation he is a fine point of miserable sin, or that the lizard should stop basking in that little ray of sunshine because the sun was such a brilliant body? No, these despised forest-dwellers have not reached the stage when they look at everything in their range in the light of its effect on themselves. They are part of the great whole, as necessary each to the completed picture as any tree or group of trees around them, and when the forest's beauty and grandeur make a man feel small and insignificant, that man has become an unnatural thing, blind to his soul's great destiny. Should not this sight help him to realize this destiny? Should not the promise, "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"—should not this promise rise in his heart till the soul, his true self, should shine forth under its influence and disclose itself as divine, a very part of God, a creator?

Does not man daily mold and modify the vegetable kingdom, has he not grafted the peach on the wild plum and from the modest wild rose developed the gorgeous American Beauty? And may it not be then that man had a part in the creation of this great woodland ages ago in some stage of his evolutionary journey? Had we but faith as a grain of mustard seed nothing should be impossible, said the Christ, and the spiritual will of man is the instrument that shall do the miracles when we have developed it. That we are so far from being miracle-workers now is no argument that we may not become such in the future, *i. e.*, miracle-workers only in the sense that understanding her finer forces we help Nature and work on with her.

In the mouths of the many is that catchy but misleading phrase, "Man made the town, but God made the country." Yet, has not man made them both, one in his material aspect, the other in his Godlike mode? The one is his office and the other his temple. A minister when asked by one of his flock for guidance, in the case of its being a choice between attending church or getting a day in the woods, said: "Go to the woods; and if it is necessary to relieve you and others like you, I'll close my church and go too." The severest stickler for the strict observance of the Sabbath permits the walk in the woods, recognizing its magic charm to draw the thorn of selfishness and sting of lust.

When we say this subtle something that eases the tired feeling of the town-folk as they tread the forest paths is due to the balmy breezes, the fresh air, the change, what do we mean? That in the town the air we breathe is charged with

the foulness that pertains to man's habitations; that man living artificially is a wasteful animal and gathers more than he can consume, hence decay of the remnant; that much of his life is spent where the purifying breeze and sun cannot enter; that, speaking generally, he often wears a clean collar and cuffs and a soiled shirt. Whereas in the woods only the despised lower animals have lived who know nothing but nature's ways, and so the air is pure. This leads us to consider that the air is simply a vehicle that we charge, by just living our lives as we do, with poison to our fellows and ourselves, but which the forests load with healing balm. It would seem that the town should be spread in the forest or the forest in the town, for vegetable life is supported by the carbonic acid gas man gives off, and in turn gives its ozone back to man.

It matters not what the terms be, our point is that with the vegetable kingdom as with all life man is making a continual exchange. This Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The vast forests of the Sierras and other ranges in different parts of the world all have their part and place in the scheme of creation and in the life of this globe, and man after wanton destruction of the same is learning that this is a law-governed universe. His wastefulness in the Sierra timber lands has caused much uneasiness for the water supply to the plains in the dry summer; his ravages in Abyssinian mountain woods have year by year reduced the overflow of the Nile and consequently the amount of fertile land in its valley; and, most appalling of all, this sacrifice of the Indian forests has been a great factor in bringing about the drouth in that country which has slain with its thirsty clutch the million victims of its awful famines. The lessons in Nature's school are sometimes taught by dreadful examples, and yet man learns slowly.

We have wandered far from our seat on that fallen log and picked up much that savors little of the peace of the forest, but we knew we could not vie with the squirrel in his single-minded effort to demonstrate that life is joy, and we will not refrain from going back, although we may start off again and maybe stray further. So let us return and draw in great drafts of "God's free air," but before we resign ourselves to forest fancy our thoughts turn sadly to the recently expressed newspaper comments on the remarks of a minister who had said that a monopoly of coal was as absurd and immoral as would be a monopoly of free air. The newspaper editor said the reverend gentleman should understand that the only reason there is not this latter is because no way has yet been devised to shut off the supply from those who do not pay the monopoly rates.

What a thought to enter into a woodland temple! But one thing often suggests its great contrast, and looking at the wasteful economy around we see there is no waste in nature. Every leaf that falls seems to have a mission to perform; having served its purpose as a pore of the tree, it returns to the soil to feed its parent or some other growth. The very tree itself will follow this round, and may-

be the whole mass of vegetation will supply a future race with its coal, becoming smoke and gas and ash that shall not perish, but be absorbed into some form of life and so keep up the endless chain of change in form but not in essence.

Did it ever occur to you that gazing on natural beauty we never seem to find a suggestion for an improvement in the arrangement, or if we do it is generally a change that would substitute a cement and iron railing for a hedge of roses? There never seems a tree or a shrub too much; every twig belongs to the general plan, and no tree would be better in some other situation. We see the efforts to improve (save the word) in garden plots with blue hydrangeas and roses, with much rustic work, as, for instance, at the base of that clump of redwoods, but it positively hurts to see it—the forest giants with such a carpet at their feet seem so uncomfortable it reminds one of a cathedral with a cheap linoleum floor. Only where man has recognized Nature as a master landscape gardener does his habitation in her woods seem permissible.

Why do our efforts to help nature seem so almost ridiculous? May it not be because we do not rise to the magnitude of the plan; that we do not get in our mind's eye the whole scheme; that our vision is bound by the limits of our little plot; that we do not recognize the immutable law that there can be no harmony in the part unless that part is in harmony with the whole?

Turning our gaze on the mountain as it shows so sharply defined against the sky, we let our eyes travel down its wooded sides and partly shaded canyons till we reach the valley at its base, and in proportion as we can take in the whole scene so is our conception and enjoyment of its beauty. One, and there are many of his kind, looking at this very scene once lamented his hard lot that a white cottage showed in the foreground. He had been all over the valley to get a view like this without a house in it, and for him that whole view was spoiled because of that one little speck. The speck filled his eye so that the grand scheme of the whole was entirely lost; his own personal views in the matter barred any appreciation of what would have been good even in his own eyes.

Now the wood we traverse, the mountain and valleys and canyons, the grassy plots surrounded by dense forest growth, the isolated clumps of live oak, the lone tree, all belong to the general plan and make it perfect of its kind; and the plan, its conception as well as its execution, is the work of an intelligence so broad and wide and deep that it never said at any part of the work, "I did it," or "It is mine." That is why it is harmonious and it is this harmony we feel, that strengthens us and tends to create, or rather restore, harmony in us, when we go to these large gardens of nature and say the change does us good.

This harmony exists because, it is said, in the individual lives composing the whole, there is no self-consciousness, therefore no selfishness. And men will dwell together in such harmony *self-consciously* when the discord born of selfish-

ness shall have been overcome—as overcome it will be, though storms everywhere are now raging. Each day we draw nearer a realization of the truth that no man nor nation can live unto himself or itself.

The statement has been made that the vegetable kingdom is not self-conscious. Yet it has consciousness of a kind, or at least we must not deny it because we cannot comprehend it. Let us look for evidence on this point. The fern on yonder rock! From whence its supply of food and drink? Ah! it has sent out its roots over the face of the stone to that little crevice. What guided these roots several times their normal length in their search for nourishment? See that graceful creeper that having climbed the limit of the undergrowth sends its tender shoot, though subject to the force of every breath, unerringly to the pine branch off to the right, and if that possible support be removed will turn to the other over to the left. Can it be that this delicate plant has senses answering to man's? Does it see the branch for which it climbs?

How that sapling has twisted and turned to reach the light! and yet it is by nature a straight growing tree. Those wild sunflowers hiding with their sturdy plants, an abandoned effort at cultivation in the small open glade, what stiff stems carry their brilliant flowers! and yet these flowers turn on their necks following the course of the sun from its uprising to its down going! The workings of nature, you say! True! but what grander work can man boast of than that—filling his place in nature—he climbs to the light. And all these growths live according to their kind, some seeking the sunshine, others the shade, some climbing up, some running along the ground, and yet we continually find trees and plants departing from their typical mode of life to meet special circumstances.

Does not the wood seem more alive as you think of these things? Would you now take out your jack-knife and carve your initials in the skin of that tree as you did yesterday, would you not be afraid of hurting the tree?

In considering this question of consciousness let us go to our homes with those plants we are taking in an endeavor to keep a savor of the woods always with us. For a time they seem uncertain what to do till, coaxed by loving care they throw up new shoots. As they take root in the unaccustomed pot they seem to say, "We see you mean us well, we will grow for you and beautify your home." Or, as is too often the case, after being uprooted from their forest home they are carted to the city only to be neglected and starved, sacrificed to the whim of man. Did it ever strike you that plants can feel love or neglect outside of the mere mechanical supplying of material conditions suitable to growth—of course not to the extent that animals can, but yet appreciably. You have heard it said of certain ones that they had such luck with plants, everything they touched grew, while others seemed to bring death to every plant they tended. Not only is this said, but in this case this general opinion is true, and investigation would

show that the lucky one planted and tended with an actual love for the plants, and the other performed these actions with a selfish desire to possess the plants as an adornment like clothes and jewelry. The successful flower culturist sets a high ideal for his charges to attain, setting in motion the tremendous power of thought. We admit nowadays the power of thought, and that our thoughts not only affect our own lives, but the lives of others among whom we live, and can it not be that human thought may even help to mold vegetation?

It is a frequent occurrence that some one having had remarkable success with a certain kind of plant one year will entirely fail with the same the following year, and the reason is sought for in different soil, season or what not, when having in mind this sensitiveness of plants to thought force it should be looked for and found in the changed mental attitude of the grower. If during the first year this attitude is one of tender solicitude, the hailing with joy of every new leaf, the loving thought with every drop of water, the holding in mind night and morning of a high ideal, every effort is crowned with success. But if this very success breeds for the next year the "know it all" attitude that bothers with no ideals, no loving thoughts, but says so much water and light and air, such and such soil, the result is that the plants reply by refusing to develop and grow as before. Give all of your love, help us by your aspiration for us, they cry. Can we not say that "Plants do not live by bread alone, but by every thought that issues from the heart of man."

To make this possible requires a species of consciousness on the part of plants and a kind that we can understand if we will. We have in a sense, whether consciously or unconsciously, recognized it by assigning to different flowers a specific meaning, and in making them the bearers of our messages of love and sympathy to our friends. To our sick ones we send a bouquet of perfect blossoms, knowing that their beauty and fragrance will say to the sufferer, better than spoken or written word, kind wishes for restoration to health, sweet things of loving remembrance, and be a messenger whose message cannot be misinterpreted. Oh the volumes that a bunch of violets passed from friend to friend can speak! Oh the vast panorama of places, men and things, that a whiff of the sweetbrier can conjure up in the mind! Oh the mystery hidden in the growth of a blade of grass! "Consider the lilies of the field; how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Yes, consider the lily how, year after year, it sends up from the bulb a graceful shoot bearing its glorious crown of blossoms; and then, having done its best, it rests for a season leaving the world the better for each effort, for nothing can be wasted, and every beautiful thing must make the world more permanently beautiful.

Each one of you be a gardener, if only in a garden of one window pot; give

your children the care of a plant; impress on them the responsibility of having a life in their charge; teach them to study this life, how from the seed comes the plant, the blossom and again the seed; and if their minds be allowed unbiased play they will see the essence, the true plant, which keeps it to its type, never dying, resting for a time, but coming again and again to do its best to fulfil its destiny; and the truth of Reincarnation for man must be borne in on them; bid them consider the lilies.

Lest we should be led away by the enthusiasm the consideration of this subject should engender, and think if we could only leave the city and its teeming thousands and live in nature's wilds, we could be better men and women, hear what *The Voice of the Silence* says:

Believe thou not that sitting in dark forests in proud seclusion and apart from men: believe thou not that life on roots and plants, that thirst assuaged with snow from the great range—believe thou not O, Devotee, that this will lead thee to the goal of final liberation.

No! man's place is with men, especially so with those who have in their hearts this sprouting seed of brotherhood. If we go to the woods, as may we all at times, let it be to gather strength to take up again the struggle to leaven the world with the leaven of brotherhood, till it all be leavened. Let us seek to learn such lessons as are taught in *The Voice of the Silence* by the simile of the lotus, and let the words stay with us:

Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bears its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain, nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed.

The Daisy

WITH little white leaves in the grasses,
 Spread wide for the smile of the sun,
 It waits till the daylight passes
 And closes them one by one.

I have asked why it closed at even,
 And I know what it wished to say:
 There are stars all night in the heaven,
 And I am the star of day. —RENNELL RODD

The Nobility of Man's Calling

by W. J. S.



To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life.—*First Object of the International Brotherhood League*

THIS is a proposition that touches upon one of the highest universal truths of nature, and to make a practical application of it requires a knowledge of the philosophy of life. A student of Theosophy can understand more readily the lessons that can be drawn from right occupation and devotion to duty.

In order to help others to realize the nobility of their calling, it is necessary for oneself first to understand one of the simple laws of nature, which is the basic principle of existing things. This law, to begin with, teaches us that each human being is an integral part, or unit, of the aggregate whole of the Universe; and that whatever work one may be engaged in is the outcome of causes which emanated from him in actions of the past, and which are now converged to the point where certain duties devolve upon him as effects. This was the law referred to by the Nazarene, when he spoke of measure for measure, judgment for judgment.

It is a regrettable thing, indeed, to see the greater portion of society look upon certain work as being disgraceful, and shun those whose duty it is to perform such.

How many consider that the performance of this work adds to the world's wealth which supports them in luxuries not partaken of by those performing such service? This tends to lead the working man to find nothing elevating in his occupation; his inclination tends rather to the finding of fault with his lot than to the study of its noble purpose. It is the path that leads men and women to despair, lacking as they do, that knowledge which shows to them the relation of these particular duties to Universal Law and Justice; which if they were taught to understand it, would show them that no honest work is disgraceful and that to regard it as such was evidence of a perverted mind. They would also understand that the main value of this work does not lie in the fact that it goes to make up the world's wealth, but that it has a direct bearing upon the evolution of the one performing it.

There is no such thing as inaction. Each thought, each deed, performed, like the bread cast upon the waters, returns, though it may be after many days, to have its effect upon the performer. If the thought be good, the deed noble and in accord with duty, the result will be good. If contrary, the opposite. There is

nothing lost, no force, no matter. Nature in her divine economy takes care and preserves us all, recognizing no large, no small, no rich, no poor, but regarding all as units of the one Universal essence.

As human beings we are affected by events as much as we permit ourselves to be by attachment either through pleasure or pain, and this will continue as long as the attachment.

The physical body which most people call man, is but the temple of the real man, the soul, and its five senses as many servants.

The world exists only for the experience and training of the soul, which is an integral part or unit of the one Divinity. Therefore it should matter not what one's duties are that are to be performed, the attitude of mind only should be considered as it will determine the merit or demerit as well as the experience each one may get out of it. All duties should be approached without prejudice and performed cheerfully, with intense application, without attachment to their results if we would learn therefrom the lessons they have to teach which will fit us for higher occupations.

A duty performed unwillingly stays the harmony which would result from the right performance of it. All should seek to faithfully perform their duties of whatever nature they may be. Whatever is has grown out of our actions of the past, but by our actions now we can make the future. Finding fault with one's duty or oneself profits nothing and is but a waste of energy and useless thought, for there is no human being who does not wish for that he has not. We should desire only those things that have stability. Temporal ones however painfully acquired, cease to be desired when once attained. Only one thing is real, the soul, the inner man, and must be sustained by that whose nature is like its own. If we say that one work of a class is higher than another, we state a truth one-sided only. Either all work rightly done is noble, or none is. The lowest rung of a ladder is as necessary as the highest. All are relative.

Nature teaches us a higher aspect of man's calling: her higher kingdoms must aid and uplift the lower, for only so can there be progress for the whole, and only so can the higher ones advance. We find this in the human kingdom. As man contacts the elements of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms he imparts to the atmosphere of these lower kingdoms something of his own natural good or bad, and it is his responsibility that he shall uplift them in their evolution. And how great the responsibility of man for his fellow man! Upon reflection, we can see that it is a natural law which governs this process of evolution, and if men and women would cooperate with it, it would cause them to turn to those who are in the rear of life's journey and assist them to rise to higher and broader views of life and wider opportunities. It is one of nature's laws that the more is given out the more flows in. With each act of self-denial will that much of our grosser

nature fall away shedding more light from our divine nature, which will enable us to render noble service to all humanity, and aid in the establishing of that greater harmony throughout Nature that is akin to godhood, and which it is everybody's duty to assist in bringing about.

When this is done man will have realized the nobility of his calling and taken up his true position in life. This can be accomplished by any one who chooses to become master of his own household. The first step is with self. When self is mastered it becomes the instrument of the real man—the soul—in the redemption of his fellowmen, for it has been said by a great Teacher that a man's foes are those of his own household.

Child Culture

by L. R.



IT is variously estimated that one-fourth of all children born die under five years. Of this appalling per cent one-half of the deaths are due to faults of nutrition. That the nutritive forces are sometimes congenitally impaired by constitutional vices is unquestioned, but prevention could doubtless reduce the mortality both in the originally weak and in the stronger who succumb. The weight of this heavy mortality falls upon the children of the poor, who lack most of the favorable conditions of environment. Many cases are relieved and saved by the philanthropic efforts which provide floating hospitals and other outings. An enlarged sense of public sanitation is needed to overcome the conditions which combine to send these little visitors out of an unhealthy world, after so brief a stay.

The tenements in cities are often unfit for human habitation. Were these places unprofitable investments, no landlord would continue to own them. The law should require that every building be provided with sufficient light, air, sun, space and bathing facilities, and proper plumbing to add to rather than subtract from the vital resistance of the tenants. There is no lack of all these things; they are more plentiful than poverty. If suitable structures for the poor should prove unprofitable as private property, the municipality could take the matter in hand. The money thus spent in making health contagious would be the best paying capital of the city's funds: the municipal health would be benefited in every district, and the conditions would react to better the moral tone of the

slums. How can the people be expected to keep clean if want of water and of space make bathing an unfamiliar feature of their lives?

In the average home, where the majority of children are found, the diseases of infancy and childhood are cared for without trained nurses. The sick children are usually at the mercy of an inexperienced mother, or, equally bad, of an over-experienced grandmother, who regards her own children as the results instead of the survivals of her methods. The amount of experience is not always the gauge of wisdom in any line, though too often so considered. To quote the confident old lady:

You can't tell me anything about bringing up children; I've buried seven.

Certainly, any general practitioner can testify to the rarity of making the attendants understand the importance of system and judgment in the details of these delicate cases. The mother's devotion to her baby is more apt to express itself in too many attentions, than in following the comprehensive simplicity of the doctor's directions. It is a question which more often proves fatal to the infant—his mother's ignorance or his grandmother's knowledge—the things his mother does not know, or the things officious friends know which are not true.

In any commercial interest of the race, the positions of trust and importance are usually reserved for the competent. But the vitally important matter of child culture is kept in the hands of amateurs. The proverbial mother love is willing to sacrifice her own life to protect her child from others, but she makes poor provision to save it from herself.

Whether or not more ideal social and economic conditions will evolve a plan whereby the children will be cared for by the skill and devotion of those specially qualified and enthused for the task, is too radical an innovation for the present mother to entertain; yet in time, as changed conditions will have made this feasible, the mother-mind will have evolved toward an appreciation of it. Meantime much might be done to save the health and often the lives of the little ones, by popularizing a knowledge of their proper care. Carelessness and ignorance of the principles of child culture would give way gradually and time would show gratifying results.

The question as to the methods of attempting this campaign of education is of secondary importance. The first essential is to recognize the necessity for it. Through the medium of womens' clubs, mother's meetings, philanthropic educational and charitable organizations, an abundant and cheap literature, and other ways which experience will suggest, the practical gist of the subject could be made common property. The original work of selecting and digesting the subject matter would command the competent attention of psychologists, physiologists and pedagogues, with the aid of modern scientific methods of practical and

theoretical investigations. Custom is so potent a factor in all lives that the acceptance of proper dietetic and hygienic habits by the intelligent operates to establish similar conditions among those who never "question why."

The individuals of the modern world are so intimately connected through many lines of communication, that changes of opinion are rapidly reflected from one social strata to another. The educational efforts of the vegetarians, for instance, have largely created a demand which the market now supplies in various accepted cereals. The circle widens out to touch those who have no dietetic convictions, but who have a routine habit of purchasing the popular things. Opinions are highly contagious.

Compassion and Justice*

by E. I. W.



THE value of kindness and sympathy and brotherly assistance as powerful evolutionary factors and forces have not received that recognition with the mass of people which their importance demands. This disregard is the effect of a too materialistic view of life, and the tendency well-nigh becomes chronic, to rely solely upon the senses as the only guides to an understanding of existence. With many this state is regarded as something to be proud of and is called common sense; any science which treats of nature's finer forces is refused a hearing and the cry is only for that which is "substantial."

Such are the surface reasoners on life who still carry about with them the incubus of an effete and obsolete system, which attempted to account for a perfectly balanced, harmonious, wondrously intelligent universe, from a basis of non-intelligent matter under the action of a blind and purposeless force. This aberration of the human mind is being supplanted by a fast growing recognition that man is a wonderfully constructed being, the generator and transmitter of forces of inalienable power and potency, himself a great power with an important part to play in the evolution of the globe. Given a sufficient number of men capable of realizing this and it is possible to make modern social life a fitting emblem of the perfect law that operates in human earth-life as well as guides the stars in their courses.

Unselfish and brotherly acts and thoughts are the key to a knowledge of real life, because they alone harmonize man with the universe and establish his posi-

* Read at a public meeting at Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

tion in nature either as a harmonizing constructive power, or a discordant destructive entity. Beyond doubt we are too severe and cold-hearted in our attitude towards offenders against the social and moral laws, nor is our attitude calculated to produce good in the community, in ourselves, or in the offender. Because of this, too often a prisoner comes to regard his offence as beyond remedy or reparation, and the future offers but a still further descent into crime and recklessness. Our condemnation and treatment of criminals is an outrage on the principle of justice. Surely when an offender has paid the penalty demanded by law, his debt ceases, and he should not be called upon to face the even severer tribunal of public contempt. Condemnation of evil is every man's duty, but this is vastly different from unreservedly condemning the criminal. In the one case we condemn the principle of evil of which the man has partly become the victim. Our idea of ourselves and others needs readjusting. We are the soul, and we inhabit a body and use a brain; nor need this statement remain solely a matter of belief, it can be well-supported by sound evidence, complete and exact, and by the best evidence—that of one's own experience and nature. From the soul comes all that is noble, 'god-like, virtuous, speaking through the voice of conscience. Opposed to it is the selfish nature, its hereditary enemy, which when it predominates, shuts out knowledge of the soul. We can see from this how any unjust condemnation recoils upon ourselves, and how evil thoughts carry their own penalty. Looking at ourselves and all men as souls, we see that all are fighting in a battle of nature's own ordaining and for the purpose of the soul's experience, man having the power of choice as to which side he will fight on. At one time the soul wins, at another the selfish animal predominates. To assist another in controlling the lower nature is the truest brotherhood, and we are powerfully assisting nature in her purpose. Love and compassion are not solely feelings of the human heart and without effect or purpose, but are the expression through the heart of the mighty power of the Divine in man and nature. The peace and happiness found in deeds of love which all can bear testimony to the truth of, are faint echoes of life's deeper harmonies wafted into our outer life from the Kingdom of Heaven within. And as the sphere of man's usefulness and helpfulness in the cause of humanity increases does he find this Kingdom of Heaven coming nearer and more a part of his daily life.

If we would thus help our fellows, we must not be ruled by custom, nor hold ourselves accountable to the tribunal of prevailing opinion, but seek only the approval of our conscience, and be governed by the divine and immutable principles of compassion and justice.

For the glory born of Goodness never dies,
And its flag is not half-masted in the skies. — BRET HARTE

Writing and Speaking

by a Student



ANYONE who has heard an impromptu speech and who has later read it in print, after it has been taken down *verbatim* by a shorthand reporter, has been struck with the immense difference in the effect of the two.

Many of the passages which were most effective in the oral delivery seem positively flat as we read the speech in print. The beautiful, flowing language to which we listened with such a rapture has in a great measure disappeared; the expressions seem commonplace and lack that subtle meaning of which it was so full before.

Yet the speech is the same, it is written down by the recorder word for word. It is the same as far as the words go, but it lacks the magnetic life lent to it by the speaker's voice, by his manner; yea, by the very thoughts which were behind that speech. These thoughts found only a partial expression in the speaker's words, but that which he left unsaid had an opportunity to shine through, nevertheless. That which was left unsaid in words may have been expressed by a gesture, in a glance of the eye, in an almost imperceptible movement, or in the very attitude of the speaker. The thoughts had, in addition, their direct effect on the minds of the listeners, who therefore had so many different ways of receiving the ideas of the speaker. The reader of this same speech must rely almost entirely upon the written word.

"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." The written speech too often contains the dead letter only, the garment in which the ideas had been clothed the shell which contained the soul. To give these ideas to others through the written word or through the printed page (still more remote from the soul seeking expression), it is therefore necessary to use quite a different language from that which proved so effective during the oral delivery. It is, after all, ideas we wish to convey. Words matter little, it is the impression the words make which is all important. It is not enough that that which we write may be literally true, nor is it even enough that it conveys no ideas which are not true. It must be alive. It must be infused with the same living spirit which the speaker put into his words and his delivery.

The writer lacks so many of the aids of the speaker. And, equally important, he unfortunately also lacks the help from the mysterious action and counter-action between a speaker and a sympathetic audience. The speaker feels his way he realizes the effect of every word he utters, and consciously or unconsciously he governs himself accordingly. If he knows his art and if he has something to

say which is really worth listening to, then he finds it easy to hold the attention of the audience and is helped by it in a wonderful degree. He may not see a single person separately, may not meet a single eye, but he feels the pulse of his listeners and knows exactly how his words are received.

And the audience understands the speaker. The latter often leaves out a word, or cuts short a sentence by a gesture; he may even at times express himself in such an ambiguous and erroneous way that the words in themselves mean just the opposite of what he intended to say, and yet he is not misunderstood. All the subtler parts of his nature come to his aid and that which is hidden to the outer ear and eye shines through and reaches those who are awake to the truths which the speaker utters, those who are in sympathy with him for the moment.

The speaker feels the audience as it is. The writer conceives his audience as it ought to be. He, too, speaks to living souls; he, too, lays bare his own soul to their glances and feels the bond of sympathy existing between them. But he feels it before it begins. Like the speaker he, too, creates this sympathy, but his creation does not come to life simultaneously with his utterance, and he therefore does not in the fullest measure reap the benefit from the counteraction of the audience which he has conjured up before his mind's eye.

The true writer lives in his work, just as the speaker lives in his. He not only lives in it, but infuses into it part of his own life, of his own enthusiasm, and this is not always expressed in the words as such. The rhythm, the swing of the language, all convey ideas, and are brought out as the writer loves his work and loves his readers.

The form may differ. So one writer will enter into minute details to make his ideas clear to others just as he sees them himself. Another will with a few bold strokes of the pen give a broad outline to which the reader finds it easy to fill in the details. One writes of that which is apparent to all, another of that which is hidden, perhaps even still further concealing the truth, so that only one who carries the key in his heart may unlock his real meaning. But whichever means or forms the writer may adopt, to him this inner meaning must be clear and living.

Writings have a life of their own, and in the same way as a person makes a fixed impression on us long before our intellect is able to analyze his character, so does that which is written give us ideas not contained in their outer garb of words. The soul of the living writing shines out, soul borrowed from the writer and through which he may communicate his thoughts to other souls. Through such contact he influences them for good or for evil, is a help to them or a hindrance. If his world is low and on the ground, then his writings necessarily partake of the same nature. If he is hopeful and filled with radiance, then will he spread joy and happiness to all who read his messages.

Everyone has experienced the sensation of conversing with a friend when

writing to him. It seems more concrete, more life-like, than writing to no one in particular. This is because of the feeling of interest in that other person, the bond of friendship or of love for him. And this should teach us that in all our writing we should feel this same strong love and sympathy. Our writing will then be full of life and reach from heart to heart, as even spoken word.

Monotony



FATE met a discontented man.

“Why are you discontented?” asked Fate.

“Alas!” said the man, “my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place.”

“That is impossible,” said Fate.

“Nay,” said the man, “it is in your power to transport me to a distant land and a different era.”

“Choose,” said Fate.

The man’s eyes sparkled. “I choose,” he replied, “Rome, during the Augustan age.”

His wish was granted, but ere long Fate found him again disconsolate.

“Why are you discontented?” asked Fate.

“Alas!” he said, “my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place.”

“Choose,” said Fate.

“I choose England in the Elizabethan age,” said the man.

His wish was granted, but ere long Fate found him again disconsolate.

“Why are you discontented?” asked Fate.

“Alas!” said the man, “my life is so monotonous. I desire a change of time and place.”

“Fool,” said Fate. “Have you not yet discovered that one is always here and it is always now?”—*Judge*

If the Day Is to Be Hastened

If the race is to be lifted in its evolution, and the stories of crime, and suffering of body and mind cease to be so important a part of our history; and if the gracious and ennobling influences, which are expressed through the finer arts, are to penetrate into the masses; if the day is to be hastened when beauty, love and purity shall pervade the atmosphere of the earth, and men and women shall become that which, in the grand scheme of life it was intended

they should be, it must be preceded by the proper training of a band of children, who will be the seeds and promise of this new time. Some selected specimens of the race must be so unfolded that little by little, as they grow, instead of becoming more and more heavily weighted with their personal natures; more and more fastened to habits which limit them, as is the case today, they must daily be freed from the burden of heredity they have brought with them, which obscures the soul of present humanity, and be helped to seize their divine birthright, and become living examples of human possibilities, whose light shall reach to the ends of the earth.

An undertaking no less than this is now in operation at Point Loma, under the guidance and direction of the Leader of The Universal Brotherhood Organization — Katherine Tingley.

By clearing away the rubbish of centuries, and calling upon the innate divinity of each, the children here are being furnished with a permanent basis of character upon which they can rely. If they are strong enough to lift their hands to strike or pull, that same energy can be directed usefully, and they are made to feel themselves early to be self-reliant, helpful factors, instead of being led on in a kind of wonderland. The methods are something that cannot be communicated on paper, but they excite the enthusiasm of the young volunteer teachers, who seem to live a life of joy, as well as the highest commendation of honest and intelligent criticism.— GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, M. D.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



THE THREE WORLDS

THOSE who are accustomed to observe themselves know of two inner worlds of consciousness, active in all men, but ordinarily unobserved in their activity.

And the *third* world is the mind, the only one where the most of men know themselves to live. The sparks that light up action and thought in this outer proceed from the two inner.

Extreme examples sometimes help best to an understanding of a principle. Let us see how they work here.

A drunkard is trying to reform, and has made some little headway. In an unguarded moment a thought connected with his habit flutters a swift wing across the surface of his mind. It is the first thrill, answering to a profound stirring in an evil inner world. He may hardly notice the flutter and go on with his thought or occupation. But a little later, it may even be hours later, when circumstances are favorable or possible, the storm thus presaged breaks, and he is swept into a debauch.

In the same way there comes out of a *divine* inner world the power by which

men and women come slowly to the determination to offer up their whole lives to some great cause. There was a time when the idea was but a flutter of thought, had no serious power or intent in it, had nothing of the commanding presence of duty, was but a far-off ideal or aspiration. But one day it took command of the field.

From this divine world come "conversions," when real—that is, when not resting on *fear*; real changes of character. From it, at a fit moment, there flashes into the mind a picture of the man as he really is, not as he ordinarily sees himself, but as he *is seen* by the Dweller in that world. This Dweller is the soul, that fullness of Light of which the mental man of today is but a perplexed and overwhelmed ray.

The picture is a shock, and under its influence the man calls upon the soul for power—which always comes.

In the lower of the two inner worlds is also an intelligence, working in its hidden ways. Yet the working may easily be known. For it multiplies obstacles to meditation, to that inner mental search by which it could be recognized. Trifles become important; a thousand nothings distract the attention; a thousand whims of appetite spring up. They are clouds blown across our eyes that we may not see. It is this which is the one cause of our laxness and discontinuity of thought. It is the one force that keeps humanity down to its present monotonous and deadly and empty tasks, things with which life is filled that might be filled with Light.

Whoever will daily study in himself the three worlds of his being, will not be long at the mercy of the lowest. C.

RIGHT AND WRONG ACTION

On what basis and by what authority is one line of conduct declared to be virtuous and another vicious? Where is the line to be drawn? So far as I can see those who are indifferent, who have an easy conscience, and sometimes also those who are by common consent regarded as evil and vicious, get more enjoyment out of life and achieve greater success than the virtuous. Is there not something wrong when it is so hard to keep to the path of virtue, and when it so often entails sorrow and pain?

IT is the old question: "What is good?" But such a question arises only from the mind—not from the heart. The basis of right action, of virtue, is the divinity that is in every man—this is the teaching of all the great Teachers of humanity. And the line between right and wrong action is this: that an action is right or wrong, noble and virtuous, or base and vicious, according as it is in harmony with the dictates and impulses of the divine nature of man or is at variance with them.

But how may one know what impulses proceed from this higher nature of man, how may one come to recognize the divinity within him? Listen:

He that doeth the will of my Father that is in heaven, shall *know* of the doctrine.

Listen again:

The way to final freedom is *within* thyself—that way begins and ends *outside* of self.
To live to benefit mankind is the first step.

Is not the dividing line marked by this, that that action or thought which is for oneself alone marks the first step on the downward path, while that action which is for the sake of others marks a step upward?

There yet remains the question of the apparent happiness and success of the indifferent and even sometimes of the evil. But it is an appearance only, and not real, and that this is so, let each ask himself if the enjoyment and success which the indifferent and the evil seem to have are what he in his “better moments” (and surely this does not need definition) would himself desire. Thus, no words are needed to answer this question, the answer lies within the experience of each. And, too, each one knows of so many instances where the indifferent and the evil do not achieve either enjoyment or success, but the very reverse, failure, ignominy and disgrace.

Why, then, is the path of virtue so often difficult and attended by sorrow and heartache? But does the difficulty lie in the *path*? Are the sorrow and heartache due to it, or are not they due to some defect, some blindness in ourselves, causing us to stumble? Christ said, “My yoke is easy and my burden is light,” and all the great teachers have spoken in the same strain—that it is the way of the transgressor that is hard, not the way of the virtuous. They have taught that the path of virtue is one of joy and not of sorrow, one of light and not of shadow.

F.

Mirror of the Movement



Many Tourists Visit Loma-Land

Tourists continue to visit the Homestead grounds in great numbers, and much interest is shown by them in the work here, especially that among the children. Among our visitors have been many men and women of prominence. The Cuban children detention case (at the instance of the Gerry society) appears to have been quite a factor in increasing public interest in the work of the Raja Yoga School.

From every part of the country, indeed from every part of the world, have come almost innumerable letters of inquiry. The great proportion of them are wholesome and honorable letters from persons who are seeking nothing for themselves, but who are simply attracted by something which appeals to their higher nature and touches a responsive chord in their hearts.

Indeed a very large number of them, although from apparent strangers, show a comprehension of our aims, which never comes except from an identity of effort and of aspiration. Many of the writers wish to know more about us, they wish to visit us, and to see for themselves — *and they wish to help.*

For this reason we are to have a *guest-house*—the Homestead building will, for a time, be devoted entirely to the use of guests, other buildings being provided for the use of students now residing in the Homestead.

The Homestead building is ideal for such a purpose; there is hardly an apartment in the house without its view of bay or ocean, and the gardens are growing in luxuriance day by day.

We are indeed justified in believing that Point Loma and its Institution are about to take high rank among those places most loved by tourist and traveler. To the cultured it will offer a charm not elsewhere to be found; to the lover of nature its prizes will be almost inexhaustible. It will accomplish no small work if it can but do something to convince the traveling American that the mountains of his native land are greater, more sublime than those of the old world, and its waters more exquisite. It will also prove that music and art and the drama find as fruitful a soil here as they do upon the other side of the broad Atlantic.

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**The Isis Theatre
Meetings in
San Diego**

On Sunday evening, February 8th, “standing room only” was the order, not only on the lower floor, but in the balcony as well. The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Richmond-Green of Easthampton, Mass., whose subject was “The Principles of Theosophy as Illustrated in the Dramas of Shakespeare.” Her illustrations from Shakespeare were apt and finely rendered, and most enthusiastic applause greeted her dramatic recitations and eloquent, instructive address.

The illustrations were drawn chiefly from *A Winter's Tale* and *Macbeth*. Of the former drama, besides reciting frequent passages and portions of scenes, she told the entire tale in a most lucid and interesting manner. Regret was freely expressed that she could not have continued her address and illustrations for another hour.

Following are a few extracts from her address:

The main interest which the science and philosophy of Theosophy has for the world is that they throw light upon the wonderful questions: whence we came, and whither are we tending? . . . Theosophy has nothing to show you which is not based upon the laws of nature. By those laws there are three possibilities which can bring about a different state within. The first possibility is that man, by self-restraint and by self-conquest, can raise himself from the point where humanity now lies, until he reaches the basis of brotherhood when the divine temple responds to the great divinity of nature.

The second possibility is that if a man is base and selfish, full of hatred and lust and avarice, he may enter into a partnership with those same forces in space; and the third possibility is that he may give up his divine temple and become actually dominated by those lower forces. This was the condition well known and understood at the time of Christ, who went among the common people casting out devils. This was the teaching of Christ, but we have not shaped our lives upon

the great laws of which he taught. Surely it is now time . . . that we should know that our thought-force is the great connecting link which attaches us to the divine or to the evil which lives after us.

How powerfully is this illustrated in the drama of *Macbeth*. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth understood those laws. They knew how to handle these forces of the universe. They went into partnership with them, and Lady Macbeth became dominated by them and offered her divine temple to the evil forces of infinite space. Macbeth had concentrated his mind upon a plan by which he could reach the crown he coveted, and the drama shows that this thought had been sustained, and that he had solicited metaphysical aid for the accomplishment of his will. We see here the working out of the three possibilities upon which I have touched. When the divine human temple is thus given up, the connection with the soul is severed. Surely this is a great study, and one which we should undertake. The plays of Shakespeare are full of these basic truths. They are laden to their utmost possibility with instruction. . . .

One thing more I have to say to you. Katherine Tingley stands facing all that she has to face—not for herself—but in order that she may help lift humanity from the dangerous state in which it lies, from its darkness and its ignorance and its crime. She stands defended by her own formidable position [cheers], and there is not one of those children who gather about her in their beauty and sweetness and purity, who does not thereby speak for her and uphold her hands. Each one of them is more powerful to justify her than all the world outside.

Students of the Isis Conservatory of Music gave Weber's overture "Euryanthe" as an opening number, and during some of the recitals played accompanying descriptive music.

* * *

Addresses on

"The Young Woman"

& "The Young Man"

On February 15th the usual large audience assembled to hear addresses from Miss A. Lester and Dr. Herbert Coryn on the respective subjects of "The Young Woman" and the "Young Man." Miss Lester said in part:

Woman's position in the world is changing, however unwilling we may be to recognize it. It is changing, not because of any special effort which we have made to change it, but because evolution, which decrees constant motion and constant advance, has ordained that at this time and in this way the peculiar capacities of woman shall give equilibrium to human affairs. . . .

Woman's true sphere is bounded only by the world; her mission by humanity and its needs. Nature has not willed that woman be weak and timid and helpless and dependent. These things bring sorrow, and sorrow is ever the index of nature's broken laws. . . .

In spite of conventions there are great women in the world today; women who have refused to be little, who have refused to be cramped into frivolity and selfishness. And by great women I do not mean only those of whom all the world has heard and who have had the strength to stamp their wills and ideals upon the mind of humanity and lift it in spite of itself. I mean also the women to whom opportunity has decreed a less visible part in the drama of life, but whose work lives after them in the memory of their strong hands which were quick to

aid, of their eyes which looked straight into the face of sin and sorrow — wise, and with the great compassion of knowledge — and of their voices which were not silent when protest might stay the steps of evil.

In his remarks on “The Young Man,” Dr. Coryn said:

What is school training? With what facilities does a boy leave school? He can jump four feet — with a pole six or seven. He knows the capes around Africa and the natural products of Spain. Very likely he can repeat the names of the Judges of Israel. He knows a dash of languages, of one or two sciences, a few other matters of that kind. All that he knows may be very good and useful; but a fiend might be taught it all and yet remain a fiend. Is he taught even at Sunday-school, to live with his soul within him as a witnessing presence of which he is perfectly conscious? Does he know that the soul is in close relation with his mind and is capable of inspiring it with greater powers of thought, of penetration into the mysteries of life and death, of enjoyment in art and music, even of invention, in science and the ways of the common life? Capable of making him an heroic and strenuous character and of placing him in situations that will call all this forth? Does the young man leave college any the better furnished in this matter? Does he know that he belongs to the universe as one of its workers and that somewhere in the world work is waiting for him to do which no one else can do as well, and which remaining undone, is a hitch on the great wheels that roll now so slowly into light? . . . All these ideas gain force and exemplification in studying the methods of training at Katherine Tingley’s Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. There, it is true, all the ordinary subjects of mental training are pursued. Education, as it is ordinarily understood, is complete. But much more comes. The children are passing into young manhood and young womanhood with a view of life and of themselves which is new to this age. They are absolutely awakened to the presence of the soul within them, and are prepared to trust it as their guide in life.

The musical program rendered by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music comprised, Overture, “Oberon,” Weber; Notturmo (two violins and piano), Chopin; Quartette (four violins), Dont; Andante from Octette (ensemble), Mendelssohn; Slavonic Dance No. 1 — Dvorak — (Andante Religioso), Fuchs.

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**Address on
“Growth
Through Experience”**

Sunday, February 22d, found the usual large audience awaiting the opening of the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. The musical program was splendidly rendered, every number being *encored*. The address of the evening was given by Miss Whitney of Point Loma, who spoke with much earnestness, and was frequently applauded. Her subject was, “Growth Through Experience.” Following are some extracts from her address:

Very few of us are taught in childhood how to live. True, we were taught to be moral, not to do wrong things, to be unselfish, and so on. But that is only a beginning. That does not teach the child to *think* about life. It does not teach the child to meet his experiences half way and get the utmost out of them. It

does not teach him that every day and every hour has a meaning, offered to him as a lesson to be learned. For Life offers her vivid lessons of pain and joy to a child just as carefully as to us older people.

. . . Most people go through life never suspecting that they are missing lesson after lesson. They look at the days passing by as they would look at pictures in a panorama unfolding one after another, some pretty and sunny and interesting, some cloudy and dull. . . . They never suspect that every picture, as it comes up, has its special meaning and could be made to help them to a new step of growth. Some do recognize that life contains lessons, but they only think of that as true in regard to *large* events. But if you will look closer you will see that it is true too of small ones.

. . . Let us search into and study our lives day by day and find in them the heart of the law which teaches. Let us have the sweet resignation under all that comes upon us which is beyond our control; but let us also search that which comes—ask it for the lesson of the hour—and see how at that hour it was *that* lesson which was most needed. Then we can intelligently help the law that is trying to do so much for us, get the utmost out of everything that comes, and grow more quickly to be strong and wise and noble men and women.

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**Extract from
London Letter**

The real workers in London have become now as a family, the rough corners that prevented comrade working with comrade have been rubbed away. Our Leader's generalship has done it; dramatic work, singing, children's work, etc., etc.; work, work, the great solver of all doubts and difficulties. That circular of "Suggestions" has done a great work, and members and public have both profited. Previous to that circular our work was not organized, but the forces of organization were called into life by it, so now we have a unity prevailing, unknown in the old days, and that unity can be detected even by the casual observer. A literary friend came down to one of our public meetings lately, and his observations after the meeting will bear out my foregoing remarks. He said: "It is nothing that has been said at the meeting that has impressed me, but there is a feeling of true comradeship about, with a purpose behind it, which I have never met with before in my varied experience." We follow out the suggestions and the foregoing is testimony of them in operation.

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**Report of Lodge
No. 1. Australia**

The Lodge work has advanced greatly, the chief feature in our step forward last year was venturing upon and maintaining our dramatic performances at each monthly entertainment. We gave *The Wisdom of Hypatia* four times, the Greek symposium under the name *A Promise* five times, and on the three last months of the year under the name of *The Conquest of Death*. All those who have seen and heard the performances have, in nearly every instance, been strongly touched by them. A lady, after a recent entertainment, said: "Surely there are enough intelligent people in Sydney to fill the town hall to hear this." Another said: "It must be the truth. I had no idea it was anything like this." In our last entertainment

the Lotus Group helped us in the second part, giving two of their little plays, *The Minstrels* and *The Flowers*, and they did better than they ever did before and were greatly appreciated by the audience. The parents were very much struck with the advance made by their children. The scenic pictures have had a soul-inspiring effect on all, especially in *The Conquest of Death*. Each month we have some added touch to the foreground from our wonderful varieties of native foliage, that seem to make each scene more beautiful than the last. There is a delicacy and grace of form and yet a wiry strength and warmth of color about the native Australian shrubs that are wonderfully beautiful, and which lend themselves to perfection for interior evening picture making, working in with our fixed background, inspired by Lomaland, and the strong yellow light that gives the touch of sun to the scene indispensable to "here alone in Pluto's realm the light of heaven's bright orb shines down."

Public meetings are carried out on the first Sunday every month according to suggestions. We usually have four short addresses, generally three papers, read by the writers, and one speech.

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Owing to the misrepresentations circulated about Theosophy in Sydney, we announce very often that our Organization has no connection with any other society using the term Theosophy or Theosophical, nor do we in any way endorse their views or teaching, or that of Christian Science, faith-healing, hypnotism, palmistry, etc.

I believe the Australian public and especially the children, are showing strong indications of their readiness to accept the true philosophy of life practically, but just for the moment the people are disgusted with the misrepresentations spread in the name of Theosophy, and the slanderous villainy secretly spread about our Leaders and Teachers.

Members' Meetings are held every Sunday evening, except the first Sunday in the month which is a public meeting. The attendance is very good, members showing a practical interest in the work, and we have now actually no drones in the hive. Interest, especially in the wonderful developments at the Head Center, Point Loma, is most marked. We read in turn and talk over together the important news of the work, the marvelous addresses of our Leader and the many splendidly written articles on practical Theosophy by the students. Living the life as much as we can, there is no doubt about the heartfelt sympathy and natural trust in our Leader and her work here. Then there is the preparation for the public meetings, the general business of the Lodge, the reading of members' papers on subjects named by the members once a month and chosen by themselves. Each one, as he reads his own paper, does so from the platform, and after it is finished, the comrades give comment with the object of helping one another. The President is left to decide which papers should be read at the public meeting. Rehearsals are carried out every Wednesday evening, with the exception of the first Wednesday after our dramatic performance, on the idea that there is a continuous possibility of improvement no matter how letter perfect we may be.

WORKING MEETING. The women of the Lodge meet every Wednesday afternoon to work for the Annual Easter Sale.

CLASSES. The Lotus Group teachers meet once a fortnight for study, and during this last year met on Monday afternoons. Classes in botany, sewing and musical calisthenics are conducted by the Lotus Group Superintendent and assistant once a month, and on Satur-

day afternoons for the girls of the Lotus Group. These classes have proved themselves to be a great attraction and are most instructive for the children.

LITERATURE. *The New Century* and the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH are placed now in the large public libraries and their reading rooms in Sydney, and in some of the country cities, and we find in the city reading rooms they are eagerly sought after and read to tatters. We have also placed them with the booksellers.

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**The U. B. Lodge
of Brixton, Eng.**

The Brixton Lodge is working steadily with mind set on the uplifting of humanity, which must eventually come to pass through The Universal Brotherhood. The public meeting for last month was well attended. The subject was "The Common Sense of Theosophy." Several visitors expressed great interest. The symposium was a great success; the setting being wholly altered, made a very effectual change. The members' meetings are profitable. After the business has been discussed, *Isis Unveiled* is read from and studied, or one of W. Q. Judge's or H. P. Blavatsky's articles from an old PATH magazine. On Sunday evenings we take *The Secret Doctrine* as a basis. The members bring notes and references of special subjects, which we can frequently correlate with an article from *The New Century*. These evenings are both interesting and inspiring.

JESSIE HORNE

January 29th, 1903

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**The Lodge at
Louisville, Ky.**

Louisville Lodge Universal Brotherhood, No. 119, held its regular monthly public meeting Sunday night, February 1st, with a good attendance. It was called to order by Brother W. F. Gearhart in the chair, who, after reading the objects of the Brotherhood, was followed by music by Miss Blanche Kahlert, after which the President, Brother G. H. Wilson, addressed the audience on the subject of "The Sower," Theosophically considered. A lively interest was manifested by the questions sent in to be answered, which were well handled by the speaker. The interest in the Lodge is kept to a good standard, and shows growth which is a sign of life. New faces are seen at nearly every meeting, in connection with the old ones who are sufficiently interested to be at the rooms at all public meetings, showing that the public are getting more interested in the now world-wide movement of Universal Brotherhood.

FRED E. STEVENS, *Secretary*

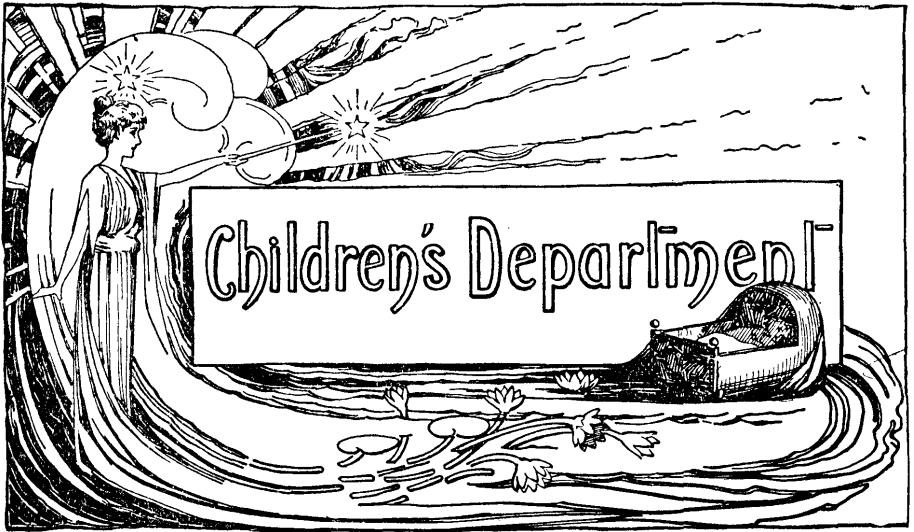
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Boys' Brotherhood Club, Providence, R. I.

During the month of January five meetings were held. The following debates and discussions were held:

- (1) What is the value of New Year's resolutions?
- (2) What can a boy do for his city?
- (3) *Resolved*, That successes aid one more than failures. (This resolution was carried in the affirmative.)
- (4) What are the three greatest inventions of the past century?

G. H. B., *Superintendent*



Sigmund *the Volsung*, and His Magic Sword

by S. C.



I HAVE a story to tell you and a story which is worth telling. It is about Sigmund the Volsung, and how he drew the magic sword from the Branstock. I shall tell you the story, but you yourselves must try to understand it because it is one of those stories which is always true, and always will be true so long as there are valiant fighters left in the world.

Now these things happened a long, long time ago, when the world itself was young, but so wonderful are they that men have never forgotten them. The world was different then from what it is now. The sun was brighter, the flowers and the trees were more beautiful, and men and all living things were glad to be alive and were full of strength and joy.

In those early days, but earlier still than the story I shall tell you, the Great Wise Ones had lived upon the earth and they had been the kings of the nations. Although they had passed away out of sight, they had not been forgotten, nor the lessons which they had taught, and some of their kinsfolk were still living upon the earth, men very mighty in battle, and wise and just rulers. Such an one was King Volsung who lived in the far Northland with his family of sons and his one

beautiful daughter, Signi. So mighty a man was Volsung and so many wonderful deeds had he done, that his fame was spread through all the world, and even to this day we can read the ancient stories of his battles and of the justice which he gave to all men who asked it of him. And his sons were tall and strong like their father, and even the smallest and least among them was a great warrior. You must remember that they were kinsfolk of the Great Wise Ones, and so they had some of their beauty, and some of their bravery, and much of their wisdom.

Now it happened on a certain day that Volsung was seated, as was his custom, in his great banqueting hall among the forests of that great northern land. Around him were gathered his sons and the hall was filled with friends and servants. Volsung carried his great sword by his side, the sword which he had used in so many battles, but now the blade was tied to the sheath by bright-colored ribbons, for such was Volsung's way of showing that he was at peace with all the world.

The banquet hall of Volsung must have been a wonderful sight, built there in the heart of the forest. Right in the middle of the hall stood a giant tree, and its stem went away up through the roof, and you could have looked up and up until you saw the birds in the upper branches and the beautiful blue sky beyond. I think nowadays we should cut down that tree before building the hall, but then men loved nature, and what could be more splendid or stronger than a great tree? And so the Branstock—for such it was called—stood there in the middle of the hall.

To Volsung had come a visitor from another land. King Sigeir had sailed over the northern seas that he might ask of Volsung the hand of his daughter, Signi, in marriage. Much he had heard of her beauty and of her wisdom, and now that he had seen her for himself he knew that she was more beautiful and more wise than had ever been told him. So Volsung gave this great banquet that he might show honor to Sigeir, but in the heart of Sigeir lay dark and treacherous thoughts as he saw what a rich and goodly land it was, and already he was thinking how best he might betray Volsung and take all these things for himself.

You must try for yourselves to imagine what that scene was like when Volsung and his mighty sons with their long, flowing golden hair were gathered around the board. At Volsung's right hand was King Sigeir, dark and swarthy. At the lower part of the hall were the servants and the singers and everyone who wished to come, for in those days when kings gave banquets they opened wide their doors and there was enough and to spare for all who wished to enter. In the middle of the hall was the Branstock, its great trunk gnarled and twisted with age, and overhead the birds flew in and out, singing because the sun was shining and all the world was glad.

But suddenly there was a little commotion at the end of the hall and all men looked up to see what new guest was arriving. And they saw one whom no one knew. A very old man, one-eyed, who drew his cloak close around him, as though he concealed something underneath; and as he came slowly up the hall towards the king it seemed as though the sound of the sea had entered with him. The air was filled with the noise as of great waves upon the rocks when the wind is high.

Slowly he advanced, and when he came to the place where the Branstock was he paused and cried out to King Volsung that he had brought a great gift which should belong to whoever had the strength and the courage to take it and to use it. Then he opened his cloak and men saw that in his hand was a great sword, the like of which had never yet been seen, and they knew that it was a magic sword, made by the Wise Ones themselves as a gift to the world.

Even while Volsung and his guests looked and wondered, the stranger whirled up the blade in both hands and struck it deep into the heart of the Branstock so that more than half of the steel was buried in the wood and the hilt quivered and vibrated with the shock.

“To him shall forever belong this sword of the Gods who can draw it forth from the tree,” cried the stranger. “Never shall it fail him in his hour of need, and wherever the sunshine falls upon that blade, there victory shall abide.”

And with those words he suddenly disappeared, and all men gazed in wonder upon the sword which was buried so deeply in the Branstock.

King Volsung himself was the first to break the silence.

“Surely,” said he, “we have had here a visitor from the Gods, and in such a presence all men are equal, and to no one shall be denied the right of trial for this mighty gift.”

But who should first try to draw the sword? Volsung himself must lead in the attempt, and so, laughing and protesting that his own sword which had served him so well was good enough for him until the end, the old warrior bared his arms and laid hold upon the hilt of the magic weapon. But vast as was his strength, and toil as he might, he could move it by not so much as a hair's breadth, and he returned to his seat saying that the gift was not for him.

And now in the heart of Sigeir was rage unspeakable. He was filled with a great desire to own the sword, and he feared greatly lest some other should draw it forth before it came to his turn to try. And so forgetting all courtesy and good behavior, he sprang to his feet to demand that he as the guest should come before all others, and his demand was granted to him, and Volsung and his warrior sons gathered around to see how it should fare with their King visitor from over the sea. It was not through any lack of strength that Sigeir failed, as fail he did. He pulled and strained at the hilt until his breath came in short quick gasps and the

muscles of his arms stood out like ropes. But the sword moved never an inch, and those who stood around whispered among themselves that the Great Wise Ones would give the sword only to whom they willed, and that it were easier for the wrong man to draw the Branstock out of the ground by the roots than to tear away the sword. So Sigeir must confess himself beaten, and sullenly he returns to his seat and the rage in his heart grew stronger and deeper.

And now the sons of Volsung, one by one, come forward to the Branstock and pull upon that sword until it is a marvel that the hilt does not break from the blade. Guests and servants have left their seats and are crowding around the Branstock while overhead the birds wheel around in circles and the wind sweeps through the branches. There is a great silence upon every one, for although at first it seemed to be a jest, men know now that for some great purpose was the sword sent, and that whoever wins it must fight forever for all good things, and that he will be the messenger and the warrior of the Wise Ones.

One by one come the sons of the Volsung, from the eldest downward, and one by one they return to their places and the sword remains as fast in the tree as though it had grown there from the beginning. And now men begin to think that the chosen warrior is not yet there and that the sword will wait, perchance for ages, for the hand that shall draw it forth. All but one of the sons of Volsung have strained and pulled at that wonderful hilt, and now comes the last and the youngest of them all, Sigmund, his father's pride, compared with the others almost a child, but yet shapely and beautiful and strong.

What hope for Sigmund to succeed where so many full grown and mighty men have failed? But all must try and Sigmund with the rest. So while men were saying to themselves that the sword of the gods was not for any one there, Sigmund stepped up to the Branstock, and laid his hand upon the hilt and even before he pulled upon it, the great shining blade came away from the tree.

Sigmund, the youngest of them all, had won the sword, and as he held it up on high the sunbeams came through the branches of the Branstock and fell upon the shining steel and made so great a brightness upon it that none could look. And into the hall came again the sound of the sea and of the wind, as Sigmund, the glorious, the beautiful, stood there with the magic sword within his hands and his face upturned toward the sky.

But, children, this is only the beginning of a long, long story, for he who wins the sword must wear it and must use it. I would like to tell you how the old Volsung and all his sons, except Sigmund, were treacherously killed by Sigeir, and how Sigmund was saved that he might do the bidding of the gods, and how he wandered from place to place, fighting great battles and doing such mighty deeds that they have never been forgotten.

Up in the far Northland, when the winter winds howl among the trees and

the men close the doors and sit around the fire, they still tell tales of Sigmund, the Volsung, and they say that although it is ages ago, the hero is not dead, but that somewhere he sits waiting, waiting, waiting, with the magic sword within his hand. He is waiting until the hearts of men once more grow brave and strong and pure, and then he will come forth and finish the work which was given him so long ago.

This is a story for children, because it is only the "children" who can understand who is Sigmund the Volsung, and what is the Magic Sword.

The Dervish Fly



CHANCING, one day, to look closely at a board thinly covered with sand, there was seen what looked like an infinitesimal cyclone which was throwing the dust and smaller grains of sand in all directions. Closer examination, however, showed that the disturbance was due to a tiny fly, with wings twice as long as its body, which was spinning on its head. Thinking it was trying to dig a hole for its eggs, as many sorts of flies do, a pile of loose sand was put on the board, but it scorned that and continued to spin, stopping every half minute to rest for about as long. Evidently it was searching for food among the gravel and great boulders which the sand must have seemed to it, for some of the grains of sand were larger than its body. The half-minute periods of activity and rest were probably its days and nights. Gradually the whirling slackened, the rests became longer and more frequent, and soon the little dervish was dead of old age. On hot, sunny days, the air in the shade of the dwarf mahogany bushes is hazy with clouds of these tiny creatures, and there the humming-birds make great havoc among them, darting about like living emeralds, and lassoing them with their long slender tongues.

NATURE-LOVER

TRUE art endures forever, and the true artist delights in the works of great minds.

—BEETHOVEN

MUSIC may be termed the universal language of mankind, by which human feelings are made equally intelligible to all.

—LISZT