

E U N

TRUTH LIGHT AND LIBERATION

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

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The World is Like a Rose Tree

By T. J. E.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Nation's Needs

By Gertrude W. Van Pelt



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Greek Symposium---& a Retrospect

By a Student



IN the palmy days of ancient Greece, before the Greek wars became wars of plunder, before the Symposium became degraded into the mere drinking party, the drama was essentially religious. Those wonderful plays, which all the populace witnessed, were written by Initiates, Teachers, who thus, in parable and symbol, brought to men's minds a true philosophy of life.

Eschylus was such a teacher, and his mystic dramas came from a heart filled with compassion for the unthinking masses about him. Why did he choose to teach them in this way? Because he was wise. He knew, as the Teachers of men have always known, that the multitudes can be reached only by the symbol, the parable. Buddha and Jesus spake unto the multitudes in parable; only to their pledged disciples, the initiated, did they reveal "the mysteries of the kingdom of God," *i. e.*, the unveiled truth.

Eschylus knew, as did Socrates, that the Greek people needed nothing so much as a true philosophy of life; and, because he yearned to give them glimpses of the truth, he wrote the great symbolic dramas that have come down to us, *Orestiad*, *Prometheus*, the *Eumenides* and others. And, witnessing these

mystery-plays, the people drank in divine truth, not with their intellects, but with their souls. For the true drama, whether in ancient Greece or in modern America, teaches man not by filling his brain with information, but by awakening his soul, by lighting anew the fires upon the altar of his heart, by *lifting his consciousness* to a higher plane than that of passion or mere intellect.

Yet the Greeks were selfish after all, the drama became degraded, the true Light became obscured by the mists of illusion, and Greece entered upon a cycle of despair and darkness.

It is significant that conditions today closely parallel the conditions that existed in old Greece during that critical period when Socrates was given the poison cup, when Æschylus himself was charged with profanation of the mysteries. On one hand there was much political ambition, on the other, a great awakening among all classes on the subject of a true philosophy of life, with the inevitable springing up of numerous "cults" and "fads" and "isms." There was much skepticism in the air. There was also, among some, an almost fanatical faith in the inner and the unseen, there was much speculation and interest concerning the soul, immortality, man's nature and ultimate destiny. It was a time of transition, a cyclic period, when the destiny of the Greek nation hung in the balance. Knowing this, the Initiate-Teachers of that day did their utmost to arouse the people, to awaken them to a realizing sense of their position, to get them if possible to *face themselves*, and become acquainted with themselves. To this end Socrates asked his mystic questions, Plato lectured in the grove of Academus, Zeno to his "men of the porch" (stoa) the Stoics, Demosthenes to politicians of Athens. Yet Æschylus reached more hearts than they by means of his symbolic dramas, for then, as today, to nothing did the masses respond more quickly than to truth in symbolic form, to music, sculpture, the temple frescoes, the temple processions and ceremonials and the drama.

Looking back to old Greece from the vantage ground of today, it is easy to see that the true symbolic drama, the mystery-play, was the one little spot on which, alone, the Teacher, like Archimedes, could rest the instrument that should lift all Greece. The drama, mirroring the truths of the soul, was the only means by which these truths could be brought to the consciousness of all men, high and low, wise and ignorant. The symbolic drama was a magnet, attracting all classes. Had the reaction been tided over, had the drama of ancient Greece been kept,—*no matter what the cost*,—close to the heart of the people and on the high plane from which Æschylus spoke until the transition period passed, Greece would have been saved.

But, alas, this was not done. The greatest Teacher cannot save a world, or even a nation, alone. He must have an instrument through which to work. He needs the host about him, his warriors, his disciples. They are his instrument. If their faith wanes, then there is no protection for the Teacher, nor the work, and the Powers of Darkness sweep it down. And thus it was in Greece.

Humanity today is passing through just such a transition period as Greece passed through, and an unusual interest in art, in music, in the drama, in all symbolic presentations of truth and, alas, of error as well, is one of the signs of the times. Men at last are groping for the light of soul, they see at last that *the Sun is rising*.

Yet, as a whole, humanity is still unable to distinguish between "the fires of lust and the sunlight of life." As a result, even the well-meaning drift from the pure to the impure drama, from music which lifts the soul to that which degrades it, from "The Eumenides," for instance, to the modern "psychological novel" or "problem-drama," ignorantly believing both to be well-springs of culture. The voice of the soul has been disregarded so long that very few are able to distinguish it infallibly from the parrot whisper of the elemental self. Men have too long lost the knowledge of their own natures, of their seven-fold constitution, seeking quasi-comfort in the dogma that they *have* souls, somewhere, they have utterly lost sight of the truth that they *are* souls.

Verily, the time is at hand when the Great Teacher should come in answer to the heart-cry of humanity for "more light." And just because the drama is like a magnet, drawing all classes within the circle of its influence, the Great Teacher could have no more potent means of touching the hearts of men,—for the drama is always symbolic, if not of truth, then of error. When cold intellect is tipped off the pedestal upon which civilization has placed it, and when the heart of humanity is brought out from its dark corner and brightened up, and healed, and placed where the Sun may shine upon it, then the Battle of the Ages will be won. Has not a Wise One among the ancients taught us that "Out of the Heart come all the issues of life?" And is not a Great Teacher at present bringing to men, not more facts, nor more cold intellect, nor more machinery nor more medicines, but the ancient, blessed "Doctrine of the Heart?" And it is the heart that music and the symbolic drama reaches. That is the secret of the power of these arts to regenerate.

A few years ago the Isis League of Music and Drama was organized by Katherine Tingley, the successor of Helena P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and the Foundress of the Universal Brotherhood.

The objects of the Isis League are as follows: (1) To emphasize the importance of Music and the Drama as true educational factors, and (2) to educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high standard, and the influence of the grander harmonies of music.

By the members of this League one of the greatest of the ancient mystery-plays has been given, "The Eumenides" of Æschylus. Today the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music reach, "by means of the grander harmonies of music," the hearts of thousands who visit the sacred Aryan Temple of Loma-land.

Two years ago a greater mystery-play was presented at Point Loma, "The Travail of the Soul," giving in symbolic form the cyclic path of pain and experience which every soul must traverse as it journeys to the Light.

Eighteen months ago Greek Symposia were given by many of the Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood at the New Cycle Unity Congress.

Four months ago was inaugurated the series of Greek Symposia which are now being presented monthly, by students in Lodges of the Universal Brotherhood in nearly every country of the world.

"He who runs may read." Is it not plain that the ancient mysteries shall be revived and that speedily? Events move swiftly these days and almost before we waken to our longings the longed for event is at hand.

In the form of a Greek Symposium and in the flowing sentences of the Platonic dialogue, the true philosophy of life, so long obscured, is once more given to the world, in such manner that no antagonism is aroused, only respect. The simple Greek and Egyptian costumes, the devotion and fire of the players, the music, the simple yet fitting stage accessories, all bring back to the consciousness of the spectator, the spirit of a better time, of higher ideals long passed away, but now under cyclic law to be restored. One cannot but hope that they presage the revival of the mystery dramas of ancient Egypt, when music mirrored the soul and spoke unto the soul, when the dance was the symbol of the soul's freedom as was music of its aspirations. And one cannot but dream that the time is coming when the mysteries of the Sacred Imperishable Land, of America, the ancient Land of Light, shall be restored, under a bluer sky, in a freer air, and in the hearts of a greater humanity than lives today, even the great Sixth Race.

Comrades, can we not see that these simple Greek-Symposia, "A Promise" and "The Wisdom of Hypatia" and others, are the seeds in which slumber the perfect symbolic drama of the future,—*if we do our share?* It must be so, for they have as their basis that which contemporary drama, as a whole, lacks, a true philosophy of life. Within them is the breath of life, at their core and center the heart, the soul. Therefore, in essence, they cannot perish, even though the outer form may pass. They shall endure, expanding, changing until the metamorphosis is complete, as does the seed, putting forth the tiny shoot, the leaf, the rugged stem until the tree, even the Tree of Life, blossoms before our eyes. And we who are planting the seed are patient and filled with joy because the Teacher has prepared the soil wherein it is to grow, and we know that the children of the future shall be nourished of its fruit.

If we think the beginning is small and that results are insignificant in view of what we long to do, let us think again of the parable of the mustard seed. Let those who cavil and doubt see naught in this tiny seed but a speck of clay. They perceive with the outer eye alone. Within the tiny seed the eye of the illuminated can perceive the mighty tree. Let us, too, look below the surface, and we will find the heart, warm, throbbing, with the currents of divine life. Then we shall realize more fully the real meaning of these simple dramatic presentations, these Greek Symposia.

"Greater is the inner than the outer. Vaster is the unseen than the seen."

Two Fragments

By M. L. G.

The Hearts of Men

THE more closely we become related to our fellow-beings, and the more unconstrained become our dealings with them it often seems that the less are we able to rely on what they will do or say. Of course there are exceptions to this as to all rules. There are personalities so simple that to know them once is to know them always. Though even these, under sudden stress, will often surprise us. All of which is not in the least meant to hint that our fellows become untrustworthy; but simply to describe the fact that, once the cloak of conventionality is thrown off and we get beyond the prescribed social action and politenesses, the infinite complexity of human nature asserts itself.

And therein lie the joy and the sorrow of friendship, therein is the clue to so many heartaches and broken relations. Our dearest friend is continually perplexing us as we are him.

A man may at one time show himself cruel and vindictive; and his spectators with sweeping assertiveness will call him a devil. That same man the next day, under different circumstances, in a different mood, perhaps with merely a different sort of dinner under process of digestion, will be patient, charitable, even altruistic; and his companions of this time will call him with psychic enthusiasm a saint.

Yet he is neither saint nor devil, but a very human creature whose personality is the battle ground of ever shifting forces which he has generated throughout the ages. We cannot say of any comrade that he is wholly either good or evil; for within him exist immeasurable altitudes of virtue and a soundless abyss of vice. From both the forces are continually pressing into his outer nature, ready at a moment's notice to burst forth into active life.

Nor is the man himself always conscious of that which has flared forth in him. How often has each one of us been told that on such and such an occasion we were morose, or cross, or scornful, or "queer," much to our surprise, for we had not been conscious of anything unusual in ourselves. All unknown to us something from the past had surged up, called up by outer circumstance; from the many chambered storehouse of our being it had shown forth to man.

It would help us much to remain undismayed by other people's transient moods if we could more constantly remember the infinite complexity of human nature, and the vast store of past thought and deed which each carries with him to be eventually worked out. Truly the present is but as a mathematical

point with no dimension; the meeting point of past and future and none may tell what the moment will bring forth in others—or in himself.

But we cannot remember this so long as we fix our gaze upon the unstable personalities of those about us. We have to learn to look *through* personalities, not *at* them. We have to learn to see in all men, as does our Leader, not the outside petty vestures, but throbbing immortal HEARTS.

So looking, so seeing, we shall not need to call up in ourselves any artificial, sentimental idea of brotherhood. Instead there will surge up in us that real love of which it has been said that it “suffereth long and is kind”; the love that beareth all things, hopeth all things, thinketh no evil; the love that “never faileth.”

Then with the eye of the heart we shall look through the bewildering, wounding personalities, and with the inner vision see in each an eternal struggling soul; a soul again and again overcome by past unvanquished evil, but ever, in spite of all outer appearances, battling on, and toiling, however slowly, and often in unknown sorrow and shame, towards the goal of spiritual perfection.

So looking we shall see no longer possibly despicable men and women, but divine and deathless Warriors, sore wounded at times, yet worthy always of our compassion and our aid.

Sheltered from *the* Wind

The doctrine of the “survival of the fittest” has been said to be not applicable to man, since the one who apparently succeeds best under present social conditions is often not by any means the “fittest” in the highest and best sense.

But may it not be that man appears to make an exception to this rule because we have not understood it, or rather because we have tried to make it interwork on two different planes of his being?

Taken merely physically man of all other animal organisms has certainly proved himself the best able to survive. While lower animals have become dwarfed, altered beyond all but the most scientific recognition, in many cases even extinct, man alone has endured practically unchanged through the many vicissitudes of time and climate.

But he has done this not by altering himself or running away from conditions, but by protecting himself from their lethal effects. The man for instance who wishes to protect himself from cold, and who proves himself fittest to survive it, does not walk naked around the outside of his hut. He clothes himself warmly, retires within the shelter he has made, and there keeps a warm fire glowing, in the radiance of which he can bask and defy the bitterest blizzard that may rage without.

Is not the same true of the real man? When we are overcome by external conditions, by mental atmospheres and miasmatic thought-emanations, is it not because we have failed to retire “within?” There is that in the nature of each one of us which will surround and protect us if we will but let it. It is

all a question of living at the center of our being instead of at its circumference.

Survival, for the real man, is insured precisely as with the animal: by adaptation to outer conditions. But that does not mean, as we have mistakenly supposed, lowering the inner to meet the outer. The man in the hut does not lower its temperature because it is cold outside. Quite the contrary. The colder it is the more he piles on fuel. And so with the real man. The more numbing the outer conditions, the more lowering to spiritual vitality, the more should we keep warmly glowing within the fire of spiritual ideas and aspiration. But we have to remain at the center to do this. While we live at the circumference of our being the fire untended dies down and the paralyzing cold creeps in.

The man who lives at the circumference may indeed obtain worldly success but he does it at the expense of his individual integrity. He has not "survived;" for he has been changed, lowered, and thus overcome by outer conditions and influences.

Only at the center are we safely sheltered. Only at the center can we get that complete and balanced view of men and events which will leave us unimpaired. At the circumference we can see but a part, and thus become of necessity unbalanced, swayed by every passing breeze of thought and act.

Only at the center are we protected from suffering, for only there are the forces so equalized that our poise is undisturbed. We cannot alter that which must come to us. But we can so maintain our position that whatever comes it will not shake us; or, if it should make us sway, it will be but as those "rocking stones," so nicely poised by nature that though they may be violently oscillated they will not be overthrown.

Thus firmly seated "on the spot which is our own" we shall be able to maintain our mental equilibrium amid the psychic whirlwinds of other men's emotions, and our own desires. It is only the "sage of self-centered heart" who is "at rest and free from attachment to desires," and of him the simile is recorded, "as a lamp that is sheltered from the wind flickereth not."

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving: peopling they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou, too, shalt return home, in honor to thy far-distant home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not: the very Spartans did not complain.—CARLYLE

The Woman Question

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By Phaeton

III

OF the position of women during the Middle Ages we know almost nothing. But do we need history? Think of the ignoble race of men that were drawn into incarnation century after century. That tells the whole story.

We know well, however, what the early monks thought of woman, how they denounced her as a "bedizened temptress," a "monster," a "noxious animal" and a "domestic peril." We know, for these conscientious men have gone to great pains to tell us, how they fled to the desert to escape her.

It is impossible to understand this attitude unless we know how appalling were the social conditions during the Middle Ages. While there is a very high aspect to the "woman question," the monks seemed to be conscious only of that aspect that was very, very low. Even the old formula which was recited when a knock was heard on the monastery door, was a proof of this fact, "If a man, wait; if a woman, depart."

Chivalry, as an institution, did much to ameliorate the condition of woman during the Middle Ages. The ideals of knighthood came into the world at a critical period, a time of balance, of turning, when a very slight departure in either direction would have momentous results. It marked a turning point in the history of the "woman question." Its two ideals, the warrior-ideal and the protection and service of womanhood, stamp chivalry as a movement which must have arisen from a source deeply hidden and wholly spiritual, even though the stream itself, as it flowed out upon the highways of the world, did not remain entirely unpolluted. "The love of God and of the ladies," says Hallam, "was enjoined as a single duty. He who was faithful and true to his mistress was held sure of salvation, in the theology of the castle."

The vows of the knight are significant, "to be good, brave, loyal, just, generous, and a gentle knight, a protector of ladies and a redresser of the wrongs of widows and orphans."

Yet even the knightly ideal of womanhood was hardly adequate, requiring as it did of women a life of passive virtue and almost complete seclusion within some feudal castle or other. And the historical fact remains that even chivalry sometimes served as a cloak for very much that was not chivalrous. Humanity sunk to depths of sensuality in the Dark Ages that have never since been touched; and it may be that those nervous diseases to which the woman body is so subject and which have given the American woman so unenviable a

reputation, are but one of the many bitter harvests that were planted in those profligate days.

It is pathetic to see how the Dark Age estimate of woman has filtered down through the centuries, even until today. Up to the time of the Reformation in England, there existed a law (which was passed, by the way, under the seal and sanction of the Church) allowing a husband to chastise his wife whenever he considered it necessary, "*flagellis et fustibus*," that is, "with whips and cudgels."

But in France this ideal was even more persistent. To Diderot woman was only a courtesan; to Michelet she was "an invalid by nature;" to Rousseau—but here are his own words:

"Woman and man were made for each other; but their mutual dependence is not the same. The men depend upon the women only on account of their desires; the women on the men both on account of their desires and their necessities. We could subsist better without them than they without us.

"For this reason the education of women should be always relative to the men. To please, to be useful to us, to make us love and esteem them, to educate us when young, to take care of us when grown up, to advise, to console us, to render our lives easy and agreeable; these are the duties of women at all times, and what they should be taught in their infancy. So long as we fail to recur to this principle, we run wide of the mark.

"The first and most important qualification in a woman is good nature or sweetness of temper; being formed to obey a being so imperfect as man.

"It is from the man that the woman is to learn what she is to see, and it is of the woman that the man is to learn what he ought to do. If woman could recur to the first principles of things as well as man, and man was capacitated to enter into their *minutiae* as well as woman, always independent of each other, they would live in perpetual discord and their union could not subsist.

". . . . Women have, or ought to have but little liberty; they are apt to indulge themselves excessively in what is allowed them.

". . . . As the conduct of a woman is subservient to public opinion, her faith in matters of religion should, for that very reason, be subject to authority. Every daughter ought to be of the same religion as her mother, and every wife to be of the same religion as her husband; for, though such religion should be false, that docility which induces the mother and daughter to submit to the order of nature takes away, in the sight of God, the criminality of their error.

". . . . As they have not capacity to judge for themselves they ought to abide by the decision of their husbands and fathers as confidently as by that of the Church."

There is an old saying that one can judge of the real character of a man best by knowing the woman whom he has chosen for a wife. Rousseau's wife, her biographer (Morley) tells us, was far from being intelligent, in fact, she was nearly imbecile. She could barely read or write. "She could never follow the

order of the twelve months of the year, nor master a single arithmetical figure, nor count a sum of money, nor reckon the price of a thing. The words she used were often the direct opposite of the words she meant to use." She appeared to be quite contented to play the part of upper servant to Rousseau, when for weeks at a time he would not address her a single word.

Yet deep within the heart of Therese le Vasseur, well nigh buried beneath the rubbish and error of her personal life, the spark of the Eternal Womanly lay, unextinguished. Therese loved her children, and she never forgave Rousseau for taking them away from her, as he did, one after the other, and consigning them to the Paris foundling asylum, because, forsooth, he cared not to assume the burden of their support. The fact that he had a perfect legal right to do this was scant comfort to poor, robbed Therese. She never forgave him, and years afterward, when Rousseau's health became hopelessly shattered by his excesses, Therese left him,—to karma and his own devices.

It is not strange that Rousseau had a low estimate of woman. Yet he was one of that remarkable group of literary men who did so much more than we realize to precipitate the French Revolution, that group of men who cut out the channels in which French thought flowed along for so many generations. His views certainly give an additional clue to the conditions which made possible the Dreyfus trial. They are an additional proof of the fact that what the world has long needed is brotherhood, sympathy and love, not more "literature."

IV

Yet in spite of the general conditions, there have been in all ages occasional women who were strong enough to level tradition and then rise above it, women who were wise enough to mould the destinies of whole nations. The Hebrew Bible tells us of Miriam, the sister of Moses; of Deborah, prophetess and judge among the children of Israel; of Ruth; of Esther, who risked her life that she might deliver her people; of the Queen of Sheba, who had the wealth of the Orient at her feet and counted it as naught before wisdom, and who, therefore, journeyed to Solomon and "communed with him of all that was in her heart."

History tells us of Sappho, the poetess of Lesbia, "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho;" of Aspasia and Diotima, the friends of Socrates; of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra; of the wise and beautiful Hypatia, successor of Plotinos and the last exponent of that pure Gnostic philosophy, for which she gave her life; of Hortensia and Calphurnia, lawyers, who pleaded causes in the Roman forum; of Cornelia, mother of the brothers Gracchus, the flame of whose compassion had been lighted from the fire within their mother's heart.

Holinshed tells us of Martia, who was Queen of London about 320 B. C., and who formulated the first statements of our English common law. And he further records that, twelve hundred years later, Alfred the Great, revived these old statutes of Queen Martia, and adopted them among his people, the Angles, Saxons and Danes.

Women were professors and lecturers upon law, occasionally, in the great Boulogna University, that seat of learning that flourished when the Dark Age was at its darkest, and which sent out nearly all the famous jurists of that day.

We know of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl who saved the French people; of Queen Isabella whose intuition and sacrifice placed a new world within reach; of Elizabeth of England, more statesmanlike than the statesmen; of Catherine of Russia; of Margaret of Austria and of a score or fifty women of later times whose influence has been perceptible from one end of the world to the other.

There is nothing remarkable in these facts. *Women are souls*, and when the soul at last takes command of the personality and is at last permitted to rule over and claim its own, even though it may incarnate in the woman body and be hedged in by traditions and divers limitations, even then there is no limit to the power and wisdom of which the personality may become the vehicle.

But if women are souls, it is equally true that soul is one. By all evolutionary law the time must at last come when some woman soul must awaken to the real levels upon which all women were expected to live and die. Some woman must be brave enough to say "I will not, cannot rise until all women rise with me."

Such a resolve must have seemed very hopeless, for on one side stood the Scylla of convention and custom, and on the other the beetling Charybdis of the common law. However, the woman appeared who was brave enough to sail her little craft between these dangerous rocks; not deafened as were the sailors of Ulysses, but conscious and awake to the siren voices on either side, braver by far than the mariners of old Greece.

About the date of the French Revolution there was published in England a pamphlet entitled, "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." It was written by Mary Wollstonecraft, whose own unhappiness and life of struggle and error had led her to look closely into the conditions that surrounded women. She observed that, in the England of a century ago, there was no place for the woman who remained unmarried; no hope, either in an adequate, accessible philosophy or in external conditions, for the woman who married unhappily; almost no avenue through which a woman who was not taken care of by husband, father or brother, could earn an honest living. Mary Wollstonecraft learned in bitter sorrow that the standard of morality was quite one thing for men and quite another for women. And when her heart burned within her at the knowledge of these things and she longed to see them changed, she beheld a barrier that no man or woman could hope to break down, the barrier of the English common law.

Said Mary Wollstonecraft, "The laws must be changed. Then these things will be better." She did not realize that all growth, all reform must be from within outwards; that all these outer difficulties were but the visible sign of karma, the law of cause and effect, that laws were but the external result of an inner lack and weakness in the national character. But let us not criticise her for this fallacy. Let us remember that she had no true philosophy of life.

The world had none save a ritual of externals. She knew naught of psychology, the science of the soul; the world possessed only a catalogue of "mental faculties." All the insight she could glean from the accepted religion was inadequate, to say the least. No Great Teacher had come, since the days of Jesus, bringing men a true philosophy of life, reminding them that they were souls. It is not strange that, not seeing beyond this barrier of the English common law, Mary Wollstonecraft believed that to be the cause, when, in reality, it was itself only an effect. So she concluded that, first of all, laws must be changed. And, believing that women themselves would be the first to desire such a change, were this within their power, she advocated the ballot for women.

This pamphlet created a most singular amount of disturbance. The title, "A Vindication of the Rights of Women," was shocking. To the iron-clad tradition-bound mind of that day, the subject matter was most shocking, although to one who has given the subject thought, it is sanely and sensibly written from beginning to end, whether or not one agrees with her conclusions.

To a correct solution of the problem which she stated so well, however, the author was not equal.

The clergy, as well as the laity were shocked at the notion that women existed for a higher purpose than to minister to the pleasure and comfort and necessities of men. They said "This is heresy. The chief end of a woman's existence is marriage. You would make it possible for a woman to exist without being married!" To which Mary Wollstonecraft replied, "Pray tell me, then, how are women to exist in that future state in which there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage?"

Society said, particularly the women of society, "But if you succeed in proving that women are the equals of men, life will lose all its romance. We women will lose our power over men and will not be able to control them as now we are able to do." And Mary Wollstonecraft replied, "I consider it very much more important that women should control themselves!"

Mary Wollstonecraft stood quite alone after the publication of this pamphlet, in fact, more alone than ever. But, without doubt, the little book did its own work in a certain way although there were no tangible results, such as new laws, women's organizations, or later writings similar in tone. To judge by the storm of disapproval it aroused, it awakened a number of people who had hitherto been asleep, and that is always worth while.

It is significant that, at the same time, there was much fermentation in America over the "woman question" although along entirely different lines.

(To be continued)

OF all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.—GEORGE WASHINGTON

The Kingdom of Haeckel

By Transcendentalist



THE publication of Professor Haeckel's book, "The Riddle of the Universe," probably marks one of the last gasps of dying materialism. It is not so much that people have *reasoned* themselves out of materialism as *felt* themselves out of it. They have felt that the explanation of the facts of things is not as the materialist would have it appear. This feeling is not of the nature of an emotion; it is direct inner knowledge.

This direct knowledge is *so* direct that those who have it are often staggered when confronted with a statement of the bald materialistic position, staggered and silenced. It is not always easy to come down to crude argument in defense of a truth which every act of consciousness affirms. They feel as they would if it were carefully maintained that mother-love does not exist.

But the materialist is not wholly responsible for his own position. Just as the criminal is one in whom the subdued criminality of all comes to a head, so is the materialist one in whom the practical materiality of all comes to a full theoretical expression. While perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred men permit in themselves an *unconscious* materialism, the hundredth will make it conscious and reason it out. Professor Haeckel is but the foremost spokesman of all these hundredth men. He represents the intellectual aspect of materialism, its theory; the others represent the practice. He states intellectually that matter is primary, consciousness secondary; others feel it without stating it, without realizing that they do feel it.

The artist feels it who paints but the surface of nature; still more he whose paintings are tinctured with conscious sensuality.

The musician feels it whose melodies awaken the worst instincts of the music-hall frequenter.

All men feel it in the proportion with which they associate themselves with ambition, vanity, or any form or degree of sensuality.

The duality of human nature is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the fact that whilst nearly all men feel with their deepest instincts that the materialist position is false, with the most part of their acts and surface-consciousness they behave as if it were true.

In a sentence, the materialistic position is that matter is the reigning power, to which consciousness is dependent.

Therefore free will, and a separable and immortal soul, are non-existents.

This hypothesis involves, of course, as a student recently remarked, the absurdity of postulating physical molecules (in the brain) in a certain complex state of arrangement arriving thereby at the possession of consciousness;

and then falling into that modification of this state which on its conscious side would be the idea that the idea itself was a mere derivative of the arrangement! But the absurdity is too subtle for the average materialist to appreciate.

That *sensuous* and *mental* consciousness is dependent on molecular structure, is obvious. Sensations, emotions, and reasoning, are keenest in youth, change with changing bodily health, and grow dim *pari passu* with age or fatal illness. Upon this fact the materialist relies for the most part of his case.

But he does not take into account the further fact that with the decay of physique and the consequent wearing out of the common emotions and passions, another consciousness frequently begins to manifest itself, coming up as the certainty of immortality, as quiet joy, and the realization of self-existence being other than bodily existence.

“But,” replies the materialist, “these are illusions.”

Exactly! He has unveiled his primary assumption. Consciousness is dependent on the body. Therefore it must fade with physical decline. But here is an order of consciousness that ventures to do the opposite. Accordingly, by the (unsaid) hypothesis that the thing yet to be proved, is true, this order of consciousness is pronounced to deliver itself of illusions!

But, apart from the deliverances (thus labelled illusions) what about that consciousness itself? So far from decaying with the body, it often increases in brilliance, and at the very moment of death, when, by the hypothesis, it should have sunk nearly to extinction, burns brightest, and the last utterances of the stiffening lips and coagulating brain tell of its increase to a degree of intense ecstasy.

The case of the materialist is riddled with nonsense and presupposition.

He demands that if consciousness persist after death, it should give evidence of so doing. *So it does*, but the evidence he demands is such as he has predetermined it ought to be. He is like a beginner in chemistry who should demand of oxygen and hydrogen, after they have entered the state of water, that they should still give the same marks of their identity as they did before they entered that state. These marks they will only give after they have come out of it and re-assumed their mode of being as oxygen and hydrogen. As water, they give the tests of water.

Likewise a disembodied soul will give, so to speak, the tests of a disembodied soul, and not of an embodied one. When it has resumed the state of embodiment (reincarnated) it will give the tests and marks it gave when formerly embodied.

Man consists of two elements of consciousness; of that part which, as the materialist sees, varies in its brilliancy *with* its physical encasement; and of that other part (called “soul”) which often is only able to manifest in *inverse ratio* with the physical activities and consciousness. And this latter, as very many people know (often without fully knowing that they do know) is that which communicates with the similar thing in our *real* friends; and this, quite apart from those outer communications of the other consciousness to which we

give nearly all our attention. This deeper, and *wordless*, communion (of the "heart") of which we take such little notice in life, would, if we were more careful of it and dwelt less in the superficial and transient, be found to be unaffected by death, just as it is unaffected in life by spatial distance; and it would (and to many *does*) afford us all the evidences necessary, of the continued being of our "dead" friends. And with that and our memory of their outer personality, we should have no trouble recognizing them on their rebirth, when they again came amongst us.

The materialist makes the same sort of dogmatic presupposition respecting will. Here is what he calls his proof:

(a) Consciousness is determined by matter, changes in consciousness being wholly determined by changes in matter. (Unsupported dogma).

(b) Changes in matter are a blind chain of cause and effect according to physical law. (Dogma as before).

(c) Will is only a name given to a mode of consciousness, and therefore in the ordinary acceptance of its meaning it is by (a) and (b) an illusion.

On the strength of this sort of stuff, the absolutely certain knowledge that every man has of himself as a *Willer*, is to be upset!

Upon (a) we have already commented. Under (b) we are asked to believe that when a man fashions in his consciousness an ideal of spiritual life, and models his actions accordingly, all that is happening is a chain of physical changes in brain-cells dragging with it a plastic and passive lump of consciousness!

Of such is the Kingdom of Haeckel!

In his account of evolution, the materialist makes use of a somewhat better method than unsupported dogma in order to make it appear a mechanical process. We can take this link in the pictured chain of evolution, as a type, in order to make the method clear.

At an early stage in human society, there was no bond among separate families. All were potentially or actually at war.

According to the Law of Variations, there arose individuals, propagating families, in whom the bellicose type varied so far as to allow of their beginning to possess some elementary instinct of union. Families in whom this instinct had come to exist, now combining, were thus able to overcome those in whom the instinct was absent and who therefore fought separately.

According to the Law of Survival of the Fittest, the combiners alone presently existed, and by the Law of Heredity handed on this valuable variation from the primal type.

Thus we have a nice mechanical explanation of the origin, perpetuation and growth of the instinct of Brotherhood.

But what, throughout the whole biological tree *caused* the constant appearance of variations favorable to life? We are expected to accept that by an enormous series of—so to speak—fortuitous variants and blends, the whole scale of evolution was ascended, ultimating in man with his intellect, his im-

agination, his will, his spiritual perception and aspirations, his creative power.

Of course the flaw in the account is the point where it deals with the origination of variation, a point at which the idea (without the word) "accidental" (as regards the result) comes in.

But materialism is rapidly going by the board ; men are everywhere awakening to the conception of the spiritual Power in the Universe, like unto, and the same with the Power which in their own natures they feel constantly urging them to "come up higher," to enact in their lives the ideals that burn in their consciousness, to manifest with greater completeness day by day all that is noble and "of heaven heavenly." Men are beginning to understand that it is this Power, pressing everywhere through material nature for its manifestation, which is the guide of evolution, the inspirer of variations, pressing onward undying from dying types to new and higher ; one, yet exhibiting itself through and as units, its present highest expression being the soul of man ; now, through him, entering on a path that stretches away into an endless future, radiant with glory unimaginable.

HYPATIA

or the history of a

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

Magnum aliquid inflat, efferum, immane, impium.

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

By JOHN TOLAND

London, A. D. 1753

British Museum

CHAPTER XI

HYPATIA IS ESTEEMED AND CARESSSED BY THE PUBLIC; IS CONSULTED BY THE
MAGISTRATES IN ALL IMPORTANT CASES, AND SOMETIMES SAT AMONG THEM.

ALL this, some will say, we readily grant, that Hypatia was a Lady of most eminent learning, and that Synesius, with probably not a few of her other disciples, esteemed her to be a miracle of Virtue and Prudence; but what did the rest of the world think of her conduct, what marks of approbation or favour did she receive from the Public?

To this enquiry, which is very natural in this place, we answer; that never woman was more caressed by the Public, and yet that never woman had a

more unspotted character. She was held an Oracle for her wisdom, which made her be consulted by the magistrates in all important cases; and this frequently drew her among the greatest concourse of men, without the least censure of her manners.

The proof of so rare a felicity we choose to give in the words of the historian Socrates: "By reason of the confidence and authority (says he) which she had acquired by her learning, she sometimes came to the Judges with singular modesty; nor was she anything abashed, to appear thus among a crowd of men; for all persons, on the score of her extraordinary discretion, did at the same time both reverence and admire her."

The same things are confirmed by Niceforus Callistus, Suidas, Hesychius Illustris, and indeed by whom not? So far was she from that blameable timidity, which is contracted by a wrong education; or from that conscieable backwardness, which is inspired by guilt. That the Governors and magistrates of Alexandria regularly visited her, that all the city (as Damascius and Suidas relate) paid court to her, is a distinction with which no woman was ever honoured before. And to say all in a word, when Nicephorus Gregoras, above quoted, intended to pass the highest compliment on the Princess Eudocia, he thought he could not better hit, than by calling her "another Hypatia."

CHAPTER XII

SYNESIUS'S RECOMMENDATORY LETTER TO HYPATIA IN BEHALF OF TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN, ON A SUIT DEPENDING AT ALEXANDRIA.

It was during this prosperous gale of public favour, that Hypatia's devoted friend Synesius sent her this recommendatory letter on the behalf of two young gentlemen, that had a claim depending at Alexandria:

"Although Fortune cannot take everything from me, yet she has a mind to strip me of all she can; she that of many sons, and good, has me bereft. But to be ambitious of doing the best things, and to assist the unjustly oppressed, is what she shall never take from me; for far be it from me that she should ever be able to conquer my mind. Therefore I hate injustice, since this I may do still; and am also desirous to repress it, but that is one of the things taken out of my power, and which I lost before my children.

"Once the Milesians valiant were."

"Time also was, when I could be useful to my friends, and when you were wont to call me 'others' good;' as turning to the profit of other men my interest with persons in great authority, whom I made to serve me as so many hands. Now I am left destitute of all, unless you have any power; for you, together with virtue, I reckon 'a Good,' of which none will be able to rob me. But you have, and will always have, Power, by reason of the excellent use you make of your credit. Wherefore let Niceus and Philolaus, virtuous youths and relations, return masters of their own,

“through the care of all who honour you, whether private men or magistrates.”

Thus, as a necessary part of her history, I have inserted at length, all the letters written to Hypatia by Synesius, except the 15th, whereof I have given the substance; and the 33rd in the collection of his letters, which is too short to contain any instruction; as likewise the 154th, which, being too long, I have abridged above.

CHAPTER XIII

HYPATIA MARRIED, YET SAID TO DIE A MAID—ISIDORUS, HER HUSBAND, THE MOST EMINENT PHILOSOPHER OF HIS TIME.

It would be as great a prodigy in Nature as Hypatia was herself, if a lady of such beauty, modesty, wisdom, and virtue, were not by many eagerly sought in marriage: and, in effect, we find that she was actually married to the philosopher Isidorus, though Suidas says she died a maid; which is not so irreconcilable a thing as people may be apt to imagine on first thoughts, but, as we shall shew, very likely to be true. This Isidorus succeeded Marinus in the school, and his life has been written by Damascius, one of Theon's scholars, who therefore had all imaginable opportunities to know whatever regarded Hypatia and Isidorus. His life was abridged by Photius, but we have it not so perfect as he left it; for besides the extreme confusion and incorrectness which appears through the whole, the learned Valesius gave the world expectations, that he would, one time or other, publish it twice larger than that we read now in Photius. However, in such as it still is, Damascius bestows such eulogies on Isidorus, as put him almost above Humanity; yet, no way concerning Hypatia, I pass them over in silence. I frankly confess, that I more than suspect many of the things he reports; as knowing that Damascius was a great Visionary, and, like Philostratus with respect to Appollonius Tyaneus, designed to oppose Isidorus to those Christian saints who were celebrated for their miraculous and supernatural attainments. But this ought not to affect his credit in matters of an ordinary nature, and therefore I do not in the least hesitate to believe him, when he positively affirms that Hypatia was wife to Isidorus.

CHAPTER XIV

IN WHAT SENSE IT MIGHT BE SAID, THAT THOUGH HYPATIA WAS MARRIED, YET SHE DIED A MAID.

Suidas likewise makes her the wife of the same Isidorus, though he be the very man who tells us she died a virgin. That matter, considering the great uncertainty in which we are left by the meditated destruction or casual decay of authentic writers, I conceive to stand thus. Damascius says, that Isidorus had another wife, whose name was Domna, by which he had a son called Proclus. She died the fifth day after her delivery, and, according to his panegyrist, “she rid the philosopher of an evil beast and a bitter wedlock.” Now sup-

posing this to happen some time before the tragical end of Hypatia, and that the latter was betrothed to Isidorus, it might very well be said that she was his wife, and yet that she died a maid. The author of an epigram that was made upon her, seems to have been of the same opinion :

“The Virgin’s starry sign whene’er I see,
 “Adoring, on thy Words I think and thee :
 “For all thy virtuous Works celestial are,
 “As are thy learned words beyond compare,
 “Divine Hypatia, who dost far and near
 “Virtue’s and Learning’s spotless star appear.

The allusion, I say, to the constellation Virgo, and the epithet of “Spotless,” would induce me to believe that the writer reckoned her a Virgin as well as Suidas ; but I shall conclude nothing from so slender a conjecture, besides that her character is no way concerned in this particular, though as a historian I would omit nothing that might illustrate my subject. For this reason it is, that I cannot pass over uncensured a reflection of Damascius, who gravely says that “Isidorus was far superior to Hypatia, not only as a man to a woman, but as a philosopher to a geometrician.” Good and egregious reasoning! as if her skill in Geometry or Astronomy, had been any hindrance to her improvement in every part of Philosophy, wherein she is by so many confessed to surpass those of her own, if not of former time ; or as if we in England, for example, did reckon King James superior to Queen Elizabeth ; because the first, forsooth, was a man, and the last a woman. But I observed before that Damascius was a sad visionary.

C H A P T E R X V

HYPATIA’S LOVERS, ONE OF WHOM SHE CURED OF HIS PASSION, IN A VERY PARTICULAR MANNER.

A lady of such uncommon merit and accomplishments as Hypatia, daily surrounded with a circle of young gentlemen, many of them distinguished by their fortune or quality ; besides her frequently appearing in public assemblies, and receiving visits from persons of the first rank, could not possibly fail being sometimes importuned with addresses of gallantry. Such attempts the severest virtue cannot avoid, though it can deny encouragement, and make success to be despaired. How many trials of this kind Hypatia may have overcome we are left to imagine rather than to know, through the silence of historians, who either thought it below their gravity to record such things, or that the works of those who descended to particulars are lost. One instance, however, has escaped the common wreck of good books ; nor can I doubt but several others might be contained in the life of Isidorus, out of which there is reason to believe, that Suidas picked what I am going to relate.

He acquaints us, therefore, that one of her own scholars made warm love to her, whom she endeavoured to cure of his passion by the precepts of Philos-

ophy; and that some reported she actually reclaimed him by music, which he judiciously explodes; music having ever been deemed rather an incentive to love, than an antidote against it. But he says, with much greater probability, that the spark vehemently soliciting her (not to be sure without pleading the irresistible power of her beauty) at a time when she happened to be under an indisposition ordinary to her sex; she took a handkerchief, and throwing it in his face, said: "This is what you love, young fool, and not any thing that is beautiful."

For the Platonic Philosophers held Goodness, Wisdom, Virtue, and such other things, as by reason of their intrinsic worth are desirable for their own sakes, to be the only real Beauties, of whose divine symmetry, Charms, and Perfection, the most superlative that appear in bodies are but faint resemblances. This is the right notion of Platonic Love. Wherefore Hypatia's procedure might very well put a student of Philosophy at Alexandria to the blush, and quite cure him too (which Suidas assures us was the effect) but would never rebuke a beau in St. James's Park, nor perhaps some bachelors of divinity at our modern universities.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CLOSE INTIMACY BETWEEN HYPATIA AND ORESTES THE GOVERNOR OF ALEXANDRIA, VERY DISPLEASING TO CYRIL THE BISHOP.

At the time that Hypatia thus reigned the brightest ornament of Alexandria, Orestes was Governor of the same place for the Emperor Theodosius, and Cyril bishop or Patriarch. As Orestes was a person educated suitable to his rank, he could not but take notice of those perfections in Hypatia which all the world admired; and, as he was a wise governor, he would not be so far wanting to his charge, as not to ask her advice in matters difficult or dangerous, when everybody else consulted her as an Oracle. This created, of course, an intimacy between them that was highly displeasing to Cyril, who mortally hated Orestes. But because this emulation proved fatal to Hypatia, I shall take the subject a little higher. 'Tis observed by Socrates, Nicephorus, and others, that Cyril (who was elevated to the See by sedition and force against one Timothy an Arch-deacon of no extraordinary reputation) intermeddled more in temporal or civil matters, than his predecessors took upon them to do, and that the example was greedily followed by his successors; who not keeping within the bounds of their priestly ordination, took upon them an arbitrary kind of principality, and the absolute disposal of affairs. The first act of authority that Cyril exercised was, to shut up the churches of the Novatians, from which step he proceeded to seize upon their sacred vessels and church-ornaments, till at length he robbed their Bishop Theopemptus of all he had. Yet these Novatians professed the same doctrine to a tittle that he did, and differed only in some points of discipline. But they must be mere novices in Ecclesiastical history, who know not that discipline has been ever

reckoned of greater consequence than doctrine; if one may judge by the commotions that have happened in churches, or the duration of their schisms. The reason is obvious. For if a man believes otherwise than his teacher, and yet prudentially conforms to the public ritual and discipline, or perhaps eagerly stickles for it as thinking it the most conducing to order, be his speculations what you will, still he preserves the Unity of the church; or, in other words, he obeys his Spiritual Governors, and teaches others by his example to do the like; whereas if his belief be ever so right or at least ever so agreeable, to that prescribed in the society whereof he is a member; yet if he boggles at any part of the public ritual and discipline and rends the unity of the church; that is, he weakens the government of the Clergy. These were the maxims of those times, and hence it sprung, that schism is counted so damnable a sin in their writings, a sin more dreadful than any other, that it may the better serve for a—*Scare-Crow*.

CHAPTER XVII

CYRIL EXPELS THE JEWS OUT OF ALEXANDRIA; ORESTES COMPLAINS TO THE EMPEROR; CYRIL AND ORESTES BECOME IRRECONCILABLE ENEMIES.

One main reason why Cyril could not bear the Governor, as we are told by Socrates, was that "Orestes hated the principality of the bishops; as well because they transferred to themselves much of the power belonging to those appointed Governors by the Emperor; as, in particular, because Cyril would needs be prying into his actions."

Their enmity became sufficiently known to the public by a sedition raised against Orestes, occasioned by one Hierax, a pitiful school-master, but a professed admirer of the Bishop, and a most diligent attendant at his sermons, where he was sure to clap and re-clap, according to the rare custom of those times. The Jews spying him in the Theatre, while the Governor was there on some public business, cried out that he came purposely thither to cause mischief; and the uproar, whereof the particulars may be read in the just quoted Socrates, terminated in this, that Cyril expelled all the Jews out of the City, where they had lived in great opulence from the time of Alexander the Great, to the no small benefit of the place. Were I not accustomed to read monstrous lies of this unfortunate nation, I should think them very rightly served. But even in that case, who can justify Cyril's licensing the multitude to seize on their goods? And yet why do I ask such a question; when this has ever been the true motive of the barbarities to which they have been exposed, though zeal for religion has been as shamelessly, as wickedly pretended.

Orestes, as became a good Governor, "being grievously concerned at what had happened (to speak in the words of the historian) and sadly affected that so great a city should be so suddenly emptied of such a multitude of inhabitants, gave the Emperor an account of the whole matter." We might be certain, were we not expressly told it, that Cyril was not behind hand on his part. Yet conscious of his guilt, as every reader may collect, he would fain

make up with Orestes, and conjured him by the holy Gospels to be friends; being constrained to this, as Nicephorus observes, by the people of Alexandria, who loved their Governor. But this last knew him too well to trust him, upon which their difference became irreconcilable. You may therefore expect to hear of vengeance from the priest, whom the same Nicephorus represents proud, seditious, a boutesen, a persecutor: while the emperor might thank himself for the disorders that desolated one of his principal cities; for where was it ever otherwise when the Clergy were permitted to share in the government of civil affairs.

CHAPTER XVIII

ORESTES THE GOVERNOR ASSAULTED BY THE MONKS; THEIR CAPTAIN RACKED TO DEATH, BUT ESTEEMED AS A MARTYR BY CYRIL.

Now the revenge which Cyril took of Orestes, being the prelude to poor Hypatia's Tragedy, I choose to relate it, as I have done other passages, in the words of honest Socrates.

"Certain of the monks (says he) living in the Nitrian mountains, leaving their monasteries to the number of about five hundred, flocked to the City, and spied the Governor going abroad in his chariot; whereupon approaching they called him by the names of "Sacrificer" and "Heathen," using many other scandalous words. The Governor therefore suspecting that this was a trick played him by Cyril, cried out that he was a Christian, and that he was baptized at Constantinople by Bishop Atticus. But the monks giving no heed to what he said, one of them, called Ammonius, threw a stone at Orestes, which struck him on the head; and being all covered with blood from his wound, his guards, a few excepted, fled some one way, some another, hiding themselves in the crowd, lest they should be stoned to death. In the meanwhile the people of Alexandria ran to defend their Governor against the monks, and putting all the rest to flight, they approached Ammonius, and brought him before Orestes; who, as the laws prescribed, publicly put him to the torture, and racked him till he expired. Not long after he gave an account of all that was done, to the Princes. Nor did Cyril fail to give them a contrary information. He received the body of Ammonius, and, laying it in one of the churches, he changed his name, calling him Thaumasius, and ordered him to be considered as a martyr; nay, he made his Panegyric in the church, extolling his courage, as one that had contended for the truth. But the wiser sort of the Christians did not approve the zeal which Cyril showed on this man's behalf; being convinced that Ammonius had justly suffered for his desperate attempt, but was not forced to deny Christ in his torments."

This account requires no commentary. I shall only observe with a Heathen Philosopher that "At that time the monks (the fittest executioners of Cyril's cruelty) were men indeed as to their form, but swine in their lives; who openly committed thousands of execrable crimes, not fit to be named. Whoever (says

he) got on a black habit, and would make a grotesque figure in public, obtained a tyrannical authority; to such a reputation of virtue did that race of men arrive."

This picture, though drawn by an enemy's hand, is allowed by all good judges to be done to the life; and we shall presently have reason, more than sufficient, to be of the same opinion.

CHAPTER XIX

HYPATIA'S TRAGICAL DEATH, PERPETRATED BY CYRIL'S CLERGY, WHO HATED HER FOR HER INTIMACY WITH ORESTES.

But Cyril's rage was not yet satiated. Though Orestes had the good luck to escape being murdered, Hypatia must fall a sacrifice to the prelate's pride and to the ghost of Ammonius. This Lady, as we mentioned above, was profoundly respected by Orestes, who much frequented and consulted her; "for which reason" (says Socrates) "she was not a little traduced among the mob of the Christian church; as if she obstructed a reconciliation between Bishop Cyril and Orestes. Wherefore certain hot-brained men, headed by one Peter, a lecturer, entered into a conspiracy against her, and watching their opportunity when she was returning home from some place, they dragged her out of her chair; hurried her to the church called Cesar's and stripping her stark naked, they killed her with tiles. Then they tore her to pieces, and carrying her limbs to a place called Cinaron, there they burnt them to ashes."

Nothing short of this treatment, not to be paralleled among the most savage nations against a woman (and against a woman of such distinction scarce credible, did not two or more of her contemporaries attest it) nothing, I say, but the blood of Hypatia, shed in the most inhuman manner, could glut the fury of Cyril's clergy; for these were the monsters, that putting off all Humanity, committed this barbarous murder. Socrates, 'tis true, distinctly names but one clergyman, "Peter, the lecturer"; but Nicephorus expressly tells us that the Zealots, led on by Peter, were Cyril's clergy, who hated her for the credit she had with Orestes; that they were these, who imputed to her the misunderstanding between the Governor and their Bishop; and finally, that they butchered her in the time of solemn fasting; which, added to their sanctifying of their villainy by perpetuating it in a church, shews the glorious state of religion in those pure and primitive times; as some, no less hypocritically than falsely, are pleased to style them. The citizens of Alexandria, on whom certain persons would fain lay this act of popular heat, as they speak by way of extenuation, were too great admirers of Hypatia's Virtue, and too much in the interest of Orestes, to have any hand in so foul a business, however prone to tumults. All the circumstances accompanying the fact clearly prove this; not to repeat the assault so lately made by the Nitrian monks on the Governor, whom the people rescued; though I will not answer for all the mob, especially when the clergy loo'd them on.

CHAPTER XX

CYRIL, THE MAIN INSTIGATOR OF HYPATIA'S MURDER, BEING ENVIOUS OF THE FAME SHE HAD ACQUIRED BY HER LEARNING AND PHILOSOPHY.

Be it so that the clergy of Alexandria were the murderers (some may say) and that their affection for Cyril transported them beyond what can be justified; how does it appear that he himself had any hand in this black deed, which perhaps he neither knew nor could prevent?

For the sake of our common humanity (since true Christianity is not at all concerned) I wish it were so; but there is such evidence as will not let any man, if not wilfully shutting his eyes against the truth, to believe it. Damascius, who is the other contemporary witness of her murder (I meant besides Socrates) positively affirms that "Cyril vowed Hypatia's destruction, whom he bitterly envied;" and Suidas, who writes the same thing says, that this envy was caused by her "extraordinary wisdom and skill in astronomy;" as Hesychius, when he mentions her limbs being carried all over the city in triumph, writes that, "This befell her on the score of her extraordinary wisdom, and especially her skill in astronomy." For Cyril was a mighty pretender to letters, and one of those clergymen who will neither acknowledge nor bear the superiority of any layman in this respect, be it ever so incontestable to others. But some circumstances of Hypatia's death, not mentioned in Socrates, are preserved in the abridgement of Isidorus's life in Photius, such as Valesius had it; and which I here give you, reader, though it should cost you the tribute of one tear more to her memory.

"Upon a time (says Damascius) Cypril, passing by the house of Hypatia, saw a great multitude before the door, both of men on foot and on horseback; whereof some were coming, some going and others staid. When he inquired what that crowd was, and what occasioned so great a concourse, he was answered by such as accompanied him, that this was Hypatia the Philosopher's house, and that these came to pay their respects to her. Which, when Cyril understood, he was moved with so great an envy that he immediately vowed her destruction, which he accomplished in the most detestable manner. For when Hypatia, as was her custom, went abroad, several men, neither fearing divine vengeance nor human punishment, suddenly rushed upon her and killed her; thus laying their country both under the highest infamy, and under the guilt of innocent blood. And indeed the Emperor was grievously offended at this matter, and the murderers had been certainly punished, but that Edesius did corrupt the Emperor's friends, so that his majesty, it's true, remitted the punishment, but drew vengeance on himself and his posterity, his nephew paying dear for this action."

This nephew Valetius believes to have been Valentinian, whose mother, Placidia, was aunt to Theodosius.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DEATH OF HYPATIA BROUGHT AN INFAMY ON CYRIL AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH ; SHE WAS NO CATHOLIC, BUT A HEATHEN.

Thus ended the Life of Hypatia, whose memory will ever last, and whose murder happened in the fourth year of Cyril's episcopate ; Honorius being the tenth time and Theodosius the sixth time consuls—in the month of March, in the time of Lent, and in the year 415. "That action (says Socrates) brought no small infamy not only upon Cyril, but also upon the whole Church of Alexandria ; for slaughters, and fightings, and such like things, are quite foreign to the Christian Institution."

There's nothing surer, there's nothing truer ; but of genuine Christianity there remained very little at that time, unless Christianity be made to consist in the bare name and profession ; for, were I disposed to take this trouble upon me, I should think it no difficult task to shew that neither the doctrines nor distinctions then in vogue were ever taught by Christ or his Apostles ; and that the ceremonies enjoined or practised were all utterly unknown to them. No, no, they were no Christians that killed Hypatia ; nor are any Christians now to be attacked through the sides of her murderers, but those that resemble them by substituting precarious traditions, scholastic fictions, and an usurped dominion, to the salutiferous institutions of the Holy Jesus.

Photius is very angry with Philostorgius, whom he stigmatizes as an impious man, for saying that the "Homoousians," or the Athanasian Trinitarians, tore her to pieces ; but is he not an impudent man, or something worse, who dares to deny this ? when none were more remarkable sticklers for the Homoousians than Cyril and his adherents. This only the truth of history requires to be specially noted ; for with me the Homoiousion and the Homoousion are of no account in comparison of the Bible, where neither of them are to be found. In the meantime 'twill not be amiss to hear Gothofred on this occasion. "Observe here (says he) the Arian poison of Philostorgius against the Homoousians, or Catholics ; as if the murder of Hypatia were the crime of Catholics, and not of the indiscreet populace. Thus much, however, may be gathered from this passage, that this same Hypatia was no Catholic."

Admirable Gothofred ! Not to say anything to your "Arian poison," for which I am not a whit concerned, neither of the people's guilt, whom I have sufficiently cleared before ; nor yet of the nice distinction between the populace and Catholics, as if the bulk of the Catholics were not the populace. Your conclusion that Hypatia was not a Catholic is unspeakably acute, when in reality she was not as much as a Christian, her father having been a heathen philosopher, and herself the wife of one, without the least appearance that she was ever any other with regard to her own persuasion. As for a ridiculous letter, pretended to be written by her to Cyril about the Paschal Cycle, 'tis a

manifest forgery; for she was murdered the sixth year of Theodosius, and therefore one and twenty years before the exile of Nestorius, who yet is mentioned in that letter under the epithet of "Impious."

CHAPTER XXI

THE MAKING OF CYRIL A SAINT A DISHONOR TO RELIGION. THREE SORTS OF PERSONS CANONIZED FOR SAINTS.

And now that Cyril's name puts me once more in mind of him, how insufferable a burlesquing of God and man is it to revere so ambitious, so turbulent, so perfidious, so cruel a man as a *Saint*? since history shows that this was his just character. But in good earnest this same title of "Saint" has not seldom been most wretchedly conferred; for the greatest part of the "Saints" after Constantine's reign, and especially since canonization came in fashion, are made up of three sorts of persons, the least of all others meriting veneration. First, men have been dubbed saints, for promoting the grandeur of the church by all their endeavors, especially by their writings, which, instead of employing for the happiness and instruction of their fellow citizens they prostituted to magnify spiritual authority, to the debasing and enslaving of their spirits. The second sort that have been honored with saintship, were princes and other powerful or rich men, however vicious or tyrannical, who gave large possessions and legacies to the church; or that with incapacity, faggot, gibbet, sword and proscription, chastised the temerity of such as dared to question her decrees. The third sort, were poor, grovelling, visionaries, boasting of their delirious enthusiasm and extacies; or imposing on the ignorant by formal mortifications, falsely reputed devotion, and were recompensed with this imaginary reward by those that despised their austerity, at the same time that they mainly thrived by the credit of it. It is no wonder then that when the epithet "Saint" (which peculiarly belonged to piety and innocence) was thus pompously bestowed on vice and impiety, there should prevail that Deluge of Ignorance, Superstition and Tyranny, which overwhelmed almost the whole Christian world. All the persecutions that ensued, were so many forcible means employed to suppress any efforts that might be used for the restoring of Virtue and Learning. By that anti-Christian spirit fell Hypatia, to whom the clergy of her time could never forgive, that she was beautiful yet chaste; far more learned than themselves; not to be endured in the Laity; and in greater credit with the civil magistrate, whom the clergy of that time would needs drive or lead as their Pack-ass.

FINIS

TRUTH is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.—JEREMY COLLIER

Notes from Biblical Studies

By Students



Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfill.—*Matthew v: 17*

Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.—*Matthew x: 34*

IN Jesus' time the Jewish religion had become creed bound, but it was founded on law and eternal truths, as all great religions are. These truths have in the course of time become almost buried underneath the debris of form and ceremony, yet they are still there, though hidden. Being eternal they cannot be destroyed, they are obscured only, because the light has been shut out for a time. The mission of Jesus was to bring once more to the world the light by means of which the true spirit of the law should again become visible.

Jesus was the very incarnation of law. His every act was in strict accordance with the law, with its inner meaning, not its mere outward appearance. He had but little patience with the mere letter. The letter alone confuses, yet it is the form, the symbol for the truth within. Jesus came to help us read aright these symbols, to fulfill the law, not to destroy it. His very coming was the fulfillment of many prophecies and emphasized the Law of Cycles. For at each great cyclic epoch a Leader comes who points out to men a new phase of the law, one they had lost or had not yet known, but specially applicable to the wants of humanity at that particular period. The message is seldom fully understood at the time, yet enough is comprehended to result in real progress and thus the law becomes fulfilled, each new Leader striking the keynote applicable to the time.

There are many who think that a Savior should come to release us from the consequences of our own misdeeds, annul our obligations so as to make the road smooth and easy for us. This is in fact the most common conception amongst the so-called Christians of today. It has been taught and believed by many that this Savior came to take upon himself all the sins we have committed or will commit in the future, and to act as a scapegoat that mankind may go free. Would this be justice? And yet we know that the world is ruled, not by accident, but by absolute justice.

Jesus came indeed to save mankind, but in such a way as to help man to save himself. He came to teach men that they are souls and that the only way to freedom and perfection is found in so meeting every event in life that each account is closed then and there. This is what is meant by "the right performance of action." We must learn to do each deed without selfish ex-

pectations on the one hand or fear on the other, but simply because the deed is to be done. Only in this way can we do full justice to that which we have to do, only in this way can we obtain freedom from the consequences of our actions.

Jesus was free from the law, was above the law, because he always worked with the law. In this he set us an example, became a symbol of that which is perfect, of the Christos within, the Christ that endeavors to shine in each one of us.

Everything in nature is dual, both in the seen and the unseen world. Everything has its material aspect as well as its spiritual. The material tends to drag the spirit down, the spiritual to raise the material and lower nature to its own high level. The material stands for inertia, for sleep, while the spiritual stands for eternal progress. These two forces are always opposing each other, and whenever a Teacher of mankind strikes a new keynote of the old yet ever new law, the tone sent forth awakens the slumbering giants who rise to battle for their existence.

The Teacher brings the sword of Truth, but this sword does not destroy, it transmutes. The Teacher bids us put the evil to the sword, he makes an end to the false cry of peace,—peace when there is no peace. Peace is the end to be sought and which will come, but until the true Peace is attained the turmoil and war on the material plane are but symbols of the greater turmoil within, where the real battle rages. Jesus came to help us fight this battle aright, and realizing on which side the hosts of Light are marshalled that we might array ourselves with them, fighting always for the higher, the true, against the lower, the false.

And this is indeed the law, for law means progress, not stagnation. Continual, impersonal struggle is necessary, and whether we fight outer foes or inner, unseen ones, we can fight impersonally only as long as we fight unselfishly. We must follow the Christ, the Warrior-soul within, and let him do the fighting.

Jesus taught that men are Souls, inhabiting bodies. These souls are sparks of the divine and they throw a search-light on the weaknesses of the lower nature. When faults are found out they immediately begin a battle for their life. We must learn to understand this duality as well as that these our faults are our own creations. Jesus brought the sword of spiritual knowledge, which divides the higher from the lower and by which we must slay our lower nature, that is, lift it up to the higher. Happy is he who is strong enough not to sue for peace, but who will fight on even when he feels his very heart-blood flow out.

There are heroes of these silent battles as great as any of the wars of nations. They are none the less great because unseen and unheralded by men. It is to fight this battle Jesus called anew to men, and it is only through this inner struggle that man will ever win final Liberation and Peace.

Knowing and Doing

By L.



“If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.”—*John xiii: 17.*

WHEN first a new revelation breaks in upon the mind there is a natural tendency to proclaim the evangel from the housetops, or cry it at the corners of the streets and publish it to all the world.

A little later, and we find to our astonishment that our good “news” is as old as the everlasting hills. We discover it deeply imbedded in all the religions and philosophies ever taught among men, and we are naturally embarrassed as to what use we shall make of our newly acquired treasure.

Now every revelation that dawns upon the mind and kindles the enthusiasm is capable of being applied to life and conduct, and indeed this is its main utility so far as we are concerned. The divine revealing is not a gorgeous cloak to wrap about our shoulders in which we may parade in the public view and gain the applause of men; it is more properly a hoe with which to clear the garden of the heart from its unsightly weeds and poison growths. Many there are, however, who take the easy path, and prefer to exhibit themselves before the public as exponents of a high philosophy, rather than to wield the sharp hoe of correction amongst the jungle of weeds that disfigure their characters. Hence it is not uncommon to meet a glib professor who can expatiate on “the identity of all souls with the Over Soul,” or “the fundamental unity of consciousness,” but who nevertheless defames the character of a rival behind his back and cannot bear to hear another praised.

Every day we behold intellectual “knowers” who do not “know” enough to stop eating pie when they have had sufficient. “There’s something rotten in the State of Denmark,” but that decay can never be arrested by more philosophers, or more books or more eloquent addresses, but only by superb examples, the lives of men and women who apply to their daily conduct the principles they profess with their lips. Consider the effect of sending out from Point Loma a band of Heralds of the Coming Dawn, a company of brothers, united, self-reliant, passion-proof, firm-based upon a common philosophy and whose hearts are all aflame with a boundless love for the Great Orphan Humanity. They should be men who would not cringe nor apologize, men with no private ends to serve, men whose bodies, cleansed from ancestral taint, stand erect and ready to obey the least motion of the “Living Power made free” in each glorious temple building.

“The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few,” yet we need not on that account sit down and call upon the lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers. We should ourselves arise, gird up our loins, throw aside every

weight and move into the standing corn sickle in hand. We will leave it to believers in a Deity outside of themselves, to call upon him to save the world he has created, be it ours to clear the road-way for the God who sits enshrined within our hearts and speed him on his swift career, as he goes forth conquering and to conquer.

With this thought in mind no one need ever lament that he cannot write or speak in public. The slightest effort at self-control, the least attempt to make botherhood a living power in our lives, is worth more to the world than many books and many speeches. The influence of an earnest, strenuous life is felt across the continents, it radiates unseen through space, and though we may never visit our comrade or even exchange a letter, yet the thought of him quietly doing his daily duty at the world's end, is a constant inspiration, and a powerful stimulus to renew our lapsed endeavors.

Most men feel from time to time that they ought to *do* as well as *know*; but doing is associated in their minds with painful strain and irksomeness, and they forget the beatitude,—“*Happy* are ye if ye do them.”

The higher life has been so often described as a “Vale of Tears” and a pathway of thorns, that the people have taken the mystic's partial statement as if it were the whole truth. It cannot be of course denied that when a man turns his back upon a life of self-indulgence, he is pestered and beset by a swarm of clamorous little demons, bad habits, evil desires of the mind's begetting, who expect that their father shall continue to supply them with their appropriate indulgence, and thus to nourish and sustain his progeny. When he no longer proposes to support this noisy brood, and ceases to feed them by thought or physical indulgence, they slowly fade away, but not without vehement remonstrance on their part, and their parent must perforce feel some reflected pain as his offspring pine away and die. Yet the suffering is but transitory, a temporary inconvenience like the annual housecleaning, which at the cost of a little temporary hardship, gives rise to renewed comfort and cleanliness.

What is meant is just this, that a life lived for the good of all is so natural and in such complete accord with Nature's plan, that a man so living cannot fail to share in the gladness of that abundant tide of life that ever flows from Mother Nature's generous heart.

“Life is Joy.” Not indeed the stagnant, dribbling streamlet, that trickles down the narrow ditch of the personality, but the great Ocean currents, flowing full and free in which he floats who has entered the larger sphere of the World's Life. “*If* ye know!” Of course we do. Examine your own heart and you will find that you have a deep assurance of the truth that Brotherhood is Nature's law, and that only as we make this truth a living power in our lives, can we find lasting peace and satisfaction.

Enough is known of right ethics to last us for centuries in advance, the thing required is to apply them. There is no novelty in the idea of Universal Brotherhood; the novelty, however, is becoming manifest of a community of

people who are determined to put into practice the beautiful theories that lie in such abundance embedded in books and passed from mouth to mouth in conversation. Castles in the air of gorgeous beauty have been hovering over the sad world for many a weary century, and to us belongs the privilege of making these atmospheric battlements to solidify them in brick, and wood, and marble, bringing them down as actualities on to the solid earth as dwellings and towers of refuge for the waiting peoples.

The Blooming of a Rose

By Ethne



“**Y**ES, dear, we will plant it here,” said the mother. Run and ask the gardener to bring his spade;” and then and there in the spring sunshine the tiny rose tree was planted under the eager eyes of the little child.

How long ago it seemed since this spring day to the girl who stood looking at the full grown tree with its profusion of snowy blooms. All the important events of her life seemed bound up with her floral namesake.

She had gone away to school when the roses faded and returned home to find them in full bloom; she had decked her sister’s bridal table with this ethereal fragrance and scattered them upon her gentle mother’s tomb,—the symbol of the resurrection — and now she must bid farewell to their sweetness, for at her mother’s death the old home had passed to strangers.

Slowly she gathered the blossoms for the last time, pinning an opening bud upon her heart. With her hands full of roses she took one long last look upon the scene of so many happy days. Softly she kissed her fingers to the rose-tree — “Good bye, dear flower friends,” she whispered, “good bye.”

Out into the turmoil of the world passed the lovely human flower and the delicate perfume of purity seemed to enwrap the bodily casing of that snowy Soul. An angel of mercy she seemed to many a suffering fellow creature, with the healing balm of loving deeds and gentle words, and Nurse Rose’s name was breathed in blessing by many grateful lips.

Was *her* path always strewn with roses? Not so. Strong Souls dare the rugged paths of self conquest, that the way may smoother be for others.

In the long watches of the night, by the sick beds of distressed humanity, the girl pondered upon the world’s great pain, and upon its causes, the suffering had lain upon her heart like a heavy pall and under the stress of an awak-

ened compassion she had found the energy to devote herself to the service of the sorrowing.

One day there came into her life the joy of a great love, and the dream of a happy future spent in companionship with another Soul of kindred noble aims.

Then fell the shadow of a great calamity and the brave young comrade gave up his life in devotion to duty.

The warrior spirit prevailed over the dark despair that threw its sable hues upon the path of life, and as the days passed into months and years Rose grew to recognize the truth of the poet's intuition,—

Oh fear not in a world like this
And thou shalt know ere long
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.

And she too realized that to live through a great grief and emerge from the shadows unembittered, is to find one's self in possession of a fund of helpful sympathy that will lighten many another's weary load. Such Souls walk in paths of peace and breathe ethereal airs that whisper the glorious tale of man's immortality.

Once again in the garden of Roses, children upon the grassy lawn, children upon the trim paths, children with pale faces and eager glistening eyes! A lady — no longer young in form, but with the light of eternal youth in her loving eyes, stands by the rose bed plucking with tender hands the glorious snowy blooms, and one by one laying them in the outstretched hands of the eager waiting children, till, loaded with fragrant blossoms, they retreat to the shady tree at the edge of the lawn to admire and arrange their precious treasures. "They are *all* lovely," said one child, "but the white ones are best — they make me think of Sister Rose," and she looked with loving eyes across the grass to where the lady still stood among the roses.

She was no physical mother of theirs, but to those little uncared for morsels of humanity she represented all that they knew of true motherhood.

And she who had passed through calm and storm in life's eventful journey, stood in the evening of her life in the olden Rose garden of her childhood — a happy Soul. The full blown flower she had fastened above her heart, in all its snowy whiteness, golden-centered, but typified the purified nature woven of rarest fabric of loving unselfish deeds, through which the golden Light of Spirit radiated its life-giving streams. The Rose had bloomed to sweeten the sad lives of earth's suffering little ones.

I pity the life that has not had the element of penitence in it. Have you never had sorrow for sin? Then you do not know what it is to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Has your heart never ached at the cruelty, greed, oppression, and selfishness of the world, at the tragedy of "man's inhumanity to man?" Then you do not know yet what it is to keep company with the heroes.—F. C. DOLE, in *Religion of a Gentleman*

Sign-Posts Along *the Path**



He that, being self-contained, hath vanquished doubt,
 Disparting self from service, soul from works,
 Enlightened and emancipate, my Prince!
 Works fetter him no more! Cut then atwain
 With sword of wisdom, Son of Bharata!
 This doubt that binds thy heart-beats! Cleave the bond
 Born of thy ignorance! Be bold and wise!
 Give thyself to the field with me! Arise!

THESE strong words end the chapter. They are addressed to those who can be strong, and not to the ever-doubting one who believes neither his own thoughts nor the words of others, but who is forever asking for more. But there can be no uncertainty about the cause of doubt: as Krishna says, "It springs from ignorance, and all we have to do is to take the sword of knowledge and cut all doubts at once." Many will say that they have always been looking for this that they may have peace, and that so many systems are presented for their consideration they are unable to come to any conclusion whatever. This would seem very true on a view of the thousand and one philosophies placed before us with varying degrees of clearness by the exponents of them. But it has appeared to us that they can all be easily sifted and divided into classes where they will range themselves under two great heads,—those which permit nothing to be believed until the miserable mass of mediocre minds have said that they at last accept this or that, and those which have each a little of what may possibly be true and a great deal that is undeniable nonsense. The doubter is a devotee of the first school, or he is an adherent partly of one and partly of the other; and in the latter case is torn almost asunder by the numberless conventional ideas which bear the stamp of authority coercing him into an acceptance of that which revolts his judgment whenever he permits it to have free exercise. If you tell him that the much-lauded mind is not the final judge, and that there are higher faculties which may be exercised for the acquirement of knowledge, he disputes it on the lines laid down by learned professors of one school or another, and denies the validity of proofs offered on the ground that they are instances of "double cerebration," and what not. To such as these the chapter will not appeal, but there are many students who have sincere doubts, and with those the difficulty arises from ignorance. They are afraid to admit to themselves that the ancients could have found out the truth; and the reason would appear to be that this judgment is passed from a consideration of the merely

* Extracts from *THE PATH*, Vol. IV

material state of those people or of the present nations who in any degree follow such philosophies. Our civilization glorifies material possessions and progress, and those who have not these boons cannot be the possessors of either truth or the way to it. But the keepers of truth have never said that we will be neither rich nor civilized if we follow their system. On the contrary, in the days when Krishna lived and taught his system there was more material glory and power than now, and more knowledge of all the laws of nature than everyone of our scientists put together have in their reach. Hence if any Theosophist teaches that the reign of the doctrines of Theosophy will be the knell of all material comfort and progress, he errs, and sows the seeds of trouble for himself and his friends. Why, then, is it not wise to at once admit that there may be truth in these doctrines, throw away all doubt, and enjoy the light which they present?

So long as doubt remains there will be no peace, no certainty, nor any hope of finding it in this world or the lives upon it hereafter, and not even in the vast reaches of other universes on which we may live in future ages; the doubter now will be the doubter then, and so on while the wheel revolves for the millions of years yet before us.

If we follow the advice of the great Prince, our next step will be to assume, in view of patent facts of evolution, that certain great Beings exist who long ago must have trod the same road, and now possess the knowledge with the power to impart as much as we are able to take. To this Krishna refers in these words:

“Seek this knowledge by doing honor, by prostration, by strong search, and by service; those gifted with this knowledge, who perceive the truth of things, will teach this knowledge to thee.”

And such are the exact words of the great Helpers of Humanity. They do not reward or teach merely because we so wish it to be, nor because we value ourselves at so much; our valuation of ourselves is not Theirs; They value us at the real and just rate, and cannot be moved by tears or entreaties not followed by acts, and the acts that delight Them are those performed in Their service and no others.

What, then, is the work in which They wish to be served?

It is not the cultivation of our psychic powers, nor the ability to make phenomena, nor any kind of work for self when that is the sole motive.

The service and the work are in the cause of Humanity, by whomsoever performed, whether by members of the Theosophical Society or by those outside of it. And all the expectant members of the Society now standing with their mouths open waiting for what they are pleased to call food, may as well know that they will get nothing unless the work is done or attempted.

Let the right attitude be taken, and what follows is described in this chapter:

“A man who perfects himself in devotion finds springing up in himself in the progress of time this spiritual knowledge, which is superior to and comprehends every action without exception.”

Missionaries in China

Extract from an article published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, London, November 19th; signed, "Hear Both Sides:"

DURING some fourteen years of my life spent among various Asiatic races, I have come more or less into contact with missionaries, and among them I have found some to be excellent, upright, devoted men; but certainly the general impression conveyed was that they were not the best persons who could have been selected to influence and affect the conversion of Japanese, Chinese and Hindoos. I must confess that missionaries, as a rule, appeared to be one-sided, narrow-minded, and often wanting in judgment and discretion, besides being, more than any educated class with whom I have ever come in contact, apt to receive *ex-parte* information and act on it, without considering it necessary to hear the other side or even to recognize that there may be another side. To complicate matters still further, the Chinese Government has been recently bullied or cajoled into conferring the status of mandarins on Catholic missionaries, thus enabling these men to exercise the right of appearing in the law courts and of interfering officially with the action of the local magistrates; very slight consideration is, therefore, requisite to understand how the present system opens a wide door for fraud and extortion. Indeed, within late years the abuse has become highly accentuated, and for this reason: the converts have become aware that the local authorities shrink from deciding a case against a Catholic Christian, for there is always well-grounded fear that the case may be taken up by the French Legation at Peking, as one of prosecution against a quasi-French subject, and that the mandarin may get into serious trouble for causing friction between the Government and a foreign Power.

I do not mean to infer that the Jesuit missionary is consciously a party to iniquity, but he can hardly fail to be prejudiced, and largely so; he is animated by an intense devotion to the interests of his church; he is accustomed to regard those interests as paramount to every earthly consideration, and it is notorious that the training and profession of an ecclesiastic distinctly tends to check the development of what is called the judicial mind.

Now, the situation is this. Any non-Christian Chinaman, who may possess some property, gained possibly after years of unremitting labor and thrift, is liable to have everything he owns swept away in consequence of a trumped-up case by a convert, possibly a mere nominal Christian, who goes into court supported by a man in the person of a missionary whom the mandarin dreads to offend. The unfortunate victim of the vilest injustice, on the other hand,

has practically no appeal whatever from a decision influenced by a priest, who is at once the opponent's advocate and a self-constituted judge in a case to which he is himself a party. Perhaps only those who have themselves lived in China can realize what a terrible thing life is in that country for one who, possibly having lived in affluence, or having enjoyed a moderate competency, finds himself, with his entire family, cast down to sudden and abject destitution. Yet this is the fate which hangs over every Chinaman possessing enough to tempt the cupidity of some unscrupulous hypocrite who under the cloak of Christianity may desire without trouble to possess himself of the wealth of others.

King and Masonry

THE GRAND MASTERSHIP



From the *Daily Telegraph*, London, February 6, 1901

AN "Especial Grand Lodge" of English Freemasons has been summoned on the authority of Earl Amherst, Pro-Grand Master, for the 15th inst., and as a vast concourse of Masons is expected to take part in the demonstration the hall or "Temple" in Great Queen-street, London, is considered insufficient to afford space for the accomodation of all who may wish to attend. The object of the meeting is "to vote a loyal and dutiful address to his Majesty the King, tendering the respectful sympathy of the craft on the death of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and further offering the respectful and fraternal congratulations of the fraternity to his Majesty on his accession to the Throne." The circular, continuing the agenda, points to a second item of business as a "communication from the Most Worshipful Pro-Grand Master respecting the Grand Mastership, and motion thereon"; and the motion is "That the communication be recorded in the minutes of Grand Lodge." This done, a motion will be made, "That the nomination for the office of Most Worshipful Grand Master, made at the last quarterly communication, having become inoperative, this Grand Lodge do now proceed to a fresh nomination."

The nomination of a Grand Master will follow, but we are left in doubt as to the distinguished Mason who will be nominated for the office, as, although it is generally understood that the "communication" to be made by Earl Amherst is that the King has resigned his position of Grand Master, this is not official, and the authorities can make no announcement on the point until it is proclaimed in Grand Lodge. Assuming that the King has resigned the office he has held for twenty-six years with great benefit to the craft, as will be

seen from the immense increase in the number of lodges since he was installed as Grand Master, in April, 1875, it may not be out of place at the present time to give an outline of his Masonic career.

As Prince of Wales he was initiated in Sweden in the year 1868, and, on the circumstance being communicated to English Freemasons, they at their Grand Lodge on Dec. 1, 1869, the birthday of the present Queen, gave his Royal Highness the rank of Past Grand Master, and on his being proclaimed he was saluted with the Grand or Royal sign, the simultaneousness of which seemed to astonish the recipient. Thenceforward he took a very prominent part in transactions of the craft, but in no way more prominent than in encouraging the benevolent side of Freemasonry. As early as 1870 he took the chair at the annual festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, when a subscription was obtained amounting to £9,841. The following year—in July, 1871—he performed the like service for the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, with the result that, with 161 stewards, the sum of £5,500 was raised. Eighteen months later he took the chair for the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows of Freemasons. It was on Feb. 24, 1873, and with 185 stewards, £6,866 was secured. In June, 1888, when the Girls' School celebrated the centenary year of its existence, he again presided, and £51,516 was subscribed. His great achievement, however, in obtaining subscriptions for the Masonic charities was in 1898 when, at the centenary of the Boys' School over which he presided, £144,000 was subscribed. The Prince of Wales's career as a Mason was the subject of articles in the Press on many occasions, coming down to a very late date. He first laid stones of several public works and of charitable institutions frequently, both in this country and abroad, and on one memorable occasion, in 1891, he and his Consort opened the new wing, now called the Alexandra Hall, of the Masonic Girls' School, at St. John's-hill, which was built out of part of the subscriptions of £51,516 obtained at the festival of 1888. He was present at the consecration of the Chancery Bar Lodge, No. 2,456, in 1863, at Lincoln's Inn, and dedicated that lodge himself. It was the first consecration ceremony in which he partook. Mr. Warrington, K. C., one of the initiates of that lodge, is now its Worshipful Master Elect. In 1895 the Prince of Wales assisted at the consecration of the Rahere Lodge, No. 2,546, which took place at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The former lodge was established for the convenience of Chancery barristers, and the latter for that of the medical profession.

It is stated by the *Free Lance* that King Edward VII., following the precedent set by George IV., has resigned the Grand Mastership of Freemasons and the other supreme offices he holds in various branches of the Craft, but he will henceforth assume the title of Protector of the Order instead of that of Patron, borne by his predecessor during his ten years' reign. The new Grand Master will be his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, who already enjoys the rank of Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons.

Students' Column

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Many people ask if Theosophy is not Buddhism or Hindooism, because, they say, in the early days of the Society, H. P. Blavatsky worked chiefly amongst East Indians, and so much has been said by Theosophists about Eastern literature. Will the Students' Column please answer this?

A GOOD deal of misconception undoubtedly has arisen among people who give but a superficial glance at Theosophy or the Theosophical Society.

A few facts in regard to Mme. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society which she founded, may aid in disabusing the minds of such people of wrong impressions and may at the same time give a wider range of vision of the objects and purpose of her work, which the great body of her students are carrying out in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

Mme. Blavatsky was a world-wide traveler, and she traveled with that end in view which found its culmination in the establishment of a Society which should have for its first object the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without distinction of sex, creed, caste or color. This Society by its first object declares itself to be unsectarian, and has never presented any dogmas or doctrines as matters for acceptance or belief; it therefore never could favor any particular dogmatic religion whether Eastern or Western—nor has it ever done so. The aim of Mme. Blavatsky was to present Theosophy, which she distinctly declares was not her invention, but was communicated to her by her Teachers, whose sole aim was, and is, to aid humanity to attain true happiness and to reach far greater heights of knowledge and progress.

Theosophy was taught by her to a few, before she founded the Theosophical Society, and was given out in greater measure as the Society grew in numbers and power of understanding.

Remaining in America for three years after the founding of the Parent Society, she went to India, for the double purpose of bringing to the attention of the West the great truths of philosophy contained in the old books and thought of India,—and of inducing the Hindus to look deeper into their religions, so that they might discern the unity which exists in the essential basis of all forms of religion.

She knew that if this was accomplished, the East and the West would be of mutual benefit; the East giving of its stores of the accumulated wisdom of thousands of years, and the West by its vigorous practical life making appli-

cation of this knowledge and aiding the people of the East to rise to their true position as men and brothers.

The East left to itself could never have done this—caste, custom, prejudice and religious pride standing always in the way; and even if these obstacles were to some extent removed, there would remain the inertness which is the heritage of Eastern thought and life.

She knew that the West only had the capacities of freeing the world from the trammels of superstition, custom and religious prejudice, and thus it was that the Theosophical Movement was begun in the West and by Western people.

Facts bear this out fully, for Theosophy was carried to India by her, and America contains the headquarters of Theosophical work throughout the world. R. C.

How is it that such a mystical system of Eastern thought as Theosophy should have been started in such a very modern Western and business like place as New York, where life is so intensely material and which appears to be such an unlikely spot for the success of anything mystical?

This question is admirably adapted to show what is a common trick with those who, inimical to the cause of Theosophy, yet make a pretense of inquiring into it, viz: of covertly asserting in the form of a question an erroneous proposition which naturally does not admit of a sound explanation.

In the first place in the sense in which the term "mystical" is conceived by ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, it is not correct to consider Theosophy as a "mystical system of thought." In the second, it is not correct to think of Theosophy as belonging to the East or to any other locality. These two misconceptions have exercised much influence inimical to the growth of Theosophy, certainly in the West. The majority of people are not interested in and do not need what they understand by the term "mystical." They want something tangible and practical; Theosophy is this, and also, in the true meaning of the term, it is "mystical." And again a very natural and perhaps a healthy pride hinders one from desiring to have fastened upon himself the belief of another.

So in questions of this type it is wise at the very beginning to respect any false definitions and assertions they may contain. To admit them by letting them pass inadvertently is certain defeat to the effort to give light upon the subject, and is a victory to the subtle spirit of opposition making use of this method.

Theosophy was started in New York, probably from the same cause that "Westward the star of empire wends its way," which a little historical observation will show to be true. Now in a civilization at certain stages of its life and progress definite developments take place, just as in the life of a man or woman. So there comes the time when the current dominating civilization, having passed its infancy, childhood and youth, arrives at the age for the appearance of the thought and feeling of manhood.

Now the fact that other nations and other civilizations have had Theosophical ideas and systems of philosophy and have died or declined, demonstrates

conclusively that ideas and philosophies in themselves alone are not sufficient to sustain life. Such merely have their proper place and function, and cannot be omitted in any all round healthy growth.

The tide of the world's life at present is in the West. And the great force of its energies is needed for the furtherance of anything which has to do with mankind generally. It would be absurd to look to India, for instance, for the rehabilitation or expansion of human motives when India manifestly is unable to care for herself, even in a most commonplace material way. Even though she may contain a veritable mine of the most noble and lofty ideas, something dynamic and active is needed to put them into execution and practice.

Now any seed in its fructification and growth takes to itself of the energies and nature of the soil in which it is planted. Witness the development of fruit in California. So Theosophy in coming again into human life requires for its sustenance and growth the aid of the powers already in play. Broadly speaking New York is the most active center in the active West. Its potencies and potentialities are greater than any city in Europe. It is the budding flower of the current Western order. So at that time what was to effect the West and therefore the world, for the West dominates the world at present, was best inaugurated in New York. Influences generated there most quickly radiate to and effect the ordinary life of the balance of the world.

So too for the same reason the Headquarters have since been moved from New York to Point Loma, the living breathing heart-center of the World, the radiating point of the new civilization, the birthplace of the New Order of Ages.

W. T. H.

EDUCATION, briefly, is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them, and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others. True education, then, has respect first to the ends that are proposable to the man, or attainable by him; and, secondly, to the material of which the man is made. So far as it is able, it chooses the end according to the material; but it cannot always choose the end, for the position of many persons in life is fixed by necessity; still less can it choose the material; and, therefore, all it can do is to fit the one to the other as wisely as may be.

—RUSKIN

BLESSED is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it. How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there it runs and flows!—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small!

—CARLYLE

Mirror of the Movement



Loma-Land Summer is almost with us now and the early spring green tints are deepening into more sober hues, though still the brilliant hues of the spring flowers sparkle everywhere. The grain is ripening and the young birds are flying alone. Speaking of birds what a variety of species there are here! Flocks of huge, comical pelicans with immense pouched beaks, great buzzards leisurely sailing overhead seeking for prey, golden orioles, lovely sweet-voiced "canaries," swallows darting by in chase of insects, the delightful little crimson or green-breasted humming birds now poised motionless, hovering with thrilling wings above a flower and anon disappearing as if by magic so quick is the motion — all these and many others under the benign influence of this favorable season, have increased greatly in number. As the season advances the feathered songsters improve in the sweetness of their tones and the notes of the mocking bird are now added to the chorus.

* * *

New Bungalows The Bungalow homes mentioned last month are now claiming a good deal of attention from our visitors by their quaint and attractively homelike appearance, nestled in the picturesque nooks on the hills. Everyone who sees them is charmed and longs for the privilege of residing in such ideal houses.

* * *

Homestead Improvements The Rotunda, the great Hall in the center of the Homestead, is being greatly improved by the alteration of highest tier of windows which open into it. They will when completed add greatly to the effect of the interior, and the Oriental Rest-room, which opens from the Rotunda by a wide arch way, has had a most artistic parquet floor laid making it now a truly splendid apartment. It is almost impossible to keep up with the constant improvements and additions always being made in which the wonderful taste and judgment of the Leader are so noteworthy.

* * *

Esotero Park Sports: Bathing The Athletic grounds in the Esotero Park are now being rapidly developed. The golf course is an ideal one and will prove a great pleasure to the students and guests. The facilities for bathing have been increased by improvements in the access to the new bathing-cove, a romantic spot where surf bathing can be enjoyed at all seasons. The constant gentle rolling of the surf is a striking feature of this coast and makes a perpetual quiet undertone of soothing natural melody, audible from all parts of the grounds. Students from the Atlantic shores who bathe here are always surprised by the unexpected electric, vitalizing quality noticeable in these waters.

* * *

San Diego Meetings The great public meetings at the large Opera House, San Diego, on Sunday evenings are being continued with conspicuous success, the interest of the large audiences being fully sustained. A special feature is made of first-class music, solo and concerted, rendered by some of the members of the Isis Conservatory of Music, which clearly helps the listeners to deeper realization of the meaning of our work.

M u s i c

Fine music, given by those who feel the reality of the Soul and can therefore put life into their playing, is one of the greatest means of spreading true Brotherhood amongst the people, and great developments may soon be expected in that line. After the lectures in the Aryan Temple visitors frequently refer to the powerful impressions produced by the sweet music proceeding from the hidden orchestra. The effect is marked.

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**Los Angeles B. B. C.
to the Young Warriors
of Raja Yoga School**

When the young warriors of the Raja Yoga School were organized into a drill corps the first batch of guns was sent for from Los Angeles. When the Boys' Brotherhood Club of that city heard of this they immediately conceived the idea of presenting the guns to the young warriors of Loma-land "along with their best wishes and greetings of joy." The boys are delighted with them, and their drilling and soldierly bearing show that they have the true warrior spirit of the knights of old.

* * *

White Lotus Day

White Lotus Day, May 8th, was celebrated here with great joy. All who could possibly attend, including nearly all the children, assembled at the Aryan Temple where after the usual readings from the Light of Asia, etc., Madame Petersen and Brothers Neresheimer and Machell made very eloquent speeches dealing with the heroic life and grand character of H. P. Blavatsky, the noble soul who started the work in the last century. A procession was then formed and all marched to the grounds of the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, where the choir sang and a little ceremony was gone through on the sacred site of the Great Temple. It was a very happy day for all here.

OBSERVER

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**Drawing Class of the
Raja Yoga School**

The Drawing Class is held regularly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings from 9 to 10. There are sixteen pupils in regular attendance. The Cubans are most enthusiastic and desirous of getting on in their studies. Being artistic by nature they should succeed in art studies. They are as a whole quite equal to the American and English boys of the same age.

The subjects in hand are general free-hand and simple coloring and shading and the children are becoming ready for drawing from casts and clay modeling. The class shows a steady improvement.

H. H. WATSON

Reports of Lodges

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Fort Wayne, Indiana, Lotus Group Report

The order of exercises at our Lotus Group meetings is as follows: The meetings have been opened by all joining in the Lotus march. This has been followed by a song and then a short selection from the Bible or Voice of the Silence read. Another song. Three minutes' silence, after which a few of the words on harmony were recited, or Truth, Light and Liberation intoned three times. The pennies were collected by two little Buds while the Group sang "Shining Little Pennies." Twenty minutes has been given to classes.

The adults are studying "Ocean of Theosophy;" the young ladies Script No. 1, and the little Buds have had fairy stories. The school closed by recitation of our ten mottoes—There is no religion higher than Truth, etc., etc.—Mrs. Annie L. Taylor

Helsingborg, Sweden

DECEMBER 12, 1900

Good news since my last letter. Miss Olander and Mrs. Boos, both belonging to the Hoganos Lodge arranged in Johnstorp, the country place where I have been two times before, a Universal Brotherhood meeting and they asked me to lecture. We had a very fine meeting with music and answering of questions. We had a lot of our papers *Nya Seklet* with us, and divided them among the people. The same two ladies had arranged another meeting in another place, about twelve English miles in another direction, a big coal mining place. There were more than two hundred persons present. Also there I lectured and answered questions. One of them was: "How are we created," and another one, "How can we know that we have lived before when we have no memory thereof." There was a very fine feeling there, just as if you had been there which you certainly also were. They asked me to come again soon, and I promised and asked them to have many questions ready. Last Sunday we had a very harmonious meeting here; we read the article from the U. B. PATH, explained a chapter from the Bhagavad-Gita and had a good and very instructive article by Brother Hagaeus on reincarnation.

Sunday, the 17th of March, I lectured in Engelholm, a neighbor-town, where I had lectured once before. There were between two and three hundred persons present. They had invited me to come. It is very seldom one will find people so intelligent and awake as they were there. One hour and a half I was occupied every minute in lecturing and answering questions. I think it won't take long ere there will be a center.

Yesterday we had our first bazaar. All went off well and everyone present was pleased with our arrangements.

We have had two Lotus and two Boys' Brotherhood Club Meetings this month. As usual we have had the Lotus Leaflets from which we always can get something new. Then we have read "The Little Builders" and had songs and music and silent moments, thinking upon the Unity, the Divine Self, the Leaders, Comrades and Point Loma. Besides this, in the Boys' Club we have read Rudyard Kipling's "The Jungle Book."

It seems to me just as if the members in the Lodge expanded more and more, and can feel that they have Theosophy in their hearts. We have great hope and sometimes feel a little of the joy which will last forever. Our most hearty greetings to you and all the Comrades.—*Erik Bogren*



Report of the New Year Jubilee Meetings Held by Lodge No. 2, Bristol, England

The New Year Jubilee Meetings at the above Lodge were all held on the Universal Brotherhood premises at 71, Park Street, Bristol, the members using their united efforts to make them a success. As usual on these occasions, many interesting events occurred in the course of the work of preparation, for example: Although both the musicians who had promised their services for the public meeting on Sunday, failed at the twelfth hour through illness, two others, both perfect strangers, but equally as good were forthcoming, and again on Monday, the 14th, at the *Conversazione*, the music, which was excellent, was provided by one young lady-amateur, who undertook all the trouble and responsibility and induced a harpist, violinist and two vocalists to assist; she herself presiding at the piano. During the entertainment "The Wisdom of Hypatia" was read, and it was most interesting to watch the change in attitude and expression of some of the listeners as the reading proceeded. For the Children's entertainment we decorated the gymnasium—a long, picturesque room on the top story of the premises—with white art muslin, trailing ivy and other evergreens and Chinese lanterns with excellent effect and the Lotus Buds, cord in hand, marched in from a distant room, singing. Then followed the "Rainbow Series," and "Brothers We" and various other action songs, interspersed with instrumental and vocal music by members of the B. B. C. In conclusion lantern views of the Princess Psyche and Point Loma were shown. The portraits of our three Leaders looked down on us from among the snow-white draperies and evergreens, while the necessary touches

of color were given by a large screen of sky-blue embroidered with gold, the purple hangings of the piano and doorway, and the American and English flags.—*Edith Clayton, President*



Musical Display at Canning Town

On Tuesday evening an interesting dramatic and musical display was given at Mansfield Hall by the children of the Forest Gate Lotus Group of the Universal Brotherhood, to illustrate the methods of training employed by the Humanitarian Department of that Organization. The stage was beautifully decorated, and the costumes of the children were both tasteful and picturesque. The audience crowded the Hall from floor to ceiling and thoroughly enjoyed the unique entertainment, not only for its own merits but also for the novelty of the idea, which is the foundation of the Brotherhood, viz: to exhibit and illustrate the power of art and music upon the inner life of the children. There are many natures, both old and young, to which ordinary methods of teaching are neither applicable nor successful, and it is to these that the new system strongly appeals. The fundamental doctrine is to evoke and develop what is pure and holy in the life of a child, by protecting the young life as far as possible from outside and evil impressions, and training it to the love and appreciation of all things beautiful in the realms of nature and of art. The motto, "Children of Light, as ye go forth into the world, seek to render noble service to all that lives," is perfect in its way, and if followed up in the light of more mature experience, would go far to alleviate and minimize the ills that flesh is heir to. It would be a good thing if these Lotus Groups were founded and thoroughly encouraged in every part of the East-End. The Cantata which formed the first part of the program, was entitled "A Voyage to Nature Land," and the character choruses throughout were faultless, both in time, and action. Everything was conceived and carried out in a bright and happy style which was most contagious, the great heat prevailing in the Hall apparently having no effect on the delighted audience, who rapturously applauded the songs, "Happy Little Sunbeam," "Tiny Buds," "Warriors of the Golden Cord," etc. The second part consisted of a symbolical play, "The Dawn of a New Day," being a new and quite original version of the old pantomime story, "Beauty and the Beast." The children were "all there," and everyone of the parts was played with a clear perception of the importance as well as the pleasure of the work in hand. Hearty cheers greeted the young performers as the curtain fell, and the pleasant evening came to a close.—*East End News, London, April 26, 1901*



The Universal Brotherhood--Theosophy

On Sunday last the third of an important series of lectures was delivered at the Universal Brotherhood Organization, 13, York Terrace, Clapham. For the last three weeks the visitors to the above room have been interested and educated in Theosophy, its Past, Present and Future being dealt with respectively. The increased attendance at the last goes to show how interesting such a subject can be made in the hands of one who has made it a life study. It is doubtful if ever before Clapham has had such an opportunity of hearing as much of Theosophy so ably explained. Besides the good work done among the children of the neighborhood, meetings are held every Friday and Sunday evenings, when the intellectual hunger of thinkers for a true religion is satisfied.—*News Report*



Report of Symposium, Utrecht, Holland

GRONINGEN, April 22, 1901

The first Symposium (Hypatia) was held in Holland on April 13th, at Utrecht with co-operation of all Dutch Lodges.

The evening opened with a children's festival. Fifteen children, adorned with Lotus collars came in singing "Happy Sunbeams," holding the cabletow of white and gold. They marched through the hall and made a flower offering to the largest girl who stood by a table on which was the portrait of the Leader, and a vase where the flowers were put in. They moved afterwards before the stage standing in three rows, where they sang "Love Divine" and "The Fairies." With the second verse of the last song they slowly marched away, to reappear on the stage for the first tableau representing "The Angels," where the children lie sleeping when the curtain rises and singing they awake, rise and illustrate the song with movements of their hands, as given in *The New Century*. The second tableau was the "Rainbow Play," each child wearing a star of the color it represented. The third was "The Sunbeams," the children all united by cords of gold, held together by one of them. The last tableau was the "Brotherhood of the Nations," every child holding a flag of a different country in its hands. When this was over, they marched along the hall with flags unfurled.

The gaps between the tableaux were filled in by music, which also preceded the festival and which was given voluntarily by two students of the Music School at Utrecht, further by speeches explanatory of the work and the philosophy of the Organization.

After a pause the representation of Hypatia began. The indications of the play as given in London, published with a photo in *The New Century*, were followed, and a study of Greek costumes, dresses, etc., was made by Brother Reedecker of Groningen. The suggestions sent by you about dressing and attitudes were complied with.

There was a good attendance of the public who heartily applauded the children's tableaux as well as the presentation of Hypatia. The press gave a long and favorable account. I must not omit to say that the hall and stage were beautifully decorated with flowers and plants.

After the photographs were taken by flashlight, we collectively packed the things together and all went to Brother Schudel's house where, at about twelve o'clock in the night, a new Symposium began, though not in Greek costume. All the members present, with only few exceptions, delivered speeches in turn about the things experienced or about that which was in their hearts, and I think there were fine speeches too, though some never made speeches before. Even a couple of words from some young member were felt to be significant and startling. The portrait of the Leader was in our midst, adorned with flowers, and Mr. Judge's birthday was brought into memory and the work of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge gratefully remembered.

We stayed until five o'clock in the morning, when all went out to see the sun rise. Unfortunately the sky remained overcast, but notwithstanding this we sang the hymn of Apollo in chorus and returned home at seven o'clock in the morning, with great joy in our hearts.

The day and night we passed at Utrecht will be remembered long by most of us. There was a spirit of unity and of new courage, that will bring out great results.

The plan was spoken of to give Hypatia at Amsterdam, but no definite things were fixed as yet. Meanwhile we shall have at Groningen a children's festival, assisted by the Boys' and the Girls' Clubs, a "Spring" festival, for which Brother Reedecker is composing the songs, which will be held in the last part of May.

I am sure all the members are grateful to have had the opportunity of helping to carry into effect this part of your suggestions.—*Arie Goud*



Universal Brotherhood Lodge No 1, Sydney, Australia

MARCH 25, 1901

Last night (Sunday) we held what all present felt to be a very strong assembly at our usual weekly members' night. After a meeting of the Easter Sale Committee to

arrange business details for the sale to be held next Friday and Saturday, for the subject of our evening's study we took two of the reports recently to hand of the Jubilee Assemblies and Ceremonies at Loma-land. I read the reports and our hearts were all touched deeply. Several comrades spoke, strengthening our one theme of harmony and love with the work and the life at Point Loma, the privilege of being a member, the heart's desire of the world's greatest sages, and the self-evident truth that we must have as our Leader one of the greatest of the Helpers of the Race, strong enough and wise enough to direct the Soul civilization of the Earth. The feeling was quietly but intensely strong, to calmness and confidence, of the irresistible power, now alive in human life for human good. We arose to our feet spontaneously as the President gave voice to the Lodge, and with right hand uplifted, took a vow together as one, to work for Universal Brotherhood, and aid with all our power the Great Helper, who is our Leader. It was a night that will not easily be forgotten.

Our Pyramid Box, ten-inch base is, as the letter writer said, "a piece of exhibition work." It is I think one of the finest pieces of carpentering I have ever seen. Before it was painted it looked like a solid block of wood. It has a hinged and locked door in the center of the base for giving out its wealth. The apex runs to the finest point and the edges are sharp, fine lines, while it measures its ten inches with faultless accuracy. The skilled workmen employed are taking the keenest interest in the work, and the letter writers and painter wanted very much to tone down the shine of the enamelled white paint to make it look like stone—but enamelled white paint was the direction and it had to be so. We ordered that the colors used in five-pointed star and letters should be in pure yellow and true blue; and the specimens shown were just right.—*T. W. Willans*



Universal Brotherhood Lodge, No. 56

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1901

The U. B. members in this city of Iron, Coal and Smoke, are working to the best of their ability for the uplifting of Humanity, and at the same time doing what they can to also make their own lives purer and better.

On April 13th we celebrated the anniversary of the birth of W. Q. Judge by giving a Social for the members and friends. On Sunday, the 14th, we held a public meeting while the rest of the meetings were for members only.

At all our meetings we use the Lotus Song book and the visitors and members enjoy the Songs very much. Greetings from all the members.—*Henry Nolte, Secretary, U. B. Lodge, No. 56*

The XXth Century Universal Brotherhood Jubilee

A R E T R O S P E C T



A Jubilee is not simply a time of rejoicing and gladness; it is a time of triumphant celebration, heralded at the ancient sublime rejoicings, as a culminating, supreme event by blast of trumpets, with songs of triumph and shouts of joy.

Through all recorded time bodies of men, communities and even whole nations have made jubilee. But like all else that has its true place and function, the Jubilee in modern times has become degenerated into a mere form, having been bereft of the spirit of truth through misuse by wrong-hearted celebrants, until today these anciently sublime celebrations of the soul's triumphant joy are solemnly caricatured by a decrepit old man with a lath hammer, demolishing an imitation stone casement, that the material door to a temple empty of truth, may be opened to him and a few chosen ones; while the public

representing saved humanity, are shut out, to gape at cold walls in blank amazement or stupid wonder. What a contrast to the true Jubilee, bursting with song, and overflowing with triumph and gladness; how true a symbol of modern farcical life and jubilee—with one exception—that of Universal Brotherhood!

This recent and first real Jubilee celebration in modern times, unlike all others, was filled with the true ring of sincerity, the action of courageous trust, followed by triumphant joy! Shouts of glad thankfulness are heard from brotherhood sentinels and vidette posts stationed throughout the world. All moved simultaneously against what to them appeared as the impossible; loyally entering action at the bugle call of the Leader who has never once fallen short of success—nor has one soul who has trustingly followed.

As a result, our organization stands amazed and overjoyed at what was accomplished; its ranks solidified and bound together, electrified and permeated by a spirit of daring enterprise, which will require the steady firm hand of our clear-visioned Leader on the reins, to hold in check the triumphant enthusiasm generated by successful action. Those who have hitherto timidly acted on faith alone, will now move forward with the bold confidence of a "new faith based on actual knowledge" acquired in their recent Jubilee experience. And while no one would abate this joy of soul expressed in fearless confidence; a word of caution against unconsidered impulse and over-action is opportune; a call for *close and most strict adherence to the very letter of all and every suggestion and instruction from the Leader; not alone this, but the taking of no action relating to the general work—especially with individual non-members and the public at-large—which is not first approved or directly suggested by her. Otherwise we shall be like a new victorious army, which has grown careless through victory, constantly falling into pit-falls and ambushes set by a wily and experienced enemy to profit themselves by our incautious and unrestrained enthusiasm. Do we know of any other single person or collection of individuals who have the grasp, foresight, wisdom or authority to act or even suggest action at this vital juncture, closing the "last quarter century" of a great epoch and opening a greater? We must become like our great example, "wise as serpents, harmless as doves."*

But the Jubilee! What a success! What a triumph over past comparative inaction, timidity and lack of real trust in the Higher Law on the part of ourselves! What a victory over public misunderstanding, uninformed prejudice, willful vilification and malignant attacks from open and secret enemies of our cause and truth! Many who have stood aloof but in earnest, hopeful scrutiny looking for *practical results*, are now flocking in, to confidently add their strength to our might. With them will come "wolves in sheep's clothing" to be wisely held out by keen discernment and wise discrimination. The world's public press without exception where contacting the Jubilee, speaks in surprised commendation of our great work, which before it either did not comprehend or in its estimation was not sufficiently popular for other than ridicule or condemnation.

These are some of the already apparent effects of the world's Universal Brotherhood Jubilee; for it was a celebration in which all truth-seeking humanity unconsciously took part—the dawning triumph of right over error: of light over darkness. Those who walked in the darkness seeking the light, felt and returned its hope-energizing thrill, while those who "chose darkness rather than light" were made more fully conscious that their day of exposure in the light and just judgment by the Truth is at hand. Souls were awakened into a new consciousness of help and returning strength! They *felt* the "new birth," and are already turning and moving toward us like a vast weary host emerging out of the wilderness of selfishness and strife, of which they have had a surfeit but were hopeless of escape. All foot-worn avenues, roads and by-paths had but led them deeper into dark forests of doubt, swamps of decay, and the quagmire of corruption. The door to these tried souls is finally opened to their conscious and sub-conscious perception, and they are wrenching loose from their crosses, their false guides and mental jailers, and moving towards us who are the torch-bearers of the simple, eternal, unchanging truth! And how were these attracted? Was it by something new or strange? Some new re-

ligion? Some phenomena? Not at all! They have seen and hopefully pursued all of these only to have them "turn to dust and ashes;" and to find them "stones" instead of "the bread of life." They have turned from these and staggered on exhausted and hopeless, despairing of the Light.

They saw in the Jubilee nothing strange nor in a sense unfamiliar; a simple dramatic presentation, but made alive in form, word, and in teaching, permeated with spirit, and composed of purity and lofty but simply presented truths!

And the little children. Their young lives and budding souls fresh from the font of purification, not prostituted as precocious comedians, but in the simplicity of their innocent loveliness and happy child-life growing towards the Light, following the irresistible beckoning of beauty, truth and happiness in everything.

These were the occult instruments and the magic used by a most accomplished "Adept" to attract the eye and beneficially entertain the minds of men, while taking them from the crucifixions of daily life, and rolling away from their sepulcher-doors the stones of doubt and hopelessness, to set their souls free again for conscious, joyous action in this present earth-life.

Truly this first Universal Brotherhood celebration was a Triumphant Jubilee for a Victory won! a promise kept! and a still greater foreshadowed and insured to the whole world.

F. M. PIERCE

For Italy's Freedom

Extract from an Account of the Visit of the Theosophical Crusade to Italy in 1896, during the Crusade Around the World

On the 15th of September 1896, the Theosophical crusade took train at Vienna and entered Italy along the very route which the Roman armies had rendered historical, opening the north and north-east of Europe to enlightenment and progress yet preparing thereby the means for their own eventual annihilation when vice and luxury should have undermined their virile forces. Among the glaciers above them stood the Roman mile stones, but like true religion, which teaches brotherhood with the lowly they came into Italy through the laughing verdant valleys where the wheat crops and feathery grasses waved, not by the rocky elevations and icy gorges and summits typical of the old Roman exclusiveness.

What has the Pass of the Pontebba, the Gates of Eastern Europe not witnessed? Army after army journeying north and south, strife, bloodshed and death, Nature ever seeking to cover up the ugly scars and man hurrying to reopen them and add fresh landmarks of strife.

At Tarcento, the first Italian town where the streets hug the mountain sides and the sanctuaries have fled heavenward to seek protection alike from man and the elements, in one of the rooms of the old inn the patriot and author Silvio Pelico slept as he was hurried by vindictive power from the hot leads and damp vaults of the Doges' prison in Venice to the fortress of Austria. How slowly time ebbed towards his liberation and that of Italy, a Liberation which symbolically came alone through UNIFICATION. A lesson of our own day which we should all be quick to read.

As Tarcento is left the great fortress of Osoppo rises on the right. Surrounded by the verdant plains it has so long protected and always stood for freedom, when might of man and not might of money carried the day. It is a worthy monument of the noble lord and worthy republican citizen of Venice who in the year 1508, after converting his favorite feudal castle into a fortress, summoning his vassals and dependants and all the souls still left in the province, prepared to withstand alone the great league of Cambrey, the union

of the Powers of his day against the only Republic then existing. At Treviso far away on the plain was the other great republican general with his well trained army at Count Gerolimo Savorgnan's private country house. These were all that stood for Venice, but their brave hearts knew not what fear could be. The right must prevail, and it did. Taking the handful of troops, knights, men-at-arms and peasants who could be spared, leaving the others to keep the chimneys smoking that Maximilian with his generals and thirty-six thousand men might suspect nothing, they crept silently out into the night. They knew each rood of their beloved plains and mountains, the fair land of Friuli they were ready to die for. They crossed the roaring Tagliamento which others would have considered an obstacle, but they welcomed the kiss of its cold glacier water for it rendered the execution of their plan possible. They scaled the mountain passes in the dark and with the sun they burst upon the midst of the Imperial army in the narrow defile of the Pontebba. They fought the main army all through the long day and as the sun was sinking the retreat was sounded and with light hearts they scaled the mountains and again dashed into the river on their homeward way, for the Imperial vanguard was marching on towards the home of their commander and their few busy comrades. Four times in that eventful day and the darkness before and after, they crossed that turbulent stream and each time its pure waters revived their strength and when they reached the beloved walls and had passed through the triple gates, they did not seek for rest or respite but mingled their songs of triumph with the ring of the chapel bells and the roar of Republican cannon, and thus fighting for their homes and liberty, they broke and routed the vanguard and sent it back to bury the dead which the main army had abandoned.

Venice was saved. And when the Doge and the people offered all that the city possessed to Savorgnan he asked that it might be erased from the annals of the republic that one of his family had given the keys of Udine the Capital of his beloved Friuli to the enemy. His wish was granted, history simply records that the Austrians took possession of the city and evacuated it after the battle of Osoppo; Gerolimo Savorgnan's arms are on every gate and every sheet of paper belonging to the business of his beloved province. He gave the home he loved to the Republic which had it trebly fortified under his direction, that when there should no longer be his brave heart to defend the land against Austria, it might serve in his stead. He died full of years and honors for he was as great a scientist and philosopher as he was a patriot, and when he died he elected to be buried at Osoppo. There he lay in a stone coffin walled into the stones he loved, free to the kiss of rain and sun, inscribed with an epitaph expressive of a nation's love and gratitude, until another league of French and Austrians occurred and with the treaty of Campoformio in 1797 his beloved province was sold to Austria by Buonaparte that he might use the money wrung from the people of Friuli to carry war and carnage throughout Europe. Savorgnan's degenerate descendants melted down their gold and silver, sold their jewels, pictures, everything but their lands. To those they held as he would have held.

And Savorgnan! An Austrian bomb struck and burst open his airy sepulchre. The ribald French soldiers took out his skull and after kicking it about for awhile played bowls with it. But the stone seal was broken, his spirit was aroused and came forth once more through the land. The nobles, the shop-keepers, the farmers, school-teachers and peasants plotted and schemed. Where one was killed or tortured a thousand swore to die for the liberation and unification of Italy. The dust of Savorgnan scattered to the four winds of heaven is freed and mingles with the soil of his beloved land, and never again shall darkness or superstition usurp the high places which he dedicated to freedom so many years ago. Nature herself with the hail, the earthquakes and snow-storms which have raged about these boundaries, inspiring all with fear, will defend the consecrated land, and her sons and daughters would rather leave their homes again and flee to the lagoons as their ancestors did before Atilla and the Goths than serve in foreign splendor. Their ancestors' flight was the birth of Venice and history fulfilled Friuli's promise when Savorgnan defended and saved her mighty daughter, the Venetian republic. C. B.

NATURE LIFE ON POINT LOMA

DEAR EDITOR: Thinking it may interest the readers of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH I send you a sketch of a sprig of "Acanthus," found growing on the hillside of Esotero, not far from the Homestead. This particular species played a very prominent part in Ancient Decorative Art, being first used by the Greeks and afterwards by the Romans, and in later styles of decoration. Is it not significant that it should be found growing on our grounds, and is it not a prophetic symbol of the grace and beauty of the Art which is to find its home in our work on Point Loma? The delicate and refined Greek forms are well known to be the most beautiful that any age has produced, and the part which the Acanthus leaf played in Greek architecture and sculpture has made it a plant of great fame and renown in the field of art.

ART STUDENT



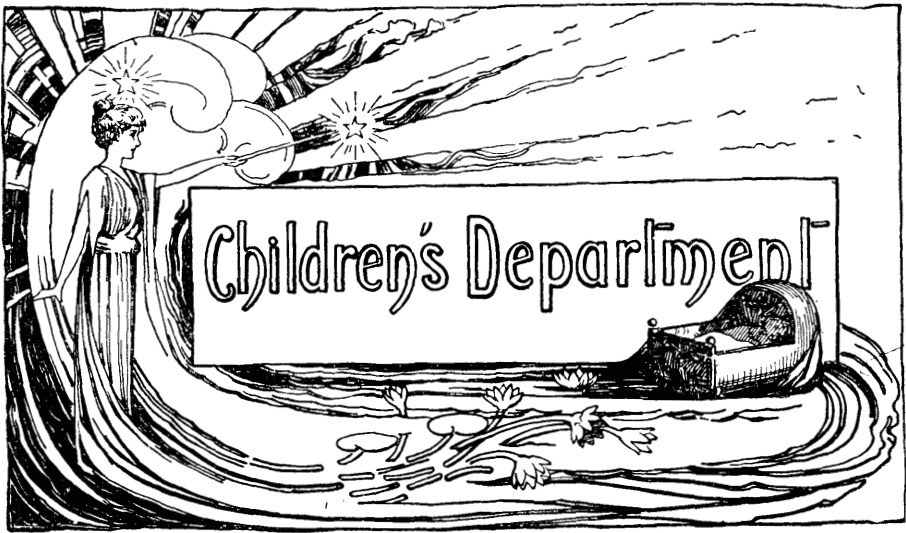
A SPRIG OF ACANTHUS FROM POINT LOMA

W i l d H y a c i n t h s

I was gathering wild hyacinths, that grow on the hillside in the brush and the dead sage bushes. I saw how they grew right up in the thickest part of an old dead bush, and seemed to spring straight from the ground as if they had no root, and I wondered how they were sown there. The sun came over the hill and the sea sang its song in the morning air and I felt the presence of one I had left in a land far away, and a smile of quiet joy seemed to float somewhere around me, and as I stooped to gather a beautiful blossom, I suddenly knew how they came to be planted there on the wild hill-side, where such a peace prevails that one may easily know the flowers that blossom just there have their roots in the fairy world, and the seed that is planted there is a thought from a loving heart, that has given all that it had in life to give to the Lotus Mother to help her work. And every day a loving thought goes out to the Heart of the Lotus Mother, and so there are always plenty of blossoms down there in the brush. The guests who lunch at the Homestead have bunches of wild hyacinths

on their tables and they often wonder why the dining room is so pleasant.

A NATURE LOVER



A Very Big Fish

By R. M.

THERE was once a country where people thought Wisdom was the greatest power that a man could have, and a great many people tried very hard to learn wisdom. But when they could not manage that, they tried to look wise, so as to be admired by others. But of course the really wise people were very few and the Emperor of the country was always trying to find out the wisest of them and then he would ask them to be his ministers and rulers of provinces, and judges, and teachers for the people. So in all the towns and villages there were schools of all sorts and the highest of these were called schools of philosophy.

In one village there was a man who had been thought rather stupid when he was young, and who never won prizes in the schools but was always fond of wandering about the country and watching the animals and birds and fishes. He never tried to catch them, nor to take the birds' eggs, but he loved to see all the wild things living happily, and to study their life, till he seemed to know what they felt and thought, and sometimes fancied he could understand what they said to one another.

He used to come into the schools of philosophy sometimes and ask questions of the wise men, but as he always asked about the life of things, and spoke of all things as if they were alive, the wise men thought him foolish and not worth notice. They always said "Life is an illusion" and their pupils always looked very wise when this was said, and tried to make each other believe they understood something which was too deep to be spoken freely. Then they would talk about things with very long names and used such long words

that they were often surprised at their own cleverness and this made them all feel very happy.

But the poor man went back to the woods and watched the birds and beasts and the flowers and trees. He saw the sunlight on the hill-tops, and the flowers dancing in the meadows as the wind passed, and he thought that Life was very beautiful. Then he began to talk to the children, and they told him what they thought about the animals and what the animals said to them and he thought there was more wisdom amongst the little children than in the schools of philosophy.

Then the head man of the village, who was very anxious to make all the people do their duty in the way he thought best, came to this man and told him that it was time for him to choose a business by which to earn his living, and also he said it was the duty of every man to marry. So the philosopher promised to think it over and to take the advice of his friends.

The head man was quite pleased to hear this and went away feeling he had done his duty.

The philosopher went out to the woods and mountains and saw how all the birds and beasts mated, and then went back to the village and carefully looked at all the women who were not married and he saw the young men courting the prettiest women and the wise men courting the wealthiest women, but there was one poor woman who was so ugly and so bad-tempered that no man wanted to marry her. So the philosopher said, "This is the wife for me, duty is always unpleasant, I have been told, and I wish now to do my duty."

So he went to this woman and asked her to be his wife. She was so surprised that she sat down right in the middle of the wash tub and then got very angry and scolded him for twenty minutes, while he stood still and smiled quite gently, so that at last she felt that he was stronger than she was, so she married him.

When the head man asked him what his profession was to be, he said he would be a fisherman.

Next day he went out with a fishing rod and a piece of string and a bit of straight wire tied at the end in place of a hook, because he did not want to hurt the fish. He went to a place outside the village where the road crossed the river and he sat on the bridge and pretended to fish, but of course he did not catch anything, and at night his wife scolded and grumbled because he had caught nothing and he smiled and said nothing.

Soon the people began to talk about him as a madman and some of them tried to make fun of him but he took no notice until they began to ask questions, then he gave them answers that made them all feel foolish, and none of them were able to get the best of him in argument, and no one was able to ask him questions that he could not answer. But when he asked them questions they could not find good answers at all. So they asked the wise men from the other villages to come and try their power of discussion with the fishing philosopher, but all these wise men went away beaten, and the villagers began to

be proud of their philosopher, but still they could not understand his sitting on the bridge all day pretending to fish. His wife scolded more and more, till all the neighbors wondered at the poor husband's patience and thought he was a fool not to give her a good beating. But he always told her that he was going to catch a big fish one day and then he would buy her a new dress, and once he told her that if she would only have patience, he would make her a great lady and give her a palace to live in. This made her so angry that she never stopped scolding him all night and sent him out without breakfast. He only smiled sadly and went to the bridge as usual, but the children brought him some wild fruit and a part of their cakes, so he made a feast there and invited the birds and the fishes to the feast, and they came, while the children sat as still as they could, and the philosopher talked to the birds and fishes and gave them food.

At last his wife said she would have no more of it and she went to the magistrate and got a divorce from her husband, which was easily done in that country, and she left him. He warned her that she was throwing away all her good luck and told her again that if she would but wait, she should have more wealth than she could now imagine, but she only got more angry and scolded worse than ever.

So the philosopher was free once more, and was able to spend his spare time in the forest and on the mountain; but every day he sat on the bridge fishing and answering the questions of the wise men who came there to see him from all parts of the country.

At last the fame of his wisdom reached the ears of the Emperor who was just then trying to decide which of two wise men to choose as Governor of a great Province. They were both so learned that they each knew as much as the other, and they were both so clever that each was able to make speeches that the other could not understand, and the questions they put to one another were so learned that it took three days to answer any one of them. The Emperor went to sleep during the debate and all the courtiers put their hands over their eyes so as to look as if they were thinking very hard, and when any one snored those who were awake looked sad and shocked and then went to



THE PHILOSOPHER PRETENDING TO FISH

sleep too. So the great debate had gone on for three months and the Emperor had begun to get tired of it, because he was really a wise man and knew that these men were talking too much. So he sent for the fishing philosopher to see if he could beat these terrible talkers. But the fisher refused to come until he had caught his fish.

The Emperor was astonished at such an answer and then he had an idea. He told the two wise men that he had heard quite enough of their wonderful learning and now he would give them a trial. They were to go to the fisher philosopher and persuade him to come to court and whichever succeeded should be governor of the Province.

But they quarreled all the way as to which should have the first chance, and they went on quarreling till they got to the bridge where the philosopher sat. Then they both began talking at once and they talked so fast and so loud that no one had any idea what they were saying and the philosopher sat still and smiled at the fishes in the river till the sun went down behind the mountain and the children came to bring the fisherman his evening meal of wild fruit and crumbs for the fishes. Then he shouted loud, without turning round: "Begone! foolish persons, I am tired of your noise. Begone! and let me talk to my friends and my disciples."

Then the two who came from the Emperor were silent, and the villagers were all proud of their philosopher and the children climbed on the parapet of the bridge and the birds began to hover round and the fishes were all gathered in a great mass near the top of the water, and the philosopher turning his back to the people began to talk to the fishes and the birds and the children. He called them all his brothers and he talked of the beauty of living and spoke of the "sunlight of Life." His voice was soft and singing and seemed to get like the voice of the wind in the trees and then like the voice of the stream as it gurgled over the stones, and at times it was like the voice of a child when it chuckles with quiet delight and yet it was still the voice of the man, and the words that he spoke were simple, and wise, and loving and full of joy. The villagers crowded around and the children stared and smiled, some with their mouths wide open, others with their hands clasped tight, and all their eyes fixed on the



THE TWO WISE MEN ARGUING BEFORE THE EMPEROR

speaker who seemed to see them all, birds, children, and fishes, and smiled at them all as if they were all his children and he their father.

Then the daylight passed and the people went home with the children talking of what they had heard and seen. And the fisherman put up his rod and said, "I will catch the big fish soon and then," he sighed and walked slowly away to the forest.

But the two wise men stayed there on the bridge and they looked at one another and knew that they had failed and were not worthy to be called wise men any more and they too walked away to the village and said nothing; and all the way back to the court of the Emperor they went together with their heads down and in silence. Then they came before the Emperor and hung their heads and said nothing, and when the Emperor asked where the fisher philosopher was they hung their heads and said nothing. Then the Emperor commanded them to speak and they looked at one another and shook their heads and said nothing. Then the Emperor said nothing for a long time and at last he said:

"Have you nothing to say? you who had so much to say a little while ago. Where is your wisdom?"

"Ah! Sir!" they both said, then they spoke one after the other like this:

"Men called us wise."

"But we were not wise."

"We had much learning."

"But no wisdom."

"We spoke very many words."

"But we had not understanding."

"We hoped to be made rulers of men."

"But we are utterly unworthy."

"Ah! Sir! let us depart and learn wisdom for we are ashamed to speak till we have learned the secret of wisdom."

The Emperor was very much astonished and now he decided to go himself and see the wonderful man who had silenced these two talkers and made them so humble.

Now the Emperor could not by law pay a visit in full state to any one who was of lower rank than a Prince, so that if he went to visit a man of any other rank, the visit of the Emperor in state made him at once a Prince by right.

So the Emperor went with all his court to see the wisest man in all the land, and found him sitting on the parapet of the bridge fishing; and as the Court passed, the people fell on their faces and kissed the earth in sign of obedience to the Emperor, but the philosopher did not move.

Then the Emperor got down from his palanquin and spoke to the philosopher.

"Sir," said he, "I have heard of your wisdom from many of my wise men and now I am come to ask you to give your wisdom to the service of the state and that of your Emperor who stands before you and begs that you will accept

the post of Governor of this great Province and Chief Counselor of the Emperor."

At this the philosopher drew up his line and turning to the Emperor made his salute in proper form as a Prince and governor of a province and quietly accepted the position offered to him by the Emperor. Then he took off his line and threw it in the river and broke his rod and threw that into the river.

Then the Emperor said :

"So you give up the idea of catching fish without a hook?"

"Sir," said the philosopher, "I have caught the big fish that I have been waiting for so long."

Now the philosopher had become a Prince and a governor but he was still a wise man, and loved all the creatures of the earth and made good laws to protect them and good schools for the children, where they were taught to help one another and to be kind to all creatures and not to use long words, and not to quarrel. He made places of amusement and public baths for the people and beautiful gardens for the children and spent all his money for the good of the people, but he traveled as a Prince with a lot of servants and the people came to him on the road to ask for help and advice and he gave all that he was able.



THE POOR WOMAN EMPTIES A PITCHER OF WATER

One day a poor woman who was very ugly and cross-looking came and begged to speak to the Prince, who at once knew her, for she was the woman who had been his wife and got divorced from him.

She bowed very low and begged forgiveness and help.

So the Prince asked what she wanted.

Then she said :

"I have always been poor and unfortunate, but since I left my husband I have been more unfortunate still and now I am almost starving."

"Poor woman," said the Prince, "to be so unhappy and to know what a position she might have had, it is very sad."

Then he ordered money to be given to her and told her she should be provided for so that she need not fear starvation any more.

Seeing how kindly she was treated, she thought she might try for more and said :

"Ah! kind Sir! it is not hunger that troubles me, but the loss of my dear kind husband who never spoke unkindly to me, though I was sometimes a little hasty myself. I was a bad wicked woman to go away from so good a husband. But now I have found him again and I can tell him that I really loved him dearly and can never be happy again until he forgives me and makes me his wife again."

She looked eagerly to see if she had made any impression on the Prince but he only smiled calmly, as he used to when she scolded, and said :

"What have you in that pitcher?"

"Water, my Lord," she said.

"Pour it on the ground."

She did so and the thirsty earth sucked it in.

"Now," said the Prince, "gather up that which you have spilled and put it back in the pitcher, and give me to drink."

"My Lord, the water is all wasted and the pitcher is empty and I cannot gather up that which is spilled nor give you to drink of that which I have not."

"Even so," said the Prince and his face was very stern, "the past that was present is poured out and wasted and none can gather it up again."

So saying he passed on, and the woman fell back amongst the crowd and disappeared.

This is the story of the man who caught the big fish and the woman who would not wait.

Little Things

Selected



A little thing, a sunny smile,
 A loving word at morn,
 And all day long the sun shone bright,
 The cares of life were made more light,
 And sweetest hopes were born.

A little thing, a hasty word,
 A cruel frown at morn,
 And aching hearts went on their way,
 And toiled throughout a dreary day,
 Disheartened, sad and lorn.

— C. L. HILL, *New York Tribune*