

"Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity." - LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

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Power ^{of the} Drama ^{to} Elevate ^{and} Ennoble ^{the} Life ^{of the} World *

B y R . W . M a c h e l l



FROM time to time efforts are made by well-meaning people to use the drama as a means of educating the people. But the people wish to be amused, they want to be stirred in some way either by pleasure or by pain, by comedy or by tragedy, and they refuse to be made moral by means of the Drama.

Yet even pleasure and pain are not sufficient to satisfy the needs of the people for strong and deep emotions. Their intuition makes them feel that there is a higher, broader field of emotion and experience open to them, though they do not know what it is. So they reject the dramatized sermon, and go to the sensational drama for the sake of experiencing at least a keen and intense emotion, even if it be low and mean in its tendency; and they are right. They intuitively seek for Truth, but look for it in the wrong place. For the keenest and most intense joy is to be experienced, not in the field of pleasure and pain, nor of sensation, but in the greater field that opens up to a man who begins to realize that he is a Soul, with mighty powers undeveloped and asleep within him.

It is this superb power of the Human soul that can be called into Life by means of the Drama, the True Drama, the Soul-Drama, that has been lost to the world for so many ages. As the world sank into materialism, it dragged the Drama down with it, till that which had been its guide and Teacher, became the caterer to its amusement.

In the days of Æschylus the Drama was sacred, its performances were sacred ceremonies, in which men learned to see themselves, to see their own soul's evolution, their own possibilities revealed before them. It was this that brought them in their thousands to the theaters of ancient Greece and Egypt,

*A paper read in the Fisher Opera House, San Diego, February 10, 1901.

and it is this that will again today bring the people in their thousands to the new Temple of the Soul-Drama that will arise in this Land, after the building of the great Isis Temple of Music, Art and Drama, whose foundation stone has been laid at Point Loma by Katherine Tingley.

The first step was taken in the performance of the Eumenides at Point Loma. The first students have begun the work that shall restore to the world the secret of true Art, true Beauty and true Joy.

Last night in this theatre the little children, some of whom had been but three months under the care of Katherine Tingley, showed you a sign, that you may read if you will, a promise of what they will do for you and for us all in a few years more. From the cradle they learn the truth of their own divinity, and they *know* it is truth. Where older people speculate and theorize, and hope and fear, the children *know*. Already they reveal the power of the Soul to master the lower nature. From the start they know that joy is virtue and health and help to others. So they will grow to be lights in the darkness of human degredation, and the dramas they will perform will be real pictures of real soul-life, which they, the actors, know to be real. Then the true drama will stand again as the open door to the mysteries of the Inner Life, where joy and the Soul live in the sunshine of Universal Love.

The greatest dramatist of our language, writing in an age of gross materialism and of social and religious degredation, knew and taught the reality of the drama—

All the world's a stage and all the
Men and women merely players,

says the melancholy Jacques in "As you like it," and proceeds to an example of pure pessimism, a perfect picture of the misery of a man whose mentality had shut out the light of the Soul and made of him a sentimental cynic. This character is a type of millions of men today who try to live by the light of sentiment and intellect without the Soul-light to ennoble and purify their lives. Without this light no man can help to lift a single despairing soul out of the pit of darkness.

Look again at the gloomy pessimism of our great modern dramatist Ibsen; how he shows the struggle of the human soul to free itself from the bonds of mind-made morality and man-made conventionality, which, since the days of Shakespeare, have tightened their hold on the world till they have almost choked the Soul of Humanity in their grasp.

And now today we teach once more the great Truth of Man's Divinity, once more we cry to man

Thou art a mighty warrior, and in thy hands
Lieth the fate of lands thou dost not know.

This greatness of the Soul of Man was the teaching of the ancient dramatists, this the teaching of Jesus, this the teaching of Madame Blavatsky, and of William Q. Judge. And this is the teaching of Katherine Tingley, who

has restored the Drama and laid the living stones of the foundation of the living Temple of the Drama.

Those that have passed, wore out their lives in the great fight against the mass of dead indifference, and the active enmity of those who seek to fatten on the fears of men, and to hold them bound in their fetters of fear and pessimism. But man is not deserted by the true Helpers of Humanity.

Yet for a while they abide with us
 Yet for a little they stand,
 Bearing the heat of the day,
 When their presence is taken away
 We shall worship and wonder and say
 Was not a star on our side
 With us? was not a God at our hand?

These, oh men, shall ye honour
 Brotherhood only and these.

In this day is the sign of Her shown to you,
 Choose ye to sink or to stand,
 Now is her light in the land,
 Choose ye to live or to die,
 For the might of her strength is made known
 To you now and her arm is on high.

These are some of the lessons taught by the true Drama, and the new era of Art and Drama is not far in the future, but its dawning is Now and Here.

Chinese Wisdom

“If a superior man abandon virtue, how can he fulfill the requirements of that name?”

“The superior man does not, even for the space of a single meal, act contrary to virtue. In moments of haste, he cleaves to it. In seasons of danger, he cleaves to it.”

“Is any one able for one day to apply his strength to virtue? I have not seen the case in which his strength would be insufficient.”

“A scholar, whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with.”

“The superior man, in the world, does not set his mind either for anything, or against anything: what is right he will follow.”

“The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favors which he may receive.”

“A man should say, I am not concerned that I have no place, I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known, I seek to be worthy to be known.”

“The Master said: ‘My doctrine is that of an all pervading unity.’”

“The Master went out, and the other disciples asked, saying: ‘What do his words mean?’ Isang said: ‘The doctrine of our Master is to be true to the principles of our nature and the benevolent exercise of them to others — this and nothing more.’”

— *Confucian Analects*.

The Study of Theosophy

By a Student



THE method of study pursued today consists mainly in storing the mind with as great an array of miscellaneous information as it can well hold—let alone digest. The art of printing has placed in book form, for the reach of all, the various departments of information which our civilization absorbs into its life.

Most of that which we call knowledge is but the tabulation or classification of the phenomena of external life; we understand but little of the essence of things, or the causes at work behind the changing panorama. And so we have come to connect the idea of knowledge or wisdom with the study of books, with colleges, libraries, and museums, and mentally picture a student of one of the deeper sciences as a pale-faced individual, wearing glasses and given to burning the midnight oil over ponderous volumes. In short these are times of intellectual inquiry, not of soul knowledge.

Hence it is natural that many should regard Theosophy as something requiring a great deal of intellectual study to comprehend. But it is possible for one with a good memory to turn himself into a walking encyclopedia of Theosophical information, yet to know little or nothing of it from actual experience. It is possible to talk Brotherhood from morning till night and yet for the heart to be barren of real love for humanity.

The study of books is but one part of the real study of Theosophy—it is necessary to some extent because without a clear mental conception of its fundamental principles, the student will fail to grasp its practical bearing on his own life. But real study commences only when the mind turns inward to the real self—the knower—and comes face to face with those silent forces which have caused him to be what he is.

A mere intellectual study of Theosophy opens up such a vast field for the mind to roam through and appeals to so vital a part of man's nature, that it would seem that he must be callous indeed who, after grasping its fundamental ideas, does not feel the inspiration it gives toward a higher life, and make some effort toward testing its truths by practice. For it is the science of life and the art of living. To study it one must study oneself.

Material science spends much intellectual energy in peering into every accessible corner of the Cosmos, picking it to pieces to see what it is made of, analyzing and weighing, and deducting its philosophy therefrom—a noticeable fact being that fresh discoveries constantly upset previously established theories. Moreover the physical senses are themselves subject to error and deception and hence are not sure guides even on their own plane of action. But it

is acknowledged that even if all were discovered about the physical universe, supposing that to be possible, even then all the facts collected would be but of the objective world, the world of things as it appears to man's present consciousness. There would still remain the greater subjective world of consciousness, embracing man's mind and soul. Besides the thing perceived there is the perceiver. Western psychology proposes to deal with this, but, as it hitches its chariot to the wingless steeds of material science—concerning itself mainly with states of brain consciousness, and being at present engaged with the phenomena of hypnotism, etc., it is unfortunately unable to give us much knowledge of man's soul nature, not being even sure of its existence.

Theosophy but revives again the old, old system which points man to the truth hidden within himself, the "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," showing him that within himself there are higher powers and functions—those of the soul—which only await the purifying of his nature in order to illumine the whole being—and through these inner soul powers only can he really know by experience. For these inner soul powers correspond to the spiritual planes of the Cosmos upon which the causes rest—here on this plane we sense but the effects, of forces we do not understand. The light is more ready to come to man than he is to come to the light. Why is this? Simply because the desires of physical life, or for new mental sensations, allure us from this true self who is within.

There is much attention paid to self-culture in these times. The self of man is viewed as some rare plant which with due cultivation and fertilizing through esthetic studies will presently blossom forth a set of brilliant accomplishments. The technique of the arts, music, painting, literature is perhaps studied more widely than ever before (with more or less ambitious motives) but after all when the faculties of expression have been trained into expertness there is but little original soul force to flow through them. At most we get but crude realism, or a remodeling of past creations. In all our Nineteenth Century art, though charming to the senses, there is but little of the creative soul quality—so the deeper critics tell us. Only when some great soul comes down among us, and, breaking through the barriers of conventionality, infuses new creative impulse into the established order of things, do men awake to the greater possibilities ahead of them. Then a new school of thought grows up until custom hardening it into a creed, it awaits the arrival of another hero. In a recent theosophical publication the following is in line with these ideas:

"But in the higher light of Theosophy what do we learn about self-culture? The real self is divine, bright, bodiless, free. What then can it have to do with culture? It requires no culture, for it is itself perfect and the source of all true culture—but owing to the barriers of the lower personality, selfishness, the sense of separateness, it is prevented from flooding the mind with its light. True culture, then would seem to consist in so clarifying the lower nature that it may become subject to the uses of the higher in bringing it into harmony with the behests of its 'Father in Heaven.'"

Therefore, for the deeper study of Theosophy, one has to face the difficulties of the lower nature which are met with in the mind. The mind, instead of being the playground of the senses, acting outwardly, must be turned inward to become the instrument of the soul in the attainment of self-consciousness.

"The mind is like a mirror," says the *Voice of the Silence*. "It gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of soul-wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions. Seek, O beginner to blend thy mind and soul."

Or it can be likened to the ocean, sometimes calm, sometimes lashed into fury by the elements, and which, in its agitation, breaks up the sunlight into distorted fragments of light. Only when calm and clear can the image of the sun be seen unruffled. So with the mind, it must be subdued and calm, clarified of its cravings and desires ere it can be used by the soul. This requires training. And it is here on the threshold of his own nature that the student of Theosophy encounters his greatest difficulties. For one's worst enemy is within—in his mind are the contending forces of good and evil, and so as Buddha taught, "within thyself deliverance must be sought. Each man his prison makes."

We first begin with our thoughts, striving by controlling and directing them to raise them so as to respond to the god within. This is very difficult for most of us, and we are apt to give up discouraged when, after one or two attempts, we realize how hard it is to concentrate the mind upon some high interior subject and to enter into the *silence of the soul*. For our civilization is so full of distraction, hurry and bustle, and so much of the time has to be spent in the struggle for existence, that no sooner do we attempt quiet thought and meditation than hosts of fleeting fancies, emotions and desires, chase through the mind. But if the effort at meditation be persisted in with regularity, even though there seem to be but little progress made, it must certainly in time affect the whole nature for good, its tenor will be changed and the current of being will be set towards the path of true knowledge. Looking back after weeks or months, or perhaps years of effort we shall behold our former selves with a kind of compassionate contempt.

Many have little time for the study of books, but all can study themselves. Too often we are apt to do too much reading and too little thinking. Through constant reading alone, we may get into a negative, sponge-like state of absorption and yet do no positive thinking. Yet only by the latter can we truly progress. And there is another consideration comes in here. Knowledge is a trust—especially Theosophy; we are responsible for its use. Theosophy is for all men, and is our possession to be passed on to others. We can each of us in our measure, serve as a channel for the spreading of this Divine Wisdom among men. Only by giving it out to others, can we receive more and keep the stream sparkling and pure.

Books are only useful in that they awaken inquiry and aid in the discovery of Truth in oneself. To be really useful, it would seem that book-knowledge should be referred to one's inner experiences for verification, otherwise it is but

a parrot-like process of learning by rote,—for true knowledge is based on experience—we can never know but through experience, and all that the books can do is to awaken the latent knowledge in each of us, derived through vast experience in the past, and so enable us to classify it for present and future use. All mankind are students in this great school of experience, though comparatively few gain the true lessons to be learned or discern the real use of life.

The Theosophist seeks in each experience he undergoes, whether of inner or outer life, for the lesson it contains, for nothing happens by chance, all is pregnant with meaning, and each is an opportunity for progress. The problems of life offer themselves for our solution at every turn and corner, and it is often in the humdrum affairs of every-day life that the deepest lessons can be gained. We are sometimes tempted to envy the opportunities of some favored individuals with vast resources, occupying perhaps a more or less theatrical position in the world, and to fancy that with such chances we should be much better off, and have a greater power for good; quite forgetting that the lesson which the soul has for us is exactly where we are. If we fulfill our present duties unselfishly, for the purposes of the soul, we shall presently find greater opportunities unfolding themselves.

It seems to me that we can learn much, and come nearer to our real selves, by keeping a constant watch over our every day doings, even the smallest personal habits, tendencies of thought, feelings and emotions, especially in analyzing our motives for action, whether selfish or unselfish; in other words by trying to discover the keynote to our nature, the mainspring of our actions. By watching our weaknesses and failings, whether of anger, jealousy, vanity, etc., we can see how easily our dominant traits find expression, without our being aware of them, and that much of what we condemned in others was due to our own attitude towards them. Thus will feelings of brotherhood and charity towards others be engendered, since we discover the beam in our own eye. Much more true progress will be made by this brotherly and charitable attitude towards others, though accompanied by but small intellectual attainments, than if one was selfishly laden with the learning of the ages.

A well-known Theosophist has written, "The world at large seeks the facts of Occult Science, but the student who has resolved to attain, desires to find the true road. What may seem to others as mere ethics is to him practical instruction, for as he follows it he soon perceives its relation to facts and laws which he is enabled to verify, and what seemed to him the language of devotion merely is found to be that of Science; but the Science is spiritual, for the Great Cause is pure Spirit." The world follows the "Eye Doctrine," or the letter—the devoted aspirant, the "Heart Doctrine," or that of the Spirit.

It is sometimes objected against Theosophy, that its insistence upon such simple, well-known ethical teachings as unselfishness, high-thinking and the like, does not justify the existence of a vast philosophy like "The Secret Doctrine." "We have heard all this before," they say. "We do not need

to study Theosophy to know that." But though these simple teachings are so well-known, they are the hardest to practice and lie at the foundation of all spiritual progress. Many wish to acquire occult knowledge so as to use it for the purposes of the lower personality—to use the vast powers of the God to minister to the ambitions for place and power of the animal. It is well for such, and for the world, that much of the secret knowledge of occult forces,—the Mysteries,—is kept only for those who have so purified their natures from all selfish motives that they can be trusted to use these powers for the good of humanity alone. One has but to witness the rush of foolish people after those who are going about the country professing to teach psychic powers, hypnotism, etc., (for a consideration)—to be assured that the world is not ready to be weaned from Ethics. And it might be said here that no real occultist will ever accept money for his teachings.

Unselfishness, altruism, pure thinking and morality, are but the avenues which lead man to a higher knowledge. Until he practise them it is useless for him to demand more teachings, for they are the first step to be mounted, and this all religious systems, in their purity, have taught. There is enough knowledge in the world today, to make of it an earthly paradise, if it were but practised. Theosophy enforces these simple truths because, as it demonstrates, they are laws of nature and cannot be ignored if mankind is to progress—thus coming as a saving power at a time when skepticism and materialism are rampant, and when old faiths and religions are in decay, and have lost their hold on national life.

“The man whose heart and mind are not at rest is without wisdom or the power of contemplation ; who doth not practice reflection, hath no calm ; and how can a man without calm obtain happiness ? The uncontrolled heart, following the dictates of the moving passions, snatcheth away his spiritual knowledge, as the storm the bark upon the raging ocean.”

* * *

“He who remains inert, restraining the senses and organs, yet pondering with his heart upon objects of sense, is called a false pietist of bewildered soul. But he who, having subdued all his passions, performeth with his active faculties all the duties of life, unconcerned as to their result, is to be esteemed.”

* * *

“I am the origin of all: all things proceed from me; believing me to be thus, the wise gifted with spiritual wisdom, worship me; their very hearts and minds are in me; enlightening one another and constantly speaking of me, they are full of enjoyment and satisfaction. To them thus always devoted to me, who worship me with love, I give that mental devotion by which they come to me. For them do I, out of my compassion, standing within their hearts, destroy the darkness which springs from ignorance by the brilliant lamp of spiritual discernment.—*Bhagavad Gita.*”

The Three Leaders^{*}

By Grace G. Bohn



IF we will look backward through history we shall observe a certain ebb and flow, particularly with regard to the greater events. Periods of great advance have alternated with periods of decline or decay. Thus, in accordance with the law governing this fact, the law of cycles, there have been in the past certain periods of time corresponding to the present, times of great fermentation and expansion in matters of thought, when old ideals were passing away and new ideals were taking their place, times when there was rampant materialism and also much devoted inquiry with regard to the soul and immortality, times when humanity had become almost tired of stumbling on alone and was beginning to ask for help and — for the Great Souls are ever waiting to help those who turn to them — at such times the cry of humanity has always been answered and the Leader, the Teacher, the Saviour, has always come to teach his own.

At just such times of unrest as the present and, following cyclic law, came Krishna and later Buddha to the Hindus, Zoroaster to the Persians, Menes to the Egyptians, Isaiah and Ezekiel to the rebellious house of Israel, Jesus to the Jews.

It is unnecessary to say, for we know it well, that during the last twenty-five years we have been passing through just such a period of stress and tension, come again under cyclic law. There seems to be no middle ground: extremes everywhere, of selfishness and of devotion; open conflict between good and evil; half the world living in its appetites and the other half hungrily searching for the soul, for something, anything that will satisfy the aspirations and explain the despairs of the human heart. But the Higher is always compassionate and the Great Teacher came with the words of a master upon her lips, "My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me."

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Twenty-five years ago Helena P. Blavatsky brought back into the life of men the pure religion of Jesus. Only the very few recognized Theosophy to be such, because the teachings of Jesus had been forgotten in their pure form and to the masses had become a dead letter. Read the history of the church in the light of the New Testament, study the conditions of the Middle Ages, and you will find abundant evidence that the pure doctrines of Jesus had ceased to be a living power in the lives of men before the Church was four hundred years old.

^{*}Published by request.

The simple ethics which were brought to the world not alone by Jesus but by all the World Teachers, were brought in this cycle by Helena P. Blavatsky. She bulwarked these by a scientific and philosophical doctrine because the present age is essentially a scientific age, demanding logic and demanding proofs. She brought a fuller, more explicit and detailed doctrine than former Teachers because this is a greater time and perhaps, too, there was greater need.

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“There was a sower went forth to sow.” That was the mission of H. P. Blavatsky, bringing the seeds of Divine Wisdom to sow them in the materialistic soil of our western life. But first of all she had to prepare the soil, break the hard crust, destroy the weeds and make furrows deep and wide. And this she did at the uttermost cost to herself. She prepared the soil and sowed these seeds of wisdom, as one of her students has said, “Verily as a lone warrior might rush in and sow them in the enemy’s camp. She planted them in our hearts. She planted them in our literature. She planted them in the invisible moral atmosphere of the world. Driven like a wedge into the leaden mass of the nineteenth century thought, she was found enduring enough to stand the strain.”

To state the same thing in other words, she became the Teacher of a band of students whom she organized into (to give the original title) “The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood,” and whose primary object was, (to quote exactly), “to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood.”

And when she died, worn out, she was able to do what no other Great Spiritual Teacher in all history has been able to do, so far as we know;— she was able to leave her work, not to the doubtful knowledge of a band of learners but in the hands of an occult successor, William Q. Judge. But she bequeathed to him as well, all the martyrdom, all the crucifixion, that had been her lot.

It is singular, is it not, and yet another evidence that during the last five thousand years we have been passing through a cycle of spiritual darkness, that nearly every one of the World’s Saviors has been crucified? Perhaps that did not always mean the actual crucifixion of the physical body, for there are other crucifixions, as we all know, than the purely physical. And, although the time is forever past when the Great Soul can be actually nailed to the cross, the time is not past when the Messenger of Truth can bring even fragments of that truth to the world without inviting a martyrdom. For as a race we are very selfish, after all, and to those who have personal interests, to serve the truth is certain to be the most wholly uncomfortable thing in the world.

William Q. Judge guarded and nourished and brought to flower and to fruit this seed that was sown by H. B. Blavatsky. So great a Teacher was he, so beloved and trusted by his students, that he, too, upon his death, was able to place the Leadership of this work into the hands of a third Leader, greater, wiser than himself,— our present Leader.

Our present Leader has regenerated the entire Theosophical movement. Briefly, she has made Theosophy practical. She has taught her students that its greatest truths were not merely ornamental, not metaphysical luxuries to be indulged only by the intellectual or the cultured but that they were "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," the poor, the humble, the unlearned, the little child, the sinners as well as the pure in heart. For Theosophy is a dead and useless thing unless its great principles of brotherhood, of compassion, of trust in the Higher Law, become a living power in the lives of men.

She harvested this golden grain of which H. P. Blavatsky sowed the seed, which William Q. Judge had nurtured. She beat it with the flail of discipline and then sifted and winnowed until the husks of personality had fallen away and only the golden grain was left, the seed, verily, of a greater humanity than that which we know today. And today, because of her courage and wisdom, the Universal Brotherhood organization stands before the world on the broad platform of practical brotherhood.

It has naught to do with psychism, nor hypnotism, nor astrology so-called, nor palmistry, nor clairvoyance, nor personal selfish ambition. It aims to lift people above the plane of spooks and will o' the wisps, above, too, the plane of mere sense enjoyment, to the diviner plane of the soul. Those who care for the astral phenomena, those who refuse to dominate their lower natures or are too weak to do so, may come into the organization and may remain for a little while, for a Universal Brotherhood is not exclusive and there are no walls around it, but they invariably drift out again, sooner or later, and gravitate towards things which are more to their liking. And many have gone out. "Great Sifter is the heart doctrine, O Disciple," says one of the oldest Bibles of the world. And ever since our present Leader became the Leader of the Theosophical movement throughout the world an active sifting, winnowing process has been going on. It had to be if this movement was ever to be lifted above the plane of theory to the plane of practical Theosophy.

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What is practical Theosophy? Here is an exact definition: "To visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

You have heard that Theosophists are dreamers? I can assure you their dreams are very practical. Look at the work done in Cuba last year, the practical work of "visiting the fatherless and the widows in their affliction," when the Leader and a band of helpers fed, clothed, nursed and filled with hope over ten thousand of these forsaken people. And today she is educating a large number of these Cubans at the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma, for their future work as spiritual helpers of their own people. Look at the work done at Montauk Point at the close of the war, when over nine thousand exhausted soldiers who were not cared for otherwise were fed, nursed, and relieved. And those who did this worked without money and without price.

They toiled over the sick men because their own hearts were aflame with a great desire to help others, because they believed that all men were brothers, all children of the same Father, because they believed that any margin of time or money which was theirs was a sacred trust, to be invested not for the personal self but for the Higher Divine Self of the World. Look at the practical work done by many Lodges in curing inebriates and those addicted to morphine, in rescuing unfortunate women, in adopting homeless children and educating them to become workers for humanity. In the International Lotus Home today are a large number of these children, waifs; and, as you know, people have to be filled very full of the true spirit to find much joy in a daily round of bathing and dressing and feeding and picking up after babies, particularly those which are not related to them. To some of us, doubtless, it would be more alluring to study clairvoyance or write essays on *mulaprakriti*. But what is it that the world needs most? Surely it is religion "pure and undefiled before God and the Father: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their afflictions" and to keep one's self "unspotted from the world."

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The last clause of this definition, "to keep one's self unspotted from the world," brings us to the real work that our present Teacher came to do, to transform the inner lives of her students. That includes all the rest. And because she is doing this, Theosophy is today a living fire in the world and not a corpse or a mummy.

You remember how Nehemiah came back to Jerusalem and found the great walls in ruins. Did he rebuild them himself? He could not have done so. He set to each man the task of rebuilding that portion of the wall that lay before his own house, and by and by the great wall arose as if by magic.

Nehemiah gave us the secret of all reform. Age after age the Great Teachers have come to regenerate the world, to rebuild humanity on a newer, better plan. Can they do it alone? No, they cannot, else it would have been done long ago. All they can do is to set each man at the task of rebuilding the ruins before his own door, of transforming his own weak, ruined personal self into a strong wall of protection around that besieged city in which dwells the soul. Not until each one of us ceases to pay attention to the mote in his brother's eye and turns his entire and exclusive attention to the beam that is in his own, will the world ever become a better place, and that is the first thing that our Leader teaches her students to do.

That gives us just the secret of the power to help others that strong souls possess, and those who are looking for the light gravitate toward them unconsciously, not because they claim to possess any wisdom or strength of themselves, no; but simply because they are channels of that force which the Guardians of the race are ever seeking to pour out upon all humanity. And that is why, today, the Universal Brotherhood organization is the link between the world and the Higher Divine Wisdom that has been lost to the

world for ages. Helena P. Blavatsky forged that link and it has been kept unbroken.

And our Leader has done a yet greater thing. She has reestablished, as a living, actual fact, the sacred relationship of Teacher and pupil, that relationship which was the glory of the Golden Age, which was, in fact, all that made a Golden Age possible. Why do we dream of a Golden Age in our more transparent moments? Because our souls remember it, though our brain minds do not—an age when men lived in a vast brotherhood, when there was no pain, no selfishness, no strife, when they were ruled by the Gods, the Christs, who dwelt among them as adept Kings and Queens, beings whom they recognized as higher than themselves, who guided, protected, shielded men from themselves and taught them. It is not a mere dream. Such days have been when men walked and talked with gods, and such days shall be again.

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We are living today in a more important time than we realize. Events move swiftly. The miracle is the order of every day. There is constant change in the ideas of science, of art, of music, of education, of religion. What does this mean? What can it mean save that the old is passing away and we are entering a new order of ages? We have been wandering and experimenting long enough. Today the Promised Land stretches out before every soul in the world who has eyes to see. All humanity is today at its very gateway and there are those who have come to lead us within its walls, *if we wish to go*, into that inner city of eternal peace around which the storms of outer life may beat but whose sacred fortress they can never disturb nor touch. Shall it be recorded of us as it was recorded of those ancient wanderers, "They could not enter because of unbelief?"

Do you remember what Jesus said to the Pharisees when they came to him demanding that he give them a sign from heaven? He said unto them, "There shall be no sign given to you. . . . *Can ye not discern the sign of the times?*"

Now having studied a great deal on Theosophical lines, we should begin to practically apply our studies. This must mean *all* that is implied. It is not a mere general unity, but is a similarity, and communion in every part of the nature. If there is uncharitableness, if there is disloyalty, if there are harshness and unbrotherliness in the race, they exist also in us if only in germ. Those germs require only the proper personal conditions to make them sprout. Our duty therefore is to continually encourage in ourselves the active feelings that are opposites of those.

Those of us who think knowledge can be acquired without pursuing the path of love mistake. The soul is aware of what it requires. It demands altruism, and so long as that is absent, so long will mere intellectual study lead to nothing."—*W. Q. Judge in 1894.*

Theosophy's Answer *to the* Problems of Life*

By J. H. FURSELL



IN the midst of the materialism and agnosticism of the XIXth Century, Theosophy came as a great light. To the sorrowing and suffering, to the oppressed and weak, it comes as an Angel of Hope. Amid the warring elements of selfishness and competition and the greed of men and nations, it comes as a messenger of peace and Brotherhood. To the perplexities of the soul and its blind gropings after the truth it lends its guidance and points to the path of liberation.

The problems of life may be classed under three heads. Beginning with the most external there are those of physical existence, the inequalities and injustices, the suffering and misery, which characterize the conditions of all modern life. There are problems of the mind, for those who look behind the physical conditions and seek to get at the causes, but having no true guide resulting in materialistic philosophy and agnosticism, and the dogmatic, religious creeds and sects of Christendom.

Still deeper problems exist for those who may rise above the physical and the mental, problems of the inner life, of the conflict between the angel and the demon who strive for mastery within the breast of each of us, problems of conduct, of the heart, of the affections and aspirations, of the deeper truer relation of man to man and of man to his divine self, and to Nature and God.

What answer has Theosophy to these problems, and first, to the inequality and injustice of life? It has the same answer that Christ and Paul gave but which has been forgotten, and with it has also been forgotten another of the great keynotes of life. Christ said, "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Paul said, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

What are men gathering today, what is the world reaping? Can it reap that which it has not sown? If today we are gathering thorns and thistles, do we not know that we must have sown these and that it is in vain to expect to gather figs or grapes from such sowing? If today selfishness and greed are being measured out, must we not have sown these in the past, and do we not know that they exist, if not actively at least in germ in our hearts today? But men and women of today say, we did not sow these things, it was our forefathers, the men and women of past ages, we have but come into this heritage of evil against our will. And those who can, say, let us shut out the picture,

*A Paper read in San Diego, Feb. 19, 1901.

let us enjoy while we may, let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die. The materialist says it is the result of blind force, your thoughts and feelings are mere phantasies, ye shall soon pass again into nothingness. And the churches declare "It is God's will, ye are all born in sin, but if ye will only believe and support his holy church and his ministers, ye shall, through the merits of Christ be received into heaven to enjoy that which ye have not earned, but which Christ, having appeased the wrath of God by his blood now freely offers to them that believe." But Christ's own words are, "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." He also said, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of the Father which is in Heaven."

The modern world cannot understand this because it has forgotten that other teaching of Christ and of all the ancients that, "Ye must be born again" —in very truth, spiritually, but verily, also, physically. Ye must be born on earth again and again to reap that which ye sow until ye shall learn to sow that seed that shall bring forth the harvest of the soul and so fulfill the purposes of the Higher Law.

Truly we are reaping what our ancestors sowed in the past, but we ourselves were those ancestors, and we have been born here today in these conditions and in the varying conditions of the national, family, and individual life of each, because we have helped to make those conditions in the past and forged those ties of love and hate that bind us here and now.

Still it is not enough to say that we are reaping what we have sown. There is no hope in such an answer by merely looking back to the past. We must realize that today we are sowing new seed and that we ourselves determine what shall be the quality of that seed. Each thought, each wish, each act, is not only a link between the past and the future, but a seed, the harvest of which we must reap in that future and which is making that future either one of joy or one of sorrow and pain.

The whole of science is built on the fundamental idea of law, and all our actions are performed on the basis that, other things being equal, a certain cause will bring a certain effect. The very fact that when pursuing some vicious course men oftentimes have a vague hope that somehow they may evade the consequences, shows that deep down within their hearts they know that law does rule throughout Nature.

All this may, however, be granted, and man still find himself revolving in a vicious circle, bound by law, reaping what he has sown, and sowing again what he has reaped, ever reproducing the old, never evolving the new. Can we not see from the very facts of life that there is more than this, and that there is another *supreme* factor? Can we not see from what we know of evolution and of our own little experience in the present life, that nature does not go round and round in a circle, but ever presses forward. Does not the stone pass into the plant, the plant become the animal, the animal, man. And shall man stop where he is? Has the thread of life run thus far to end now, or to

turn back on its course? Dare we set a limit to the Infinite? No, there lies before man the destiny of Godhood—man shall become a God. For the supreme factor of evolution, that of which modern science knows nothing, or knowing it, ignores and rejects it as unscientific—not belonging to the realm of science—the supreme factor is the divine spark of life, the soul, that stands above and behind all life and all forms of life and ever seeks to pour forth more and more of itself into the form. It is because of this inpouring of life that evolution proceeds, that higher and higher forms are produced, but which having mirrored itself in man he must *consciously* call down and ally himself with.

It is because of this inexhaustible fount of life and love, because of the universal reign of law whereby not the feeblest thought or effort fails of its effect, because of the divine immortal spark in man, that Theosophy teaching this can answer the problems of life, can bring hope and renewed life even to the despairing, can say to the man who suffers now that he can sow seeds of joy and love and sunshine for future harvests, and says also that he who is now reaping fair harvests has the added responsibility of their use for the good of all, else the golden opportunity lost, resting content, seeking only to enjoy for himself, he shall waste the fair harvest and in the next birth find his life barren and desolate.

And the answer to the problems and doubts of the mind is the same, to point to the Divine in the heart, to awaken man to the fact that he is more than body, more than mind, that he is a divine soul, that the soul's life is love, to serve, to seek the good of all, that only by doing the divine will, can divine knowledge be gained.

Theosophy's answer to the skeptic and the doubter is—to do, to do, to love, to seek another's welfare, to follow the impulses of the heart, to live in action, not in theory. To those whose problems are of the inner life it recalls the ancient memories of the Golden Age, it shows that in the traditions of all races, that in the infancy of humanity divine Teachers pointed the pathway of life; but that men permitted selfishness to rule and the lower nature of sense and desire to obscure the light within the heart so that they no longer followed their divine guides but drove them from the earth; but that the elder brothers of the race have never deserted them; that in the turning of the wheel of time great Teachers have come again and again to proclaim their message on earth, that though men crucified them and turned their words into means whereby they might gain power and hold their fellow-men in bondage,—still the human race has not been deserted. The lives of our three great Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley are themselves answer to the problems of life. Theosophy itself is that answer and the work of the Universal Brotherhood and the Theosophical Society are that answer put into practice and brought down into everyday life, and by its means, by the practice of that brotherhood which it teaches and exemplifies shall the whole world be transformed.

Let me present to you a picture given by our Teacher: Think of it, if you who now read this could as little children have had impressed upon your minds the simple knowledge that you were souls, that there was in your hearts a divine, inexhaustible power, that you were something more than bodies, something more than thinking machines, and had the power of divinity and all that is beautiful and true within yourselves; think of it, that if you had had pointed out to you the two paths, the one of the God-child the other of the little animal-child, and if our parents and teachers had known the meaning and the beauty and the power of life—if the men and women of today had had these things taught them would we not have had happiness and joy where now we have sorrow and pain, would not the world have been brighter and better?

But we can learn these things now. It is not too late even for us who are grown and we can instill them into the minds of our children, we can awaken in their young lives the divine warrior-soul. This is what Katherine Tingley is doing in the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma. We are building for the future, for the coming races of men, and with the new light of a divine purpose in life, with the love of all life flowing in the heart, selfishness and sorrow and suffering and all shadows shall give way before the dawning light of a new Golden Age.

The Power of Silence

By Percy Leonard



“Among the wise of Secret Knowledge, I am their silence.”—*Bhagavad Gita*, chap. x.

SILENCE is by many people understood to mean a doing of nothing, or mere abstention from talk; but according to the Old Wisdom Religion, silence is much more than this. Silence is one of the powers of the soul, the action of the Supreme exerted as a restraining influence in the life of man. Indeed, when we come to consider the strong impulse to talk, the vehement urging to give verbal expression to our thoughts and feelings, it is easy to realize that the power competent to dam back and restrain the wordy torrent must be great indeed to achieve a task so difficult.

Because a person sits still and says nothing, it should not be supposed that he is idle. Force cannot be annihilated, and the force which he diverts from finding outlet through the vocal organs, must of necessity, seek another channel for its expression.

We are all too apt to ignore those forces which make no impression on our five senses, and yet the world is full of such influences. Think for instance of Universal Gravity, how noiselessly it holds the rolling planets in their orbits! Consider the life-streams of the Sun, nourishing and sustaining flower and beast, and man; yet their beneficent flow is unheralded by outward sound. Infinite Goodness Itself, in whom we live and move and have our being, does not *talk* with us.

The ignorant and vulgar always admire the force displayed in an exhibition of bad temper, and will quote the words used and treasure up the stormy episode for years—evidently the angry man has made a deep impression. Suppose, however, that a man is tempted to wrath and “refrains his tongue,” does he fail of his effect? By no means. Hidden virtue has gone forth from him. A subtle influence has flowed out and entered into others’ lives, making it easier for them from that time onward to control their passions and dominate their lower nature.

It is precisely this quality of noiselessness which gives to Silence its value to the Theosophist, who covets the power “which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.” The possession of this power constitutes him as one of those who stand unthanked and unperceived by men, and whose strong shoulders help to hold back the awful load of ancient sins which ever tends to fall and crush our suffering race.

Silence! How impressive is perfect silence! The meanest of our fellows, establishes a claim on our respect if only he will remain silent for half an hour in our presence. What a balm in sorrow is the silent friend who comes to sit with us in perfect, unbroken quiet. He does not weep with you who weep. He does not wring his hands. He simply sits and feels your grief, yet all the while remains founded on the unshaken peace of the Eternal Silence. He is not callous, because he is calm. He is in deep sympathetic touch with you, and yet he stands so surely on his base, that the stormy waves of emotional self-pity which toss your troubled soul, break like ocean’s billows at his feet, yet do not, in the least, unsettle his perfect poise and equilibrium.

“All real work is done silently,” we are told by our Teacher. The humblest member of the Universal Brotherhood, who silently performs his daily duty as an offering to all the world, who, devoid of personal desires, dedicates his actions to the good of all creatures, does thereby generate powerful currents which flow throughout the nations and quicken into life the slumbering soul powers of the toiling, suffering masses of our fellow men.

The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from the soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves, and man is made
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish.—*Henry Taylor.*

The Thread of Purpose

By H. Coryn

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MOVING the great Wheel of the World is a divine Purpose, and outside the sweep of that Purpose is no one and nothing. It rules in the small and in the great. It adjusts the changes of all things, so that through those changes it shall, at last, be perfectly fulfilled. It is the Power in anything that exhibits power, and to its presence, even the most perverse volitions of man owe their brief sway.

If a man starts in the morning with a purpose to carry out through the day, all the smaller purposes of the day will be servants of the larger one. If it be his fixed purpose to achieve something by the end of a week, the purposes of each day will be tributaries to that larger one. If his purpose needs a year for its fulfillment, then the purposes of the months, and within them of the weeks, and again of the days, and even the passing purposes of the hours, all will bend to the inclusive purpose.

Strong men will make a purpose for the whole life, and all the lesser purposes of days and hours serve the larger life-purpose, these being threadlets that make up the great thread running unbroken through the whole life. But these strong men may be of noble or of selfish make. If selfish, the life-purpose will be to some selfish end; if noble, the life-purpose will be noble, a blessing to all men as it moves to its fulfillment; in harmony with—nay, part of—the Purpose that moves the Wheel of the World. The nobler a man, the nearer his purpose to that Wheel-mover: the smaller the man, the closer cluster his purposes about his own ends.

Some men take, so to speak, an oath or vow to the great Wheel-mover, forego all purely personal aims, even those commonly counted innocent and even laudable, dissolving them all in the World-Purpose; eat, drink and sleep for that, and are not stayed till they outgrow all measuring by common men of common aims. They become perfect in unselfishness, or rather selflessness. They have expanded their self to the great Self.

Others purpose for themselves; eat, drink, sleep, and work for themselves only; their purposes return into them like bees into a hive, laden with honey for themselves only.

The Great Purpose is confided to the soul, is known to the soul, is felt dimly in the heart of every one. But as few know their own souls, so few understand this Purpose in their minds, and hence few seek to serve it. Being free of will, we often act away from it, against it, using its power—the root of all power—against itself. Some time the effects of such foolish acts come

back on us in pain. By that we learn, and in that education the Great Purpose is after all fulfilled, even by those who foolishly thought to escape it. The divine energy and purpose in the soul of every man will in the end, in all cases, get the better of him and redeem him in spite of himself.

Children play in the sunlight, and because of their play develop strength of limb and vivid senses. Thus they serve the Great Purpose, though they know it not; in them it works as the urge to play and gives them the joy of playing. It is essentially a joy-bringer.

In children of older growth it is the urge to other exertions, to the development and output of other powers, other parts of the nature.

The action of the Great Purpose is visible as Evolution, as the mounting of all things up the scale of being. Life proceeds through stone and plant, and animal, to man. Men too, it works upon, so that—by power coming out of weakness; faculties replacing blindness; wisdom supplanting ignorance; will, impulse—they may become gods.

Deep in the heart of every one it lives, and whoso will may find it. It holds all within its grasp. Unweakening, unhurrying, it says to each: "Be thou divine and work my promise out." And because few obey and few reach the full flower of perfectness, it brings each of us back again and again to birth. The vivid pangs and joys of childhood, the deeper pleasures and pains of ripened life, the hidden and earth-withdrawn life of senility, through these it leads us again and again.

Since our little purposes are fragments of it, since it is the *power of attainment* in all purposes, therefore the yet unfulfilled purposes of one life are those which carry us forward into the next. As soon as childhood passes to youth, sometimes ere infancy has passed to childhood, the uncompleted purposes of the past life begin to come forth. To music, to art, to literature, to war, to commerce, the instincts of the youth guide him. They are the open purposes of his last life on earth. Some never can be closed and completed, for their matter cannot be exhausted. What musician ever said, "I will create no more; I have gone high enough?" All the nobler powers and activities of man, those whose exercise benefits alike him who uses and him who witnesses them, are the direct outcome of the Great Purpose. It is on its own program that we should all have them.

Who knows all the purposes in the granaries of his consciousness, secret places whose key is its own keeper? New conditions of life come about, and behold, we find ourselves with new tendencies, new instincts to meet them. The new circumstances answer to old purposes unfulfilled, deep in our nature, deep yet active, active in bringing about the very conditions that permit of their play, purposes made and stored in the last life we spent on earth.

No one lives without consciously or unconsciously making purposes, and they all compel their own expenditure. They are forces that must out. They are, as units of power, Sons of God—the Great Purpose—and they have the indestructible potency of their Parent. But most of them are errant sons.

Must we then be dominated by our past, its slaves, slaves of the miserable and sinning purposes we once made?

Nay, for though all past purposes have their life-force, one that cannot be annulled, they can be absorbed in—bent to—a greater. The force of the purpose, for example, to be great or of note among men, can be seized and be transmuted into the force of the diviner purpose to find and obey the soul. The soul of each of us, the light in the heart, is the embodiment, the heat and the light of the Great Purpose, the Wheel-mover; it is that part of the Great Purpose that applies to that special unit among men. It is the very self of that unit, for a man's soul is himself. But it is only fully himself when he has redeemed himself from personal desire, when his only aim is to serve the voice of his heart. There is no other way to get rid of desires save by feeling after that light in the heart whose reflection in the brain is the brain's power of seeing. Saying "I am that Light," its heat straightway burns up a little of the dross of nature. To feel it henceforth is to have all dross removed.

Since the Purpose that moves the World is that all living things shall go higher, then all work for the betterment of the race, energized by what is in the heart, is a service of that divine Purpose and helps its work. No one can thus help it without growing better and nobler. A man is as his companions, and we have selected the noblest of all Companions. We are in the way of outgrowing all pettiness of nature, of surmounting all faults; we have shouldered the world and become one of its helpers. We cannot any more, after that, even think of another person without helping him; we cannot strongly purpose to help another's growth without ensuring that now or at some time our blessing will come home to him when most he needs it; he may not know from whom or from whence comes that help, that sudden lifting of a load, that sudden light in his heart, that gleam in his grief or perplexity; but it will be nevertheless there for him. We shall never again be lonely; the pulse of the waves of all life is on our heart; we share the yet painful life of all humanity; and though in that way we have to take up that great pain, we have the constant joy of lessening it.

And through it all, at all moments, come again and again the visions of the glory of the life that awaits all men.

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

Shalt thou abstain from action? Not so shall gain thy soul her freedom. To reach Nirvana one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

Have perseverance as one who doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeing life: it is the man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.—*The Voice of the Silence*.—II. P. Blavatsky.

"At Eventide There Shall Be Light"

By Mildred



[CONCLUDED FROM THE FEBRUARY ISSUE]

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, September 27th, 188-.

DEAR MILDRED—I read your letter in tears, but forgive me, dear, that, while my heart wept for you, I could not help smiling at the tragi-comical picture of the scene at the train. My poor, poor friend. You are indeed one of Nature's children. You made me think of the saying that: "There is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous."

To think of you, who amongst all women, seem to cast a magic spell over every one by your queenly stature and dignity. If it only had been myself, little creature as I am, it would not have been so absurd.

My time is much occupied, yet, I will make an effort to answer your letters—
if only with few lines.

AS EVER YOUR LOUISA.

* * * * *

"REST" HOSPITAL, CHRISTIANIA, October 9th, 188-.

DEAR LOUISA—Being settled in my new position I will use my first leisure to write to you.

Our patients are not very numerous yet, but I look forward to plenty of earnest work as a help against self-concentration. Amongst the patients is a young woman, the mother of a six-months-old baby, whom the father brings to the gate every morning for me to show it to the mother, who yearns to see her child. The doctor gave special permission, under certain restrictions, the contagion not being supposed to affect so young a child.

Here is a happy woman and no mistake. Though only a poor laborer, her husband is a born gentleman. The wife, who seems to like and confide in me, told me their little romance, which, though in accord with "the short and simple annals of the poor," had touches of true poetry.

When I came here there were yet a few sprigs of mignonette lingering in the little flower plot outside the window of my room. I put them in a glass and now they, with the aid of the old clock, ticking in the corner, give my little room quite a home-like feeling. They seem to me like living friends.

As I do not expect a second opportunity during my stay in this post, I went (after being absolutely disinfected) to church last Sunday. The text was from this word of the Master: "Weep not". I failed in attentiveness to the sermon, trying, in my mind, to solve the mysterious depths of those words: "Weep not." It perplexes me. Shall we, poor children of earth, never know the cause or justice of the sorrows that befall us? Our religion fails to give a satisfactory

answer if we ask “why?” when stunned by some strange dispensation. Turn to our spiritual teachers with your question and the answer is forever: “It is the will of God.”

I feel inclined to believe there is more truth and wisdom hidden in the saying by Pythagoras that: “The hand that smites thee is thine own,”—than in the illogical answers of orthodoxy. The ancients believed that our lives are the outcome of causes created by ourselves in former existences. I am vainly pondering over this question. Some day I shall know, as my heart desires it—the divine truth.

If my father were living, he perhaps could help me in my search for light. He was a deep student of ancient philosophy, especially the Greek, often giving me the benefit of learned dissertations, too deep for a girl of sixteen. Still, when despairing of ever finding a solution to the riddles that most lives contain, often from the depths of my memory a treasured saying of the ancients would arise, giving a fitting answer.

I had a great desire for the study of this philosophy, while at home, but my stepmother considered it very unprofitable reading for a young girl, as tending to confuse one’s ideas, and recommended such harmless literature as Fredrica Brehmer and Ingemann.

Our manifold and regular hours for prayer have of late given me something to think of. Can it be that the Supreme One does so highly enjoy our begging and supplicating that He would, so to say, defer his actions in behalf of our welfare in order to have them come as answers to prayer? Is he not rather too wise and too good to be drawn from His purpose by our wishes and interference? It is very true that sometimes we get our wishes, apparently as answers to our prayers, but oftener we do not get them. As life proceeds, we find that wishes, once held, if granted, would have become only great drawbacks and stumbling stones. This being the case, is not prayer in the form of supplication, very childish, at best? How much happier to maintain a calm conviction of the necessity of everything being just what it is—not to remain so—but forever evolving into higher and higher states, working out its own salvation.

The conviction of life being made up of several, yes, innumerable, existences, strengthens in me with time. Everything in life and Nature points to the infallible logic of this process—explaining what otherwise remains dark and incomprehensible. Justice demands that we should all have equal opportunities, but look around and see how every advantage seems showered on some, while others are doomed to neglect and deprivation.

The striking diversity of innate development, as where one child of a family is a genius, while the rest under the same training and education, never rise above mediocrity, undeniably points to former lives as the school where the lessons were either learned or neglected; for, just as at school, some children, up to a certain point, would rather play than study, so in life, lack of earnestness, leaves us behind. However, when the point of awakening is

reached through a dreary struggle, love of knowledge is aroused and the onward course is begun.

After one day's work is over, man goes to rest, perhaps not wishing to return again,—yet, the disciple of Life, the higher aspirations once quickened, will rejoice that this is the law—to come back for more experience.

Also, some being born good and spiritual, when and where did they attain their greater perfection? Heredity cannot account for it, and surely it cannot be a matter of chance. It would be the greatest injustice possible, if either reward or punishment could be administered on account of the deeds of another, even though they were our ancestors.

Although science has tried to prove the "law" of heredity by a number of cases of either genius or criminal tendencies being "inherited," it cannot explain away the utter injustice of such being the event. But is not Justice, like Order, one of the fundamental laws of the Universe?

As a plant cannot grow and ripen unless it is attached to or has its roots buried in the soil, so humanity cannot develop its infinite possibilities unless through experiences and lessons learned on the material plane.

But is one life of seven days, seven years, or seventy years enough? Besides, some lives seem only to allow experiences on one single line to the neglect of all the others. It is like one expecting a diploma from a College, after having mastered only one branch of knowledge.

What we call Evil—is it not related to human experience in the same way as the child's creeping and stumbling, before able to walk erect, are related to its later powers and capabilities?

A character built up by knowing and understanding all phases of Life, by experience (without necessarily plunging into its depths), is it not more genuine than one, derived from justification through faith alone, which often in its weakness, as gained from sources outside of us, is liable to backsliding, and the resort to death-bed repentance?

To love good for its own sake, and not for hope of heaven, or fear of hell, that is what it must come to. Lovingly, your

MILDRED.

* * *

DEAR MILDRED—Your interesting letter, in which you treat me to quite a philosophical discourse, duly received. Like you, I am very much in doubt upon the questions of Justification by Faith alone, and Vicarious Atonement.

One thing that seems to me entirely incomprehensible is, how God, who demands us to forgive unconditionally and forever, is justified in holding an "abiding wrath" against his created children, this "wrath" to be appeased only by the shedding of innocent blood.

Although we are told to "subject the reason under the obedience of faith," the human heart naturally revolts against this doctrine.

Mildred, you were present at the death-bed of Sister Ottilia L. two years ago, when Pastor G. came to prepare her for the end. Do you remember how he emphasized the necessity of the conviction of our utter unworthiness to Life

and Salvation, and how it was only through the blood shed on the Cross, that we could ever hope of being saved from the “just wrath of God?”

To me, at least, knowing of the pure and unselfish life of Sister Ottilia and not thinking it possible that any human being could hold any wrath against this noble woman, it was hard to believe that she did so deeply deserve the anger of her Maker. I thought there must be some mistake about it—and more likely to be found in the teachings of Theology, than in the Over-Soul of the Universe.

Professor Y., the celebrated oculist, has an eye clinic here, and among his patients are four Dalecarlians, quite original and interesting in one way or another. One of them is an old man, whose eye-sight is waning away totally, yet he is so glad and hopeful, and simple as a child. Last week, the Crown-Princess visited the Hospital. She had a little talk with the old man, he according to his national custom, addressing her with “thou.” When she left, he spoke out thus: “Next time thou come, take the Queen along too.”

Another is Andreas, a young peasant, who injured an eye while working in the woods; unfortunately, he did not get the proper care at once, which resulted in his eye having to be taken out.

At first it was feared he would be blind, the uninjured eye being sympathetically affected. He is only twenty-four years, as handsome as the handsomest of this remarkable people, who have played so conspicuous a part in Swedish history, proving themselves to be the very souls of loyalty and total strangers to servility. In a small country as ours, yet how distinct one provincial type stands forth from the other. Out of the forests of old Dalecarlia is heard time and again, the mighty voice of the patriot. All the purest in romance and poetry is combined in this free and noble people, who in their nature and appearance, reflect the grandeur and loftiness of their surroundings.

To continue: Andreas is a perfect Apollo, and with the natural bearing of a king. He was never in a city before, and seems to enjoy wearing his best clothes for everyday. He looks also very striking in his national costume of blue coat with red seams, red waistcoat, knee breeches and green stockings, decorated with very elaborate garters, wooden shoes with tops of leather cut out in designs. With this costume goes the all important heavy leather apron, with brass buckles big enough for the trappings of an elephant.

One day, I timidly suggested that it would perhaps be more convenient, while lunching or at dinner, to take off his apron. His only answer was a look that told me that I knew nothing about “style.”

Some time after his operation, he one day sent for the pastor to write to his sweetheart and tell her that the doctor had little hope of his retaining his eye-sight. That being the case, he freed her from her promise, as he could not think she wanted to marry a blind man. A few days later, I found my Andreas sitting on the edge of his bed, wiping his tears with a hospital-towel (in spite of his “style,” I suspect handkerchiefs were unknown luxuries to the Dalecarlian). I tried to comfort him as best I could, reminding him to spare

his poor eye. It was an intensely pitiful sight to see that man weeping; the very picture of youth and strength, with patient endurance, under such terrible affliction. At last, I became quite alarmed at his weeping, on account of his eye, and was just going to consult the Superintendent about him, when he called out: "I am not crying, I am only so happy that I don't know what I am doing." And then came the secret out, that he had got a letter from Greta, who, in the sweetest way, told him that his misfortune had not changed her heart and that, trusting in God, they could well venture the journey of life together.

Here is also as patient, a dear old lady, the mother of a large family, all of whom are married and settled, with the exception of her youngest son, whom she always speaks of as "the little one." She is very favorably impressed by the Sisters, admiring them for their patience and gentleness, and she makes no secret of saying that she would die in peace, did she know that "the little one" (six feet tall and thirty-six years old) could secure one of the Sisters for his spouse, as he then "would be left in good hands."

I have my work, and am satisfied with my vocation, were it not for the oppressiveness of the spiritual side of it. It seems narrow to hold our institution in the light only of one of the pillars of the Lutheran church—why not rather a Sisterhood of Christian-love, regardless of creed. In some cases this will lead to hypocrisy. As to you, I shall not be surprised to hear of your expulsion some day on account of your "heresies," as I know you will speak fearlessly when occasion demands. With love, your

LOUISA.

* * * * *

"REST" HOSPITAL.

DEAR LOUISA—You shall now hear from me again, after this long silence of almost six months.

With the hospital continually crowded, you can know I have had very little time to spare. Although I have not been outside the hospital walls all this time, I have felt quite happy through this isolation, my work growing dearer to me with every day. In some measure it has helped me to understand the necessity of silencing the voice of self to attain peace—a foretaste of the renunciation that will set the spirit free.

Amongst our poor sufferers, the sting of their affliction has often been outside and beyond their sickness; to be removed from their families, anxiety for the dear ones at home, in some caused greater pangs than mere physical suffering. So it needs heart and sympathy to spread some cheer in a hospital.

Last night, I had a strange dream, or vision, so vivid it seemed, I will write it down while fresh in memory.

A large, open book was placed before me; on the left page was an inserted picture representing a young woman, her face, though half turned away, impressed me as being a likeness of myself. She was standing in the midst of a field of flowers with arms reaching upwards as if filled with high and lofty aspirations. Her robe was of a very ancient pattern, glistening with jewels

She wore a strange red cap. As I noticed that cap, there appeared on the back of her head another face with low features, looking downwards. It appeared and disappeared when most distinguishable. I tried to read the text, which was printed in types of gold and bright colors. I could only read these words, the rest blurred my eyes: “The story of this woman is well known, and there are many legends about her.”

Another page was turned, and showed a picture of a castle, surrounded by vineyards. The vision was so real, that I smelled the fragrance from the grapes and felt the sunshine of a warm climate. In the portal of the castle stood a woman, not young, but of majestic bearing. She wore a widow’s cap and dark dress. I asked somebody who stood beside me: “What is she doing there?” I was answered: “She distributes gifts among the poor and suffering.”

I wakened with a deep sense of having recalled memories, dormant for centuries.

Though I may not interpret it, the impression of this dream is indelible.

My uncle in America, sent me this poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, as he thought it would suit me, I always being “such an imaginative child.”

I copy it here for you :

“In youth beside the lonely sea,
 Voices and visions came to me.
 Titania and her furtive broods,
 Were my familiars in the woods.
 From every flower that broke in flame
 Some half articulate whisper came.
 In every wind I felt the stir
 Of some celestial messenger.
 Later amid the city’s din
 And toil and wealth, and want and sin,
 They followed me from street to street
 The dreams that made my boyhood sweet.
 As in the silence-haunted glen,
 So ’mid the crowded ways of men,
 Strange lights my errant fancy led,
 Strange watchers watched beside my bed.
 Ill fortune had no shafts for me
 In this aerial company.
 Now, one by one the visions fly,
 And one by one the voices die.
 More distantly the accents ring,
 More frequent the receding wing.

Full dark shall be the days in store
When voice and vision come no more."

The reading of this beautiful poem, brought to my heart a pang, something to be likened to the sudden consciousness of a cage bird of being born with wings. It so entirely expressed what I felt but could not utter. Alas, for having the poet's soul, but not his power.

Yesterday, I heard something sad, which, for many reasons strongly impressed me.

Some years ago, at X hospital, there was, as patient a young country boy. He was an only son, the very "apple of the eye" of his parents, who, heart-broken, remained in the city to see him daily. His great fear of death, or, rather, "Hell and its evil spirits" (as he continually said), made him, while the sickness was at its worst, to request to see a minister. There was consultation with the doctor, who declared that it was dangerous to allow the excitement of religious rites under so critical a period. The Physician of Souls considered the safety of the soul of greater consequence than that of the body, and visited the boy, administering the sacrament, which to the latter seemed to impart a feeling of having secured a free pass to Paradise, if called by death. He recovered. What I heard yesterday was, that he is now in prison, convicted of a most brutal crime. The grief of his parents, especially the mother, is increased by her accusing herself of having, through her prayers, resisted his death at the time of his sickness, and thinking that otherwise he now might be "safe in Heaven."

The poor mother! Think of the confusion of her soul. Religious teaching which causes such confusion,—can it be true? First, to believe that her prayers could alter the purpose of the All-wise; then that her son might have been an inhabitant of heaven had he died after receiving the Holy Communion.

The low animal nature that expressed itself through his crime, was it really purged out of the soul through that death-bed conversion? Is it not a surer means of purification to have the evil brought to the surface to be known and seen in its hideousness and be weeded out of the garden of the heart? As an apple seed contains the tree, with all its future crops of fruit, which at first bitter, will through cultivation become perfected; so the possibilities of the soul are infinite,—no one would think it better to destroy the seed than to let it live? Yes, can life ever be destroyed? Does it not always "run its natural course" and through various forms of disintegration, collect the scattered atoms anew?

Now will not the Heavenly Father be as merciful as a human father would be and grant the opportunity for renewed effort?

The law of the land has condemned him to death—a death in youth. According to religious beliefs his soul will be lost unless a second conversion (maybe as unreliable as the first) will bring him to the "saving Faith."

Religion ought to be to the spirit, what the circulation of the blood is to the body, but it seems usually to be no more than a Voltaic battery, externally

applied, rousing, soothing, shocking, maybe stimulating at times, a palliative for soulsickness, but not the vital principle of life.— Lovingly, your MILDRED.

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CHRISTIANIA HOSPITAL.

DEAR LOUISA— Five weeks ago “Rest” Hospital was closed, as the epidemic is over and I am back at the Home.

As a means of recuperation, Mother has assigned me an easy post, the one of special Nurse to Miss T. You know all about her, having attended her during her former stay here. For some time she was one of the most violent inmates of X Asylum. When she had become peaceable her relatives placed her in our care. At present she is quiet and most of the time apparently rational. Our days pass on smoothly. I read for her a little, play a great deal, music having a calming effect on her. Our piano is splendid.

She likes Mendelsohn’s songs, especially “Resignation” which is also my favorite. In the depths of that music, there is a power to silence the tempests of the soul. We take also daily walks together in the park.

I will write as often as I can while having this “easy” post.

YOUR MILDRED.

* * * * *

DEAR LOUISA— No doubt you wonder why I write so seldom. The truth is that my patient has elapsed into one of her suicidal moods and needs greater care. However, the Doctor orders the daily routine of reading, music and walks to be continued.

Of all the mistakes of human life, suicide seems to be the greatest, and only a diseased brain can account for it. What is the aim the suicide tries to reach by cutting off his existence? To get rid of himself? Can anyone ever get rid of one’s self? Will not the soul, with all its cravings, remain the same though divested of the body?

Blind fatalism, even, seems happier than the vacillating of the heart between submission to “the will of God” and the vain effort through prayer to grant its desires.

Would we not bear the trials of life with more fortitude, when knowing them to be absolutely just and inevitable? But in our religion we are exhorted to pray in faith to be released from this or that calamity, as if the All-wise One could not have omitted them in the first place had they been avoidable. The possibility of changing the course of circumstances by prayers would indicate that the laws governing human life (and the Universe) were very loosely put together. But how is that possible? If anything really was wrong, would not the whole Universe collapse in an instant? Is it not thus that, what appears to be wrong is so in the same way as a fruit is sour and bitter before ripe? By gradual and natural growth only, can either the fruit or the soul be perfected.

As to myself, life means so much more and is so full of interest and beauty since I found rest through understanding these words: "The hand that smites thee, is thine own."

Farewell, till next I write.

YOUR MILDRED.

* * * * *

MY DEAR SISTER LOUISA—Knowing you as a warm friend of our beloved sister Mildred, I hasten to write you about her last days.

You have heard that she died ten days ago; you also know of the last post she held as the Nurse of the insane Miss T.

For several months her patient was very quiet, and hope was entertained of her recovery, when suddenly her suicidal mania took possession of her again. To divert her, Sister Mildred took her for long walks.

Thursday, the 7th, they were as usual in the park, when, of a sudden, Miss T. broke loose from Sister Mildred, and with the swiftness and cunning of the insane, ran towards the sea, closely pursued by Sister Mildred. A moment and she was out in the water, which is quite shallow near the shore. Sister Mildred got hold of her and a hard struggle began, Miss T. going farther and farther out. Meanwhile, a patrolling policeman and some strangers, with some difficulty, got a boat out, and just before they sank got them into it.

Miss T. was now calm and apparently regretted her act when she saw Sister Mildred lying unconscious on the bottom of the boat. The next day Sister Mildred was unable to leave the bed. The Doctor said that a blood vessel in her lungs was seriously damaged and even did not expect her to live. She lingered only five days and died Sunday morning as the people were going to Church.

She was happy and joyful: death had no terrors for her, yet, among some in the hospital there was a great anxiety about her salvation, as she had of late given utterance to doubts in regard to the main teachings of our Faith namely: the Justification by Faith and the Vicarious Atonement.

Smiling, she said to me: "I am going on a vacation of perhaps a thousand years; when I am rested I will come back and learn some more."

When I saw her in the coffin it was hard to believe her to be dead. I closed her eyes, but the next morning the eyelids had relaxed and her half-opened eyes had the same smile as in life. Her gentle mouth seemed so natural that I half expected to hear one of her bright sayings. The shining hair, freed from the cap she never liked, was left free and flowing.

Beautiful as she was in life, death seemed yet to have added a higher stamp to her countenance. It spoke of freedom and victory. She was indeed a seeker after Truth.

She often repeated these words: "At even-tide there shall be light."

I want to believe she found Truth at last.

Follow Thou Me

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By E. J. W.



And it came to pass, that, as they went in the way, a certain *man* said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

And he said unto another, follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

Jesus said unto him, let the dead bury the dead : but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.

And another said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee ; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house.

And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.—*Luke ix, 57-62.*

TH E same note, for the necessity of absolute devotion to the spiritual life, is struck in the three instances given, “Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.”

“Lord I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest” was the response made by one of the listeners to the teachings of the Master. He felt that behind the words that Jesus spoke lay the promise of eternal life, for he felt the force of the “living word” and his soul responded to the call.

Immediately the great teacher put his sincerity to the test: “Give up thy life if thou wouldst live,” the path that leads to divinity leads away from the comforts of material existence, away from the cozy works of personal opinions, creeds or mental theories, and demands of you an unflinching devotion to your highest ideals and a constant life of service for the benefit of your fellow man. The “Son of Man,”—he who has tested all human experience and renounced all the false pleasures of earthly life, the merely personal interests of the average human being, who has discarded the “mess of pottage” and regained his birthright, his Union with the Higher Self, through lives of selfless effort to benefit all that lives, has no resting place apart from the eternal ; the Will of the *Father* is *his Will*, for the twain are one, and his whole consciousness, physical, mental and spiritual, is united in the one aim and object of *living* to make the glory of the Father manifest upon earth. “Whether ye eat or whether ye drink, do all to the glory of God.”

So he did not encourage the man to take up a task that he might find too difficult to carry out, not having perhaps realized what it meant, but in truest compassion put the plain truth before him, “that he who would be greatest among you let him be your servant.” That for those who aspire to the crown of “Conscious immortality in Spirit,” the way lies through the heart ; they must “give to all but take from none,” fight for their brothers’

liberation and in doing so find their own. In the second case, the Master seeing the possibility of growth, perhaps recognizing a disciple or pupil of his in a former life, called him away from the lethargy and stagnation of material life to come and help in the great work of awakening the souls of men to the eternal verities. And he, too, recognized the teacher and the call to a higher life, and the conflict between his dual nature intensified, and he said, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." "I acknowledge thy power, permit me to make a compromise." But the voice of his Divine nature speaking through the Master—for the Higher Self is the Self of all—sternly demanded implicit obedience to his commands, "Let the dead bury the dead;" let those who have not yet awakened fulfill the obligations that pertain to the conditions of darkness, but for you who see the light there are new and higher duties, greater responsibilities, fulfill the law of your evolution and being, "go thou and preach the *kingdom of God*," and aid those that weep, that they may see there *is* no death for those who love the Lord, and walk in his ways. "The kingdom of heaven is within" and is *ever present with* you, awaken ye that sleep and see!

The third man also felt the regenerative force of the Master's awakened, active Soul and said, "I will follow thee"—when I have made everything comfortable and settled my affairs and bid goodbye to all my friends. Poor man, little he recognized the difficulties he intended stirring up to prevent him following the path, but the Master knew, knew how the friends would make demands on him, how his brain mind would make excuses,—he could not go today, because of this, tomorrow because of that. He had affirmed his divinity in feeling the call towards a nobler life but lacked the persistent concentrated effort needful to put that aspiration into action, and the intuition that *now* was the accepted time. So the Master in warning lest he lose his chance of spiritual progression for that incarnation said to him, "No man putting his hand to the plough and *looking back* is fit for the kingdom of God;" to those who aspire to be helpers the path lies ever *upward* and *onward*; "thou shalt not separate thy being from Being and the rest, but merge the ocean in the drop, the drop within the ocean," thus only will you come to recognize the Unity—the Brotherhood of all men, and in the expansion of your consciousness will know that the *human family* must become *your family*. If you cannot do that your place is with those to be helped, not with the Helpers.

He was not "fit for the kingdom of God" because that kingdom is Universal and all embracing, and the Sons of God who are partakers in this kingdom are ministers unto all his children, Grand Elder Brothers who make clear the way through *living example* that weaker souls may see the path and in their turn achieve. And these great lessons hold good for all time. In our present age the call towards a Higher Life, the recognition of our essential Divinity, has gone out to the ends of the earth. The conditions are identical, and our response will place us in position in accordance with the same immutable laws.

Rightly Directed Energy

By M. J. Barnett



DO we ever think what riches are ours in the vitality that is given us to work with, in and through our physical body? What is vitality or life force? Energy or force is the creative spiritual substance so to speak, employed in the building of universes as of the numberless worlds that compose them. It is not only at the command of Gods and World builders, but it is the inherent property of everything that lives, from man down to the compact rock which age by age evolves and solidifies by means of its own peculiar appropriation of force from nature's storehouse.

How this energy was originally evolved does not so much matter to us in our present stage of development as the more practical fact that it exists in and all around us and is at our command in proportion as we approach more or less nearly the status of perfected man.

It is true that those who desire to work evil and who are upon the downward path can to a limited degree command Nature's forces for evil purposes, but they do so at their own peril. Since all the powers of the Universe are working for only good, any effort in a contrary direction produces an inharmony. Nature, always on the alert, seeks ever to restore to harmony; and in accordance with the universal law of equilibrium, whatever is given forth recoils upon the giver. Thus we can see that destruction sooner or later must attend those who work for evil, and for self regardless of others. This law of retribution may well excite the terror of the evil doer, but since we do not care how much the good we do recoils upon us, we need not, in living up to the standard of true Brotherhood, fear the utter destruction that can befall only the selfish, the unbrotherly.

When we work with Nature, we are always employing the right method. This fact is acknowledged by the wise and even by those who are more learned than wise, in every department of Science and Art. In combatting bodily disease the endeavor would be to discover Nature's method in dealing with it, which is always that of expressing or pushing it forth onto the physical, the lowest plane, and thus getting rid of it. As we all know, if we are working at sculpture or painting, the more nearly we approach Nature the more beautiful our work will be. The more a musician's ear is given to the harmonies of Nature the higher will be his ideal and the greater his power of expression.

Nature not only never works evil but she never wastes her energy. It goes without saying that she moreover never scatters it in trifles, for she has no

trifles, all things, however great or small they may seem to us, are of equal importance in her domain. It is only we who consciously or unconsciously waste and scatter the precious energy at our command. Why do we do this? We are ignorant. We are thoughtless. We lack earnestness of purpose. We are frivolous. We have no true philosophy of life, or if we have it we do not live up to it. We have no anchorage in truth. We have no supreme guiding motive for thought and conduct. We have no conception of our oneness with all that lives. One who realizes the law of Brotherhood and works with that law need not fear that he will waste his energy on trifles, much less work evil to his fellows.

Do we ever reflect that we, even the most feeble of us, have more or less at our command this vital energy without which nothing could live, and that if we are not employing it for some real lasting good we are wasting it? If we are not with the law we are against it. Now, how many times do we during one single day commit acts or indulge in thoughts or feelings that cannot possibly benefit either ourselves or any one else; and not only so but not being a benefit they must be an injury and must cripple us in any earnest life work. Our inordinate desires alone consume an amount of energy which if rightly employed might make us one with the Gods.

Granting that the evil we do is only the result of misdirected energy, can we with our present knowledge direct it rightly? We can come into more knowledge. The most ignorant, the most criminal of present humanity can, if he so desires, come into more knowledge, more light. The scales can fall from his eyes.

We could not perhaps find a more notable illustration of misguided energy being turned to good account by coming into knowledge, than that furnished us by our Scripture in the character of St. Paul. He is introduced to us as a young man named Saul, who consented to the cruel death of Stephen; who made havoc of the church, entering into every house and hailing men and women (for it was a part of his career in which he made no distinction of sex) and committing them to prison. He breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of Jesus and worked strenuously for the privilege of bringing bound unto Jerusalem any Christians whom he might find at Damascus whether men or women.

He seems to have been possessed of an extraordinary share of vital energy, and to have turned the whole of it to evil account. But in the midst of his downward career the heavens opened upon him, effulgent light, flooding him in the midst of his great darkness blinded his eyes. A saving voice fell upon his ear, divine wisdom descending upon him so suddenly in his ignorance appeared to stun his faculties so that he neither ate nor drank for three days. But the light at length penetrated to his soul and roused him from his lethargy. Both his inner and his outer vision became cleared and as it were in the twinkling of an eye he adjusted his prostituted faculties to his newly gained knowledge, changed the direction of his tremendous energy, and thenceforth there was not

among all the disciples, who so zealously worked in the Master's service, one who could equal in zeal, vigor, and boldness this same Saul of Tarsus.

Now, one might imagine that on his conversion to Christianity he would be likely only to change the direction of his persecutions to all opposing sects, but such was not the case. True enlightenment does not work that way. With the light from above there had descended upon him the spirit of his divinely compassionate Master. The scales had fallen from his eyes and he could see clearly. It was left to later generations to contradict in practice their own lip-teachings of Brotherhood, to ignore that pivotal principle of their professed religion. It was left to a degenerated, blinded, ignorant age to practice the Brotherhood of savage brutes, and worse, for it would be rare to find a brute turning upon and rending its own kind.

If all the energy misapplied to evil by zealots of the past, who mistook themselves for followers of Christ, had been employed for true Brotherhood work, Christendom today would not be so steeped in selfishness and vice as almost to call forth despair were it not that we know the Great Helpers are working to bring "Truth, Light and Liberation to discouraged humanity."

What is prostituted ability, talent or genius, but misdirected force? Nevertheless it frequently calls forth admiration from the indiscriminating. What is it that we admire in the skillful maneuvers of a defaulter or burglar for example? Surely not the evil he works. But we lose our abhorrence of the evil in our admiration of his rare ingenuity, so much so that we sometimes say we would almost forgive the fellow his crime on account of talent, whereas nothing should create more aversion in us than the perverted use of any ability. Talent is always admirable. It was at first small ability which had been worked for, and gradually it has unfolded in life after life until it has become a Godlike power. How sad that it should ever be employed for evil!

In the case of an atrocious crime it is not so difficult for us to discriminate between the means employed and the motive, for the evil that is wrought is so evident. But there are a thousand and one subtle ways in which evil appears among us disguised as good, that demand our rare discrimination and our continued protest. If any among us are so fortunate as to have worked for and gained such discrimination it is for such to endeavor to raise the erring up to a higher standard by teaching the true philosophy of life, but above all by personal example.

It is well known that music and the drama, which should be regarded as sacred factors in the evolution of humanity and made to appeal to the higher nature, are frequently turned to base uses, appealing only to the low passions of man's nature. It is mistakenly argued that the masses must be taken where they stand and gradually led higher. But do we give the criminal a chance to indulge a little in his crime until he is weaned from it, and is that the way to wean him from it? No. Only a bold departure from a false method, only a direct and vigorous contradiction of everything that works

against real progress, against soul enlightenment will take the masses away from where they stand and along on the right road. This is abundantly proved by the signal success of the pure and elevating music and drama offered to the world by the Universal Brotherhood Organization under the present leader. The newly-revived quality reigning throughout all branches of art, as well as in the science of true living in every department of life, now being emphasized in the Raja Yoga school at Point Loma appeals not only to the aspiring and right minded whom, in its incipiency it has already reached, but it will be sure in time to make its way with the most depressed, even though, at the first moment, they may, like Saul of Tarsus, be only stunned and blinded by it. The voice of the Christ within them in no uncertain tone will arouse them. The scales will fall from their eyes and they will see more clearly than ever before. The divine which is in every human heart will certainly respond.

We can each of us do our little in the great work of purification by always standing firmly on the side of right if only by a mental attitude. If all the perverted talent now spent upon degrading literature and art in order to gain a success which at best is only failure, were rightly employed it would meet with a success more lasting than time, for the motive back of it would be one with all the great beneficent forces of the universe.

We are never working alone and the great question is shall our allies be the enemies of natural law, who in striving for the ultimately impossible only injure themselves, or shall we unite our forces with those of the Grand Army of Evolution, of Brotherhood, and thus, working with Nature, find ourselves among the conquerors? Shall we not turn our little energy into that great current which, with these accretions will swell and swell until it will sweep along towards the goal, the whole of saved humanity now evolving upon this globe?

The immense variety and vast number of organizations existing in the world today prove that there is a partial comprehension of the fact that cooperation accomplishes greater results than individual effort. But it is little known that, as has been told us by one versed in such mysteries, combined energy is as the square (not the sum) of the number combined in effort. Much less is there a general realization of the existence of unseen allies on higher and on lower planes, who by the law of affinity, flock under any banner raised on the physical plane. Let our motto then express the highest conceivable thought. Let our aim be the purest. Let us see to it that we keep the whole law as expressed by all the great teachers of humanity, in loving one another. Let us recognize our original divinity, our Brotherhood, with everything that lives.

The Imagination

By W. A. Dunn



THIS supreme importance of an active and well-ordered imagination is not sufficiently recognized now-a-days as the factor in mental life upon which all intellectual faculties depend for color and beauty. The modern man, in a large degree, is contented if his mental machinery is capable of carrying out a logical sequence along formal and conventional lines. He does not dream, while life to him is tolerable, that these lines are merely laid upon the surface of a vast unexplored ocean, into whose depths only those of strong imagination may penetrate. At times in the history of the world mighty storms have risen from the deeps, sweeping away all shadow institutions, throwing organized society into chaos. The multitude which thought it had been standing upon a rock, but finding it mere tissue paper easily scattered into nothingness when nature's inner breath was outpoured, has at such times instantly turned to and gravitated around those men who by deep exploration had penetrated into the depths of life and grounded their feet upon an unseen rock which no storm could move or disturb. Such souls are those who have made history.

All men possess intellectual faculty, just as they possess hands and feet. But as the organs of bodily action are exercised and trained upon some plan and for executing some purpose, so must the intellectual faculties be directed and trained along lines laid down by imagination and energised by purpose or motive. When the power of imagination is lightly exercised (in which the faculties of the subordinate mind do not receive the restraining influence necessary for their correct application) the lower intellectualism reigns supreme, the powers of mind being split up into separate camps, the soul finding no centralized unity upon which to shine.

The small value placed upon the imagination by most people is no doubt the outcome of wrong application. Its true function, to create mental form for the fire of determined purpose to realize itself through, has been and is being perverted by a pernicious tendency to create fanciful forms in the mind around the fire of animal desire—the antithesis to the fire of an unselfish purpose. Like the Will, the imagination may be stimulated to action by many varying degrees of desire—but the resultant mind structure must be relative, as regards strength and quality, to the desire which prompts its creation. Hence a selfish and narrow mind carries a tendency to create selfish and narrow imaginative forms. For this reason, imagination has become of little value in modern estimation because of application as mere personal fancy.

If a broad view be taken of the world of mind, a striking fact presents itself. It is this:—Every discovery in science, every invention from the steam engine to the cotton loom, every line of music, poetry or scripture, was, at birth, an imaginative thought in the mind of *one man*. Look how such apparently small creative acts of mind have spread with power into every fibre of civilized life. The very things we refer to as solid and matter of fact could not have come into use if imagination had not grasped the impossible and dragged it down into form and manifestation.

All that is true in modern life and modern institutions is the movement of streams that have originated from great masterful souls and flowed down to us through the ages, within the forms which were originally moulded by the imagination. Without these forms they could not have continued in the consciousness of the race.

Our usefulness as workers for others depends upon the mental condition we *choose to maintain* within ourselves. It is not a question of “thoughts,” but the inner atmosphere in which thoughts move. We do not take kindly to great thoughts repeated by a talking machine. Everyone, when the eyes are open, *must* see objects, but we have the power to *choose* what is seen and of directing the sight. In like manner, everyone must have thoughts of some kind, but the attention (the mental eye) can choose its thoughts of whatever degree. In such act of choosing, the imagination is made active, and provides form around which the thoughts chosen are built, thereby erecting a mental structure which grows according to the labour bestowed upon it—not one brick more or less.

If the mind strongly imagines what it is to be contented, consecrated, loving, etc., and *maintains* all or any of these sufficiently long, the mind must actually realize in fact the condition fixed upon in imagination. When gazing upon a picture all its beauties gradually reveal themselves as we continue to look, and of course, relative to the strength of the attention. Similarly, an act of the imagination gains strength and substance (as the condition thought of is sustained) relative to the intensity of attention.

Comrades, we know this to be true:—that if every member was this minute to strongly and vividly *imagine* himself or herself as being a strong, unselfish and noble soul, *minus* floating thought straws, and rigidly maintain such condition for a week, more energy would thereby be brought down into life than by “moving round a circle” for a year. Imagination has embodied world-moving forces in the past, it can do so again, *if we choose*. It is merely a question of choice, the ability is already present.

The Woman

By Mad re



SHE was studying art and there were many like her in the great Academy. All were good friends, all were young and ambitious, all were planning for a year in Paris, with Merson, perhaps. All were dreaming of future honors in the Salon—perchance of an *Hors Concours*; all but she. They understood, when the Academy opened for the following year, and they learned that she had become a wife.

A feeling akin to dismay spread over the whole school, that such possibilities as were hers should be so carelessly buried, wasted. Said her teacher, "It is too bad, for she was certainly very promising." The students smiled, some disdainfully, some sadly, a few with a satisfied air which said, "one fewer in the way of our success."

Those who really loved her lamented: "Her art is dead, and she, herself, is buried with it. We know her future, the stereotyped round of callers and servants and three meals a day and children." "Don't have any children," said one of the boldest to her; "you may do something yet."

She smiled, though her heart sank a little, and she still painted during the intervals of time when there were no other duties. But she painted but little for there was much to be attended to in the establishing of a home.

Her husband was older than she, a man of mature years. "A fortunate thing," said those who knew them both. "A pity," said the gossips who knew nothing. They had always known each other. He had played games with her and taught her music when she was a laughing curly-headed child and he a shy young man. Then he came to the great city and under the green-shaded light of a reporter's desk worked and worked for the living which was so long a precarious one. But the curly-haired child grew to womanhood, the modest fortune was won, and then came the home.

One day, upon these two there dawned a great happiness. A baby's cry and faltering gentle laughter was heard in their home. "Alas," said her friends, "it is all over now. Her art is wasted, and her life, well, that is wasted too."

But, strange anomaly, she was far happier than these friends. They were careworn, less beautiful. Some of them were almost never joyous. She, who had never been beautiful, became so. Her views of life grew tall and broad under the sunlight of her husband's sympathy. She gravitated towards a true philosophy of life as naturally as a planet would glide into its own orbit.

Other babies came. Still she became happier. Her friends could not understand it. It was very strange.

One day she and her husband adopted a little unfortunate babe. And, as her children grew she filled their lives with music and with color, and the lives of other children as well, for many seemed to gravitate toward her. And the children loved to learn because they knew that some day they would—paint wonderful pictures and play astonishing concertos?—no, because they would some day become able to be teachers too, which to them appeared to be the finest prospect in the whole world.

And she taught them not as she had been taught, but out of her mother heart, feeling her way in the half-darkness of this labyrinthine thing called pedagogy as Theseus felt his way through the windings of that labyrinth in old Crete, by means of the tiny golden thread held by the woman, Ariadne. And the thread of intuition which she followed often led her to disregard the sign-posts along this pedagogic winding path which were labelled “traditional methods of teaching music,” “academic rules of art study,” “the proper method,” etc. That was the most shocking of all the things this woman did.

Her friends said “She is utterly lost.” They ceased to talk to her of art, and chose commonplace topics. They quietly decided among themselves that the talent of her earlier days must have been illusory. In fact, that was always evident enough when she was drawing antiques and nudes in the great academy. No one who really knew her then had ever expected her to do anything great in art, excepting her husband. And men were blind at best. “No woman with the soul of an artist,” said these friends, “*could* stoop to play silly games with babies and little children; no true artist *could* allow them to handle clay and colors without a suspicion of academic rule.”

They shook their heads. “Her art is lost,” they said to each other. The friends who said this seemed more careworn than she and their step was heavier. They smiled regretfully. They were not used to smiling in any other way.

But she heard their words, and she said to them, her calm face glowing with divinest of content, “You are mistaken. The art of my school days is not lost. I have never forsaken it for a moment. I have become a sculptor. But I no longer use clay as I did in the old days. That upon which I work, to which I give the best of myself as you give the best of yourselves to paint on canvas, is a something most wonderful, most divine, but which is not to be found in the whole range of your art. It is living and conscious, it is plastic, yet I desire not that it should always yield. It comes to my hand, impressed and shaped by ages and peoples of the past, pulsating too with its own inherent life, iridescent with spiritual will. Upon this divine material I must work, I, a sculptor. I cannot change nor cover the impressions of the past, though I might yearn to do so. Upon them the marks made by my hand will never, never fade away. Nothing can wholly obliterate my work. It will endure in one or another form when the quarries of Naxos are as dust. That is the terror of my work. That is also the joy of it.

“You say that my art has been wasted. I tell you that the completest, grandest instrument that I use is this very art of my school-days, this which

to you rounds out the whole cycle of life. I tell you it is yourselves who are lost. Art is not something to be desired and won for itself merely. It is only a tool, a glorious instrument, a noble means to a still more noble end. Shall I waste my life in polishing and perfecting this tool, when before me lies a valley of diamonds whose stones, verily, cry out to be released that they may reflect the light of the Eternal?"

Her friends looked at each other and smiled. "And what is this marvelous material on which you work?" they asked.

She answered, "The souls of little children."

CHICAGO, Jan. 17, 1901.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. FUSSELL



What is the Theosophists' criterion of truth? Do they believe in the Bible as the word of God and in divine revelation?

ONE of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy is the essential divinity of man and that there is in man the potentiality of godhood. Thus so far as that potentiality becomes actuality, does divine revelation become possible to each man, because of the awakening of the divine in him, and thereby the mirroring in him of the divine in the Universe and of the very nature of Deity. He who reaches this height will attain divine illumination and, as he speaks from the soul, he will give forth an inspired word, for he has so attuned his heart to nature that God can speak through him. As the heart of the flower is a part of the heart of nature and expresses nature's divine word in its beauty of fragrance and color, so as man consciously realizes his oneness with God, will he express God's word in his life through act and speech.

This possibility lies before all men and, from time to time, in the vast periods of the life of humanity, great Teachers and Saviours have arisen who, uttering the divine word, have given birth to the sacred scriptures or bibles of the world, all of which are "The Word of God," in that they contain the true teachings concerning God and Nature and Man and Life.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.

Besides the great scriptures such as the Vedas, Upanishads, the Hebrew writings and others, it will be also seen that there are many lesser bibles or

writings containing divine truth more or less concealed and, it may be, mixed with error. That which makes the great scriptures truly the bibles of the race, is their universal application to all planes of the life of man and the cosmos, and containing, as was hinted at by Christ, "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven."

Those who desire to pursue the subject further should study H. P. Blavatsky's great work, "The Secret Doctrine."

But although the whole of visible nature is a mighty scripture—the word of God—although there exist the great bibles, of what value are they unless man can read and understand them? And it is not the mere understanding of the mind that avails, but the understanding of the heart which is born of devotion. Without exception this has been taught by all great teachers of humanity. Jesus said, "If any one will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." And three thousand years before Christ, Krishna said, "He who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time."

But while it is true in one sense that the last and final tribunal for each man is himself, his own soul, and that the criterion of truth lies in each man's heart, yet there is another factor that must be taken account of and that is, that no man is separate from his fellows, that the soul is but as a spark of the divine Over-Soul. Thus in a greater degree the final tribunal is the soul of humanity, and greater still, the Over-Soul. That is, as man mirrors more and more of the divine in his heart and attunes his life thereto, so does he find a higher and higher criterion of truth which ultimately must be Truth itself or God. But there is nothing arbitrary or authoritative in this, in the sense that a formula of truth or a dogma is imposed on man with the threat of the penalty of hell for disbelief or for non-conformity thereto. It is rather a growth by which man learns that the spark of light within himself derives its light from that Greater Light which is its source, and thus partakes of the nature of, and is one with, the light within the hearts of all other men.

In this way does it become possible for man to recognize his Teachers, for in nature there is no equality, but a brotherhood of elder and younger. Were it not so, man might well despair of ever attaining the truth or, having once sunk into the depth of ignorance, of ever rising again therefrom.

The revelation that comes to man, in very truth comes through his own heart, but through and by the aid of those who have climbed higher on the stairway of life, and who quicken the spark in his heart, making it glow and become a flame. Were it not for the Elder Brothers of humanity, human evolution could not proceed. Were it not that they come again and again with a divine revelation to strike the keynote of truth for each new age, humanity would sink down into utter darkness. So also the men and women of the world as parts of the human family have a great responsibility toward all their younger brothers and toward all the lower forms of life. For it is through humanity as a whole and the light that it passes on that these lower

forms can progress. What a paradise earth would become did man know his power to become veritably in himself and in his life the revealed word of God—or to quote from one of the scriptures, "The word made flesh." ORION.

Do you believe you go to some other place when you die?

This was a question asked by one of the tourists recently visiting Loma Homestead. The answer given was to the effect that after a period of rest we are born again on earth to take up the thread of life where we laid it down in the last life.

It is curious that the return to *earth* should form one of the objections of a certain class of enquirers, and that some are willing to accept the teachings of the continuity of life, if only they can think they will go to some other planet. Yet surely, if such people were to stop to think, they would know that in a short period of one existence they cannot possibly learn all the lessons that life on this earth affords. Further, as a matter of strict justice we must reap where we have cast the seed. We are not separate from the life of humanity and are connected not only with the past life of the world but with its future life and are sowing seeds that will bear their harvests here on earth, and therefore must come back to reap them here.

If only men could realize the enormous opportunity that reincarnation gives of making this earth into a heaven, of retrieving all mistakes of the past, of sowing new seed for a future golden harvest; if they could but realize for one moment the explanation it gives to all the inequalities and injustices of life, they would find that as a *theory* there was none other so reasonable, or full of hope. And if they would study the experiences of life, they would come to see that reincarnation is not a mere theory but one of the facts of nature, and the method of nature by which alone evolution and progress are possible.

J. H. FUSSELL.

"What then is the universe for, and for what final purpose is man the immortal thinker here in evolution? It is all for the experience and emancipation of the soul, for the purpose of raising the entire mass of manifested matter up to the stature, nature, and dignity of conscious god-hood. The great aim is to reach self-consciousness; not through a race or a tribe or some favored nation, but by and through the perfecting after transformation, of the whole mass of matter as well as what we now call soul. Nothing is, or is to be, left out. The aim for present man is his initiation into complete knowledge, and for the other kingdoms below him that they may be raised up gradually from stage to stage to be in time initiated also. This is evolution carried to its highest power; it is a magnificent prospect; it makes of man a god, and gives to every part of nature the possibility of being one day the same; there is strength and nobility in it, for by this no man is dwarfed and belittled, for no one is so originally sinful that he cannot rise above all sin."—*W. Q. Judge.*

Mirror of the Movement

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New from Lomaland

There can be no doubt that this is the new Garden of Eden, as with the onward march of this glad new year the landscape assumes its loveliest aspect. For some years past such a season as this has been unknown: plenteous rain has now fallen and, blessed by the almost eternal sunshine, Southern California is expecting the most prosperous time in its history. The hills and vales are turning vivid emerald; flowers of many hues, though violet, purple and yellow predominate largely, carpet the ground in masses, the birds are building their nests, miniature "round" houses after Nature's order, and singing joyously everywhere, brilliant humming birds and gorgeous butterflies dart from flower to flower and magnificent purple moths of great size with wondrous "eyes" marked on their wings flit into open windows at eve. Our grounds are rapidly being filled with all manner of ornamental and fruit trees including an extensive grove of mulberry trees for the silk industry which is starting under our Leader's watchful care. The long drive up to the Homestead from the high road is now complete with its two rows of handsome palms, which make a very striking feature in the landscape.

* * *

Great Development of the Work

With the active increase in Nature's work so our labors extend by leaps and bounds. Every day there is something new—some new plan laid by the wise forethought of the Leader or put into practice for the welfare of our "other selves" now living, or to come. The Homestead is over-crowded, the tented houses of the students are spreading in all directions, growing like mushrooms in the night, and even buildings designed for other purposes have to be utilized for temporary residences. Everyone is living at the highest pressure yet not half the work crying to be done can even be attempted. There is, naturally, no time for "recreation" in the ordinary sense, change of work is the excellent substitute, and it is marvelous how the dormant capacities of the students develop in quite unsuspected directions under the guiding hand of the Leader. The world is now actually waiting for, and demanding the service of an army of *qualified* students with devotion to humanity and impersonality for their watchwords who carry a high moral tone of purity, but to be of real use here they must have been properly trained in the work and tested by the Leader as, for anyone reckless of consequences to rush in here prematurely as some have unwisely tried to do, would be foolish in the extreme and a serious hindrance to the Leader's developing plans.

* * *

New Arrivals

But day by day more students are being accepted and welcomed "home" by the Leader. Brother Neresheimer, our devoted Treasurer and cabinet officer, has at last arrived from New York to stay, and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Spalding, the Superintendent of the Lotus groups throughout the world, and her husband, who, though not a member, yet highly appreciates the work and the beauty of the students' life. Among other arrivals are Brother Cobbold from England, an old and devoted pupil of H. P. B., and Brothers Rounds and Barborka, well-known violinists from Macon and Chicago.

* * *

Tourists and Visitors Coming in Great Numbers

This being the season for visitors to "winter" in Southern California, the Leader has recently thrown open certain limited portions of the grounds and buildings for tourists to see. Thousands have already availed themselves of this privilege and the full energies of half a dozen or more of the students, who have been trained as guides to conduct parties around continually for eight hours daily, are

taxed to the utmost. The interest shown by the visitors is most encouraging and none leave without a strong impression of the beauty and firm common sense basis of our work, as here they are able to see the various departments in operation. As these tourists are generally cultured and intelligent people from distant regions, they show a new appreciation and express themselves delighted with our practical efforts to uplift the race and the hope we offer to discouraged humanity without money or price.

* * *

Daily Lectures

So many questions are asked about our work and philosophy that Katherine Tingley has arranged for six to ten short lectures by different students to be given daily, except Saturdays when there is an entertainment given by the Lotus children, at regular times in the Aryan Temple. These lectures give the main features of Theosophy and place our aims and methods in brief. They embrace subjects such as "The heart Doctrine," "Reincarnation in the Bible," "The Work of H. P. Blavatsky Carried Over to the Twentieth Century," "The Great in the Small," and "Lomaland," and are preceded by a short introductory address. The beauty of the changeful purple windows and dome, the majestic Egyptian proscenium designed by Brother Machell, the graceful deep violet students' gowns of the lecturers who read their papers from archaic scrolls are striking to the audiences, and though only lately commenced, a large number of sympathetic and intelligent people have taken advantage of this opportunity. From their subsequent remarks it is clear that they have been powerfully impressed by the spirit of the place and many have found all their preconceived ignorant prejudices completely removed by their visit.

* * *

Dining Room

Nor is the inner man forgotten, lest our guests should be unable to enjoy the views or the lectures owing to fatigue, for a refined and inexpensive lunch is provided in the Homestead Dining Hall, a large apartment full of light, color and cheerfulness. During the lunch hour high class concerted music, including piano, organ, violin, cello, and harp is provided by students of the Isis League of Music and Drama.

* * *

Distinguished Visitors

The Leader recently entertained a large party of specially invited guests, including Admirals Kautz and Casey of the United States Navy. All were astonished and delighted by what they saw in all departments, though perhaps the happy faces and perfect yet loving discipline and delightful home life of the Raja Yoga Lotus Home children impressed them the most as it showed so prominently the actual capacity of this, the Master's work, to answer the longing of educationalists for a higher system of training for the young. These travelled people could see that here, and here only, was the place where this need could be adequately supplied.

* * *

International Lotus Home

Speaking of the Lotus Home it may be mentioned that the tented houses have recently been considerably strengthened and rendered more ornamental and durable so that when the Leader goes away on her next crusade she will feel content that the children are more comfortable in their airy nests.

* * *

A Crusade

We have lately had a crusade to San Diego. The Leader and some of her students went down "from the mountain into the valley" and a most remarkable success was gained. "Hypatia" was rendered on Saturday February 9th, at the large Fisher Opera House, followed on Sun-

day night by a great public meeting at the same place, and on Monday and Tuesday by other public meetings in smaller halls. The effect has been wonderful, every meeting was well attended and, as the first visible result, the Leader has established a permanent weekly exposition of Theosophy in one of the most beautiful and artistic Halls on the coast, at which the older students read scrolls illustrating the different phases of our activities and presenting Theosophy in simple and attractive form. First class music is also provided to the delight of attentive audiences. At the great public meeting on Sunday, February 10th, at which the opera house was filled to its utmost capacity by 1400 people, a deep impression was produced by the appearance of the speakers with scrolls and their beautiful Greek students' costume, seen for the first time except in regular dramatic presentation. The rendering of Hypatia was very fine, the beauty of the scene, prepared by Brother Machell, and the evident sincerity of the actors struck the audience as something new and at the end, when the whole band of Hypatia students advanced towards the audience with arms uplifted hailing the presence of Apollo during the intonation of the Gayatri by Philon, the effect was marvelous.

* * *

**Heartfelt Reception of
the Leader Feb. 13th**

On our beloved Leader's return from this victorious campaign a pretty reception was quickly arranged by the students who had faithfully held the citadel during the absence of the Leader. The "New Century Guard" marched in procession, the International flags flew gaily to the breeze, flowers were strewed by the little Lotus Buds, a bouquet of Loma's choicest flowers presented, an address read and handed by Mme. Petersen, heartfelt song raised and other pretty ceremonies carried out. It was a touching event and showed, however imperfectly, the deep feeling of love and devotion to the Leader and her work which is held by all here and which unifies us as "the children of one sweet Mother."

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**Jubilee Symposium and
their Significance**

Katherine Tingley has received hundreds of letters already from members in all parts agreeing that these Dramatic presentations are the greatest possible propaganda work at the present time — the results have been uniformly successful and everywhere interest has been excited in the deeper meaning. The Leader says if such work can be done by mere beginners, amateurs, what must it come to in a little while if the members throughout the world continue to perfect themselves and push on this work as a chief means of presenting Theosophic Truths, in a form both interesting and instructive. And as audiences are always considerate to the well meant efforts of amateurs working for benevolent objects, there need be no undue anxiety as to the results.

There is a great charm in the unification of all the Lodges by their joining in the one presentation at the same time universally. It would be a serious error to break this united front by any perversion of the plan in any locality merely to please some individual fancy, for the inner spirit, the wheel within the wheel, is the continuity which must be kept at all costs. At Lomaland the unity of the whole Theosophical world is felt as a living thing, a true organism with the one Heart sending streams of vitalizing power to all the limbs which will grow just in proportion as they assimilate this life harmoniously.

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Isis League

The musical work is developing rapidly, as so many musical students have collected here. The nucleus of a very fine orchestra is now formed and the voices of the Temple choir are rapidly becoming pliant and forceful under the splendid training of Miss Bergman. The frequent practices in the Temple are a great delight to those students taking part in them and

they feel the real development taking place within, under the wisely directed power of vibration.

* * *

**The Woman's
Exchange
and Mart**

The Mart is doing an excellent work and many new developments are opening out in unexpected lines. Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Crosbie and Miss Whitney are kept busy interesting the numerous visitors. Afternoon tea is served most daintily by Mrs. Lundberg and the rooms in which the beautiful and useful goods are displayed have been rearranged lately in the most attractive and artistic fashion. Great numbers of tourists daily carry away souvenirs of our work and the name of Lomaland is being sent far and wide, associated with beauty and grace.

* * *

**All This in
One Year!**

All this and very much more that cannot be written is mainly the result of only one year's activity, for the Leader only came to reside in Loma land on February 13, 1900. What the next and succeeding years will bring forth, imagination may picture, but in any case the reality will far exceed the fancy.

Jubilee Reports



U. B. LODGE, No. 1, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Jubilee was a grand success. Everyone, from the tiny two-year-old, to those grown gray in the service, took part in the Jubilee, and the joyous feeling was fairly contagious. At the Jubilee meeting, the speeches were short and full of fire, and the atmosphere pulsated with Brotherhood from first to last.

For the symposium we found the hall entirely too small. There was but one verdict, — a grand and harmonious presentation of the philosophy. To quote the words of one visitor, "You have done more to demonstrate Brotherhood than you could have done by twenty lectures."

At the last moment it was possible for Mr. Neresheimer to join us, representing Hypatia's father. His presence was what we needed to make the harmony complete, and I am sure every heart was touched by his rendering of the Gayatri, given so appropriately just as Hypatia speaks of her glorious vision.

In speaking of the Symposium I should like to mention the beautiful and artistic work of some of the members of New Cycle Unity Lodge, by whom the stage-setting for the two scenes was made.

The Jubilee of the Children and the Boys' Club was the last of the public meetings. Before the portraits of the three Leaders were the principal ceremonies. First, the children brought flowers and recited appropriate verses, then the Boys' Club followed with military salute. So we can truly say, the Jubilee included old and young, by whose united effort a new force was born, to carry forward into the New Century.—*Ida Gribben, Secretary.*



U. B. LODGE, No. 76, PASADENA, Cal.

The three public evenings of the New Year Jubilee were prepared for with enthusiasm on the part of members and enjoyed by all who attended. The headquarters, Miss White's studio, its walls lined with reproductions of nature's choicest roses and with

some special additions made to the general effect, formed an almost ideal place of meeting. Occupying the whole of a one-story building set in a garden of shrubbery, it can hardly be excelled as a center for U. B. work. None of the world's discords enter at any time and there is no disturbing influence such as is always present in a crowded business block. The beautiful is ever allied with the true and all feel its influence. At the Sunday meeting on the 13th, appropriate papers were read on the Theosophical Movement, in which the main fundamental teachings were outlined, the work of the three Leaders briefly reviewed and the activities at Point Loma dwelt upon. The evening closed with music, having opened with a reading of the departments of the organization and of its objects.

Monday evening was given to the program for that time but, chiefly because of the illness of an important worker, the Symposium could not be presented in dramatic form. The entire text was read, however, by a member with excellent effect, Hypatia reading the lines of that character very impressively, but not in costume. Two part songs were given and two violin solos, all well appreciated. Close attention was given by all the audience, so that members felt encouraged to undertake further work.

The Flower Play was a success. The children did their parts well, led by one of the Lotus workers. A skillful pianist accompanied the singers and there was no halting in the parts. The children were bright and happy and the audience larger than on either of the two preceding evenings. The flower screen through which the little faces peered suggested a garden, the painted flowers with speaking faces exchanging thoughts on unity and brotherhood until sleepy-time came and their eyes closed. One of the little girls afterward read an appropriate story, another sang, and so with more music the Jubilee was ended, the anticipated pleasure had sunk into the hearts of all and the only regret was that some had been kept away by sickness. Many friends expressed a hope that they might be privileged to attend similar entertainments in future.

The audience was loth to leave and remained to chat, not guessing perhaps, the real cause of the good feeling that prevailed. The private meeting afterwards was one of our best. And so, as one tiny twig of the forest of Brotherhood, Pasadena Lodge marked a new point in its efforts and did its best to embody the wishes of our beloved Leader. We look forward from this time with new hope and confidence to future accomplishments.—*E. J. Whittier.*

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U. B. LODGE, No. 45, CHICAGO, Ills.

On Sunday, January 13th, at 3:45 p. m., Lodge 45 held a special Scandinavian Jubilee-meeting at Wells Hall. Short addresses on the History of the Movement and the Wisdom-Religion, were given, followed by a musical selection and an address on "Brotherhood a Living Power;" when, at the close of this address the names of the three Leaders were spoken, the members rose and stood in silence two minutes. The meeting closed with announcement of the Jubilee program for Sunday night and Monday and Tuesday in which this Lodge united with Lodge 70. The meeting was harmonious and dignified and the audience much interested. The meeting was well advertised by handbills and announcements in two of the leading Swedish papers in Chicago. This New Year's Jubilee has left a deep impression on all of us. Throughout one could feel the strength of a deep joy from the awakening in us of a realization of the possibilities that await us as Fortune's favored soldiers, if we but WILL.—*Andrew Wittrup, President.*

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U. B. LODGE, No. 115, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

The members of U. B. Lodge 115 of Philadelphia, held an enthusiastic Jubilee Meeting, Sunday evening, January 13th. Assistance in the way of music was given by two members and their friends, while others read papers, which were listened to with evident interest by both members and visitors.—*Frances L. Farrand, President.*

Jubilee Entertainment at Santa Monica

The Universal Brotherhood covered itself with glory in the excellence of the entertainments given last night and this afternoon. The audience was not as large as the character of the two programs warranted, but those who attended are loud in their praise of the entertainments.

This afternoon was the children's entertainment, and thus the lodge brought to a fitting close the New Year Jubilee.

It was opened by a grand march in which about forty children participated, and was followed by songs and recitations by the little ones, concluding with a flower play. On a large screen were fastened wreaths of the different kinds of flowers with an opening in the center. The sunflower was the mother and she called upon one after another of the blossoms to wake up, and as she did so a pretty childish face appeared and sang its solo. It was interesting and effective.—*From the Los Angeles Herald.*



New Year Jubilee

FAIRHAVEN UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE PROVIDES A SERIES OF INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENTS: The New Year Jubilee meetings, the first of their kind given by the Universal Brotherhood Lodge of Fairhaven, extending through Sunday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, have been largely attended, especially last evening, when the rooms were taxed to their utmost capacity. On Sunday evening the objects of the Brotherhood League were given in full, the subject of the lecture being the Spiritual and Practical Aspects of Universal Brotherhood from the standpoint that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The highly classical play, "Hypatia," was presented last night to an appreciative audience.

—*From the Fairhaven Evening Herald.*



A New Departure in the Character of the Amateur Drama

The Universal Brotherhood Jubilee, held in this city, came to a close Tuesday evening by the presentation again of the living pictures representing the evolution of the soul. These were such an improvement over those given last time, and in fact over any of the many artistic entertainments given by the Lotus group that many treats may be expected from the same source in the future. The costumes were beautiful and artistic, and the posing was according to the laws of harmony and art.

The essential aim was to make this Jubilee an artistic success and this was accomplished. The Greek symposium which was given on Monday evening, was something new and novel to a Santa Cruz audience and marks a new departure in amateur drama. More than a dozen characters, fully dressed in Grecian costumes, enacted "Hypatia" in a way that expressed the higher feelings and powers of the soul. The stage settings of pure white and the profusion of flowers threw out a scene of beauty and the speech of the costumed figures was instructive.

At the public meeting of the Jubilee, held on Sunday evening, short addresses were given, along with recitations and music. Altogether the Jubilee has been such a success that it will undoubtedly be repeated next year.—*From the Santa Cruz Sentinel.*



U. B. LODGE, No. 81, MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

U. B. Lodge 81 entered heartily into the new order of the century and has carried out the plans for the New Year Jubilee quite successfully. Our meetings followed the dates and order as directed and were well advertised. Several of our most earnest workers were unfortunately upon the sick list, but everything proceeded in order and the public was well pleased. Different aspects of the work now being done and the application of the

philosophy of life to this work was the main topic handled at the public meeting by several of our best speakers. We were especially fortunate in our entertainment in the fact that one of our members, Mrs. Anna B. Wadsworth, took especial interest in the new Greek play and gave a recitation of it which entirely satisfied those present. The balance of the program was musical and was participated in by both our own members and outside talent. The Lotus children, under the charge of Miss H. C. Stanchfield, rendered a program of music, speaking and dancing.

The whole New Year Jubilee seemed to give a new impetus to not only our own members, but the outside public with whom we came in contact and good results would naturally follow.

J. C. Slafter, President.



U. B. LODGE, No. 100, SEATTLE, Wash.

It is gratifying to be able to report that the instructions of the Leader were carried out in letter and spirit by this Lodge in the celebration of the New Year Jubilee.

The public meeting of the 13th was advertised, and resulted in a large attendance. Addresses were made by Messrs. Blodgett, Wilson and Ostrander, the two former having as subject the Spiritual Aspect of Brotherhood, presenting evidence of its being a fact in nature; the last named speaking on the International Brotherhood League and its objects.

The Symposium was beautifully costumed, and the various parts rendered suprisingly well, the leading characters being particularly impressive, and giving the best evidence of feeling the absolute truth of the sentiments expressed in the lines of the play. The hall was filled. The most gratifying part of the performance was the very evident interest aroused in an audience very largely composed of people new to our Lodge and the work. The only criticisms heard were: "You people are certainly very much in earnest," and "That is a beautiful little play, but we didn't get enough. Why couldn't you have it longer?"

The children's entertainment, held on the 15th, was also a splendid success, mainly due to the untiring efforts of Brother Nash, to whom the applause of the audience and the delight of his little brothers and sisters with their success, was a reward more than he asked. One of the interesting features of this occasion was the presentation to the Lodge by Mrs. La Bonte of a very large silk U. B. flag, which made its first appearance in the hall, in the hands of one of the Lotus Buds, at a fitting point in her recitation of "The Crusade," and was waved as a quartette of boys followed with the song "Brothers We." The entertainment closed with a grand chorus by the entire Lotus Group.

The entire Jubilee has resulted in some education to the public, greater energy, and a deeper sense of responsibility among the members, and a warmer touch of Brotherhood feeling throughout the Lodge.—*Paul Henning, President.*



U. B. LODGE, No. 56., PITTSBURG, Pa.

The New Year's Jubilee was a grand success in Pittsburg, and much good has been accomplished. On Sunday, January 13th, we held a public meeting which was well attended. During the meeting some songs were sung. A paper was read by Miss Camp, on "Review of Theosophical Work for the past Twenty-five Years." Extracts from Key to Theosophy, and part of an address by W. Q. Judge, were also read. Every one present was well pleased with the meeting.

Monday, January 14th—The meeting opened by an address on "The Theosophical Movement," and the drama, "The Wisdom of Hypatia." The drama was enjoyed by all. A musical program followed the drama, including songs, a violin solo and selections on the piano. "The Wisdom of Hypatia" was taken up with enthusiasm, and every one taking part in it realized the importance of each part. Despite a rainy night our hall was well filled by an appreciative audience.

The children's entertainment was also very good. I send a report by Miss Kate P. Hartman, the Superintendent of the Lotus Group here, who has charge of the children.—*H. Nolte, Secretary.*



The Children's Entertainment opened with the tableau—Truth, Light and Liberation—composed of three little girls dressed in appropriate colors, and bearing appropriate symbols of a light, a star, a wreath, standard and sword-bearers at the four corners of the stage. Then the Lotus buds and blossoms marched on to the music of the Lotus Home March. The first speaker of the evening was our youngest bud—a tiny boy, who can hardly speak plainly--who told the audience of assembled friends that, "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means." Another bud recited "The New Century Song," and all sang "Tiny Buds," followed by a number of recitations from the "buds." A violin solo by the daughter of J. J. Fitzpatrick, a member of U. B., from Washington, Pa., followed by another song, concluded the first part of the entertainment.

The second scene opened upon a tableau of Rainbow Fairies, with little Sunbeams hidden behind them, who, as soon as the fairies finished reciting the rainbow verses to soft music, slipped quickly in between them, to the front, and sang "Happy Little Sunbeams" with great gusto. When the curtain rose the third time, the children seemed to be sound asleep upon the floor—where they slept, while the music of "When the Children go to Sleep," was softly played. Then still with closed eyes, they sang the first verse of the song. Then while the music again was softly played, they slowly opened and began to rub their eyes—sat up—looked round sleepily, and gradually rose to a standing position, in which they sang the second verse with appropriate gestures. It looked very pretty and much interested the audience, some of them standing up to watch the sleeping children. Then came more recitations and songs—the entertainment ending with the Circle Song and golden cord, followed by the tableau of "The New Century"—a Lotus blossom holding a large bunch of flowers. She recited a few appropriate lines which made a fitting close.

We feel encouraged by the interest shown, and the kind words of some of the parents who spoke of the good we were doing the children, and said we were "doing a good work—that the children were bringing home to them the truths they learned in the Lotus circle."—*Kate P. Hartman, Superintendent of Lotus Group.*

The New Year Jubilee

SYDNEY, Australia, Jan. 16, 1901.

The New Year Jubilee was a great, and we *feel* sure a far reaching success in Australia.

Owing to the change in our mail dates with the bringing in of the splendid new line of steamers of the A. and A. Company running between San Francisco and Sydney, severe weather and other delays; our letters bringing the glorious news for the celebration of the New Year Jubilee did not reach us until Wednesday afternoon of the 9th January! Just four days or hardly four days before the 13th. Yet this shortage in time simply meant that extra pressure had to be put on and no one dreamt of leaving out a single direction or item in the program. Tickets were designed that afternoon, printed and ready for distribution about 1 o'clock next day and handbills ready that afternoon. The first evening (9th) we also had a meeting and *it was a study* of the New Day. Our resolutions were put into immediate motion of the creative order. No proposals, no discussion, no votes. Only rapid united agreements and work. At one end of the room the meeting was commenced with a dress-making and paper flower establishment for the children's entertainment. At a table tickets, handbills and programs were being designed; an-

other group of workers were fixing advertisements for the press and general arrangements. On the way down to the meeting, halls were enquired about for the public meeting on the 13th. A few minutes after we assembled Brother Smith posted off up town to secure a hall. Went to a number of places but found all engaged or not let on Sundays; he returned with this news then out again looking for a theatre, then back again, as we thought then, with the final result that no hall or suitable place could be obtained. Still one amongst the workers, a probationer, just joined, would not accept the inevitable and asked to be allowed to try what he could do up to noon next day. We had thought first almost of the Concert Hall in the Victoria Market Building; we liked the name and the splendid pile of stone buildings just newly erected, but was told it was not to be had on Sunday evenings. Nonetheless at about 10:30 A. M. next morning we had engaged this beautiful hall for one public meeting. The B. B. C. boys and all went heartily to work bill-distributing and ticket-selling and with large advertisements in the two daily papers we made the most of our time.

The Public Meeting was a great success, all feeling its deep joy and strength of new life. We carried out a similar program to that of the New Cyle Unity Congress with some slight alterations. After the New Year Jubilee was declared open by Brother Willans and the names of our great Leaders H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley were mentioned all the comrades rose in honor of these Great Souls. Then followed an instrumental musical prelude by Brother A. A. Smith. The opening address was on "The Great Theosophical Work of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge; its introduction, promulgation and demonstration," by T. W. Willans. Mrs. Willans then addressed the meeting on "The Work of the Children," explaining the work of the Raja Yoga school, the nature, methods of teaching and what has already been done. E. J. Williams spoke on "Immortality," its philosophic basis being karma and re-incarnation. The closing address was given by A. A. Smith on "Brotherhood," its spiritual and practical basis.

The platform was beautifully decorated with palm pot plants. Marked attention and interest were shown by the audience. The public entertainment was held at our headquarters, St. James street, and was in every way a great success.

The children's evening was a beautiful and significant end to our New Year Jubilee. The first tableau and songs represented "Evolution." A little boy in the front of the stage typified man and the children grouped behind, the various elements of which he is composed. They were most artistically dressed, with colored wings, crowns, stars, wands, wreaths and beautifully draped in white. Then the boy with a banner on which was written, "Helping and Sharing," headed a winding, harmonious march taking his true position as head of all the throng. The next tableau and songs depicted the Sun Fairies and Tiny Buds which looked very pretty indeed, the Tiny Buds being awakened by the Sun Fairies and then bursting into song, "Tiny Buds Are We," etc. The last scene was the song of the "Warriors of the Golden Cord."

The "Order of the Golden Cord" was explained to the audience, and our public entertainment closed with many warmly expressed words of congratulation and appreciation.

In opening our first public entertainment the cable from the Leader, Cabinet and Comrades, "Twentieth Century Jubilee Greeting," was read, having arrived that day. It was a joyful surprise and the comrades sent cheers in response. We had a very fully attended E. S. T. meeting. So closed our "New Year Jubilee," which was in every way a glorious success.—*T. W. Willans, President.*



U. B. LODGE, No. 14, MARKET LAVINGTON, England.

The first meeting of the Jubilee was very well attended. The meeting was carried through most enthusiastically. The President commenced by reading extracts from the

U. B. Constitution and giving a short resume of the work of the organization. Then followed music, quartette and solo, and addresses on Theosophy and the activities of the Universal Brotherhood. On Monday a most successful entertainment was given by the members of the Lodge. Besides the reading of "Hypatia" the story of Tannhauser was told and several musical selections rendered by the members. The Children's Festival, like the two former meetings, was a great success. The room was full to crowding and the beautiful harmony and brightness of the children seemed to inspire every one. During the evening, in addition to the children's songs and recitations, three short addresses were given. The Jubilee was remarkable for the wonderfully smooth and easy manner in which the meetings were carried out. There was no hitch anywhere. All did their part and the results fulfilled expectations to the utmost and shows to what an extent our work has affected the neighborhood.—*C. W., Secretary.*



A GROUP OF ENGLISH LOTUS BUDS

A Greeting from Holland

To *Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood*—The Dutch members of the Universal Brotherhood, at the beginning of this New Year, send with this their heartfelt greetings to their Leader and Friend, and want to express to you their devotion and their determination to go on fighting for the great cause of Universal Brotherhood, deeming this the greatest privilege of their lives; and recognizing, as they do, the boons you gave them and the help you patiently tendered to them, their hearts go out in thankfulness to you and to the place where you are dwelling.—*Signed by all the Dutch Members.*

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Our Frontispiece

We reproduce again a photograph of H. P. Blavatsky, which though not so well-known as others, is a great favorite among all who have seen it. From time to time we shall bring out again the portraits of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge in order that the constantly increasing number of our readers may become acquainted with the faces of these great souls.

EDITORS.



Princess Purity *and* Her Butterflies

By Agnes Rix



IN the palace of Divine Love lived a beautiful little princess named Purity. Her hair was like spun gold, her eyes the exact color of the blue violets that grow by the brookside, and her garments were always white for that was the color her father liked best to see her wear.

Purity loved to rise early and opening her windows to the east, flood her room with sunshine and sit thinking her own happy thoughts. One morning as she sat thinking a feeling of sadness crept into her heart, for she knew that all were not happy in her father's kingdom, and she wished she might do something to take away their sadness.

As she sat thinking, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, sounded on the window sill beside her, and then tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, again and again, and looking to see where the sound came from, she saw oh, so many white butterflies perched upon the sill beside her.

Then Purity laughed such a merry little laugh that sounded just like the tinkling of the butterflies' bells, and putting her face caressingly down to them she said, "Oh, you cunning little darlings! Where did you all come from?"

Then the little bells did tinkle, the butterflies flew around and around the little princess, alighting on her golden curls and everywhere about her; and when she bent her head to caress one that was perched upon her shoulder, he whispered in her ear: "We are your thoughts, little Princess."

Then Purity said, "Oh!" in such a surprised way and they all scampered about the room, flying up and down so that their bells sang a little song, and this is what the little princess heard them say:

“Thoughts are things, thoughts are things.
All are not butterflies, but all have wings.”

Then they all alighted around her again, and one perching airily upon the tip of Purity's nose, said saucily: “So you didn't know that your thoughts had wings? Well, they have, and they can go just where you send them. What will you have us do this morning, little Princess?”

Purity clasped her hands and thought earnestly for a long time, and then she said, “Can you tell me why so many are unhappy in my Father's kingdom?”

Then the butterflies arranged themselves in line like so many soldiers and said, “Follow us and we will show you.” Then away they flew tinkling their little silver bells and the little princess followed after them, and they led her to a house where she had never been before. It was a beautiful house and Purity thought, “Surely the people that live here are not unhappy.” Then the butterflies flew up and down as Purity had seen them do in her own little room and tinkling their bells musically they sang this little song:

“Wait and see my little one,
All are not happy
Whom the sun shines on.”

Then they led Purity into a beautiful room where two prettily dressed children sat playing with their dolls. Purity saw nothing unusual about the little girls until one of them became angry and began to pout and say naughty words, and then the strangest thing happened; clouds of ugly black beetles began to swarm around them, crawling over their hair and clothing until the little girls looked very disagreeable.

Purity felt very much frightened and would have gone away, but the butterflies folded their wings and nestled very close to their little mistress, and whispered this in her ear. “Do not fear for they cannot come where we are.” So Purity sat still and watched them.

Soon the little girls became so angry that they would not speak to each other, but sat frowning and looking so unhappy that Purity thought their faces began to look like the faces of the black beetles. Now Purity knew that the little girls did not know that they were making the black beetles, for none but a fairy could see them, and she felt very sorry and was wishing she might tell the little girls what made them so unhappy, when tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, sounded the little silver bells and Purity saw that her own white butterflies had left her and flown over to the little girls.

Then they flew up and down as they always did when they sang a song and this is what she heard them sing:

“Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, sweet butterfly bells,
This is the story your music tells.

Bad thoughts are black beetles that come when you're cross,
 But when you are good white butterflies merrily their silver wings toss."

As the butterflies flew around the little girls, fanning them softly with their wings, the ugly black beetles crawled away or flew out of the window and the little girls began to look happy again, and soon they ran out into the bright sunshine laughing merrily, and the butterflies with a joyous tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, of their silvery bells, led the princess back to her own little room again, and then seeing that she was going to feel sad, they had a merry little frolic with her.

One little fellow ran up and down the bridge of Purity's nose until she laughed outright and said, "You saucy fellow;" two of them perched upon her ears and shook their little bells so loudly that she laughed again, and put her fingers in her ears to make believe she did not want to hear them, some alighted on her hair and swung merrily as the breeze blew it.

When they had made her feel happy again, they arranged themselves in a row upon the window sill, and all bowing together, they said, "Never feel sad little mistress for we are happy thoughts and always drive the black beetles away, as you saw us do this morning."

Then Purity said, "Why do you not always stay with the little boys and girls that are unhappy and keep the black beetles away."

The butterflies laughed again and tinkling their little bells merrily, they said, "Because we are your thoughts little one, and can only stay close to you or go where you send us;" and Purity replied, "Oh! it makes me so unhappy to see the black beetles spoiling the little boys' and girls' faces, and they cannot see them, so how can they get rid of them?"

Then the butterflies flew off from the window sill and once more perched upon Purity's hair and on her shoulders, and folding their wings, they nestled very closely to her and said: "We will tell you a secret, little mistress. When the little boys and girls stop thinking naughty thoughts and doing naughty things, the black beetles will all turn to white butterflies."

Purity was so surprised that she just clasped her hands and said, "Oh! will they?"

Then the butterflies scampered merrily about the room and tinkling their silver bells, they sang this little song:

"Fly away black beetles,
 That make children sad,
 Come white butterflies,
 Make them merry and glad."

Then Purity, clapping her hands and laughing merrily, said: "We will go out every morning and help to drive away the black beetles until every little boy and girl has a band of silvery bell butterflies."