

"Return, thou golden age, to the earth thou hast left, if thou art not a mere dream of the fancy. It is not so; that blessed state has not fled, was not a dream; every innocent heart realizes it in its calm tranquillity."—METASTASIO.

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New Century Salutation

To the CHILDREN of the MASTER

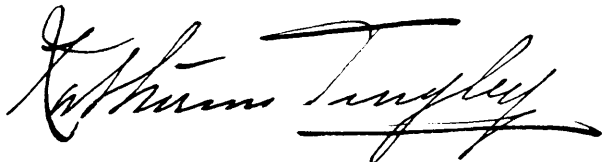
DEAR COMRADES:

My New Year's Message to you is one that cannot be penned or spoken. It lies deep in my heart. It is a song in silence of joyous gratitude for having had the opportunity to work with a few royal souls who are seeking to serve our humanity.

The time is opportune for every member to declare his thanksgiving for the victories won, in a steady attitude of mind, such as will tide him over all difficulties and will urge him on to a higher endeavor, that he may stand forth as a true Theosophist.

My affection for you increases as the days go by; my hope for poor humanity is based on a knowledge of your possibilities. Falter not, dear hearts, in rendering noble service. While the nations despair we work for their liberation.

Let "ONWARD" be our watchword.



HERBERT SPENCER ON "MUSIC."*



ALL speech is compounded of two elements, the words and the tones in which they are uttered—the signs of ideas and the signs of feeling. . . . Using the word *cadence* in an unusually extended sense, as comprehending all modifications of voice, we may say that *cadence is the commentary of the emotions upon the propositions of the intellect*. This duality of spoken language, though not formally recognized, is recognized in practice by every one; and every one knows that very often more weight attaches to the tones than to the words.

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“Beyond the direct pleasure which it gives, music has the indirect effect of developing this language of the emotions. Having its root, as we have endeavored to show, in those tones, intervals, and cadences of speech which express feeling—arising by the combination and intensifying of these, and coming finally to have an embodiment of its own; music has all along been reacting upon speech, and increasing its power of rendering emotion. . . .

“Familiarity with the more varied combinations of tones that occur in vocal music, can scarcely have failed to give greater variety of combination to the tones in which we utter our impressions and desires. The complex musical phrases by which composers have conveyed complex emotions, may rationally be supposed to have influenced us in making those involved cadences of conversation by which we convey our subtler thoughts and feelings.

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“Probably most will think that the function here assigned to music is one of very little moment. But further reflection may lead them to a contrary conviction. In its bearings upon human happiness we believe that this emotional language, which musical culture develops and refines, is only second in importance to the language of the intellect; perhaps not even second to it. For these modifications of voice produced by feelings, *are the means of exciting like feelings in others*. Joined with gestures and expressions of face, they give life to the other dead words in which the intellect utters its ideas; and so enable the hearer not only to *understand* the state of mind they accompany, but to *partake* of that state. In short, they are the chief media of *sympathy*. And if we consider how much our general welfare and our immediate pleasures depend upon sympathy, we shall recognize the importance of whatever makes this sympathy greater. If we bear in mind that by their *fellow-feeling* men are led to behave justly, kindly and considerately to each other—that the difference between the cruelty of the barbarous and the humanity of the civilized results from the increase of fellow-feeling; if we bear in mind that this faculty which makes us sharers in the joys and sorrows of others is the basis of all

* Extracts from “The Origin and Function of Music.” (Fraser’s Magazine, October, 1857.)

the higher affections—that in friendship, love and all domestic pleasures it is an essential element; if we bear in mind how much our direct gratifications are intensified by sympathy—how, at the theater, the concert, the picture gallery, we lose half our enjoyment if we have no one to enjoy with us; if, in short, we bear in mind that for all happiness beyond what the unfriended recluse can have, we are indebted to this same sympathy;—we shall see that the agencies which communicate it can scarcely be overrated in value.

“The tendency of civilization is more and more to repress the antagonistic elements of our characters and to develop the social ones—to curb our purely selfish desires and exercise our unselfish ones—to replace private gratifications by gratifications resulting from, or involving, the happiness of others. And while, by this adaptation to the social state, the sympathetic side of our nature is being unfolded, there is simultaneously growing up a language of sympathetic intercourse—a language through which we communicate to others the happiness we feel, and are made sharers in their happiness.

“This double process, of which the effects are already sufficiently appreciable, must go on to an extent of which we can as yet have no adequate conception.

* * *

“Just as there has silently grown up a language of ideas, which, rude as it at first was, now enables us to convey with precision the most subtle and complicated thoughts; so, there is still silently growing up a language of feelings, which, notwithstanding its present imperfection, we may expect will ultimately enable men vividly and completely to impress on each other all the emotions which they experience from moment to moment.

“Those vague feelings of unexperienced felicity which music arouses—those indefinite impressions of an unknown ideal life which it calls up, may be considered as a prophecy, to the fulfillment of which music is itself partly instrumental. The strange capacity which we have for being so affected by melody and harmony, may be taken to imply both that it is within the possibilities of our nature to realize those intense delights they dimly suggest, and that they are in some way concerned in the realization of them. On this supposition the power and the meaning of music become comprehensible; but otherwise they are a mystery.

“We will only add, that if the probability of these corollaries be admitted, then music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts—as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare.”

“Do not expect the ship to return loaded with precious treasures, without being exposed to the horrors of the stormy deep. Every noble acquisition is attended with its risks; he who fears to encounter the one, must not expect to obtain the other.”

—METASTASIO.

MORALITY AND KNOWLEDGE.

By H. T. E.

He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness, even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.—*I John II, 9, 10, 11.*

* * *

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—*Matt. V, 8.*

* * *

Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child.—*The Voice of The Silence.*



ONE of the greatest delusions of nineteenth century thought is the idea that purity of heart and knowledge are things apart; that the moral attitude of a man has nothing to do with his intelligence; that it is possible to be wise, but immoral, and that a pure man may be a fool. The above quotations, with others from the same sources, do not bear out this notion. On the contrary, they indicate that there is a direct and inseparable connection between the state of the heart and that of the head. The passage from John is so simply and concisely put, that in these days when a grain of thought is diluted with a pound of verbiage, it does not strike us so forcibly as its original readers, to whom a manuscript was a rarity, to be digested word by word. Let us therefore amplify it into more modern style.

Those persons who imagine that they are wise and intelligent, while all the time they are the victims of angry and selfish passions, are mistaken. Even though they may have studied Theosophy all these years, yet if their passions are still dominant, they have made no progress in wisdom. The altruist, the man who forgets his own personality in his zeal for the welfare of his fellows, is on the high-road to wisdom; his unselfishness will ever keep his intuition bright and enable him to choose aright in times of doubt and perplexity. But the self-centred man, whose only desire is to outstrip his fellows, is blinded by his prejudices; the clouds of passion rise up and obscure his intuition so that he cannot discern the true path.

We have heard that knowledge is hidden from the wise and prudent (*i. e.*, from sages and cautious people) and revealed to babes and sucklings; but familiarity with the text, together with the atmosphere of uncertainty and remoteness which invests a pulpit saying, have prevented us from seeing its plain and pregnant import. What is it that hides the knowledge from the calculating men, if not the veils that their doubting hearts draw over their eyes? Why do the innocent see clearly and the pure in heart glimpse the divine, if not because their eye is undimmed by any mental picture painted by mistrust and passion? The Bible is a sacred book, and it is time that we read it ourselves, instead of letting it be interpreted for us by others, who may be duller, if more

assuming, than we, or whose version may be colored by some ulterior motive. We are accustomed from earliest youth to attach to Biblical texts a vague theological value, and thus we may never come at their plain meaning, as we should if we met them in a newspaper clothed in ordinary language.

Parts of the same sacred book are devoted to denouncing the Scribes and Pharisees, *i. e.*, people who presume to interpret for other men the divine teachings, to stand as self-appointed mediators between man and God within him, and to divert man's reverence from his Higher Self to some human ecclesiastical organization. The Scribes and Pharisees would have us believe that wisdom comes from them, or the organization they represent; or that wisdom cannot be attained on earth, but must be looked for after death in heaven. But the Bible says that wisdom comes from brotherly love and purity of heart; and that those who lead Christ's life shall gain his illumination and powers here on earth.

The connection between the emotions and the understanding is apparent to the thoughtful student of human character. We know that men may be so blinded by jealousy as to misinterpret every action of other people and behave like madmen; or suspicion may fill their imagination so full of delusions that they cannot see things as they are. Anger perverts the judgment and neutralizes the most judicious understanding. Vanity leads a man to commit the grossest absurdities. These are instances of impurities in the heart perverting the mind's eye, so that it is untrustworthy and distorts. When, therefore, we are told that purity of heart and brotherly love clear the understanding, it is plain common-sense that we are told. Does it always occur to people to look for plain common-sense in their Bible; or do they seek their common-sense at the fount of worldly wisdom and go to the Bible for something that will be edifying and salutary, but impracticable?

Depend upon it, the Sermon on the Mount and other sacred writings were penned by Teachers who understood the nature of man and the true laws of life; and, so far from containing nothing but unpalatable precepts exhorting us to lead some impossibly ideal kind of life, they simply show us how we ought to live so as to fulfill the laws of our nature and avoid needless trouble and pain.

Nothing can be more indicative of mental blindness produced by moral imperfections than some of the extreme views of modern science. These views have been conceived in an age of individualism, competition, and money-seeking; among a people devoted to the interests of wealth, luxury, and ambition; at an epoch when faith and belief are at lowest ebb and religion is broken up into hostile camps. If what St. John says be true, we could not look for wisdom in the "science" proper to such an age. And, as a fact, what do we find?—Quite a considerable group of the leaders of this science calmly advocating the torture and dissection alive of animals as a means of gaining knowledge; a doctrine tending inevitably in the direction of a similar treatment of human beings.—The prescribing as medicines of fresh blood and extracts from the viscera of animals.—The designing of vast machines for the wholesale

destruction of human life.—The discovery of drugs and narcotics which ruin the nerves and eat away the very heart of man.—All under the patronage of “science,” the vaunted champion of truth.—Mechanical theories of the universe and of man’s nature, which explain nothing, but leave us in a quagmire of contradiction and despair; such as that our minds and feelings are the *effect* of “motion” in the particles of the brain, and that the universe was created by “chance” or “law.”—All this abortion of the intellect may well be claimed as the legitimate outcome of centuries of fighting, drinking, gluttony and trading.

The attainment of wisdom demands perfect tranquillity of mind and body, and perfect cleanness and transparency of motive; just as astronomical observation needs absolute steadiness of instrument and observer, and absolutely clean and transparent glasses. There is in each of us an *Eye*, whose range of vision is limitless, for it is the Spiritual Eye of the Soul. But it is kept ever dimmed and rheumy by the ungoverned state of our thoughts and feelings, like a cobwebby and dirt-begrimed telescope. As the eyes of the drunkard are distorted by the fumes of wine, so is our inner eye by the fumes of our turbid feelings. We do not see what *is*; we discern only colored and refracted images and the hallucinations that we breed in our imagination.

All Teachers of spiritual wisdom have prescribed abstinence and purity of life, both physical and mental, as the indispensable preliminary to the attainment of knowledge. Figs do not grow on thistles, nor can clean water issue from a dirty pipe. It is useless to go on studying, be it even the Esoteric Philosophy, until we have given up our wrong thoughts and depraved habits. Until we do this, we shall never learn anything that will do us any good; witness those who have drifted into the whirlpools of bogus occultism, and are now struggling with psychic diseases, vices, and addiction to drugs. Nor will a civilization that is devoted to war, money-making and luxury ever produce a science that can enlighten or an art that can inspire.

Wisdom is one and single, and the attempt to analyze it into “pure reason” on the one hand and “moral sense” on the other is a blunder by which one reality is converted into two unreal concepts. “Pure reason” cannot guide human conduct, for man is governed by motives and feelings, and will use his intellect as a means of bringing about his intentions, be they good or evil. And any attempt to follow the moral law, unilluminated by reason, results in superstition or enslavement to some ecclesiastical yoke.

Doubts are not cleared up by abstruse cogitation and subtle analysis; the most patient and learned metaphysicians have laid down their weary pens at last in confessed ignorance. It is faith, hope, and love that dispel doubts, by dissipating the clouds of the mind which hard thinking only thickens. If our spirits are oppressed by gloom and despondency, our clever intellect merely lends itself to the prevailing mood, and argues in favor of our doubts and forebodings. But when the tide turns and a sunnier mood supervenes, the doubts pale and dwindle like the by-gone terrors of a dream. Children, animals, and happy-go-lucky thoughtless persons, are often credited with a sort of

“intuition” or “instinct” or “luck,” or imagined to be under the protection of a special Providence. May not their ready perception of the right thing to do be caused simply by the unclouded state of their mind, which enables them to see instantly and clearly without the necessity of choosing between doubts?

In seeking for a New Year’s message to the readers of this magazine, what better can we do than proclaim once more the glorious fact of man’s immortal, all-wise Soul? For all laws of life point back to this basic truth. Western civilization forgot the Soul, and was cut off from its illuminating beams; whence all our complications of book-learning and cunning intellectual systems, which resemble a medley of candles, lamps, and lurid torches, kept burning to beat back the enshrouding gloom.

Our methods of gaining wisdom have no regard to the cleanliness and adjustment of the instrument with which we work. We imagine in our stupid pride that a brain inflamed with drink and disorganized by passion and sensuality can reflect a clear image of the truth. The ancient Eastern civilizations whose records we possess, and the still more ancient far-Western ones whose relics are now fast being unearthed, looked first to bodily vigor and purity and moral cleanness and strength, as the path to knowledge. They knew that only the pure in heart can see God, and that, if the eye be evil, the whole body shall be full of darkness.

“Mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions. Seek, O Beginner, to blend thy Mind and Soul.—*The Voice of The Silence*.”

This should be the text for Western civilization and modern science. Let us release ourselves from the nightmare notion that there are things we can never know in this life, or which God does not mean us to know; and from that other notion, that we can learn the truth about our nature and destiny by peering into the darkness of matter and scratching the soil of the earth. Let us, this year, throw off the yoke of superstition and priestcraft, and stand up in our human dignity and assert the Soul and our divine birth-right of knowledge and strength.

REINCARNATION.

“For logic, consistency, profound philosophy, divine mercy and equity, this doctrine of Reincarnation has not its equal on earth. It is a belief in a perpetual progress for each incarnating Ego, or divine soul, in an evolution from the outward into the inward, from the material to the spiritual, arriving at the end of each stage at absolute unity with the Divine Principle. From strength to strength, from the beauty and perfection of one plane to the greater beauty and perfection of another, with accessions of new glory, of fresh knowledge and power in each cycle, such is the destiny of every Ego, which thus becomes its own Savior in each world and incarnation.

Key to Theosophy, H. P. BLAVATSKY.

“There is in all created beings an inconceivable light by which all good acts are performed, and in it as in an immortal essence is comprised whatever has been, is present, or will be hereafter.”

—*Hindu Wisdom*.

PERSEVERANCE IN SPIRITUAL EFFORT.

By GERTRUDE VAN PELT.

“Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying I am Christ; and shall deceive many. And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.

“All these are the beginning of sorrows.

“Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake. And then shall many be offended, and shall betray one another, and shall hate one another. And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.”

THAT an illumination spreads over the pages of any book of truth, when read under the light of the Wisdom-Religion—that essence of religions, which includes them all. That which is essentially true once, is ever so, for the oscillations of nature are in ascending and descending curves. The cycles of light and darkness come and go; of summer and winter; of spring-time and harvest. For as the earth revolves about the Sun, so does humanity revolve around the Spiritual Sun, meeting again and again the same problems under slightly varied conditions, until the only attraction felt is that of the Light, and it is absorbed into its essence.

These words from the New Testament have a familiar sound to Theosophists, and a light is thrown over that period of the world's history to which they are supposed to allude. Today they might be translated somewhat as follows: “Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in the name of Truth, saying, ‘I am its messenger,’ and shall deceive many. And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for all these forces have men set in motion, but the end of the cycle is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows. Then shall many seek to torment you, and desire your death, and ye shall be hated of all self-seekers for the sake of truth. Then shall many weak ones be offended and betray their brothers, and hate those who have helped them. And many false prophets shall arise, and deceive those of clouded vision. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall enter into the Light.”

The same human elements are awake now as then, and it requires no gift of prophecy to one who sees clearly the forces in the field and understands the struggle of today, to see that it is in nowise ended. The wheel of time in its revolutions has brought again on earth a mighty stream of spiritual force, which is certain to stir up every latent tendency opposed to it. The whole earth must feel it more or less consciously, and the earthquakes must come, not

only on the planet, but in the natures of men. Everything is quickened, the good as well as the bad, and the disturbances in the general life are counterparts of those which are felt in the individual lives. And these must continue until every corner has been searched and the earth been cleaned. The struggle that is aroused today is deep, profound, for it is no less than that between the divine and human in man. The great forces of darkness and light are gradually arranging themselves for battle, not only all over the earth, but in each man's nature, and many have already engaged in the battle. The fight is not between different personal elements, as often in the past, in the case of nations and individuals, and the real causes for war in the near future cannot rest on any surface issue. For all the elements of the lower personal natures of men and nations have united together for self-protection against the higher. And it is only he who endures to the end, who shall see the Light. The quickening of all life brings about in a few months more than was formerly done in many years. On whichever side one is working, the intense friction is felt. But it is hottest where it is most clearly recognized. Those who, consciously and of their own free will, are volunteers in this battle, and not driven into it like a herd of cattle, take the front ranks, and must expect to feel its full force. Woe to the coward, who, having engaged, deserts! All the fiends that any have in the past allowed into their camp, know the means of exit and entrance, and lose no opportunity to take their foes off guard, and all the fiends yet sleeping in each man's nature must of necessity be aroused, and called into action. Only those who have a fierce determination and hold themselves with a tight rein, can expect to pass through into the Light. Every weak foolishness will try to wear garments of strong sense, and every evil, a cloak of virtue. The Spiritual Law ever active, pushes with greater vigor, and is bound to hem in the personal man at every turn. To those working with it, it is only felt as a help and a strengthener; to those working against it, it is a constant irritation. Binding restrictions which exist in nature, but which, when there is no active battle between the higher and lower natures, are elastic, and so scarcely felt, now become tightened, and seem to those working against the Law, like hard and fast rules for which some person is responsible. For the personal nature never gets beyond a person. The higher nature draws the lines more and more closely, and insists upon the straight and narrow path, and *that alone*, and only he who refuses to be turned aside for any obstacle will enter in at the gate.

Nothing either great or small comes to man without perseverance, but in spiritual effort, which is the effort to free the soul from its shackles, it is needed in greater and higher degree, and must be infinite as are the soul's possibilities.

It alone can carry men, with eyes open and on their feet, from one plateau to another, which nature graciously furnishes on the mountains leading to the spiritual heights. Without it, they must be carried up to these leveling spaces, as unconscious weaklings, there to meet new and more severe conditions, until at last the soul only is relied upon. Such a plateau is now in sight, covered with the fresh verdure of spring, and fragrant with the blossoms of brotherly love.

May those who endure to the end and gain it, climb henceforth in rhythm, that those who are lifted in the darkness of unconsciousness may learn to tread with firmer step.

THE PROPHECY OF EZEKIEL.

By GRACE G. BOHN.

“And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the color of amber, out of the midst of the fire.

“Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man.

“And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings.

. . . . “Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces.

“The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the color of a beryl; and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

. . . . “Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went, thither was their spirit to go; and the wheels were lifted up over against them: for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.—*Ezekiel*, Chapter I. (Extracts.)

READING this, the vision of the priest Ezekiel, one is not surprised that the Jews considered this script the most mystical and difficult to be understood among the Hebrew sacred writings, and would allow no one under thirty to read it. Yet this vision, properly understood, gives one the keynote of the entire prophecy. For that keynote is *Karma*.

H. P. Blavatsky has said that the Bible contains, if not the whole truth, at least nothing but the truth, if read rightly. In her great work, “*The Secret Doctrine*,” she unveils the meanings of this vision, which modern higher criticism fails to do. For it is a fact that all but the merest fragments of ancient wisdom have been lost to the world for ages. Only during the last twenty-five years are we, as a race, beginning to realize this and to make some headway toward recovering it. And it is just this that H. P. Blavatsky came to help the world to do.

The four living creatures, the “cherubim” of the Bible, are the four Maharajahs, or Regents who preside over the cardinal points. (*cf. The Secret Doctrine*. Vol. I, p. 122.) They are the protectors of mankind and the agents of the Law, the ministers of Karma on this earth. Thus they are also called “Avengers,” as well as “winged wheels,” or “fiery wheels.”

Wheels in ancient writings, are symbolic of centers of force. For force in motion always tends to assume a circular or vortical movement, a fact known to the wise ones among the ancients. Isaiah says, “Behold, the Lord will come with fire and with his chariots, like a whirlwind,” an analogy to the fiery wheels of Ezekiel’s vision. In another scripture it is written that “the Lord answered Job out of a whirlwind.”

Karma may well be the keynote of this prophecy. For five years Ezekiel had been a captive, with ten thousand other prisoners of the better class, under

the Babylonians. They tell us that during those years he was a solitary man, given to silence and meditation. For his heart was wrung at the fate of his people, and out of his great yearning to understand the mystery of their undoing his inner sight opened. He beheld, on the plane of causes, the "fiery wheels, the Avengers."

"And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone; and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it.

"And I saw as the color of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it, from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about.

"As the brightness of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a voice of one that spake,

"And He said unto me, Son of Man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee." (I, 26-28, II, 1.)

Thus the whole prophecy turns upon the teachings of the Lord God to Ezekiel, the priest.

Was this Lord God, who walked and talked with Ezekiel, the Absolute, Unknowable, Causeless Cause, the mystic "Father in Heaven" of Jesus? I think not. It was Jehovah, the God of the Jews, to the masses, ever the symbolic substitute for the Absolute; one of the Elohim or Creators. And Madame Blavatsky states that while the Elohim or Creative Gods may be considered an abstraction to one who uses his physical eyes, they are no more so to one whose spiritual vision is active than our soul and spirit are to us. Just as the soul becomes the teacher of the personality that, crushed by pain, is at last willing to learn, so Jehovah is no abstraction, but a reality to Ezekiel, his divine Teacher and Guide. Thus the whole prophecy is filled with divine truths, truths which commend themselves not alone to ancient Jerusalem, but to all people and all times. Is it not significant that today many of our leaders in the higher thought are going back to the words of these old Prophets, Isaiah, Ezekiel and the others, instinctively feeling that they contain the key to many a modern problem?

From the hour of that vision Ezekiel was a transformed man. He became positive, strong, adamant, for even Jehovah could not use an instrument that was weak and prostrate.

Jehovah commands him to look upon a roll which was written all over with "lamentations and mourning and woe." Then Ezekiel is commanded to eat the roll, which he does, and its bitter taste becomes sweet in his mouth, symbolic of that soul-process that is necessary before one can become a spiritual teacher. The soul *must* make a part of itself all the woe and bitterness that it would relieve. That once done, the increased insight and power thus gained

become as honey for sweetness. "But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed," says *The Voice of The Silence*.

And Jehovah said, "Behold I have made thy face strong against their faces, and thy forehead strong against their foreheads.

"As an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead; fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house."

And thus we see Ezekiel, never relaxed nor apologetic, but thundering, positive, adamantine, as he must need be to make any impression on the house of Israel, "impudent children and stiff-necked." He was commanded to prophesy regardless of results, "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, yet shall they know that there hath been a prophet among them."

For the ancient prophet was not, as has been pointed out in "*The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings*," a mere soothsayer, on a level with the modern Gypsy, but a great soul who came to remind a forgetful people of the Higher Law, of those great fundamental principles which the lower self of appetites and desires is ever luring us to transgress. The true prophet ever is, as was Ezekiel, the mouthpiece of God, of the Higher Self. It is his mission to point out to his people the laws of being, of brotherhood, compassion, selflessness, Karma. It is also his mission to point out to a people that had transgressed those laws, the fearful Karmic penalty that awaited them. For all is of the Law.

Israel had become degraded. At the time of Ezekiel her doom had already fallen. That is why he seems so terrible in his denunciation, so extreme in his lamentations for the people he saw fettered by chains of their own forging. Yet he could not free his people. They must break the chains themselves. He could do no more at the utmost, than arouse them to a consciousness of their position and of their innate ability to rise out of it. The wonder is not that Ezekiel beheld the vision of the fiery "Avengers," but that all the other prophets of Israel did not.

And so Ezekiel went forth to prophesy "in bitterness and in the heat of my spirit," his heart aflame with that spiritual fire which sets alight everything it touches, providing only there exists in it the potentiality of flame. Alas, that in Israel, the tiny spark of spiritual aspiration was so deeply hidden that even the prophet Ezekiel could not search it out and increase it with the fire of his own breast.

"And it came to pass at the end of seven days, that the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

"Son of Man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore hear the word at my mouth and give them warning from me.

"When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." (III, 17, 18.)

These verses contain a lesson for every soul who really yearns to see the paths of the world made straighter. For there is a feverish desire everywhere among men, of which they themselves are only half conscious, for more knowledge, more light, more, *more* of the Sun. Some desire it they scarcely know why, others that they may understand the problems of pain and of despair and do their share in solving them.

Let those who desire more wisdom read the script of Ezekiel and learn that increased wisdom brings with it added responsibility, a fearful benediction of specific duty to others. Divine wisdom flows into the soul not to accumulate there like water in a stagnant pond, but simply that it may flow out again,—the soul a conscious channel,—translated, as it were, into an easier language that the races of men may read it. The true prophet is he who never thinks of self; who exists simply that he may pass on to men the divine truths which they are not strong enough to seize from the Eternal Source direct. For it is the Law itself that we exist to help others. “Compassion is the Law of Laws,—eternal Harmony, Alaya’s self. . . . Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that, possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them.”

Upon those to whom is given knowledge beyond that shared by the masses, devolves always a fearful responsibility. “Son of Man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel.”

Modern America has her watchmen, as had ancient Israel. Upon them has been laid by the Supreme Soul the same sacred and yet awful charge that was laid upon Ezekiel the priest, on the shores of the river Chebar. Do we yet recognize these, watchmen as they are over a stiff-necked people, guardians of that divine seed which shall blossom and bear fruit under the skies of a Golden Age?

“Then the Spirit entered into me, and set me upon my feet and spake with me, and said unto me, Go, shut thyself within thy house.” (III, 24.) And in the silence that follows all effort, Ezekiel stores up the strength of soul needed for his future work. Jehovah has planted the seed, the silence must brood over and cover it for a time lest it germinate too soon and send up a feeble plant instead of a strong tree.

Jehovah commands Ezekiel to image the impending siege and doom of Jerusalem by a tile upon which is portrayed a city, even the Holy City. He commands Ezekiel to cause a razor to pass “upon thy head and upon thy beard; then take thee balances to weigh and divide the hair.” One part is to be burned, one part smitten with the knife, one part scattered to the winds, and only a few hairs are to be saved; typing the fate of the House of Israel, one-third of her people to be consumed with famine and pestilence, one-third to die by the sword, one-third to be scattered among all nations; only a remnant to be saved.

In vision after vision Jehovah shows to Ezekiel the utter degradation of Israel, her idolatry and abominations. Then comes a vision of judgment, of

destruction, in which men with destroying weapons are seen to go through the midst of the city, sparing none, neither the maidens nor the little children. "And one man among them was clothed in linen and had a writer's ink-horn by his side. . . . And behold the man clothed with linen, which had the ink-horn by his side, reported the matter, saying, I have done as thou hast commanded me."

This brings us to a subject of which we know little but are destined, possibly, to know more. The "man clothed in linen, with an ink-horn at his side," typed the ancient school of writers or scribes. Ezra, a priest, as was Ezekiel, of the line of Zadduk, was the greatest of these scribes, and it was he who established them as a distinct class. Let us remember that the Jewish law was written in a language that had ceased to be spoken. Thus the scribes were those who translated the law into the common tongue. It was their business to know the law and to interpret it to those who did not. They not only wrote down many teachings that had formerly existed only orally, but prepared copies of the sacred books. They also lectured and taught those who assembled in the Synagogues, or schools of religion. For, while there was only one Temple, there were many synagogues. And as a class, the scribes were sometimes known as the "Men of the Great Synagogue." Many of them were members of the Sanhedrin or Court of Justice.

The work of these early scribes was a work of pure love. They took no money for their writings, supporting themselves, when necessary, by some useful occupation. From being translators of the law they naturally became students of it, and their opinion, with the common people, had great weight. Whether or not there is a hint of high spiritual rank, concealed in Ezekiel's vision of the scribe who went up even to the Cherubim and from between them gathered coals of fire to be scattered over the city, is of little matter. The important fact is that the scribes, from their knowledge of the sacred law, had opportunity to become real spiritual leaders and teachers. Yet this opportunity was missed not, it would seem, because they were consciously selfish, but simply because they were not alive to the significance of their own work. Little by little their ideals lowered, until it was against the later members of this school that Jesus warned his disciples. Yet the true spirit had not departed from them entirely, for it was unto one of them that Jesus spoke the words, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

But to return to Ezekiel; his whole prophecy is full of the wrath of the Almighty against His rebellious people. The words of Jehovah are fearful. "This city is the cauldron and ye be the flesh," and yet, they are the words of the Higher Law, the Law that in mercy refuses to stand between a soul and the penalty of its sins. Under all the terrible wrath is an undercurrent of compassion, of love, a love that has been betrayed and bargained out unto desire.

For Jehovah likens Jerusalem to a fair woman whom he had cared for even from infancy, and upon whom he had, in love, lavished every good and perfect gift.

“And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head.

“Thus wast thou decked with gold and silver; and thy raiment was of fine linen and silk, and brodered work; thou didst eat fine flour, and honey and oil; and thou wast exceeding beautiful, and thou didst prosper into a kingdom.

“And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty; for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God. (XVI, 12-14.)

“*Which I had put upon thee.*” This gives us the secret of the fearful doom that overtook Jerusalem. All the fulness of the Lord poured out unto her, spiritual wisdom given her, only to be degraded, sold out to the desires of the lower nature.

For woman has always symbolized the intuition, the faculty of spiritual discernment, that principle which, if allowed to guide the personal, may lift it into absolute godhood, but which if negative to the lower nature, makes possible the completest degradation. This is why Jehovah likens Jerusalem to a beloved but sinning woman, and speaks of his covenant with his chosen people as wedlock. For wedlock is that sacred state in which the woman must lay down all that is dear to the personal life for the sake of the universal, the collective life, and the future. But the fair woman, Jerusalem, clung to her personal life, of sense, pleasure and glory, and for those things broke the covenant she had entered into with Jehovah. Nothing can bring so fearful a retribution as the betrayal of a sacred pledge or trust, and, said Jehovah, “I will judge thee as women that break wedlock and shed blood are judged.” (XVI, 38.)

“Nevertheless,” saith the Lord God,—and there is something pathetic in the love, the patience of the Higher, “I will remember my covenant with thee in the days of thy youth, and I will establish unto thee an everlasting covenant. . . . And thou shalt know that I am the Lord.” (XVI, 60.)

A long cycle of suffering must Jerusalem pass through, centuries long, but there is the divine prophecy that the opportunity once lost will some time come again, and the covenant once broken shall one day be made whole.

But, although Jehovah still held in his heart this fallen Jerusalem, that is not the case with her false prophets, her self-appointed teachers.

“And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

“Son of Man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel, prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God unto the shepherds; Woe be to the shepherds that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks?

“Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed; yet ye feed not the flock.

“The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty, have ye ruled them.” (XXXIV, 1-4.)

“There is a conspiracy of her prophets in the midst thereof, like a roaring lion ravening the prey; they have devoured souls. . . .

“Her priests have violated my law and have profaned mine holy things.

“And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land that I should not destroy it; but I found none. (XX, 25, 26, 30.)

Thus commanded Jehovah, and Ezekiel did prophesy with vengeance. There is only one prophet in all modern history that can be compared with Ezekiel in this denunciation of self-appointed teachers, the blind who are leading the blind, and that is Helena P. Blavatsky, storming against so-called teachers of occultism, of psychic development, of spiritual anything that they might line their pockets or gather a personal following.

Madame Blavatsky's work was largely destructive, just as Ezekiel's seemed to be, and yet, looked at in the larger way, was not the work of both part of the plan of those who are always working for the regeneration of mankind? Both came at a time of crisis, a time when a very little action in either direction would have enormous results, a time when unwise and worse than unwise “teachers” had so long deluded their people that they were no longer trusted. When a people have reached that point, it is but a step to materialism, cold intellectualism, or, perchance, sensuality.

To such a field for work came Ezekiel. To such a field came Helena P. Blavatsky. Each brought the seeds of Divine Wisdom, which they were commissioned, as servants of the Law, to plant in these fields. Could they have done so without some preliminary destructive work, without first uprooting the weeds, breaking the crust, furrowing deep and wide? Destructive were they, no doubt, to the weeds, but how otherwise could they have prepared a fit soil for the seeds of Divine Wisdom which they brought. How else could the seeds of truth strike root into the warm, rich soil, which the weeds kept hidden, themselves sapping it of vitality?

When we think of these old prophets as extreme, and quite out of sorts, and not half as sentimental and brotherly (?) as we would have been, let us reflect that they had a mighty work to do and a short time in which to do it. In their work they stood utterly alone. If we think them very destructive and altogether shocking, in their denunciation of the shams and follies of the world, led as it was by false prophets, let us reflect that each of them came to a people that needed, not an anodyne, but a sharp waking up. Let us examine the whole plan, centuries long, and not merely a fragment of it, realizing that the hardest work the sower has to do is the ploughing, the furrowing, for the winter cold has made a hard crust, and the weeds and stubble are rooted deep. Perhaps then we will not be so ready to call those great souls extremists and alarmists. They are earnest and severe because they are awake to conditions and dangers to which we are asleep. And always, in the cases of all great Teachers, the heat of their wrath falls upon the false prophets, those who set themselves up as spiritual leaders when they are not such.

Why is this? Because it is the Law of the Universe that the Higher must serve and help onward the lower. All things depend for their evolution not on that which exists below, or on a level with themselves, but on that which is above. Thus it is that Brotherhood, Compassion, is the Law of Laws, without which evolution could not go forward. So it is by this Law that the hierarchies lift the worlds, so it is that the Great Ones help the races of men. That is one reason why the masses are never satisfied to live by bread alone. They intuitively look to those above them, or whom they believe to be above them, for the insight and wisdom, that alone will make it possible for them to advance.

And, as there are no leaps nor gaps in nature, but always orderly step-by-step progression, so each order of being is a link between that which is below and that which is above itself. Every soul in the universe is, or should be, a channel through which those lower than itself receive the divine inflow from higher planes. Every soul might be a Prometheus, bringing to those on the lower levels the fire of the gods.

This relation do the spiritual teachers of the world hold to the mass of humanity. They are the link between the world, and the Higher Teachings, the only channel by which the Light of the true Sun can reach the unthinking masses. "Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure sweet waters must be used to sweeter make the ocean's bitter waves—that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men."

But when the race passed into a cycle of spiritual darkness, this link was weakened, then broken. The teachers no longer gave out to men the light, the wisdom, that came to them. They tried to keep it for themselves. They used it as a means for personal advantage, and finally ceased to receive the true light at all. Then they set up rush-lights of their own, bidding the people worship these as the true Light.

That was the state of affairs when Ezekiel prophesied. That was the state of affairs when H. P. Blavatsky sailed out into this choppy sea of Western thought. Do we wonder that even Jehovah, Creator of Israel, should have had no patience, no compassion upon those who were actually preventing the higher evolution of the masses, except at the cost of prolonged and, in one sense, needless suffering? The Karmic punishment of such false prophets, those who are consciously false, is something fearful to contemplate.

Yet it is only against these that the wrath of Jehovah is unmitigated. He still loves and waits for his rebellious people.

"For thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out.

"Therefore I will save my flock and they shall be no more a prey. . . .

"For ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God. (XXXIV, 11, 22, 31.)

And again thus prophesies Ezekiel:

"The word of the Lord came unto me again, saying,

“What mean ye that use this proverb concerning the land of Israel, saying, The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children’s teeth are set on edge?”

“As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel.

“Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine; the soul that sinneth, it shall die.” (XVIII, 1-4.)

And here Ezekiel gives to his people again the true ideal which their false prophets had caused them to forget, that each man was the maker of his own destiny, absolutely his own victim or creator; that only the coward would blame others for his own condition or fate.

“Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?” (XXXIII, 11.)

Yet Israel did not heed. Only a remnant of her people escaped the general doom, and of these Ezekiel prophesies a final gathering together, their spiritual regeneration, in a future ideal city, with an ideal king.

And how did his fellow-exiles receive this thundering prophecy of Ezekiel, the priest? The tone of his message is not always conciliatory, and there is an uncertain tradition that he met a martyr’s death on that account. If he did not he was an exception to a broad rule, for few indeed have been the Great Ones who have not been sent to their death by those whom they sought to serve. As to Ezekiel’s fate we do not positively know.

We do know that certain of the Elders of the people came to him with inquiries:

“And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,

“For every one of the house of Israel, or of the stranger that sojourneth in Israel, which separateth himself from me, and setteth up idols in his heart, and putteth the stumbling-block of his iniquity before his face, and cometh to a prophet to inquire of him concerning me: I, the Lord will answer him by myself:

“And I will set my face against that man, and will make him a sign and a proverb, and I will cut him off from the midst of my people, and ye shall know that I am the Lord.” (XIV, 2, 7, 8.)

And, although Ezekiel told them, yet again they came to inquire, and, as the scribes record:

“Then came the word of the Lord unto me, saying,

“Son of Man, speak unto the Elders of Israel and say unto them: Thus saith the Lord God, as I live I will not be inquired of by you.” (XX, 2, 3.)

The same old story, the same old inquiry that the Prophets of all times have had to hear from the Elders and Pharisees. For they always come, as the Great Teacher appears, with that same puerile demand: “Please hand us your credentials. We desire to examine them.” And this is the reply of Ezekiel, put into his mouth by Jehovah, his Divine Teacher and Creator, “*As I live, I will not be inquired of by you.*”

This gives us the key to an understanding of the attitude of all Great Teachers. All have met persecution. All have been compelled to face the same old inquiry. Jesus was asked by the Pharisees to give them a sign, and he replied, "Ye hypocrites . . . can ye not discern the signs of the times? . . . There shall be no sign given you, but the sign of Jonah the prophet"; plainly indicating that the evidences of Jesus' work could not be comprehended by those who had not passed into spiritual regeneration,—the inner meaning of this myth of Jonah the prophet.

When Helena P. Blavatsky was attacked and asked for "proofs," she calmly replied, "I refuse to defend myself; no one who knows himself innocent ever will."

William Q. Judge was met by the same attacks, and the same inquiry, and he, too, made, the prophet's calm reply, "I will not be inquired of by you." Not that proofs of his position did not exist. Such proofs were abundant, and there were many who possessed them. But these were on so high a plane as to be incapable of such cavil and query. And the true prophet never concedes to such a demand, knowing that those who make such inquiry are perfectly incapable of comprehending the real evidence, even should it be presented. For the sign of the prophet is on the plane of soul, and those who doubt and cavil show by their very attitude that they are far below, on the levels of separateness and discontent. The World Teacher never gets down to that plane. The caviller never gets above it. But those who are spiritually near to the Great Soul never fret about proofs. Why should they ask for what they already possess?

Is there not a great lesson for each of us, in this reply of Ezekiel's? For the true disciple, he who is trying to change the direction of his life and thought, provokes always conflicting currents. His friends condemn him because he is "changed" as if he, a soul, had no right to do otherwise than simply remain stationary. Again and again he will meet the same inquiry that Ezekiel met, though in a lesser degree. Perhaps he will seek to explain himself. But do any of his explanations ever explain anything? Not once. Do any of the proofs he offers ever prove a single thing to those who pry and inquire? Never once. Every act that he does from a high motive is credited to a motive that is mean and low; and sooner or later the disciple becomes strong enough to fling to the winds all idea of self-justification and simply say, "Hereafter you may do your own explaining. I will not be inquired of by you."

This test comes to every advancing soul, sooner or later, and everything depends on the way it is met. If the soul feels that it cannot lay down all that is dearest in the world, that it cannot bear it to be misunderstood by those who seem greater and better than itself, then let it sink back to the lower levels of the world. There is no other way.

But if the test is met, and it seems to the soul whom it confronts, like the supreme test, then and then only does it become possible for that soul to become an actual helper of the Higher Law, and in a degree a spiritual teacher of

humanity. More than that, it is then possible for such a soul to become a shield to the World-Teacher, at those rare cyclic times when the Teacher appears, and that is worth while.

If the Teacher can draw about himself a nucleus of souls who are strong enough to bear being misunderstood, then the door which the Teacher opens is held open by these strong ones, and all humanity may pass through to greater heights. If not, then at the passing of the Teacher, the door swings shut, the opportunity is lost.

That happened to the people of Israel. At the passing of her Prophets the door which they opened swung shut, for they could not gather about themselves a nucleus of souls who were strong enough to hold the golden gateway open. Why was this? Because the people of Israel were not awakened to their own conditions. The great weaknesses against which the prophets stormed, Israel absolutely refused to face. The nation looked for happiness in the indulgence of the lower nature. That is why they plunged from one excess to another on the sense plane, why even Jerusalem, the beloved of Jehovah, fell so low as to become abandoned. Those whose desires were intellectual rather than sensual used the added power this gave them selfishly. Even the divine warrior instinct of the race expended itself not in war against its own weaknesses, the demon within, but in plunder and rapine of her neighbors. And when the blow came, and the people of Israel were face to face with the penalty they had fashioned for themselves, even then they refused to face the plain truth. They chose to believe that their destruction was the will of a personal God,—let them bow to it, abide by it, and rest in hope of a future kingdom, future greatness, and the coming Messiah.

That hope kept alive the Jewish nation, yet it did not prevent the loss of a great opportunity. Because they failed to understand that future greatness depended entirely upon present right living; that the inner vision of the race, without which the future Divine King could never be recognized, even should he appear, would be theirs only as they earned it. And when the Messiah came they failed to recognize Him, and the supreme opportunity was lost.

Their attitude of mind,—the refusal to look within for the God which ruled the life and destiny, the willingness to let an external God shoulder their responsibilities, prevented the people of Israel from concentrating upon the present duty, or even, indeed, from clearly perceiving what it was. And this is the only assurance that the opportunities of the future will ever be recognized and seized.

To recognize any great Spiritual Leader a certain degree of spiritual development is absolutely necessary. To acquire this there is, there has ever been, but one path,—the path of duty. This present duty the Prophets of Israel came to point out. But this Path a hard-hearted people refused to follow. Hence their downfall; for it is the Law that the abandonment of duty invariably blinds and deludes the soul so that it is unable to seize its opportunity. And this holds true, even though the soul may know that a great opportunity is coming and may be waiting for it.

This explains, does it not, why the Greater Prophets of modern America so emphasize this ideal of duty. "Theosophy is the quintessence of duty," says one of these. "The path of wisdom is the path of duty. They are not separate roads as so many erroneously conclude," says another. "Wisdom comes from the performance of duty. Fear nothing for yourself. Fear only to fail in your duty to others," says a third.

How shall we escape the Karma of ancient Israel? There is but one way. By doing the present duty, not for self, not for reward, but in the spirit of loving sacrifice to the Supreme, leaving the future to care for itself.

And how shall we learn what is the present duty? By looking at the God within, by looking at the demon within, as well, by becoming acquainted with our own natures, by fearlessly facing and conquering our weaknesses, which it takes a brave soul to do. And that we may do this these Prophets have come, stern, strenuous, desperately in earnest, yet all-compassionate,—Helen P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. And the door they have opened will not swing shut at their passing; this gateway through which those who look may see the Path itself, and over its distant mountains the shining of the Eternal Sun. And the warrior souls about them, whose one ideal is duty, today hold open the gateway that the race may enter in; willing, like true warriors, to stand in the shadow that their fellows may enter the Light.

And so, among other things this old prophecy of Ezekiel explains why we are today entering a cycle of Light, a Golden Age, instead of, as did Israel, continuing a cycle of pain and darkness.

Ezekiel has left for us a text-book. If we are wise we will study it.

THE COURAGE OF H. P. BLAVATSKY.

By PHILLYSE.

HAVE you ever thought of the marvelous courage that H. P. Blavatsky must have had to enable her to undertake her stupendous work?

Think for a moment of the awful conditions into which she stepped, single-handed and alone, a little over a quarter of a century ago!

Think of the awful materialism that was at its height then,—a materialism so dense that among a certain class of people it was considered almost a sign of insanity to even mention the words "soul," or "God"—a materialism so dense that it was the exception that one could go deeply into any scientific research and retain a profound religious belief.

Then think on the other hand of the narrowness of the prevailing ortho-

dox religious teachings, how no one dared to question the religion as taught, or if one deviated even a trifle from the dogmatic narrow creed laid down as the only road to future salvation, his standing among religious people was lost, no matter how pure and true and altruistic a life he might be leading. And because these two realms of thought, the religious and the scientific, were in their presentation so diametrically opposed to each other, if anyone went deeply into the one, he was almost certainly barred from the other.

From these facts we can gain a faint idea of the courage it must have required to step into this arena and say to these opponents that they were not enemies at all, but simply two facets of the same truth; that the most religious truth was the most scientific fact, and the most scientific facts were the most religious truths; that each was necessary to the other; that neither was complete without the other; and that they must unite in one philosophy before either could hope to accomplish its full purposes.

Think of the courage it must have taken to meet the storm of opposition, of ridicule, of contempt, and even of persecution that greeted these statements!

Think of the magnificent courage that was necessary to face the laughter and scorn of both hemispheres when she said that man was a soul and had lived many times here on earth; and that the conditions in which he was living today were the direct results of his past acts and thoughts. And when she said that man was his own savior; that all that an outside savior could do was to teach him that the road to salvation lay in a complete, an absolute dominance by the soul over all the lower tendencies and through the development of tolerance and compassion for all that lives and breathes.

These teachings were so utterly at variance with the then accepted teachings and dogmas that it was no wonder that those who had been living upon the credulity of the world began to understand that if they were accepted by humanity their avocations would be lost. And hence the persecutions, and hence the false and malicious stories that have been circulated time and time again throughout the entire world. But none of these things daunted the lion-hearted H. P. Blavatsky; none of them deterred her from giving those sledge-hammer blows of hers at the shams, the hypocrisies, the delusions and conventions of the time.

She did not step into this work blindly. She knew full well upon what she was entering. She knew full well that she was taking her life into her hands and that she would day by day suffer such torture as we can hardly imagine.

But this makes her courage all the more sublime. It was a courage, methinks, that could be born only from the positive knowledge that unless the awful tide of materialism were stemmed, and the knowledge of the soul restored to man, he would bring absolute and irremediable ruin upon himself.

This courage has been crowned with success, for we are beginning to realize that we are souls, and to understand that the soul must be obeyed, no matter at what cost to the personality. All the world will yet be glad, will yet be profoundly thankful that she had the courage to thus work incessantly, even amid the pangs and throes of a body that was constantly almost bereft of its vitality; that she worked with a will and the determination that the society founded through her should be protected, always offering her own personality as a buffer for the terrific storms constantly hurled against the society; that she worked ever with the hope and the purpose that within this organization should be formed the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood which would be able to carry on the work successfully when it was necessary for her to lay down her poor and worn-out old body.

And I imagine that in some future day, when the story of this life will be told and truly told, when all the world will recognize her sublime courage and her heroic devotion for the sake of the great orphan humanity, there may still be some who will say, "How could the people then have been so blind as not to have recognized that great soul,—if I had only lived then, how I would have trusted, how I would have worked for her and helped her, even to the laying down of my life if necessary"; thus repeating again the same old fallacy which we hear so often every day, from the professed followers of that other teacher, who lived nearly two thousand years ago, and who through the very self-same storms through which H. P. Blavatsky so courageously and successfully carried her work, lost his life when he was but at the beginning of his mission.

These very people today little dream that while they were wishing and longing to have lived in the time of Jesus, another Helper of Humanity—all unrecognized, and possibly even persecuted by them—was again battling with all the hosts of darkness for man's salvation—battling with a will, a courage and a knowledge that have paved the way for the ultimate success of the powers of Light.

"Two barks were carried forward by the self-same wind on the faithless billows; one returned safely to the shore, while the other foundered at sea. It is not the fault of the wind if their fortune differ; the difference arises from the skill of the pilot."

* * *

"Oh, how full of error is the judgment of mankind! They wonder at results when they are ignorant of the reasons. They call it Fortune when they know not the cause, and thus worship their own ignorance into a deity."—METASTASIO.

THE NATIONS' NEEDS.

By ROSE WINKLER.



WHY do the nations so furiously rage together, and the people imagine a vain thing? The Kings of earth rise up, the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed."

No matter in what clime or among what people we may find ourselves, whether Hottentot or the most civilized, or dark or white-skinned races, this fact is always apparent, that human nature is the same the world over. Every one is familiar with the peculiar epochs which mark the life-voyage of man, and the history of a nation is the history of a longing and suffering soul.

Let the true poet express the sentiment and suffering of the heart and the nation will rise in response and applaud him. For the experience of one soul is similar to that of all.

The soul's need taken individually is the nation's need taken collectively. And what we most require is a higher and nobler and more ideal type of men and women.

The key to the hidden portal of the human heart is true heartfelt sympathy. Needs and wants are not excluded from any of the kingdoms of nature, animate or inanimate. Take from them the elements embodied in sun, air, sky, and earth,—waste and repair is a universal process. So it is not material needs we now consider; the earth yields abundance for all.

Surely a man has higher needs, the fulfillment of which by divine law he has the right to expect and even demand, the need of justice, sympathy and love. Do not the lower kingdoms respond more quickly to the influence of the elements when brought into contact with the human touch, though we know but little of the invisible co-operation between the human heart's love-stream and that of the lower kingdoms?

There is not a phase of life which could not be made happier. Would poverty or affliction be if people knew the art of living and could adjust themselves to any condition of life? The divine influence in their nature would make the humblest home beautiful with the spirit of peace and faith, and the simplest adornments expressions of the love of God and the beautiful. To such souls, poverty and affliction come with a different air and expression, than to the doubting and discontented.

The true artist can command the devotion of his pupils by the sincerity of his efforts. The apprentices of all trades, wherever they may labor, can give a hallowed expression to their work through attention to duty. The lawyer can protect the widow, the orphan and the oppressed from the cupidity of the knave, or the unjust application of man-made laws. The

physician can call down the higher influences even unconsciously in the faithful performance of duty and devotion in his life work.

If we were to project ourselves into the conditions of a warring nation and ask the people what they need, no doubt at such a moment, the heart and soul being sorely tried and only desiring that the barest physical wants be satisfied, the answer would be, we want Justice, Liberty, Love; we want Truth, Light and Liberation; we need them, we will fight and live and die for them, for through them alone we can have peace. Peace! the word itself brings solace to the soul; but to have peace the hearts of men must be changed, and how can they be changed save through a correct knowledge of the true nature of man. Where there is this the whole course of man's thoughts and acts becomes altered. Then follows a higher, truer life and each himself will come to see in all about him that the higher law protects and adjusts if he will but do his simple duty. Then will he cease to arm himself against his brother.

The next appeal would be for health, which can only be obtained through equilibrium or harmony between the higher forces and those of the lower physical organism and which must have as its corner-stone a knowledge of the truth. With health as an outer expression of that peace and faith within, they call for prosperity. A step further, and they arrive at the point where they can see that the right performance of duty brings its own reward, and as a recognition and an expression of their devotion they ask for the privilege of an active, useful life. Thus whether they be tillers of the soil, artisans, skilled workers in wood, stone, bronze, or marble, artists, statesmen, poets; seekers of the higher knowledge, one and all they help to build a civilization worthy of the name.

The world does not need more books or better-made laws or larger treasuries. Its need is for a larger hope, for nobler and higher types of men and women who have the welfare of humanity at heart and whom all men can trust. The nations starve for genuine sincere help and sympathy, such as emanate from a true, pure heart.

The nations need a philosophy of life which beckons to life eternal; the nations need men and women who have come into possession of their divine birthright and who with strength and love, with faith and knowledge, with sympathy and discrimination, can inspire them with a trust in human nature; who, living and working among all classes, can help and heal, can guide and guard and teach, causing the world to bow before the stainless scepter of pure, noble manhood and womanhood. And it is right here and now that the ground for such efflorescence is prepared. And when we are fitted to carry the torch of truth which sheds its radiance into all the dark places of earth, dispelling ignorance and pointing the way from the slavery of the senses to liberation, the conditions will be ready for an ideal government.

A higher ideal of home-life and training and a truer, simpler system of

education need to be promulgated. Then aspirations from the hearts of all, whether their occupation be the quarrying of stone, the tilling of the soil, or whatever their walk in life, shall extend upward to the very stars; head knowledge and soul wisdom will become blended and men and women shall know their own nature and dare to co-operate and look each other in the face and not be afraid.

The true parent considers it a privilege to spend years of labor and sacrifice for the protection of his family and finds his efforts richly rewarded by a child's smile or a gracious response. And this is true of the world's parents; so also is it between disciple and teacher. Yet surely we owe to our teachers more than a passing thought, more than a momentary feeble effort in response to their efforts compassionately given through the ages. The great teachers have evoked the noblest and best in us, even if the heart flame does oftentimes flicker, and the world is calling for higher and nobler types of men and women in whom they can place their trust and confidence and who will evoke their immortal selves as our teachers have done for us. All theories, all forms of ideal government, systems of education and humanitarian institutions will be failures unless the people, men and women, are found ready to fit and sufficiently capable to fill them, and so you and I are expected to build more character into our lives so as to satisfy the ideals and the claims of the people.

As we truly love the Theosophical cause and long to be true disciples of the August Brotherhood we shall endeavor to serve with steady and fierce determination on all planes of our being. If at this moment our bodies were to disintegrate we would fiercely long to leap again into some earthly form so as to offer all the force we possessed in helping our comrades hold up the awful weight which like Atlas' load the Saviors of the world upbear. We all know from experience that a mere intellectual grasp of the philosophy without its practical application in life has strewn the path with wrecks. The true motive and love of humanity will aid us in not only preaching the doctrine, but living the life; but on the other hand, I firmly believe that the grandest schemes and most strenuous endeavors will be failures unless we become nobler and higher types of men and women and so provide the proper elements which alone will satisfy the Nations' need.

"Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men,
 Who to themselves are false."
 * * * * *
 Man is only weak through his mistrust,
 And want of hope where evidence divine
 Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure."

WORDSWORTH.

FIRE.

By EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.

THE origin and nature of fire has been the subject of theory, speculation and investigation from remotest antiquity. When the primitive savage saw in the farthest East the returning orb of day, that circle apparently traversing the heavens, was to him the embodiment of a fiery, mysterious power. So, when the sun-god in unappeased anger flared onward above the torrid earth, this savage often saw his favorite hunting-ground and even his rude dwelling the prey of the insatiable monster of fire, whose hunger was increased rather than diminished by what it devoured. Anon he cowered amidst the dreadful din of tropical thunders and the incessant, blinding flames that leaped from the clouds, or he fled in terror from the eruptive mountain that belched destruction on miles of surrounding territory. No wonder the childish imagination of aboriginal man formed fanciful notions concerning the origin and nature of fire. Even now, after milleniums of progress, the modern with all his acumen, cannot read the riddle, cannot comprehend the essential nature of this all-pervading element.

To what general conclusions has scientific investigation led in its efforts to solve the problem? According to the nebulous hypothesis of Laplace, heat is a primal force which caused all matter to first exist in a gaseous condition. Sir Humphrey Davy says that heat is a vibration of the corpuscles of bodies tending to separate them. Again, "The immediate cause of the phenomenon of heat is motion, and the laws of its communication are the same as the laws of the communication of motion."

The most recent science reiterates the statement that heat is a mode of motion. At once the query confronts us, What is motion? Alas! all our painstaking scientific research cannot help us an iota toward a satisfactory answer. As well may we ask of science, What is life? What is Deity? What are abstract time and space? Having appealed to "fair Science" and confidently clasped her guiding hand, we have been led along a broad and enticing highway, which, like some blind alley, suddenly stops short before a massive and unsurmountable wall. Evidently we must retrace our footsteps with our nineteenth century pride of knowledge somewhat shaken, if not upset, for we have started on no dilettante pleasure trip, but rather with a definite purpose like the prospecting miner in his search for the most precious of metals. We wish to know something at least concerning the real nature of fire. Let us, therefore, taking another direction, tread a path whose soil has felt the footfall of many in "Ye Olden Time"; let us, with retrospective eye, glance at by-gone and historic times while we examine briefly certain beliefs then extant.

Now, the most cursory view reveals the fact that among nations the most

advanced, and even those whose sun of glory and civilization had well-nigh set, fire was held to contain or represent something sacred and divine in its nature. It was thus the emblem of Eternal Power.

The Mexicans and later Aztecs, in their debased and brutalized religion of human sacrifice to the sun-god, presented a striking example of what can result from the carnalization of even the purest symbol, that of the sacrifice of the heart's devotion upon the altar, and the total consecration of a life to Humanity's service in order to bring that Humanity into more complete fellowship with higher powers. In those times that saw the culmination of Egyptian civilization and also in the days which marked its first declining path, an unquenched flame burned in each of her temples. Before the advent of St. Patrick, the mysterious round towers of Ireland flashed their beacons of undying light across the green hills of that fair island. Every Greek, Latin and Persian village or town held its carefully guarded and always replenished fire. The Roman temple of Vesta contained no image of the goddess, for she dwelt in the chaste flame, surrounded by her white-robed devotees, the ministering vestal virgins. And if, perchance, the neglected flame flickered and grew cold, the insulted deity fled the hallowed precincts; at news of which calamity all public and private business was instantly suspended; the senator paused in the midst of his flight of eloquence, the mart and forum echoed no more the harangue of the demagogue, while ceased the voice of the thrifty, dickering tradesman. All was hushed until the propitiated goddess, called back from the Celestial regions, and descending thence on the focused sun-beams, graced once more her re-kindled altar, dwelt again with mortals. With the Persians and some others, the fire that warmed the domestic hearth must be kept pure; nothing unclean was thrown into it.

It was held by many an ancient philosopher that from primary fire and water, the Universe came into being. With the ancient Aztecs, fire was the father and mother of all gods. With the Gnostics, fire was held to be the vital, underlying principle of life. In their philosophy, this principle exists in many kinds as an ascending series of more and more refined conditions. That quality of fire which scorches and burns the body and all material things is a crude manifestation, a greedy and irrational element. There exist other manifestations of fire much lower and cruder than what we contact on this earth; these correspond to certain conditions of matter which the telescope now reveals as existing in the vast abyss of space. Again, even the crudest fire injures no form of life on the same plane as itself; on the other hand it changes the nature or form of things in a dissimilar condition; that work accomplished, it becomes latent or subjective, to be recalled into objectivity by its appropriate exciting cause. The more refined manifestations of fire are correspondingly less irritating and violently destructive to existing forms, but all fires have their planes and duties in the Microcosm and Macrocosm. With the Gnostics, mind was spoken of as a fire having power to alter existing conditions. As there are many degrees of mind, so are there many corresponding degrees

of fire in the Universe. Desire was also spoken of as a fire, and it is patent that desire is greatly diversified even in human beings. Again, as certain entities called salamanders, etc., environ themselves in fire, so every entity in the Universe is environed by higher and higher refinements of fire. Water and earth were held to be two of its many illusionary appearances. The highest fires are cool and quieting, because emanating from a condition directly opposite to the feverish restlessness of this lower earth. Thus, fire is the sum of all manifested intelligences, from the lowest to the highest conceivable; in short, it represents the positive and the negative pole of being.

Eastern Philosophy speaks of forty-nine fires, or states of consciousness in the Solar System; it also asserts the existence of three hundred and forty-three elements. Chemistry as yet has knowledge of but a little over seventy elements in this grand total.

In the Old and New Testaments much is said concerning fire. From amidst the burning bush the Angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses, but the latter must not approach that pure and unconsuming radiance. As the Law-Giver, Jehovah descended in smoke and fire on the top of Sinai. The guiding pillars of smoke or fire led the froward and untrustworthy Israelites a tortuous journey of forty years in the wilderness. The Star of Bethlehem guided directly to their destination the wise Magi, those Hierophants of the East, who, as repositories of the ancient Arcana, knew the cyclic laws and the birth-time of every teacher of Humanity whom the ages shall bring forth. On his journey to Damascus, the physical eyes of Saul were blinded by that heavenly light which cleared his spiritual vision. We read in "Revelation," "And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God."

Many other instances might be given of the sacredness of fire to the Ancients, and that they possessed a knowledge which science today has not is certain. Only as science rises above its materialistic conceptions will the deeper knowledge which the Ancients possessed become open to it.

"And he who, remembering me at the moment of death, quits the body and comes forth, enters my nature; there is no doubt about that. Or, again, whatever nature he thinks on when he abandons the body at last, to that only does he go, O son of Kunti! having been always conformed to that nature. Therefore think on me at all times and fight."
—*Bhagavad Gita.*

What is the end and what should be the watchword; the end is Truth and Brotherhood; the Watchword, Faith, Courage, and Constancy.—WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves reforce!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echo of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

SIGN-POSTS ALONG THE PATH.*



THE essence of the instruction given by Krishna, is to *become devoted*, as he says, "Therefore give thyself up to devotion." He prepared the way for that by showing, as adverted to in the last article, how erroneous it was to follow even the special ceremonies and texts laid down for the people in the Vedas. Those ceremonies procured either rewards in heaven, or upon the earth during subsequent lives as well as in those in which the ceremonies were performed. We can more easily understand what Krishna meant if we will suppose him to be referring to a doctrine that in those days was precisely similar in its scheme of rewards to the old-fashioned Christian belief that, by following the Scriptures, one secured happiness and prosperity on earth and great bliss forever in heaven with the saints. This is declared by him to be a deluding doctrine. He does not say that the rewards as laid down will not follow the practice, but implies that they will. But as the wheel of rebirth will eternally revolve, drawing us inevitably back to a mortal body, we are continually deluded and never succeed in attaining to God,—that being the goal for us all.

Heaven, whether it be that of the Christian or of the Hindu, is what Buddha called a thing or state that has a beginning and will have an end. It may, surely last æons of time, but it will come to an end, and then the weary task of treading the world—whether this or some other one—has to be recommenced. Hence Krishna said that men were deluded by those flowery sentences proclaiming a means of reaching heaven, than which there was nothing better.

Doubtless there are many students who, believing in the possibility of reaching heaven, say that they are willing to take the risk of what may happen after the enjoyment for such a long period is ended. But those risks would not be taken were they well understood. They are numerous and great. Many of them cannot be stated, because, in order to be understood at all, more must be known of the power of mind and the real meaning of meditation. But the ordinary risks are found in what we may roughly, for the present, call delayed Karma and unspent affinities.

The power of these two has its root in the vast complexity of man's nature. Such is its complexity that a man cannot, as a complete being ever enjoy heaven or any state short of union with the Divine. Learned Theosophists talk of a man's going to Devachan, and of his being here on earth suffering or enjoying Karma, when as a fact only a small part of him is either here or there. When he has lived out his life and gone to Devachan, the vast root of his being stands waiting in the One Life, waiting patiently for him to return and exhaust some more Karma. That is, in any one life the ordinary man only takes up and exhausts what Karma his bodily apparatus permits. Part of the power of Karma is in the "mysterious power of meditation," which exhibits itself

according to the particular corporeal body one has assumed. So the man may in this life perform "special ceremonies" and conform to texts and doctrine attaining thereby the reward of heaven, and still have left over a quantity of that "mysterious power of meditation" unexpended; and what its complexion is he does not know. Its risk therefore is that it may be very bad, and, when he does return from heaven, his next body may furnish the needed apparatus to bring up to the front this mass of unexpended Karma, and his next compensation might be a sojourn in hell.

In reassuming a body, the "mysterious power" spoken of reaches out to numberless affinities engendered in other lives, and takes hold of all that come in its reach. Other beings once known to the man arrive into incarnation at the same time, and bring into action affinities, attractions, and powers that can only act through them and him. Their influence cannot be calculated. It may be good or bad, and, just as he is swayed by them or as his sway the other being, so will work out the Karma of each. Krishna therefore advises Arjuna to be free from the influence of the quality, so that he may obtain a *complete* release. And that freedom can only be attained, as he says, by means of Devotion.

These effects, divergencies and swaying, are well known to occultists, and, although the idea is very new in the West, it is not unknown in India. This law is both an angel of mercy and a messenger of justice, for, while we have just stated its operation as among the risks, it is also a means whereby nature saves men often from damnation.

Suppose in some life long past I had a dear friend, or wife, or relative, with whom my intimacy was interior and deep. Death separates us, and in subsequent lives he devotes himself to truth, to wisdom, to the highest in him, while I go on careless of all but pleasure in the present. After many lives we meet again as either friends or acquaintances. At once the old intimacy asserts itself, and my former friend—although maybe neither of us knows it—has a strange power to touch my inward life, and wakes me up to search for truth and my own soul. It is the unexpended affinity, and by its aid nature works my salvation.

Then we should both seek devotion. This devotion is what is inculcated by all great Teachers. It involves a mental abnegation not agreeable to our modern mind, but that must be acquired or real progress is impossible. We must by means of this mental devotion to the Divine, which means abnegation of all the rest, dismiss all results of our actions. It is not ours to say what shall be the result of an action; the law will bring about a result much better, perhaps, than we had imagined. If the results, if the passing daily circumstances, are not those we expected, then by means of Devotion we accept them as just what the law intended. But if we fix our desire on accomplishing even a seeming good result, we are bound by that desire, no matter whether our wish is accomplished or not.

This exhortation to devotion is at once the most simple and the most diffi-

cult. Some deride it because they want powers and "development"; others because they think it too simple; but the wise student, even when he cannot at first grasp its meaning, will revolve it in his mind, strive after it, and make it a thing to be attained by him.

—*The Bhagavad-Gita*, William Brehon, page 34.

We have seen that Devotion must be attained by that student who desires to reach enlightenment. This is what is meant by Krishna's reply to Arjuna, at the conclusion of the second chapter.

"When he has put away all desires which enter the heart, and is satisfied by the Self in himself, he is then said to be confirmed in spiritual knowledge."

It is not possible to be wholly given up to the dictates of the Spirit while any desires that come into the heart are permitted to engross the attention.

Of course, the person described here is one who has gone much higher in development than most of us have been able to. But we ought to set up a high ideal at which to aim, for a low one gives a lower result at the expense of the same effort. We should not put before us an aim less than the highest merely because it seems that our success will not be as great as we think it ought to be. It is not so much the clearly perceived outward result that counts, as the motive, effort, and aim, for judgment is not passed upon us among the things of sense where human time exists, but in that larger sphere of being where time ceases, and where we are confronted by what *we are* and not by what we have done. That which we have done touches us only in mortal life among the delusions of material existence; but the motives with which we live our lives go to make up our greater being, our larger life, our truer self. Do actions we must, for no mortal can live without performing actions; those bring us back to earth for many weary incarnations, perhaps to final failure, unless the lesson is learned that they must be done with the right motive and the true aim. That stage reached, they affect us no more, for, like Krishna, we become the perfect performers of all action. And in so far as we purify and elevate the motive and the aim, we become spiritually enlightened, reaching in time the power to see what should be done and what refrained from.

Many would-be Occultists, as well as some Theosophists, leave out of sight this chapter's teaching. Devotion has no charms for them; they leave it to those who would be good men, no matter what their creed or philosophy, and attention is paid to reading books, either new or old, upon magic, upon ceremonial, or any other of the manifold delusions. Nor is this erroneous practice newly risen. It was common among the alchemists, and the result in some cases is that the students now waste valuable years in mastering ceremonial, Rosicrucianism, talismanic lore, and what-not, as laid down in the books, while all of it is either useless mental lumber or positively dangerous.

I do not mean it to be understood that there never was real Rosicrucianism, or that ceremonial magic yields no results, or that there is no science of

talismans. There are realities of which these, as now known, are shadows. But we might as well expect to find the soul by attentively studying the body, as to know the truths behind the influence of talismans or ceremonial magic by studying the books now extant upon those subjects. The mediæval so-called magicians have left a mass of writings that are now a delusion and a snare for students, Theosophical and non-Theosophical. In these are minute directions for various sorts of practices, but they are all the attempts of men to enable mortals by methods altogether outward, to control the astral or natural world. Success did not come to these practitioners, nor will much else save failure be the portion of those of our own day who follow their directions. In most cases of the old European so-called sorcerers and writers on magic, their published lucubrations are only salves to disappointed vanity; in the rest, mere reduplications of formulæ left by their predecessors. Paracelsus positively declares that true magic is within the man—a part of his inner nature, potential at first, active after development, and that ceremonies or formulæ are the veriest rubbish unless the person using them is himself a magician.

BROTHERHOOD AND LEADERSHIP.

By LAWSON SCOTT.



AMERICA stands out among the nations of the earth as the home of freedom and the land of liberty. For this freedom and this liberty we give most credit to the long struggles carried on by our ancestors against the tyranny which some men, who claimed the divine right to rule, exercised over the people; and which culminated, as a result of the American Revolution, in the birth of our Republic. It was a great victory for liberty, and not only gave our nation its independence, but men of many countries took heart from the example and succeeded in freeing their lands.

So impressed have we been with these facts, so long have we connected bad government and usurpation of our rights with rulers, and associated freedom and liberty with a government where the selection of the highest officer lies with the people; that to discard the latter method and return to the former seems like going against all our experience and giving up all that has been gained by centuries of effort. All organizations in this country have therefore naturally followed the plan of our national government as regards the manner of choosing their executive officers. None, except the Universal Brotherhood Organization, has given sole power into the hands of one person. In this respect it stands alone, its constitution providing that the Leader and Official Head shall hold office for life, appoint her own successor, fill all offices, admit members, remove members, form lodges, disband lodges, and that any act of the cabinet, or of any officer or of any committee shall be void and of no effect if disapproved by her. It is autocratic from beginning to end. And in spite

of contrary ideas, we claim that for the mighty purpose the Universal Brotherhood is to accomplish,—nothing less than making a king and god out of every man and bringing the kingdom of heaven here on earth,—this is the wisest and best form of government, and that through this organization and through its leader will come such light and liberation to men, such freedom from all that binds us in slavery and ignorance, that even we free-born Americans can hardly conceive of or believe possible of realization.

Nature shows us that extremes meet. Suppose a bar suspended so that it may revolve freely and rapidly. Put it in motion, and you will soon hear a low noise, and as the speed increases the noise will grow louder and shriller. Keep increasing the number of revolutions, however, and finally the noise will cease, for it will have gotten beyond the range of the human ear, and there will be silence the same as when the bar was at rest. Start and travel around the earth. You reach a point at last the farthest away from home, keep on going in a straight line, however, and the next minute you will be headed back toward the starting point. So, too, the darkest hour is just before the dawn, laughter lies next to tears. A race of men in its evolution from savagery to the highest point of civilization, will return to the simple food, dress and manners of its early state; it will get back to nature in its habits as it was at first. And a great teacher has told us that before we can enter the kingdom of heaven we must become as little children,—regain the child state we have lost.

Therefore we need not be alarmed if we return to something which we think we have grown out of. In this autocratic form of government, like the examples given, extremes meet. It is either the worst or the best form. It is the worst if the head is a despot, for there is nothing to restrict whatever wrong or cruelty he may indulge in. It is the best form of government if the head is wise and good, for he will put in force such beneficial measures and direct affairs so justly for the best interests of every one as could not be done were he hampered by limitations that less worthy and less wise people would think necessary to place around his acts, and so destroy his freedom to do what he knows is best.

And, following out this matter of extremes, an autocratic form of government is best for two classes of people, those at the lowest point of civilization and those at the highest. Take a country composed of pirates, robbers and murderers, or a tribe of cannibals. Would you think it wise to give such people full swing, let them make their own laws, elect their own leaders? No, some iron hand must be held over them to keep in check their animal natures, just as an animal trainer would rule a pack of hyenas, or a keeper would govern an asylum of insane people. By and by, however, these people evolve out of their low state; their hardships and misery and suffering teach them to respect each other's rights a little, they begin to make their own laws, and as they progress, the despot who has governed them gives way to a ruler selected by themselves.

Gradually the idea that each one's interests are separate and distinct from

his neighbor's is supplanted by a recognition of the fact that the good of each is bound up in the good of all, that to help each other, not hinder, is the only way to obtain happiness. They try to carry out this desire by helping in their lives, but so great has the momentum become that carries them in the opposite direction that a united effort which they seem unable to bring about is needed to check their course and turn things the other way. They are like a school of fish in a net which could easily be broken if they would all swim at once in one direction, like an army in retreat, which needs but one resolute soul to give the command to about face and turn defeat into victory. As no effort, however, is without avail, no aspiration ever made in vain, no real need that is not supplied, for such is the law; so in obedience to this law and in response to the longings of this people for something higher and nobler than they have known, there comes a guide to point out the way, a teacher to bring them the truth they hunger for. In other words, a savior appears, a leader, an autocrat if you prefer to call him so, who establishes a new order and institutes a form of government according to Nature's plan—an autocracy. With this difference, however, from the government of a despot, extremes meeting again, that while his rule was imposed upon the people whether they wished it or not, they who follow a leader do so voluntarily and through love of that leader.

And still another case of extremes: where strife and hatred exist and self-seeking is the object of both ruler and those ruled, an autocracy is the most complicated kind of government, the laws become many and complex, and officials to enforce them multiply, and jails are thick and punishment severe, so that one can hardly sleep or eat or greet a friend without the law taking note of the fact. In its highest aspect, however, where the good of all is the object of each, where the aim of the leader is to make his followers wiser and better, and it is their wish to help the leader realize that aim, an autocratic form of government becomes the simplest kind. Laws, rules and officials to execute them, will hardly be needed; prisons will be done away with, things will almost run of themselves, for it will be Nature's plan and Nature helps and loves those who work with her. The right motive being back of everything, wrong will disappear just as the sun dispels the fog, and happiness drives out disease. As green leaves and bright flowers and the song of birds spontaneously follow warm days and spring showers, so a good and simple government will naturally come from the good thoughts of men. The dream of every well wisher of the race will be realized in the only perfect form of government where Leadership and Brotherhood go hand in hand.

It is Nature's plan. Every rock, every plant, every animal exemplifies it—the earth, the sun, the stars, the whole universe—each has a center that guides and controls. Our physical bodies will die if the heart gives out, our health and happiness are proportionate to the harmony in which the different parts act. So with the great body of humanity, if it would be perfect, all of its members must work together. Some must be the feet, some the hands,

some the heart, each part needed to make it complete, each acting in its place in obedience to orders from the center.

In the past, leaders have come to men, and just in proportion as the people caught their spirit and acted in accord with them, just so far reaching have been the changes they inaugurated, and just so much better and wiser and happier have the people become. These leaders have never ceased to come, for the fight is ever on between Light and Darkness. We have crucified them, poisoned them, burned them at the stake, yet each has marked a step in the progress of humanity. What sweeping change for the better may we not then expect should a leader receive welcome and help in place of persecution?

Today we stand at the end of five thousand years of ignorance and darkness; we see before us a new order of ages opening out; all the efforts of the past, the martyred deaths, the seeming failures, have contributed to the light and wisdom the new time promises, and again a leader stands at the front to usher it in, a leader worthy of the time and the cause. Why should we not profit from the example Nature gives of her plan of work, profit from the lessons of the past, and give this leader the support she must have? Is it some of our rights we fear we shall lose? She works not only for our rights, but for the rights of all creatures. Is it independence we prize so highly? She will substitute for it interdependence, and supplant self-seeking by mutual helpfulness. Is it freedom we expect to have to give up? The only freedom we shall lose will be that perverted idea of it which considers freedom a release from all law. The whole universe is law-governed. She only asks us to obey its laws and gain the true freedom which is the right of Nature's children, "freedom from the narrowness of dogma and creed, freedom in manners, freedom from the silliness and tyranny of custom and fashion, freedom from political demagogues, and better than all, the freedom of one's self from the tyrannic domination of vices, habits and appetites under which nearly every man now labors."

This leader is the pioneer of a new hope and a new joy; she comes with the message that men are divine and justice rules, and we no longer dream of the brotherhood of man, but know it to be a fact in nature. She is our comrade-in-chief. To follow her is not compulsory nor is any reward held out for those who do, except hard work and self-sacrifice and the happiness and peace and manliness that come from helping others. If it is this we seek, if the sight of pinched faces and sad eyes and the cause of it all makes us clench our fists and step firmer and our whole being thrill with the vow to help right the wrong, then we are soldiers of light, and, in the ranks of those who fight for the liberation of man under the command of the Leader of Light, a place waits for us to help and to serve.

STUDENTS' COLUMN.

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL.

I have listened to sermons and read books in my search for truth and light. I plainly see the necessity of leading a higher, better life, and wish to do the right thing. But *how* to do this, *how to begin?* That is the question. Can Theosophy throw any light on this?



HERE there is seen the necessity of leading a better life, and there is a desire to do so, the first step is already taken. And this first step taken permits of no rest until the desire finds expression in act. But we are such creatures of habit and so tied by the bonds of custom and convention, that the ideal life seems very far away. In fact, does not this constitute the main difficulty,—that we constantly compare our lives with the perfect ideal, spiritual, and beautiful life of the soul, and, looking so far away, find it impossible to build a bridge across the seemingly impassable abyss? Is not this the prime cause of much of the despair which descends upon the traveler on the path at the very outset of his journey, enveloping him like an impenetrable fog?

To have such a glimpse of the life beautiful is indeed good, and the very fact of our being able to conceive of it, however imperfectly, is evidence that its attainment is not impossible. But we cannot keep the vision, we sink down again, and find ourselves in the commonplace of daily routine, alternating between what in comparison are but little cares and little pleasures.

Yet every act, every thought is a link in the unfolding life, and consequently each of these can be rendered sublime and beautiful. The future is *not*, we cannot *live* in it—we can only dream of living in it. The present alone *is*, and is *ours*. Each moment we can throw the weight of our will and our effort on the side of the soul or against it, or as is most generally the case we can be indifferent and drift. But this last, indifference or drifting, this being negative, is really in opposition to the soul—in other words, we must be, and are, either for or against; there is no middle ground.

This advice has been given by all the Teachers as one of the greatest aids toward right living, *viz.*, each night to review the acts and thoughts of the day just past, and, from the highest standpoint we can reach, ourselves to pass judgment on the day's achievements. But our Teacher has given us students a new secret. It is to take up the hardest task first, and to perform that duty from which we shrink the most. We are very prone to do those things which are easy of performance, and which we like to do, often vaguely hoping that somehow we can escape from what we do not like. But if we would but awake the warrior side of our nature and find our joy in overcoming difficulties, we should find our powers grow to an extent inconceivable to us now. Like the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, to each of us has been given a quest;

it may be to serve as a scullion in the kitchen like Gareth, it may be to free the oppressed or even go in search of the Holy Grail, like Sir Percival and Galahad, but whatever be the outer seeming—even Gareth's quest and ours, though many know it not, *is* the Holy Grail.

So the first step to take is just where we are now—at this very moment; to record *this* moment as one in which we have *lived*, in which we have put our will and strength on the side of right; and to let today be bright, not only with high thoughts and aspirations, but with at least one act of self-sacrifice, one deed of brotherliness, one ray of hope and courage passed on to one who needs it.

To take the first step does not need deep philosophy or profound metaphysics, but simply an awakening of the heart, a glad sharing with others of its joy and strength, and a lightening, so far as we can, the heavy burdens of our fellows.

ORION.

If life is joy, how is it that so much suffering and misery exist in the world?

On the face of it of course it is a contradiction, one of the many paradoxes which abound in the philosophy of the inner life.

Man is not a simple unit, but a combination of heaven and earth, spirit and matter, the human and the beast.

Now when we enter the Path, which we do the first time we earnestly desire to let our divine nature control our lives, we are conscious of our duality, by the resistance of the lower nature to the attempts of the Higher Self to bring it into subjection.

Up to the moment of choice, the man's life has been comparatively smooth and easy. The gratification of desires is quite compatible with a considerable measure of the good opinion of the society in which we move, and recognizing only the restraint of the average morality as voiced in public praise or blame, we pursue an even course of respectability, indulging all our lower propensities, but keeping that slight check upon them which is necessary to avoid outraging popular sentiment.

It must not be supposed, however, that this lower life is "joy" in any real sense of the word. True there are frequent thrills of pleasure, but they are always followed by reactions of depression and even of pain. As said in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, "The pleasures which arise from the contact of the senses with external objects are producers of pain, since they have a beginning and an end; the wise man delighteth not in these."

What permanent satisfaction can be obtained in a life consisting of alternations of sense gratification and the intervals between, which are consumed in a longing for their renewal? Hunger and fulness; excitement, depression; boisterous laughter, bitter tears; these pairs of opposites constantly revolve and toss the poor struggler from wave's crest to wave's crest with as many descents into the troughs between. What wonder that the mystics call such, "the living dead," for they are dead to the fulness of that eternal life, which is not born and dieth not, but is the same throughout the ages.

Now on entering the Path the disciple has to say "No" to the appeals of his lower nature for a continuance of those indulgences to which it has been accustomed, and so closely has he identified himself with the horse he bestrides, that its kickings and plungings at the unaccustomed restraint, seem to be his own struggles and sufferings. He has so accustomed himself to the idea that he is his body and that its pleasures are his, that he actually suffers when the body craves in vain for a sensation he sees proper to deny it. But let us take the view that we give pleasure to our Higher Nature by every effort to make its Temple cleaner and more fit for its abode, and the problem becomes clearer. The aim of the aspirant is to let his Divinity have free course through his body, to liberate the God within from the clogs and defilements with which the animal man has encumbered his dwelling, and to light the lamp of Spiritual Life where before was only the lurid, smoky flame of the lusts and passions.

The books which speak of the Path as a painful journey, be it remembered, are addressed to *disciples*, and not to graduates in the Kingly Science, and to them, as they make their steps toward self-restraint, it does indeed appear as if their very lives were being consumed by the fires of purification which are simply burning up the rubbish in the Temple Courts. The very word self-restraint shows our confusion. In order to have restraint there needs must be the restrainer and the thing restrained. The horse is not his rider. The locomotive engine is not the man who directs its course, yet we are so bound up with our bodies that we imagine that every time we (the Divinity) restrain some brutish instinct in the animal we ride upon, we are hurting ourselves. In very truth every time we weaken the strength of the animal man, every time a fresh burning breaks out among the garbage heaps on the Temple floor, the god within glows anew at the prospect of his ultimate triumph.

What is the expected end of all his toil? It is to have a body, a little piece of this sad earth, in his absolute control. To have human eyes through which he can shine into the dark places of the world. To have a human voice vibrant with the melodies of heaven, hands so pure and clean that they may serve as conductors for the divine healing, ears so sensitive that the least cry of pain finds echo there.

Let us then maintain that constant struggle with our lower nature, let us purify our Temples and light our fires, but never for an instant be deluded by the thought that we are suffering, but only that each endeavor brings nearer the joyful time when the Christ, so long crucified on the cross of our bodies, shall come down, active and unrestrained, and begin his reign of beneficence.

The very beast we have been considering will not suffer in the end, he will not be destroyed but only changed, and, working in perfect harmony with the warrior on his back, will fulfill his appointed place in Nature and enjoy the happiest and healthiest development of which he is capable.

P. L.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

The International Headquarters.

Every day is different from the days preceding, yet throughout there is a continuity of effort and the special service of each day helps to round out the picture of the ever-growing work. Even when mistakes are made by one or another of the students, still the effort is there, and some of its strength goes to swell the outgoing energies that are flooding the whole earth with new life and helpful service. Whenever new students come in and can see far enough to take in this wider view, they themselves partake of the deeper life of the movement and become linked to it in a more interior sense.

* * *

At the time of writing it is not yet ten months since the Leader came to Point Loma, yet it seems as though ten years' work have been done. In fact, I personally am beginning to believe in the truth of the fairy stories which tell of enchanted lands where people stay for a day or a year, as it seems to them, but which in reality is a hundred days or a hundred years,—in no other way does it seem possible to account for the enormous results. The activities going on at Point Loma every day are as great as those of the great congress in April, 1899. It is a congress every day, and all the time in the thought and effort that is being put forth, which must ultimately bring about a great universal congress in which all humanity shall take part.

* * *

The Homestead.

Is the building completed? Not yet, but it is already a thing of beauty, and is fast approaching completion. The exterior is finished and now the finishing touches are being put on the inner court which is surmounted by its great white dome. Tall white pillars reach up from the floor to support the high ceiling. On the second and third floors are handsome balustrades and balconies, the whole forming a unique and beautiful picture, which, compared with the most beautiful of Oriental buildings, yet retains its charm. Everything here has its place, and every department of activity fits in and adds to the general harmony. The sound of the hammer and saw even add a music of their own, and the workmen engaged on the building partake of the pervading spirit.

* * *

We can see something of what *has been done*. But what is to be done and will be done, who has the imagination to picture? Every year has added its proof of the tremendous force and inspiration of this Movement. In each year of the Universal Brotherhood Organization the seemingly impossible has been accomplished, and we know that a greater record still lies before us in the coming year—greater than all the past. For these things, all the various activities, the buildings, the many departments of work, have come to stay; many of the students are here to stay; the little children are here to stay, and as their powers unfold a new and mighty power will be liberated for the uplifting of the race; the books are here to stay—already a great library, the beginning of a world-great library; the works of art;—all are powers of usefulness, all working in harmony toward the great end. With all this, what cannot be accomplished?

* * *

New Year's Greetings.

One of the most beautiful features of all the work is the relation which the Leader holds to the members of the Universal Brotherhood throughout the world. In a very deep and real sense we are her children, and to those who are privileged to see it, her constant thought, not only for the movement as a whole, but for the individual members, is most touching. Before this issue of the magazine is in the hands of its readers, the Leader's greetings and those

of the Cabinet officers will have been received by the lodges, and also by the individual members. The personal attention which the Leader has given to these, and the fact of their being sent from Point Loma, this center of light, by the one who took up the work when the chief, William Q. Judge, laid it down, all means much to the faithful students.

* * *

International Lotus Home. Whenever one meets Dr. Van Pelt in the course of her duties as superintendent of the International Lotus Home, or in the Homestead, and sees her eyes glowing with light—a not infrequent circumstance—one may be sure that some member in the country, and often from one isolated from a lodge or in one of the small lodges, has been remembering the children. How a little here and a little there does help in this work among the little ones!

* * *

Elsewhere is given an account of the Raja Yoga School, but mention should be made of its rapid growth and the necessity for larger quarters. To arrange in part for these, the cottage in which Mr. and Mrs. Neill have been living is to be used as the children's dining-room and store-house. A new and charming little house is being built for our faithful comrades, Mr. and Mrs. Neill.

* * *

New Arrivals. Brother R. W. Machell, the artist, and Brother Ryan, another artist comrade, with a party of eleven in all, sailed from Liverpool on December 15th. Brother Lucius Cannon, from Milwaukee, and Brothers Knoche and Turner, from Kansas City, are also soon expected to arrive.

* * *

Mrs. W. T. Hanson, the wife of one of the Cabinet officers, who, when she came here a little over a year ago, was not a member, has since joined the organization and become one of its most enthusiastic workers. Her artistic ability has often been brought into requisition, and several of her beautiful flower studies adorn the Raja Yoga School. She is now on a visit to her family in Macon, but we are hoping for her quick return.

* * *

European and Lodge Notes. Hardly a mail comes from Sweden which does not contain one or more applications for membership. Dr. Zander has a large correspondence which is often freighted with applications. Dr. Erik Bogren, of Helsingborg, a gifted orator, is indefatigable in the presentation of the philosophy in lecturing, not only in his own city, but in all the neighboring towns, receiving many invitations to deliver addresses. His beautiful nature and clear grasp of the philosophy of brotherhood attracts large audiences.

* * *

Dr. Allen Griffiths, of San Francisco, paid a visit recently to Stockton and lectured before a large and appreciative audience.

* * *

The Secretary of the Cambridge Lodge reports as follows: "The attendance at our public meetings is increasing, and our Lotus Group is showing a marked increase in numbers and in interest. The Lodge members, especially the newer ones, feel the need of continuous study. Besides the public meetings held in Boston, which the members attend, we meet every Wednesday evening for an hour, which is devoted to the study of that wonderful epitome of the philosophy, "The Ocean of Theosophy."

With greetings from all to all the comrades,

Yours for loyalty and unity,

* * *

G. E. T., Sec'y U. B. L., 25.

A new activity in Buffalo, begun last fall, is a Girls' Club, which has already proved a great influence in the lives of its members. The following account has been received:

"Our Girls' Club, The Honor Brights of the International Brotherhood League, was organized last August—its object being, "to make a grand good time for everybody all the time." At the time of organization five bright, enthusiastic girls were present and became charter members; and since then eighteen more girls have joined and the future promises that many others will join the happy group to learn what it really means to work for the happiness of others. Violet and white are the colors of the Club, and it has a song all its own; also an initiation ceremony, password and sign. In addition to the regular program of the meetings, a half hour is now devoted to physical exercise. The leaders of the Club believe that a long step has been taken toward molding the future welfare of our girls, and toward a realization of what girls can do.

G. AGNES MANN."

Propaganda Department.

The work that is being done by this department can hardly be realized, so great a power is it becoming in transforming the thought of the world, especially is this the case through The New Century, and many letters have been received from all over the country telling of the increased interest, which not only the members, but also the public are taking in this paper, which is essentially a paper for the day. Its circulation is increasing with every issue, and the members all speak of the evidence which the paper displays of the editor's personal supervision. An increasing number of outside subscriptions is worthy of note, showing how it appeals to the general reader, and how it answers the heart's cry for living truth. It is also to be seen in nearly all the public libraries, and in many of the prisons and other institutions of the country.

* * *

Woman's Exchange and Mart.

The Woman's Exchange and Mart of the International Brotherhood League has been very busy with its holiday sales, not only to the students who wish to send remembrances to their families and friends in different parts of the country, but also to many visitors. It is already becoming well known in San Diego, and many of the residents of that city have come purposely to make purchases of its beautiful and choice selection of goods. This department is another important factor in the progress of the work, for here are gathered the expression of many members' devotion in beautiful and artistic articles; and also there is the service rendered by the members. The proceeds of this department are for humanitarian work and educational purposes.

OBSERVER.

POINT LOMA.



HIS place makes one feel that the goal of orthodoxy has been attained, that one has "died and gone to Heaven!"

One's first sensation is, "Oh, the joy of it!" And then—lo! the Biblical Judgment Day is at hand. Every thought and act of one's life is uncovered; no longer does one "see as in a glass darkly," but stands revealed unto himself and begins to realize the purpose of his existence as expressed in the Bible, "ye all, reflecting as a mirror, the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, by the same spirit, the Lord."

The Key to the Scriptures is most assuredly placed in the hands of those who "die and go to Point Loma.—for death it is, to one's *personality*—to enter *fully* into the life at Point Loma—as veritably as it is death and burial of one's *body*, in the conventional idea of "going to Heaven."

Constantly, one finds one's self interpreting Biblical phrases heard all one's life long and never understood.

Point Loma is a mirror—a wonderful picture-gallery, in which the deeds of humanity and the glorious plan of its redemption are to be seen.

So, often, a picture of my earliest recollection of religion recurs to me. The pretty little chapel of Holy Innocence—the significance of the name!—the stained glass windows showing the Good Shepherd, and the little children being blessed—the benign rector who was always having joyful celebrations—the songs of the choir boys of "We three Kings of the Orient are," and of wonderful gifts they brought from afar, with the ringing chorus of the "Star of promise bright, leading to a place of heavenly light." Also, that marvelous "Fountain of Life," whose waters are "ever flowing, freely, freely flowing, both for you and for me."

Myself, a diminutive maiden, with my inseparable chums, the two boys, whose beloved treasures of string and marbles and empty spools and bits of glass and tin, etc., filled to overflowing my small pocket.

How my father always gave me a tiny silver three-cent coin and smilingly remarked it was "just my size," and I was to "take it to the heathen."

My childish sense of responsibility for those "heathen"—whatever that might mean. The crucial moment of "taking the collection"; the invariable difficulty of extricating that small coin from the entanglement of boyish treasures. The helpless recourse to the teacher, and the final outpouring of the little pocket into the teacher's lap, amid the eager curiosity and comment of the class, until, by the kindly aid of the teacher, the little pocket, turned completely inside out, brought to light the tiny coin, the precious treasure of the "heathen," which seemed to shine out a joyous response to the search.

To me, this symbolizes the condition of Humanity. It has been entrusted by its

father with "a coin for the heathen"—a precious treasure for the ignorance and suffering of the world, in the three-fold knowledge of body, soul and spirit. Not realizing the value of the treasure, or the mission, it drops the silver coin into its brain-pocket, filled with childish treasures that are all right in their proper place, but being misapplied and put into the wrong place, an entanglement ensues that requires the aid of a wise Teacher to re-adjust. Only by emptying our brain-pockets of their incongruous contents can the shining treasure be revealed and humanity made happy. But we have to turn our brain-pockets completely inside out, into the Teacher's lap, and most of us feel rather embarrassed at the eager curiosity or comment of our fellow-students. None of us like to be criticised or laughed at. Some one has said, "It takes a fairly-advanced sage to endure being laughed at, and it requires an adept to really enjoy being ignored."

Those of us who "die and go to Point Loma" are supposed by some to be transformed into embryo Sages. At any rate, we begin to realize that all the formerly beloved treasures we were wont to store in our "brain-pockets" because we had "such fun with them during the week" have become rubbish by being too tenaciously held and "put in the wrong place." And so the shining treasure of the "heathen" is completely hid from view.

In our childhood days of "Holy Innocence" we were but vaguely conscious of the mission with which we were entrusted by our Father. Now we begin to grasp its meaning, for at Point Loma one learns the relative value of the chaff of life and its golden grain, and so we are "emptying our 'brain-pockets' inside out into the lap of the Teacher," becoming entirely oblivious of criticism or amusement from "the class" in the intense desire to see the rubbish restored to its proper place, for we begin to feel with deep intensity our responsibility to the "heathen," and are awakening to the real joy of helping our Teacher liberate the priceless three-fold treasure so that our "brain-pockets" may be filled with its radiance, awaiting the moment of "taking the collection" when it can be sent off to do its work of illumination in the dark places of earth.

Thus at Point Loma is the purpose of life revealed, as shown in this picture of early childhood. The three Kings of the Orient, with their wonderful gifts from afar, are symbolized in our three Teachers, Madam Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, who together form as well that marvelous Fountain of Life from which the waters so freely flowing can reach "both you and me."

And the Star of childhood, the beautiful Star of Promise that has led to this "place of heavenly light," is again shining in a song that is a great favorite with the students, a Swedish song, called

THE STAR OF PROMISE.

Shine over sea and strand,
Star from skies distant,
Thou whom in western land
Master has lighted.
This Star of glorious light
Guides not away, but Home,
Children and shepherds see,
Willingly follow thee,
Beautiful, radiant Star.

J. O. Y.

THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL.



HIS is truly the most wonderful institution on the earth. Statements, apparently the most extravagant concerning it would yet be short of the real facts. Magic is the word to use, but even then one must give a high meaning indeed to the term to conceive with understanding.

To see the system at work evokes the profoundest emotions. In the presence of its force the nature goes upward and outward with a bound. The veil, which even the loftiest and most correct speculation interposes, is rended, and one breathes and moves and lives in vivid realization of what under the best of ordinary conditions is only felt through hope.

Without the philosophy of Theosophy it would be unaccountable. Yet it is better than and transcends philosophy. Some no doubt fancy that the Raja Yoga system depends upon and is the outgrowth of philosophy, but perhaps the more correct view is that it is the source and sustainer of philosophy and all influences that operate to dignify and enoble existence.

The energy with which the school grows is a host of signification in itself. There

cannot be a better sign. The children's faces! They show the actual *presence of a living promise*. Their manners destroy all doubt that the poor old world as it is now known has missed much.

Will they be able to sustain themselves in the battle of life? Will they, indeed! Why, to see them,—their self-poise,—that indefinable something about them,—and have the question arise, causes in the center of one's heart a delicious, rippling, little laugh which somehow is the "most completest" answer that could be experienced. When the Raja Yoga children are men and women they will no more be subject to the weaknesses that have defeated nearly every living individual than the breath of scandal will tarnish diamond. And to think—the number increases steadily and more are in the world with every day.

The City Beautiful, as first built, is already too small. The formal school-rooms are now in the Aryan Temple. Is this another sign? The building on the School of Antiquity Grounds is being gotten ready for Raja Yoga occupants, and will be fully utilized as soon as ready. The force of the School is no abstraction. It is working itself out in most visible effects in concrete material.

W. T. HANSON.

NATURE AT POINT LOMA

HERE at Point Loma, the colors of dawn and evening, of sky and sea and mountain, have a glory, a play, a blend, that cannot be excelled on any spot on earth.

Here one becomes more and more conscious of the unity of man and nature, of the conscious soul in nature, of what nature can do—if we but let her—to open to us our own souls, and give us an ever fuller view of the glories that lie thus far hid in human life.

Humanity, highest product of ever-blossoming nature, what is its favorite haunt?

The endless miles of bricked and mortared cities!

There the royal sunrise looms dim and ochre through the smoke; the sun takes his way from the east to the west—of chimneys; through the maze of the chimneys thread the long lines of his rising and setting rays.

Do they live life or death, those city-dwellers? Can the soul breathe its essences into the mind in such surroundings?

Why, in the aggregate, do these millions of earth's children turn away from their Mother, whose heart overflows with ever rich and ready life? Men only know her as herb-maker, but she is also mind-maker, and her soul is the Temple of all souls. Her mind pervades like an ether her visible presence, and it will cause the up-coming of fair flowers of thought in the minds of all her children who love her.

Her soul will bring into action their souls, for their minds will become ready to attend and take color from within; and her ever-productive joy will be theirs.

H. CORYN.

AGRICULTURE.

POINT LOMA, even in its physical characteristics, is essentially unique. To say that the Point is a sacred piece of land, that its geology is distinct and individual; that unlike the land about it, and unlike the vast continents of geography, this little fringe of earth has never been subject to the awful cataclysms which have sunk or raised immense tracts of territory elsewhere, is to repeat the assurances of the Great Teacher.

There is a peculiar property in Point Loma earth that is not found at other places. The students feel the presence of this property, some of them faintly, some more distinctly, but a certain vigorous quality of this property enters the nature of those who come in intimate relation with the Sacred Soil itself.

Agriculture furnishes this intimacy, and the lessons and experience of agriculture on Point Loma are something wonderful. For example; at times when the student is in the right state of trust, willingness and expectancy, even though he is seemingly engaged in ordinary methods of cultivating fruit, flowers or vegetables, there will come into the physical system a substantial element which hitherto had not been in his nature. As if to make room for the new elements or as if drawn out by it, some constituent, which had previously been thought to be constitutional glides out in a noiseless way as if it were detected in some shameful act, and therefore sought to escape into oblivion.

This phenomenon takes the shape of the entrance of a palpable wave composed of a

fluidic material that afterward changes into some beautiful emotion, and consciously watching its transmutation, it soon gently takes the shape of a perfectly clear philosophic idea, then crystallizes into a distinct mental perception of some particular fact in which the observer is individually concerned. If one is barefoot the phenomenon is more apt to occur.

Another remarkable result of agriculture observed by students on Point Loma is the way in which the beauties of ever-present divinity begin to dawn in the mind. One soon realizes that every plant, every tree, every flower, has intelligence and feeling; their souls are little fairies, they are the bodies of little brownies, elves and elementals. Some of them, like wheat and Indian corn, the apple and orange, the rose, carnation and violet, are angels—even higher than angels, in short gods and goddesses who have voluntarily come to this planet out of pure love for humanity. The divine beings have taken the raw material of the earth and fashioned it into images of themselves, shaped the formless and useless into nourishing food and ideals of loveliness. These celestial visitors are entitled to live in a realm where every moment is an ecstasy, yet they relinquish indescribable bliss that men and animals and plants may profit. The self-imposed task may continue for uncounted cycles of immense duration, yet the cereal, the fruit, the flower, continue, to make golden grain, mellow apple and juicy orange, queenly rose, blushing pink and modest violet. What a heroic, what a poetic, what a lovely sacrifice!

Even the ordinary kitchen garden becomes a city of interesting companions; the vegetables learn to know the gardener, they talk to him and he to them, they open their mouths for water and invite him to watch how smart they are. They get beautifully jealous of each other and envious of some favorite or more profitable plant. They try so hard to succeed and let the gardener know when the blanket of dirt presses to hard, or when the air is too rough; they run races with each other and work ever so hard to win a premium of praise for the most prolific or the most shapely. It hurts them to be trod under-foot or to be handled roughly, and they let you know it, though they will bravely try to hide the pain. It is as cruel to tear a vine or break the fruit carelessly from the stalk as for a surgeon to cut the flesh of his patient with a rusty saw.

The vegetables sometimes get tired if the owner forces them too much. Their little souls have a particular end to accomplish; that is, to make creatures after their own kind. Most of them are elementals or baby souls, and to try their endurance as you would an old warrior spirit or an Olympian god is inconsiderate, therefore selfish and cruel. Often when the brave little fellows will have worked hard to come to full-grown fruit but have been prevented by some system of plucking or cutting, they will petition the gardener to put them to sleep in the bosom of some fairy nurse, and promise, too—a promise on which you can rely—that in the morning of another season as soon as they wake up and Mother Ceres or Sister Pomona or Father Mondamin gives them an "ideal brotherhood" breakfast, they will go to work again all fresh and active.

The subject ought to be extended; it is just beginning to open up, so the little talk about the companions of the Agriculturalist must be a continued story. I. L. H.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.



ON October last the Theosophical Publishing Co., founded in New York by William Q. Judge, was moved from its old home to Point Loma.

At once the advantages of the change were apparent.

It was under direct supervision of the Leader.

It was at the center of the work for Universal Brotherhood.

Its corps of workers were in an environment conducive to efficiency.

It was in the midst of the inspiration only found, in its fulness, at this favored spot.

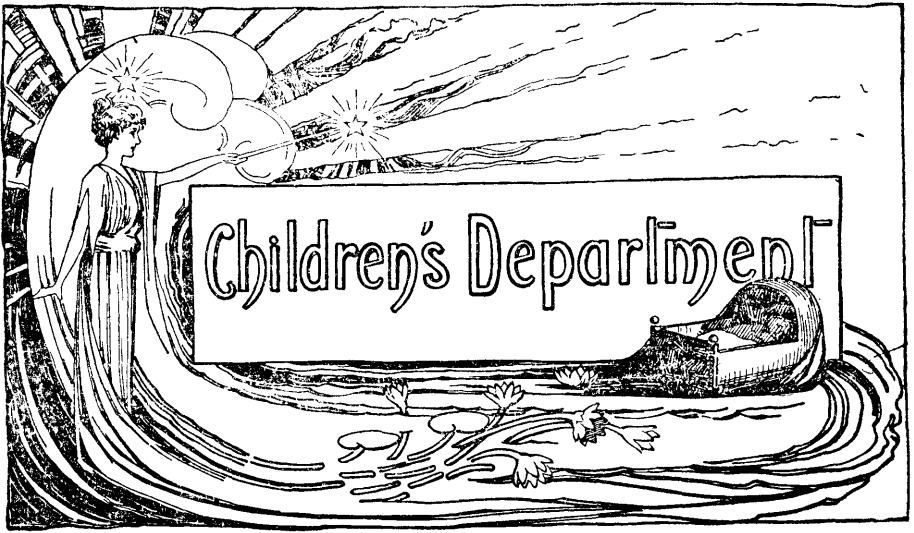
It had the benefit of the co-operation of the other departments of the Universal Brotherhood Organization.

The record since then has been excellent. Not only are orders coming in better than heretofore, but they are coming in from new quarters and new people. This enables the company to do its proper work—propaganda. It is not primarily a business organization, but exists to spread the truths of Theosophy and help on the movement for Universal Brotherhood. This it is now doing as never before.

The inquiries, orders and subscriptions are from every nook and corner of this country; from Europe, Asia and Australia, and from such countries as Mexico, the British West Indies and Venezuela. The result, in a business way, will be most satisfactory.

The new publications, already issued, are selling well, and, for those under way, advance orders are coming in freely.

H. T. PATTERSON, Asst. Manager.



AN OLD TALE RETOLD FOR NEW YEAR'S.

By R. M.



IN the middle of the King's garden stood a great apple tree, and round about the tree was a great wall, but the wall was now broken and the gate destroyed and all the ground within the wall was neglected and ran wild.

The fruit on the tree was plentiful and finer to look at than that on any other tree in the King's garden; but every year, just when the fruit was near to ripening, it was all taken away in a single night, and no one knew who took it. And every year the King went to see the fruit, but he had forbidden any one to touch it till it was ripe, and when each year on the same day it was removed in the night, the gardener told the King, and he was very sad.

Some said that a wicked magician stole the fruit to prevent people eating it, and some thought the King himself had it gathered for his own use. And they said that whoever ate the fruit of the tree when it was ripe, became wise and powerful. But once a man stole one of the apples and ate it before it was ripe, and the taste was bitter, and he fell ill; and next day all the rest of the apples were rotten on the tree. So now no one dared to touch the fruit before it was ripe, and no man had yet seen the fruit ripen upon the tree.

Then the King's sons came to him and asked the meaning of this strange thing, and at last when his eldest son was of age, he told them the story. He said the seed was given to his father by a wise woman and planted there in the middle of the garden, when he, the present King, was born. The wise woman had warned them not to gather the fruit till it was ripe, and then to guard well the tree and gather the fruit in the morning, and give it only to the noblest

in the land to be eaten before the sun went down; and those who ate of that fruit, she said, would be wise and powerful for the rest of that year. But when the tree came to bear fruit, each year it was all stolen before it ripened, and that in spite of the great wall that the King had built around it and the soldiers set to guard the wall and the gardeners set to watch the tree. And now for many years the tree was unguarded, and the wall broken down. And there were no people in that land who were wise or powerful, but each man lived for himself and grew rich and selfish or lazy and envious, and the land was full of unhappiness and poverty.

Then the eldest son of the King said he would guard the tree and gather the fruit in the morning, and bring wisdom to the people and prosperity to the land.

So that night he armed himself and stood on guard all night, and a storm came on, but he never stirred for that; then came a lion, but he drove him off with his sword; and wolves came from the forest, but he drove them all off; and at last he sat down to rest and think of whom he should give the fruit to, and how pleased the King his father would be and he thought how great he would become because of the fruit and what great things he would do and the beautiful palace he would build, with a beautiful fountain among the flowers in the centre of the palace court. He seemed to smell the scent of the flowers and hear the



THE KING FINDS HIS SON FAST ASLEEP.

splash of the fountain for he was now fast asleep. When he awoke, the King stood before him with sorrowful eyes, and all the fruit was gone.

Next year the second son offered himself as guardian of the tree.

He, too, armed himself and took with him his favourite hound and sat by the tree for a long time. Then he heard voices of young girls laughing and singing, and they came to the opening in the wall and called to him to join them, but he knew they were sent by a magician to lure him away, so he took no notice and they soon vanished. Then came a stag bounding into the enclosure through the broken gateway, and the Prince thought he had never seen so noble a stag, and he longed to kill it, for he was a great hunter and had long wished to have such a noble stag's head to hang in the great hall to show what a great hunter he was; and he thought his hound and he together might catch the stag right there inside the walls; for he was very active and quick himself, and there was not a better hound in all the land than his. So he cautiously crept round to the gateway and sent his hound to drive the stag

to him. But the stag was so clever that, though the Prince and hound tried all they knew, they could not catch him, and the Prince got so excited that he ran after the stag and at last even followed him out of the enclosure and all around the garden, till he was quite exhausted, and lost sight both of the stag and the hound. Then he came back to the tree and threw himself down to rest.

He was now almost dead with fatigue and a terrible thirst, but there was no water near him, and he dared not go away again; and as he sat there an apple from the tree hung down so near him that he could smell the wonderful scent of the fruit, and he thought that it must be quite ripe. Surely it was nearly morning, and his thirst was terrible. He drew the apple nearer, and it came off in his hand. Then he could resist it no longer and bit it. The juice ran out and was wonderful to taste at first, but soon it turned bitter in his mouth and he threw away the apple and his thirst was gone.



THE KING SEES THE HALF-EATEN APPLE.

In the morning the fruit was still upon the tree, and he ran to tell the King, but the King met him and brought him back to the tree, and all the fruit upon the tree was rotten. The King looked down and saw the fallen apple with the piece bitten out, and turned sadly away.

The following year the third son came of age and demanded permission to guard the tree on the eventful night. This young man was a great musician, and he did not think it was much good to take any weapon except his hunting knife, but he thought the best companion would be his harp. As there were wolves in the forest not far off he thought it best to climb into the branches of the tree and keep watch there, for he thought "wolves do not steal apples, and if the magician wants to gather the crop he must first get rid of me, for no evil thing can come to

the tree while I am there with my harp and the good magic of my music."

So he sat in the tree and from time to time he played and sang soft, soothing songs of joy and love that floated through his heart, and the harp sounded sweetly on the night air like magic bells, and the moon was full that night.

Then came a great white swan and fluttered above the tree, and made a gentle breeze, with the sweep of its wings; and the breeze seemed to the young poet Prince more wonderfully sweet and musical than all his melodies; and the white breast of the swan shone in the moonlight, like a white cloud floating down to him out of heaven.

Such a dreamy languor stole over him that he longed to turn it into song,

and taking up his harp he sang with his eyes fixed on the white-breasted bird; and as he sang, the swan floated down and down to him, nearer and nearer, passing through the branches of the trees, even like a cloud, till it lay spell-bound on the breast of the young Prince, and the song was hushed.

For one moment it seemed to him that the whiteness of the bird was in his soul, and both Prince and bird had vanished in a dream of dazzling light. Then a fire awoke in his heart, and a passion of love; he clasped his arms round the great white bird and felt the throb of a heart against his breast, a warm cheek pressed his own, and in his arms he found no white-winged swan, but a maiden gently striving to free herself from his embrace.

Then she spoke: "The evil power has failed at last. This night you have conquered more than you are aware of. I have been kept for long ages a prisoner in the castle of the magician, who hates and fears your race. He sent me here to lull you to sleep so that his messengers might gather the fruit, but your soul is pure, and your love of harmony greater than your love of blissful dream; you turned the languor into song, and by that power of song you set me free, and saved the fruit upon the tree." Then she sat there among the branches of the tree, holding the Prince's hand in hers, and told him of the land from which she came, and to which she must return.

The Prince begged her to stay with him and be his bride; but she smiled gently and answered, "Not yet. Some day, if you can reach me in my own land, it may be, but you must find me there as you have found me here. The powers of evil are not conquered at a blow. You have freed me from the tyranny that held me, now you must free yourself from that which holds you down to earth and blinds your eyes."

"But," cried the Prince, "I am not blinded now, I see you face to face, my queen!"

"You see me now, but can you hold me when the first gleam of morning streaks the sky? Ah, no! You can not hold me with you yet, and so I can not stay. But you may come to me if you are strong, and brave, and pure, and merciful, and full of hope, and joy, willing to serve even in lowliest service, faithfully, and without thought of self or any other gain than this, to win me as your bride and know *me* as your *self*. Now take this ring and never part from it. See how it sparkles in the moonlight; that stone will guide you in your wanderings; for when it shines out brightly you may know that you are safely set upon the path that leads to me, but if its brightness fails or any cloud appears upon its surface, know that the path is wrong, however fair and open it may seem——"

She set the ring upon his finger just as the first faint gleam of dawn was in the sky. His heart was throbbing and he sought to clasp her in his arms once more, but as that first ray shot across the sky she faded like a vision from beside him; and a leaf, falling from the tree upon the harp strings, stirred the faint echo of a chord that woke the poet-soul again. Then taking the harp, he sang a song of hope, of triumph and of joy; hailing the day that dawned as if for

him the sun had never risen before upon a world, wherein Hope reigned supreme.

II.



WHEN the King came to see the tree, the sun shone on a harvest of fair fruit, whose perfume filled the garden with a sense of joy the King had never known before. Even the courtiers were surprised, and all the gardeners cried out, saying,

“The fruit is safe, the evil days are gone,
The golden fruit is ripe, the days of joy are come.”

But when they tried to find the Prince, they could see no sign of him. But underneath the tree, one of the children of the gardener found a new flower in full blossom, and plucked it, and when her old father came home to dinner, he thought his house seemed happier than it had ever been since he was young. When he saw the blossom he looked at it as a man does who muses on some long-forgotten dream of love or hope, that once had gladdened all his youth. And as he sat there looking at the flower the child crept up and laid her hand on his and smiled to see the strange, glad look on her father's face that day.

The young Prince had gone straight to the stable and saddled his favorite horse, without waking the stablemen. Then he rode out in the direction of the wild land that lay beyond the forest, where the King usually went hunting. Many months he journeyed, and many lands he visited, and his adventures were wild and strange. Whenever he was in doubt as to what road he should take he would first choose a road and then look at the ring to see if he were right.

Once he saw a cloud on the surface of the stone, and that was when a smart young man on a fine horse had made fun of the Prince as he passed, and had galloped through the mud just in front of him, and made his horse splash mud onto him, whereupon the Prince started after him in anger, meaning to catch him and beat him; but his horse was tired and went slowly and, for the first time in all their journey, stumbled. Then the Prince pulled up and looked at his ring, and saw a dark cloud on the surface of the stone, so he turned back and took another road, ashamed of his anger, that had made him forget for a moment the object of his journey.

One day he came to the beginning of a forest, where the trees grew thick



THE PRINCE'S VISION.

and low, with great roots stretching over the ground; and he determined to get into that forest, but could not find an opening in the thick tangle of branches and bushes. He rode a long way, and all the land about was bare and desolate, until at last he saw some bigger trees, and a clear space beneath them. So he rode up and was just passing in when a voice called to him to stop.

He looked about and saw an old beggar under a tree looking so old and earthy that he might have been a part of the forest himself. When the beggar asked for money the Prince laughed, saying that all his money was gone long ago, and he was a beggar, too. Then, seeing the old man was almost naked, he took off his cloak and gave it to him, laughing and saying, "One beggar may help another beggar, though they both may be beggars." Then he started again, but the old man called him back. The Prince looked around and hardly recognized the old man in his own cloak; he looked so dignified. So he came back and heard what he had to say.

"One beggar may help another beggar, and I will now help you. I know who you are and where you are going, but unless you have help, you will fail."

"Not I," said the Prince.

"You are bold," said the old man, sadly, "and that is a great thing. If I had been as bold, I should not be sitting here now on this side of the forest, but I have learned a few useful things and can help you. This forest is full of dangers; there are evil magicians in there who will stir up all the wild beasts to attack you. You cannot fight them all at once, but you can get rid of them if you do what I tell you. Take this bag of crumbs, and when they come around you, throw a handful to them and they will stop to eat them; then you can slip away. When all the crumbs are gone, if they still come on, then take this live hare and let him go, and they will run after him, and you may escape; but after that you must do the best you can, and I fear they will finish by eating you all the same. That is all I can do for you, but you must leave your horse; he would go mad with fright and run away with you and dash you against the trees."

The Prince did not like giving up his horse, but he got off, and, looking at his ring, saw it sparkle brilliantly. So he turned the horse over to the beggar and took the bag of crumbs and the live hare, and laughed to see the old man jump on his horse and gallop away. Then he plunged into the depths of the dark forest.

Soon he heard the roaring of lions and the snarling of jackals, and he hurried on, hiding as he went, but soon they were all around him. He threw a handful of the crumbs to them, and was delighted to see the beasts rush for them as if the crumbs were the best food in the world, and while they fought for them he slipped away. Each time a fresh lot of wild beasts came near him he did the same, and it always had the same effect, but at last the bag was empty. Then he heard the barking of wolves; soon they were close upon him, and he seized the hare and threw it away behind him. The hare alighted on

its feet like a cat, sat up a moment as if to see which way to go, and then dashed off with all the wolves behind it.

For a long way the Prince was not troubled by any more beasts, but as he was stepping into an open glade he heard the roar of a lion, and stood still, not knowing what to do. Then he saw coming towards him the strangest old man, all covered with prickles like a hedge-hog, and with a long white beard that flowed out over his shoulders. On each side of him walked a great lion, and the ends of the old man's long beard lay on the lions' necks.

The Prince saw by this that the little prickly man was some one of importance; so he bowed politely to him and smiled at the lions, but they took no notice of him.

"I suppose it is you who have been feeding my little pets. Well! that was

very kind, and, I may add, very wise, too. They want a lot of feeding, but so few people understand their taste, and so the poor darlings have to content themselves with eating *them*. But you are a clever young man and well behaved, and I should be glad to do you a service.



THE PRINCE AND THE OLD BEGGAR.

"I know where you are going, but I don't think you will get there, so many have tried it long ago; but no one has been this way for a long time now. Well! you may take one of my little pets with you to protect you till you get through my forest, but you must send him back when you come to the edge of this forest for he might come to harm outside. There are terrible dangers out there, I am told, but I never went beyond this wood myself."

Then he told one of the lions to go with the Prince and take care of him, and off he went into the forest. The Prince, with his guardian, got safely through the forest and parted company at the borders of the wood.

Across some sandy desert land lay a mountain, and that way went the Prince to meet the terrible dangers he had heard of. Just as he was stepping down a rocky ridge, he saw a dark cave that excited his curiosity. He went a little way into it and found a passage leading down into the darkness. Just then the ring flashed out more brightly than ever before, and he hurried on. Clouds of bats flew out and nearly blinded him by flying in his face. He saw snakes crawling about the floor of the cave, but his heart beat high in his breast, because of the bright light he had seen in his ring.

On he went down the steep passage, when all at once a faint light began to


dawn. It grew brighter with every step he took, till at last he stood at the top of a flight of steps leading down to a garden. The scent of the flowers came to him where he stood, and the sound of a fountain splashing below and, sweeter than all, the sound of voices singing softly such melodies as he had heard in dreams. Then all the poet soul within him woke and stirred him till he broke into a song of triumph where he stood.

The singers stopped their song to listen, and then ran to meet the Prince, and brought him down to where their Queen was seated. She rose to welcome him, but he, laughing with joy, ran to her where she stood and threw his arms around her, claiming her as his bride. Once more her heart beat close to his, once more he felt the soft cheek press his own, and once again the brightness of her soul sank into his, blending the two in one, till all else vanished in a glory of pure light and harmony divine. The goal was reached, the prize was his at last.

"Now I have found you in your own bright home; now I have won my bride, and we will never part again."

She smiled and, clinging to her lover, sighed, "Yes, I am yours, if you can keep me. Ah! my love! do not lose me, keep me until we *two* are *one*."

III.

HE Prince had no idea how long he had lived in this happy land with his beautiful bride. He was master of all. She gave him possession of all that he could see, and yet he knew that there was much that he had still to learn; for his beautiful Princess was his teacher, and, as he learned more and more, he found out what a wonderful land he was living in. It seemed to grow as his understanding grew.

There was only one place that he was forbidden to enter. It was a room at the top of an old tower. The Princess gave him the key, but warned him that if he opened that door some great trouble would come of it. But for a long time he had no wish to open it, so all went well.

But he often thought of what the Princess had said to him, "Keep me with you till me *two* are *one*." And though they were so happy together he felt that they were still two, not one, and he began to wonder how he could reach that state, which twice already he had reached for one short moment (or was it only the opening of a door that closed again?).

At last this thought began to trouble him, and, strangely enough, the more troubled he became, the more joyful the Princess grew. Then he began to think of how he might rise to such knowledge that he could really be one with his beloved. He thought that it must be by knowledge that he could reach to her; and yet, if he had remembered, he would have known that it was not by knowledge that he had found her the first time, but by song; and not by knowledge that he had found her the second time, but by courage, and patient search. But now he thought that he was shut out of some great secret, and he looked at the key to the old tower. He looked at it often and at last determined to risk all and learn the secret.

Then he unlocked the door and climbed the stair, which seemed to crumble as he climber, and stood before a little iron doorway in which were seven key-holes. Slowly he placed the key in each of these and turned the lock, until at last the door sprang open to his touch.

The room was dark and full of pitchy smoke, and in the middle stood a cauldron on a fire. The cauldron was full of boiling pitch, and in the boiling pitch was chained a man, who cried to him for water, "a little water, just one drop to ease this torment. Oh, have pity on me!"

The Prince was horrified and filled with pity. A pitcher of water stood outside upon the stair, and without another thought the Prince fetched it and held it out towards the wretched prisoner, who dashed it from his hand. A cloud of steam and smoke arose, blinding the Prince's eyes, and such a roaring and hissing and yelling and screeching that one would have thought a thousand evil spirits had broken loose. And when the cloud of smoke and steam had cleared away, and the Prince had recovered his sight, he saw that he was standing on a barren heath, and all around was death and desolation, and he was alone.

IV.

THE Prince was almost in despair as he wandered over the barren desert, but soon he recovered his energy and knew that, if he would regain his lost bride, he must not give way to despair nor waste time in regrets. So he started, singing as he walked; and his song was a song of hope, for he thought hope would help him now more than anything else.

But he got very hungry and tired, and just as it was getting dark he saw the glimmer of a light, and went toward it. He found it came from the open door of a small hut in which sat an old man, who received him kindly and gave him a share of his poor supper. Then the Prince asked how he could manage to earn his living in that desert land or get food for himself. The old man said he must either go a long way off or else take service with an old woman who was said to be a witch, and she lived a day's journey further on. He said she was a bad old witch, but very clever, and knew everything. "Well," thought the Prince, "then she will know how I can get back my beautiful bride: if only I can make her my friend, perhaps she will help me."

So he thanked the old man, and next morning he started off to find the



THE PRINCE FINDS THE PRINCESS.

witch and before night he came to her house. The last rays of the sun were shining on the building, and on the fence in front of the gateway which was ornamented with the skulls of men. This did not look very cheerful, but he thought, "If I cannot win my bride again it would be better to die," and with that he knocked loudly at the door and pushed it open and marched in boldly.

The old witch looked up and grinned at him.

"So you are in trouble and come to me to help you. You have lost your treasure. Ha! ha! Serves you right for being inquisitive; some people are never satisfied—he! he! Well! you see I know all about you, and certainly you are a fine young fellow, just the man for my work. I know all about it, you want food. Well! you must work for it. Then you want me to tell you how to find what you have lost. I can do that, too, but first you will have to do my work,—not a hard task, but a good many have tried it and failed. I daresay you noticed the skulls out there, and that is where yours will go if you fail. Ha! ha!"

The Prince laughed merrily and said he would take his chance. So she told him that he would have to take care of a mare and foal, and take them out to feed in the marshes beyond the hills, every day, and bring them safe home again. When he had done this for a year and a day, he might ask what he liked, and in the meantime he could have plenty of food and lodging for his pains. Then she showed him the post on which his head would be stuck if he failed to bring the mare and foal safely home at night.



THE PRINCE GIVING WATER TO THE OLD MAGICIAN.

The Prince got on very well with his work, and the old woman fed him well and the mare and foal seemed quite fond of him. He knew a good deal about horses, and before taking them out the first day, he went to each of them and whispered a word in the ear of each, and after that he had only to call that word and they came at once. All went well till the year was nearly up. He had got quite fond of the two animals,—he loved all living things, and his love of animals brought him three strange adventures.

Once, down by the river, he saw a big fish that had got into shallow water and could not get back to the river, so he picked it up and climbed over the rocks with it and threw it into deep water. He was much surprised when the fish looked up and thanked him for his kindness, asking him what he could do for him in return. The Prince said he had no need of anything and was glad to have been of use. But the fish said, "Some day you may need my help; now please take one of the scales off my back and, when you need me, just throw it into the river and I will come at once." The Prince did as he was told and put the fish's scale into his pocket.

VIII.



ANOTHER time, he saw an eagle which was attacked by ravens and was being beaten in the fight, because there were so many ravens against him. The Prince took a branch of a tree, beat off the ravens and set the eagle free. Then the eagle thanked the Prince and said, "Some day you may need my help; now please take one of my feathers and when you want me just throw it into the air and soon I will be with you." The Prince did this and put the feather along with the fish's scale.

On another occasion he found a fox caught in a trap, and, thought no doubt the fox had been catching poultry, yet the kindhearted Prince was sorry for him and opened the trap and let him out. This time he was not surprised when the fox thanked him, so he did what the fox told him to do, and pulled out a long hair from his tail, and put it with his other treasures, and was glad to know he had so many friends.

One evening, when he was sitting by the kitchen fire half asleep, he saw the old woman go off to the stable, and, wondering what mischief she could be up to, he followed and listened. There she was scolding the foal for not running away from his keeper.

"Now," she said, "you two just listen to me" —

"There are three of us listening," thought the Prince.

"If you don't get lost tomorrow, I'll beat you till you'll wish you were dead; you must get into the deep pool in the river under the trees, where he can't find you, and stay there till dark, and not come home till I call you."

Then the Prince ran back to his seat by the fire. Next day he put a rope in his pocket and when he was out of sight of the old woman, he made it into a halter and kept the mare safely near him all day. But just when he was thinking of turning homeward, he stumbled and let go the rope, and before he could get on his feet again, the mare and foal were off at a gallop and soon out of sight. He called in vain this time. It was late and there was no time to be lost, so he ran straight down to the river and threw the fish's scale into the water.



THE PRINCE ARRIVES AT THE OLD WITCH'S HOUSE.

Soon his friend the fish appeared and asked what he could do to help his benefactor. The Prince told him the case and begged him to help if he could.

"Ho! ho!" said the fish, "I'll soon send them back to you. I'll call all my friends and we'll soon drive the stupid things up the river to you here and you must catch the mare and ride her home."

The Prince hid among the rocks and before long he heard a terrible splashing and saw the mare and foal swimming up the river. Behind them the water was all in a boil and seemed alive with big fish chasing the horses. He caught



THE PRINCE RESCUES AN EAGLE FROM THE RAVENS.

quite quietly till afternoon. Then, because the rope hurt his wrist, the Prince untied it and was going to tie it to the other wrist, when a fly got into his eye. As he put his hand up to rub his eye, the mare jerked the rope out of his hand and off the two went full gallop up the mountain where the clouds hung low and heavy, and soon they were out of sight.

After following them as far as he could, the Prince saw it was useless and without help he knew he could never catch them. So, without loss of time, he took out the eagle's feather, blew it into the air, and soon heard the "swish" of wings above him and saw his friend the eagle, to whom he told his trouble.

"Wait here," said the eagle, "till I collect my friends and we will soon find the animals and drive them down to you."

Once more the Prince was saved, and when he reached the house again with the mare and foal safe, the old woman met him and told him how glad she was to see him safe home again. Indeed, for a moment, there was a strange look in her eyes, just as if a good angel were looking out of the eyes of the old woman. But it was only for a moment, and then she looked as sly and crafty as before.

That evening after supper the Prince really did fall asleep and dreamed that his beautiful bride was standing before him weeping, and a great chain was around her waist, and her hands and feet were chained; but she stooped down and kissed him and a tear fell on his cheek and he woke with a start to find the old witch turning away from the fire. The dream had been so vivid that he could think of nothing else and forgot to watch the old woman that night.

He could not sleep when he lay down. Several times he seemed to hear again the sobbing of his beloved, and once he almost fancied it must be some one really crying. Then he heard a man's voice in a threatening tone, and jumped up and ran into the other room, but he only saw an owl sitting on the window sill and the old woman doubled up over the fire as if asleep; so he went to bed again.

the mare by the halter, jumped on her back and rode her home with the colt following.

When the old woman saw them coming she looked very evil, but she welcomed the Prince heartily and gave him an extra good supper, and when he went to sit by the fire as usual she went off to the stable, but he was on the lookout and saw where she went and followed as before.

She was very angry and scolded the mare for letting herself be caught.

"If you don't do better tomorrow, I will beat you till you drop. There will be clouds on the mountain tomorrow, and you can run up there and stay there till I call you home, mind what I say." When she looked into the kitchen, the Prince was apparently fast asleep. "Ha! Ha! my lad, you are very clever, but I will have your head on my gate post yet."

Next day the Prince tied the halter around his wrist, and the horses fed

Next day as he started off the old woman came to the door and reminded him that it was the last day of his term and begged him to be careful. Then she pointed to the post on which his head would be stuck if he failed, and laughed wickedly. He turned away in disgust, but just at the gate he looked back, and there again he saw an angel looking out of the eyes of the old hag and it made his heart ache with a sudden pain; but she slammed the door and left him to his work.

He was not at all surprised when the mare got away from him again, but this time he ran after her till he dropped, for he did not know where she meant to hide, and thought that perhaps he might follow the footprints and so come up with the two runaways. But when he had to stop, he thought how foolish he was not to call the fox to help him; so he set to work to make a fire and put the two hairs of the fox's tail into the flame. Almost at once the fox popped out from behind some rocks and asked him his pleasure.



THE FOX COMES TO HELP THE PRINCE.

The Prince followed the fox as well as he could and hid himself at the outer gate of the poultry yard. Soon he heard a terrible commotion, then he heard the keepers shouting and trying to catch the strange horses, and at last they came galloping down to where he stood, and when they saw him there, they let him take them. He jumped on the mare's back and galloped gaily home.

As they came near home, the mare spoke and said, "You have beaten the old witch; now ask for the foal as your reward."

The old woman was sitting by the fire when the Prince arrived, and she looked very old and tired. But the Prince was in high spirits, for his task was done, and he meant to try and make the old woman tell him what he wanted to know, but for a long time she took no notice of him. At last she said:

"Well, you have finished your task and now I will give you what you like to ask. Do you want money? You shall be rich if you wish. Do you want power? I can give you that, too. What do you ask for?"

She turned her piercing eyes upon him as she spoke, and seemed to be different from what she had appeared before.

The Prince remembered what the mare had said to him, so he answered, laughing, "I have saved my head, and now I want that foal to carry me away from here."

The old woman became once more the wicked looking old hag that she usually was and laughed harshly.



THE PRINCE FINDS HIS BRIDE.

"You young fool! To refuse wealth and power just to get a wretched colt that is no good to anyone. Do you understand? You may be rich and powerful now, just for saying the word; won't you let me help you? That colt will be sure to run away with you, though you are so clever. Won't you ask me for something worth having?"

Then she smiled a cunning sort of smile, but the Prince stuck to what he had said and insisted on having the foal.

"You have chosen well," said the old woman, "and since you are so wise you shall become wiser. If you will do me one service more then I will tell you all you want to know. There is a powerful magician and I have been his servant for a long time because no one has been able to catch him and kill him and set me free. Now with that foal you can ride straight to where he lives, and, when you meet him, you must seize him by his beard and dash him to the ground, without speaking a word, remember that. Then cut off his head and

bring it to me and I will tell you how to find your bride. That's what you want to know. Now go to sleep and start early tomorrow and I will get everything ready for you. You have done well and now you may redeem the mistake you made in letting that evil magician out of the tower, where he was chained up. He could not do much mischief there, but since then he has been doing all the harm he could and kept me here for a thousand years."

"A thousand years!" exclaimed the Prince, in surprise.

"Yes! a thousand years, that is the time since he was let loose by your folly."

The prince was quite puzzled, but everything in his life had been so strange since that first night in the apple tree, that he was not so much surprised, and as he felt as young as ever he thought no more about it and went to sleep. Again he dreamed of his beautiful bride and again she kissed his cheek; this time there were no tears, but she seemed to be surrounded with a soft white light that sank into his heart like a song of joy and peace, and he remembered that he was a poet, which for all this time he had quite forgotten. Now in his dream there was music in his heart and a song.

When the Prince had eaten his breakfast he went to the stable and put a halter on the foal, which had now grown to a good strong colt and, indeed, seemed as strong as a full grown horse. He jumped on his back and passed out of the enclosure, but turning to look back at the house he saw a stately woman with her face veiled standing in the doorway, where the old witch used

to stand to watch him start each day, and he was all amazed. But before he had time to think, he found himself being carried along at an extraordinary pace and with such a strange motion that he had hard work to keep his seat, for he rode without a saddle.

They approached a wood, but instead of entering it the colt rose in the air and galloped on over the tops of the trees, and higher and swifter till the Prince grew quite dazed and dizzy, and only came to his senses when the colt suddenly slackened speed and stopped.

Then the Prince saw before him a small chariot drawn by horned owls, and in the chariot was a magnificently dressed man with a long beard and a most unpleasant expression. This man at once stopped his chariot and politely invited the Prince to come to his palace, and asked if he would not rather take a seat in the chariot beside him.

But the Prince had learned wisdom and knew now what he had to do. So without a word he jumped down and seized the magician by his long black beard and tried to dash him to the ground, but the magician was very strong and active and fought hard. Once he got the Prince down on his knees, but the Prince never let go his hold on the long black beard. Then they wrestled and tumbled and struggled for a long time till the magician got hold of the Prince's throat, and nearly strangled him. Then they began to fall down, down, down through the air till they fell both together into a great bush covered with thick creepers, which broke their fall, but they never let go of each other, and rolled together on to the ground. The Prince now made a great effort and got the other down under him, and he felt the hand at his throat loosen its grip and fall and at last the magician lay dead before him.

Then he drew his hunting knife and with great difficulty he cut off the ugly head. As he held it up he saw a snake glide away from under the body of the magician, but he thought nothing of that. Then looking round he found he was close to the old woman's cottage, and there he saw the post that would have held his own head if he had failed in his task. So he took the head of the magician and stuck it on the post; then he washed his hands and thought he would go and call the old woman to see what he had done.

The sun was setting as he pushed open the door and stepped in. He saw the old woman sitting where she sat the day he first came. She rose and stood up, tall and stately, and with her face veiled, the woman he had seen at the porch as he set out that morning.

He stood still in astonishment.

She held out her hands to him and they were white and slender; his heart began to beat wildly, and he came nearer, trying to see the face behind the veil. Then boldly he stepped close up, lifted the veil and threw it off, and stood transfixed, for the light that shone from that face dazzled him. But he never dropped his eyes, and now beyond the light he saw the face of his own bride, more radiant and divinely beautiful than he had ever seen it yet.

And as he gazed he seemed to feel again the pure light stealing into his heart and filling it with music, that rang out like myriad harp strings swept by fairy hands, so marvellously rich and tender were the harmonies. The light grew stronger and the music rose. All sense of time, of place, of who he was, or any other thought, passed from him, and the very feeling of himself was lost in light and harmony and joy. *The lover and the well-beloved were One.*